



# The Latter Rain Evangel

*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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

## The Traits of Jeremiah

Worthy of Imitation by Teachers and Preachers of Today

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EVERY man has two sides to his character; what he is privately before God and what he seems to be in his public life. The world can see and know only the latter, but the prophet of the past as well as the preacher of righteousness today is distinctly conscious of the very intimate relation between the two. What he is in his conscious relationship with God will determine the character and the power of his message to the world, if indeed he be chosen of God to convey any message whatsoever. It is no more difficult to differentiate the true from the false today than it was to distinguish between the true and the false prophet of Jeremiah's time. The righteous preacher of righteousness cannot conceal himself. There is that unmistakable ring about his words which commands attention; his utterances bear the hall-mark of genuineness; there is thrown about his life that unconscious influence, that holy atmosphere which we can feel but cannot wholly understand nor describe.

It is because of these very considerations that we find such delight in the study of the character of Jeremiah. The weeping prophet of Anathoth, or as Ballantine calls him, "The prophet of the broken heart," betrayed in his tears, not the marks of weakness or cowardice, but the intense sympathy of his soul for his fellowmen and for his nation. His is a character so transparent, and yet so entirely human. He reveals with such frankness the workings of his mind that his prophecies are charged with a large element of human interest. Cause and effect are so clearly defined that we follow his lead with confidence and encounter practically no difficulty in deciding which traits of Jeremiah might well be imitated by the preachers and teachers of today.

For the purpose of our study we shall follow three distinct phases of Jeremiah's life and cull from each those outstanding characteristics which to us seem worthy of emulation: (1) the call of Jeremiah; (2) his public life as a prophet; and (3) his spiritual life as far as it is laid bare to us.

Jeremiah—"the man that Jehovah foundeth"—has been fittingly called "the prophet of the decline and fall of the Jewish monarchy." But no man ever felt himself less fitted to assume a

public role of this character than did Jeremiah. Until the time of his call Jeremiah seemed to have no premonition of the high office which awaited him in life. There he stood trembling before Jehovah, feeling in very truth a child, and deeply conscious of the lack of those qualities very necessary to the furnishing of a successful prophet. It was no sham modesty which provoked the cry, "I am but a child: I know not how to speak," but the cry of a soul which felt its utter unfitness for the task to which it was called. But Jehovah knew His man. Even from before his birth had he been sanctioned and appointed as a prophet, and all unconscious to himself had he been in training for just the call of this hour. It seems to be God's way to raise up His own instruments from time to time and train them for the work He has in hand, and Jeremiah was an illustration of this divine policy. Had he felt his competence for the task, his fitness to stand before kings, without doubt he would have defeated the very purpose which God had in store for him. Humility, dependence upon God, willingness to yield to His control were prime requisites in qualifying for the prophetic office. Jehovah would see to it that all necessary provision was made. The command to *go* guaranteed the strength for the action; the command to *speak* carried with it the mouth and words of wisdom; to stand before kings and prophesy the downfall of a nation or the building and the planting of another is to the spirit-directed man all the assurance he needs that "it shall be done." In God's hands the man of weakness becomes the fortified city, the iron pillar, the brazen walls, fear and dismay take wings and fly away; the eyes of the understanding are opened to see the visions of God, and behold, Jeremiah the baby, from the country village of Anathoth, becomes Jeremiah the prophet, standing between Jehovah and his own countrymen.

"When God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say." The very first utterance of Jeremiah's prophetic career was one of reproof and impending doom for his people. Surely not the kind of message which the prophet would have chosen for his maiden speech! His natural temperament was such that he must have quivered with anguish and have passed through the most intense suffering of

spirit before he could perform the work required of him. But he was faithful to the charge committed to him, and in the carrying out of his mission, his own feelings, his own sufferings, yea, his own life were as nothing. In keeping with the whole of the prophetic line Jeremiah thoroughly believed in and experienced the guidance of God. He waited for Him; and having obtained His directions, he uttered His message in confidence and with boldness. In that Jeremiah pronounced the message of Jehovah he was easily distinguished from the false prophet who took his cue from existing conditions and spoke only that which would find acceptance in the ears of the people and secure favor for himself.

The faithfulness of Jeremiah manifested itself still further in the intolerance with which he regarded sin. However much his heart might be torn by the sins of his people, he could not for a moment excuse them. Ballantine sums up the condition of the nation when he says that "as a prophet Jeremiah had not the satisfaction of reforming, inspiring or leading in anything. He found the whole nation gross, idolatrous, unchaste, false, dishonest, murderous, wilful, obstinate. Sodom and Gomorrah alone could furnish a parallel. And Jeremiah's work was to predict to these people invasion, famine, pestilence, drought, defeat, captivity, despair, the sack of the city and the destruction of the temple. No other prophet ever had such a task . . . .

Jeremiah stood alone, not that he was naturally polemical or uncompromising, nor for any reason in himself, but because the others were all wrong, and he was under a divine necessity to stand where he did." He pointed out to them unhesitatingly that Judah had become corrupt by following false gods instead of worshipping Jehovah. Jeremiah was faithful enough in the promulgation of his message. He could even show intense anger when (as in 18:19-23), he utters a vehement prayer against his enemies; he could even say a decided "Amen" in response to a curse pronounced upon the nation by Jehovah. But that was only one side of Jeremiah. A tigris may cuff her cubs, but let another try to cuff them and instantly the mother love asserts itself and she springs to their defense. So with Jeremiah. He could pour out judgment upon his nation, but when it seemed as if Jehovah had turned His back upon them, then with that true prophetic instinct he takes their part and pleads with Jehovah with such persistency that finally Jehovah is compelled to call a halt and forbid his praying further for them. Apparently their doom was fixed. "Pray not thou for this people,

neither lift up cry nor prayer for them; for I will not hear them in the time that they cry unto me because of their troubles." He could not for a long time yet give up interceding for his country, but events were continually constraining him to pray for the very judgments he sought to avert.

Was he a true patriot? is a question that we may well ask. His own people charged him with a gross lack of patriotism, and it is quite easy to understand that if he lived in our day such conduct would not be regarded as patriotic. This was surely a sore discipline for Jeremiah. There he was in the ardor of his patriotism praying that his country might be delivered, and all the time facing the ungrateful retorts of his countrymen that he was a traitor to the cause. It was not his fault, however, if he was forced into an attitude of apparent disloyalty. He deeply bewailed the fact that he was thus a prophet of doom, but he was moved to it by an irresistible inspiration. This inspiration came from the potter's house and found voice in the breaking of the potter's vessel in the Tophet Valley, henceforth to be known as "The Valley of Slaughter." Compelled as he was to quench all his hopes of patriotic pride, the quenching of which spelled captivity to himself and to others, nevertheless his patriotism sought the way of escape which would involve the least possible degree of ruin and suffering. And so he was led to counsel submission to the Babylonians; but even while he sought the best for his countrymen, they failed to understand his motives, and branded him as a weakling and a traitor.

Perhaps no characteristic stands out with greater prominence in the prophetic career of Jeremiah than the quality of unbending steadfastness. It showed itself in various ways. He started out upon his active ministry almost overwhelmed and certainly awed by the magnitude of the task before him; but from the moment that he put his hand to the plough there was never a thought of turning back. He calmly assumed his thankless task. To be sure he had his moments of discouragement; but these were only temporary and serve but to accentuate the humanity of the prophet.

There were times when his appeals fell upon deaf ears. The people were more willing to listen to the prophecy of peace from their false prophets than to entertain the warnings of this troubler of Judah; but strong in faith that his mission was God-appointed, the man of Anathoth kept on his way. There were times too when his contests with the priests and the people

waxed bitter. Then there came a time when his denunciation of judgment and the severity of his warnings aroused the most active opposition until it culminated in his being scourged and thrown into the stocks and later into the dungeon. Yet through it all he never wavered. He bore all his troubles with the calmness of heroic faith, buoyed up all the while by those dominant affections of love of God and love of country.

Some of the experiences which befell Jeremiah are not unlike those which inevitably confront the present day preacher and teacher of religion. There comes a crisis in his ministry when utter failure stares him in the face. Like Jeremiah he might even say "thou hast persuaded me, and I was persuaded; thou art stronger than I and hast prevailed." (*Vide* 20:7-13.) But the day comes when the Jewish kingdom must fall and Solomon's temple be razed to the ground, and then, naturally enough, he is tempted to feel that his ministry apparently has been a failure. The crisis has come. Will he weather the storm? Will he conclude with Jeremiah that he "will not make mention of him nor speak any more in his name," only to feel that inner compulsion which prohibits silence, and that burning fire shut up in his bones so that he is "weary with forbearing and cannot contain himself?" Jeremiah felt all the force of this powerful appeal. He continued to preach in spite of the meagre results. He saw clearly that "the visible success of a faithful preacher is no test of his acceptableness before God." Yet it was a testing time for him as it is for us all, a time when the heroism of endurance is called for. It is infinitely easier to do than to suffer; to labor than to wait; far, far easier to die than to live. But the patience begotten of such a testing is what gives fibre to the character. What iron is to the blood, so is this patient endurance to the life of the soul. "God appeals to the strength in Jeremiah, not to the weakness. The tear-stained face is lifted up calm once more. A new resolution creeps into the eye to prove worthy of the new responsibility. 'By God's grace I will fight, and fighting fall if need be. By God's grace I will contend even with horses; and I will go to the pride of Jordan through the jungle growl and snarl.' This was the result on Jeremiah, and it was the result required. Only a heroic soul could do the heroic work needed by Israel and by God, and it was the greatest heroism of all which was needed, the heroism of endurance."

In turning to the private and spiritual life of the prophet, the distinction between that and his

public life will at once be seen to be superficial. The two aspects are really so intimately related as to make a clear-cut division impossible. The relation is that of the flower and the fruit. The beautiful white flowers of the soul's prayer-life may be born to blush unseen save by the eyes of God, but their sweetness can never be dissipated on the desert air. They will later be manifested in life's fruitage, in the development of holy character, and in those fruits of the Spirit which are love, joy, peace, gentleness, meekness, goodness and truth.

Yet it will no doubt help us to look with reverent eyes into the depths of this pure, overflowing heart of Jeremiah, and discover if may be for ourselves some of the hidden springs which made his life so rich, so beautiful, so worthy of emulation by those of us who are called to similar public service. Perhaps no other of the sacred authors has taken us with such intimacy into his life, both public and private. He tells us how he came by his prophetic messages; the attendant circumstances of their delivery; and the nature of their reception. He gives us glimpses of his secret communings with God, the spring of that quiet strong power which so dignified his life. There he learned the lesson of unselfishness which is always so striking a characteristic of the true prophet, an unselfishness which entailed a life of rigid self-denial. Hugh Black speaks of the loneliness of life at the high altitudes. Such a loneliness was the lot of Jeremiah. In obedience to the divine intimation he offered what to a man of his race and temperament was a great sacrifice, home and wife and children. "Jeremiah had to pay the price of singularity. He had to learn not only to do without the sweet incense of popular favor, but also to stand unflinching even when it turned into the hot breath of hatred. He had to submit not only to be without friends, but to see friends become foes."

Then, too, in those secret communings, his heart grew tender and sensitive, so that he was able to speak kindly and hopefully to Jerusalem even when all occasion for it seemed to have passed. There he learned the secret of exultant triumph in God. There he came into harmony with the divine will. There he learned the lesson of the forgiving spirit; and if there was ever any morbid tendency to vindictiveness, there it found its grave. He matured into unruffled serenity. He was a man of earnest prayer and learned that the secret of prevailing prayer is in obedience to the will of God. He entered into fellowship with the Lord's suffering, not only in

the ignominy of his position, but in the vicariousness of his suffering. "By intense sympathy he so identified himself with his people as to feel their sins and sufferings his own, and bear them on his heart before his God. He was a priest, not merely by birth but by the grace of God; and his life, as a critical view of the Psalter proves, was a fertile seed of similar Christ-like self-forgetfulness." "By his life of personal communion with God, he becomes the spiritual father of those Psalmists, whose names are indeed unknown to us, but to whom we owe all the deeper outpourings of the heart to God which we find in the Book of Psalms."

The life and character of Jeremiah furnish an unusually fruitful field for the study of modern preachers and teachers. We have selected these few outstanding characteristic traits of the prophet as being especially worthy of imitation, but the present study can by no means be regarded as exhaustive. In Jeremiah we see a timid, shrinking man in the process of hardening. This will come home with peculiar force to many whom God has undoubtedly called, but who are deeply conscious of their unfitness for the task, and needing the reassurance of that sovereign voice, "They shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee: for I am with thee, saith Jehovah, to deliver thee."

Jeremiah was closely connected with the best religious characters of his times. The modern prophet who would fain join this noble company will find much to stimulate and much to emulate in the life of this remarkable man. It may, however, be for him as for Jeremiah, that the road to exaltation lies by the way of the cross. A prophet is always in advance of his times. He must be willing to be misunderstood and reckoned, as was Jeremiah, weak when he was strongest, morbid when he was bravest. It was winter in Jeremiah's time. So may it be for him. But winter is not death. Spring time will come again just as surely as God lives and reigns and his "soul shall be as a watered garden."

We cannot but feel that Jeremiah in his own person came nearest to the object of his quest when in obedience to the command of Jehovah he ran to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem in search of a man that doeth justly and seeketh the truth. To no other life do the words of the poet seem more applicable than to this devoted servant of the Lord:

"His life was gentle,  
And the elements so mixed in him,  
That nature might stand up and say to all the  
world,  
Behold a man!"

## The Practice of the Presence of God

### The Consecration of the Thoughts

F. F. Bosworth, Dallas, Texas, in the Stone Church, June 30, 1913



DO not believe there is anything more pleasing to me in all my Christian experience than the consecration of the thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." There is only one door through which the devil can find an entrance, and that is through our thoughts, and we have the power to close that door. Many times since I have been in this work as I have gone into places where the work was new and in fact never had been started, and naturally difficult, humanly speaking, to get it started, having to do so much praying to get the work established, I have found the enemy there telling me I would not get through and trying to put discouraging thoughts in my mind. But as soon as I found myself entertaining such thoughts, by an act of my own I would take my mind off all discouragement and put it on God's faithfulness, and in a moment I would be lifted out of a dejected state and become enthused over

the very thing Satan was trying to make me doubt. In one place we prayed for five months in the midst of adverse circumstances, but by meditating on God's faithfulness and many answers to prayer He gave us victory. In Romans 12 the Apostle exhorts us to present our bodies a living sacrifice, and that we shall be transformed by the *renewing of our minds*, that we may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. The Christian who has not learned to renew his mind as soon as he sees that it is pulling him back, never can prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. "Transformed by the renewing of your mind" is simply taking your mind off earthly things and putting it on heavenly. When a man takes his thoughts off temporal things and puts them on God, His majesty, His power and His glory, it will not be long until the transforming power of God will begin to work. Every Christian knows that when you have a great uplift and the real transforming power is operating upon

you it has always been at a time when you have had your mind on the Lord, and if we can have the transforming touch from God once a year, or once a month, then we can have it all the time if we keep our minds stayed on Him.

I once read a little book, "The Practice of the Presence of God" which told how Brother Lawrence who lived two or three hundred years ago was transformed by meditating on God. He was riding along one day in mid-winter and saw an ugly old tree; he started to meditate, and his meditations worked wonderful things for him. He thought of that tree and what a wonderful transformation would come to it with the breaking of spring. He was a wicked sinner at this time but he thought of the power back of that tree that could change that ugly tree into a thing of beauty. Then he began to think along the line of God changing a man and transforming his life, and it wasn't long until he put himself eternally and forever in God's hands and God saved him. He went to work in the kitchen of a Catholic monastery, at a kind of work which was very distasteful to him, but he made up his mind from the time he gave himself to God he would receive as an eternal truth the statement, "Lo, I am with you always," and act every hour as if he could see Him. He would practice His presence all the time and act as if God were really with him in visible form, and live only for Him. Everything he did was for the Lord. He constantly renewed his mind; no matter how often it would revert to other things he would deliberately put it back on God and do everything he did for God alone, and that is Scripture. After awhile God made Himself so intensely real to Brother Lawrence that for thirty-six years he lived a life of eternal joy. Even at the noon hour with everybody waiting for his meal, you would think he would be greatly diverted, yet he would possess his soul with as much tranquility as when he was preparing a sermon. He realized it took a little more grace at that time, and therefore appropriated it more than if he had been off by himself. God was so wonderfully real to him he didn't care about going out. His soul was sometimes so flooded at the noon hour when the greatest bustle was on he had to use means to moderate his joy. Oh that many people could so fix their minds on God and grow in grace! "Oh," says one, "I am a carpenter and I cannot think of God like another person." I want to read you just a word on that point from Ephesians 6:5, 6: "Servants be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling,

in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eyeservice, as men pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord and not to men." Some people say, "I do not like my job." Oh friends, suppose I was a carpenter and gave myself to God, and Jesus said to me, "You come out here, I want you to build a fence for Me. I will be with you all the time, stand with you and watch you nail all the slats on," don't you suppose while you were working you would do it as unto Him? The very work that otherwise would detract your attention from God, would help you to keep it on Him because you realized He was right by your side and you were doing it for Him. Brother Lawrence found that the thing that detracted most people helped him to keep his mind on God.

In Philippians 4:8 we read, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." This is a command of Scripture. The same Bible that says, "Thou shalt not kill," tells us to think of these good things and nothing else, and we can do that. Suppose you find yourself meditating on God, seeking your salvation, or baptism, and the enemy comes along and says, "You won't get it tonight"; your faith goes, your praise goes. The Bible says, "If there be any virtue," if it is helping you, then think on it, if not, then put your mind back on God and think His thoughts. All through the Christian life when the enemy presents a thought to us that will in any way discourage us we can deliberately slam the door in his face; he cannot get in any other way but through our thoughts. You can watch a thousand other ways and have trouble all the time, but if a man will let his mind be brought into captivity to Christ he shuts the door against the enemy. He cannot get at us except in that line. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." In Isaiah 55:7 God says, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts"; a sinner cannot come to God until he begins to forsake his thoughts, and as he begins to think Godward the transforming power of God begins to work. After people get saved they imagine they can think to suit themselves, but they cannot. God has a right to judge our thoughts. We consecrate our money, why not our thoughts which are the more important. If we consecrate our thoughts that includes everything.

The door is then shut against the enemy.

In I. Peter first chapter we read that because of the wonderful things in store for us, things which the Old Testament prophets sought and searched for diligently, and which angels desired to look into—because of the boundless scope of possibilities ahead of us we are exhorted to gird up the loins of our minds. The man who will not consecrate his thoughts is going to lose that which God has for him in this dispensation. It is absolutely wonderful the transforming power of thinking the thoughts of God. Over in the next letter Peter wrote that he would not be negligent to put them in remembrance of these things as long as he lived, and even after he died he wanted them to think about the things he taught.

When Paul wrote to the Corinthians in the second epistle, he said, "But I fear lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." If Satan can corrupt our minds he has us. The mind is where he works. I heard a returned missionary speak about twelve years ago giving a talk on the consecration of the thoughts, that was a greater blessing to me than anything I ever learned. To defeat the devil we deliberately, by an act of our will have to put our mind on God and think of His power, His wonderful work, His goodness and His benefits, and quickly we will find the power of God will begin to transform us. That can be a continual experience. David said, "I have more understanding than all my teachers; for thy testimonies are my meditation." He was just a little boy out on the hillside herding sheep, but he spent his time meditating on God and that transformed him and made him the great man he was. In the first Psalm he speaks about the righteous man meditating in the law of God day and night. My meditations are better after I go to sleep than before. Last night I had wonderful meditations. Listen to the result of meditating upon the things of God: This man "shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf also shall not wither and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." If a man can lose all his own ambition and start in to do nothing but the will of God, he will prosper. It may be farming or some other line, but he can practice the presence of God by keeping everything before the Lord. "I will meditate on Thy precepts and have respect unto Thy way." Do you notice how David put his will in, "I *will* meditate." There are

hundreds of verses on the same order. God cannot do a thing with us if we don't will with Him.

It may be a little hard at first to think the thoughts of God, but if we keep at it they become very precious. You learn a thing by repetition. A child when it begins to walk has to have his mind on his steps, but as it keeps repeating its steps after awhile he can walk all over. When I was teaching music the principle I worked on was repetition. I put the cornetist on the scales and saw that he played it correctly, no matter how slowly, and then repeated it over and over again, the first note and then the second, paying particular attention about the fingering, etc., but after he had played it hundreds of times he never once thought about his fingers; they worked involuntarily, just from habit. So it is on every line, and if a Christian will start in, and every time the enemy diverts his mind to things that do not edify, deliberately put it back on those that do, it will soon become a fixed habit with him, and he will be able to say like David, "How precious are Thy thoughts." It is wonderful how you can learn a thing by habit so that it requires no effort. Just like Brother Lawrence. At first it was a great effort for him to keep his mind on God but after awhile it became natural, a fixed habit. God gave him unbroken joy for thirty-six years and oftentimes he had to use means to moderate his joy. What he did, we can do. It is for every person, and God will keep the transforming power working in us all the time, "I hate vain thoughts but Thy law do I love." He would reject vain thoughts whenever he found himself entertaining them. Some places he was hedged about on every side but he kept on meditating. "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips: when I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night watches." The soul that will keep thinking God's thoughts and meditating His way, will begin to grow fat. One place it says that he will be kept in perfect peace. Friends, you can be a bookkeeper and do your work as unto the Lord; you can work for Marshall Field and serve the Lord, and if you do your work as though *He* were your Foreman you can do it as well and better than anyone else, and have your mind on God all the time. All kinds of work done for the Lord are joyful. That is the teaching of God's Word. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." The man who keeps his mind on God is the man

who can trust God. If you keep thinking God's thoughts faith will come into your heart in spite of yourself, and you will find yourself trusting in God without any effort whatever. In I. Cor. 13 we read, "Love thinketh no evil," none at all, and so if divine love is to be a continuous experience it never can be in connection with evil thoughts. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

In Job 42:2 we read, "I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from Thee." There is coming a time when the thoughts must be revealed. I'd hate to have had all my thoughts revealed before I gave myself to God. They are all to be revealed unless forgiven and washed away by the blood. If we think on the "whatsoevers" of Philippians 4:8 we shall not be ashamed to have them laid bare. Let us put this test to them: "If there be any virtue, think on these things."

## The Prayers of Resurrectionists

### "That I May Know the Power of His Resurrection"

Miss Alma E. Doering, Orebro, Sweden.



THE apostle prays, not that I may believe in the resurrection as an historical fact, (for *not* to do that would be attacking the very foundation of Christian truth) but his prayer is "that I may know the power of it." In other words he longs to *experience* practically that which he believes in.

#### WHAT IS THAT POWER?

After His resurrection, Christ did things He did not do before. Windows and doors were no longer the natural method by which He entered the meeting place of His disciples. He simply appeared and disappeared, suddenly. He did the *impossible*. If His unglorified body *before* the resurrection and crucifixion could have submitted to such defiances of the laws of space, Christ never chose, at least, to make use of that power. His ascension likewise was a display of power over the laws of gravitation, possible only after resurrection power had been in evidence. And *that* power is directed *usward* now. Eph. 1:19-20.

*Before* the resurrection He *promised* the Holy Ghost to them. *After*, He *gave*. Acts 2:33.

If those who are saved will learn this one lesson in starting out in their Christian life, to be willing to give up every vain thought as quickly as it comes to them, and persistently meditate on God and keep their thoughts in the supernatural realm, they will make wonderful progress. It will have a marvelous transforming power.

The trouble with many, they have been meditating on modern Christianity and not on God's thoughts. In the churches of today the old-fashioned Gospel is done away with; God doesn't work miracles. The gifts are done away with. Paul says, "I preach the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ." Some are preaching poverty. They do away with everything that has the supernatural in it. "Lift up your hand and join the church" but they are not regenerated. It takes divine power, supernatural power to transform a sinner into a Christian.

Let us meditate on the Word of God; think like we pray, and while we are thinking on holy things the transforming power is going on within us, unconsciously to ourselves. We partake of the divine nature as our thoughts dwell on God and the attributes that belong to Him.

*Before*, He laid down His life, but *afterward* He did the still greater thing, He took it back again. Now it has been argued that Mohammedans, pagans and worldlings have unselfishly laid down their lives for others. This great war illustrates something of this valor. Further, the psychic world has printed sensational testimonies of the raising of the dead in recent years through the mere power of hypnotism and suggestion, and we know that Antichrist is to come with great power and will imitate many of the miracles of Christ. We have lately been reading most brainy articles which try to prove that Christ's miracles of raising the dead though attributed to *supernatural* power did not belong in the realm of the *impossible*, for other "christs" have done the same. But there is *ONE* impossible thing other christs never did. History has never produced a single instance of a dead man giving *himself* life, apart from the agency of some living, visible operator. "I have power to take it again," is the rock against which all the miracles of higher criticism, hypnotism and magnetism, etc., strand. This power is without parallel. They cannot enter into the sanctuary of the *impossible*. Christ did, through the power of



His own resurrection, which forever will be God's testimony to the Godhead of the Son.

Even Pentecost has been imitated. Like the magicians in Moses' day, Satan's apostles still succeed in imitating much, but there were fruits of Pentecost which the world has never yet been able to imitate and never will. The shedding forth of Pentecost in its original pure apostolic power and form was above the supernatural. It comes within the realm of the impossible as far as human power goes.

That I may know that power, the power of the *impossible*, that was Paul's prayer. The power which Satan and the world cannot imitate. *That* is the resurrection power. If we want to know whether we are living in the power of the resurrection life, let us ask ourselves whether we are doing the thing which to us and to others seems *impossible*? Are we triumphing over barred doors, mountain high difficulties, heaven's closed windows, war embarrassments, missionary retrenchments, financial perplexities, empty missionary treasuries in the *power* of the resurrection? Paul was. The apostolic church was. You and I may just now in these troublesome times. WE SHALL! WE MUST! Never was the need for resurrection power and faith and joy so great as now. If the church *knows* that power, there must not be any retrenching along any God-appointed line of Christian activity. If our missionaries on the field are left to suffer and forced to curtail their labors for lack of corresponding sacrifice at the home end, then we have greatest evidence that we are not living in the power of His resurrection life.

Now, the greatest proof that Christ has risen from the dead is that there are men and women in this world who are living resurrection lives. They are the ones who refuse defeat. When difficulties increase, they only *intensify* the chivalrous spirit at any cost. We need to encourage each other in these days by citing real cases of present day resurrection power as manifested under the particular strain of *our* time. But before we pass on to that which will come in later articles, let us look at the way which Christ and His overcoming band attained the resurrection power. First of all,

THEY PRAYED AND BELIEVED FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE. The word impossible belongs to the language of faith. God loves hard things. He combines the little and the great. He deals with us after the wholesale-house fashion, handling the great things and the hardest things, as if they were mere trifles. Yet, like the retail dealer, he pays attention to the trifle. "It is *His* glory to make

*much* of a trifle, but His greater glory to make trifles of the mightiest and knottiest problems." Christ prayed for the impossible, *before* His resurrection and His power to do the *impossible* sprang out of the prayer which stormed the giant forts of impossibilities, though the grave lay between the long prayer-life and the full realization of resurrection power. He himself exercised and developed that mountain-removing faith in God. We have time for but two instances. We select those which lie nearest to the goal of His resurrection. In Gethsemane He struggled with an impossibility: "If it be *possible* remove this cup from me." (Note the *if*, implying that it might not be possible for God to save the fallen race in another way.) This, however, was a prayer for Himself. If the *cup* was His fear of succumbing in Gethsemane and thus cutting short His greater work of dying on the cross as a Lamb slain, he was heard according to Heb. 5:7.

Likewise His last intercessory prayer implied an impossibility. "Father forgive them," Forgive whom? The murderers of the Son of God, who wilfully sinned against better light, thus treading under foot the holy blood, Heb. 10:26-30, followed by "no more sacrifice for sins." In spite of the light Christ Himself had given, they wilfully did "despite to the Spirit of Grace," Heb. 6:4-6, and thus put themselves under the curse of Mark 3:29-30. They demonized Him, John 7:20; crucified Him under the label of blasphemy, John 19:7; accused Him of devilry, John 8:48; made Him a liar, John 19:21; decried Him a sinner, John 9:24; repeatedly branded Him with blasphemous motives, John 10:33, and pronounced Him a glutton, Matt. 11:18-19. Does it not seem that intercession for such as those was but the prayer of the impossible? And all that while the multitudes were looking on in stolid indifference; religious rulers reviling; soldiers mocking; a dying malefactor railing; speculators parting His garments; and GOD SILENT! God's answer to that which seemed a morally impossible request, was something greater, though His murderers paid the full penalty of their crime. That prayer for the IMPOSSIBLE entitled Him to the power to do the impossible, by way of laying down His life for them. Are you up against what *seems* to be the impossible? Your relentless prayer attitude then will furnish proof of the resurrection power in your life. PRAYER for the IMPOSSIBLE is the PRECEDENT OF POWER TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE.

The apostolic church proved that. Note the steps as you compare Acts 4:29-31 with chap. 5:12-16. *First*, persecution, 4:17. *Next*, IN-

CREASED activity in prayer, vs. 29-31, and ultimately the power prayed for in action, vs. 31 and chap. 5:12-16. Result: Impossible things asked for, impossible things accomplished. And all this in the face of threatened imprisonment and death. Certainly THEIR difficulties, which were far greater than ours, only intensified their ardor instead of lessening it. *That* is the way resurrection power works in the face of discouragements.

Peter in Acts 3 faces two impossibilities, one of giving money out of an empty purse and the other of healing an incurable. He chooses the greater problem and in the healing of the man, resurrected power ascends the throne. Peter's poverty and power went hand in hand. It often does. Note the connection between Phil. 4:12 and 13, and *visa versa* Rev. 3:17. Weakness and strength also are twin virtues with resurrectionists. II. Cor. 6:10 with 8:9 and 4:7 with 10-12 proves it. Why then fear poverty for Jesus' sake when He just now needs so much in order to push the battle to the very gates? Now is the time to discipline our powers of sacrifice and prayer for the greater tribulations just ahead of us.

Now, note how God invariably has fairly *driven* those whom He could trust up to the point of despair in claiming the impossible. See the prophet in Isaiah 50:6, 7 depicting the "setting of the face like a flint" right in the midst of the smiters to whom His anti-type Christ is offering His back as a field on which to lay deep their furrows. Flinty faith cuts right through impossibilities. The smitten one triumphantly becomes the smiter, who shall rule with a rod of iron. Flint turned to iron!!!

Praying, wrestling Daniel describing the terrible tribulation to come in our very age, sees the people who do know God being strong and doing exploits. (Dan. 11:32.) The difficulties are to rouse up the latent power as fire ignites dynamite, which without heat is harmless and useless, just as this war is furnishing the occasion for the exhibition of unparalleled chivalry and personal sacrifice. One of God's most glorious promises came in the hour of the IMPOSSIBLE. Isa. 49:16. "Thy walls are *always* before me" was an utterance made when those walls were a hopeless heap of ruins, but faith looked ahead to the miraculous restoration of Jerusalem then ages distant and grasped the IMPOSSIBLE. Trace up the history of impossibilities from Abraham down to the present day and you will find that this prayer-grapple with seemingly unsurmount-

able difficulties was God's gymnasium for *greater things*.

We believe that this is the need of the hour. We need men and women who will face the situation in the world today with a determination to win for God, and the extension of His kingdom in heathen lands *now*. All over, saints are awakening to the need of intense conflict. *The Way of Holiness* publishes an article which encourages us to express what we have keenly felt in these days when the writer herself has been a veritable storm centre which necessitated mountain-removing faith. In order to bring in other witnesses to this great truth we quote the following:

"When promising one of His greatest miracles through the ancient prophet God added, 'this is but a light thing in the eyes of the Lord.' When Jesus was about to heal the paralytic, He asks 'whether it is easier,' but man would have asked 'whether it is harder.' The *greatest* thing was *easy* for *Him*. All God's greatest acts have been impossibilities to any but Himself. Creation was the making of a universe out of nothing. Redemption was overcoming an impossible difficulty for human wisdom and power in being just and yet the justifier of the ungodly. God Himself has pronounced the sanctification of a soul impossible in the words, 'Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean thing?' NONE BUT GOD."

The support of Israel for a half a century was a miracle of Providence. David could not have his kingdom until he was reduced to such a helpless condition that it had to be a miracle of divine power. Jehoshaphat's mightiest victory came in the hour when baffled and helpless he could only say, "we have no might against this great company, neither know we what to do, *but our eyes are on Thee*." Hezekiah's healing came after even God had declared that he must die. Daniel's wonderful deliverance came after even Darius had found it impossible to find a way of escape for him. Esther was used of God to save her people after the irrevocable doom of the king which even he could not take back. Jeremiah's mightiest promise came when the Chaldeans were thundering at the gates of the city; then it was that God made him *step out on the impossible* by purchasing the field of Anathoth as the pledge of all the restoration of the land.

The parable of the midnight friend shows the friend helping AFTER the hour of service is past—and the time too late for any reasonable hope of help. It was when Paul reached a physical condition of helplessness and self despair and

having the sentence of death in himself that he rose to heights of faith overcoming the impossible. 2 Cor. 1:8-11.

Surely with such examples we need not fear to pray for the impossible. Have you a temptation to overcome, which has defeated and baffled you? Are there unsaved about you? Have you a physical infirmity or weakness too hard for human power to remove? Does it seem impossible for you to live a sanctified and victorious life? Are you laboring under the disadvantage of cramped resources? Have you work you would like to do for God with nothing but closed doors before you? PRAY FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Three months ago the writer stood before what seemed the impossible. She was just getting back the strength for which she and others were waging a battle of several years; just within the reach of sending re-enforcements to overwrought workers on the field; just concluded the preparations for sending help from Germany, when the war broke out and everybody said "no hope of sending workers this year." We knew that the German workers could not risk service in a Belgian colony. There were substitutes, but no funds. How God overruled physical weakness and gave the funds for two Swedish Pentecostal workers, we have reported, but again we were baffled by the thirty-five per cent increase in the price of steamer tickets and most of all by constant reports of Portugal, the only neutral country still sending vessels to the Kongo, soon becoming involved in war. Then the many shipwrecks as a result of the sea mines! IMPOSSIBLE, was the cry all about us! Next the lack of funds for our personal sailing and yet the pressure of the spirit to send three workers at once. In the midst of all these seeming impossibilities, the soul travail rested heavily upon us day and night until Christ gave a revelation of His promised safety and our brave workers accepted this guarantee. Today we have a telegram that they have passed the mined parts of the sea safely and are by this time approaching tropical waters. But, another very great difficulty presented itself. They were to catch a boat leaving in the month of November, but a strike on a North Sea boat on account of the dangers involved a delay and they missed the earlier boat. This will land them in Kongo right in the worst part of the year, in the hottest season, with a month's trying journey, trying to new comers even in the cool season. All three are inexperienced. They know Christ as their pharaoh and are shaking their heads and doubting. Beloved, will

you not join us in praying for the IMPOSSIBLE? Just because Satan has contested every single step of the way, and every step thus far has been a miracle of grace, the victory must be crowned not only with their safe arrival, but with exemption from fever. Mark 6:48-52 and 10:27.

\* \* \*

### Led by a Child

**I** THANK God this morning for the wonderful things He has done for me. I thank Him most of all for the blood that bought me. The loudest sermon I ever heard in my life was one of very few words. I was forty-two years old before I surrendered to the Lord and had never bowed the knee in prayer before in my life. I had seen such inconsistent teaching and inconsistent practice I had no use for Christianity. But I had a daughter who found the Lord one day in the revival season in a Methodist meeting and after she had found the Lord she found something she wasn't stingy with, and wanted others to have it too. She came to me and said, "Papa, I want you to come to the altar." I had been a man who always told the truth, paid my debts and lived an honest life, and I said, "Why daughter, I am all right." She said, "I know you are the best man in the world, but you are lost." That was the loudest sermon I ever heard: "but you are lost!" And that was the extent of the sermon, too. Preachers didn't seem to have any effect on me. I had read the Scriptures a good deal and acquainted myself with the Bible, but those words riveted themselves to my heart; I felt I ought to be leading my children and here was one who led me to the Lord. I had stayed away from God through looking at people's weaknesses, but I found out if everybody made a mistake it would not change God's Word, and I decided I'd go to the altar and seek the Lord. The second night I found Him and for four years I lay on my face until God gave me Pentecost. The first one whom I ever saw get the baptism got it under my own ministry. I have a different conception from some people. Many of our brethren think we are trying to climb up. I believe we are climbing down. You won't have to advertise your gifts or your calling; you won't have to advertise your humility. This spiritual body is a wonderful thing. And how we need to recognize it! The hand cannot do the duties of the eyes or the nose. The hand can only fill its own place. It knows just enough to reach out and get a cup of water and put it to the mouth. Let us keep in our places. I do not know what kind of a place I hold in the body, but I want to make me willing to take a humble position.—*Jacob Miller in the November Council.*

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**Notes**

W e take this opportunity of thanking our readers for their kind words and hearty co-operation in sending out THE EVANGEL. Every day the mail brings assurance of blessing received through the paper. The goodness of God in using it in blessing to so many lives, melts our hearts, and we are deeply grateful to Him for enabling us to send it forth, and for His approval upon it. Each year is crowned with His goodness, and the words of appreciation and love from hearts of those whose lives have been touched and quickened are like the precious spikenard from the alabaster box, the fragrance of which fills our daily toil and makes it a joy.

\* \* \*

Most of all we are grateful to God for the medium He has made THE EVANGEL of transmitting funds to the foreign field, thereby enabling us to help clothe, feed and house a large number of missionaries. It is a trust given to us both by God and the people, and we hold it very sacred. We are always glad when people get direct leading regarding the dispensing of their money consecrated to the foreign field, and we take pleasure in carrying out their wishes and forwarding it to those who are worthy, but when left to us we endeavor to forward it to the field where it will accomplish most for God and at the same time supply a deep need.

Several years ago we sent \$25 to the Soudan and have just recently heard of how that \$25 bore

fruit. A returned missionary, Miss Clark, addressing the Young Peoples' Meeting at the Church told of how she earnestly prayed for \$25 that she might be able to undertake the training of a boy whom the Lord had laid on her heart, and in answer to her prayer that \$25 came from this center. But the cause for the greatest thanksgiving is the fact that that boy, now grown into manhood, is preaching the Gospel and winning souls for Jesus. Let us continue to "sow beside all waters," and with our prayers and tears water the precious seed that it may bring forth a rich harvest.

**God's Faithfulness**

I N the light of recent events pertaining to the Church we cannot but express our deep gratitude to God for His mercy and love which overshadowed us in the testing days, and for keeping His hand upon us in the most trying ordeal the Church ever passed through. God has lifted us out of our night of sorrow and we feel we are at the dawning of a new day.

As we reflect on similar trials through which other churches have passed and how in many cases they have never recovered from the havoc wrought, and then compare God's marvelous condescension to us in stooping to lift us up and letting the light of His countenance again shine upon us, we are overwhelmed with His goodness.

Several months ago when church relations were strained, the Spirit of the Lord, though somewhat trammled, was striving to warn us of impending danger. One had a vision of the Lord Jesus standing by the door, with His hand on the knob as if to pass out, and looking back, oh so sorrowfully! A second and a third time this same vision passed before her; we felt it was a warning and were driven to our knees. Others had similar warnings, and through all God was working.

The Lord has His plans for our individual lives and for our church life, and while they may be thwarted for a long time He will carry them out if we are submissive to Him, even though He has to bring a man from the other side of the world to do it. When God brought Elder Andrew L. Fraser from China none could have foreseen that it was for the purpose of shepherding the Stone Church, but such it has proved to be. More than a year ago, a sister sitting in the audience on a Sunday afternoon, saw a strange person on the platform. Suddenly he disappeared. The first time she saw Brother Fraser she recognized him as the man she had

seen in a vision about a year before, sitting on the platform. Other leadings of the Spirit showed God's thought and plan for us at the very time when we were seeking to know His will.

The *interim* was not without its valuable lessons, and we believe there was some design for the Church in that God's purposes did not ripen before. She must needs pass through the refining fire. Our great revival of 1913 was a wonderful blessing, not only to The Stone Church but to the Pentecostal world, yet there is often more spiritual growth and development under trial than in the mountain-top experiences. The sowing time is just as essential as the reaping, and the deepening of the lives of the people as necessary as the "glory" touches. Nothing will purify gold but fire, and fiery trials are designed for a blessing. We often sang on our knees,

"Burn on! Burn on!  
Oh fire of God burn on!  
Till all my dross is burned away,  
Burn on! Burn on!  
Prepare me for the testing day."

Little did we think as we sang that prayer that the testing day was coming when the fire would try the metal of our lives as gold and silver is tried. It was hard sometimes for us to keep our eyes on the Assayer, and we often looked pityingly on the flesh as it writhed under the humiliations but we knew God would not permit us to be in the crucible longer than we could bear.

We realize that the prayers of many of God's children have been going up in our behalf, and they have not been in vain. From as far as the Pacific Coast comes a loving letter telling of intercession for the Church, and stating that the writer considers The Stone Church her home because of the spiritual food she received from it through the paper.

God has already lifted us out of the ashes of our humiliation and we are rejoicing in Him who is our salvation. The people have a hunger for the Word of God and eagerly flock to the two Bible classes conducted by the Pastor. On Tuesday night we have "Selected Studies from Cor-

inthians," and on Friday night the theme is "The Coming of the Lord." Interest is deepening on all lines and we are settling into a normal church life. A Divine Healing Meeting is held on Wednesday at 2:30, and God is honoring and putting His seal on this service by touching sick bodies.

We recently held two precious baptismal services, when a number of men from the Persian Mission and from Miss Mary Milk's Rescue Mission followed their Lord in the baptismal waters.

Both of these services were attended by the manifest presence of the Spirit; at the close of the first there were three baptized in the Holy Spirit, and during the second, while the Pastor was praying that God might put His Spirit upon the service, a sister in the audience saw a white dove slowly fly from the men's dressing-room and alight by the side of the baptistry, remaining there during the entire service, a beautiful symbol of the Spirit's presence.

\* \* \*

A number of inquiries have come to us concerning the former pastor of The Stone Church and some disappointment has been felt that we did not state matters more plainly, but we feel we have had the guidance of God in writing as we did. In its local application the Church has dealt with the offending brother, but we feel that in its wider sphere the duty devolves upon the Presbytery of the General Council.

### Asleep in Jesus

With deep regret we announce to our readers the home-going of Mrs. E. V. Baker, of "Elim," Rochester, N. Y., on January 19, 1915. After many years of faithful, efficient service in the Lord's vineyard she has been called to her reward. The loss to the Home and School is great and will be felt by a large circle of friends who have been blessed through her ministry. Our sympathies are with those who are left to bear the burdens of the work. They will feel the loss more keenly than can be put into words, but God who carries on His own work will raise up some one to step into the vacancy.

## Angelic Visitations



THE day of Angelic Visitations is not confined to Bible times. We read with awe and reverence the records of Abraham's angelic visitors, and longingly ponder over the story of how these heavenly beings visited Elijah and ministered to

his needs; we wish we might have lived in the days of the apostles when an angel broke the shackles from Peter's wrists and led him forth from prison; when he stood by Paul in the darkness of the night and bid him not to fear. But these remarkable experiences are not confined

to the apostles and prophets, nor do we have to turn back two thousand years or more to find the supernatural. The lives of God's children today are just as fruitful of miraculous manifestations, interventions of Providence and supernatural visitations as at the beginning of God's dealings with men. And as the age draws to a close and the days become more perilous because of the advancing hosts of Satanic forces swarming up from the pit, the God of heaven will, we believe, send His angelic hosts to rally to the protection of His saints, and we will see greater deliverances and more miraculous interventions than have ever been known in the past.

Often have instances of the guardianship of angels come to our notice proving the truth of the promise, "He shall give His angels charge over thee." God's children would never be safe in these awful days of sin and crime were it not for Divine protection, and the restraining hand He puts upon evil. We give below a few instances of our Heavenly Father's love and care, precious experiences in the lives of those who are now walking with God.

\* \* \*

A dear saint whom God had wonderfully blessed was compelled because of the Lord's dealings with her to lead a rather lonely life, so far as human companionship was concerned. Spiritually inclined she reached out after the things of God, and the man or woman who walks with God is often much alone. Spiritual food and Christian fellowship are often found outside our own home and family life, and in her search after God she frequently had to go alone to religious services, sometimes becoming quite fearful about being out late at night. So she cried to the Lord about it and He comforted her with this verse, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them," which promise He often proved to her.

Several years ago we were having a special series of Lectures at The Stone Church on the Book of Revelation, and this sister was greatly interested. One night the meeting was held unusually late and as the speaker pronounced the benediction he said as he had kept the people quite late and many had long distances to go he felt led to ask the Lord's special protection upon them and prayed that the angels might have charge over them and keep them. As he did that, the Spirit spoke to this sister and said that was for her. She said, "Yes, Lord, I do believe You will give Your angels charge over me," and started out. It was a dark night and

there was not a person on the street as she walked along the Avenue, but her mind was on the teaching of the evening and she had blessed communion with the Lord. As she neared the corner where she was to turn she saw a man going across the street and disappear up 41st Street. She commenced to pray and asked the Lord to protect her. Just as she came to the corner she saw him standing with his back against a house, evidently watching which way she would turn. As she started up 41st Street he walked ahead of her three or four steps, keeping quite near as they both walked along. At once the thought came to her that she was in danger, and the Spirit told her he was a "hold-up" man. She began to pray for guidance, whether she should turn back and take an Indiana Avenue car or go on, but the Spirit seemed to press her forward. Then the enemy said to her, "Now you will have to go under the Elevated Road and he will catch hold of you in that dark place, you had better turn back and run," but she felt that prayer that was offered at the close of the meeting would be answered. While there was not another person on the street, all at once a man appeared in front of her and walked right between her and the "hold-up" man. She felt perfectly at rest and had the greatest confidence in this man. She thought, "How strange it is that I feel so safe in this man's company, and that he has come to protect me!" They walked on, the three of them together; the man directly in front of her walked very deliberately, and the "hold-up" man hastened his steps. As they went on he turned down the first alley he came to, but the "guardian angel," for it was none other, continued walking ahead of her until she was within two or three doors of her home; then he disappeared down a stairway that led into a store. When she reached the house and thought it over the Lord gave her the verse, "The angel of His presence saved them."

\* \* \*

A young Christian but recently saved was going through a testing period. Discouraged and disheartened through manifold temptations and persecutions he had gotten into a backslidden state, and was almost ready to give up trying to be a Christian. In this condition he found himself one evening hurrying down the street of a large, crowded city, a conflict within his breast. As he neared the theater the devil said, "What is the use trying anymore; you might as well have a good time." He crossed the street and entered the theatre, walked up

to the ticket window and asked for a ticket. Just at that moment he felt some one laying a hand upon him. He turned expecting to see a policeman (he was under condemnation) but faced a young man a little older than himself in appearance, who said, "What are you doing here? I want to talk to you." He left off buying the ticket and followed this strange young man, out of the theatre and around the corner. As they walked on the stranger reminded him of all he had received of the Lord, and wherein he had failed to be like Jesus. The young Christian said to him rather roughly. "Who told you all this and what business is it of yours?" The stranger said, "I know all you have done today. I have watched you and seen all of your actions. Now go and make things right and ask for forgiveness and I will be with you."

As he finished speaking a fear took hold of the young Christian and in obedience to orders he turned and ran nearly all the way home. He asked forgiveness of those whom he had wronged, and did just what he was told, and as he obeyed a most blessed joy and peace filled his soul. He was flooded with a love for the Lord Jesus and an intense desire to do His will which has never left him to this day. Other and similar experiences have proved to him that this was an angel sent forth to minister to him in this time of testing and trial. The young brother shortly after received a call to Central America, and is now laboring in that hard field.

\* \* \*

An invalid was passing through severe physical suffering; every nerve in her body was tense with pain. She had obeyed the Word of God and called for the elder who had prayed and she had received a measure of relief, but as the small hours of the night drew on she succumbed to a new attack of the enemy. She felt it would be impossible to send again for prayer,

the minister's strength was already overtaxed by so many calls and it would be an imposition to send for him the second time and at so late an hour. But her physical agony was almost beyond endurance, and in great desperation she called on the Lord to come to her rescue. Suddenly the room seemed filled with a heavenly presence and she felt angelic hands laid upon her body from head to foot. As they touched her the pain left immediately, and she was healed.

\* \* \*

In a time of special testing, a husband and wife were one night awakened by an angelic host singing sweetest strains of heavenly music. Nearer and nearer they came until they filled the room, strains of surpassing sweetness that forever made the music of earth cheap and commonplace. Each listened breathlessly, fearing to speak lest a word might drive away the rapturous melodies. Verse after verse floated out on the midnight stillness, and finally died away as the heavenly messengers winged their way back to the glory world. The memory of that night lingered with them throughout their lives, one of the first of a number of supernatural visitations which came to them as the Lord led them into deeper truths.

\* \* \*

An authentic story comes to us of an angel saving a child's life. A little girl getting off a crowded street car with her mother, slipped and fell under the car and the heavy wheels passed over her body. The mother was ready to faint with fright, thinking the little life would be crushed, but the child looked assuringly into her mother's face and said, "Oh mother, an angel came and lifted the wheels." There was not a scratch upon her body, and all unseen by any but the child, an angel's hand had lifted the heavy car, and the little one arose unharmed.

A. C. R.

## "Take Heed to Yourselves"

### A Call for Christians to Awake!

C. E. Baker, Ottawa, Ontario, in The Stone Church, Nov. 16, 1914.



JUST as I was coming out of the Prayer-room tonight a song was being sung telling the Christians to awake; it was for the Christians, not the sinners. Today the light is shining as it has never shone since the days of the apostles, but do you know there is a sleepiness, a deadness, a settling down that is greater than at any time since those days, in

spite of all the power of the Holy Ghost as it is manifested in these times. I read in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew that they *all*, A-L-L, ALL slumbered and slept. Does it say they all were on fire? No! They all slumbered and slept. In the short time I have been in the Pentecostal movement I see the greatest difference in those who received their baptism. I see people just sitting down and folding their arms. What is the matter? They are just going to

sleep, that is all. Is it any wonder the poet caught the strain, "Christian awake! for thy light is come!" If I can stir up God's people to a knowledge of their position then I can stir up sinners to get to God.

My mind goes to the twenty-first chapter of Luke, which gives a wonderful account of the times of the Gentiles and how the Jew was going to be set aside until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled. Then the Lord goes on and tells us about the wars and rumors of wars, and the account of these last days. And with what does He finish? At the close of this chapter He says, "Take heed to yourselves." Is He talking to sinners? No. Take heed to yourselves, you Christian men and women in this building tonight, lest at any time your hearts that have been redeemed, be overcharged with surfeiting and cares. Brothers and sisters, many of us are going to be caught unawares by the coming of the Lord. We are talking about His Coming; but if He were to come right now there are a number in this building who would be most astoundingly surprised, and who if they had time to think before they went up would weep and wail that they were not more in earnest for souls.

We are commanded not to be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness. Do you know that you do not have to be drunk with wine, in order to be drunk. Many are drunken with the cares of their home; often men are drunken with the cares of business, others with pleasure; some are under a drunken stupor, but if we thought that Jesus was coming tomorrow it would not be so. The prayer-meeting tonight would last until morning. No one would be sleepy. Who here can tell me He is not coming? Who will guarantee that Jesus will not come before tomorrow night? Not one. Oh! this awful atmosphere that is in the world, that has caused the great falling away of the church of God, that is making everybody indifferent and holding people in the meshes of the world! This very atmosphere the children of God have to fight.

Take heed unto yourselves, for just as true as the moon is shining, just as true as the stars are placed in the heavens, we are in the last days of the Gentile age. Peter said we should not be ignorant of this one thing, that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." One day! What do I hear? I hear Hosea, the prophet talking. He says, "Come let us return unto the Lord." He is not talking to the Gentiles. He is prophesying to the Jews. He says, "After two days He will re-

vive us:" in the third day He will raise us up, and we will live in His sight." Well that is the third day of the dispersion, and the shutting out of the Jews from God's presence. Do you know that they are in the third day? When did they start to be shut out? In the captivity, when they went down into Babylon, and that was 606 B. C. That was their day. We read that in a few years later the Shekinah glory left the temple in Jerusalem; and we read in Chronicles of the destruction of that city and the complete captivity of the people. "What has that to do with the two days?" You say that was 606 years before Christ, and if you take 606 and add it to 1914, you have 2520 years, or two and a half of the Lord's years. And what does the prophet say? "Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten and He will bind us up. After two days will He revive us: in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight." That is the millennial reign, and that will happen in the third day. We are just in the middle of the third day from the time God started to discipline the Jews in Babylon.

If you want further evidence you can take the sending away of Nebuchadnezzar to eat grass as the ox, until seven times had passed—seven years. It is a type of the Gentile reign. Oh we are living in the last day of this Gentile age, and it is the sleepest day the world has ever known! It will take more power than ever to keep awake. Oh that God might keep us awake! Let us look a little at God's Word found in Jeremiah 16:14-21. This is the time when God is bringing back Israel again. As He said, He will bring two of this place, and two of that place and gather them again unto their own land. He says that He will send fishers after them, and those that the fishers cannot get, He will send hunters for them and bring them back.

Another Scripture I want to call your attention to is in Zech. 8:12: "For the seed shall be prosperous; the vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew; and I will cause the remnant of this people to possess all these things. And it shall come to pass, that as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah, and house of Israel; so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing; fear not, but let your hands be strong. For thus saith the Lord of hosts; As I thought to punish you when your fathers provoked me to wrath, saith the Lord of hosts, and I repented not: so again have I thought in these



days to do well unto Jerusalem and to the house of Judah: fear ye not." He has been punishing them for two and a half days, but he says, as "I repented not: so again have I thought in these days to do well unto Jerusalem and to the house of Judah." I am so glad for these prophecies because it means everything to have them fulfilled. If these prophecies should not be fulfilled it would be ill for us.

But they are being fulfilled in our very eyes. In Jer. 31:38 we read, "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner, etc. A man who has been only a few months from Jerusalem has reported how this very prophecy has been fulfilled. They built a great modern hotel, and when they went to hunt a site they chose what they thought would be an ideal one. They started to dig out the foundation and as they were throwing out the dirt, they came across the old foundation of that tower, and they found it was so well preserved that they could build right on the top of it. Some of the rabbis came along and became interested, and they found by the writing on the corner stone that it was the very tower of Hananeel. Of course the worldly men paid no attention to the old rabbis, they would not understand; but they went right on and built the hotel and that formed the very corner. From that corner the "measuring line" went forth, and it went from the old grave yard and the mountain of ashes. The ashes were analyzed and were found to be ashes of flesh and wood, and they knew it was from the sacrifices dumped there for hundreds of years. They found out the ashes could be used for cement, and before this man left the city half of the mountain was carried away. The measuring line was going forth, and they were building right where that mountain stood. People who read that prophecy say, "Here is a graveyard in the way; here are mountains in the way," but our God is a wonderful God, and here are the very words prophesied years before Christ first came, being carried out in our day right to the letter. I was talking to a Hebrew Christian who recently returned from Jerusalem, and he said there is a prophecy in the Word of God, "Thou shalt yet plant the hills of Samaria with vines," and today the hills of Samaria are literally covered with grape-vines, and the Jews planted them. That prophecy was almost impossible to the Jew, for he hated the very ground the Samaritans walked on; yet the day has come when they were in possession of that ground, and

this brother said when he left Palestine there were only about twenty families of Samaritans left. That was a year ago. I saw that man with a plow. The prophecy was that Zion should be like a plowed field; he said he bought that plow on the top of Mount Zion, and that when he saw it he had the men unhitch and sell it to him; I had the pleasure of seeing the very plow that fulfilled prophecy.

God is doing wonderful things in our day and fulfilling His word right before our eyes. In that day Jerusalem shall be as a city without walls. Only about thirty years ago they passed a law in Jerusalem that they would close the gates no more. This is something that never happened since the time of Christ. Those gates had been closed when the sun set until a little over thirty years ago, and the prophet said it would be like a city without a wall, people can go and come as they wish.

Here is another prophecy for these days: Joel 3:9, "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the people of war draw near; let them come up; Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears; let the weak say I am strong." The people have been proclaiming "Peace!" "Peace!" and they have been saying the world is getting better, but here is the Word of God which says, "Prepare for war!" I just read in tonight's paper where they made a trench four miles long and buried 40,000 Austrians in that one trench. I read further down where it says they estimated that 100,000 Germans were slain in four days; that probably meant 100,000 to 150,000 allies. There will be such a demand for steel that they will have to use up their old scrap-iron; beat their plowshares into swords. They may be doing that before this war is over. When a nation gets cut off, and they cannot get material from other nations its subjects will scour the barnyards and old machine-shops and scrap-heaps to get material with which to slay people. That is prophecy! Daniel says "the wise shall understand." We know who the wise are.

James says that we are to be patient unto the coming of the Lord, and calls our attention to the husbandman who waits for the precious fruit of the earth, and has long patience over it until he receives the early and the latter rain; the early rain starts the crop, and the latter rain matures it. "Be ye also patient." This latter rain is to hasten the coming of Jesus, and it means a great deal. If I hadn't seen this last rain falling I would not have looked for Jesus.

What did the first rain bring to the followers of Jesus? I look back and hear Peter praying in prison, and I see Paul and Silas in the stocks with their backs bleeding. I see Paul carried out and left as dead. I see him forsaking all for Jesus and counting everything loss. I see him being let out of an upper window in a basket. If that had been one of us we would think that if we had the real thing the Lord would strike our enemies down. Paul didn't get frightened when Jesus permitted him to go through the fire. The greater the trials and testings the more he rejoiced in God. They were hunted and driven, but not dismayed. The latter rain is the same as the former, must bear the same marks, but we like to forget about the persecution it brings. It will mean more a year from now to go through with God than it does at this time. There is a sifting going on and it will take those who are genuine to hold out.

I want to be on fire for God. I cry for God to help me to stand. I cry for Him to keep me true. I confess that I have to go on my face every day and call upon God to keep me on fire. I find myself dying down, and it is no wonder; but we are commanded to stir ourselves and press our way into the kingdom. Oh if we are not stirring and pressing in these days, we are not advancing very far. May God help us!

Jesus said, "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me." Sinner, would you not like to have a Jesus like this? He

is preparing a place for us. While we are up there feasting with Jesus, and with all the old patriarchs and prophets and apostles and all the loved of God, where will you be, sinner? This will be your company: "And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night forever and ever."

And this is the company that will be added there: "The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

Maybe there is a mother here tonight who has a beautiful, refined daughter, so delicate that the least rough word would shock her modesty; may be there is a father here who has a bright young boy, his face smooth and velvety, his manner in the house perfect, but they are not saved. Do you know the company this beautiful young woman and this manly young man will have? This list I have just read will be the ones they will spend eternity with unless they become saved. Friends, are your loved ones converted? Are you praying for them as you ought to pray? "The fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much." God is faithful and will hear the cry of His children in behalf of the sinful and sorrowing. May He help us all to be more faithful.

## A Soul Giving Up Its Idol

### Remarkable Story of a Conversion

Note—The following chapter from a life story is a true account of a girl's experience, although it reads like fiction. The author, for obvious reasons wishes her name withheld, but tells her struggles and victories with the hope of helping young people who may be having similar battles. There is more

than one valuable lesson in the narrative. In these days of the abdication of the parent, we are glad to publish that which will counteract the tendency to disregard parental authority. May God use the article in the upbuilding of character in any young person who may be put to a similar test.



FEEL led to tell the story of my conversion with the prayer that it may help some young person who may be going through a similar test.

We were living in Canada in a small village on the Grand River. My father was a strict Presbyterian and did not permit us to associate with other children. Most of the time we did not even go to the common school, but had a tutor. We had a high fence around our home and being nine in the family we didn't lack in companionship, but there were three families we were al-

lowed to associate with in the village. Among these were the children of a minister of the Church of England. With them we were quite intimate. The mother in this family had a Bible Class which many of the girls in the village attended, and I and my sister were amongst them. We were thrown in with this family quite a good deal and the eldest son fell in love with me and I with him at a very early age; I was not yet eighteen.

My father failed in business about this time and we were compelled to move to East Saginaw, Michigan, but before we left this young man and I became engaged. We were sit-

ting in the summer-house, and the moon shone beautifully, and he asked me to swear before God I would never break the engagement. He was attending college and would only see me at vacation time, and I was leaving shortly for East Saginaw. He asked me to hold up my hand as he held up his, before the beautiful moon that was shining so brightly, just as if God was looking down upon us, and we both promised. I made the vow in good faith, and had no desire to break the engagement. I was not, of course, converted at the time.

One day before we left Canada his mother came to me and said she noticed that her son was paying me a good deal of attention and she wanted to know if we were engaged. I told her just as he had instructed me, that we were not. The understanding between ourselves was that we were engaged before God and not before man. She said she hadn't any objection to me, that of all her Bible Class girls I would be her choice, but as her son was studying she wanted him to have his mind on his school work. We told the same falsehood to everybody who asked and felt perfectly justified in doing it.

We moved to East Saginaw and he came to see me every vacation. He was then at the University in Toronto studying for the ministry. One time he came to me and said, "You know I do not want to be a minister. I do not think I am fitted for it. I have no calling along that line. Father and mother have been insisting on it, but now I see a way of getting out of it. My aunt has given me five hundred dollars to help pay my way through college, and instead of using it that way I have a proposition to make to you." I asked him what it was and he said, "That you and I get married and go away to California." It was the time of the gold fever. I told him I would never run away with him, and further that I would not marry him unless he obeyed his father and mother and became a minister as they wished. I had very strong convictions about children obeying their parents and refused to marry him unless he would carry out their wishes. He tried his best to persuade me but I stood firm. Finally he said, "I will go back and do the best I can, but I am not doing it in the right way, I know. It is not for God but for you." I thought that was better than not to go at all and we parted in good faith, he going back to his studies.

One day he said to me, "What is it to be born again? You know my father doesn't preach that but your father does, and I believe as your father does about conversion and that we must be

changed. Now will you tell me what it means?" I told him I was not born again myself and could not tell. We both agreed then that we would pray about it, but we didn't do much praying then, we were too well pleased with each other. We didn't feel our need of a Savior then.

In East Saginaw they announced in the church we attended that they were going to have a revival. It was the time that Mr. Moody began his evangelistic work, and they asked him to come and carry on a revival between five different churches. None of the churches were large enough to hold the crowds, but four of them were open every night and Mr. Moody and his singer, Mr. Bliss, went from one church to another, sometimes taking them all in on one night; other ministers were helping in the services also. Since coming to East Saginaw my father saw such a need of Christian work that he held meetings in cottages, sometimes two and three a week, in different parts of the city where there were no churches, and he always took one of us girls with him to help in the singing. Many times in going home from those meetings he used to talk to me very seriously about giving my heart to the Lord, and said how much I could be used among the young people if I was only converted. He never got any satisfaction from me; I was so satisfied with my lover I didn't feel any need of Jesus. After the revival started we all attended the meetings regularly three times a day. One evening our minister said, "There are so many young people whose parents belong here, but who themselves are unconverted, and I am going to ask every one here who knows an unconverted soul to go and speak to him while the choir sings, that every one may be spoken to about his soul tonight." I wished I could drop through the floor, I was in such misery, and I made up my mind I would not let any one speak to me except it be the minister or my own father. While I was thinking about this my father slipped in beside me and took hold of my hand. He commenced talking to me as he had done many times before, but I just answered him "Yes" and "No," and he left me and went over to his seat. He put his head down on the bench in front of him and as I looked at him these words came to me, "You are bringing down your father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." I thought, "No, I won't do that, I want to be converted and do not know why I am not." I commenced praying about it a little but I was more sorry for my father than for myself. By and by the minister stood up and said, "Now I think everybody has been spoken to, perhaps

some would like to give a little testimony." Immediately a young girl who had been going to school with me arose. I had become acquainted with her and her twin sister and had invited them to attend our Sunday School, which they did. This girl was the first one to arise and say, "I have been longing for some one to speak to me about my soul. Tonight I have given my heart to Jesus." Her sister then arose and expressed herself in the same manner. I thought "That is such a simple thing to say, Lord, why can't I say I have given my heart to Jesus." And the Spirit said, "Because you haven't done it yet." "Well," I thought, "I want to do it. What is wrong that I cannot say what she said?" They gave out a hymn and we arose to sing. It was, "Oh for a closer walk with God," I sang along until I came to this verse,

"The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne  
And worship only Thee."

and then it seemed as if a sword pierced through my heart. It could not have hurt me more. I dropped into my seat, and my friend said, "Are you sick? You look so bad." I motioned to her to leave me, I didn't want to attract attention in a meeting, but from that time I didn't hear any more that transpired that night. The Lord showed me that my lover was my idol, that I had him on the throne of my heart and would have to give him up. I said I would never give him up; if I had ever known that it was he who was in the way I would not have expressed my desire to give my heart to Jesus. I'd rather be an infidel than live without him; life would not be worth living. I went out of the church feeling like that, and as I was going down the stairs I said, "If I ever come up these stairs again it will be a surprise to me, because I believe I will from this time on be an infidel. I do not believe there is a God." I started off to walk home, but my father called me to come in the car, as it was too far to walk home. I went to the far end of the car, and was suffering so intensely I didn't want any one to speak to me. As soon as I got home I went to my room and locked the door, determining that I would pray through, but I suffered terrible agony all night long. I had a real pain at my heart and although I am the mother of five children and know what it means to suffer pain, I never suffered as I did that night. I tried to bargain with God and told Him I'd give Him the highest throne if He would let

me have my friend on a lower throne, but ever and anon would come the words.

"The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee."

I said, "I cannot do it, Lord," and so I argued all night long. I went over to the window, which was down from the top, and leaning on the window buried my face in my hands and cried to the Lord to take away the pain at my heart and let me be converted without making this sacrifice. The Lord seemed to show me the Saginaw river, just two or three blocks from us, a nasty, dirty river, and I saw that in His sight my heart was just about that color, but if I would give Him my heart He would make it white as snow, and use me in the salvation of those girls on Canal Street. I had never known anything about bad girls, but some time after coming to East Saginaw there was a circus parade, and I saw a number of girls on horse-back flirting with the circus men. I thought they were part of the circus, but my mother said they were bad girls who lived on Canal Street, but she didn't want me to know anything more about them, so that night the Lord brought these girls up before me as I was trying to bargain with Him. But I didn't make a particle of headway.

While I was looking out of the window the devil said to me, "You might just as well throw yourself into that river. You never can give him up, and you will then get rid of this awful pain and suffering." I said, "That is just what I will do," and I knew just where to go. There were three bridges not very far from us, and I knew where the deepest water was and determined to go there. I started to slip down the back stairs so nobody would hear me, and while I was going down the stairs I was arrested by hearing father's voice telling Jesus what a stubborn, headstrong girl I was and praying that I might yield my heart to Him. As I listened to his prayer the thought came to me, "This is another way you are bringing down your father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave," and I determined I would go back and live the life of a martyr rather than bring any more sorrow to my father.

I went back to my room and was there until I heard the six o'clock whistle blow and I realized I had to go down and get the breakfast. I had the same dress on of the night before, and changed it that morning so my mother would not know I had not been in bed. I could not eat

any breakfast, and mother said to me, "You look as if you were sick." "Yes," I said, "I have a terrible headache." She said she would take my sisters to church and I could stay home that morning. I thought that was a wonderful privilege; as a rule we had to go whether we wanted to or not. When they were ready to go mother came to me and said, "Now, daughter, you get right with the Lord. You will be here all alone. Keep the shades down and just have this thing out." She went away and left me; I locked the door, threw myself on my knees and commenced telling the Lord all about it. I cried as if my heart would break, and said, "I want to get rid of this awful pain and get out of this extremity, but I cannot give up my lover. I am not willing to do it." Then a voice seemed to say to me, "Ask God to make you willing," but I was afraid He would do it. I did not want to be made willing. Finally after struggling awhile I said, "Lord, You make me willing to do Your will," and just as I said that, the willingness came into my heart, and it seemed as if the burden had gone, although the pain was still there. I knew just what I had to do, the Lord had been speaking to me all night long. All through the night I told the Lord many times I had sworn in His very presence I would not break this engagement and now He was making me do it.

While we were engaged we had agreed if the engagement ever was broken we would never send back the little trinkets we had given each other, or our letters, but we would burn everything, so I went through the house and gathered together all the pictures and books he had given me until I came to the parlor table, where lay a nice prayer-book, a gift from him. I thought, "I won't take that; that is the Word of God, I have no right to burn that," and turned away, when a voice said to me, "Go back and get that book. That will keep you back," and I had to do it. I had to make a full surrender; there was no holding on to anything. I carried the things to the stove and threw them in as quickly as I could, crying as if my heart would break while I was doing it. As I closed the door, a photograph, the last he had taken, was caught in the draft and blown back. He looked into my face as much as to say, "You are breaking your vow to me and to God. You promised you would never break your engagement." I shut the door and ran upstairs, holding my heart and crying out to the Lord if He didn't do something for me I would die. I thought then of how Jesus had died of a broken heart, not because of the nails, and felt my heart would soon break too

and I would be dead. I went to my room, got my Bible and took it to a dark room we called the trunk-room. It had green shutters and was perfectly dark. As I went there I thought I would read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, for Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and here was my heart almost broken and I felt He would speak to me through this chapter. I laid my Bible down on the trunk and as I did this, a bright light fell upon it, and as I was turning to this chapter, Isaiah 53, all at once there were letters moving just before me; they raised up off the Bible, living, moving letters, and they were these, "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." I had been saying that I didn't believe it was God who was asking me to make this sacrifice, but when these letters shone before me in the brightness, I held up my hands and said, "Yes, Lord, I do believe in You; I do give You my heart. I have done all now I possibly can do, and the result is with You. I cannot do any more." Just as I said these words my whole being was filled with light and it seemed I was lifted into heaven, the pain was gone and happiness and joy came. I was praising the Lord with all my heart and lifted off the floor. I said, "Oh, Jesus is here and I want to see Him." Just as I said *that* I felt my feet coming down to the floor, and the light commenced going up. The whole room was filled with a golden glow, a brightness far beyond the rays of the sun; it was the Shekinah glory, although I knew it not then, but that light went up and I saw it leave the room. Then I said, "I know now that Jesus is within me. Oh what a foolish girl I am to be hanging on to one whom I see only every six months, and I can have Jesus all the time." I was so happy; every bit of pain and burden was gone and I was as light as air. As I came out of that room I felt I had never known what happiness was before. I thought the night I was engaged was the happiest moment of my life, but this went beyond everything. The joy that filled my heart was inexpressible.

The time had arrived for the folks to come home, but I had promised the Lord I would not tell any one until I confessed Him in public. It had always been a cross for me to speak in meeting; for I was brought up to believe a woman should not speak in church. I had a friend who was a Baptist, and she had often said, "When you are converted and out and out for Christ you will be glad to confess Him in church or anywhere; then if you go all the way with

Him you will be immersed," but I was satisfied to believe in sprinkling. Now I told the Lord I would be baptized in water, speak in church and do anything He wanted me to do. While we were at lunch mother said to me, "There is going to be a testimony meeting over in the Baptist Church this afternoon for all those who have accepted Christ this week," and I thought, "Why is she saying that to me and not to the others?" She asked me if I would like to go and I said I would. As soon as we got outside, the world seemed so different. I could not help but talk to mother about it. I said, "Mother, why didn't you tell me the world was different to the Christian than to the unconverted?" And she said, "What does it look like to you?" "Everything is beautiful; the trees are just clapping their leaves together and saying, 'Praise the Lord;' the little birds do not chirp like they used to; they are saying 'Praise God!' 'Praise God!'" As we went through a swamp where there were toads and frogs I said, "Mother, listen! That frog is saying 'Glory to God!'" She said it didn't say that to her, that she was not converted the way I was.

It was a different world altogether and I thought of that verse in the Scripture, "The whole earth is full of Thy glory." I said, "Now I know the earth is filled with the glory of God but my eyes had never before been opened to see it. When we went into the church I was among the first to arise and say I had given my heart to God, but for five years I never told anybody of the struggle I had had. It was such a tender subject to me I could not speak of it. I soon wrote to my lover and told him that the Lord had made me give him up, and that I had broken the engagement not because I wanted to break my vow to God, but because He had made me do it, and if he wrote to me I would read the first letter, but after that I would not correspond with him any more; the engagement was broken for time and for eternity. He wrote back he didn't blame me for breaking the engagement, that he had made me lie, but that when he had finished his divinity course and had his ordination papers we would be married. I tore up his letter and heard no more from him at that time.

As mother and I came out of the church that afternoon I said, "Mother, you remember Mrs. M. She asked me a year ago what it was to be born again, and she was so disappointed I could not tell her because I was not born again myself, but I promised as soon as I was converted I would go to her and tell her." Mother told me to go and I went. I told her all about it. I re-

member so well how we sat with our arms around each other, both crying, I for very joy, and she because of what I told her about giving up my lover. Just then her husband who was an infidel walked in and when he heard that I had become converted, he took her off into another room and would not permit me to talk with her. I went home and told mother, and she said, "You pray and the Lord will take the matter in hand, which He did. Years afterward, that man died, and then she gave her heart to God.

After my conversion the Lord kept saying to me, "Africa!" "Africa!" Sometimes when I was praying I would open my eyes and see the map of Africa on the wall. Other times I would see a lot of children holding out their hands and saying, "Come and tell us what Jesus has done for you." As I opened my Bible, invariably it would open in the back part at the map of Africa. I asked my mother what it meant and she said she didn't understand. Of course we didn't have the light in those days that we have now, but she sent me to our minister and I told him I felt God wanted something of me, but I didn't know what it was. When I told him he said, "I understand what that is. The Lord wants you to be a missionary, but you know we are not sending any women out alone, especially a young girl like you. The Presbyterian church would not consent to that. If you are to become a missionary you must marry a missionary." Of course then my heart was so broken over what I had given up I did not want to marry any one, and I said, "Then it will never be." Then I said to him, "Can you not tell me about some work to do. I want to work for the Lord." He said he thought that I was working for the Lord. I had a Sunday School class in the mission and a class in the church but I felt I wanted to do more for Him. So my minister said to me, "You see that house over there?" pointing to a house across the street. "That millinery store?" I asked. "Yes, but that millinery store is only a blind. That house is run by a woman of bad reputation, and the Lord has kept that before my eyes ever since I came here. It is so close to the church and right across from the parsonage, and no one has gone to her. I have prayed about it and asked a number of women, but have not been able to get any one to go, I, of course, could not go. I wonder if you would go." I promised him I would if my mother would let me. He told me to pray about it and when I asked mother she said I might. She told me to take an old hat, take off the ribbon that was on it, and ask her to trim it over; and

that would give me an excuse. She also said, "Pray all the way down there that the Lord will have her alone, and then when she gives you the change, take her by the hand and tell her that the Lord has done a great thing for you and you want to tell her about your conversion." So I went and did just as mother had told me. When the woman was giving me the change, I said, "Oh God has done such a wonderful thing for me, I want to tell you about it. Have you time to listen?" "Yes, I have time." "Well, then, come and sit on this couch." We sat down and I put my arms about her, and I said to her, "You know I was a great sinner and rejected the Lord Jesus, and He forgave me and I feel so happy, my burden is all gone, and I want to tell you about it." She said, "If you knew what kind of a sinner I was you would not put your arms around me. Were you a sinner like me?" "No," I said, "I will tell you what kind of a sinner I was. I had an idol, and I kept that idol on the throne of my heart and kept God off." As I told her about Jesus she burst out crying and said, "Oh pray for me." We knelt down, and both prayed, and she became so burdened with her sin she forgot I was there. She cried with all her heart to the Lord and in a few minutes the light burst upon her and she put up her hands and said, "Oh precious Jesus You have all my sins." Her face changed. When the light of God shone upon her ugly, bloated countenance she became beautiful in my eyes. After she rose from her knees she said, "As long as I have been living here I have been thinking of that minister who lives across the way, who never came to tell me about Jesus, and of all the people who passed my door but never stopped to talk to me about Him. I am sick and tired of

this kind of life, but what will I do now that you have come. I cannot go to church, they would not let me in." "Yes," I told her, "you can go right to our church." "Can I sit with you?" "No, because I sit in the organ loft and play the organ, but you can sit right between my father and mother." "Oh they would never let me do it." I told her my father and mother loved sinners. She said she would love to go to church, she was so ignorant of the Bible, and she asked me to be sure and take her to my father and mother.

The next Sunday there was to be a funeral in the church, and I went down about an hour sooner to practice some of the hymns. I was playing "Asleep in Jesus" when I heard some one sobbing and crying, and looking down I saw this poor woman. I said, "Oh I thought your burden was all gone and you were happy in Jesus." "Yes, it is all gone and I have had such joy as I never knew before, but you are playing the hymn they sang at my mother's funeral, and I killed my mother with the life I have been living and I could not help but cry." I comforted her and told her the Lord would restore what the locusts and the canker-worm had destroyed. She said, "Yes, He will make me a blessing. He told me last night He was going to send me down to Canal Street."

She attended the meetings regularly and the next communion she joined the church. No one doubted that she was genuinely converted, she was such a happy Christian. She closed up her store and started on a new life; went down to Canal Street and commenced working there and was the means of hundreds of conversions. The Lord mightily used her in the slums of that city.

## Some Lessons in Humility

A. P. Collins, in the November Council Meeting.

**I** THANK God for two places where He dwells; one is in eternity and the other is in the humble heart. The humble heart is God's dwelling place on earth, and God will find that heart no matter where it is, nor what its surroundings; it may be in a palace or a fine cathedral; it may be in a hut or a tent—wherever a humble heart can be found, there you will find God's dwelling place on earth. God looks at the heart and no outside forms can keep Him out of a humble heart. The danger with us is in setting bounds and making conditions for our God. If God finds a humble heart in a mansion in this city, that is His dwelling place. If He finds a

humble heart beneath fine clothes, it is not for you or me to say that He cannot enter and dwell there. If He finds a humble heart beneath rags and tatters it is not for us to say He will not dwell there. If God finds humble people it matters not what may be their surroundings or their condition, He dwells with that people.

Now beloved you will suffer me to give a little word of admonition. Too many of our people have gone out to preach, and they have laid down this condition, external, perhaps, and have said God cannot do this or that unless you get rid of such-and-such thing. Now sin is the only thing that will keep God from coming into your

heart. Sin is the only thing that breaks our fellowship, and if sin is put away God can come in to stay and we can have fellowship with Him and with one another, for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin when we walk in the light.

And humility is not a thing to be advertised. The first moment you begin to advertise it, that moment it ceases to be humility. There is such a thing as having pride in apparent humility. If you will agree to subject your body to hardships, and agree with your flesh, the human spirit, to tell *that* some time in the future, the flesh will be quite willing for you to endure those things in order for you to get to tell it afterwards, but if you will say to yourself that you are willing to suffer these things and never mention them, that is a good way to crucify the flesh.

Humility is not a feeling of unworthiness. Many people seem to think that when they are feeling unworthy they are very humble, but humility is a joyful submission to God's will whatever it may be. If God were to dispatch two angels from heaven, one to sit on a throne and the other to sweep this building, each would do his work with equal cheerfulness and rejoice in the privilege of obeying God. That is it. Now I want prayer that I may stay in God's will, for that is the place to be found in order to be ready for the rapture. Two men were in the field; one was taken because he was ready, though he was in the field at work. Two women were grinding at the mill; one was taken because she was ready, though she was working at her regular duties. Two men in bed, one was taken because he was "ready" when he went to sleep.

"God resisteth the proud, but He giveth grace to the humble." My heart has been wounded when some of God's dear children have made remarks something like this: "I am very much deepened in the Lord;" "God has been taking me down very deep in Him;" another will say, "I have been scaling the heights." Somehow there is something in me that doesn't enjoy that. I fear some of the precious ones will go so deep I cannot go with them. Some people love for the impression to go out that they are very deep in the Lord, and that is not because of

plainness but because they so mystify things you cannot understand them. Beloved, let us be plain folks like Jesus. Let us not get so high up that the people cannot see us, nor go down so deep they cannot understand us.

When I was investigating this Movement I went to a campmeeting in Kansas. I was on the ground for the first meeting and stayed for the last. I saw things I didn't like, but I saw other things that were of God. One day a woman got up; she was rather tall anyhow, and she said she thanked God for Dr. So-and-so, and for the four-fold Gospel, and she concluded her testimony with a song in a high key, standing on tip-toe and said, "I feel I am ten feet tall." After she was through a little woman with tears running down her face arose and said, "Oh it is Jesus!" I found the woman who first testified didn't have the baptism in the Holy Ghost, but the little woman did, and the hunger in my heart was intensified. I said, "My God I want what that woman has that makes her magnify Jesus." It is Jesus! Without Him we are nothing. So let us hide away in Him. Let us walk in Him. Let us live in Him. He lives in us. Thank God for this blessed privilege of being one with Jesus. God help me to lift Him up. You talk about heights but when I measure Jesus I feel myself down low. You talk about depths, but when I think of Jesus and His wonderful wisdom and power and love it seems I am just wading on the shore. Oh God help us to be more and more like Jesus.

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SONGS OF HIS COMING is the Title of a new hymn book compiled by Thoro Harris. This book contains the best hymns from "Songs of Power" and a large collection of new ones. It has probably more hymns on the Second Coming of the Lord than any other song book in existence. There are also a number of old standards we all love so well, helpful for revival work. Among the best are, "Amen to Jesus," "The Bridal Procession," "Keep on Believing," "Joy Unspeakable," "Just the Same Today," "He Paid it All," "An Old Account Settled," "Death Hath no Terrors," "The Breaking of the Day," "He's Coming in the Cloud," "Victory," "He Cometh!" "The Royal Telephone," "Our Lord's Return to Earth Again," "Deeper, Deeper," "He's Real to Me," "Come and Dine," etc., etc. The book comprises a total of 345 hymns, among them a number of solos and duets. Price, bound in manilla, 25 cts. by mail; \$20.00 per hundred. If you are thinking of getting a new Song Book in your assembly send for a copy before ordering a supply.

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Services at the Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Ave., Chicago: Sunday 10 a. m., 3 and 7:30 p. m., Tues. and Fri. Bible Class at 7:45 p. m. Wed. 2:30, Divine Healing Meeting. Thurs. 7:45, Evangelistic Service.

Andrew L. Frazer, Pastor, Hardy Mitchell, Asst.