

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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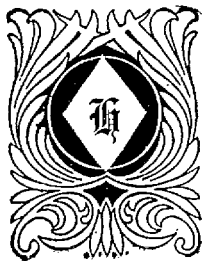
An International Monthly Magazine

EARNESTLY CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS

“And Ishmael Will Be a Wild Man”

Thrilling Experiences in The Land of Sand and Sun

An Address in the Stone Church by A. Forder, Missionary to Arabia



HAVE you ever read about the woman and her son who were out in the wilderness all alone, and almost perishing for want of water? That woman had forgotten the promises of God; she lay her son under a bush and went off “as it were a bow-shot,” as the scripture says, and sat down, and said, “Let me not see the death of the child.” She wasn’t going to see the death of the child at all, for three times God had promised, concerning the child, that there should come a race of people that should not be numbered for multitude, and therefore God could not let that boy die. As she sat there a voice spoke to her and said, “Hagar, what aileth thee? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation.”

God had to give that promise four times to strengthen that woman’s faith. And no sooner had she obeyed God than she saw the well and went and filled the bottle with water. All the promises God made concerning that boy have been fulfilled. There is no more interesting people in the world than the half-brother of the Jew, the people who have descended from this lad, whose name was Ishmael.

The story starts back in Genesis, and if we could follow it we would see how wonderfully God dealt with that people for four thousand years. It is an interesting fact that in these people have been fulfilled all the promises God made concerning them. There are predictions made in the Old Testament that have not yet been fulfilled, but these are along spiritual lines, and until the church of Christ arises in its strength and goes forward, protected by our Savior, these predictions cannot be fulfilled, for God is not going to send angels down from heaven to preach the Gospel to the Arabs; He wants men and women who have been saved from their sins to go out and tell the story. Angels could not do it, but saved men and women can.

I suppose you have frequently read away back there in Genesis, but probably never gave much heed concerning what God promised Abraham through the bondwoman. I am sorry that so many people say the Ishmaelites are cursed. I do not find it in the Bible. On the other hand, God made them certain promises,

and one promise He made four times. He said to Hagar in Genesis 16:10, “I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, that it shall not be numbered for multitude,” and to Abraham in Genesis 17:20 He said, “As for Ishmael, Behold I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly, . . . and I will make him a great nation.”

And again in Genesis 21:13 and 21:18 we have almost the same words. That four times repeated promise is fulfilled today in a race of people that number thirteen million, and it is a fact that the descendants of Ishmael have “multiplied exceedingly,” for there are three million more Ishmaelites in the world today than there are Jews. The promise is that when they became a nation they should dwell before all the world: “He shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.” Genesis 16:12.

Have these people dwelt before all the nations of the world? They have, and they do today. There has never been a time in their history that there has been one break. They have never been subdued, never conquered, and although one power after another has led its army in to subdue these Ishmaelites, God has always hindered, because the scripture says, “they shall dwell before all the nations of the world.” Not even Napoleon was able to carry out the extensive plans he had made for subduing their country, for not one of his soldiers was able to tread on Arabian soil.

Then in Genesis 17:20 God told Abraham that Ishmael should have twelve sons, and if you will read in Genesis 25:13, 14, 15, you will find the names of these twelve tribes. Many of these names, with some slight variations, are found in Arabia today; towns and families have names which are very similar to those given in this reference in Genesis. Friends, the Arab stands today as a most remarkable testimony to the truth of God’s Word. I do not doubt the Bible, never did, but let those who do go and live in Bible lands and their doubts will vanish. Have you noticed that God promised Abraham He would give to his seed the countries between the Euphrates and the Great Sea? If you turn to Genesis 15:18 you will find God said He would give to his seed the land from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates, the land that Isaiah calls the “desert of the sea,” a land that covers an area of one million two hundred thousand

square miles, or in other words as much as lies on the eastern side of the Mississippi in this land. Jeremiah speaks of it as a land of deserts and pits, a land of droughts, a land full of the shadow of death, through which no man passed, and no man dwelt. That is a wonderful description of the country, but it is true.

It was also told Hagar that her son should be a wild man. Could you find a wilder people than the descendants of Ishmael? There are wild people in the world, but you will not find a wilder lot than these people who live in the "desert of the sea." There they live untouched by the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, literally fulfilling Jeremiah 49:31, where he speaks of them as a wealthy nation dwelling without care, having neither "gates nor bars."

I think you will all be glad to know that there is at least one nation in the world that is not cursed by intoxicating drink of any kind, and that nation is Arabia. They know nothing at all about it, and may they remain so forever. They have nothing in the shape of opium. They have a false religion, but one good thing about it is that it insists every man shall abstain from anything that intoxicates, and so much do they believe in their religion they won't allow any intoxicants in their land. That is a proof, as Jeremiah says, that they "dwell alone." They are not anxious to be educated, to become civilized. I am anxious for only one thing—that they get Jesus Christ. As sure as civilization gets in, they will become contaminated with the curses of civilization.

Let them live the life that Abraham did; they do not need electric cars, railroads, and all these things we think are necessary. They know nothing about them.

Some remarks about their customs may prove helpful. This large brown robe I have on is probably the same kind of garment that Abraham wore, the same as John the Baptist wore, the mantle of Elijah. John the Baptist had a raiment of camel's hair; I believe he had a big cloak. This robe I have on is made out of camel's hair, spun and woven by the women that live in the desert, given me because I did them a kindness. I believe it is the same as our Savior wore, except that His was in one piece; mine is woven in two pieces.

"If thou at all take thy neighbor's raiment to pledge thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down"; for in yonder country orientals do not go to bed, they simply go to sleep; probably the children of Israel slept in open air, or God would not have given that command. If you do not give a man back his cloak ere the sun sets, you are held accountable if he died in a few days, for his cloak is his

special protection at night. These people wrap their heads up in their cloaks, and even in this I think I see an illustration of scripture. I used to be puzzled, and would say, "What are you afraid of, this, that or the other wild beast, that you wrap your heads?" And they said, "Not a bit," but they would point toward the moon and say, "We are afraid of the moon," and then I remembered Psalms 121:6, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, *nor the moon by night*," and the Arab says, "What a wonderful God that He even keeps the moon from striking us."

These long sleeves that I have are interesting because they too are illustrative of scripture. How can they work with long, dangling sleeves? They take them up, tie them in a knot and put them back over their shoulders (illustrates) thus, making bare the whole arm. When I read Isaiah 52:10, "The Lord hath *made bare His holy arm* in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God," and Isaiah 53:1, "to whom is the *arm of the Lord made bare*?" I understand it as I never could but for this oriental custom. "What is the Lord going to do? What has God bared His arm for?" they say. He is talking about the coming of the Messiah and the great salvation that is offered to the world. Wonderful, isn't it, that God has bared His arms as we bare our arms, showing He is going to work?

I want you to remember this, that these people dwell alone in regard to the Bible also, for that great race of people, thirteen million in number, haven't yet received the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that is why people say they are cursed. If they accept the Gospel they are not cursed; on the other hand, they are blessed, and there is more blessing promised in the Bible to the Arabs than there is to any other people except the Jews. Did you ever notice in the Old Testament scriptures how they foretell the time this race of Arabs, these Ishmaelites, shall come into the blessing of the Gospel? Perhaps you have never noticed it, but underline it in your Bible. Psalms 72:8, 9, 10, "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." From "sea to sea," the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean, and from the river Euphrates, the great river in those days, and the land between. "They that dwell in the wilderness (in the desert) shall bow before Him; the kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts"; specifying the most flourishing parts of the country; these shall bow before the Messiah.

Isaiah 42:11 tells us these people shall own Jesus Christ as Messiah, and sing His praises. In Isaiah

60:7 we find them mentioned by name, and there is the prediction that they shall also know Jesus Christ as their Savior, and in the fourteenth chapter of Zechariah, verses nine and ten, we find that these people are going to be saved through the salvation provided by Jesus Christ.

And if there was nothing in the Old Testament concerning them, there is enough in the Savior's commission, and yet, after hundreds of years, this great race is practically untouched by the Gospel. That land has nearly five thousand miles of coast line and has thirteen million people and only one white man preaching the Gospel. Is that fair? Is that what God wants? Does that please the heart of Jesus? Is it fair that one man should have a million square miles to ride about in and never meet a representative of Jesus Christ? If I want to shake hands with a foreign Christian worker I have to travel two thousand five hundred miles. And yet, friends, these people are not heathen in the sense we think of heathen, worshiping blocks of wood and stone, but they are in much the same condition. They have an unshakable faith in God; they have had it for thirteen hundred years. Before that they were heathen, doing things the heathen in Africa and India do, but today they believe that God is great, and that Mohammed is next to Him. They believe that Jesus Christ, next to Mohammed, is the most wonderful Man that ever lived, that He was born in a miraculous way and lived a sinless life; they believe today He is living at the right hand of God and in the near future He is coming back again, but you notice one thing they do not believe in. I made no mention of the blood. They do not believe Jesus died. They are taught that Jesus is so precious in the sight of God that when He was being led up to be crucified He was taken away and another substituted in His place; the substitute died, but Jesus didn't die. Consequently they are just where the heathen are; there is no atonement, no blood, no remedy for sin, no hope for the future; that is where they need the Gospel. They need the simple Gospel and they need the whole Gospel. They do not need civilization, but they do need real Christianity. When we go to them we go with the message that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin, and you would be surprised how they listen. They pray five times every day, thinking they are going to be heard for their much praying. Every man, youth and boy in that country suspends his work and prays. The women never pray. They are taught God would not hear them; they are cattle. They are taught they are to be the slave and plaything of man, and when they die that is the end of them. Why should they pray? Women

of America, I am not going to harrow your feelings by telling you of the cruelty in Arabia; all I ask of you is, be thankful every hour of your life that you live in a Christian country. You do not appreciate your blessings. You may sing, "Count your blessings," but precious few ever count them. You would if you lived yonder. It would be a good thing to transport some of you over there. Ah, you are well off here, friends, but you do not know it. Those men pray five times a day, and every time they repeat their prayer twelve and fifteen times, which makes fifty to sixty prayers, and this is what they say:

"Oh, Thou merciful and compassionate God, the Maker of heaven and earth, the King in the day of judgment. I come to worship, and I ask that Thou wilt lead me in the straight and the true way, the way that leads direct to Thyself, without turning to the right or to the left, without hatred of anyone, O Thou merciful Creator. Amen."

Some people in other lands might do well to pray a prayer like that. That is what those thirteen million people are praying, and Christian people are constantly refusing to send to them those who could tell them of Him who said, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." But they cannot reach the Father without a knowledge of and a faith in Jesus if I read my Bible aright. They may pray, they may fast, they may make long pilgrimages over the desert to Mecca and think by all of these things they can reach the Father, but they never will do it. I learned these things eighteen years ago. I was ready for anything the Lord would have me do. I began my missionary career when I was eight years old. I heard a missionary speak, the great and good Robert Moffat. He is the first man I ever heard speak. I shall never forget him as he stood on the platform and pleaded for Africa, and when I went home that evening I said, "Mother, when I grow up I am going to be a missionary," and she said, "May God grant it." He did grant it, and she rejoiced in the fact. Circumstances all seemed against my going to the field. Don't get discouraged if things don't seem to open up at once. Go to work at home, for God will never call a man or woman to work abroad who will not work at home. So if you are anticipating work in the foreign field, let Jesus Christ use you at home, and then some day He will put His hand on you and say in the still small voice, "Son, daughter, I want you in India." It may be Africa or China. It may be some part of the world you have never thought of, just as I never thought of these Arabs. My mind was away off in Africa, and if anyone had said, "Where would

you like to go and work for Jesus?" I would have said, "Africa." But God showed me Arabia.

I was in business, making money, had a beautiful home, recently married; everything that was conducive to settling down and having a good time in the home land. I could not shake off the impression that I was to go to Arabia. In a wonderful way God enabled me to get free from business, everything worked out to the day, and I started for the land of Arabia. People said I was going to waste my life, but that is a matter of opinion; those who said it then have altered their minds since. I do not think my life is wasted, and I am going back to put in another seventeen years, if God so wills, among these people, for I am well and strong; God has adapted me for this life in the desert, and I must do my best.

The first day we entered the land we were taken prisoner and held for ransom. It didn't get into the papers, for there are no reporters over there. We were kept in those black tents of the desert thirty-six hours without a drop of water, although that was a small affair, and when they found there was no money to be had they sent us on in charge of chiefs so we might at least reach our mountain home without being killed by other tribes.

For seven months we lived in a dug-out, never daring to open our door when we would eat food lest those wild fellows would take it, never daring to show a tin spoon or tin can, or they would say, "These people are rich"; they would lay their hands on everything that seemed to be silver. Months passed by, and we began to think we had made a mistake. Why couldn't we get the confidence of these people and their love? One morning as a great crowd was before my door and I was attending to their wants I went down to a little room about fifteen feet square, and there I saw my dead wife. Without any sign of failing health she passed away, and those wild fellows who had taken her prisoner a few months before were broken-hearted about it. They came with black coils around their necks. What did it mean? A sign of grief. And they said, "Christian, we are sorry to hear what has happened; we were beginning to love the white lady. Tomorrow morning at sunrise we will be here to bury her; nobody else is to touch her." The next morning, Sunday morning, those wild fellows came again and picked up that dead body and put it to rest in that old land of Moab, the first white woman to lay down her life for the Ishmaelites. Since then two other women have been laid by her side; I would to God I could say a man or two! Where are the men? In England and America making money, and before they are forty the majority of them die. Where are the men? Yon-

der there are none. Three women have laid down their lives for these people already. How much longer is this thing to go on? My daily prayer is to touch the hearts of men, for they are needed over there. There is a great work to be done. Here in America and in England pastors are tumbling over each other. Over there, there is plenty of room; a man can have a thousand square miles to himself, quite enough for one man.

After they had buried my wife, those wild fellows came back to my home, and they had tears in their eyes as they said, "Christian, you are going away?" I said, "I am going to the postoffice, two hundred and eight miles away; going to send a letter home." "You won't come back again?" "I don't know; you have treated us so badly." Then they said, "What is dead is dead, what is past is past; in future, if you will come back, we will be brothers. You have buried your dead in our midst and have become a son of the country," and every one of those forty wild chiefs took both my hands, kissed me on both my cheeks, and bumped head to head; that is the way they seal a promise, and they have never broken it. Some of them have died believing in Jesus Christ who never would have been saved but for that strange Providence in the death of my wife.

I stayed in that city for eight years, carried on a work and had a little company of God's people in that far away land who belong to no church but the church of Christ. We do not teach denominationalism over there; we were not sent out to teach denominationalism. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel."

I was set free to go further into the desert, away into parts where a white man's feet have never before trod. God has given me the privilege of visiting towns you won't find on the most complete map. Why? Because tourists do not go there. There are no lions there to hunt. There are no diamond mines, no gold and silver mines; consequently people do not go there; but there are thirteen million souls there. They do not attract hunters; they do not attract gold seekers or diamond seekers. They ought to attract God's children, but they do not. I have been pressing on down into the great interior visiting these towns, towns and cities of fifty thousand people, sixty thousand people, one hundred thousand people and two hundred thousand people, never marked on the map. How did they receive the word? Well, they did not receive it at first; they do not want the Gospel. People in civilized lands do not receive it either; there are more people here outside the churches than in them. Is there any church in Chicago crowded every Sunday? There may be

one or two. I heard of one last night out in the country which charged five cents to see moving pictures to raise money to carry on its work.

Over yonder people sit four, six and eight hours listening to the story of Christ beside the camp fires. When I am tired and weary, they are not, and when the next evening comes and we have had our supper and are sitting on the sands around the camp fires, and I keep quiet purposely, a man will say, "Christian, where is your Book? Have you told us all?" No, the story never grows old, and the people over there today in that Mohammedan land are finding their way to the Father through Jesus Christ. I could tell you stories of how even women have found their way to the Savior and have died believing in Jesus Christ through the simple teaching of the Gospel, for God gave me another partner who knows the language as well as I do, and is willing to spend her whole life for the salvation of these women and girls. In one letter I received from her quite recently she said: "When you come back won't you consider going and burying ourselves right in the desert, giving up even the children that are dear to us, so that these people may be saved?"

I want to ask this, people, when you pray for missionaries, pray for their wives too. When I say "Good-bye" to my wife frequently on the door-step she says, "When will I see you again?" and I have to say, "I don't know." I cannot send a letter to her once a week or month, or six months, or a year—never a word from home. Last year I was away out in the desert, and reached home just in time to see my little boy, ten years old, pass away. My wife had to stand beside that sick bed for six weeks alone. That six weeks was the best six weeks I had ever had. I was entirely unconscious of what was going on at home, and God greatly blessed me. I have had to step out without knowing whether I was going to get sleep or anything to eat or drink; sometimes a drink of water once a day, sometimes not for two or three days.

As we cross the desert we go through some very trying experiences, and have to look to God for help. It took me five weeks to cross that stretch of land, and some of the hardest experiences I have ever passed through I have had there, but I preached the Gospel. We had been going five days without a drop of water, the scorching sun of Arabia blazing down upon our heads. I called to the guide who was taking us across, and said, "How much longer will we have to wait for water?" He said: "Last night I was looking at the stars, and in two days' time we will be under a certain star. There I know is a certain spring." I called the men and told them what this guide said,

and then the men said, lifting their hands to heaven, "If God wants us to go two more days we will die," and I said, "Oh, God doesn't want us to go two more days or to die. I believe He will give us water now," and I quoted Isaiah 41:17, "When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will answer them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." That was good enough to stand on. I believed what the Bible said; I didn't try and turn that around and make it mean something else than water, and poor and needy and thirsty throats, and I said, "Men, pray to God and He will give us water," and these poor fellows said, "Christian, we cannot pray about that; the great God would not be interested; He would not hear." "Kneel down," I said, and they all knelt. I told God in their language we wanted the fulfillment of that promise, and I got up and said, "Men, go look for water." In twenty minutes a man with his great cloak signaled to us to come, and there I saw these men on their knees, and they said, "We have water." I said, "Where is it?" And they said, "Here it is." These men began to dig a hole in the sand; there was no sign of water. I said, "What are you doing, men? No sign of water here." One said, "Didn't you ask the great God for water?" and I felt guilty. I said, "Let them dig." They went down six feet four inches and they found water enough to quench the thirst of eighty men and give some to our one hundred and twenty camels and fill up our water skins. The next morning we went on our way rejoicing. Doesn't it pay to trust? That incident in the desert made a greater impression on those eighty Mohammedans than perhaps anything else ever could have done—that God would hear the cry of thirsty people and show them where and how to find water was indeed remarkable.

Then He takes care of us in other ways. When Jesus Christ said to His disciples, "Ye shall be brought before councils, and princes and rulers and magistrates for My sake and the Gospel's," I realize a little what it means when He said, "Be not careful what ye shall say, for in that hour it shall be given you." Oh, I have had to stand before those wild chiefs many times with the alternative of having my head taken off my shoulders or saying, "There is no God but Allah and Mahomet is His prophet." What would you do eight hundred miles away from civilization? I have been able by the grace of God to stand firm. Those men admire me. I have never yet had an Arab to come to me after a severe testing and say, "Well, you are foolish." I know men who have suffered persecution and endured hardship. I know heathen that have had their bodies burned all

over with hot irons because they would not go back on the Jesus they love and believe in as their Savior. I was once taken before an Arab chief with the request that I deny Jesus Christ and say that He was not the Son of God, but that Mahomet was the great prophet of God, and own him as the only hope of the future. Before three hundred men the chief said to me, "The only way you can save your life is by giving up your religion and becoming one of us." That chief waited on me day after day, and at last he said, "This is the last time I am coming, and your life depends on it." I prayed, and all I could say was, "Lord help me, give me an answer." I had my answer: "Chief, if you were in our country, far from your friends, and you were told you must be a Christian or lose your head, what would you do?" "Lose two heads and remain a Mohammedan." "Chief, if you were in our country and we told you you must become a Christian, would you please God or please man?" And he wasn't long in answering me, and said, "Why, to please God is better than to please man." I said, "Chief, I will answer you now; if I had two heads I would lose them both, but can not deny Jesus Christ. God would be displeased. I must please God no matter what happens."

That man went away angry, and he laid his plans to have me killed before night, but all his plans were swept away and I am living today. God saved me in a wonderful way. He raised up a man I had never seen in my life to guard me because a woman had showed him a kindness years before. Does it pay to be kind? Are you kind to these fellows all around you? These Italians, for example? I was in Boston not long ago, walking down Washington street. It was after a fall of snow and it was very slushy. There stood a little old woman in front of a store and on her arm she had pieces of lace for sale; a gust of wind came down Washington street and blew the lace over the sidewalk, and the men trampled on it; there was not a man or woman to pick up the old woman's lace. I came from a land where we don't hustle so, and I took it and put it into her hands. The poor old lady said to me in broken English, "Thank you, sir." I detected the brogue of the Arab, and I said to her, "Wash them and they will be clean," and she said, "My son, where did you get my tongue?" and we began a conversation right there on the streets. I learned she had come from Damascus four years ago; the cold weather had killed her son and daughter and she was all alone. She told me she wasn't living in a Christian country. I said, "Yes, this is a Christian country." She said, "Everybody like this (closing her fist), everybody in a hurry." I said, "Trust in God, love Jesus Christ, and you will get back to your own country soon,"

little thinking I was making a prophecy. She told me her address and I said good-bye. That night in one of the churches in Boston I told the story; a lady came to me afterwards and said, "Mr. Forder, do you think you can find where that woman lives? What will it cost to send her back?" I said, "I intended to go to New York on the night train, but if there is any chance of helping her I will wait." She said, "If it is possible to send her I will do so," and in less than a week that woman was on board ship on her way back to her own people. Does it pay to be kind? Why, of course it must come back to you. That woman in Bombay that saved that Arab's life will never know that her kindness saved my life away off in that far away country.

I have seen an Arab chief before he would touch the Bible wash his hands three times in three changes of water. What for? Because, as he said, he was afraid he would defile the Book.

I have known men to walk across the desert five hundred miles seeking Bibles; people in other lands won't carry a Bible a block to church. Think of it. Men carrying Bibles on their backs eight hundred miles that their fellow-men might have the Word of God. I believe God through the Holy Spirit will bring men to Jesus Christ through the reading of the Word even though they do not have it preached to them. He can do it. He has done it in other lands. Is it impossible to do it with the Arabs? Not a bit; and if the Christians stand back and say, "We won't go and preach the Word of God," He may gather out a people from among the strange Arabs.

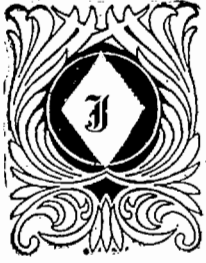
I am going back to those people again, for there are eight million people who have never heard a white man, never heard that Jesus died on the cross. Oh, they must hear it, for this Gospel of the Kingdom must be preached to all nations. I want this people to have a chance; I do not want you to say that you haven't heard. I want you to go home with your hearts burdened, with thirteen million people crowded in there; you will be all the better for it, and you will count it a privilege. "O that Ishmael might live before Thee." You will never cease to pray, if you believe, that through the power of God Ishmael can live before God, for the Bible says he shall. This is all I ask you to do. I cannot ask you to take your trunks and go to Arabia, but I can ask you to pray.

This is my message to you. Those people need the Gospel, they must have it, and if God spares my life to go back again, the carrying of the Gospel into Central Arabia may mean death, but I would rather die on the sands of Arabia than in the finest bed in America; rather be about my Master's business in that far away land to which God has called me than live for self here.

A Helpful Life Story

Some Missionary Experiences in The Ohio State Prison

Joseph Robbins, 936 Arsenal Avenue, Columbus, Ohio



NEVER expect for a moment to see the day when I will not be happy; to think that God loved me when I wasn't lovable, when nothing was good, and yet He loved me, but I want to say that when I turned my heart to God, God wondrously loved me as a friend, and I fell in love with him at once, and right in the very beginning God wondrously, wondrously led me to know Him. I thought when we sung that song, "I shall know Him by the print of the nails in His hands," I have been knowin' Him now for over thirty years. I learnt Him in a mighty short time, and He is the most real to me of any other body I ever knowed. I know Him. I have been married almost fifty years to a woman, and I lived with her most of the time, in the time of war I was gone almost two years, and that is almost all the time I ever was away from home, and I know Him ten thousand times better than I know that woman I lived with all these years. He is more real to me than any human I ever saw, and I do praise Him that I am not capable of telling the wonderfulness of the wonderful love of Jesus Christ to me. It is out of reach. There is no words to tell it with. I couldn't tell at all how I enjoyed God yesterday while He worked with the other people; not only for myself, but to see that God had laid a real longing on the souls of the people. Now He laid that there. Why yes, He laid it there, and I realized it. I want to say that that was of more value to me than gold was. I am not looking at the trials; let them come if they want to come. Why, He is over all the trials. He is over and underneath, and all around. Never since I have known God, when all my friends was agin me, I never thought that was too hard. I didn't think I had to bear it. He stood between me and the trial. He is my Burden-bearer. Some people that can read, good scholars never learn that, but I learned it as soon as I got converted. I got converted Tuesday night, and on Friday night I found my Jesus was my Burden-bearer, and He has been ever since. And now I have great reason why to praise God. I don't think you all the time have to holler to praise God, and yet God said, "Open your mouth" and "ye shall be My witnesses." I just feel as good when God wants me to sit and not say a word as when He wants me to witness. All I have to do is to let Him. He has

His own—what would you call it; I don't know the word and yet I know the reality, bless God I do. He is the one that speaks like you write with a pencil. The pencil makes the marks but He makes the pencil go, and that is what He is with me. You know I never did get very much in my head, but the Lord God filled my heart full of Himself, but He first had to take out old Joe Robbins and all he had, all of his ideas; take them all away, burn them up, and then He could come in with His ideas and make me what I am.

I know this as well as I am standing on this platform. I got the witness right now that I please God. Not because I am good-lookin'. It ain't that, but it is this one thing regardless of anybody, wife or children, church or preacher, or any livin' man, I will obey God and I love to do it.

He never told me nothin' that I thought was too hard. I will declare that. The hardest thing he ever told me, and I wouldn't say that was hard, was this: A bishop of the Methodist Church had announced he was going to preach at a certain place the next day at eleven o'clock; it was announced in the papers. God woke me up the night before, told me He wanted me to preach there at that time. I never saw him more than about five minutes, and he didn't know me and I didn't know him, and I just walked up on the stand as though I had an invitation, and took his place. The bishop was a settin' on the front seat. Now that was a pretty bold thing for God to do with me, wasn't it? But I let Him do it, and the Lord would a-liked to set me afire. I couldn't hardly stand on the platform, and the bishop wasn't a bit more than a grasshopper to me. Not a bit. The people were grasshoppers. The Lord set me a-fire. The bishop afterwards told me he was glad I preached. Somebody said to me, How can you testify before these preachers? Why I never knowed they was there. They are only sinners saved by grace. When I get up to praise God, what have I got to please man for? If they get out of fix about it, God is able to take care of His own business. All He wants is a dead worm, and He will wriggle the worm.

When I first went to the Ohio Penitentiary to preach, I hadn't had a class of men before, but when I first went there they gave me a class of eighteen men, sometimes there were twenty-five or thirty; but this morning they had me whipped out. I wouldn't

let 'em know it but on Monday morning I went to God, and I said, "God, I don't want to be whipped out, and I am whipped: now you will have to do something or else take me out o' there." God told me to go back next Sunday morning and not say a word; just go and stand and He would do it. I went there and I stood before that class, and I felt like a dried jug laying on the hillside in the sun, and to save my life I couldn't do anything but cry. After while I began to cry and I cried, and never said a word, and finally I opened my eyes and looked, and the last one of them was cryin'. I could not get an impression on them before, and no matter what I would say they would oppose me in it; they would pick up some hypocrite of a preacher or class leader an' talk about his sins. Seventeen of them men got converted before I come back next Sunday, and the other fellow left the class. But that is the only time I saw such a thing as that done. I was there twenty-one years. I never saw anything like that before or after. I don't suppose that would do every time, but that is the way God done it that time. I never taught the Word. I jest stood there as God told me to. He said "I will teach the lesson next Sunday; you stand before the class." It was the hardest thing I ever done, to stand there and not say nothin'. One feller he left the class, he always said there wasn't nothin' in salvation. About a year afterwards he said he never felt born of God. And I said, "What did you cry about that Sunday mornin'?" "Well, when I see your earnestness, that made me cry." No sir, because I didn't look very earnest. I never felt like doin' that before and I didn't feel like doin' it then, in one sense, but I would obey God if I got put out of the Penitentiary.

Now you might think there never had been a man of that kind converted, but I went there one Fourth of July to teach, and on that day they always let them out in the yard. I concluded I would go down there and jest talk around; do a little kind of personal work. I went there and began to sing, and they gathered around me and the first think I knowed some of them was a-prayin', and there was twenty-five or twenty-six men converted that day in that yard. I held a meetin' the whole live-long day. I never stopped only while they went and got their dinner, and as quick as they cum back I went at it agin. There was men cum there that couldn't read and as mean as they could be, and got saved. The meanest man I suppose was ever in the Ohio Penitentiary got saved, and today he is a regular gentleman of the land, a business man. He was determined that he wouldn't work, and they drowned him nearly dead two or three times, and put him in an

electric shock, and said they might kill him but he wouldn't work, and so at the end of those times he got to lookin' at it; he wasn't under conviction when he went to bed and he was converted before mornin'. He was the happiest man I ever seen work. I never seen such a man. After that you could not keep him still. He would shout in the Sabbath School and in the meetin'. When he went out he went to do business like other men. One day I heerd some feller holler "hello," and I said, "I don't know you." "Where did you ever see me?" He said, "In the Ohio Penitentiary." He had been a cow-boy away out in the West, and throwed a railroad train off and robbed it, and he was three years in the Ohio Penitentiary. I lived two miles from the Penitentiary, and came every Sunday morning, and he heerd somebody say I walked, and he said he thought no man would walk that fur for a man that was in the Penitentiary, and he would come and see what I had to say. He never had no impression before of the preachers who cum there, but that feller got converted, and went down in Portsmouth and married the finest kind of a lady, and that was on a Thanksgiving and he took me home to dinner and introduced me to his wife as the man who was the means of him bein' saved in the Ohio Penitentiary. He was raised down in Portsmouth, Ohio, and they didn't know for about fifteen or twenty years where he was. He went by another name while he was in the Penitentiary, and when he went home nobody ever knowed there that he was in the Penitentiary. He promised to marry this lady and two nights before he married her he tho't that woman might find out he was in the Ohio Penitentiary, and it might cause trouble, and he would go and tell her where he got saved and all about it, and if there was any trouble it would be settled right there. And when he told her and after he got done tellin' her, he said, "Now you will have to do as you please about this," and she said, "I think more of you than I did before," and both of them's Christians now. God will save awful bad men. If He wouldn't He never would have saved me. I have been in prisons of all kinds, jail, lock-ups, work-houses, but the baddest of any place ever I was in, the work-house is the worst. It is worse than the Penitentiary. I would ruther be in the Penitentiary than the work-house if I was going to be a prisoner. Of course, they don't give a man his choice. So many people think a man is mean enough to go to jail he is too mean to be saved. The night I got saved, the next morning a man said, "Well, it won't amount to a thing." "Why?" "Well," he said, "the poor fellow hain't got sense enough to do anything but to drive oxen and drink whiskey.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

Greetings From India

George E. Berg, Coonoor, India

FROM the Rising of the Sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's Name is to be praised! Amen!

I do praise God for the privilege of having such sweet fellowship with you all in the Holy Ghost. The April number of "The Latter Rain Evangel" has proved a great blessing to a number here at Coonoor.

Beloved, we are so glad for your prayers in our behalf; we do feel the power of them here, even though we are separated in body about twelve thousand miles. What a God we have! What a Christ we have! What a Holy Spirit we have! What a privilege we all have in living in these wonderful days!

I have just returned home from a twelve days' tour into the Telugu country, where God confirmed His own Word with signs and wonders in the mighty name of Jesus. I shall never forget one night especially, as I stood out in a dark heathen village at about the midnight hour, giving out God's dear message to about three hundred people under a starry sky. Heaven indeed seemed to open above us and the glory of God overshadowed us, hallelujah to the worthy Lamb! I laid hands upon ten people for healing in the Name of Jesus, and word has come since that all received healing; to God alone belongs the glory!

Oh what a privilege to be in dark India amidst

the serpents, wild beasts and awful diseases and plagues, but in the will of God. I'd rather be here than to sit upon a royal throne out of God's dear will.

I would like to enlist your prayers in behalf of the poor, neglected jungle tribes of South India; no established mission dares to go among them on account of wild beasts and serpents, besides fear of the jungle fever. These poor tribes are so neglected, yet Jesus died for all of them, as well as for us. A friend of mine (a native brother) has worked some among them for the past five or six years with good results. I feel that God wants us to evangelize these tribes with three native preachers (two of these have received Pentecost). Jesus is coming soon! We do not want to stand before Him speechless.

We need at once about one hundred dollars to put up a half dozen preaching huts, and for other necessary expenses. We expect God to supply every need. Kindly join us in prayer and God will answer.

Sample Evangelists

TWO Publishers of Pentecostal Papers have very generously given us their lists of subscribers that we might send them a sample copy of The Evangel. It will require several hundred dollars to send a copy to each of these. Would you not glorify God in helping us do this? Do you know of any better way to get the Latter Rain truths before the people? Any offering for this purpose, no matter how small, will be acceptable.

* * *

OUR brother, A. Forder, who has spent seventeen years as missionary in Arabia, has written a very interesting book giving in considerable detail his experiences in that land. The book is entitled, "Ventures Among the Arabs" and is published by Gospel Publishing House, 54 West 22nd St., New York City. The price is \$1.00. We are sure you will be interested in reading this book. Order direct from the publishers.

Conventions

Topeka, Kansas, Sept. 2-12. Write C. E. Foster, 503-Leland St.

Chicago, Illinois, Sept. 12-26. Write Wm. H. Durham, 2836 (old No. 943) North Ave.

Chicago Convention

Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Avenue

IN announcing another Convention, to begin on Thursday evening, the fourteenth of October, 1909, we wish to record again our gracious thanksgiving to God for the blessed Convention that we had the latter part of May and beginning of June. As our readers know, the Spring Convention was called for ten days but so graciously did God bless that it continued for twenty-five days, with services running from half-past nine in the morning to ten, and sometimes considerably later, at night, and a few days with no break whatever between.

We want to ask all our friends interested in the work of God to pray that none of us shall yield to the temptation of thinking that because we had a glorious convention then, we shall have, for that reason, a good one in October, but that they will also join us in praying that the gracious presence

of God shall be manifested in our midst in the forthcoming October gathering.

We invite the Lord's people to come and worship with us at that time. We announce only the opening date; we shall set no date for closing. We believe, however, that it will continue for at least ten days, and shall be glad to have it continue as much longer as God may indicate.

We are prepared to say that those who are giving all their time to the work of the Lord will be furnished lodging without any charge to them, by the members of our congregation.

Pray that God will send to the Convention such leaders and teachers as may best fill the purpose in His mind for us at that time, and that there shall be a mighty out-pouring of the Spirit manifesting itself in conviction, salvation, cleansing, healing and baptizing power.



The Latter Rain = Its Design and Operation

"I Will Pour Water on Him That Is Thirsty"

May 29, 1909, Fourth Lecture in the Latter Rain Series, D. Wesley Myland

NOTE.—At various times in the history of the Church God has emphasized certain great scriptural truths—Justification under Luther, Sanctification under Wesley, etc.

We are living in the time when the Latter Rain truths are due, and hence God is giving them. How unique, how natural, how refreshing are these expositions—not a resetting forth of old ideas, but a wonderful, deep revelation from God; hence, it stirs our souls.



LET us harken to the reading of two passages from the prophecy of Isaiah, first in the thirty-second chapter, from the thirteenth to the eighteenth verses, inclusive: "Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briars; yea, upon all the houses of joy in the joyous city: because thy palaces shall be forsaken; the multitude of the city shall be left; the forts and towers shall be for dens forever, a joy of wild asses, a pasture of flocks; *until the Spirit shall be poured upon us from on high*, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest. Then judgment shall dwell in the

As you read these discourses obey their teachings, and by the time you are through with them, or before—yielding to God as you go along—the Latter Rain will be falling upon you.

Will you not help us to get these sermons into the hands of thousands? Every Christian, and especially every minister of the Gospel ought to read the entire series which began in our June issue.

wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field. And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings and in quiet resting places."

Second, in chapter forty-four, the first eight verses: "Yet now hear, O Jacob My servant; and Israel whom I have chosen: Thus saith the Lord that made thee, and formed thee from the womb, which will help thee: Fear not, O Jacob My servant; and thou, Jeshurun, whom I have chosen. For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall

spring up (that is, the offspring) as among the grass, as willows by the water courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel. Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel, and His Redeemer (that is Jesus) the Lord of Hosts; I am the first and I am the last; and beside Me there is no God. And who, as I, shall call, and shall declare it, and set it in order for Me, since I appointed the ancient people? and the things that are coming and shall come, let them shew unto them. Fear ye not, neither be afraid: have not I told thee from that time, and have declared it? ye are even My witnesses. Is there a God beside Me? yea, there is no God; I know not any." That was the answer of the prophet, and he was trying to speak for the people: "There is no God; I know not any."

This brings us to the fourth in this series of expositions on the subject of the Latter Rain, and although the words "latter rain" are not found in these scriptures, yet they are so closely allied that they teach the same great truth; especially *the design and operation of the "latter rain"*; that is, *how it comes and what it does*.

"Yet now hear, O Jacob My servant; and Israel whom I have chosen": Here is God's *call* and God's *choice*. Here is the double idea of salvation and sanctification. God *calls* men to be saved, but He *chooses* them to be sanctified. They are both called and chosen. There is the *ekklesia*, those called out, and also the *eklektoi*, those called the second time, called out from the called ones, for the Hebrew word here rendered "*chosen*" is equivalent to the Greek word *eklektoi* of the New Testament. Notice, it is Jacob who is *called*, but Israel who is *chosen*. Jacob was called at Bethel, which means the house of God, but Israel was chosen at Peniel, the face of God. It is God in each case. Bethel—called in the house of God to get the bread of God, for that word means both. You can get the bread of God in the house of God, and so we come to God's house to get God's bread. There are many of God's houses, so called, where there is not much of God's bread; hence they are not worthy the name of God's house. I'd rather have a little old tumble-down mission-room packed full of God's good bread than I would have your high-steepled, high-spired churches, with an immense amount of money invested in them that ought to be scattered to the heathen world supporting missionaries; far better to have a little humble cottage full of the bread of God where souls might get something than these great empty houses where people starve to death.

"And Israel, whom I have chosen": that happened at Peniel. "Peniel" means the *face* of God; face to face with God where I shall see Him as He is and begin to be made like Him.

"Jacob My servant," but "Israel whom I have chosen." Now these two things are bound in one self-same individual. Jacob became Israel at Peniel, not at Bethel. There is a lot of strong meat at Peniel, and when you come to Israel you can talk about "latter rain" because the Latter Rain Covenant is renewed; you can talk about Pentecostal out-floodings and out-pourings; He will trust you. "Thus saith the Lord that made thee, and formed thee from the womb, I will help thee; Fear not," Pentecostal worker; fear not! God says He will help, and He can help you more than anyone else. He says He will help you "right early"; at the dawning of the morning. Sometimes it takes all night like as with Jacob before he became Israel, but when the morning dawned Jacob was changed to Israel.

"Fear not, O Jacob My servant; and thou Jeshurun"; this latter term Jeshurun is Israel's *business* name, given him because he has gone out to do great things for God. It is God's business that is done now. Turn over to the thirty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, especially from the twenty-sixth verse on, and you get the unfolding of this name. It means a God who is prosperous in all His ways, and this makes us to see He is the sovereign God. Why, if you get the *business* name of God and move in His sovereign purpose, you are bound to succeed; all earth and hell cannot stop you. You want to link yourself right there with the God of Jeshurun. It means the God of grace, of power and uprightness. You do not find this word very often, but it is used in connection with the great outworking of God and the displays of His sovereign majesty through somebody whom He can trust. God can never trust us until we trust Him. When we have reposed one everlasting trust in God and yield unquestioning obedience to His will, then God can begin to trust us and can give us something to do and to say for Him; places to go and ministries to perform.

Are you complaining of a narrowed life? The trouble is with you. Lay it at your own door. When God can bring you where He can trust you, He will give you more than ten ordinary people can do, and then He will give you the strength of ten, for He has promised in His Word, "One shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight." Is your life circumscribed? It's your own fault. Get through to God. Lay your life open to Him; lay it out on His altar. Lay it out even though it

has a dry night; lay it out again and it will be wet this time. Let God take you and know that He has you on both the dry side and the wet, for there will be a dry side sometimes. Some people seem to want to be dry; it is an excuse for lazy people to be released from service. They say, "I am dry." Why should they be dry when God has said, "I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour My Spirit upon the seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring"? I will cause them to spring up "as willows by the water brooks." "I will help thee, fear not."

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, God sees thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head,"

and Pentecost will fill you. Fear not! He will help you. Who doesn't want God's help? Who won't go through with God's help? But He will have unquestioning obedience.

"Fear not, O Jacob My servant; and thou Jeshurun, whom I have chosen." It is God's choice when you get into the deeper life of the Spirit, and it is God's choice again when you get into business life. Now that doesn't mean preachers or missionaries only; it applies to you in your shop, to you in your kitchen, to you in your store; it means you behind your desk if God has called you there. Take Him as the God of Jeshurun, the God of all that is good and righteous and prosperous. God needs many good stewards to make money for Him whereby to send missionaries to evangelize the world. God bless them; they will get their reward; they have been hands and feet for the Master. Have you read the story of the two men that made one? One had a good pair of hands, but had lost his limbs; the other had a good pair of strong limbs, but had lost his hands. The man with hands rode on the shoulders of the one with feet, and thus they sowed their crop of rice. I have seen missionaries going out to the foreign countries carried by strong men and women at home who toil and bear the expense of the work in the foreign field. I'd be a missionary if I had to live in the back kitchen all my life.

This is the way God is going to work it: "I will pour water on him that is thirsty." Jacob, are you thirsty? Israel, are you thirsty? You may be thirsty in the beginning of your salvation as Jacob was, and God will give you the baptism right there. God is no respecter of persons; there are first that shall be

last, and last that shall be first, and in these sovereign workings of God He will do a thing when you are ready for it; He will baptize even Jacob. Sometimes the Jacobs get it easier than the Israels. But are the Israels thirsty? He will give you thirst, and I say to you there is something more than the blessing of holiness, and something more than the doctrine of sanctification.

No matter how often you have said, "saved, sanctified and healed," you need Pentecost. I said, "Lord, I have had Thy Spirit; I have been preaching all these years." "Yes," He said, "don't you remember seventeen years ago how I met you in your library?" "Yes, Lord, what about that?" "I'd like to finish what I did then." I didn't know enough then, but I did receive the Spirit, and I went out into what I called the Spirit-filled life. I had been marvellously healed, and I said, "Lord, if that was the beginning and I didn't get this residue, You give me all there is now, and instruct me how to teach it"—there were a multitude of questions coming to me, orally and by mail—"and heal my body instantly"—I was at the point of death with blood-poisoning from awful burns I had received from an explosion in our chapel; the flesh was burned off my hands and face, my eyes were blind for three days, the blood-poison had gone clear up into my brain. I said, "Lord, do this and I will give you just one hour in which to settle with me," for I had become desperate. I had been getting ready for a year; God met me inside of that hour and it was all done. God illuminated my mind until I saw more truth in an hour than I saw in a year before. He took me up and I joined the heavenly choir. I wanted to stay there, but He wouldn't let me. He made me come back, but He showed me where I would be by and by. I had a wonderful time in heaven with Jesus and the angels and all the saints. Oh, what a wonderful time! I heard such glorious singing there that I was ashamed of all the singing I had ever heard on earth. I remember I went up to Jesus and said, "Jesus, I am so sorry we ever sung so poorly down there," and He said, "Never mind, My child, I am going to teach you better so that you shall make real spiritual melody in your heart to the Lord." While He was flooding my soul and baptizing me, a flood of truth came into my understanding, and I then began to write out the song I had just sung in a tongue and suddenly found I was healed, for I was writing with the hand from which the flesh had been burned and the arm which had been so swollen with blood poison.

Oh, I tell you it is blessed to have the water poured over you; to feel God inside and outside. I am always going along with the taste of it in my mouth. It is on my tongue to stay. "I will pour water on him that is thirsty." He will pour it on Israel, the sanctified; yes, and He will pour it on Jeshurun, one that is out busy in service. I was very busy the winter He poured it out on me; there was only one night in the week I had to myself, and that was Saturday night. My Bible-classes and other public ministries, my correspondence, writing and editing hymns just went right on. As I went to my Bible-class I seemed to be walking along the street looking for something. I went out to some summer meetings, went up to Beulah Park, expecting all the time; came back home and opened my Convention on the 13th day of October.

On that fatal day the magazine in our church exploded and threw me twenty feet up against the door, and filled me with burning gas until they saw it coming out of my mouth. They prayed for and anointed me, and took me home. I could not hold my hands down; my hands and face were bound and wrapped in medicated cotton. In this condition I caught cold and blood-poison set in, but God kept saying to me, "Twenty-one days." He took me back to Daniel; twenty-one days Daniel was down and he had become very uncomely, and I had, too. God showed me how Daniel was down on his knees and finally how he had no strength at all; again and again came to me, "twenty-one days, twenty-one days, twenty-one days." I didn't know what it meant, but by and by that Saturday night came, the third day of November, and after it was all over and I had written out the "latter rain" song and translated it into English, I realized it was just twenty-one days since the explosion on the 13th of October. Oh, such dealings with God, such shutting up to Him and emptying out of everything I had; not that I had to repudiate it, remember, but all had to be laid aside, all my experience and all my ministry, and when God baptized me, all there ever had been in my life worth anything was intensified and multiplied. You don't have to repudiate anything God has already done for you to get Pentecost, but you have to be emptied out as though you had nothing.

"I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and there shall be floods upon the dry ground." So, Jeshurun, get it. I got it. Oh, how busy! For eighteen years I was doing three men's work, leading people to God, teaching sanctification and divine healing, training missionaries and sending them out from our Bible-school. I had been doing a good

work, but I had to lay it all aside and let God do what He wanted to do; and give me the bigger and better thing.

I want you to see there are three calls, because it is very important; a call to Jacob, a call to Israel and a call to Jeshurun, or, to express it in other words, a call to the saved, a call to the sanctified and a call to those already working for God. God will transform your work, too, my brother, and give you a new kind of ministry; at least He will make it more effective, for "I will pour water," that is, give it to the one that thirsts in order that there may be floods on the dry ground. The dry ground cannot get to God. You see the dry ground all around. The only way God can get to that barren land is through somebody that is thirsty, and He will pour water on that one until it will either run through or run off them on the dry ground. God reaches the people that are not directly in touch with Him through those whom He can immerse and submerge in His Pentecostal fulness.

That is the order in any Gospel ministry—somebody must have something of God to take to somebody else, but, oh, in this sense it means that He will put it on you so full it will run off naturally; that is, He will make you a great system of spiritual irrigation for the arid lands of needy souls. It is not for yourself; it is not to make *me* full of God; of course, one cannot help but be full of God, but that is not the design of it; it is to make you great pipe-lines of blessing through which to carry this water of salvation to others. "Ye shall be witnesses" then. "Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord"; you have the same idea in Acts 1:8, so it is a Pentecostal message in every sense; witnesses to the great God—He pours Himself on us and through us to reach others. "And there shall be floods on the dry ground."

And then, more specifically He tells us what this water is. It is just a drop of the Holy Spirit, for "I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed," so that there shall be "blessing upon thine offspring." You know we are to bring forth. The reason we haven't more offspring is because God's Spirit is not on our seed. What is the seed? The thing we sow. We plant the Word of God, our message, our ministry, the song, the prayer, the testimony, and the instrument that gives it out is the tongue—"I will pour My Spirit upon your seed." Pentecost is not simply for me, not merely to satisfy my feeling, but to get floods on the dry ground; to make me a medium, a transmitter. The real thirst for Pentecost should not, then, be a selfish thirst. I know the reason ten thou-

sand more have not received Pentecost; they want it for themselves. But it is thirst for others that will bring me my Pentecost; thirst for others! "My God, I haven't the fulness and power sufficient to reach these people!" Pray that from the heart and God will pour the water on you until there will be floods on the dry ground.

"I will pour My Spirit on thy seed." Ah, it is different now from what it used to be. We used to talk about the Word of God, give testimony, sing, pray; no result. What was the matter? God's Spirit was not poured on the seed. Peter could talk a good deal before Pentecost, and perhaps could preach more eloquently and more self-assertively than he did after, but a little bit of a word after Pentecost cut them to the heart, pricked them in their conscience, and they said, "Men, brethren, what shall we do?" God's Spirit was on the seed. That is what Acts 1:8 means: "Ye shall receive the *dunamis* (the dynamite, the dynamics) of the Spirit coming upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me," and when the power of the Holy Spirit falls on the witness, something is done; His Spirit is poured on the seed and the little message in song changes, the prayer changes, the little utterance of the tongue changes, the message from the Word changes, God's Word itself changes, because then it is both spirit and life.

When God's Spirit is poured on the seed it shall not return to Him void. You may hear it only once, but it will stay. We do not give it out like those that fight uncertainly or beat the air, any more. Oh, bless God, when He has taken hold of the deep places of your life, and when He has poured His Spirit on the seed, then there will be blessing on your offspring, and that kind of offspring will survive after birth. They will be born living and active, and there won't be one-half the trouble about backsliders that there used to be. What is the matter with the ministry that a few months after the revival is over the souls are gone? The Spirit was not poured out on the seed. Oh, give us souls that are born to live and love and move with God! You will have blessing on your offspring then, and you know the offspring is like the seed. Like begets like, and kind produces kind. God is getting some children out of this Pentecostal Movement, and He is getting them in a different way from the old way. We are not pulling and hauling them to the altar after the manner of men, but God is moving them by His Spirit. Another thing, God has a spiritual way of "borning" children, I will tell you, and it is through the Word, the incorruptible seed, the Word of God that lives and abides forever.

"And they shall spring up among the grass, as willows by the water courses." They will spring up before you know it. Why? Because the water courses carry life. If rivers of God are flowing through your life, offspring will be produced. "They shall spring up"—I have seen my father take out a whole handful of little twigs that looked dry and dead, and stick them in the ground along a little stream; the next year they were willow trees. Plant a little of the seed of God along the water courses of the Holy Spirit, and suddenly they will spring up without coaxing. They will spring up just like the beautiful crocuses out in the front lawns in the early spring, that bloom before the sun has hardly warmed the earth—while the cold north winds are yet blowing; at the first opening of the spring up they jump, and it looks as though somebody stuck them in the lawn during the night. That flower seems to say: "I am a herald of spring, and I am not afraid of a little frost or snow. I have been pushed out because that is the kind of life I have." It is not the old way of holding a set service and seeing how many souls we can get saved, but here and there, around the corner, and while you are at work, a new soul "springs up"—Pentecostal! It is a new thing in my own ministry; every little while a soul springs up. There is a crocus, here a willow by the water course.

One sister told me how one sprang up one morning when she went to empty her garbage; she had a neighbor with whom she was not on friendly terms. This morning she went out under the Spirit of God, praising the Lord, and suddenly she and the neighbor happened to come together at the garbage can. She said, "Good morning; praise the Lord, isn't this a lovely morning?" (She had received her Pentecost a few days before.) The neighbor looked up, and she said, "Oh, I feel so bad the way you and I have lived." The bad neighbor hardly knew what to make of it and tried to turn the conversation. The other said, "I feel so bad, and the worst of it is I hurt Jesus." The neighbor said, "Do you think Jesus is affected by these things? I thought no one was hurt but us." "Oh no," she said. "He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities; He was wounded for our transgressions," and she went on pleading Isaiah fifty-third chapter. The woman dropped her vessel and burst out crying, and leaning over the fence the two wept together; one told out all her troubles and the other told what the Lord had done for her; there she sprang up by the water courses, in the back yard, out by the alley.

"I will pour My blessing upon your offspring and

they will spring up as willows by the water courses. God is saving souls now. In the old way? No, no. God is doing it in the direct spiritual way, because we had to get a new working. The devil had discovered everything the church had, but he can't keep up with Pentecost. And so we Pentecostal people are believing that mighty imperative "shall be"—"there shall be floods"—or did you get the little Pentecost to satisfy your own little thirst? Shame on you! I could not thirst that way. We must thirst for others—boys and girls, fathers and mothers; there shall be floods, and the neighbors and the enemies, and those who have gone into sin shall believe, for wherever the water flows it bubbles up. They will believe it; they will testify; they won't be struck dumb. I don't see how people are saved and are struck dumb the next minute. "One shall say, I am the Lord's. Glory to God, I'm saved!" That is how you will know it, for the witness of Pentecost will come. The baptism will produce a like result on these offspring, and you won't have to go around and say, "Are you saved?" They will jump up and say, "I am the Lord's;" they will give an account of it. Another shall say, "I call myself by the name of Jacob," and another shall subscribe his hand, if he is not in the meeting to testify. He will write you a letter saying, "I have it." I shall get a good many letters from this Convention; they will subscribe and say, "I am saved," "I am healed," "I have been baptized too, and I want to tell you all about it."

"Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel, and His Redeemer the Lord of hosts." The Father and the Son are closely allied in this work. It is the larger work of the Spirit and not only manifests the Son, but also the Father in His sovereignty. "I am the first, and I am the last; and beside Me there is no God." "I am the Alpha and the Omega; I am the beginning and the end." This divine sovereignty is manifested in pouring out water on him that is thirsty, and also the manner in which God works with the souls that are born today. They are of a Pentecostal order. You know how it was on the Day of Pentecost. They didn't go around coaxing people, but the Holy Ghost was poured out and three thousand people came jumping up like willows by the water courses, and in a little while five thousand, and everywhere they went men and women were saved.

Again God is making workers and landing them in the uttermost parts of the earth in about the same

length of time that it requires an ordinary bible-school to examine them and enter them as students. I am not depreciating training, nor putting a premium on the short cut, but I do love to see the Lord cut the thing short in righteousness. I would rather see one person baptized in the Holy Ghost and fire, dead in love with God's Word, reading it day and night, and praying the heathen through to salvation than to see a score of missionaries go out with only an intellectual equipment. Some go out with just about enough grace to say, "Well, goodbye," with great tears and a long struggle, like the old cows that drew the ark of God back to Israel, "lowing as they went" for their calves they had left behind; they are getting along some way, reforming and educating the heathen, but God wants it done now like willows by the water courses. He wants to pour His Spirit on the seed and start the seed growing right away. The time is short. God has to do it that way. We are moving too slowly now. I have watched various methods of missionary activity and I will take God's way as I find it in His Word, manifested by His Spirit and confirmed by His Providence.

I have seen the missionaries sent out full of love and faith, trusting God not only with their souls but also with their bodies, and I tell you they have done more for God than those who go carrying with them a medicine chest. I am reluctant to help send missionaries that have to carry some *materia medica* with them. I do not turn them down; not at all. I pray for them every day, but God is giving us another class; God is giving us another kind. "Suppose they die," you say. Well, suppose they do die. I want to tell you this, that where one has died trusting God for healing, a half dozen have died who were trusting in medicine. The missionaries who have trusted God the fullest have come through the best. You say they cannot get through by trusting God, but they have, and they are going to do it again, hallelujah! God is greater than the earth He has made, and God is greater than the devil that tries to rule this earth, and if God has a purpose in a life over in Africa, He will keep that life until His work is done, if there is real trust. Let us pray for those who cannot fully trust God.

"I am the first, and the last; and besides Me there is no God. And who as I shall call,"—God's Pentecostal call. Who can call like God?—"and shall declare it, and set it in order for Me." If you get God's call you may rest assured you will see it declared clearly. God will declare it; He will make it so plain that "the way-faring man though a fool

could not err therein." Then God will set it in order; then look out for a Providence confirming everything, everything in order; you will just go step by step—the money will be there, the tickets will be there at the right time, for God will set it in order, and you won't need to worry about it. Just use good, sanctified sense, obey God and it will be all right; no undue enthusiasm about it; no hop, skip and jump business, but moving along on your knees in prayer. "And who, as I, shall call, and shall declare it, and set it in order for Me, since I appointed the ancient people? and the things that are coming,"—God appoints them—"and shall come." God has appointed the things that are coming, including the coming of Christ and all that that means; God has appointed it all. So "all things work together for good to those that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." "Who, as I, can call, then declare it and make it plain to you, and set it in order with things that are coming. I appoint and they shall come," and nobody can stop them, glory be to God! Take your Pentecost that way; believe it and wait for it; accept it and trust God. Well, let anybody else show this kind of God. They cannot do it.

"Fear ye not, neither be afraid: have I not told thee from that time, and have declared it? Ye are even My witnesses. Is there a God beside Me? Yea, there is no God; I know not any." No such a God as the Pentecostal God! This is His *design* and *operation*. This is how it comes and how it works. What a God He is manifesting Himself to be today! People see a little of it, and say, "I do not understand that way." Of course not. Otherwise, you know First Corinthians, second chapter, would not be true, because that scripture says "they are spiritually discerned." "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." It is God, and some people, because they cannot understand it, actually attribute it to the devil, and repeat the Pharisee's mistake when they said, "This man doth not cast out demons, but by Beelzebub, the prince of demons."

Now I want to go back to the thirty-second chapter of Isaiah. He says matters will be so bad that "thorns and briars" and loathsome creatures will be in palaces where there ought to be beauty, peace and joy. All these destructive, unpleasant things will abound, showing the natural abasement of mankind "until the Spirit be poured out from on high." Oh, if you could have a vision tonight of Chicago or any of these great cities as I have had it years ago when I did rescue mission work! I have visited the slums

in many of the large cities of this country in my earlier ministry, seeking to lead men and women to Jesus; the sin and degradation are indescribable. Sin and sensuality do not confine themselves to the slums but are found just in the same degree, but more under cover, in the palaces of what is called "high society," rotten to the core. This thing that destroyed the palaces of Israel in Jerusalem, in literal Israel, is just as true in a spiritual and moral sense today, and it shall be so "until His Spirit is poured out from on high," and what then? "The wilderness" of Palestine shall be changed, and before these things can grow at all it will "become a fruitful field," and you can count that fruitful field "for a forest," for a thousand years hence. There will be great, majestic oaks in that forest. In the same way you can count in this Pentecost that when God pours out His Spirit from on high, the old wilderness will be changed into a fruitful field, and you can count on that fruitful field becoming a forest; indeed, there is no telling what it will make for God. There is no computing it by any human system, because "One shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight." Oh, here is geometrical ratio of living faith coupled with the out-poured sovereign Spirit from the throne of God. There is no limit to the power. But it is not that I may *feel* power; it is not that *you* are to have power at all. "Ye shall receive power from on high, the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you to be a *witness*." You are not to realize that you have power; pity the worker that has to feel a sense of power before he does anything. What am I to feel? *Weakness*. What am I to have in my weakness? *The power of God*. When I am weak then am I the dynamics of God, then am I power. Why do I glory in my weakness? That the power of God may rest upon me. Who are they in the eleventh of Hebrews that are made the strength of God in the earth—"out of weakness were made strong"? Oh "the people are yet too strong for Me, saith the Lord." There is yet too much of human strength in God's work. *Weakness!* *Weakness!* As long as you feel you can do anything, I pity your doing, but when you feel as if you had no strength, God can do something. Oh God, I thank You that You said the "bruised reed" You would not break, the "smoking flax" You would not quench. I felt tonight just like a piece of flax nearly burned out, but God permits this that no flesh may glory in His presence; that the glory may be of God, and not of us. He "takes the *weak* things to confound the mighty." May we realize that "when I am weak then am I strong," for a little bit of weak-

ness is worth a great deal more than a lot of human strength. "It is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of His own good pleasure." That is the *design* and the *operation* of Pentecost. "Not unto us! Not unto us oh God, not unto us, but unto Thy Name be all the glory." Pentecost has come to display and manifest God, and He is willing to take any kind of vessel. "I will pour out My Spirit," and "judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field." Judgment shall obtain in the wilderness; get right in that place and everything will be made right, and "righteousness shall remain in a fruitful field. And the work of righteousness shall be peace;" that is, righteousness works peaceably, "and the effect of righteousness"—when it has wrought its work in peace, shall be "quietness and assurance forever."

And oh, how you can move on in God. The effect is quietness and everlasting assurance. You needn't talk to me or sympathize with me about

what God wants me to do, for anything else would kill me or crush me, but His will is the joy of my life and heart. "Who, for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame." He did not count it any hardship. And what was the end to Him? He is sitting at the right hand of the throne of God, and because He is exalted at the right-hand of God, He sheds out this to make us do the selfsame thing. Oh beloved people, let us sink down, sink down, and sink out, and let God be manifested; not for us, but for the offspring, for the dry ground, to reach others. We can afford to be nothing or anything if only God will reach somebody, save them, sanctify them, heal them, and "pour water on the thirsty—till there shall be *floods on the dry ground*."

"O I'm glad the promised Pentecost has come,
And the 'latter rain' is falling now on some;
Pour it out in floods, Lord, on the parched ground
Till it reaches all the earth around."

All the Way With Jesus

I 'M going through with Jesus,
Tho' rough the road may be,
The blood-stained way is lighted
By the cross of Calvary.

There is a shining pathway
From my soul up to the throne
The Savior smiles upon me,
And tells me I'm His own.

He bids me ever trust Him,
To follow all the way;
To keep my eyes on Jesus,
He'll keep me day by day.

He bears the lambs in His bosom
He folds them close to His breast
He'll bring them at last to His kingdom
In the land of eternal rest.

The Empty Seat at the Master's Table

S. Edward Young, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.



WILL not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.—
Matt. 26:29.

Was it not as when a guest rises from table saying, "I will return; keep my place for me,"

that our Savior partook of the communion in the upper room of the earthly Jerusalem? He will partake of the communion in the upper room of the heavenly Jerusalem. His waiting place is the reminder and pledge and each Lord's Supper is another link in the golden chain spanning the ages from upper

room to upper room. Have you a vacant chair in your home? Somebody loved—ah how dearly!—was wont to occupy that chair. Have you a certain room made sacred by the darling whose it used to be? Do you tarry by a store-window or some old meeting-spot, soliloquizing, "We conversed together here so often; but shall no more"? How every object associated with the beloved person brings a tide of memories! Saw you the great chieftain's steed led riderless in the funeral procession?

The empty seat at the Master's table calls to mind the scene when last He sat here—the Twelve and He recline, grouped horseshoe-like. Jesus, Principal of the feast, takes the divan—then a scramble for posi-

tions of honor. Disciples, could you not spare Christ this unseemly spectacle? Jesus stands, lays aside His garments, the *simchah* and the *chetoneth*, girds the slave's towel about Him, and with ewer of cool water begins to lave the disciples' dust-soiled, sun-scorched feet. John, I can believe, behind the fringes that drape the couch, screens his countenance at the touch of those cleansing hands. Peter protests, then yields, a shower of tears upon his cheeks as Jesus bathes his great rough members. Andrew, James, son of Zebedee, Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, perplexed the while, Matthew, James, son of Alpheus, Lebbæus, Simon the Canaanite, all submit. The Savior stoops beside the traitor. That man of Kerioth writhes, yet resists not. O angels, look on—Jesus washes Judas' feet—*heaven being sweet to hell!* "The servant is not greater than his lord," quoth Christ, resuming His divan. I think I see Peter scurrying to the lowest place. John nestles close to his Master's heart. Judas holds position of first honor. Lingers the sunlight for a farewell glance over the window casement. Bugle loud and long those temple trumpets the Passover hour. Smokes on the table the Passover lamb, trussed, two skewers of pomegranate forming therein a cross. First cup is lifted, this spoken "Blessed be thou, O Lord God, thou King of the world, who createdst the fruit of the vine." Fall from Jesus' lips the dire announcement, "One of you shall betray me." Tremulous voices ask "Is it I?" To their credit, notice none query "Is it he?" Peter signs to John to obtain some intimation from Christ. The sop of bread unleavened enclosing wild endive is handed to the gentleman in honor's seat. Judas went out—"and it was night"—outdoors. Inside the change was like murky, sultry August freshened by the shower with sunburst following fast. Each breathed a freer breath. Now the second cup, succeeded by rehearsal of the immortal delivery from Egypt and chanting of Psalms 113 and 114 and by bread and lamb passed with these words, "The bread of affliction," "the body of the Passover." Crisis now, new meaning henceforth forever! Hear Him say "This is my body broken for you." Another cup, *Cos-habbera-chah*, "cup of blessing."—"This cup is the New Testament in my blood." He announces His place will be unoccupied awhile and goes to Gethsemane chanting Psalm 115 to 118:26, closing "Save now, I beseech thee, send now prosperity"—Jesus went singing to His doom.

The empty seat at the Master's table calls to mind the one scene of His career whereby He wished chiefly to be remembered. People abide in our recollection in some vivid single impression. We remember our

friends by their best deeds, our enemies by their worst. Apt is Plato's art in making Phædo exclaim, "O Echechrates, tho oftentimes I had admired Socrates, never admired I him so much as then, to witness how when we were overcome he rallied us!" Aptly Dickens has Steerforth say to Daisy, "Remember me at my best, Daisy, remember me at my best." If *best* means lack and *worst* means ill, there was no best or worst with Christ. Yet reverent faith may aver that, unspeakably grand and great as Jesus always was, He never was so sublimely Himself as when through those terrific hours on Golgotha he battled alone with death—the propitiation for our sins.

At Nain He halts the bier whereon is stretched a widow's only son and gives the resurrected boy to mother's arms again. Glorious!

Cried to Christ yon leper, one putrid blotch of disease, his deepest pain avoidance by his kind. Jesus might have icily commanded "Be thou clean" and hastened on; but, knowing how the sufferer yearned for sympathy, Jesus went near, put forth His hand and touched him—"I will; be thou clean"—

And his dry palms grew moist

*And the blood coursed with delicious coolness through
his veins*

*And o'er his brow the dewy softness of an infant
stole.*

His leprosy was cleansed and he fell down

At Jesus' feet and worshiped Him.

Many are the scenes in which to recall our perfect Redeemer. In one above all others preferred He to be borne in memory—HIMSELF DYING FOR OUR INIQUITIES—the broken bread. His broken body; the cup, His outpoured blood. Communing members, be sure your attention rivets on Him to-day. Spoil not the sacrament's effect by dwelling only on your sins. Your sins—sicken yourself of them before you approach these elements. While here entrance your whole sentient nature with Jesus alone, Jesus dying, the Atonement the At-one-ment of God and man. . . . Surely you have seen your sins enough. To-day lift your steady gaze to the sin Remover.

The empty seat at the Master's table calls to our minds where Christ is and what He is doing while absent. Hark! Some one toiling in heaven. Who? Christ. Doing what? Preparing a place for us—"I go to prepare a place for you." Interpreters of prophecy peg away at evidences of His coming set forth in this world's events. He is bound to come soon as the Jews return to Jerusalem, they insist. A move of the powers of Europe, a combination of stars in the sky, a symbolic number concerning the time of

the end now fulfilled, must prove He is at hand. I am looking for the King at any moment. However, His return is not conditioned so much, I fancy, by the progress of affairs on earth as by the uprearing and embellishing of the many mansions He is getting ready for our reception. When they are fully furnished, not till then, the clouds will unfold Him and radiant everywhere shall break His millennial morn. Our future home—what paradise it must be, since Omniscience and Omnipotence have been busy thereon these nineteen centuries! List!—Some one is praying in heaven. Who? Christ. For whom? For us—"He ever liveth to make intercession for us." Whosoever else in your behalf does or does not implore the throne of grace in hours of your temptations and heavy loads and griefs, the one-time occupant of this unoccupied communion place prays and prays and prays for you. When you struggled in decision whether or not to come out and confess Him He interceded for strength. When your dearest died He besought sufficient grace. How unjust to regard Him as devoted to our interests only those three and thirty sinless years of His earthly career! He ceases not, day or night, summer or winter, in good report or ill. And what did you do for Him yesterday? And where is your reciprocation of His love? And whose soul is whitening to meet Him?

The empty seat at the Master's table calls to mind the fact that He will take the communion again with His disciples. The Last Supper—nay, Leonardo Da Vinci and the artists, nay, not His last supper! He reserves this place for the future celebration. He looks backward to the sighing; forward to the shout of triumph; backward to intriguing priests and betraying Judas; forward to ransomed believers welcoming their King; backward to the manger; forward to the throne; backward to the crown of thorns; forward to the crown of glory. Would you not like to sit down at communion table with Christ and the original twelve disciples, minus Judas? You shall—"in that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." Dearly, dearly would we enjoy this sacrament side by side with Paul and Timothy and Saint Augustine and Luther and Calvin and David Livingstone and our own promoted kith and kin whom the angel, black-winged, tore from our embrace. Oh, we shall enjoy! You see it never could be arranged that all the faithful gather around the Lord's table according to the promise of the text; so the Savior has planned one final communion service. Abraham saw Christ's day and was glad. Abraham will be there. Heroes of Old and New Testament and missionary epochs, all these. I think David, sweet singer of Israel, whose Psalms lifted

into music our woes and struggles and hopes from generation to generation—I think David in the banquet hall of the city celestial, in the presence of the blood-bought hosts, will take his harp again and a wave of ecstasy shall sweep the assemblage as he begins

*All hail the power of Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all!*

Then from veranda above veranda crowded with the saints of elder Israel and the Christianized of modern Israel will come

*Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace
And crown Him Lord of all!*

Then sinners, thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, thousands of millions, washed from their sins by precious blood and clad in garments spotless will peal forth:

*Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all!*

Then shall swell the rapturous chorus till "a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people, before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands," voice their vibrant doxologies wreathed into one mighty anthem:

*Let every kindred, every tribe,
On that terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe
And crown Him Lord of all!*

May not the wooden cross of Calvary, the whereabouts none of mortals knows, be treasured in heaven for such a moment? May it be raised, the rough, crimsoned timbers, raised to view? May the hymn resound

*When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.*

Then Jesus the glorified, Jesus the High Priest, with nail-pierced hands, will break the bread and say "This is my body," and pour out the cup anew saying "This is my blood," and with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, with the whole Israel of God, shall we sit down in the kingdom of the Father, rehearsing from Eden below to Eden above the transporting glory of redemption.—*Homiletic Review*.

The Man Who Died for Me

"Boys Raise Me Up, I Want to Tell the Story"

Mrs. H. K. Barney



ANY years ago I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but my way seemed hedged about, and after a few years I went to live on the Pacific coast. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived, and this was my chance for missionary work.

I heard of a man over the hills who was dying of consumption. "He is so vile," they said, "no one can stand it to stay with him, so the boys place some food by him and leave him for twenty-four hours. They'll find him dead some time, and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess."

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get some one to go and see him and find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed at his indifference, the thought came to me, "Why don't you go yourself? Here's missionary work if you want it."

I'll not tell how I weighed the probable usefulness of my going, or how I shrank from one so vile as he. *It wasn't the kind of work I wanted.*

At last one day I went over the hills to the little adobe cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner on some straw and some blankets I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated hastily.

As my shadow fell over the floor he looked up and greeted me with a dreadful oath.

"Don't speak so, my friend," I said.

"I ain't your friend," he said. "I never had any friends, and I don't want any now."

I reached out at arm's length the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway I asked him, hoping to find a tender place in his heart, if he remembered his mother, but he cursed her. I asked him if he ever had a wife and he cursed her. I spoke of God and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and his death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said, "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

The next day I went again, and every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude a dog would have shown.

At the end of that time I said, "I'm not going any more." That night when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner, as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charlie noticed it and said, "Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man."

"No," I answered with a sigh.

"Have you given him up, mamma?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Has God given him up, mamma? Ought you to give him up before God does?"

That night I could not sleep. The man dying, and so vile, with no one to care!

I got up and went away by myself to pray, but as my knees touched the floor I was overpowered by the sense of how defective had been my prayers. I had had no faith, and I had not fully cared, beyond a half-hearted sentiment. Oh, the shame, the sham of my missionary zeal! I fell on my face literally, as I cried, "Oh, Christ, give me a little glimpse of the worth of a human soul."

Did you ever ask that and mean it? Do not do it unless you are willing to give up ease and selfish pleasure, for life will be a different thing to you after that revelation.

I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheeded, but I learned that night what I had never known before, what it is to travail for a human soul. I saw my Lord that night as I had never seen him before.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon, when, my work being all over, I could change my dress, put on my gloves, and take a walk while the shadows were on the hillsides. That day, the moment my little boys went off to school, I left my work, and hurried over the hills, not to see "that vile wretch," but to win a soul. There was a human soul in the balance and I wanted to get there quickly.

As I passed on, a neighbor came out of her cabin and said, "I'll go over the hills with you, I guess."

I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had

her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin she said: "I'll wait out here and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath; but it did not hurt as it did before; for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day and which he had used, but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird note. "What's that?" said the man eagerly.

"It's a little girl outside who is waiting for me."

"Would you mind letting her come in?" said he, in a different tone from any I had heard before.

Stepping to the door, I beckoned her, and then, taking her by the hand, said: "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie." She shrank back as she saw his face, and said, "I'm 'fraid," but I assured her with, "Poor sick man, he can't get up; he wants to see you."

She looked like an angel; her bright face, framed in golden curls, and her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hand she held the flowers she had picked off the purple sage, and bending towards him she said, "I sorry for oo, sick man. Will oo have a posy?"

He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and the great tears came to his eyes as he said: "I had a little girl once, and she died. Her name was Mamie. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

I knew at once I had the key to the man's heart. The thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer service, and I said: "When I spoke of your mother and wife you cursed them. I know now that they were not good women, or you could not have done it, for I never knew a man who could curse a good mother."

"Good women! Oh, you don't know nothin' 'bout that kind of women. You can't think what they was."

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been like them? Would you have liked to have her live for that?"

He evidently had never thought of it, and his great eyes looked off for a full minute. As they came back to mine he cried: "Oh! God, no! I'd killed her first. I'm glad she died."

Reaching out and taking the poor hand, I said: "The dear Lord didn't want her to be like them. He loved her even better than you did, so He took

her away where she could be cared for by the angels. He is keeping her for you. To-day she is waiting for you. Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be burnt alive a thousand times over if I could just see my little gal once more, my little Mamie."

Oh, friends, you know what a blessed story I had to tell that hour, and I had been so close to Calvary that night that I could tell it in earnest! The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as though losing his breath. Then, clutching me, he said: "What's that, woman, you said t'other day 'bout talkin' to somebody out o' sight?"

"It's praying. I tell Him what I want."

"Pray now, pray quick. Tell Him I want my little gal again. Tell Him anything you want to."

I took the hands of the child and placed them on the trembling hands of the man. Then dropping on my knees, with the child in front of me, I bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie and wanted to see her again. As nearly as I remember this was Mamie's prayer—

"Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his 'ittle girl, and he feels bad about it. I'se so sorry for him and he's sorry too. Won't oo help him and show him where to find his 'ittle girl? Do please. Amen."

Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood One with the prints of the nails in His hands and the wound in His side.

Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying, "Tell Him more 'bout it, tell Him everything; but, oh! you don't know." Then he poured out such a torrent of confession that I could not have borne it but for One who was close to us that hour. You Christian Workers know how He reached out after that lost soul.

By and by the poor man grasped the strong hands. It was the third day when the poor tired soul turned from everything to Him, the Mighty to save, "The Man who died for me."

He lived on for weeks, as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him one day about a Meeting, and he said: "I'd like to go to a meeting onçe. I never went to one of them things."

So we planned a Meeting, and the men came from the mills and mines, and filled the room.

"Now, boys," said he, "get down on your knees while she tells 'bout that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in Meeting, but I found myself talk-

ing, and I tried to tell the simple story of the cross. After a while he said: "Oh, boys, you don't half believe it or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Boys, raise me up. I'd like to tell it once." So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing he told the story. He had to use the language he knew:

"Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes and carries off all the dirt, and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that Man she tells about went right over me, just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see the Man that died for me. Oh, boys, can't you love Him?"

Some days after there came a look into his face that told the end had come. I had to leave him, and I said: "What shall I say to-night, Jack?" "Just good-night," he said. "What will you say to me when we meet again?" "I'll say 'good morning,' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the men sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead, and I looked on the face, which seemed to have come back nearer to the "image of God."

"I wish you could have seen him when he went," they said. "Tell me about it." "Well, all at once he brightened up 'bout midnight, and smilin', said, 'I'm going, boys. Tell ner I'm going to see Mamie—tell her I'm going to see the Man that died for me,' and he was gone."

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor cold ones, that had been stained with human blood, I asked to come to understand more and more THE WORTH OF A HUMAN SOUL, and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion. "Not willing that any should perish."

Yoke-Fellows

YEARS ago I used to go out into the villages in India to preach the Gospel in a carriage drawn by oxen. One of them was a fine, strong fellow. He was so cheerful in his work, always kept ahead of the other and pulled the greater part of the load. The other was a weakling; sometimes he was stubborn, and sometimes he would shy off the road and get us into trouble. When they came home at night and got a chance to lie down, do you know the great big ox would stand beside the weak one, lick him with his tongue, and show affection to him in his weakness, even after he had drawn the greater part of the load all day long?

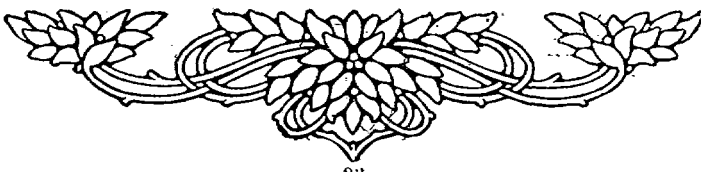
The Lord Jesus Christ has invited us to be His yoke-fellows. We are often stubborn and get out of the road, we make things very hard for ourselves and the load gets heavy because we do not pull in the same way the Master does, but He is patient with us. He loves us and pulls the greater part of the load. He wants us to pull at the same load He is pulling on and in the same direction, and so He says, "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me. for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for My yoke is easy and my burden is light." Will you do it?—*Abrams.*

God Cares

GOD cares!
How sweet the strain!
My aching heart and weary brain
Are rested by the sweet refrain,—
He cares, our Father cares!

God cares!
Oh, sing the song
In lonely spot, amid the throng;
'Twill make the way less hard and long.—
He cares, our Father cares!

God cares!
The words so sweet
My lips and life shall e'er repeat,
My burdens all left at His feet.—
God cares, He always cares!—*Casterline.*



Songs for the King's Business

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 Help Somebody Today.
 O How Wonderful!
 He Is So Precious to Me.
 Somebody Is Looking to You.
 Somebody Needs You.
 O What a Change!
 I Will Not Forget Thee.
 We Shall Be Like Him.
 Higher Ground.
 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

By Mrs. C. H. Morris—

Sweet Will of God.
 Amen to Jesus.
 He Has Come to Abide.
 Nearer, Still Nearer.
 The Fight Is On.
 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

By E. O. Excell—

Grace Enough for Me.
 I Am Happy In Him.
 My Father Knows.
 Count Your Blessings.
 We Shall Stand Before the King.
 All for Jesus, etc.

Miscellaneous—

Somebody Knows—*D. B. Ackley.*
 The King's Business—*Flora Cassel.*

Loyalty to Christ—*Flora Cassel.*

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Nobody Loves Like Jesus—*Robt. Harkness.*

Living Water—*John R. Sweeney.*

God Will Take Care of You—*W. S. Martin.*

Throw Out the Life Line—*W. S. Martin.*

Must I Go Empty Handed?—*Geo. C. Stebbins.*

Go Ye Into All the World—*McGranahan.*

Jesus Is All the World to Me—*Thompson.*

Make Me a Channel of Blessing—*W. H. Smith.*

Nothing to Do with Tomorrow—*May W. Moody.*

Shall One Be Missing?—*F. E. Belden.*

Cheese Now—*F. E. Belden.*

My Anchor Holds in Heaven—*F. E. Belden.*

Launch the Life-Boat—*F. E. Belden.*

Pillar of Fire—*F. E. Belden.*

Chiefest Among Ten Thousand—*F. E. Belden.*

Build on the Rock—*F. E. Belden.*

Ask for the Rain, etc.—*F. E. Belden.*

Jesus Saves—*W. J. Kirkpatrick.*

Lord, I'm Coming Home—*W. J. Kirkpatrick.*

He Is Able to Deliver Thee—*W. A. Ogden.*

He Was Nailed to the Cross—*F. A. Graves.*

Where Jesus Is 'Tis Heaven—*J. M. Black.*

When the Roll Is Called—*J. M. Black.*

The Lord In Zion Reigneth—*H. P. Danks.*

Burn On!—*A. B. Simpson.*

Tarry for the Power—*A. B. Simpson.*

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Launch Out—*R. Kelso Carter.*

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