



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

The Third Anniversary of The Stone Church

Thirty-seventh Street and Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Sunday 3 p. m.

Sermon by the Pastor, William Hamner Piper, December 12, 1909



AND when they were come, and had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them."—Acts 14:27. Three years ago today I preached at this hour my first sermon in this church. If you had come in then you would have seen tied up to these pillars kerosene lamps; these furnished the only light we had except the light that comes down from above. We took possession of this church very quickly after it had been empty for a long period, and we were unable to have the gas turned on in time for the first meeting.

The opening of this church was an act of faith, one of the cross-roads in my life. I consulted no human being as to the advisability of the step and had no assurance as to what my first audience would be. I believed I was led of the Spirit, and yet there was a little hesitancy and uncertainty.

I rented the vestry for two months at \$50 a month, saying to myself if the people did not respond I could go out and work for the support of my family, and also pay the rent, and in two months I should know whether God wanted me to continue to preach here or not. Two days before I opened the church I had some cards printed and took them down to the main postoffice at midnight to mail, but found out on Sunday morning they had not been delivered on account of the mail being congested because of so much Christmas advertising. Some of my friends found this out and used the telephone and the bicycle to notify others, and when we met together that memorable Sunday afternoon there were about one hundred and fifty persons present.

For the first six months we had no lack of money, but we did have some lack of spiritual power. The audiences grew so that when we opened the main auditorium, the first of the following March, there were more than six hundred people present.

All this time the Lord was dealing with me on the subject of the baptism in the Holy Spirit, in connection with its latter rain manifestations. I was hoping it was of God, not knowing just what to do with it and not knowing just what it would do with me, until I came to see definitely it was of God; then I made up my mind by His grace I would preach the baptism in the Holy Spirit, with its accompany-

ing manifestation of tongues, interpretation, etc., no matter whether the doors were kept open or closed, for the people, with very few exceptions, that had gathered around me were much opposed to these truths.

I have had to face the issue of being true to my God and true to my convictions three or four times in my life, with a family depending upon me, and had to step down and out, not knowing just what the consequence would be. But be it said to the praise of His glory, thus far He has seen me through, and I am sure that what Paul said to the Philippians: "My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," is true.

It was in the midst of winter, I had a wife and six children to support, but no income and no bank account. I had credit but did not have to use it; there was a deposit in heaven to my account, and all checks sent up there God honored.

Seven months after we opened these doors they were thrown wide open for the first time to the "latter rain" truths, and God at once began to bless. In a few weeks a considerable number had been baptized in the Holy Spirit, and were praising God in other tongues.

Let me now give a hasty survey of some things God has done for us during these three years. We had no split when I took up the doctrine of the baptism in the Holy Spirit, nor was there any serious falling away, though a few did cease to come. A good many people thought I had made a mistake; they argued that the work was going along all right, that God was blessing, and that I ought to "leave well enough alone." Never forget, my friends, that *the good is always the enemy of the best.*

So we started to preach these truths, and I want to praise God, just in passing, for the blessings that I myself have received during these two years and a half. I do not know how much you have received, nor all that scores and hundreds of others have received who are not here, but I am sure that none of you have received any more than I have; I am also sure that none of you needed it any more, for he who needs the blessing of God most is he who has to lead others into the blessing.

And so for the transformation in my own life, I praise Him most, and next to that I praise Him for the blessing He has granted to scores and hundreds

under my ministry. I thank Him for the way He has provided for me and my family; we have not known any real want of any kind; we have always had something to eat, something to wear, and a roof over our heads, and that is as much as a millionaire can enjoy.

Weeks rolled on and ones and twos and threes and scores were baptized in the Holy Spirit, and much blessing followed. In the very beginning of the work before the Pentecostal truths were taught as they now are, we were severely tested, first by the sickness of our own little boy William, of pneumonia; he went down to the very gates of death: one night I laid my hand on his head, it was cold and clammy; I put my hand on his heart and could detect no pulsation. My first thought was, "Must I tell his mother the child is dead." I put my ear down to his nostrils and detected a faint breathing. We laid hold on God, and he was wondrously healed. Soon after that Irene, our eldest child, was stricken with acute bronchitis, but God delivered her.

Not very many weeks after that, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, Esther, our second child, was stricken with St. Vitus' dance. Without any warning it came upon her, so that in a few days she was unable to walk or talk; could not feed herself or control a single muscle. That continued quite a little while, but she was finally set free, and today she is as well as before she was afflicted.

In this review I cannot do more than touch the mountain peaks, perhaps I had better say the hill-tops. I do not know how many people have been saved through the agency of The Stone Church during these three years; only God knows that, but I rejoice that a considerable number have been saved. We have seen as many as a dozen cry out for salvation in the midst of one sermon; we have seen a hundred and fifty at one time on their faces before God, seeking Him, some for salvation, some for healing, and still others for other blessings.

There stands out in my memory at this time a number of persons who have been saved, some of whom are here this afternoon and some not. Not a few of you, three years ago and less, were in a backslidden condition; and had grown cold, and some of you who had known His love had gotten away from God entirely, but you have been renewed with a deeper touch of God than at the first. There are some sitting here now who have been saved from the very depths of sin.

All of us know the story of our Brother Hickey how after twenty years of freedom he got away from God and fell into his former habit of drink. After

he had been drinking for days he called me up on the 'phone, stammering and hesitating; I wondered what was the matter with him. He asked me to come over to see him, which I did. Soon after I reached his room he staggered over to the chiffonier and opened one of the drawers and began to throw out empty whiskey bottles until he had piled up eight empty pint bottles and one empty quart bottle. I saw he was in a serious condition; in fact he had still sense enough to know he might commit suicide, and he asked me to take his razors. I went home and called up Brother Sinclair on the 'phone and asked him to take him down to his home for a few days. He was reclaimed, and a few weeks after he was baptized in the Holy Spirit in the prayer-room of this church and praised God in another tongue.

You have heard the story of Jessie who has been so widely used in the salvation and reclamation of many; a number of you are here today either directly or indirectly because God saved Jessie Gilbert, and her story, borne on the wings of THE EVANGEL, has gone around the world, and has cheered the hearts and inspired the lives of a number of people to do better work for God as they read how He has used one little girl.

I thank the Lord for at least one who has been saved from spiritualism, and through the blood of Jesus has been made to see the diabolical nature of spiritualism; for it is devilish; there is no Christ in it, there is no blood in it, and a salvation without blood is a farce. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins."

Through our Gospel-wagon work two of Chicago's policemen have found a full salvation, and one has received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

I hasten on to the story of those who have been healed, for we believe the Blessed Book contains promises to meet all the needs of our three-fold nature. Therefore when it says, "In My Name they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," we believe it. And when it says: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up," we obey this command, and thank God for the answers thus granted. We have seen scores and hundreds of people healed within these walls during the last three years, of many different kinds of diseases.

I have made a hasty list which is only representative, taking the most striking ones. I remember some months ago a woman came suffering greatly with rheumatism and walking with much difficulty, but

who after prayer walked out with hand raised to heaven, praising God with a loud voice, every vestige of rheumatism gone. During our recent convention among others who were healed was a man who came into the prayer-room, walking with crutch and cane, and went out without either one; God had touched his body.

I do not know how many deaf ears have been opened, but a considerable number of people have been healed of deafness. Only last Wednesday afternoon two people were delivered from deafness. We had some testimonies in the meeting, and one woman said she had not been able to hear a word except what I spoke in rather a loud tone. After I prayed for her immediately her ears were unstopped, and she could hear the lowest tone, even a whisper; her husband and daughter witnessed the healing.

You have heard our Sister Carroll tell of her healing of tumor when the doctors said she could not be healed. We went to her home which is just back of the church, knocked on the door but she was unable to respond. I turned the knob, pushed the door open and walked in. I found her in the second room, sick and discouraged. We prayed for her and came away. In a few days she was up and out, and in a few weeks she had gained twenty-eight pounds of flesh. That was a year ago. This fall she was stricken with paralysis and again healed by the power of God, raised up from a helpless paralytic. In three days she was delivered and came into this church walking and praising God; that same afternoon she was baptized in the Holy Spirit.

A number of cases of serious indigestion and some not so serious, have been healed. Some people who have never had indigestion might imagine it was a very ordinary disease, but it sometimes carries with it intense suffering. Various kinds of lameness have been healed; also hernia, tonsillitis, rheumatism, consumption, etc., etc. Soon after we opened this church three or four cases of scarlet fever were healed, one was the daughter of our Brother Rust, another the little child of our Brother Peters, both of whom have testified here.

There sits Dorothy Goodman, who came in here not many months after the church was opened, and heard the great fact that Jesus heals the sick today. At that time she wore a great plaster of Paris cast and dragged her feet between two crutches; she came to Chicago to enter a home for incurables. After hearing that Jesus was the Healer she went home and had the plaster of Paris cast cut off; the next time she came she was without cast or crutches, and walked in the strength of the Lord, healed through faith in Jesus.

A number of cases of nervousness have been delivered. Somebody says, "That is the only kind of cases that have been delivered." Listen! Do you know anything about nervousness at all? If you do you know that these are the very hardest cases and even if no other diseases were healed it would be a great boon to them to be set free. God is able to quiet the diseased and fretting nerves, and bring deliverance to the captives.

About a year and a half ago a young woman, a trained nurse, living up in Wisconsin, brought to Chicago her little sister who was born a cripple and an epileptic, and who had never walked on her heels but always on her toes. One of the workers of the Travelers' Aid found them in the depot, stranded, for the older sister had lost her pocket-book; this worker brought the crippled child to us. It was while Brother Manley was here and from the very first time he prayed for her there was no more epilepsy. The child was here for some time after Brother Manley left, and as I prayed for her the cords of her lower limbs began to lengthen out, and she improved greatly in walking. Her sister has since written telling how well the child is.

Some months ago we were asked to pray for a man who had been engaged both in social and church work in this city, and who had become insane. His wife came to the meeting and asked for prayer, and we have heard that he has since been delivered from both the insanity and the asylum and is united with his family. There is Miss McMahan who was healed of paralysis of the nerves; Brother Gillespie suffering with neuralgia for fifteen years, saved and healed, also a number of healings in his family, and here you are all around me; the evidence of God's approval on your lives and on our ministry is here on every hand. But what He has done is meagre compared to what He is able to do, and compared to what He shall do, for by His grace we shall live deeper and better lives and therefore see more accomplished. The fact of the matter is I do not quite understand why so many have been healed and so few return to praise God, but I have to remember the story in the Master's life. When He was here on earth ten lepers were healed, but only *one* returned to thank Him and glorify God.

Only yesterday as I was down on the Southside of the city praying for a woman, Sister Mason told me of a woman who had had indigestion, heart trouble, and almost constant headaches so that she had been compelled to quit her position in one of the telephone exchanges. She came to the divine healing meeting several months ago and was perfectly healed. I heard it yesterday for the first time, and almost every

week I am hearing of some such case as that. The records are with the Book-keeper up yonder who will keep the accounts straight.

Just a little over a year ago I was called up on the 'phone by a man who gave his name as Walley, employed in one of the Department Stores down town. His voice was broken as he asked me to come and see his wife who was sick with consumption. She had left her home in Oak Park a few weeks before because she was too ill to take care of it, and had gone to her sister's, who was living on the Westside of the city, where I went to see her. She had the hectic flush on her cheek, indicative of consumption; she had already had several hemorrhages and was very much discouraged, but I opened to her the Word, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by *His stripes we are healed*. I took her over to James where we read, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; back to Mark where it says, "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," and to the 103d Psalm and read to her, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases." I anointed her with oil in the Name of the Lord and prayed for her. A few weeks after that she was in our service, both she and her husband declaring she was perfectly healed.

Down yonder is Brother Mayer, saved under my ministry eleven years ago in Cincinnati, Ohio; drifted away from God and went back to drink. A year ago his wife was in a dying condition from blood-poisoning; they both turned to God, he was reclaimed and she was healed.

Sitting here this afternoon is our Sister Huener-yager; she herself was remarkably healed not very many months ago, but I mention her because of her son, about twenty-five years of age, chief clerk in a railroad office in Phoenix, Arizona, who was dying of consumption of the lungs. The parents persuaded him to come to Chicago; he came with his wife and child and stayed a number of weeks at his father's home, attending our services. He was very much reduced in flesh when he came, and had fever almost constantly. He went back home about six weeks ago, healed of the consumption; Christ is being magnified in his body, and they write they are surprised at his health.

Sister Haight who is sitting in this audience, was given up a few months ago by a physician who said there was no hope for her, especially when he heard she had turned to the Lord. Some doctors told her she had cancer of the stomach; she also had a very serious case of varicose veins in one of her limbs, and

was suffering with gangrene which had set in a few days before I was called. She could not sleep without taking some kind of opiate every night; the night before I went to see her she wasn't able to sleep even though she took an opiate. She has been saved and healed, and is seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

A young man living in Wilmette, this state, whom I have known for the last eight years, got away from God and was stricken with consumption. He thought he would try a climatic change and took the train for Arizona, expecting to get deliverance there. While there someone sent him a copy of THE EVANGEL, which brought him under serious conviction. He wrote home to his father saying he would like to come home and come to The Stone Church. His father sent him the money and the following Sunday he, with a half dozen others, came to this altar and wept their way back to God. I laid my hands on his head and prayed, and God healed him; his disease and his sins have passed away, and today Edgar Lindsay is both saved and healed.

Over a year ago Sister Bosler brought into the divine healing meeting one Wednesday afternoon an old lady who was very poor and unable to do any work to speak of. Her hand and arm was stiff from the elbow down, and for four years she had not been able to move a joint in her hand. The very instant we prayed for her the perspiration stood out on her hand and she began to move the joints as naturally as ever.

There sits our Brother Davis with his little child—she who was dying of typhoid fever last summer. I went down and prayed for her and God healed her, and in answer to prayer God found employment for the father, for which we praise Him.

We have a God that is living. We are not worshipping a dead Christ on a crucifix; interested in us, He saves us from our sins, heals us of our diseases, and finds employment for us.

Not only are we warranted in believing for the healing of the sick, but He who said, "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," also said, "In My Name they shall cast out demons." We have been privileged in seeing God work along these lines also. Some very striking cases have just recently taken place.

A few weeks ago a brother came to me and said, "I would like to see you privately some time; I am of the opinion that I am under a double control; it must be that demons are in my brain." I arranged to meet him the next night in my study. I had been convinced for months that this was this brother's true condition. He came, and when the demons in the name of Jesus were commanded to come out they at

once began to manifest themselves. He was a true child of God, saved through the blood of Jesus, and had in his heart the witness of acceptance with God, yet under demon power.

You can never imagine how the devil threw him and tore him. He writhed and twisted in a way that cannot be described. He had never been free, for from an early age he had been in spiritualism, and those demons continued in him. When he would by direction try to say, "I believe in the blood of Jesus," he could not say it to save his life, though he believed in it as much as I do. This conflict continued for two hours, during a part of which time he could not lift his hand heavenward, though before this when the demon was quiet, he could easily do so. But God finally triumphed and the victory was won in the Name of Jesus.

A short time after that another case was met, this time it was the demon of anger. In this conflict several were with me, among them my wife. The woman who was thus possessed was cursed from infancy with a horrible temper. She had been largely if not wholly delivered, but one day gave way to a burst of anger and at once lost the joy of the Lord—a demon, one or more, had entered.

When the command was given to the demon to depart, he began to manifest himself by choking the woman so that her dress had to be loosened at the neck. While in these throes I told her to say, "I believe in Jesus Christ." She could say this and any sentence about God, but she could not say, "I believe in the BLOOD of Jesus Christ. God delivered her and she says she is freer and happier than ever before in her life.

But the worst instance I have ever seen was that of a young woman just the other Sunday night. She, too, has been cursed with a dreadful temper all her life; apart from this she has been a very amiable and refined person. Her parents had no confidence in her experience of salvation because of the continuance of these outbursts of temper—though I know she was saved. After hearing others tell the story of their deliverance she, too, saw her condition and its cause, and wanted freedom.

At the close of a Sunday night service this young woman with her aunt and one or two others met with me in one of the private rooms of the church, and from ten P. M. until one A. M. we fought with these evil beings that had taken up their abode in her. What a conflict! Scores of times she shrieked so you could have heard her two blocks in the open air. Again and again were we reminded of Acts 8:7, "spirits crying *with a loud voice* came out of many

that were possessed with them." Not only did we command them in the Name of Jesus to come out, but were led to ask God not to let them deceive us by becoming quiet and inactive. I believe that at the time of the special shrieking one or more came out, after which she was in comparative quietness for a little while. At such times she could say, "I believe in the blood of Jesus." Then I would say, "Lord, let us not be deceived; if there are more there, stir them up, in Jesus' Name." Then by direction she would start to say, "I believe in the blood of Jesus," but when she would reach the word "blood" she would utter an unearthly shriek. This continued, as I have said, for hours, and at last both she and we felt the last one was gone. Her testimony now is that she feels free and clean. To God be all the glory!

Each of the last two cases testified to the fact that they were sore, especially in the throat, for several days after they were set free, thus illustrating Mark 1:26 where we read that when the "spirit had torn him and cried with a loud voice he came out," and again in Mark 9:26 it says, "And the spirit cried and rent him sore and came out."

Well do I remember as a boy asking my Sunday School teacher what the Bible means when it speaks of "possessed with devils;" and how the answer was "I do not know." It is all very plain to me now.

How I praise God with these and not a few others who have found deliverance through the all-conquering Name of Jesus. I thank Him for the promise, "Behold I give you power over *all* the power of the enemy and nothing shall by any means hurt you." But lest we be tempted to boast let us not forget His other word, "Nevertheless in this-rejoice not, that the demons are subject unto you, but *rejoice that your names are written in heaven.*"

What shall I say about the sanctified and those who have been baptized in the Holy Spirit? It would require hours to give the many interesting details of those who have had these experiences. I not only know that my own life has been deepened in God, but many others also. I am sure God has been leading not a few into the blessedness of the crucified life. It is easier to get into the baptized experience than it is to stay in it, and I would rather have you well grounded and deepened in the crucified daily life than have you speak with the tongues of both men and angels.

Hundreds of messages have been spoken in other tongues; we have also had some very inspiring singing in the Spirit, both solos and anthems.

Some one might ask, Has tongues been of any

utility in the church? It was a little over a year ago a young man came into this church and sat down in the rear.

During the meeting some one arose and began to speak in another tongue. He was very much surprised; it wasn't English but he knew just what this person was saying. Some one else arose and gave the interpretation which agreed with what he knew it to be. He was a Jew, and said to himself, "These people are Gentiles, they are not Jews; that person spoke in my native tongue." It was a "sign to the unbeliever," and young Kohn became a Christian Jew because of that manifestation of the Spirit.

On another occasion the speaking in tongues was used to convince a Jewess that Jesus is the Messiah. She said it was not hard for her to believe in the immaculate conception of Jesus when she saw people miraculously speaking in tongues; one miracle lead her to believe in others.

My little girl who never knew any German carried on a conversation in German with her mother, and a few hours before that talked with a Chinaman in his native tongue, though she had never heard a word of Chinese before that.

In the two and a half years that followed the coming of Pentecost, the Shekinah glory often hovered over us while God worked in our midst. The teaching of these deeper truths made Jesus a greater reality in all our lives. He has not only dwelt in our hearts by faith; we have not only felt His presence in power in our bodies, but many have had visions of the blessed Lord within these walls; sometimes as Jesus of Nazareth, going up and down these aisles and on this platform, sometimes as He suffered in the garden and hung upon the cross, and some have caught glimpses of Him as the glorified Christ, outshining the brightness of the sun. One little girl who was sweetly baptized wanted a vision of Jesus, but she felt she couldn't see Him as He was crucified, as many had done, neither could she stand to have a vision of Him in His glorified state, so she prayed she might see Him in some other way, and He manifested Himself to her as the Good Shepherd.

More blessed than the outward manifestations and demonstrations of the Spirit have been the workings in the individual lives of those who have followed after God. Those of us who have had the consciousness of His indwelling presence, who have heard the still small voice when perplexed, the gentle chiding when we took a misstep, the encouraging word when we were fainthearted and His clear guidance in time of uncertainty, could never again be satisfied without Him. Jesus is real to us in ways of which we had never before even dreamed.

*"Once it was the blessing,
Now it is the Lord,
Once it was the feeling,
Now it is His Word.
Once His Gifts I wanted,
Now the Giver own,
Once I sought for healing,
Now Himself alone."*

With the first outburst of Pentecost almost every testimony was a mountain-top experience but God had to develop us. As we listen to the experiences of some who have been following the Master closely for two years it is easy to discern the molding of the Potter's hands on their lives. Wherever a life is yielded to Him, He has been at work. The wilderness temptations, the valley conflicts with demons within and without, the daily crucifixion of the self-life, the fiery furnace—all have their part in a Jesus-life, and we, like Him, are learning obedience through the things which we suffer. The heart cries of the people for deepened lives have been answered in a number of instances, and the development and deepening has come through the conflicts, the burnings and the testings.

Chief among the channels of usefulness that God has opened up to us is THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL, which is now only fifteen months old, but already it has interested readers in nearly every state in the union and in many foreign countries. Many have been deeply blessed through its agency. Counting both THE EVANGEL and the various tracts issued, we have reached a total output to date of 1,750,000 pages of printed matter. We are sowing; the results are with God. The success of THE EVANGEL with no capital but a few hundred dollars contributed by your faithful hands, has been very encouraging.

The missionary spirit which has been developed among our people has been very gratifying. During the past fifteen months we have sent to the foreign field through the church and THE EVANGEL over six hundred dollars. This may not seem much to some, but with many it has been a sacrifice offering.

We are praying that God will more and more fill us with missionary zeal, make us sharers with our brothers and sisters who are in the midst of heathen darkness, and send from our own ranks many faithful witnesses to the regions beyond.

For all of these evidences of God's workings we glorify Him, and to the glorified Christ who has chosen us to be co-workers with Him, we ascribe all honor and praise. With His help we go on to a larger place of usefulness, and believe, should He tarry, that by His grace the next three years will be filled with deeper and larger blessings.

"Fed Upon the Finest of the Wheat"

Some Pentecostal Lessons Drawn from the Milling Process

Delivered in Chicago by Daniel Awrey, Missionary, Hong Kong, China



It should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat."—Psalm 81:16. Our purpose in raising wheat is that we may have bread. In Toledo, Ohio, eleven years ago I was reading this Psalm, and the Spirit stopped me and asked, "What is the finest of the wheat?" I thought it meant a good quality, but the Lord showed me that it is the flour made from the wheat, and at once the whole milling process came before me. Before I went into the work of the Lord I was a miller by trade, and God gave me a lesson from the whole process of raising wheat to making flour.

In order to raise grain what do we do first? We break up the ground. The ground represents our hearts and in order to raise a crop of spiritual wheat you must get your hearts broken up. If your heart is not broken up and you sow seed into it you will have the condition pictured in the Word, a kind of "wayside" heart, a stony heart; but in order to raise a good crop you must have the ground deeply broken and mellowed up by repentance. People cannot be helped unless they have had their hearts broken up through repentance; then there is a possibility of sowing seed in them that will bear fruit.

Many times, as preachers, we fail on these points; we want to sow good seed on the ground without taking the time to plow up the ground and harrow it. The thirteenth chapter of Matthew, third verse, says, "Behold a sower went forth to sow;" of course the ground had been broken up and plowed and prepared for this seed. "And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside," and if you have ever been on a farm you will know exactly what this means. That seed was just as good that fell by the wayside as that which fell into the ground but what a different result! "The fowls came and devoured them up." The devil is in the business of devouring all the seed he can get. "Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth;" the plowing was not deep. Sometimes the seed which falls on shallow ground brings results quickly, but they do not last, "and forthwith they sprung up, and because they had no deepness of earth when the sun was up, they scorched; and because they had no root they withered away."

The great joy that falls on a person quickly does not always bring the best results for the ground may

not be well prepared. Of course, we like to see things move, but sometimes they blow away as quickly as they came; but those who go through and plow deep and it looks as though the seed never would come up, when it does it has a steady growth; then when dry weather comes and the hard times come, it does not die; it stands the drought and the trials because it is deeply rooted. Sometimes the convention or the meeting you thought would not amount to anything, proves the best. So may the Lord help us not to look at appearances, but to believe God and plow deep. "And some fell among thorns" and "other into good ground." Jesus Himself interprets the scripture here. "Hear ye, therefore, the parable of the sower. When anyone heareth the word of the kingdom and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the wayside."

The wayside hearer is one whose heart had not been broken up, and the seed just fell by the wayside. Many times when I was on the farm at home a few grains would drop along the road, and in the spring of the year, when there was plenty of moisture in the ground and the ground was warm, these grains would spring up. It would look so well you would think we were going to have wheat right in the middle of the road, but when the sun came up it withered away. There are some people just like that. They spring up quickly and quickly wither away. These have been under conviction, but have not really cleaned up their lives by repentance and restitution; never plowed deep.

"He that receiveth the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it." We have an idea that because a person receives the word and can shout more loudly than others that there will be great results from him. Did you ever see anybody shout loudly at the time of a revival who didn't hold out? I used to wonder what was the matter. It seems from these scriptures that he was converted, but there was no depth to it. "Yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for awhile; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended." Some go down as quickly as they come up.

Then we find another class: "He also that receives seed among the thorns is he that heareth the word; and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness

of riches, choke the word and he becomes unfruitful." Many people actually get converted, they have plowed all right, but they do not get after the roots of sin as they should. There is a possibility of plowing the ground without getting rid of the briars.

But here is another class that receives the seed in good ground. "But he that receiveth seed into good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty," just in proportion to the fertility of the ground. If you take the time to use plenty of fertilizer and make your ground rich, there will be better results from the same ground. May the Lord help us to enrich our lives by faith and prayer, then He will send the showers and you will be able to bring forth thirty, sixty and an hundred fold. That you do not bring forth an hundred fold is no proof that your ground is not good and cleansed but it is because it is not quite so rich, has not been fertilized quite so much.

After the grain comes to maturity it is harvested. Last spring when I was in India, I saw them threshing the old way, by tramping out the grain with oxen, and when they had it tramped out they would throw it up and let the wind blow the chaff away; sometimes they had a fire there burning up the chaff. It brought to my mind the scripture, "whose fan is in His hand and He will thoroughly purge His floor and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." In the threshing the straw was all crushed. I thought the straw might represent a big, long "I," the self life. Did you ever see the "I" in some people? "I did this," and "I did that," and "I am going to do so and so." You could see the *I* was the biggest part of it, but in the threshing process the straw (*I*) is badly crushed up.

We find that the chaff is not just like the sinful nature, because as we look at it we find it is a protection. It was absolutely necessary to the grain while it was growing, and it protected the grain of wheat until it was ripe, but the time came when it was no longer needed. "Well," you say, "what does that represent?" It might represent the help you get from others when you are first blessed. We cannot get along without other people at first, but after a while the Lord wants to get us in such a condition that we will not be dependent upon others, but where we will be able to help somebody else. For a while this is necessary; the babe must be fed and nourished or else it will die. The same is true in spiritual things; at first we must be taken care of and nourished. This protection of chaff is thrown around the wheat, but as it comes to maturity it is no longer

needed. Did you ever feel the Lord taking away from you this help or that prop? What is the matter? He is causing a separation. You are going through a threshing process; you thought it was almost a calamity for you to have to stand alone. Some people feel it very keenly to be separated from those upon whom they have been leaning. If you do not watch you will be tempted to think there is something wrong with the person from whom you are being separated but do not thus judge because it is the Lord who is causing the separation. You will be surprised and say, "I don't have the fellowship with them I used to have." What is the matter? God knows it is necessary for you to stand alone and He has brought about the separation.

This threshing process takes place at home, but in order to get the flour out of the wheat we have to take it to the mill. The scriptures use these figures of sowing, reaping, threshing, milling, etc., to teach us spiritual lessons, and I have come to see that we are expected to pass through spiritual processes corresponding to the natural along these lines.

When the wheat is taken to the mill it goes first to the roller, which we call the "breaker." The first process merely breaks open the grain; that is all. Either before or after some special religious experience, or both, we pass through the "breaking" process; our very soul is broken down before the Lord; we are crushed. After the wheat gets through the breaker it is taken, by means of an elevator, to a considerable height preparatory to the next process. This represents our being lifted by the Lord into some rich blessing, for immediately after a crushing experience we get great blessing. After that it is easy to talk in meeting and to praise the Lord. Just about the time we get to praising the Lord with power, down we go again, just as the wheat does, and the next set of rollers through which the wheat goes are *corrugated* and when it goes through them you think it is settled—it doesn't look like wheat any more. Sometimes we hear people pray, "Lord, grind me down; there is too much of me." Look out! If you really pray that in your heart, He will answer your prayer. There is no doubt about that; but how people wonder and squirm when He really answers that prayer. You felt there was too much of you; you felt it because the Lord made you feel it; you said, "Lord, make me smaller; grind me down." He will do it, but oh, the process! Then when you are going through you say, "Lord, what have I done I have to go through such a crushing and grinding as this?" Sometimes He whispers, sometimes He doesn't, "Haven't you asked for this?" After you get through that then you have another big uplift, just

as the wheat—the elevator process represents a blessing always—this time you mount up with wings as eagles; you fly for a while, but about the time you are flying well, something else occurs. When the wheat goes up this time it goes off into what we call a bolt or a reel, which is a sifter, and the sifter goes at a tremendous speed. How fast those wheels go round! The meal is just flying from side to side. I had an idea that in the sifting process the bad went through and the good was kept in the sieve, but it is just the opposite. Only that which goes through the trials (sifter) and comes out on the other side can be used by the Lord. That which remains in the sieve is coarse and not much account; it is what we call “bran,” and that goes off into a bin by itself; it is the outside casing of a grain of wheat. Perhaps this bran, this outside husk, might represent the human; that which we see first when we meet each other. God wants to put us through the grinding in such a way that when we come in contact with people they will see the divine and not the human at all, for the “bran” has disappeared. That is what we all want, but how few submit to the process. I have seen some people I knew belonged to God by their very looks; others belonged to God, too, but I could not tell it in the same way. They had not gone through the grinding; the bran was still there, and I could not see what was inside. God wants to put us through the grindings in such a way that the life of Christ will develop in us and that people will see Jesus and not us.

The material that goes through this sieve goes down on another set of rollers which are very smooth. The milling process is one of ups and downs, through various refining processes, and so is the experience of the Christian who is bent on all God has for him. People wonder what makes them so up and down in their feelings after the first flush; God is thus bringing them to a standard that they never dreamed possible.

The next process of refining is a little different; it has a kind of *side-shake* with a suction added. That which is shaken and drawn out at this point is what we call “shorts.” Did you ever see anything that looked like “shorts” in people? Often we see those who have a short way of speaking, a short way of judging and a short way of making remarks about others. You see these people everywhere; these have not submitted to the “side-shaking” process of the Holy Spirit. When we get through this refining process there will be no “shorts” left.

While you are going through this process you may say worse things even than before and you don't understand why. God is showing you what is there that you may submit to His way of taking it out. There is something very practical about this. I have gone

through the process to some extent; the Lord showed it to me both in the scripture and in experience. When the Lord gets the “shorts” out of you, you won't feel like talking about anybody any more.

But there is still another grade; this we call “middlings;” this is half way between the shorts and the real flour. While you feel you are more refined and are much better than you were, yet you know you are not up to the standard. You don't talk about people, but still you are not satisfied. You feel within yourself that you are not like Jesus; the “middlings” are left. The Lord continues the process and after a while we get down to the “finest of the wheat,” which is the flour. Even there we find there are different grades.

Now we are ready to take the flour home. The processes I have just told you about take place away from home, but the Lord has another process at home. The scripture says, “Take fine flour and oil for a meat offering” unto the Lord.

We find, too, that what we put into this life we get out of it. If we put in a little we get out a little; if, for example, we are in a hurry and hungry, we can make pancakes, and if in a very big hurry we can only partly bake them, but if we do we shall be as the prophet says about Ephraim, “Ephraim is a cake not turned.”—Hosea 7:8. It will be doughy; not cooked through, not baked on both sides, not turned. If we are going to attain to God's standard we will have to stand the fire. The cake that is baked on both sides is pretty good eating, but you couldn't live a long life on that kind of diet. It doesn't come to the Bible standard, which is bread from the finest of the wheat and not pancakes.

A good deal of labor is required in kneading and working the dough or “sponge” as the bakers call it. It is punched and pounded and rolled and beaten; so it is with us, the Lord uses different agencies to do this work. It is quite remarkable sometimes just what kind of agencies He uses in “working” and “kneading” us. Sometimes we fail to recognize the hand of God, but He often uses the most crooked old sinner in the whole country to tell us our faults; he may not do it in a very good spirit, either, but we must receive the instruction just the same.

Some people have an idea that because others haven't the baptism in the Holy Spirit they can't teach you anything; they will get over that after a while. I have learned many lessons even from sinners, as they have told me of my faults and failings.

In order to have bread you have to wait for it to rise, which requires both time and labor; then you put it into the oven and leave it there. How few people are willing to go into the oven! “Behold I

have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." You know Jesus was afflicted. A person can be afflicted without being diseased; there is a vast difference between afflictions and diseases. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him from them all." Many people who get into the furnace, into the oven, pray to get out. They say, "Lord, take me out of this." He will take you out, but if you are to meet His ideal for you He has to put you back in the very same place again. Bread that goes through to complete baking the first time it is put into the oven is much better than that which is allowed to cool off and then put back to be baked over. Instead of asking to be taken out we should say, "Lord, give me the grace to stand true." Many times the human shrinks, and we cry to the Lord to deliver us. Oh, what patience God must have with His children; He is wanting to do His very best with us, but we hinder Him so much. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." May the Spirit of the Lord have His way so that He can refine us and keep us in the furnace, until we reach the divine standard.—"We being many are one bread."—I Cor. 10:17. When the Lord really brings us up to that standard then whatever we have to say becomes bread and food to others. Those without these refining experiences may say the same thing, but it lacks the Spirit and does not bring the same blessing. I have met people that knew five hundred times more than I do, but it isn't so much what we know as it is the experiences that God has put us through that make us a blessing to others; the truths we speak have become a part of us through experience.

Jesus said, "I am the Bread of Life."—John 6:35. That means much more than knowing Him as Savior, Sanctifier, Healer and Baptizer. The Holy Spirit takes us through these processes that I have been speaking of and brings us to that standard that Jesus

set; then we, too, in that sense, become bread, and when we know Jesus as the Bread of Life, then shall we realize the perplexing promise, "He that eateth of the Bread that I shall give him shall never hunger." I have been taken to task more than once on this. "Do you mean to say you will not hunger any more?" they say. That is what the Book says. "But don't people get hungry when they have been sanctified? Their hunger becomes more intense for God than before." Do you know there is a *satisfying* portion? I know for years after I had the baptism in the Holy Spirit, I was reaching out and reaching out, but after a while I got into a place of satisfaction fuller than I had ever known before. Remember there is a difference between *appetite* and *hunger*. God wants us always to have a good appetite, but He also wants to teach us to come to Jesus so regularly and abide in Him so fully that we will not wait until we get hungry. Do you see the difference? The Lord does not want His people to be hungry. He has a *satisfying portion* for them. You may be a long time realizing it, but it is for everyone of us. The Holy Spirit will teach us that we should not wait to come to Jesus until we are ravished with hunger, but to draw sustenance constantly from Him. "He that eateth," in this sense, "shall never hunger," and "he that drinketh," in this sense, "shall never thirst." It doesn't mean you will not eat or drink any more, but it does mean you will not wait until you get thirsty. Many times before starting out on some long journey I have drunk quite a little water, not because I was thirsty, but to prevent my becoming thirsty. The Lord wants to teach us spiritual things from the natural.

So in conclusion, let us be willing to go through the whole process of preparation of soil (soul), sowing, reaping, threshing, milling and baking, in order that we may become the channel through whom Jesus Christ may reveal Himself unto the world.

Latter Rain Lectures

WE are glad to announce that arrangements are under way for the printing of Brother Myland's book.

It will contain his lectures on the Latter Rain, his exposition of the Pentecostal Psalm (the 29th) and his experiences in healing and receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

In order that it may reach as many people as possible it will be bound in paper cover and sold

at the low rate of thirty cents per copy. A neat cloth edition will also be issued at fifty cents per copy.

We have never read any expositions of scripture so original and so inspiring as these, nor do we know of anything in Pentecostal literature that will so broaden one's views of the Latter Rain and thereby overcome both prejudice and bigotry, as these lectures.

The book will contain about 200 pages. Send for several copies and give them to your friends. We shall doubtless be able to fill orders for it by February 15th or earlier.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

OUR Prayer—A Blessed and Prosperous Nineteen-hundred-ten to all our Readers.

* * *

MOST of our readers know that we sent out a special appeal in December for subscriptions to THE EVANGEL. The response was very gratifying. Our subscriptions for December, 1909, were twice as many as any previous month, and four times as many as December, 1908.

If the members of our EVANGEL family will continue to hold on to God for us in prayer we are sure we shall have a better paper this year than last. We confess ourselves amazed at His goodness in providing so much blessed and deep reading matter for our columns. Often does some one of our readers write and say a certain article is worth the year's subscription price. God supplies the matter and therefore the glory is His.

Our sister, E. Sisson, has a series now running in the paper on the general subject of the Resurrection; it began in the December number.

We will notify you by card when your subscription expires. Unless we receive special request from you the paper will cease to come after your time expires. We want to retain all our readers, therefore please to renew at once.

We welcome with joy the new readers to the EVANGEL circle.

We can do nothing better than to say we trust that all our readers will have a very blessed and prosperous nineteen hundred and ten.

Will you kindly pray for THE EVANGEL staff?

WE have been much interested in a book recently published, called "The Gospel in Its Native Land," by Annie Macdonald, who lately spent several years in Palestine.

The illustrations and parables given in the New Testament are all drawn from the manners and customs of this wonderful country of Palestine, and it is simply impossible to get the full significance of these without knowing something of the everyday life and habits of the people of this country.

"The Gospel in Its Native Land" takes you right into the homes, lives and customs of Palestine people and makes them so real that you feel you have been there yourself and are acquainted with them. The light thus thrown on statements of the New Testament gives them a new meaning and significance. We all know how differently the Shepherd's Psalm appealed to us after we learned the customs of the shepherds with their sheep in that shepherd country, and the other illustrations are equally more interesting and instructive when we know the scenes in which they were laid.

Jesus drew His object lessons from the everyday life and work of the people He was with. For example, when He stood in their midst and cried, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." He imitated one of their customs. It was and is today a common thing to hear men who have water to sell, calling out, "Ho, ye thirsty!"

The words that John the Baptist used, in reference to Jesus, "Whose fan is in His hand and He will thoroughly purge His floor," had a peculiar expressiveness to them. They were accustomed daily to see a threshing floor, which was a large flat rock, and a man with a fan in his hand, which was a wooden fork, with which he lifted up the crushed sheaves of grain for the wind to blow the chaff away, while the grain fell on the floor and was gathered into the barn. "The midnight cry, 'Behold the bridegroom!'" the "wedding garment," "women grinding at the mill," "the lost coin," etc., these statements and expressions are all clearly understood and become doubly interesting when one is familiar with the manners and customs of the people, which have been preserved through all the centuries.

The book is especially helpful to Sunday School teachers who at this time are teaching from the International lessons. It contains 193 pages, over 100 illustrations, and is substantially bound in cloth. Price, \$1.00 each. For sale by THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 3554 Vernon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

How a Jew Became a Christian

Some Things Suffered for Jesus' Sake

A Thrilling Story, by Maurice Ruben, 333 Forty-second Street, Pittsburg, Pa., U. S. A.



MY CONVERSION came about in a sudden and radical manner. On the 19th of March, 1895, the light of life flashed through my mind; I was spiritually illuminated to the grasping of the spiritual facts that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the world and that Satan was opposing the claims of Jesus.

I was directed to the study of the New Testament, and heeding the instruction of Jesus to "search the Scriptures," the Holy Spirit applied the words of truth from "Moses" and the "Prophets" and the "Psalms" which lifted me out of rationalism and Judaism, and upon meeting the conditions scripturally required, viz.: Repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ, I experienced conversion which entirely changed the manner of my life.

Our readers can scarcely imagine the surprise and consternation my conversion created among my Jewish relatives and friends—a "stone of stumbling and a rock of offense." It would take a volume to relate all the incidents of the early days of my Christian experience, the many complications and stumbling blocks which menaced me on all sides.

I was living at that time in a quiet and fashionable neighborhood in Pittsburgh, and quietly pursuing my studies, not making myself in any way conspicuous; it so happened that one Saturday night, at just about midnight, our household was aroused by the ringing of the bell and rapping on the door. The unexpected and untimely visitors were two police officers. The people of the house were informed that I was wanted, as instructions had been received from headquarters to place me under arrest. Upon what ground could not be ascertained, nor had the officers any warrant of arrest. I was informed of the situation, and readily agreed to go, though the manner of arrest appeared irregular and arbitrary, as the officers had neither warrant nor any specific charge against me, but I was told I must go, that they were there to take me.

Having dressed myself, I went with the officers to the Oakland police station and was placed in a cell, under lock and key—taken from a quiet and comfortable home, from the slumber on a comfortable bed to a narrow bench, a hard board in the prisoner's cell.

The officers in charge of the station-house had only the instruction to have me arrested. I did much quiet

praying and meditating on the experiences of the apostles and disciples while they were in prison. Many promises rushed to my mind, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and "lo, I am with you alway." These and other passages were most comforting to me—of course my environment was new and rather strange; there was a mixed company in the other cells, and the language of some of them was foul and vulgar to the extreme.

I waited patiently for the conquest of morning over the shadowy night. Never in my life did I so desire to see the rays of sunshine as on that memorable Sabbath morning of August, 1895. I wanted a hearing, I desired to be free to go to church. I longed to go to the sanctuary; my soul yearned and thirsted after righteousness, I looked forward to the Sabbath services, "My soul thirsted for God, for the living God," my hungry soul craved the bread of heaven and the waters of life; the songs of Zion and the sermon, everything was soul food for me. Breakfast was furnished, the morning advanced, I obtained no hearing, and the attendant (turnkey) could give me no explanation. Romans 5:3 encouraged me: "We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience." My experience not only developed patience, but also self-control.

The morning hours passed without deliverance. During the hour of church time, I worshipped my God and was greatly uplifted by the devotion and meditation. The hours of the afternoon sped along, and toward evening, when the folds of night gathered around mother earth, the door of my cell was opened and I was introduced to two gentlemen, who interrogated me in reference to my conversion and religious experience. I had come to the conclusion that my state of mind was in question, and conjectured that these gentlemen were, no doubt, "experts," and thus I was naturally prompted to be quite "natural" and to answer in a simple manner. To speak, for instance, to "insanity experts" about the "change of heart," the "carnal mind," the "Holy Spirit," or "sanctification" from a prison cell, would indeed, be sufficient evidence to question that person's sanity. Our interview was brief, about five minutes' duration, and I looked for a speedy release. But the hours of the evening grew late, and still a "prisoner in bond." After nine o'clock friends of the Oakland M. E. church visited me; they felt much perplexed and full of sympathy for me. I learned that Mr.

P. H. Laufman, the venerable class leader of the church, who was among the visitors, made strenuous efforts to effect my release, offering a large amount of bail. Realizing that I was good for another night, the dear reader may learn that physically I was not very strong, and though I seemed to have much fortitude, would feel a wave of deep sorrow. I would then think of Jesus and Gethsemane, and of His disciples as He spoke to them: "Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder."—Matt. 26:36. I prayed much and meditated more, and I cannot tell all my thoughts of that night. The past rose before me, saints and martyrs, who suffered for Christ, those faithful and heroic souls, and then to be counted worthy to become partaker with them in these light afflictions! Monday morning dawned bright and clear. Again no hearing. My brother, with some relatives, called; he looked troubled, inquired after my health and thought religion had put me in a nice box—that the physicians considered me insane, and that I would probably be taken to a private institution for treatment. It seemed to me that the hand of justice in Pittsburgh had moved back to the days of early Christianity, so high-handed was the proceeding. I said I was sane, but bidding me good-by they departed, leaving me to my fate and—Providence. The day again grew late, and about evening, the two physicians again visited me and held another five minutes' conversation, after which the "experts" departed.

I had about decided that I would have another night's sojourn in the prison, when I was called and introduced to two "strangers," who informed me that they would take me to a "sanitarium," as I needed rest. I told them I needed a change of quarters, as I felt all stiff from my confinement, and asked: "Do you mean to take me away from here as an insane man?" They looked at each other significantly, one of the men answering in a patronizing tone that they were simply obeying orders. On the way to the depot, after quite a conversation, one said to the other: "He appears to be all right." We boarded the train, and finally I asked them if they were taking me to Dixmont, the insane department of the Western Pennsylvania hospital. At first they evaded the question, but finally they acknowledged that that was my destination. In due time we reached the point, and even by gas light I could see that the surroundings of the institution are imposing and quite picturesque. Beautiful shade trees surround the palatial-looking buildings, and on entering same the impression is rather entrancing; the wide corridors, large parlors, and the elegant apartments of the first floor are very attractive and inviting. The prelimi-

naries of the usual order of the business of the commitment having been adjusted, the two men bade me good-by and I was given in charge of a keeper, a young man whom I knew in a business way; he was surprised to see me. He led me to an upper ward, and, upon request, I was permitted to have a bath; then I was taken to a ward, which was to afford me the "comforts of home." I found myself in a large room containing some thirty cots—in the company of 'insane men—and upon asking my keeper why they would have me here, and not give me a quiet room, as I understood I was to be "well treated," I was told that the rule of the institution is that all new patients must spend some time in this ward, as this was the "incurable" ward.

The kind reader can imagine my amazement—that I was to be an inmate of an insane asylum—in the "incurable ward," among "incurable patients," the "chronic insane," the "lunatic," the demented, afflicted with all kinds of vagaries, hallucinations and aberrations of the mind. Let the kind reader pause with me a moment. I was to be a "forced inmate" in the department of the "madhouse," in the same room with all these unfortunate men. For a moment I was beside myself; oh, what a feeling came over me; I listened to the filthy talk, the hellish ejaculations, the fiendish outbursts of glee or of hysterical convulsions. The calamities of hell appear to be gathered under the roof of an insane asylum, and yet people say, there is no hell. And here I was to spend the night—how could I do that? I felt a revulsion of feeling—will I go mad? Can any human being endure such trials, such humiliation? What is to be done? How can I survive the night? The keeper led me to my cot. I knew I was passing through a fiery trial, an experience that was beyond the power of language to describe. I needed help, strength—"Oh, my Lord, help." Presently I was lost in prayer, and in a moment the saddest of all the sad scenes moved before my mind's eye, the "Cross of Calvary." I was in silent prayer, in deep meditation. The cross of Calvary!

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone

And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for everyone,

And there's a cross for me."

And Jesus died that we might live. He died that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil.—Heb. 2:14.

And was not even the Son of God perfected through suffering? "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every

man. For it became him, for whom are all things, in bringing many sons to glory to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering."—Heb. 2:9, 10.

The very picture of Calvary was before my mind's eye. I became insensible to my situation. I was entirely shut within myself. My own sad experience of the previous days had faded away. The "Cross of Calvary" occupied my mind. Oh, how vivid, how real! I was watching with the crowd, all were watching the cruelty—what a heart-breaking sight! Who can measure the anguish, the great sorrow, the awful travail of the soul of Jesus of Nazareth at this hour?

See His hands, which for several years healed the sick, raised the dead, cast out devils. How terrible now appear these gentle hands with the gaping wounds of the nail prints, the scarred and weary feet win no pity; they, too, are cruelly pierced. They offer Him wine and myrrh to deaden His suffering. He will not drink, for He desires to bear all for us. Oh, merciful Savior, draw me to the foot of Thy cross, that I may sit down there and watch Thee till Thine image is printed on my heart. Oh, that I may learn to die!

The vividness, the spiritual fervor of my meditation brought to my soul a blessed quietness, but not much sleep. The "inmates" of the ward would break out into all sorts of startled shrieks, according to the nature of their affliction, so I quietly watched and prayed for the dawn of morning. The scene is very sad indeed, human souls in such a state of aberration of mind and mental confusion, stupor and delusion! I breakfasted in one of the dining-rooms with a company of the inmates; their appetites were, however, much better than mine—some of the men were gluttons.

Owing to my "connection" and being acquainted with the "business house" of my brother, Dr. Hutchinson, the genial superintendent of the institution, inquired what I was sent out for. I gave him my assurance that I did not know exactly myself; he promised to see me again. I requested earnestly to be given a change of quarters, but was again put among the "incurables" for another night of distressing experiences. I was told that new patients must remain among the incurables, as this develops their true condition, and the phase of insanity is thus definitely diagnosed. I am quite sure that if ordinary people with a tendency to nervousness were to be subjected to a similar experience they would go stark mad; there is no doubt about that. Fortunately the grace of God enabled me with fortitude to endure this horrible pit. There was no special "development"

in my "condition" and so I was transferred the third day to one of the regular better-class wards, which contain single rooms, in which patients are locked at bedtime.

Dr. Hutchinson and the other physicians had daily conversations with me, and exercised their knowledge and intuition to diagnose my case. He stated that I was legally committed, and seemed greatly perplexed over my commitment. I learned later that the physicians considered me "normal," and that I was not a fit subject for an insane asylum, and so informed my people, which brought my brother to visit me, just after one week of confinement. My brother seemed glad that I was "improving" so fast, and then told me I could have my release if I would go West and not remain in Pittsburgh. I refused to accede to such terms, on the ground that my incarceration was unjustifiable, and that all the newspapers had reported me insane, and if he would make the proper retraction and place me in my true light before the community, I would feel fully vindicated and attend to my affairs.

To this my brother would not agree, and so I was left to ponder over my situation, fully convinced that my action was right in refusing to entertain such a proposition. I was living in the Bible and was greatly helped by the experiences of God's people and His mighty hand to deliver His own. There was Noah and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Joseph, Gideon and Samson, Daniel in the den of lions, Paul and Silas, and Peter in prison, and all the heroes of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, saints and martyrs.

In spite of many temptations, my faith was strong and I had the assurance that I would obtain deliverance through Providential interposition.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen"—and so I accepted my deliverance, as if it had already taken place, and was determined not to compromise in any way. It must be remembered that no one is so anxious for liberty as the man who is a prisoner, especially under my circumstances.

One afternoon as I was reading the Bible, a gentleman came to me, telling me he had come in my behalf. We entered into a conversation about my conversion and incarceration. The gentleman introduced himself as Mr. J. B. Corey, saying he was going to see about my being taken out of that place. I was delighted, of course, and stated that somehow I expected some one would come. I learned later that Mr. Corey, who is an old resident of Braddock, Pa., and of the Corey Gas & Coal Co., Schmidt building, Pittsburgh, while in his office, was suddenly prompted by the Holy Spirit to go down to Dixmont

to see Ruben. Mr. Corey had been in active Christian work for a long time, as I afterwards learned; promoted several Christian enterprises, and now the Lord gave him another bit of work. Mr. Corey was not personally acquainted with me, never having seen or heard of me before reading the account of my being railroaded to Dixmont for accepting Christ as my Savior. He called up Mr. P. H. Laufman, my class leader, and learning from him that my incarceration was a great wrong and injustice, he arranged by telephone with Mr. Harper, president of Dixmont hospital, to go with him to see me and learn of my condition for himself. Mr. Corey introduced me to Mr. Harper and to ex-Mayor Kennedy of Allegheny, who was also present.

On his return to the city Mr. Corey at once instructed his son-in-law, Wm. Yost, attorney-at-law, to institute habeas corpus proceedings in my behalf. This was promptly executed. The case was returnable before Judge J. W. F. White, of Common Pleas court.

My brother came to see me again, and later sent one of his "confidentials," who was formerly a bosom friend of mine, to urge me to accept his proposition to go West, as he told me that I would positively be returned to the asylum; that they would surely prove my insanity, because I said that I received a spiritual call to read the New Testament, and that Jesus Christ was the Savior of the world. As my people could not understand nor believe it, they thought I had gone beside myself. Now, these threatenings did not affect me in the least. I felt the assurance that I would obtain my liberty, because I knew I was right, and was standing on the promises of God, that if they would cast us into prison for His sake, He would deliver me.

On the morning of the trial, the fifth week of my incarceration, quite a company gathered at the court room—ministers, lawyers and doctors were present, my people and relatives, and their attorney.

The proceedings proved to be very interesting and quite sensational. Dr. Hutchinson was the first witness. He testified that I was legally committed, was received at the institution, conversed with me freely, found me very intelligent, rational, and of even temperament, and had so informed my family during the first week of my stay. Then the two "expert" physicians testified, and essayed to prove my insanity, because I stated to people that I heard a supernatural voice telling me to read the New Testament, and that Jesus Christ is the Savior. Judge White then questioned them searchingly as to how long they had been with me, whether I acted in a disorderly manner, and questions along this line.

The judge did not think that because people claim to hear voices or see visions they must be sent to insane asylums. There are too many people who claim to have heard voices and it is preposterous to consider them insane. The judge was very definite in his remarks, and squarely rejected the evidence by which the defendants intended to prove my insanity.

I was then called to give my testimony. I told the story of my conversion; that I had drifted from Judaism into infidelity, and that I had obtained the first literature from my brother who was a skeptic and did not believe in God. When Judge White heard that he looked straight at my brother, saying: "What! your brother does not believe in God?" My brother rather felt the power of the judge's remarks, but what will his feeling be when, in the great judgment day, the Judge of *Judges* will judge all men for the deeds done in the body!

The attorney for my brother cross-examined me on some questions of my former belief. The judge now had enough, and in language which could not be misunderstood expressed himself in condemnation of the outrage of my incarceration, and plainly stated that all who were connected with the outrage should be sent to prison, and I was discharged.

Thus ended my strange experience. The victory won was complete, the hand of God manifestly overruling the powers of darkness. "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, 'Be strong, fear not, behold your God will come with vengeance, with the recompense of God, He will come and save you.'"—Isa. 35:4.

It is with a deep sense of gratitude that I acknowledge that it was the Lord's doing in bringing about my deliverance, and to Him be all the glory.

My wife was made to believe that I really was demented, and under the influence of her relatives finally obtained a divorce. At that time I was passing through very deep waters. The fact of my incarceration left upon the minds even of Christian people, a lurking suspicion that I might be beside myself, and I can never tell of the solitary hours, days and months I spent during the first years of my Christian life; ignored and rejected, yet marvelously sustained by the grace of God, and a friend here and there who came into my life as friends indeed. I can give but faint touches of all the early days have taught me. What a schooling in self-denial, self-abasement and trials of faith and patience! But I bless my Lord now for every trial of the past; these light afflictions work out a "far more eternal weight of glory."

I had been corresponding all the while with Mrs. Ruben, for I felt she was still my wife; she had all my love and was the mother of our lovely boy, whom

I had seen for the first time on the occasion of their visit to Allegheny when he was three years old.

I called then at the house of our relatives and showed all possible attention to my family consistent with the circumstances. Matters opened up favorably. I desired to win her back, but the conditions were that *I should return to a business career*. Then I passed through a terrible conflict. My people did not think religious work would afford me a living for my family, and urged business as a safe source of support.

I thought of Jesus, how He was offered the kingdoms of this world. I looked at my separated wife, the handsome son, I reviewed my experience. Truly God does lead in a strange and peculiar way. The testing time was at high pressure; could I hold out? What was the mind of God? What, back to Egypt? And yet Canaan, i. e., the new Mission which I was planning was not yet a reality, and so for the entire week I fought a battle between love and duty and duty and love, for God and family.

The last day had come. Mrs. Ruben was to terminate her visit. Finally I said I would continue in mission work. I remember the drooping disappointment of Mrs. Ruben at that leave-taking from wife and child; it was sad and did send anguish through the heart. Such a feeling, such an experience! Oh, an eternity to look back over our earthly battles, trials, disappointments and victories. Blessed be our God!

After leaving the home of the relatives and crossing over to Pittsburgh, an inflow of indescribable sweetness suffused my very being. I was so blessed that I had fairly to praise God aloud on the open street and realized that I had decided aright, though the world would surely condemn me as a cruel and heartless man. I was greatly comforted in my soul at the assurance of having pleased my Lord. Oh, that we may ever please Him under all circumstances, though it may cost a hand, a foot, or an eye.—Matt. 18:8-9.

Within three days of my decision \$700 came into the hands of Brother Corey for the Lord's work. A house was rented and the Mission, which God had laid on our hearts for months, became a reality. Praise God for what that Jewish Mission has stood for ever since!

I kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Ruben, and as the Lord prospered me I shared with her for the support of our boy. A year later I visited Chicago, where my wife had moved and was keeping house for relatives.

I then met Mrs. Wittenberg, mother of Mrs. Ruben. The family had all come to Chicago from the west, and, to my surprise, I found the mother my very best friend, a firm believer in our ever blessed Messiah. After my conversion, when mother visited Pittsburgh, after being informed that I had become religiously insane, we had Bible talks. As mother was acquainted with the Old Testament prophecies, I confirmed her thoughts concerning the Messiah, directing her mind towards Christ, and when she departed I presented her with a New Testament. I was made to rejoice to learn from her own lips that she studied the blessed Book and found Him of whom Moses and the prophets have spoken.

I was assisting Rev. Thos. M. Chalmers in a special week's service at Messiah Mission, Mrs. Wittenberg and Mrs. Ruben were attending the services. One morning Mrs. Ruben yielded and we became reconciled and planned to become reunited on the date of the next anniversary of our first marriage, February 12.

I returned to Pittsburgh a much happier man; the good news leaked out, though it was Mrs. Ruben's desire to keep matters quiet, as she knew that her people would oppose the reunion, if they knew our intentions. Pittsburgh papers found out all about the matter. The papers were sent to Chicago and the enemy came in like a flood. I realized that a new trial was upon me. My refuge was in the Lord. "In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord." "I communed with my own heart: and my spirit made diligent search."

The Reunited Family



"Husband, wife and son are truly happy in the Lord."

MAURICE RUBEN, WIFE AND SON.

The family sent word from Chicago that they had discovered our plot. I said not a word in reply, but asked the friends of Israel everywhere to keep on praying. Six long years of separation had passed, the seventh year was now well nigh on the decline; hope took wings. Even Jacob had no longer to wait than seven years for his Rachel. We felt encouraged and were definitely led of the Lord to visit Chicago again. I went in the name of the Lord, and urged the claims of salvation and her need of yielding herself completely to the blessed Master. We had several Bible studies and very precious seasons of prayer. The Holy Spirit led all the way. He took of the things of Christ and led captivity captive. We then planned for a reunion.

On Monday morning Mrs. Ruben gave herself definitely to the Lord. The hour was hallowed by His presence. "Truth shall spring out of the earth; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Wilt thou revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in Thee?" The battle was the Lord's, His the victory. Bless His name forever!

In the wake of so much mercy I pressed on and told Mrs. Ruben I believed the Lord would be pleased to have us reunited quickly, lest the enemy get some advantage again; also saying that I wished to take my little family to Pittsburgh. I knew it would come hard to break up the well-ordered home, to leave the refined neighborhood in exchange for what I could offer. But the home in Congress street, Pittsburgh, is so blessed; it has been a Bethel to all of us, and we love its memories and the hallowed experiences of three years of infinite loving kindness from our heavenly Father.

Mother Wittenberg now came in to rejoice with us. We were now one in heart and faith, all bitterness turned into sweetness. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." This was truly a morning of indescribable joy.

The arrangements were quickly made. On Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, 1901, a small company of friends gathered in the parsonage of Brother Chalmers. Mother Wittenberg was the only one present on Mrs. Ruben's side. The blessing of the triune God was pronounced upon man and wife. The scene was deeply impressive. Mrs. Ruben had a final issue with the adversary, but the joy of salvation soon became manifest, and as the congratulations were given by the friends, all could see the change upon the restored wife, as happiness and great peace came into her soul.

The family had suspicions that something was transpiring and were informed by Mother Wittenberg

that it did transpire. Some of the members became quite frantic, others came to congratulate.

Packers came into the house to pack up the household goods for shipment from Chicago to Pittsburgh. Even the landlord and his family rejoiced in the consummation of the reunion. Verily, our covenant-keeping God has answered our prayers. Husband, wife and son are truly happy in the Lord. To Him be all the glory forever!

Now let me say something about the work of God in our hands. In the fall of 1898, before I was reunited to my wife, a Mission was opened at 43 Congress street, Pittsburgh. The work prospered from the beginning; the courage and holy boldness of our witnesses astonished our Jewish people. It was a new thing that Jews should stand up so boldly to preach the crucified Messiah. The opposition was great; our people in the Jewish district were bitter in hatred and contempt for the workers, but they were to hear about this new thing, for their God declared that He would bring a new thing on the earth, which certainly this glorious Gospel of the Son of God proves to be.

We cannot enter fully into the statistics of the work, but over two hundred individual Jewish souls have knelt with us in prayer seeking and accepting Christ. A number have become living witnesses for Christ and some are laboring in His vineyard in other cities.

Our city witnessed a great real estate boom in 1903. Mr. J. B. Corey sold a property at such an advance that it gave him a profit which he set aside for Jewish mission work; since then a down-town property has been acquired at a cost of \$30,000, of which \$22,000 has been paid. It is the plan of our Board, under God, to erect a building on a down-town lot, which will contain a chapel and suitable rooms for our down-town needs, as soon as sufficient funds are in hand.

The Gospel meetings, especially the open-air campaign in the warm season of the year, are worth going many miles to attend. In the aggregate at the Friday evening and Sunday afternoon meetings, from two hundred to seven hundred of our people hear the Gospel. Many come from the country towns from a radius of a hundred miles to spend the Sunday in the city, and may be found in the soul-hungry congregation eagerly listening to the Gospel. Seekers and inquirers are especially dealt with in the down-town room of the building at the corner of Reed and Crawford streets, or at the headquarters. A splendid children's sewing school has been developed, for which we praise the Lord. Bible and Christian training is a part of the instruction to lead the dear Jewish

children into the way of life. A marvelous change has come over them. They cling to the teachers and tell them that they are going to be like them when they get old enough, as they want to be Christians. Some of them, we believe, have already a change of heart, but they are still subject to their parents and therefore have to hide the love of Jesus in their little hearts. The school did not reach its present size or standard without much prayer and conflict to overcome the opposition of Rabbis and other Jewish leaders.

In our publication department the Lord has helped us to publish some sixty different tracts in Yiddish, German and English; many numbers are offered free to Christian workers for distribution. Thousands of packages have been sent from our office with the message of good tidings. "The Glory of Israel," a bi-monthly paper, published at fifty cents a year, is completing its seventh volume. It has its own mission and is doing good work for the cause of Israel in twenty-eight different countries.

While our workers are busy at home the superintendent has been privileged to make extensive missionary tours in various sections of our country. In this way a greater interest in Jewish work has been aroused among Christian people. A great many cities in our land have been visited, and it is the aim of this mission to do more field work in the future than in the past, by God's will and help.

On May 12th, last, a new department was added to our activities, that of instructing both Jewish and Gentile workers how to deal with Jews, and how to acquire a practical use of Hebrew in testifying to them. Some fourteen students received instruction during the first term. The Jews who have heard some of them use the Hebrew at our meetings and in personal work, can hardly believe their ears that Gentiles are speaking to them. We felt that the use of Hebrew by workers would increase the witnessing power at least tenfold, but we are able to declare by the testimony of our students that it has given them a hundredfold more power in dealing with Jews.

This, in condensed form, is an outline of the dear Lord's leadings and dealings with the New Covenant Mission. His mercy and love have been beyond comprehension. He has given grace in temptation, courage in trial, patience in tests, and love for enmity. Bless His name forever.

Our mission is incorporated and carried on by the free-will offerings of God's people. From the beginning the dear Lord has shut us up to a trust in Him for the work and personal needs. During the past eleven years He has not failed us. Of course

a growing work has increased needs for the different departments. The work of benevolence is also a sacred trust for a Jewish Mission, for we must stand by those who lose all to win Christ.

The financial panic in this city has hindered in the expansion of the work, but we are trusting for brighter days to come, and are asking God's people to pray for us that Phil. 4:19 may ever be the all-sufficient treasury. We know the Lord moves His people to keep His work going. Perhaps some of the dear readers may now think, "Well, I have never prayed for the Jews, nor have I considered them in my missionary offerings; now I see a blessed opportunity to link myself to this great work and help Brother Ruben to further the cause in giving the Gospel of Salvation to his people." To all such dear friends I would say, God has blessing in store for you; His promise is, "They shall prosper that love thee." Therefore, claim the promise by remembering His work among His ancient people, and "pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

My heart is full of thanksgiving for the privilege of presenting this message to the readers of THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL, a paper which is, indeed, a fountain of refreshing showers of deeply spiritual truths.

NOTE:—We heard Brother Ruben speak several times at the Alliance (Ohio) camp meeting last summer, and were greatly blessed in hearing his story. We should be glad to have our readers get into touch with him. Send him an offering and ask for copies of his paper.

W. H. P.

Oriental Prophetic Events

OUR beloved brother, W. H. Cossum of Cincinnati, Ohio, will preach a series of sermons in The Stone Church, Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, Chicago, beginning Lord's Day afternoon at three o'clock, Jan. 30, 1910, on the absorbing subject of the Orient. In this course of sermons that will cover two weeks, he will discuss, among other things, The Indestructible Jew, Unfulfilled Prophecy, The Jew and Pentecost, Palestine, The Turk, etc.

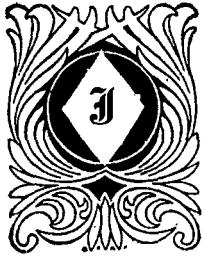
During Brother Cossum's stay with us, meetings will be held in The Stone Church Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, and we shall be glad to have the friends in and around Chicago meet with us at that time.

The first of these sermons will be published in the February number of THE EVANGEL, and we shall be glad to have our readers help get them before the people.

"I am the Lord that Healeth Thee"

The Faith that Lays Hold

Sermon Preached in Chicago, Mis. Carrie Judd Montgomery, Beulah Heights, California, U. S. A.



THOUGHT when God healed me I would be able to communicate the wonderful things to others, but God had to teach me that these spiritual things can be imparted only by Holy Ghost wisdom. One day a dear sister

came with a new light on her face and said, "I found out something very wonderful, something I never heard before. God has been teaching me that when I pray I must believe that I get it, and praise Him for it." I looked at her in blank amazement, and I said, "That is the thing I have been telling you all the time, and you didn't understand," and she said, "Oh, is that what you meant?" God taught her that truth, but He could not trust me, because I was trusting to my own words. That is the reason testimony meetings are not very often profitable; they do not ask God to give them the words, and therefore it is impossible to impart spiritual truths.

Now let us look for a while at this passage in Exodus 15:25: "And he cried unto the Lord." That was what Moses did in an emergency. He always cried to the Lord, and when we don't know what to do next, if we will just cry to the Lord, He will hear. "And the Lord showed him a tree." The Spirit wants us to put emphasis on the "tree;" the Lord revealed to him a tree, which was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ, of the Branch of healing which, when cast into the stream, made the bitter waters sweet. You and I must ask the Lord to show us the tree. If you try to find it your search will be in vain; you try to find the Lord Jesus Christ by searching Him out in any human way and *your* search will be in vain, but if you will trust God, the Holy Ghost, to open to you the Book, and to show you Jesus the Healer out of this Book, He will do it; He will show you the Branch of healing as He showed it to me. Oh, that wonderful revelation, when the Holy Ghost showed me the tree, when He showed me the Branch of healing, showed me Jesus as my Physician and gave me the faith of His own power.

I remember one lady said to me after my healing, with a shrug of her shoulders, "Well, I never could have mustered up so much faith." I find a great many people have that idea; they think they must muster up some kind of faith, but that kind of faith is only a peculiar composition of brain power and

self-life. It doesn't work a miracle at all; the faith that works miracles has to be a living faith from on high.

The Lord showed me the tree, and if any of you have been healed it is because the Lord showed you the tree. Moses took that tree and cast it into the bitter waters and the waters were made sweet. "There He made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there He proved them." God made for them a law, an ordinance, something lasting; not for the time being, but something that was to last through the generations. If you will read the twenty-sixth verse you will see what the Covenant is: "If thou wilt diligently harken to the voice of the Lord, thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians." The Egyptians were a type of the worldly people, and God said He would not bring upon them any diseases that belonged to the world, for they were His people; "for I am the Lord that healeth thee." This is one of His covenant names in the original. "I am Jehovah Rophi, the Lord that healeth." It is just as though He put over His office door, "I am the Great Physician, I am the Lord that healeth."

But the covenant commanded that they should not only listen, but that they should obey. You know how a little child listens when you send him on an errand. He gets part of the things in his little head, and runs off and does the wrong thing, comes back in a most unsatisfactory way and has to have it repeated. That is not the kind of harkening God wants us to do. He wants us to harken diligently and obey every commandment; then carefully walk before God and He will be our Healer. While this is in the Old Testament, yet if we take these blessed truths right over into the new covenant, and then realize that we have the blessed Savior to harken for us, and to obey for us, we shall see that the old struggle is over and shall find it easy because of His indwelling, to trust Him for healing. If Jesus has come in as the King of Glory and taken His seat upon the throne, and if He is our all and in all and we recognize the fact that we are dead in Christ, that our whole being has gone down into death with Him on the cross of Calvary, and that we have come up again into the newness of the resurrection life of Jesus, He will do the harkening and He will do the obeying for us;

He will do always in us and through us those things that please the Father. So the Word tells us that if we abide in Jesus and His word abides in us, we may ask what we will and it shall be done unto us; that wonderful prayer-life is ours all the time in the Holy Ghost. He teaches us how to pray, and He teaches us to follow that wonderful word in Mark 11:24 where He says, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Thus we shall see that Jesus is really the fulfilment of the law for us, and as we trust in Jesus to be our obedience, to be our harkening and to be our all and in all, then we have a right to come right under the benefits of His atonement in this matter of healing, for it is a fact that the atonement includes sickness. We know that in the eighth chapter of Matthew He healed all that were sick "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." When the Lord first showed me that wonderful truth that Jesus had not only borne my sins on the cross of Calvary, but He had also borne all my sicknesses and my infirmities, it just seemed so easy to take Him for healing.

This passage in Exodus reminds me of a very wonderful experience which a dear sister had years ago, which I feel has some teaching in it for you, so I will tell the story. The sister I now have in mind was in Mrs. Baxter's House of Healing, Bethshan, London. She had been a helper in that home and she got a terrible carbuncle on the back of her neck. It kept getting bigger and bigger until she said it was like another head on the back of her neck, the swelling was tremendous. There was a Christian doctor who used to come to this house, who was in full sympathy with divine healing, but this carbuncle was a little too much for him. He knew the Lord could heal the carbuncle, but he said, "That thick cuticle that is over that thing will never open of itself, you just let me lance it and then trust it with the Lord." He could not imagine anything but his knife could open it. This sister said, "If the physicians have any wisdom that does anybody any good, my Physician gave it to them, and He knows all about it; He can open that carbuncle and I will trust Him." The Lord met her faith and He opened the carbuncle. He made a big slit in it which was several inches long, and out of that poured pus and blood. There was such a terrible out-pouring of blood, she became very weak and felt as though she was going to die; indeed she wanted to die; she was very happy in the Lord. I think there are some people too happy and too willing to die. You must be willing to stay down here and help others to live; it requires a lot of effort

to live. So she dictated a few "good-by" words to her sister and mother in America, and then went off into unconsciousness. Finally, she said, into her unconsciousness came a consciousness of God's presence; not of outside things, but of God's presence. The tears came into her eyes as she told me how no language was needed. God was so near that by flashes of intelligence upon her spirit He made known His will. I did not know what that meant then, but I do now. She said, "It was such a deep place in the very silence of life that I could only feel His loving Spirit upon my spirit, and my spirit responded in the same wonderful way." God spoke to her in this way and He said, "My child, all this desire to go to heaven is because you have no faith for the full deliverance." What do you think of that? People say, "Oh, I know she had faith." The Lord says, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." Then they say, "I don't know why she wasn't healed." Everybody thought this sister had faith, for she had so much faith that the carbuncle would open, when the doctor said it could not be opened. She had faith up to that point, and then she was so bent on going to heaven that she did not exercise faith. It is easy to slip out of life rather than to fight the battle. She did not dispute the Lord, but she said to Him, "Why *should* I have faith, can't I come home to Thee?" And He said, "My child, *you* will miss nothing if you come home to Me in glory, but I would miss in you the exercise of the highest kind of faith to the glory of My Name." What do you think of that, beloved? Will you trust the Lord to make you brave and fight through the opposing forces so God won't miss anything in you? It is not a question of *your* missing anything; it is a question of what God will miss in you. She said, "How can I have faith?" She had made a struggle the best she could, and the sweet, blessed voice answered in her spirit, "*I will be your faith.*" Oh, beloved, it is not hard to have faith when He is our faith; when He comes in in all His wonderful being to be our faith, it is not hard then, and she said the Lord made it plain to her that she was to lift up her hand, as a sort of token. She could not do this in the human, but God would help her to do it; God would help her to hold up her hand as a sign between Him and her that the work was done. So she raised it up, and she was a long time getting the words out, as she said very slowly to Him, "Lord, Thou sayest 'I am the Lord that healeth thee' and I say after Thee, Thou art the Lord that healeth me." What is faith? Faith is the echo of God's word. You echo God's word and you will find something will happen. Then she opened her eyes and she became

conscious that Miss Murray was looking at her, who said with delight, "You are better." She had the eye of a nurse. My friend answered back with her eyes. Before this she had loathed the smell of food, but when Miss Murray said, "You are hungry," she assented—for she was hungry. In three weeks that woman was out on Bethshan platform testifying, and so well that people could hardly believe she had been so sick. And that terrible tear in the carbuncle was healed up. The Christian doctor said, "Let me bring my brother doctor to see that beautiful scar. He brought the other doctor to see the beautiful scar and one of the miracles of God, and they said with great delight, "We have never seen so beautiful a scar in all our lives." They call scars beautiful when they knit together properly. The Lord had done a good job.

She had a struggle to have faith, but she really hadn't the right kind of faith, but when she echoed God and He helped her, came in to be her faith, she had faith that prevailed. There is a *general* kind of faith, but that doesn't prevail. The prayer that prevails for the sick is described as the fervent, effectual prayer, and in the original it is the effectual *inwrought* prayer. The inwrought prayer of the Spirit, that is what it means; it is the prayer that is wrought in us by the Spirit of the living God, and therefore it is the prayer of faith.

Before I was really healed I *tried* to be healed by faith. Did you ever try to be healed by faith? If you ever did it is weary work. I tried, and the way I tried was this: I prayed that the Lord would make me better, and then I looked to see if I felt better, and because I didn't feel any better I knew I wasn't any better, and so I thought I would pray some more; that I hadn't prayed hard enough, hadn't teased the Lord hard enough. When I was a little girl I was a big tease, used to tease my mother for things, and I had some sort of a feeling that if I only asked the Lord *hard* enough He would hear me. So as soon as I got up a little more strength I prayed some more, and then looked to see if I was any better. Finally I gave it all up. I tried to be healed by prayer and found that was a failure. I knew God wasn't a failure, but I gave up all trying, and kept getting worse and worse. I "suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse." Finally, I was at the very point of death, had been in bed more than two years with what seemed to be tuberculosis of the spine, and that had developed into tuberculosis of the blood. At that time I had been praying so earnestly for God to make me what I ought to be spiritually. I had failed God long before I was sick and that was why I was

taken sick. Then He brought before me different things that I must give up, and I said "yes" to everything but one thing, and when it came to that one thing I said "no." God says in the thirty-second Psalm, "Be not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle;" then He says in the same Psalm, "I will guide thee with mine eye." He will guide us with His eye if we will let Him, but if there is no other way He will guide us with bit and bridle. If we are in earnest He will bring us somehow, and any way is better than not being brought at all, I assure you, but His best way is to be guided by the eye. I came to the place at last where I said, "*Lord, I am willing to be made willing,*" and He began to work in me. Maybe some here today are only that far. That thing I had not been willing to give up I gave over to Him and He made me willing.

When I received my healing, the most wonderful of all was the spiritual blessing that came with it, and when you are really healed by the touch of God, you will have a wonderful spiritual blessing. If it were possible for you to be healed through my faith or the faith of others, without your exercising any, you would not get any spiritual blessing, so don't depend on another's faith, don't shirk your responsibility, but get the faith of the Son of God in you, and when He gives that blessing He will give a faith you never dreamed of before. That was the first time I ever knew anything about the blessed Holy Spirit and nobody had to tell me He had come to do a marvelous work. I knew He was there, not in the exceeding great and wonderful fulness which I have Him now, but still it was a wonderful work. He showed me Jesus and showed me what it was to get into the place of victory over sin. He opened up the Word of God to me in a way that I had never understood before. It became a new Book to me. I was a little Episcopalian and had never spoken in meeting, and never even talked to anyone except to teach a class in Sunday School, but He put a new song into my mouth, and I could not help but tell it. After a while I found there were dear Christians in other denominations; I went to holiness meetings and got much blessing there, and then I opened up a little holiness meeting in my mother's house in Buffalo. Every little while I meet people who were healed in those meetings in Buffalo. At that time the cases of healing were very rare. The Lord gave me a little faith home in Buffalo and told me to conduct it without charging anything, promising that He would sustain it. He made it a precious monument for Him; He never let me ask anybody for a cent, and never let me tell anybody when we were out of money.

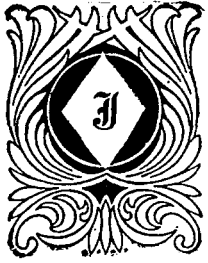
For about ten years I trusted God absolutely for every cent, and He didn't skimp me either. He didn't keep me a bit poor, and when He asked me afterwards, "Lacked ye anything?" I had to say, "Nothing." The Lord was wonderful! He gave me everything I wanted. Spurgeon said about his wife, she

was the Lord's spoiled child, because all her prayers were answered. I think that was something the way with me; I only had to express a wish and the Lord would answer. He will do this for all of us if we get into the place of His choosing, fulfil his conditions and obey Him.

Resurrection Papers No. II.

Resurrection Glory

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IN First Corinthians 15:35-42 the question is sprung: "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" The answer shows that as in the natural realm, so in the spiritual, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." It is the law of life out of death. "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, *but bare grain*, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him," not arbitrarily but according to a fixed law "to every seed *his own body*."

We turn to John 12:24 and find Jesus speaking of Himself as a grain of wheat, which, by falling into the ground and dying, was to bring forth much fruit. Wheat, we know, is the choicest of the grains; others are precious, as oats, barley, rye, maize, rice, etc., but inferior to wheat. Jesus sowed Himself into the death of wheat; that is, into the highest and fullest death of nature unto God. He had absolutely no life to nature, but all to God. "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." You and I may sow ourselves into the death of wheat, or of oats or of barley, etc., we shall rise with the resurrection glory of that body with which we went down to death. If we have sown ourselves barley—that is, with much of the death of Christ in our Christian walk and *something* also for self, we shall rise with the resurrection glory of that body with which we went down to death. If we have sown ourselves barley we shall not come up "bare grain" of barley, not the renewal of the beauty of our Christian life on earth, but with a glory far exceeding the bare grain, but it will be the resurrection glory of barley, and nothing can make it the resurrection glory of oats or rice or wheat. As in nature so in grace, the law is inexorable, "to every seed *his own body*."

From the viewpoint of Resurrection our whole earthly life is an opportunity to sow ourselves to death, and we Christians are constantly electing how far we will go spiritually into the death of our Mas-

ter, "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." "All flesh is not the same flesh, but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, another of birds"—varying orders of life. "There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory, *so also is the resurrection of the dead*." Varying orders in glory, and every child of God fixes his own order in glory by the measure of spiritual death he allows God to sow him into here in his earthly career.

If, like Paul, he pants to know the *full* fellowship of Christ's sufferings and be made conformable to *His* death, his desire shall be granted and he, like Paul, shall sow himself into the death of wheat, in an uninterrupted "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me," having "crucified the flesh with the affections and the lusts." As he diminishes into that full death, he changes in quality as from oats to wheat, or maize to wheat, etc., etc., and comes up in the resurrection glory of the grain that fell into the ground and died.

"Conformable to *His* death."—Phil. 3:10. How much does it mean? Of Jesus we read not only, "Lo, I come to do Thy will," but "I delight to do Thy will."—Ps. 11:8. There was a quality in His life that fully fulfilled the command, "giving thanks always for all things." "*By Him*, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually." With Him there was a joy in suffering that made Him say of each event in life, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" It is written that for the *joy set before Him*, He endured the cross, despising the shame," and the Greek has been otherwise rendered, "thinking down upon the shame."—Heb. 12:2. So we see that through delight to do the will of God, He was above His death while He hung in its agonies and its cruel shame. It was this voluntariness with which He passed into His

every death that made the rare quality of the sowing of the corn of *wheat*. In another type is hidden all the beauty of this, His death, and if we will it, our death in Him.

In the paschal feast it was said of the lamb, "Not a bone of him shall be broken," and year by year throughout the Jewish age, most literally was the form kept, the blood was shed, the flesh was eaten, but not a bone of the lamb was broken. The type unfolded when the soldiers came to the three hanging on Calvary "to break the legs of the first and of the other that was crucified with Him, but when they came to Jesus and saw that He was *dead already*, they brake not His legs . . . for these things were done that the scriptures should be fulfilled, 'a bone of Him shall not be broken.'"—John 19:32-36. "Dead already." Why? As we follow the different accounts we learn the cross never took Jesus' life. "He *gave up* the ghost." When He saw that "all things were accomplished" and every scripture concerning Him fulfilled, like all who joyfully acquiesce in the will of God, in death He got ahead of those who hung on the other two crosses, and it was not necessary to break His legs, as was done to hasten their death. Natural law took their lives, but when His spirit was able to say, "It is finished," death had no more power over Him and He "yielded up the ghost," and oh, it is so glorious that Jesus in us will carry us through our many deaths, in the "fellowship of His suffering," "conforming us unto His death," sustaining us with the "joy set before Him"—how the martyrs of many ages have proved this!—causing us to despise the shame, "giving thanks always for all things." Our deaths are certainly shortened as He carries us through in such a fashion.

Oh, the glory of the resurrection from the death of the wheat! In Him we see it portrayed in Rev. 1:13-15. But is not the same glory brought forth by Rev. 19:10, where the Revelator falls to worship at the feet of an angel* who is showing him great things of God? The angel checks him, telling how he is but a redeemed creature, "a fellow servant" of John "and of thy brethren." Did not John know that angels or any created beings were not for worship? You and I know that God only is the object of worship. Was John less spiritually intelligent? The natural deduction is that this one looked so like Jesus that John thought it was Jesus, and what a commentary is this upon "we shall be like Him." The Rev-

*Gr. angel or messenger

elator is now corrected and will not make this mistake again! We turn into the next chapter but one and find again an angel showing him the glories of the New Jerusalem, and again John is worshipping an angel! Again he is told "See thou do it not," "I am thy fellow servant and of thy brethren."—Rev. 22:8, 9. How strong is the inference that John could not tell the difference between Jesus and some redeemed ones from the earth. "The glory which Thou gavest me, I have given them."

But who are these angels, these redeemed ones from the earth that it was impossible for John to distinguish from Jesus? They are among the Judgment Messengers of the Revelation time. The one the Revelator was forbidden to worship in chapter twenty-two is described as "one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues," and if one of those seven glorious creatures, executives of the wrath of God against unholiness, was a redeemed one from the earth, is it not possible the other six were of the same order of beings? Here is light upon Rev. 20:4, "I saw thrones and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them." "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world," and "they lived and reigned with Christ." Also the angel of Rev. 19, who forbade John's worship of him because he was a fellow-servant and a brother from earth, if we trace back the pronoun to its noun, must be either "the mighty angel" of Rev. 18:21 or "another angel come down from heaven having great power and the earth was lightened with his glory."—Rev. 18:1.

Oh, it pays to go all the way with Jesus! even into the full death of the corn of wheat. "If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." "He made known His ways unto Moses, His acts unto the children of Israel." As we go forward in the school of Christ, in the transmutation from the natural to the divine, God takes us out from the children-of-Israel class into the Moses class, fitting us as a son to enter into partnership in the business of the Father. Co-operation with Him in His redemption plan of the ages, this is the glory of the first resurrection. It is something now to be an honored instrument in God's hands in this mortal life to win thousands of souls to Jesus. It is more to be reigning with Christ in His throne bringing in successive ages (Gr. aeions) of increasing blessedness. This is the glory of the first resurrection.

(*More of this in Paper No. 3—Resurrection Order.*)