



# The Latter Rain Evangel



*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

## My Healing of Gentile Blindness Concerning Israel

Mrs. Ellen Winter, Washington, D. C.



I WAS born blind. The disease was hereditary. It could be traced back for nineteen hundred years. Almost all my relatives in this great Gentile family are blind also. A few are receiving their sight through the operation of the Holy Spirit, Who completely removes the cataract of prejudice and ignorance from their eyes so they can see the truth. But, alas! so many seem unwilling to have their eyes operated upon. And the theory and practice of a large portion of the doctors (of divinity) tend rather to increase than remove this disease. One recently remarked: "I have no use whatever for anything that is Jewish." I replied, "Then you have no use for salvation, for 'salvation is of the Jews;' no use for your Bible for it was written by Jews; no use for your Savior for He was a Jew."

Until my own eyes were opened I regarded the Jews as the greatest sinners on the face of the earth, justly and forever under the curse of God. Rejected and scattered by Him, a "by-word" among all nations, with the blood of His Son a perpetual witness against them;—thus I justified myself in despising them. I believed that they, as a people, having had their opportunity and failing to improve it, had been cut off forever, and that we Gentiles had been grafted into their place to stay. I believed that all the curses and judgments pronounced upon them were literal and would be literally fulfilled, and was perfectly willing to hand every one of them over to their rightful owners. On the other hand, all the blessings and glory promised to them were spiritual and applied to the Church, and would be spiritually fulfilled to her. Not satisfied with the blessings that really belong to the Church, we must needs appropriate those belonging to Israel, although to make them "fit" the Church we have to spiritualize them. We are guilty of stealing not only their blessings but their name also. To us the terms, "Israel," "Zion," "Jerusalem," the "Chosen People," etc., signify the Christian Church and nothing more. This misinterpretation and perversion of Scripture is preached from the pulpit, echoed by the religious press, and taught in the Sunday Schools, with but few exceptions, throughout Christendom. Is it any wonder that the majority of

Christians are blind to the truth? Erroneous teaching is the great stone that is rolled, by so-called religious teachers, to the door of the sepulchre where so many of God's dear children are figuratively buried. Gentile ecclesiasticism has set its seal upon it and nothing but the power of God can roll the stone away. Thank God for every mission founded for the salvation of the Jews; but would it not be well to have some missions for the conversion of Gentile Christians to the truth of God's purpose concerning Israel and the important place they occupy in His great plan of the ages?

I received my first clear light on the pre-millennial coming of Christ from the writings of Rev. A. B. Simpson. (I would especially recommend his book, "The Gospel of the Kingdom" to all seekers after this precious truth.) I received the new light with great joy, but was surprised to see how little it could be understood apart from Israel. Surely, Israel is the key that unlocks prophecy and opens up the mysteries of "the blessed hope." I could see that the poor, despised Jews were the real kings on God's great checkerboard of the world, and though others have taken their place in the "king row," His hand is moving the nations and when the times of the Gentiles are full He will move them out and crown His people, Israel, kings in their rightful place. One of the most significant signs by which, according to the words of Jesus, we are to know that His return is near, is the budding of the fig tree—which signifies the beginning of Israel's restoration.

I so longed for His coming that I sought to learn all that was possible about the return of the Jews to Palestine, as foretold in prophecy. In fact, everything concerning them became of intense interest to me, for I could read some precious dispensational truth "between the lines." The "veil" was being taken away from my eyes, and some gleams of their future glory revealed. I did not dare to despise the Jews any longer for they were still God's "elect."

But my eyes were to have a second anointing. My heart was to burn as never before when Jesus Himself should give me such a revelation of this wonderful truth as would make my whole being pulsate with new life. And this is the way it came to pass. I stood by an open grave, the casket that contained the body of my beloved

husband was being lowered into it. The supreme moment of my life had come. Until then, I had a feeling that he was still with me; but now the time had come when that precious though inanimate form was going out from my sight forever. All that was most dear to me on earth was going down into that cold, dark grave, and my very life seemed to be going with it. As I gazed in mute agony, lo! the resurrection light (clearly visible to my spiritual senses) shone down into that open grave and filled my heart with comfort and exaltation indescribable. I seemed to realize his *coming out* in glorious victory, more than his *going in* under the power of death. I could not feel that my loved one was to remain there long for I had such an assurance that it would be but a *little while* until Jesus, who has the keys of death and the grave, would come and open his prison door and he would come forth in his glorified body, clothed would rise to meet the Lord in the air and be forever with Him. In the strength of this heavenly vision I went with a longing that cannot be described to search the scriptures to learn more about the Coming of my blessed Lord.

In searching the Word, I saw that Israel is not only the key that unlocks prophecy, but is also the light that shines along the, otherwise, dark passages and into the secret chambers of the mysteries of God's purpose, enabling us to read more correctly the "sure word of prophecy." Once despised Israel now comforts me by showing that the time is drawing near when I shall meet my blessed Savior face to face, and the loved ones who are with Him. Never, in all my life, was I so interested and entranced with any story as I was with the Old Testament prophecies that so plainly reveal the true relation existing between God and His people Israel, and His steadfast love for them during their long night of rejection. He says to back-slidden Israel: "I am married unto you." He longs and pleads for her return with a Husband's tenderest love.

As I drank in God's Word and became filled with His thought, I had such a revelation of the truth and baptism of love for His people Israel, and delight in their speedy restoration, with such a glorious future, that my whole being was filled and thrilled with divine electricity that circulated through my veins from my head to my feet. It was as definite an experience as my conversion and next to my Pen-

tecostal baptism in power and glory. Now I could see that Israel was the warp in the loom of God's plan of the ages—called of God to be a kingdom of priests. He brought them into the promised land and there they rejected Him as their King; exalted by Him to be supreme over all the nations, yet cast down by their sins to be subordinate to all the nations. When Christ came to establish His heavenly kingdom, His kingdom was rejected and He, Himself, murdered. Then Jerusalem was destroyed, "trodden down by the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Then came the descent of the Spirit to "gather out a people for His Name"—the building up of the Church, the mystical body of Christ—the first resurrection—the rapture of the saints—the tribulation judgments (Jacob's trouble)—the revelation of Christ with His saints—Israel's repentance and the acceptance of their long-rejected Messiah, and their restoration to more than their former glory in the Millennial kingdom. All these as threads of filling are being woven in by the fingers of God.

Dear bereaved ones whose hearts and homes are empty and desolate because the loved ones who filled them have gone to be with Jesus, would you know something of the time when He will come and bring them with Him? Oh, dear ones, weary and heavy laden with your load of toil and want, pain and disappointments—you upon whom this cruel world has rolled heart-breaking burdens so that you cry with the souls under the altar, "How long, O Lord!" would you know when your deliverance draweth nigh? Oh, child of God weeping over the woes of a ruined world, would you know some of the signs that mark the coming of the King of Righteousness and Prince of Peace who will fill this sin-cursed earth with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea? Oh, Bride of Christ, robed and waiting for the marriage, would you know the events that herald the appearing of your heavenly Bridegroom? Then look at Israel, the clock of the ages, the unerring timepiece whose hands point with wonderful accuracy to the events that are rapidly fulfilling prophecy and rolling together like a scroll this present dispensation. For centuries this clock has struck off the hours of Jewish humiliation and Gentile supremacy—soon all will be numbered and it will strike the hour that brings back Israel's King and the Bridegroom of the Church.

Oh, my brothers and sisters in Christ who are blind as I once was! As you value the approval of your God, I beseech you to get your eyes opened and look this all-important truth fairly in the face and improve your opportunity to secure the blessing and escape the curse. God said unto Abraham: "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee, and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Gen. 12:13. When the Son of Man

shall sit upon the throne of His glory He will judge the nations according to the manner in which they have treated His brethren in the flesh. Matt. 25:40. O, watchmen on the walls of Zion, preachers of the gospel, religious teachers: I entreat you, be careful how you misinterpret the Word of God and thereby teach the people error. Let the Holy Spirit restore your vision, that "seeing clearly" yourself you may lead others into the truth.

## The Power in the Word of God

"My Word Shall not Return unto Me Void."

James Ostema, Mattoon, Illinois, in the Stone Church, October 13, 1912



BY THE grace of God I am what I am; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I but the grace of God which was with me." I. Cor. 15:10.

What is grace? Somebody has defined it as getting something for nothing when we do not deserve anything. This morning during the altar service my heart melted before the Lord. I thought, Here am I, the most unworthy person, at work for the Lord! I thought about the woman who had been forgiven much and who loved much. About two weeks ago when I was with Brother Myland at Plainfield during his Feast of Tabernacles, the morning before I left we were in prayer together, and suddenly the Spirit of God came upon me to sing in another tongue, and the Lord gave Brother Myland the interpretation. The words were these:

We taste Thy grace, 'tis very good  
Coming to us this present hour,  
Fountain of Thy Divine Manhood  
Fills us with love and peace and power.

It is the Father's love so sweet,  
It is the Spirit's power so free,  
While waiting low at Jesus' feet,  
I am made even now as He.

I was looking forward to coming to Chicago, and had been praying about it:

So I go forth to do Thy will,  
To stand for right, o'ercome the wrong;  
Jesus my mind and mouth doth fill,  
And I in Him shall be made strong.

And so I'm resting 'neath His wing  
He fills me with His love and peace,  
I'll work His glad return to bring,  
That glorious day of our release.

God gave me that to encourage my heart about these special meetings. I believe God did more in me during those five days at Plainfield

than He did through me. I went there to meet with Him and He graciously met me.

I am here tonight to magnify the grace of God. When God bestows His grace upon us if we don't go forth to help other souls who are without grace, we receive the grace of God in vain. I feel led to give a little word of testimony tonight about the grace of God in my own heart. I do not like to refer to my own experience except for the glory of God.

I was brought up in a Christian home in Michigan. My parents were praying people; they knew God, but I was determined to sow my "wild oats." I wanted to get my fill of all kinds of sin and literally gave myself to the devil and became one of his most faithful servants. When I was about seventeen I often came home in the late hours of the night and stumbled into the house where my poor, old, white-haired mother was sitting in her invalid chair. She would weep over her wayward boy and pray for me, but my heart was too hard then to be moved by her prayers and entreaties.

I left home at the age of eighteen and lived a very ungodly life. While living with my parents I felt the restraints of the home life which hindered me from sinning as freely as I would; so I went to Grand Rapids and got a position as salesman in a Department Store. While there I was out every night with my "chums" and I do not think I exaggerate in saying that for a year, more or less, I was intoxicated almost every night. I was ringleader of the crowd and was proud of being able to drink more than any of them. I remember one night especially—the worst night of my life—when I stopped to drink in every saloon that I passed on my way down town. About half past eleven I found myself lying in the alley back of a saloon so helpless I couldn't move, but that didn't

cure me. Other sins followed the sin of drunkenness. I became dishonest and very profane, though I never blasphemed God. After living that kind of a life for about six years I lost my job. Then I planned to come to Chicago, thinking that I could live as I pleased here and nobody be any the wiser. I came to Chicago and became a salesman in a Department Store on Milwaukee Avenue. After I had been there a few weeks the floor-walker left and I was put on the main floor to look after the clerks there.

I happened to go to a Methodist Church one Sunday night in January, 1902. I went out of curiosity to see the preacher and hear him quote his poems. He was noted for that. After service I went down stairs to the after-meeting. I sat in the rear so I would not be noticed, but I could not have sat in a more conspicuous place. While they were singing,

"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me."

the dear man at the piano came around behind me and asked me if I would go forward and have them pray for me. I said no, I didn't care about those things. I told the truth. I didn't care. I was indifferent. I was unconcerned. "Well," he said, "do you want me to pray for you? It is not necessary for you to come forward." I thought I'd do him a favor by giving my consent, so I gave my permission to his praying for me in his home. He asked me to pray for myself, but I would not promise him. He said he would pray for me and left me with these words, "Prepare to meet thy God." I didn't know then they were in the Bible, but he had enough faith in the Word of God that it could accomplish something in a sinner's life. I left the church and went to my room. I didn't sleep that night. I rolled and tossed in the bed all night long. I said to myself, "This pillow is pretty hard. I'd better turn it over." I turned over again, rubbed my eyes and rubbed my head; I had been out the night before with the boys and needed sleep but the Scripture came to me again and again, "Prepare to meet thy God!" "Prepare to meet thy God!" I got up after a restless night and went to work. I didn't enjoy my work that day because God was saying to me "Prepare to meet thy God." On my way home at noon I stepped into a saloon thinking that I might be able to drown this feeling. I didn't know what it was. I took several drinks, but the more I drank the worse I felt. God was saying, "Prepare to meet thy God!" I got

my dinner and then drank some more, but didn't feel any better. "Prepare to meet thy God!" kept ringing in my ears, and was repeated the whole week. Every night was a restless night to me. I slept some, but not very much. Near the close of the week as I was walking along I saw some posters on the telephone poles in the alley, advertising "A voice from the slums." They announced a meeting at that same church on Sunday afternoon, a service for men only. I said to myself "I will go there; they may be able to help me." I went and sat near the front. I wanted to hear it all, and was getting tired of sin. I was wretched. A man began to tell about how bad he had been. He told about his godly mother. I thought of my godly mother whose heart I was breaking. He told about his praying mother. I thought of *my* praying mother, and how when I'd go home to visit her and she would ask me to go to church I'd tell her I didn't care to go to church. I remembered one time when she asked me I said I would rather go down town, and when she said she would pray for me I said she could pray if she wanted to if that would do her any good, and I slammed the door in her face. He told how he was convicted and saved in answer to his mother's prayers, and then said, "Is there a young man here this afternoon who wants the Lord to save him?" I put up my hand and said to myself, "I wish he'd ask me to come up in front," and as he gave the invitation to come forward I knelt at the altar. Praying people gathered around me, and the more they prayed the more wretched I felt. I didn't know how to pray. I didn't know God's plan of salvation. I didn't know a verse of Scripture. I didn't know how God saved sinners, but when I entered that church I knew that God loved me and that He could deliver me from my wretchedness if I'd only give Him a chance. As they prayed I could only respond, "Yes," "Yes," "Yes." I saw that I must pray for myself and in my distress I said, "Oh God, give me peace." He saved me *at once* from all of my wretchedness. He set me free. He gave me peace, but how I didn't know. While I was kneeling there Jesus appeared before me and showed me that He must come between me and God. It broke my heart, and then and there I wept and said, "Oh I wish that my brothers knew the joys of salvation." God at once gave me a desire to help others to know my Savior. So "by the grace of God I am what I am."

## “Rubber Is Death”

30,000 Lives for 4,000 Tons of Rubber



THE whole civilized world is shocked at the atrocious cruelties revealed through the report of Sir Roger Casement on the Rubber Traffic of the Putumayo River, Peru, South America. The British Government sent him to make an investigation and the unearthing of the diabolical deeds committed for the sake of a few dollars has outraged England.

The Putumayo District comprises an area of about 10,000 square miles, the Indian population is said to have been a few years ago from 40,000 to 50,000 souls. An eye witness says that should the cruelties continue, they would be wiped out of existence in six years.

Sir Roger Casement in his report says:

“One Peruvian agent admitted to flogging an Indian girl and then shooting her because her back after the lashing she had received had putrified so that it had become full of maggots.”

“Salt and water would sometimes be applied to the wounds, but in many cases a fatal flogging was not attended by this poor effort at healing, and the victim with maggots in the flesh was turned adrift to die in the forest.”

One of the witnesses, a native of Barbados, says:—“I have seen Indians killed for sport, tied up to trees, and shot at by Fonesca and others (at the Ultimo Retiro Station.) After they were drinking they would sometimes do this, and they would take a man out of the ‘Cepo’ and tie him to a tree and shoot at him for a target.”

Another witness tells of how a party, chasing fugitive Indians, came upon an aged woman too old to run, hung her head downwards from a tree, piled dried leaves under her, and set fire to her. Revelations on the Congo pale before the appalling catalogue of crimes.

“At Matanzas I learned, by personal confession of one of the floggers himself, that less than six weeks before my visit a native chief had been flogged to death, and had died in actual confinement in the station ‘stocks’ between his wife and one of his children. Flogging was the least of the tortures inflicted on the failing rubber-gatherer, but it was the most universal and indiscriminate. Every section visited had its stocks and its duly appointed floggers in ordinary.

“An individual who had often taken part in these floggings and who charged himself with two murders of Indians has thus left on record the manner of flogging the Indians at stations where he served: ‘The Indian is so humble that as soon as he sees that the needle of the scale does not mark the 10 kilog, he himself stretches out his hands and throws himself on the ground

to receive the punishment. Then the chief or a subordinate advances, bends down, takes the Indian by his hair, strikes him, raises his head, drops it face downwards on the ground, and after the face is beaten and kicked and covered with blood the Indian is scourged.’

“This picture is true. Detailed descriptions of floggings of this kind were again and again made to me by men who had been employed in the work. Indians were flogged not only for shortage in rubber, but still more grievously if they dared to run away. This was counted a capital offense, and the fugitives, if captured, were as often tortured and put to death as brutally flogged. Expeditions were fitted out and carefully planned to track down and recover the fugitives, however far the flight might have been. The undisputed territory of the neighboring Republic of Colombia was again and again violated in these pursuits.”

The following is an editorial from *The Daily News and Leader*, London:

“Not hundreds, but thousands—tens of thousands—of poor harmless Indians with no weapon of defense but their blowpipe, have been done to death. These revelations disclose not merely the lust for wealth, but the lust for blood. The Indians have been flogged, mutilated, beheaded, shot, burned, not only to stimulate the survivors to collect rubber, but for sport. They have been soaked in kerosene and turned adrift blazing; they have had their arms and legs cut off, and then, still living, their bodies have been burned. Every ingenuity of minds so devilish as to be almost incredible has been employed to add horror to the tale of desolation and death. And when last winter Sir Roger Casement returned to see whether the infamy had ceased, he found little improvement. He says that in the last twelve years, 4,000 tons of rubber have come to England from the Putumayo. And he calculates that the price of that total is 30,000 Indians killed by starvation, beheading, bullet, and burning, ‘accompanied by every variety of atrocious torture.’ Around some of the sections, says Sir Roger, the bones of the victims lie so thick that the places resemble battlefields.”

These cruelties were perpetrated under the direction of the “Peruvian Amazon Company.” We give below a description of one of the subordinate agents of the company:

“He was made prisoner by Normand in January, 1907, and kept chained up for a year by Velarde and others, and then released on condition he joined them, and was first employed in flogging Indians. He improved on his masters, and has killed scores, and cut ears off, and done things that even some of the worst Peruvians say they could not tolerate.”

Of another it is stated: "This man is charged with many crimes, the latest of them only in August, 1910, when he had thirteen Indians—men, women and children—murdered on the road between the Caquetà and Morelia. He boasted on his return to Abisinia that 'he had left the road pretty.'"

Women and children are flogged as well as men; children ten and twelve years of age bore the worst marks of the lash. A resident of the district who himself confessed to giving the Indians constant floggings, says that fully 90 per cent of the entire population were victims of the lash.

All this is sickening in the extreme. And what is Christianity doing for this *Neglected Continent* lying at our door? Thirty thousand lives sacrificed for four thousand tons of rubber! Who will help to heal the open sore?

A missionary writing in "*South America*," a magazine in the interest of this Neglected Continent, commenting on Sir Roger Casement's report, says:

"We are not surprised, therefore, that close on the heels of this report comes the proposal to establish a Roman Catholic Mission in this region, and an appeal for £15,000 towards the work. But, oh the shame of it! That this Protestant land of ours with its heroic records of missionary labor has at last to be appealed to for funds to support a Roman Catholic Mission in that dark and needy land. Well is poor South America called the Neglected Continent. And the irony of it all! Here we have a land where the Roman Catholic Church has been supreme for four centuries, where the Roman Catholic Church is supreme today, where that

unutterably corrupt church draws an annual subsidy from the government for mission work in that very region, and does nothing for these people; and now we, a Protestant people, are asked to contribute £15,000 to her coffers that she may do the work she has neglected for centuries, the work she is paid for doing now, and the work she has utterly failed to accomplish. And all this on the specious plea that Protestant missions could not do the work, or would not be allowed to.

"It is well that all who are interested should know how utterly misleading all this is. Who stands in the way of Protestant missions? Not the government of Peru, which has repeatedly given us every facility for our work in all parts of the Republic; not the people, who beseech us to send them missionaries and teachers and welcome us gladly wherever we go. No, the dog in the manger is the same corrupt church which ever stands in the way of light and truth, and progress. The Church which neither does the work herself nor allows those who are willing and able to enter in to do it."

Let us pray that these burning wrongs may be righted and that God will raise up intercessors and Gospel workers for these South American Indians, that the fires of the Gospel may burn in their poor benighted hearts.

The Roman Catholics have been worse than a failure. Rome can never better conditions. Rome still burns God's Word. In San Paulo they recently burned 275 Bibles, 181 Testaments, 168 Gospels and more than 10,000 tracts. What a travesty to ask for £15,000 for Mission work and burn Bibles! Surely no Protestant land would grant such a request.

## The Darkest Side of Dark India

Mrs. Mary E. Chapman, Missionary returning to India



HERE is a desire in my heart to give God's children an insight into the needs of the rescue work in India. It is a difficult subject to discuss and but little is known of the pressing emergencies that arise in such a work. It cannot be successfully carried on without suitable buildings, high walls, and experienced workers who know how to guard the lambs of their flock from the ravenous wolves that prey upon the weak and defenseless everywhere and especially in India.

There are many people today in civilized countries who are extolling the fancied virtues of the Hindu religion, but we missionaries who live among its votaries find it unspeakably debasing.

Many of their gods are too disgustingly obscene in appearance to be looked upon by decent people. Their religious festival called "holi" is so utterly vile it cannot be written about and while it holds carnival, a pure woman is ashamed to be out on the streets. Their priesthood is a system of sanctioned whoredom and mothers are taught that it is a great virtue to dedicate their little daughters to the temple service where, in semi-nudity and the voluptuousness of the Eastern dance, they are trained in the art of seduction and live lives of shameful servitude to the passions of bestial men.

But it is not only children dedicated to the temple service that need to be rescued. It is a tenet of the Hindu religion that a husband must be had for every Indian maiden, and it is looked upon

as a shame and disgrace for parents or guardians to allow a girl to grow up to womanhood without getting her a husband. This has led to the system of child marriage which results so often in child widowhood. It matters not if the child has never even seen her betrothed husband, she is held to be a widow and accountable for his death. It is thought that the sin of some previous life must have brought this calamity of her husband's death and forthwith she is ostracised. For her there are no more pleasure parties, no sharing in the family gaiety. She is stripped of her bright clothes and jewels, her beautiful hair—the pride and the glory of Indian womanhood—is shaved and thereafter in perpetual widowhood she must remain a bald, taunted, despised and abused drudge of the family, living on one-meal a day and the servant of all. Worse yet, she is taught to render obedience to her male relatives in anything that they may require of her. We have rescued girls in their teens who were prospective mothers with their own brothers, fathers or relatives by law as the babe's father. Although it is the girl who has been sinned against in these cases yet she is considered to have brought disgrace on the family and broken caste. Henceforth she is an outcast and the parents are usually more than willing to give her to the missionaries to have her out of the way. This, in the providence of God, has resulted in many a girl being brought under Christian influence and blessedly saved who otherwise could not have been reached by the gospel message.

The girls in the missions and orphanages must be specially guarded and protected. One never knows when some lewd fellow will get his eyes on a beautiful girl and, with all the adroitness and subtlety of the Indian nature, set about accomplishing her ruin. Even with the utmost care the missionary's heart is sometimes wrung with anguish to find that the enemy has made an inroad on the flock. In such cases an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and if the girl can be spirited away in time she may escape ruin through being shut away from the world by the high walls of a rescue home.

Such are the conditions that force rescue work upon us, and with these facts in mind I want to give you a few instances of rescue work that have come under my own observation while acting as matron in such a home.

When visiting a secluded home I was surprised by a visit from a missionary of note from

a distant province of India. He had with him a fine looking young Indian woman whom he asked us to take care of and keep very close. He was hiding her from a railway conductor who had become enamored with her and then induced her under promise of marriage to elope with him. She was an educated girl who had been raised as the loving daughter of the mission and their grief was great at her downfall. We took her in, but months passed before she could be delivered from the infatuation she was in for this man, and made to believe that his intentions were not honorable. As a matter of fact such men never take a Christian girl for a wife. Finally the victory was won, she confessed things that she had covered, renounced her deceiver, and fell at the feet of Jesus a humble and contrite soul. Her restoration was complete, her missionary benefactor came for her with joy in his heart and she afterward married a Christian young man and was a very happy wife and mother.

Another case that came under my care was that of a bright and beautiful Bengali girl whom a young man outside the mission compound had set eyes on and was trying to get in communication with. In this case the girl was rescued in time and was secreted in a mission several hundred miles away from her tempter.

You may ask how these difficulties can exist unless the girls themselves are bad, but it does not follow that a girl is innately vicious because she yields to temptation. Her conscience has not been trained on this subject as have ours and it takes time to educate her mind to see the truth. A man who is unscrupulous enough to want to ruin a girl will stop at nothing to get her. He will write the most flattering letters, promising undying love, a home, money, presents—everything heart could wish, and this is especially alluring to a poor girl who has nothing to look forward to but to earn her own living by humdrum labor. Then, the love of the romantic is in us all and when a young girl finds a stone dropped at her feet with a love letter around it her impulse is to keep it to herself, cherishing in secret her dream of happiness until, alas, she awakens to find herself ruined. Even when a girl has the strength of character to resist the temptation it is sometimes necessary to get her out of the way for a time, and hence the need arises of rescue homes as a preventive measure as well as for the girls who have been actually led astray.



Many noble characters have developed under our care in the rescue missions. C. was a high-caste Hindu girl who was brought to the home when about twelve years of age. After the death of her little baby she remained in the home where she was happily converted and given a good English education. She became a useful helper as matron in the home, and was one of the first to receive the baptism of the Spirit. She has since become a Bible woman, taking the gospel to her heathen sisters in the Zenanas.

B. was a high-caste Bengali girl left a widow when young. Decoyed by a brother-in-law, the family hid their disgrace by sending her to a rescue home. She was blessedly saved, received the baptism of the Spirit and was trained in a mission school for Christian workers. She has since become a faithful devoted laborer.

L. was a teacher in N. E. India who saw an advertisement in a paper of office workers wanted in a large city in S. W. India. She answered the advertisement which *claimed* to be from a Christian Institution. She was accepted for the situation and took the long journey, never doubting, only to find herself stranded in a strange place, working under a man who was bent on her ruin. In all that great city friend had she none and must inevitably have gone under had she not heard of our mission and come to us. She found the Lord and became an active Christian worker.

A. was a girl who had been dedicated to the temple service, but a missionary got hold of her when she was about nine years old. She became a lovely Christian character. The enemy

has tried many times to turn her head, but she has remained pure and upright through it all. It makes one shudder to think of so lovely a girl being thrown into such a sink of corruption as the temple worship with its lewd rites, suffering such things as it is a shame even to speak of.

There are chaste homes in India even among heathen people, but I am endeavoring in this article to tell you of the hidden works of darkness that have to be contended with, and to enlist your prayers and sympathy in behalf of rescue work, for the need is great. Many a girl sinned against and sinning can be rescued and given a chance for a pure life whereas otherwise she must inevitably sink lower and lower. I have given only a few of the many cases that have come to my knowledge of girls who have been blessedly saved and lived lives of Christian usefulness. The Christian young men are quite willing to take such girls for their wives and their hard experiences have often deepened their characters and fitted them to labor with difficult cases.

Now, when you pray for the missionaries do not forget this most difficult branch of the work. We have just heard of a Pentecostal Rescue Home where the girls are all being boarded at another mission while the workers are praying and waiting for money to build a wall for their protection. My sincere prayer is that God may **bless this article**, which I believe He has led me to write, to the good of some of the oppressed and neglected girls of India.

## Healing in the Atonement

Pastor J. Paul, Berlin, Germany, in the Stone Church, July 17, 1912



WHEN the even was come they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Matt. 8:16, 17.

It seems to me this is one of the most important passages on Divine Healing in the Bible. Matthew says that Jesus healed at that time that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet. You know we have it in Isaiah 53:4, "Surely He hath borne our sicknesses and carried our sorrows." Now, beloved, here we

have the Word of God concerning our sicknesses, but we must each see the truth for ourselves. We must say, "He has borne *my* sicknesses," and in the fifth verse we read, "He was wounded for our transgressions," and in applying it to our own hearts we must say, "He was wounded for *my* transgressions, He was bruised for *my* iniquities."

More than twenty years ago the Lord showed me that He bore my sicknesses. I was sick at the time with such a disease that I thought I never again would be well. I was content to be sick and thought I would spend my life in prayer, and do my work in that way, always praying and the Lord would give me by my prayers strength and power enough to do my

work. For more than half a year I did my writing on my knees, but suddenly the Lord came to me, and He showed me that it was written here in Matthew that Jesus bore my sicknesses and how Jesus healed at the time when He was on earth in order that it might be fulfilled then and now that "Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." The only question in my mind was if the word of Isaiah could be fulfilled also in me.

And now, beloved, I come to a very important point. I had a meeting with the Lord. I wish that all sick ones might have a meeting with the Lord. I often find the sick going to people to be prayed for; that is all right, it is Biblical, but we also need the revelation of the Lord Himself, and so it is necessary for us that we come to Him and that He Himself speak to us. So it was in my case. I did not go to any man that he might pray for me in that hour, I took the Word of God, "He hath borne our sicknesses," and then I took the other word in the same chapter of Isaiah, "By His stripes we are healed," and I said, "By His stripes I am healed," and so I arose believing I was healed. I was healed instantly at that time. I took the promise by faith and I experienced it.

If we would experience Divine Healing, we have to see our healing is in the atonement. Some people are very sick and don't know whether to have a physician or not. For me the matter is very simple. I have healing in the atonement. If I would have forgiveness of sin would I need to go to man for it? No, I find forgiveness of sin in the atonement so I go directly to Jesus Himself. Now, if I am sick why should I go to a physician? I have deliverance from sickness in the atonement. Beloved, it is very important that we see Jesus. He said again and again when He healed, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." So here we have two points: first the Divine on one side, Jesus has borne my sicknesses, and then the human side, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." You may say, "I have no faith." True, many have not this faith, but we have a way to receive such faith. You come to the Lord and say, "Lord, I come to Thee; from Thee must come my faith." That is a very important thing. We will receive faith if we come to Jesus. It is a wonderful thing when people receive faith. I will tell you an instance. A lady who had a rupture came to a brother and to me for prayer. We laid our hands on her head and prayed and we told her to meet the

Lord, and she prayed as we prayed. In Germany while we are praying these dear sick people are praying also, but here in America I have to pray and pray, but I do not hear them pray. You see we must have a meeting with the Lord, and then our hearts will be full of His power. We were praying with this dear lady and she commenced praying and asked the Lord to heal her of her rupture, and suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee, Thou art my Healer; Oh, Lord, I glorify Thee," and as she said that I was convinced the Lord had healed her, and what happened? The next day when she came her face was bright and she told us that when we were praying, there was a contraction where the rupture was, and again in the evening and the next morning she felt that same contraction where the trouble had been. She asked her **friend to see if she could find the rupture**, and it was gone. The Lord had healed her. Here you have an instance of "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

On another occasion we had a meeting for the sick and explained the Gospel of Divine Healing. In our meeting we had a lady who had two very bad ruptures of more than twenty-five years' standing. She could not be one moment without a bandage. While she was listening to the message she met Jesus. She saw He bore her sickness, and she looked to Him in faith. What happened? In the same moment she had a feeling as if a hand came and took away the bandage, and she realized it was the hand of the Lord. She went home and removed the bandage and she was healed. Beloved, that is meeting with Jesus. That is believing Him. To the dear sick ones I would say, Take your healing now by faith. Say, "By His stripes I am healed."

In such a meeting as this we had a young girl thirteen years old who had St. Vitus dance so she could not hold her arm still. We were talking on the passage, "By His stripes we are healed" and explaining how by faith we could be healed, and a dear sister who was sitting opposite this little girl said to her, "Oh, take it just now by faith that you are healed." The right arm of the little girl was flying around, she could not control it. The little girl looked at Jesus in faith and suddenly her arm was healed. She didn't come up to be prayed for, because the Lord had already healed her in her seat. Her arm was so bad she had not been able to go to school. I told this incident in a meeting

and a man was there who had a bad stomach; he had suffered much for five years. He had sought healing all this time and failed to receive it. After I told this story of the little girl's healing, I said, "Oh, beloved, you may take this healing just now by faith. By His stripes you are healed now." I looked at this man. I didn't know what was the matter with him, but I saw him fold his hands together, and suddenly his face changed and he was quite still. After the meeting he came to me and said that when he heard he could take by faith the healing power of the Lord he said, "Lord, I do take it just now. By Thy stripes I am healed," and in that very moment he felt a revolution, as it were, in his stomach and he was healed. I have met him a number of times since then, and he has **never had a return of that trouble.** Oh, dearly beloved, we need faith, simple faith, that we take this Word as it is written. Will you come to the Lord and say, "Oh, Lord it is written for me, 'By Thy stripes I am healed.' Yes, Lord, I take it, and now I believe it is done." You see the Word of God is given to us in order that we may believe. You may ask me what I do when I am sick. I take my Bible and read it, and then I expect that the Lord will meet me, and as I believe I receive.

### Asleep in Jesus

**T**HE SAD news has just reached us of the loss to the mission field of Brother G. S. Brelsford of Assiout, Egypt, who fell asleep in Jesus, Sept. 28, 1912, after a very severe illness. He was fifty-four years of age. Brother A. H. Post sends us from Cairo the following letter telling of the loss to Egypt.

"As for God, His ways are perfect." Ps. 18:30. With bowed head and weeping heart I write as our beloved Brother Brelsford was called from us. He fell asleep in Jesus Sept. 28th at Assiout. His last sickness was with intense suffering, cancer of the liver, yet the Lord gave him wonderful victory till the very last—a most triumphant and victorious death. Yea, we shed tears but not in sorrow as those who have no hope, for indeed we are abounding in hope as our God cloth greatly comfort us.

"You will get a full account of our precious brother's life and death as he left a very complete diary of the Lord's dealings with him, and his devoted wife, who is now returning to America with her two daughters, will publish a brief history of her husband. Much of the proceeds of this will go toward the work in Egypt, so our beloved brother 'being dead yet speaketh' and somehow I feel that our God whose way is indeed perfect will get great blessing from this and will use the death of our brother to the furtherance of His

Jesus said to the woman, "Thy faith hath made thee whole," and He said it not only to that woman but He wants to say it today to those who are sick. The Lord says in Matt. 18:19, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven," so we have the promise there that if we agree concerning anything, it shall be done. Perhaps you have pain in your arm. You must agree that the pain shall go. Some people fail to agree in this way: I have prayed with them, and I have said, "Lord, take away the pain now," and in their hearts they are saying, "Lord, take the pain away, but if it is not possible to take it away now, heal me gradually." Is that agreeing? No, there is no agreement there, and God does not promise to answer when we do not agree. Some think they will believe when they feel, but we must believe before we feel.

The Lord will reveal His divine power in our midst if we are standing in faith on the promises of the Lord our Saviour. We have two ways before us. One is the wonderful way of faith, "Lord, I believe," the other is the way of doubts and fears. Let us walk the way of faith today, and say, "By Thy stripes I am healed."

work, stirring up many hearts both in Egypt and at home.

"Now, Beloved Saints, will all who read this pray, in a very definite and earnest way, for us in Egypt at this time—and I am sure you will help us in this way."

Brother Brelsford was among the first of Pentecostal missionaries called to Egypt and he was much used of God in carrying the full Gospel to the natives there. The Lord honored his ministry and numbers were saved and healed and received the Holy Spirit in that land.

We believe God never permits a vacancy that He does not find someone to fill. Brother Post, with a party of eight, arrived in Cairo August 14th. Brother and Sister Doak of Pasadena who were in the party went direct to Assiout and reached there at a time when they were sorely needed.

Mrs. Brelsford and two daughters, who were with her in Egypt, have returned to this country. Her address for the present will be 1806 N. Taney street, Philadelphia, Pa., with her other children. May God comfort the hearts of the sorrowing widow and children. (Isaiah 54.)

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**Notes**

**Stone Church Meetings**

WE HAVE just closed a series of meetings in the Stone Church conducted by Pastor James Ostema of Mattoon, Illinois, with much blessing from God. The Lord led us out especially for the salvation of souls and almost every night He brought some to the altar for this purpose. We praise Him for the conviction that rested upon the sinner and the backslider and brought them to God, and for the burden for souls He laid upon our people. It brought great joy to those who had long prayed that the Church might be a soul-winning station, to see the younger Christians set on fire and going amongst the audience pleading for hearts to surrender to God.

The Lord did a new thing in many hearts and gave our young people a holy boldness they had never known before. Thousands of personal invitations were given out by cards and tracts; one young girl wanted to go without her dinner in order to have the hour to work for God; others showed a similar spirit of self-sacrifice, while still others prayed long into the night for God to touch hearts. He did, and we are believing for still more.

\* \* \*

We ask the earnest prayers of our readers at this time for Mrs. Piper who is in special need. God has done marvelous things for her and her life today is a miracle of mercy and grace, but

she is just now being sorely tested in her body. She has been going beyond her strength and her heart, weak from the shock received last winter, has never regained its normal condition. She was mightily upborne by the prayers of the Evangel readers then but now feels anew the need of their earnest supplications.

**In the Furnace**

SOME of the workers in the harvest field have been passing through deep waters. Miss Minnie Abrams who, with a party of young missionaries, has been pioneering in North India, has been prostrated for several months with fever which she contracted in passing through a fever district. Her life was despaired of and she is still in a very precarious condition. She had stood at her post through the trying heat of summer and was illy prepared for such an inroad upon her system. We ask the earnest prayers of our readers for this valiant soldier of the cross that her life may be spared to the work she has so nobly undertaken. She also needs prayer that the Lord will move the hearts of the natives to let them buy land upon which to build a house. The house they rented in Basti, one of the Mission centers, has been sold and they have been unable to get another for the missionaries stationed there. It is not possible to keep in health in the windowless, unventilated zenana huts which are the only available shelter.

**"Wars and Rumors of Wars"**

ARCHIBALD Forder, missionary to the Ishmaelites, is still carrying the Gospel over the burning sands of Arabia. His life is often in great peril, but God so far has always protected him. He writes us under date of October 12th:

"Just now things are very uncertain here in this empire. No one can be trusted but our God. He abideth faithful, and this is our only stay and comfort. Wars and rumors of wars have set the people boiling with rage against the Christians, and we feel we are sitting on a volcano that is just about to explode. The prayers of the friends are much needed at this time, for we know not what any day may bring for us, and we believe that so far the prayers of God's people have restrained the hand of the murderer and fanatic."

**Cannibals Baptized**

A REQUEST for prayer has come from Liberia, West Africa, in behalf of Mrs. Harrow, who is ill. Brother Perkins, who sends in the request also asks us to pray for "Friday

Sobo," a converted cannibal, who has started a mission among his own people, and who has been attacked with leprosy.

Brother Perkins writes:

"On July 14th all of our missionaries excepting Mrs. Harrow, and over one hundred of our native people met here at Bethel for a five days' meeting. The Lord came near and spoke very clearly to us through His Word. In some respects it was the best convention we have had. Some from each of the stations were baptized in water, including five from the cannibal tribe.

"About six weeks ago while Mrs. Perkins was at Gropaka visiting Mrs. Harrow, I was surprised one early morning to see the king and chief men of our nearest town coming over to the mission. It was evident from their gestures and tones that there was serious "palaver" on hand. They said they had not been able to kill any meat or game because we mission people had spoiled their ju-jus and cursed their ground and prayed to God against them. Although we reasoned with them for two hours or more we could scarcely persuade them differently.

"That same night about 10 o'clock I was called to the same town to see a man who was very, very sick and suffering intensely. I found the man in a very critical condition and it was very evident that if God did not help him speedily he could not live.

I sent a boy back to the mission to arouse our people to pray. Two of our Christian boys returned to town and we all got on our faces before God. It was a long, hard fight, but the boys held on with wonderful persistency. Relief came about 1 a. m. After singing a song of praise to God and thanking Him for deliverance we returned home, weary in body but praising God for the victory He had given."

### Home of Rest

MRS. Margaret Cantel of London, England, who has been spending a few months in this country visiting relatives, has recently returned and has moved her Home of Rest from 38 Aberdeen Road to 73 Highbury, New Park, London, N.

Her new home has just been dedicated to the work of the Lord and we recommend this as a desirable resting place for those passing through London who wish the comforts of home and a spiritual atmosphere. It will also help in the maintenance of the Home. Mrs. Cantel passed through deep sorrow in the death of her husband two years ago but she has leaned on the Lord, "Who daily beareth our burdens" and has found Him faithful.

## "What Mean these Stones?"

Pastor A. A. Boddy, Sunderland, England, in the Stone Church, October 13, 1912



OUR lesson is from the Book of Joshua, 4:1-10.

We should be very sorry if the Book of Joshua were taken out of the Bible. It tells us of victory and rest. In the first chapter God speaks to the leader whom He has appointed, and says, "Be of good courage. I am with thee." Three times He speaks to him in that first chapter, comforting and strengthening him, and then after God has spoken, the people give this message of comfort and strength, "Be of good courage, fear not, the Lord is with thee." It is blessed when God's appointed leaders who are giving their lives for the people, are comforted and strengthened by the Lord and sometimes encouraged by His people.

Joshua was appointed by God Himself to take the place of Moses, just as the law was passing away. Salvation by law was giving way to salvation by grace. Joshua, as you all know, was the very name which the Child of Mary bore, given to Him at circumcision. We say Jesus but His Hebrew name was Joshua. Jesus is the Greek form with which we are so familiar.

but Joshua was the name given by the Angel to the Incarnate Son of God, and the Joshua, who succeeded Moses, was a type of our Lord, leading his people into a place of victory and rest. Moses, representing the law, passed away; Joshua, representing Jesus, took his place, and God promised to be with him. He led his people at once to that stream called Jordan. For many years we have been accustomed to think of Jordan only as the end of this human life, and Canaan as typical of entering into the presence of God in the heavenlies, but the Spirit so clearly lights up the Scripture and so lovingly says to us that here and now we are to pass out of the wilderness, and here and now in this life, following our Joshua, we are to go down into Jordan. We are to go up into the land where the giants great and tall are still stalking, and where the walls of Jericho are very high—not going to get away from the foes, but it is to be victory continually as we follow the heavenly Joshua who has come as a Leader of the hosts of the Lord. We may well be thankful that the Old Testament is so full of Christ. We can see Him clearly when we have the Holy Spirit to unfold it to us. There are some who have gone

only a little way in the Christian life who enjoy the New Testament most, and there are many things in the Old Testament they do not care about, but the Old Testament is full of deep truth concerning the Lord Jesus, and here we get the blessed truth of the New Testament corroborated and deepened.

Now in this book of Joshua we have this beautiful picture, the ark of God going down into Jordan, the ark representing Jesus Christ, and as the feet of the priests that bare the ark touched the brim of Jordan—for Jordan was overflowing its banks at that time—it began to shrink. It was the harvest time when Jordan swells out a mile or two over the plains. As soon as ever the feet of the priests touched the swellings of the Jordan, "the waters which came down from above stood and rose up in one heap, and those that went down toward the sea were wholly cut off," and they walked into a comparatively dry channel and stood there in the midst of the river bed. It was a wonderful sight to see the ark of God standing there, a symbolic picture of the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, going down into Jordan, the river of death. The Lord Jesus went down, not into an ordinary death, but into the very swellings of Jordan. His was no common death; nor yet was it only the death of crucifixion; that would be terrible enough for any human being to bear, but it was a death in which the Son of God—the pure and holy, the perfect and undefiled Son of God—was associated with sin, identified with sin; so closely identified that the Holy Spirit says through Paul, "He became sin for us," or "He became a curse for us." God laid the curse of the fall upon Him—the curse of sin, not only sins, but "sin" the root of all sins—until He cried out with a breaking heart, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" He went down into the swellings of Jordan out of love for you and me. Any moment He could have delivered Himself; any moment He could have come down from the cross and saved Himself, but then He could not have saved you and me. And so He went down into the very depths of Jordan.

The priests who bore the ark stood there in the very center of Jordan until all the people passed over. They passed close beside the ark, and we pass over beside the cross of Jesus, and get to the glory side of the cross of the dear Lord. We leave the wilderness experience behind. It is God's purpose we get done with that

and get into the land of victory, Canaan, the land of rest.

Now see what God designs as an encouragement to His people that they might never forget. He told them to get representatives from all the tribes, and they took twelve stones from out the center of Jordan (I expect as large as they could find), put them on their shoulders and clambered up the muddy bank, and took them to the place where they were going to stay that night. There they put them down, perhaps made a little altar of them, so that people would notice them whenever they came that way. And that was not all, but twelve stones were taken from the river-bed at Joshua's command and put down where the feet of the priests stood firm as they bare the ark in the midst of the Jordan. There was the double memorial for every one. What did it mean? It meant that all the people had been to the place of death, and they must never forget it.

As one stands by that river in the Holy Land today and looks down on the brown waters ever flowing to the Dead Sea, one can picture the scene and remember that down underneath those brown waters there are even to this day those twelve stones which hundreds and hundreds of years ago by God's command were taken and placed there. They are there today as a symbol of God's people identifying themselves by faith in the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. He went through the swellings of Jordan for them to the end of time, and the Divine will is that we should unite ourselves with that death upon the cross. Not only should we thank God for the forgiveness of sins, cleansing of the precious blood, and never cease to thank Him, never cease to sprinkle by faith the blood upon the lintel, upon the door posts of our hearts, but we also re-identify ourselves with the precious Lord Jesus Christ in His death, because we read the words given by the Holy Ghost, "If one died for all, then all died," and again in the third of Colossians, "Ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God." It is a fact. We can rejoice in that fact, and say when Satan comes along with his temptations, "I died in the Lord Jesus. I am not going to trust to my feelings. I just rest on the fact that I died in the Lord Jesus." It is a fact and God reminds us of it continually.

And so the twelve stones were brought up out of Jordan on the shoulders of the twelve men who represented the people, one for each tribe. They carried them away to Gilgal and set up a

memorial there that in the days to come when the people could no longer see the stones at the bottom of the Jordan, their children, passing by at Gilgal, could say, "What mean ye by these stones?" Then they could hear the story of God's deliverance from the wilderness experience, and how by God's power they came into the Promised Land.

God in His great mercy reminds us continually; He gives us so many tokens in His precious Word, and in these last days He has been giving us a wonderful outpouring of the blessed Holy Ghost, with the outward and visible signs. Oh, I remember how remarkable it was when God poured out the Spirit so mightily, and when the heavenly tongue was heard! Men and women were so overwhelmed with the ecstasy and power of the Holy Ghost they began to praise God as on the Day of Pentecost in other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance, and we claimed it was one of the signs of the Lord's blessed soon coming; one of the signs He was really with us as at the beginning. We never doubted for a moment. We hadn't seen then any of the attacks of the enemy, either from without or within, upon God's outpouring—all we knew was we were seeking God in His fullness, standing in the place of victory, crying to our Lord, trusting Him and loving Him, and we always reminded one another these blessed signs meant no self-exaltation, but the crucifixion and burial of self. What mean ye by these tongues? Do we mean self-glorifying? that we are a great people? No, these beautiful signs which the Lord gives are to remind us that we are to be nothing; crucified with Christ. "No longer I, but Christ liveth in me," and I tell you, beloved people, those who go on with God and remain at the place of crucifixion and burial have never ceased to thank God for the blessed sign which has been given in these days, but those who have gone into fleshly activity have fallen away.

What mean ye by these tongues? Surely it means the baptism in the Holy Ghost as on the day of Pentecost. Has it meant wonderful living? Brethren loving one another? The brethren loving the lost souls? Satan tries hard in these days to bring about division; to bring up counterfeits of God's true baptism; tries to tack on to His work that which makes it repugnant and disgusting to many true Christians outside who have not seen that this blessed Gift is from Him. May God have mercy on those who have been so taken up with manifestations and signs that

they keep some of the choicest of God's children from seeking with all their hearts the full Pentecostal baptism.

What mean ye by these tongues? They must mean self-restraint, the burial of self, crucifixion, a going on with the Lord until Jesus comes. They should mean for us a missionary spirit and a love of God's Word. They mean a looking for and expecting the Lord's return very soon. Therefore, beloved, when we know this wonderful work let us never turn back, though the devil and all hell should rage against us. Though some of the most earnest of God's people get mistaken and do strange things, let us keep looking to Jesus. He is the one who has heard prayer and "shed forth this which ye now see and hear." I must say I have been very much stunned from time to time by excrescences and extravagances and much that has been attached to this blessing. But the Lord Jesus is on the throne. He is reigning, and He is King of kings and Lord of lords. Perhaps He permits these things for a reason that we may be strengthened in our faith and drawn closer to him. We thank God for the precious blood, we thank Him for the baptism in the Holy Ghost, for this way through Jordan, the death union with our Lord Jesus Christ, and together you and I will take our place by faith once more in union with the Lord Jesus Christ in death and in resurrection. We will take our place in union with Him on the cross and in the grave, and will ask the Holy Spirit to make it practical in our lives, practical in our homes, in our daily walk, in the store, in the factory; that our union with the Lord Jesus Christ shall mean separation from all that is false and separation to all that is good; that Jesus shall take His place again on the throne of every heart, and when God sees the Lord Jesus on the throne in our hearts He will have mercy and very quickly will manifest, perhaps in a mightier way, the Jesus that is in us, enduing us afresh with power from on high.

"What mean ye by these stones?" Never forget, beloved ones, we have to pass through Jordan. Gilgal is the place where they pile up the stones. Gilgal is the place where they roll away the reproach. Gilgal, strangely enough, is the place that the children of Israel came back to after the defeat at Ai. They came back after victories, too, and there were the stones reminding them of God's faithfulness and God's purpose. Yes, and if we have suffered defeats, if we are conscious of our unworthiness, we

will go back to our Gilgal—real heart-circumcision, real looking to the Lord Jesus, real trusting. We have been with Him through death, and we are in the place of death, and the more dead we are, the more alive we will be in Him. St. Paul, speaking to the Corinthians, said, "Death worketh in me, but life in you." In that wonderful fourth chapter he speaks so much of the deadness of the Lord Jesus—bearing about in his body the deadness of the Lord that the life of Christ might be manifested in their mortal bodies. It is as we bear about this divine *necrosis*, this death passion, this deadness of the Lord Jesus, that life will work as we are infilled with the life of

Christ. We are more and more dead as we stand by faith in the death of Christ, and we are more and more filled with the life of Christ. The "old man" goes down into the grave; the new man, Christ Jesus, comes up. We say in our creed, "I believe in Jesus Christ who was crucified under Pontius Pilate, dead and buried; on the third day He rose again"—and perhaps we may venture just to paraphrase a little bit and say: "I believe that in Jesus Christ I was crucified, dead and buried, and now by God's grace I have risen again." The Lord wants risen Christians, those who are quickened with the life of the Risen Lord on whom He can pour out the Spirit from on high.

## The Finnish Gold Story

"When the Prayer Lamp Burned Day and Night"

S. D. Gordon, in "The Quiet Time"

The miraculous is still being wrought in the earth today. Though higher criticism has tried to rule out of the Word of God the multiplying of the loaves and fishes and of the widow's cruse of oil, it has failed, even in this Twentieth Century God is still proving Himself to be a God that "doest wondrous things" (Ps. 86:10), and here and there in the world miraculous events are witnessing to His power.

Away off in an obscure village in Finland we find in this day the multiplying of the widow's mite through the power of prayer—true prayer in the Holy Spirit. When S. D. Gordon was in Stockholm he heard of how a poor woman in Finland, in building a little chapel, was called upon to pay an unjust lumber bill that she had not the money to meet. She tried to borrow but failed, every resource failed, and when legal action was threatened she had no liberty of spirit to contest the matter in the courts but felt driven to prayer. While she

was praying the money in her little "treasure box" increased to the amount necessary to meet her obligations.

When Mr. Gordon heard the story he prayed that the way might open for him to hear it from the woman's own lips. In due time the same Hand that multiplied the money guided him to the little village and he preached in the very church that had been built by the multiplied money. He met the woman and found she was one whose word could be relied on for accuracy. She had been postmistress for more than twenty years—a position which, in Finland, is practically equal to being in charge of a Government bank—and has been accustomed to counting money.

The following is the story as given by Mr. Gordon in his book, "The Quiet Time." We reprint it through the courtesy of the publishers, Fleming H. Revell & Co.

### THE SORE NEED.



WHILE the building was going up, there came in a bill for lumber which had been bought and received. But the amount was larger than it should have been. With the bill came a peremptory letter demanding immediate payment, and threatening legal action.

The bill was for seven hundred and fifty-one Finnish marks (about \$150, or £30), being twenty-seven dollars (£5, 8s.) more than the right amount. The common commercial custom of the country provides for long credit. The amount was unjust, the usual time of payment was not given, and legal proceedings threatened. This was a wholly unexpected and distressing complication.

She was troubled to know what to do about the unjust increase in the bill. The difference of one hundred and thirty marks was a serious one in the condition of the chapel funds,

and the great difficulty experienced in getting funds. She could refuse to pay, and go to law, but that meant endless trouble, and additional expense; and, further, she could not feel free in her heart about engaging in a lawsuit over the Lord's work. The words of Matthew 5:40 came repeatedly to mind. Finally she decided to pay the full amount if she must, but only under strong protest against the injustice. It greatly strengthened her afterwards in praying for the money that she was acting in the spirit of the Master's teaching.

The chapel funds were made up wholly of free-will offerings by the people attending the services. The people are very poor; the funds were very low. Our friend stood quite alone in the responsibility. There had been much opposition among the church people to the chapel being built. It was a time of sore stress of soul. She cried to God, and there came to her a great quiet peace, that seemed to brood over her. Then she commenced praying for the



money. This was in May of 1908. The legal action, if taken, would give her until October.

Then followed a never-to-be-forgotten time of tireless effort, constant disappointment, unceasing prayer, sore stress of spirit and yet a strangely quiet peace,—all intermingled. Every effort to get the money, either by gift or by borrowing was entirely fruitless. There seemed only a stone wall at every turn. There was criticism, reproach, and even sneers, but very little money. Her difficulty became known in the little community, and was freely discussed, especially by those opposed to the chapel, who said that now it must be sold to pay this debt.

Still, she prayed. In her words, "The prayer lamp burned day and night." It was a time of great searching of heart and sore strain in her spirit. The final time of payment drew near. Now something must be done. The law officer or sheriff was a friendly man, but, of course, must do his duty. A last effort, involving a journey to a near-by town, proved unavailing. The man she hoped to see was abroad; his wife thought she ought not to have begun building till she had the money. As she returned on the train her spirit was in the deepest concern and yet there was that strange sense of peace that would not leave.

#### THE STORY.

That was a wondrous time on the train. The brooding presence of Jesus seemed so near as she quietly sat thinking while the train noisily hurried on. Her soul was drawn out in prayer to an unusual extent. In her dire extremity she cast herself upon God. Then there came into her mind something she had thought of all during the building of the chapel. But now it seemed to have a new meaning. Her mind was turned to the time in the desert when the loaves and fishes were multiplied. Then this prayer seemed given to her that God would touch her slender chapel funds and do as in the desert—make them sufficient for the need.

On her return home as soon as she could get time from her work, she went to the drawer to get the little box where the chapel funds were kept. She had counted the money before that last journey, and found she had just three hundred and fifty marks (\$70 or £14). Now she took the box out to the sitting room. She had on hand ninety marks (\$18, or £3, 12s) of her own personal money. This she added to the Lord's money and poured all out on the table.

It was at the noon hour. The post-office which was in one part of the dwelling, was closed. She was quite alone.

She bowed in prayer over the table, spreading her hands out over the little heap of money, and prayed that God would indeed do as she believed He was leading her to ask. In simple, childlike language she said: "Lord Jesus, bless Thy money as Thou didst the loaves in the wilderness. I will put my loaves, too, in Thy hands, and do Thou let them with Thine meet this need; let this money cover the amount of this bill." So she remained a little in prayer.

#### THE MIRACLE BEGINS.

Then she counted one hundred marks (\$20, or £4), and put it in a little heap by itself, then a second hundred, and a third, and so on, until there were seven such heaps of one hundred each, and a smaller heap of fifty-one marks. And she noticed that there was now much gold, though there had not been much gold in the box. This brought to her mind the words of Isaiah 60:17: "For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron."

With a great awe filling her being, she fell upon her knees, thanking the Lord Jesus; then she rose and carefully counted again. Again she placed her hands upon the money, praising Jesus, whose presence seemed very real, and again she prayed that the money might remain until she could pay the law officer.

We went with her as she unlocked the drawer in which she always kept the Lord's treasure-box, and reverently handled the plain little wooden box. No one looking at the big business-like bunch of keys, which she always carried in her pocket and watching her unlocking the various drawers for papers and record books, and carefully locking each again, could have any doubt about that box being locked securely where no hand but hers could get at it.

Then she saw the sheriff, or law officer, and told him that now he could come, for she had the money. He couldn't believe her, knowing well her struggles, and asked where she got it. In her simple, quiet way she said the Lord had sent it. Two days later he said he would call on the morrow to collect the amount of the bill.

That day, when free from the post-office duties, and quite alone, she took the box, and spread the money out again. Now, she felt an impulse to put her own ninety marks in a

little heap by itself before counting the rest. She obeyed this impulse. Again she spread her hands over the money and prayed and praised; again she counted, and an additional touch of God's power was revealed—there was the full sum of seven hundred and fifty-one marks without her own scant, hard-earned and hard-saved money.

With heart too full for words she fell upon her knees, praising the Lord again and again. She understood better now what the Master was doing; she had freely given all her own reserve, but He would make the funds enough without her own slender store. Again she prayed that the money might remain until the collector came.

The next day he came. She had him sit at the opposite side of the table while she told him her story. He was much moved. Then she did as before, poured the money out of the box, quietly prayed and praised over it, then counted it out to the man. Now some few silver coins were left over, after the bill was paid, though she had put her own money aside. She had often prayed that that little Lord's treasury-box might never be quite empty, and that prayer was now being remembered. The collector was greatly moved, and drew five marks from his pocket saying, "I want to put a little to this wonderful money."

So the money was paid and the legal receipt duly made out. Then our friend wrote a note to be sent with the money to the lumber dealer. It said that the amount of the bill was unjust, as he knew, and was now being paid under strong protest, but in accordance with the spirit of love in the words of the Savior in Matthew 5:40. So the bit of witnessing went with the gold.

#### THROUGH SACRIFICE AND SUFFERING.

That is the story. She had three hundred and fifty Finnish marks in a little box under lock (\$70, or £14). To this she added ninety marks of her own, making four hundred and forty marks in all. This sum increased to seven hundred and fifty-one marks, an increase of three hundred and eleven marks (slightly over \$62, or £12, 8s). Then a second time it increased to seven hundred and fifty-one marks without her own ninety marks, a total increase of four hundred and one marks (slightly over \$80, £16); then it still further increased a slight sum, which remained in the box after this bill was paid.

This increase came through prayer alone, with-

out human means being used, though the utmost effort had been made to get human help. The prayer was offered only because she felt moved to do so. The increase came only after five months of tireless yet wearying effort, continual prayer, sore strain of spirit, and very much suffering of mind and spirit, and after real sacrifice that cut deep down into her own life. And that sacrifice was, as I incidentally learned, only a part of the sacrifice she had been yielding to in her own home and life, at every step, since the building of the chapel had commenced.

I must confess that we had rather a wet time, the interpreter, my wife, and I, as we sat with our friend listening to her story, looking at her neatly-kept diary of those wondrous days, watching reverently as she lived over again the stress and then the joy of those days, pausing with her as the sudden flush of feeling was quietly gotten under control, then listening again, and asking questions, and our hearts trying to praise such a faithful Savior and Friend and Master.

#### WHAT IT MEANS.

The teaching of this simple, startling story is very plain. And earnestly do I ask that no editorial shears shall ever part this paragraph and what follows from the story itself. The teaching is *not* that we are to ask God to multiply our money in this way; or, even that we *may* do so. If ever again He leads some trusting child of His to do something of this same sort, that one will recognize His leading without needing to depend on such an incident as this, and will recognize it better yet as the results come. This same thing may not occur again in a generation, or in many generations. I have never before heard of such a case, though for years I have kept a sharp look-out for striking actual experiences of God's dealings. This came in a sore emergency. It was an emergency transaction.

The simple teaching of the experience for us is this: God never fails any one who depends upon Him. He never disappoints. His Word never fails. True prayer guided by the Holy Spirit, bathed in the spirit of sacrifice, never fails, and cannot. Should an emergency arise, where men have wholly refused to let Him use them in sending help, and everything else fails, he will do an act of creation before He will let His Word fail, or let any trusting child of His be disappointed in his dependence upon Him. God Himself is the only one who knows when such

an emergency arises. *His spirit guides the prayer.* This is the one touch-stone of all true prayer.

Some might think, without thinking much, that here is an easy way out of money difficulties, if we can go to God and have our money increased in this way. Yet such a thing may not occur even in sore need. For notice, this little chapel is not yet wholly paid for. This is one of the burdens of service which our Finnish friend, at her country post-office up yonder, is carrying just now and constantly praying over. There yet remains (at this writing) over eight hundred dollars (£160) unpaid.\* That is a large sum to these people, to whom the chapel has become a spiritual home; much more than it sounds to American or British ears. They are poor country folk. The money being given constantly comes out of hard-earned, and carefully counted, and frugally eked-out funds. Our friend has no thought of praying that this debt shall be met in like manner. That prayer has not been put into her heart. Where it is all to come from she often wonders, as she prays and plans and nurses the funds, and prays some more.

#### THE SCHOOL OF PRAYER.

There's a further bit of a living sermon here. It is this: true prayer is put into our hearts by the Holy Spirit. The yearnings of our hearts after God, and for loved ones, and for special needs, are simply echoed yearnings. They are in God's heart. They are there first, and most. They are simply echoed in our hearts from His. His great yearning is that we shall be in such simple touch with Himself that He can echo His own heart's longings in our hearts.

In our quiet brooding-time, alone with Him over His inspired Word, day after day, He draws near to us. He trains our judgment. He schools our understanding. He disciplines our inner spirit. He opens the eyes of our hearts (Eph. 1:18.) He teaches us what to pray for, and how to pray, and—*even more*—how to pray persistently.

There was a special session of five months in that schoolroom of prayer, before *He* put into our Finnish friend's heart the prayer which from the first He planned that she should offer. She wasn't ready to offer it till it was put into her heart. If she had offered it sooner of her own accord, it would have brought nothing.

\* The title to the property is vested in a holding board of trustees, which has been formed to hold the title to all Free Church property in Finland, so best meeting the legal situation.

True prayer is not a matter of logical conclusion mentally arrived at from examining some promise of God's Word. It is far deeper than that, while still very simple. True prayer is hammered into shape upon the anvil of the knees, while the fire burns hot, and every strike of the hammer is keenly felt.

It is difficult to tell the sense of awe mingled with intense interest with which we went down the very dusty road to look at the little chapel. It was a very unpretending structure, thoroughly built, and practically arranged. There was a smaller room opening out of the larger, with a little combination kitchen and sleeping-room at one side. Upstairs was the "prophet's chamber," combining sleeping and study-room for the preacher when they were so blest as to have some one come.

But Sunday is a busy day regardless of the presence of a "proper preacher." At ten is a Sunday-school in Finnish, at noon a preaching service which our friend takes when no one else can be gotten, at four a Swedish Sunday-school. The care-taker is a woman of practical versatility, keeping the place in order, opening it for services, sleeping in the combination kitchen, and being a converted woman, teaching the Finnish Sunday-school. About two hundred can be crowded in when all available space is thrown together.

But there were many more than that during the few days of meetings. The inner space was crowded almost to discomfort, speaker and interpreter having no extra elbow space on the platform. And each window brought to view a group of eager listeners standing without. Was it any wonder that in such a building the Spirit of God moved so mightily though gently upon human hearts! It seemed as though the heavens opened, and the upper gales blew softly down and swept over the people. Heart doors that had been tight shut opened up at that touch, and some only partly open swung wide.

As we walked over the little chapel with our quiet friend, questioning, listening, thinking, it became clear and then clearer that this story we had come for was only one chapter in a story. It was a sort of climax chapter; those going before were of the same sort, all leading up to this climax. It was a long story running through a number of years,—a story of longing, of struggle, of steady, patient fighting against difficulties of every imaginable sort, of most stubborn resistance to all her plannings.

as of some unseen spirit force that was pitted against her, of persistence in effort and prayer always *just a bit more* persistent than the resistance, and of an unfailing, unseen Friend by her side. Here seemed to be one secret of the final victory. This was the decisive factor. It was persistence that had won, and won only because it was more persistent, and would still hold on just a bit longer.

The Master's word in that prayer-parable of Luke 18 (vs. 1-8) came to mind, "always to pray, and not to faint." The chief thing in the conflict of life and of service is prayer. The chief temptation in such fighting and prayer is to tire out and give up. It seems as though some invisible power were trying to wear us out, to exhaust our bodily strength, and so our persistence. The chief factor in prayer, on the human side, is persistence, a gentle, cheery, undiscourageable persistence, but without the common element of stubbornness.

That word "stubborn" really stands for a sort of blind animal doggedness, from which the elements of intelligence and reasonableness are absent (Psa. 32:9). There is a strength that is strong enough to hold on, but not strong enough to do it graciously and to yield on non-essentials. The persistence that the Holy Spirit gives and strengthens, sees, feels, listens, shifts the position slightly here and there to meet the opposition more intelligently, but never yields on the main issue. Yet there is a quietness, a cheeriness, a gentleness of spirit, a sweet reasonableness wholly absent from persistence of the stubborn sort. This has enormous influence in breaking down the opposition. Only the Holy Spirit can give such persistence. And He can give it only to him who goes to school daily, steadily, and tries faithfully to learn his lessons. That is what the Master means by "not to faint." This cheery, undiscourageable persistence (Luke 11:8, 9), is one of the great traits of the prayer

that changes things; the other is definiteness (Matt. 18:19; Mark 11:24).

#### THE MIRACLE MERELY A CLIMAX.

Our friend's experience brought this all up to mind afresh. In the beginning, it seemed wholly impossible to get a lot on which to build. Slowly, bit by bit things changed; the foreign owner of the land wanted came unexpectedly on a visit to his property; the direct appeal was favorably received at last; in the change of ownership of a large tract a free grant was made for the chapel; then a bit of cunning, underhanded red-tape threatened to affect the clear title; finally, the bit of land was secured with a clear title in perpetuity. But it was fighting and keen work, one ditch after another, every step of the long, slow way; persistent opposition, yet more persistent hanging on, with the wondrous unseen Friend never failing in suggestion and in strength.

Then when building could be begun, it seemed impossible to get lumber. None was to be gotten anywhere. The season's supply was all bought up. But the faithful inner Friend kept her hopefully hoping in the midst of most hopeless circumstances. (Rom. 4:17-21.) Then an unexpected raft of logs came floating down the river. So, step by step, she plodded on; prices were lowered, unconverted men offered their labor, the best builder was secured, difficulties rose and were drowned. It was one long story of opposition, reproach, criticism, prayer, and the unfailing faithfulness of God. The bit that came at the end was simply a climax. It fitted perfectly as a capstone to the whole structure of faith going up with the going up of the chapel. That capstone was brought forth with glad shoutings of praise to our wondrous faithful God (Zech. 4:6-10).

And to the praise of His grace it is put down here that men may trust Him more, and more simply.

## Tongues and Prophecy

### First Corinthians Fourteen

Miss E. Sisson



THIS whole chapter shows that tongues, in the economy of God, had a very large place in the primitive church; although, as in history with all God's children in this as in every doctrine, grace or gift He has ever given His people, they had gone to an extreme and needed regulating. Yet no candid reader of the

Word but sees that tongues had a wider use both in the individual believer and in the assembly. Knowing God as we do it must be so. He would not have shed forth in the hour of its birth, upon the little waiting church, the Holy Ghost with an accompaniment of tongues upon every individual in it ("they all spake with tongues") had not the tongues to play through-  
**out the dispensation an important part.** "The

gifts and the callings of God are without repentance" and what God doeth "it shall be for ever." (Ecc. 3:14.) Alas, that for nearly two thousand years the devil has stolen much of the original pattern from the church of God. The hour has struck when God is restoring that pattern. Well for spiritual Israel if she is eager to grasp piece by piece the stolen goods, as God restores them to her hands. Surely God is saying dispensationally to Jesus our Elder Brother (Ezk. 43:10, 11): "Thou Son of Man, shew the house to the house of Israel (i. e., show the spiritual building to the spiritual body) "that they may be ashamed of their iniquities" (see from whence they have fallen) "and let them measure the pattern." "Oh," somebody objects, "this passage in Ezk. 43:10, 11, is God speaking to the Jews, His ancient literal Israel." True, my brother, but therein is God's nature exhibited and the principles upon which He acts toward His people of all ages and dispensations. As literal Israel had defiled His name (Ezk. 43:8) by "setting their threshold by His threshold and their post by His posts" so the changing of *His pattern* in any age by any people is equal defilement. "See that thou make all things according to the pattern" is an unchanging attitude toward humanity.

Certain it is, the book of Acts beginning with the first chapter and the command and promises of Jesus to tarrying ones, its second chapter and the result of such tarrying, its subsequent chapters and their pictures of the community of goods, the warm family life of the early church, the mighty revival power, the miracles, the dispossessing of demonized ones, the healing of the sick, the raising of the dead, the unearthly, the heavenly lives of early Christians, the zeal that caused the "good news" to be preached in one generation to all the then known world—certain it is, we repeat, this gospel of the Acts is the God-given pattern of the church. God by the Holy Ghost is today saying, "Let them measure the pattern" and Oh, glorious provision! "If they be ashamed of all they have done, shew them the form of the house," etc.

There is much lost light yet to flash forth from the Acts and the Epistles if we keep constantly under the conditions of shamefacedness and contrition and willingness to be further instructed, further "shown." So, let us be in the deepest sense "contrite ones" if we would go forward with God in the restoration of all things belonging to the church apostolic.

Thus, according to the chapter we are now considering, "tongues" must play a large part both in the assemblies and in the lives of the believers. In it we are told to desire "spirituals" (lit. Greek) among which figures largely the "tongues." The "tongue" "is not a speaking unto man," but a direct speaking unto God Himself, all is then and there in the immediate presence of the living God, as the speaker is called down by the consciousness that Another is speaking through him, although to himself unintelligibly (unless God then and there gives him also the gift of interpretation). It is a "speaking mysteries." It is God "building up" the believer thus exercised (verse four) and Paul, speaking under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost says, "I would that ye all" were thus exercised of God (verse five). Praying in tongues is contrasted with ordinary prayer in which the mind also is used, as spirit-praying versus praying with the "understanding."

Now we, who have suffered all our lives long in ourselves and in others, with prayer where the understanding prayed in excess of the spirit, know the gain of pure spirit-prayer. Then who of us knows that the edification of *the whole body of Christ* is by that which "every joint supplieth," but feels the value of a God-given exercise in which the individual believer is "built up" or "edified." His edification is the hope of the edification of the body, for "whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored (built up) all the members rejoice (are built up) with it."

Yet great as is the stress laid upon tongues by inspiration speaking through Paul, much greater is that laid upon prophecy. "Follow after love and desire spirituals, *but rather that ye may prophesy.*" Reason? "For he that speaketh in a tongue speaketh not unto men but unto God, for no man understandeth; howbeit in the spirit he speaketh mysteries; but he that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification and exhortation and comfort." The "tongue" builds up the individual, but the prophecy builds up the church. "I would that ye all spake with tongues, but rather that ye prophesied." \* \* \* except ye intepret (which makes it prophecy added to tongues) "that the church may receive edifying," upbuilding.

In these instructions how greatly does God magnify His Word. "Forever, O Lord, Thy Word is settled in heaven." "He hath honored His Word above all His name." Prophecy,

while it has in it the element of foretelling future events, is in the bulk the proclaiming with divine inflation the truth of God; in other words pouring forth under the Spirit's energy the Word of God, and Spirit-given commentary on that Word. So this chapter lifts above all other ministry to the assembly the giving forth in the power of the Spirit the *Word of God.*" This is the main instrumentality depended upon by God in His pattern for the upbuilding of the church. We cannot afford to change the pattern one iota, for if we do we are in the greatest peril. Such changing is the way the devil will try to get into the Pentecostal Movement. Truth out of proportion is a lie in the devil's hand. It matters not how much he persecutes us from without, even if he succeeds in spilling the very blood of many of us. By such persecution the assembly can only grow: "The blood of the martyr is the seed of the church." But what he wants is to get inside the circles, help us with our terms, help us with our teachings, help us to get to fighting one another if the shibboleth of one is not the shibboleth of another.

Church history throughout the age shows how much Satan has had to do with the theology of the church, how much to do with shaping the teaching of every quickened movement down the ages. He is that old serpent standing in each successive age before the woman big with some new life of God (Rev. 12) "for to devour her child as soon as it was born." Many are the devices by which he devours the Holy-Ghost-child launched upon a new plane. In the days of Luther and the Reformation he succeeded in weaving in a doctrine of consubstantiation and a union with the state. From this level they soon sank into formality. In the English Church which in its protests against Romanism began with glorious martyrdoms, etc. Satan mixed in baptismal regeneration, state and church alliance, etc., etc. In the magnificent Wesleyan movement with all the mighty breath of God upon its beginnings, came the conference organization with its power vested in bishops and lesser clergy, and the possibilities of wire-pulling, love of power and worldliness crept in until lo! today!!!

God breathed upon a little body called Adventists and pricked them through and through with the truth of Christ's soon coming and a loud call to inworldliness and preparation to meet the Lord in the air. Satan came in to work them

up (right in face of the word, "of that day and hour knoweth no man") to fix *the day* of His appearing, threw consternation in the ranks and disrepute upon the doctrine of the Second Coming from which the truth did not recover for more than fifty years. Then came that learned divine, Irving, with a great mouthful of spiritual illumination God had given him, and soon crowning it all the Holy Ghost and tongues, healing of the sick, etc., etc., but the poor dear brother, brilliant man that he was, soon developed a system of church government and teachings so foreign to the Word that the Holy Ghost could not use the tongues God had given, the devil could and did—and thus ran away with that movement.

So, down the centuries, forms of error in life and practice have crept in through the want of four-footed walking in the Word of God—for so I must express what I saw several years ago in a place where God was greatly revealing Himself in Spirit-life and power. One under the control of the Spirit came into the Assembly and prophesied that in the last days would come such peril man could only *live* in the Word of God. He said, "I will show you how only we can live in the last days." He put down four Bibles in such fashion that each knee rested on a Bible and the palm of each hand rested on a Bible, thus like a four-footed animal he faced the congregation, saying: "So can we live in the last days, entirely off the earth (he was, of course, lifted off the platform on the four books), our whole weight on the Word." I have never been able to forget the bit of sacred pantomime. It had its message to me, if to no one else in that audience. We have come now upon the days when, if this Pentecostal Movement keeps pace with God they will be "the last days." But we who can, not only "look for" but "hasten (II. Pet. 8:12, marg.) the coming of the day of God" can also delay that coming. Had the Jews, whom God had trained for two thousand years for the event, received their Messiah and Heavenly Bridegroom, God would from that nation have developed and matured the Bride and ushered in His reign without the two thousand years of the Gentile parenthesis. Now, "through their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles," but had they taken their highest "how much more" should their riches then and there become the fullness of the Gentiles (Rom. 11:12). If all along both Jewish and Gentile ages God's plan has been delayed because His pattern has

been marred, never till that pattern is fully brought forth shall the winding up of the Gentile dispensation come *via* the giving of the Bride to the Heavenly Bridegroom, and thus the birth of the manchild (Rev. 12).

The pattern must be found in the Word of God, that is why in all the assemblies we must constantly honor it and square every particle of our lives by every particle of the Word. Every particle of it, constantly remembering that Satan can quote Scripture and Jesus overcame him in such assaults by replying, "It is written *again*." Remember that "not one jot or tittle of the Word shall ever pass away till all be fulfilled." To fall short of it, to deviate from it, to prolong any of its lines, these things have in them the elements of spiritual death and must delay God's plans. In many places we find Satan has brought in schisms ("beware of those who cause divisions") by separating assemblies on terms "two works of grace" and "one work of grace." No such terms are in the Bible. Again, many changes are rung on the words "Bible evidence"; no such term in the Bible. "We are never filled with the Holy Ghost till we speak in tongues." No such statement in the Word, but we are told that John the Baptist was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb. Elizabeth "filled with the Holy Ghost prophesied." Zacharias "filled with the Holy Ghost" prophesied. If we will get still deeper in the *Word* and continually yield ourselves to *full* obedience, every greatest and least error among us will pass away; not in the letter which killeth, but in the Spirit which giveth life, for some have made the error of binding themselves to the letter of the Word, and have become painful literalists in a dead letter for want of the filling with the

Holy Ghost. Life in them has been equally painful as in those who, through ignorance or as extremists have gone beyond the word or fallen short of it in fanaticism.

Danger on every hand,  
Traveling to Fatherland;  
Yet safe in Christ I stand,  
Glory to God!

Yes, safe in Christ and not safe in that particle of our life, our thought, our action, our phraseology, which is not of Christ as He is revealed in the Word. It takes *the Word*, only the Word, all the Word to reveal to us fully and hold us wholly in Christ.

We see in Revelation 19 when Christ returns as Conqueror, He returns under the emblazonment of the title "THE WORD OF GOD," and they that are with Him are under that lead. Why? Because in Him and them the Word was fully fulfilled in their *earthly* career. "See that thou make all things according to the pattern shown thee on the mount." Every mount of privilege shows us something more of this pattern for it shows us something more of the Word; the Word is the pattern. Wherefore God's message to us. Let us see to it that there is no "setting of our threshold by His threshold," lest we, too, "defile His holy name," and let us "measure the pattern" and "be ashamed" inasmuch as we have fallen short.

Oh, blessed shame-facedness and contrition! that induces God to go forward in our souls in showing us the whole pattern which has been lost to us now nearly two thousand years! These shown ones may indeed come back to earth with Jesus in the Conquerors' tread, living embodiments of the whole Word of God, those in whom it has been fully wrought out.

### Gadara and Christian Science

ANYONE familiar with Christian Science will admit that it would be fair to translate the account of the miracle referred to in the latter part of the eighth chapter of Matthew, into the language of the true "Scientist" (so-called).

THE MIRACLE AT GADARA AS TRANSLATED INTO  
THE LANGUAGE OF MARY G. EDDY.

MATTHEW 8:28-34.

28. And when he was come to the other side into the country of the Gergesenes, there met him two possessed with evils, or errors, having neither corporeality, nor mind, coming out of the place of illusions, the unreal and untrue, exceeding fierce in their unreality and il-

lusiveness so that the ordinary metaphysician would have much preferred to give them the absent treatment; yea, no compound idea of the infinite Spirit, no representation of Mind might pass by that way.

29. And, behold, they cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou highest human corporeal concept of the divine idea, rebuking and destroying error, thou divine ideal and highest presentation of Messiahship up to date? art thou come hither to arouse our errors and work vexatious torments by reason of the erroneous illusions of that which is not corporeality, mind, or even substance?

30. And there was a good way off from them an herd of many swine feeding.

31. So the mortal beliefs; corporealities; evil minds; supposed intelligences, or gods, yea, the errors and base hallucinations besought him saying, If thou dislodge our errors, corporealities, and that which is not Mind by the interpenetration of Truth, Mind, the only I, or Us, which outlines but is not outlined, suffer these false thoughts, errors, evil minds, these illusive substances and corporeal beliefs, to enter into and possess this herd of swine, which is not substance and can have no being, power, substance, corporeality, and which are *de facto* unreality.

32. And he said unto them, Go. And when these errors, hallucinations were swiftly expelled by the Truth they went into the large herd of unreal, non-corporeal, illusive swine, that which does not possess mind, substance, or corporeality, and they ran violently down a steep place and appeared to perish in an illusion, the lie of life in matter; the unreal and untrue; the opposite of life, but as a matter of fact, they did not perish, as matter has no real existence; they were simply freed from one belief, only to be fettered by another.

33. And they that kept them fled. That is, the men—the full representation of Mind, the only I, or Us, went their way into the city and appeared to tell everything that had happened to the two compound ideas of Spirit, the image and likeness of the divine Mind—that which had no corporeality, substance; that which had been previously possessed with errors, hallucinations; that which was opposed to Mind and divine Idea; the lie of life; the belief in sin, sickness and death; or, animal magnetism, or hypnotism, the self-made, or created by a tribal god, and put into the opposite of mind, termed matter—and how they had evanesced in the sea and its unreality.

34. And, behold, the whole city came out to meet Jesus, the one who bears the same relation to the divine Mind as does a drop of water to the ocean and which came to destroy incarnate error, and besought him that he would depart out of their coasts, which were mythological; illusions; substance, and life in non-intelligence; sensationless; the opposite of truth of which Mind takes no cognizance and dwells only in belief. —Selected.

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