



The Latter Rain Evangel



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

Speaking Sacred Secrets in the Holy Place

Spiritual Stones Become Priceless Diamonds Thro the Illumination of the Word

A. W. Frodsham, Fergus, Ontario, in the Stone Church, March 2, 1915



UNDERSTAND you have been studying this wonderful fourteenth chapter of I. Corinthians. Though you and I have read it many times yet there are wonderful truths hidden within it of which we know nothing. Some may remember hearing of the wonderful diamond discovered in South Africa called the Cullinan diamond. It was as large as my fist. I was living in South Africa at the time, stopping in the house of a friend and they told me how this wonderful diamond was discovered by a friend of theirs who was manager in the Premier Mine. They had been sinking a shaft going deeper and deeper for diamonds. They cut the shaft through clay and the manager saw what he thought was a stone embedded in the side of the shaft. The experienced miners who had passed by this had never thought for one moment that it was a diamond, it was so large and so rough. This man coming along looked at it and began to pick it with his penknife, and he could hardly believe his eyes, when he discovered that it was a jewel of fabulous value. That diamond was taken over by the people of South Africa and presented to King Edward, and it was my privilege to see it. It was polished, part of it being set in the crown worn by King George and the other part in a pendant worn by Queen Mary.

This chapter, like that wonderful diamond, has been overlooked. People did not understand it, and now God has opened the eyes of some of us to see the wonderful things contained therein. It was a diamond overlooked by the church. They thought it was a big stone and it has turned out to be a precious diamond. This fourteenth chapter is in the Bible and in the New Testament, much as some would like it not to be there, and it contains forty verses; therefore the Holy Ghost, who spoke through God's servant, Paul, had a direct purpose in speaking so long a message on this subject. People say they do not understand it, and they do not want to, but what does it say in the thirty-seventh verse? "If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord." So this is not Paul's opinion, and if any person professes to be a Christian we are told

he is to take these as the commands of God and not as the permissive words of the Apostle Paul. One of the objections that people raise is that "tongues shall cease." Suppose you have a son in a foreign land, and get letters from him. Oh how you value those letters; you read them over and over again, but by and by the son comes home, and you do not read the letters. Why? Because he has come and he speaks face to face with you. The letter vanishes. We speak in another tongue now to our Father; we have wonderful communication with Him, but the time is coming when we shall speak face to face in a most wonderful, spiritual way, and then tongues will vanish away. And knowledge shall vanish away also. Why? Because we shall have such wonderful supernatural knowledge we shall not need earthly knowledge.

Before we take the positive side of the advantages I want to emphasize what Paul states, viz., (a) "I would that ye all spake with tongues;" (b) "I thank my God I speak in tongues more than you all;" (c) "Wherefore, brethren, covet to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues." We may call these the three minor or negative advantages.

This chapter was written for two objects; the first was to teach order and regulation of the gift of speaking in tongues and prophecy, and the second object was to teach them unselfishness; not to have a good time themselves at the expense of the church and other people. So if you will read the whole of this chapter with these ideas you will get the main outline.

Paul said, "I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than ye all." Paul knew what he was saying. He wasn't given to exaggeration. He said in one place, "I glory in the cross." What was the cross? It was the sign of shame, of ignominy, of defeat for the Son of God, as the gibbet in England today is a sign of shame. If a man is hanged on a gallows it is a disgrace. They shoot soldiers but they hang spies. So Christ suffered a felon's death. Crucifixion was the lowest, the meanest form of death, and Paul said, "I glory in the cross," and because he gloried in the cross he took upon himself the shame in a measure. It was a disgrace to be called a Christian in those days. He was a Roman citizen and yet he gloried in the cross of Christ. Now he goes a step further. He thanks God

that he speaks in tongues more than they all. The shame of the one was the shame of the other. Do you glory in the cross? Then he winds up by saying, "Forbid not to speak in tongues." Woe be to the man that does. Sin against Jesus Christ shall be forgiven, but sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven. I was praying over this one day and I said, "What is the meaning of this, Father? Do you honor the Holy Ghost more than You do Your Son?" He showed me that Jesus Christ was incarnate. He took upon Himself the form of a servant; He became man, and as man He had sin laid upon Him and therefore it was part of the punishment that He Himself could be spoken against. But the Holy Ghost was never incarnated, the Holy Ghost never took upon Himself sin, and therefore you cannot speak against the Holy Ghost lightly.

Now what are the advantages? (1) "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh not unto men, but unto God: for no man understandeth him; howbeit in the Spirit he speaketh mysteries." In Heb. 10:19 we read, "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus"—Rotherham translates that, "Having boldness of speech in the holy place by the blood of Jesus." Then we have here, "in the Spirit he speaketh mysteries" or sacred secrets. So we have the two ideas; knit them together and we have sacred mysteries with freedom of speech to utter them in the holy place. To my mind that is the first and greatest blessing of speaking in the new tongue. We speak not unto men but unto God. What are we speaking? We are speaking sacred secrets with an absent Lover, which you, your natural mind, your understanding is not allowed to enter into or grasp. The idea conveyed here is that it is a language used in initiation into a secret society, a spiritual language for a spiritual purpose. I belonged to the Free Masons at one time; the day I received my baptism I wrote a letter and gave up all connection with them, and the Lord baptized me in the evening of that same day. I am not telling you any secrets of Masonry but I will tell you this: in the lodge there is language used called religious language that a man may not tell outside the lodge, not even to his wife, it is language used and reserved entirely for the lodge, for the service connected with Free Masonry. It is a secret sacred to them. The same thought is conveyed here that when God gives a man a new tongue He gives him a way of speaking sacred secrets. It is not intended to be used

outside and is something that your natural man cannot fathom. It is just wonderful. Have you experienced it? Do you know what it means? You are speaking to God the things of God. God has put His Spirit within and the Spirit is craving and longing to answer back to God in a language fit for God and fit for heaven, and God in His wonderful condescension comes upon one by the Holy Spirit and takes out that which He puts in. Do you wonder the devil fights it? He fights as hard as he can to keep people from the baptism, and when they get it and speak in tongues he turns around and makes them believe it is themselves. Don't listen to him; this is always his second trick. He first says "it is no good" and directly a man speaks in tongues he plays another card and tells him it is himself. Woe be to the man or woman who listens to him. He came to me once like that. I was praying quite fast in tongues, and the devil came and tempted me that it was not of God, but the Lord answered the test I put to Him by making me speak faster. I had no more doubts after that. So it is a wonderful thing to speak the sacred secrets of God in the inner place, through the precious blood.

(2) "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue edifieth himself," or builds up himself; edification and comfort. He edifies himself and comforts himself. You know what it is. You can ascend with the Lord and for one solid hour or more you speak in the unknown tongue, flowing in, flowing out. You are building up yourself and the result is that you are strengthened and you feel light and happy in the Lord; building up yourself. And then if there is interpretation what happens?

(3) It edifies the church. What is the use of tongues? It edifies the church. It provides building material. See I. Cor. 3:12.

(4) Then we have here in the twenty-second verse, "Wherefore tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not." They are a sign therefore to the unbeliever. There are many of them about, you have seen them I dare say. Time and again when God by His mighty Spirit comes upon an individual in an assembly, perhaps speaking in tones of pathos, of anguish or of sympathy, or maybe in the voice of the thunderings of Sinai, the unsaved man trembles. They are a sign to the unbeliever.

Oh friends, the baptism in the Holy Ghost is a most marvelous experience. We walk by faith and not by sight. The Roman Catholics are de-

pending so much upon relics to strengthen their faith. There are relics of wood supposed to have been taken from the cross, enough to build dozens of frame houses in this city. If you go to Palestine, Jerusalem, it is difficult to find the very place where Christ was crucified. There are two sepulchres where He is supposed to have been buried and two places pointed out where He is supposed to have been born. God purposely has taken away all the outward evidence of the crucifixion and resurrection, so we are depending upon the Word of God alone. Jesus Christ, on the last great day of the feast stood up and said, "If any man thirst let him come unto Me, for he that believeth on Me out of his innermost parts shall flow rivers of living water. This spake He of the Spirit because Jesus was not yet glorified." Christ went down into the grave and God raised Him up above all principalities and powers, and every name that was named and set Him at His own right hand. The disciples in that upper room had no evidence at all that He was glorified. They believed He had gone back to heaven and that the advent of "the promise of the Father" was dependent upon the glorification of Jesus in the heaven of heavens, and so they waited ten days and then something marvelous happened. Something came right down from Jesus Christ who had received it from the Father, right down from glory, and rested upon the one hundred and twenty in that upper room. What did it prove? That Jesus Christ had been glorified, that He had reached the very throne of God, and received gifts for men, even the rebellious. He led captivity captive and there they had the supernatural proof of the resurrection, of the glorification of Jesus Christ. Friends, you and I have no cross, no relics of this or that, but when I hear of a person under the power of the Holy Ghost speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance, I understand that this same Jesus who on the day of Pentecost poured out the Holy Spirit, is glorified and has received the promise of the Father for me, and I have the evidence within me. Oh it is wonderful to think I have the witness within of the glorification of Jesus Christ. I have the glory within me. We say, "Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! Why? Because "the Spirit of God and of glory rests upon us." Do you wonder the devil fights it? Do you wonder the people are saying this and that and the other against you? It doesn't matter what they say because by this wonderful experience Christ has brought you into a place where you can speak to

God in a language He gives and understands. Oh it is wonderful! I sometimes wonder how people get along without it.

You see a kettle of water on the stove, the water is cold, but you put fire under it and the water begins to get warm. By and by it becomes hotter and hotter and goes off into steam. It is more powerful in steam than ever it was in cold water. So a man waits before God and becomes warmed by the fire within. As the power becomes stronger he cannot stand the pressure but goes off into steam, and we have the speaking to the Lord in another tongue; this, I believe, is preparing us for the translation.

The Lord showed me a little while ago a simple little illustration about pop-corn. You have all seen it put on the fire and subjected to heat. The heat penetrates right to the heart of the pop-corn, and as it becomes hotter and hotter it bursts and goes up, and what happens? On its way up it is turned inside out; it is changed, and the husks and dirty color are put on the inside and the beautiful, glorious white is on the outside. The fire of the Holy Ghost is burning in you and me, and by and by the fire will get so hot that the glory will be manifested in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. We shall be caught up and as we go God will change our vile bodies and clothe us in a robe of glistening whiteness. But as in the case of the pop-corn, some do not respond to the fire and rise but remain below brown and scorched; so there are those who will not be caught away but remain on the earth when the Lord comes.

Oh friends, where do you stand tonight? Are you pure inside? If you are not, the fire can purge you tonight. Before you can be caught up you will have to be purified, and there must be the fire to burn out the dross. You may pass amongst those with whom you associate as being all right but the Holy Ghost wants to work inside as well as out. Don't be afraid of the fire. The Lord will not permit it to be hotter than is necessary for the refining and the purifying. He is coming quickly and must have a prepared people. May God help us to be ready, clad in His righteousness.

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Call to Prayer

Zech. 10:1

Elizabeth Sisson



ASK ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds (margin lightnings) and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field." "In the time of the Latter Rain." Every part of the earth proclaims loudly to us now, *this* is the time of the Latter Rain. There is no speech nor language where its voice is not heard. Its sound has gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world. Its tongues have proclaimed miraculously everywhere "Jesus is coming soon. Get ready." In such an hour, the hour of the Latter Rain what are we to do? "Ask ye of the Lord RAIN in the time of the Latter Rain." It is now rain in "due season" (Lev. 26:4) because the *due* season for the rain of the Spirit is the time of the Latter Rain. It is as if one said to us in June, "Ask ye of the fruiterer strawberries in the *time of* strawberries," or a little later in July, "Ask ye of the vender green corn in the *time of* green corn." It would be useless to ask for either in November or January. Thus God is now saying to us "Have I not given you Pentecost and tongues? What for? To equip you to ask for more of the same sort." Rain is the need of the hour. Rain is the provision of the hour. Rain! rain! rain! The blessed rain of the Holy Ghost. Has He not said He will "pour" it out? (Acts 2:17.) Has He not said it shall come as "floods?" (Isa. 44:3.) Has He not shut us up to it as Salvation's *only* means? "Not by might nor by power but by My Spirit saith the Lord." *Therefore* ask. How long? "Till He come and rain righteousness upon you, *for* it is *time* to seek the Lord." (Hosea 10:12.) Yes, rain is God's blessed all-sufficient remedy. Are there splits and divisions in God's work? Ask ye of the Lord rain upon His precious children, who have got out of the way. More rain is the thing that will bring unity. Hearts will melt and flow together under a copious shower from heaven. Has the devil straps and bands on any of God's dear children? Give yourself to prayer, they can be broken. Are circumstances mountains of impossibility? Pray! A breath of the Almighty can blow them away—"The Spirit of the Lord bloweth." More of the Holy Ghost will do it. ASK. Has Satan tricked some dear ones

into false doctrines, and like Saul of old do they "verily think" they are "doing God's service" in their mis-steppings? "Ask ye of the Lord more rain upon them. Fresh operations of the Spirit only, can bring the light that will scatter the darkness. Have some fallen into sin, and are they today harder than adamantine rocks in their resistance of God? "Ask ye of the Lord rain." He can send crashing torrents upon them, mingled with His thunder and lightnings.

In fact, since the blessed Spirit is always and everywhere the only remedy—God's superabundant remedy, and this is now His "due season" for sending that remedy, "ASK ye of the Lord rain in the time of the Latter Rain." "so the Lord shall make bright clouds (margin lightnings) and give them showers." Had for the asking, not had without the asking. This is the God-appointed-channel through which the blessing is to come; *your prayers*. Oh! "He hath made a decree for the rain;" and a "way for the lightning of His thunder" (Job 28:26) not only in Nature, but much more in Grace. There are "treasurers" of His rain and His snow, "treasures" of His hail, which none will "enter" (Job 38:22) except those who tread this "way" of intercessory prayer, and pass into His "decree" of continuing therein. They shall see the wonderful answers, the "treasurers" which He has "reserved against the day of battle and war."

Have you ever observed the course of "the prayers of all saints" (Rev. 8:3) that were upon the golden altar which was before the throne? The left-over prayers, the cumulative prayers of the saints of all ages, which are poured out in the Tribulation Time; "filled with fire of the altar, and cast into the earth;" then "voices and thunderings and lightnings and earthquake." Not probably what they prayed for, or expected as answer to their prayers, but the judgments of God preparing the way for those answers. In the physical world, lightnings and crashing clouds, empty out the rains upon the earth. Holy writ has declared it: "When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness" (Isa. 26:9), for it is still true as when it first was sung by the mystics of the Middle Ages:

"And who is he that seeks the haven fair,
"The everlasting Home?

"The lonely and the outcast enter there,
"The glad heart will not come.

"To Me the weary cometh, when the way
 "Is steep and long and lone—
 "To Me the friendless, when the golden day
 "Behind the hills is gone."

The silver lining to many a cloud of judgment is mercy to them who are crushed under its judgment. For instance Rev. W. E. Boardman (President of Christian Commission, time of American Civil War) told me there was a constant revival on in the army during the war, a dozen or more men giving their heart to the Lord in the meetings just before going to battle, and many a soldier getting the vision of Jesus just as the cup was held to his dying lips; and a number who went to the battle field weak Christians, were made strong through the exigencies of the battle and the supply of God's grace. "Ah" he added "that terrible war was the devil's harvest field, but Jesus had a reaping inside of Satan's." Repeating something of this to Brother George Montgomery who has such large missionary interests in Mexico, he told me, "It is so indeed in Mexico. It is the scattered and peeled condition of the poor Mexicans that makes them so eager for salvation. I never saw such hunger for God, such openness to the Gospel, as among those benighted Roman Catholic communities. They seem to feel there is nothing left them but God, and oh, how they want Him!" Just now the daily papers are reporting (think of it, newspapers reporting God's revival! And we shall see greater things than this!) from the brother of the late journalist W. T. Stead, "The result of this war from the religious point of view promises to be a real national regeneration. The British army is now filled with the Puritan spirit, as no army has ever been since Cromwell's time. A common expression among them is, that now 'even soldiers have become religious.' Barely do the men go into the trenches, until they have offered prayer. I heard of several different companies that would not go into battle until after prayer." Ah! there is many a cloud which is "the dust of His feet" Nah. 1:3 (for He is on the way! All hail!) and anointed eyes see in the cloud "A cloud of the latter rain" (Prov. 15:16).

The anarchist's plan to dynamite simultaneously its churches, banks, wealthy residences, prominent millionaires, etc., discovered in New York City on March 2nd gives us a hint of what the Lord was talking about in the vision of the great image of Daniel 2:31-43. "Thou sawest the feet and the toes, part of potter's clay and part of iron." Students of prophecy have felt for some

time that this Age was well down in the feet and the toes of that image. They could see the iron in the laws of Governments, Capital and Monopolies, and the clay of popular resistance in Communes, Trades Unions, Socialists, Anarchists, etc. But the discovery of this deep laid and highly organized plot, gives a lurid light on the possibilities of a quick ripening of horrors far beyond those of the French Revolution. Yes, even the horrors of the "Great Tribulation" "such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time." (Matt. 24:21, 22.) *It is time to pray.* Clouds are arising which can only be met by prayer.

It is no less true that it is the time of the War Zones, the Starvation Zones, the Earthquake Zones, the Desolation Zones than that it is the time of the Latter Rain. And this rain is God's provision for us, to fit us up to cry for World Wide Revivals. "So" not otherwise but so, shall God through the channel of our prayers, empty out the rain from these dark judgment clouds, yea "the small rain and the great rain of His strength" for "He maketh lightnings for the rain." And in this as in all things else, the divine principle is "According to your faith." If a few of us get deeply gripped by the grace of God with soul-travail for this present bleeding suffering world, we shall be river-bed for the waters of His salvation to flow through upon them. His Word for it? "Ask ye." "So the Lord shall make" clouds, lightnings, and "give showers" and many shall be saved. We that are thus exercised shall find in Eternity that indeed out of us have poured "rivers of living waters." But if the whole Pentecostal Body see it and rise to their privilege, we shall have on the earth not that "moderate" (Joel 2:23) former rain which marked the times of the Apostles, but "He will cause to come down" for us "the former and the latter rain" doubled together, the "floors shall be full of wheat," and the vats shall "overflow with wine and oil." "Everyone that asketh receiveth." Therefore if all ask, all shall receive. As many rivers of desire as flow through you in this time of prayer so many rivers of reward will you meet in the glorious Hereafter.

Our faith or our unbelief bind or loose the hands of Almightyness!!! Never shall I forget many years ago in England when dying with a carbuncle at the base of the brain, I had passed human consciousness, death was looked for every moment, God broke in upon the scene and in my spirit sought to apply His promises. I could understand Him, though past communi-

cation with the human. But fear and unbelief in me resisted His words. Then He applied "they believed not," "they limited the Holy One of Israel." Such a picture as came with it! I, in the coldness and stiffness of death, deaf and dumb and blind, unable to move a finger or a toe—limiting, binding the hands of Jehovah! Almighty weaker than my death-weakness! Bound by it because of the might of unbelief in it! And when I let Him remove that colossal giant Unbelief, His might entered into my weakness, His life into my death, and lo! I was instantly the healed of the Lord.

Oh, to rise as a Pentecostal people to our full privileges in prayer! Early in the life of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost with tongues, there comes upon very, very many, soul-travail and praying in tongues. We need to cherish it, cultivate it, pray that it may come upon the whole company, and swallow us up, that we may know the full meaning of union with Christ, on His mediatorial throne. "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and *the patience of Christ.*" (2 Thes. 3:5 margin.) "Into the love of God;" not merely an apprehension of the love He has toward you, that is the merest crumb off the Great Loaf, even though He make you to know as Kebles sings, "Thou art thy Saviour's darling, as though there were none other." But the Lord direct your heart into the current of those great jetting arteries of His love that move out, and must move out, in every direction to the ends of the earth, because "God so loved the world." If He has His whole way, His highest way with you, those currents will move out through you. He in you will so love the world. You will share in Christ's agony (Luke 19:41-44) as mercy weeps over the work of judgment. Through those tears God will make a rainbow by whose light He will be able to bring peace to many souls. "Stir us oh Lord! to pray. Thy heart was stirred by love's intensest fire, till Thou didst give Thine only Son." Give us our portion Lord, *Thy stirred heart*, for we are "heirs of God." Then we shall share in Christ's patience as we pray on. Think of His two thousand years on the prayer throne! ever living "to pray." Undiscouraged with the length of the prayer-season, ever having in His ears His Father's words "Sit Thou at My right hand until I make Thy enemies Thy footstool." Thus He prays on. Blessed believing Jesus! Blessed patient Jesus! The patience of faith. Yes, "the Lord direct your heart into the patience" of Christ, else you will not continue in the prayer of faith, till faith's fullest fulfillment.

Thus saith the Lord, "It shall come to pass in the last days, I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh."

There are desert places in prayer, hell-assaulted places, but the patience of Jesus Christ has borne Him through and He waits to direct your heart into that patience. If we suffer with Him in prayer we shall reign with Him in prayer's fruition. Glory!

Come then immersed in the blood which was shed that the Spirit might in these "last days" be poured out on "all flesh."

"Five bleeding wounds He (still) bears

Received on Calvary,

They pour effectual prayers

They strongly plead for" you, in this matter of more rain in this time of the Latter Rain. *Join yourself* to the bleeding wounds of Jesus.

"The Spirit answers to the *blood*

And tells me I am heard of God,"

while I "look not at the things which are seen," obstacles, hindrances, *impossibilities*, but at "the things which are not seen;" the eternal verity of His promises and the faithfulness of the PROMISER.

Vast numbers of the hosts of God of all ages, live and die and never see the battle! I mean that aggressive warfare of the Christian soldier, where we wrestle not with flesh and blood but against principalities, powers, etc., and in prayer *cut our way* through all the opposing forces of hell and bring down the mighty power of God in salvation on individuals and on communities. You can locate yourself. Have you? But from this time you may. God will fit you up as a mighty prayer-wrestler as He fitted up Paul. To arms! To arms! ye brave. Oh God send upon Thy praying people such obedience to the command "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain," that the heart of God shall leap with joy in their praying, that Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul in their praying, that all heaven shall gaze in amazement and delight at "how they pray!" to the end that speedily they may open the door for God to fulfill the promise attached to His command "So the Lord (the *Bountiful Giver*, the *Rich Rewarder*) shall make bright clouds and give them *showers of rain*" yea, "to everyone grass in the field."

* * *

THE LATTER RAIN PENTECOST.

By D. Wesley Myland.

A God-given exposition of the Scriptures on the subject of the "latter rain" and the present Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Also an account of the seven miraculous healings of Mr. Myland.

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Notes

The Stone Church

(Pentecostal)

SERVICES FOR THE WEEK.

Lord's Day—10, 3, 7:30.

Sunday School with Bible Classes for Young Men and Women—1:30.

Adult Bible Class—2:00.

The Lord's Supper—First Sunday of each month at 3:00.

Young People's Meeting—Monday, 7:45.

Dorcas Sewing Society—Tuesdays, 10-5.

(Mrs. C. H. Bartholomee, President)

Bible Study—Selected Studies—Tuesday, 7:45.

Divine Healing Service—Wednesday, 2:30.

All Day of Prayer—Every Thursday.

Tarrying Meeting—Thursday, 7:45.

Bible Study—The Coming of the Lord—Friday, 7:45.

Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7:30.

Andrew L. Fraser, Pastor.

Hardy W. Mitchell, Asst. Pastor.

* * *

THE blessing of God has rested upon the Church during the past month and real, effective work has been accomplished for Him and for souls. Streams of life and power have flowed forth from Calvary's cross and saints and sinners have bathed therein and been quickened and made white.

The heavy burdens of the last few months, necessitated by the circumstances through which we have passed, have been a severe strain on the Pastor, and his people insisted on his taking a much needed rest, and while loath to leave, it

seemed to be in the will of the Lord for He sent in workers to help us during his absence. Brother A. W. Frodsham, of Fergus, Ontario, was with us on two different occasions, and Brother and Sister Lincoln, of Rockford, Illinois, were also with us, helping the Assistant Pastor, all of whom were used of the Lord in blessing to souls.

The pastoral duties of the Church are very strenuous; the large number of sick calls and the constant pouring out of the life in prayer, together with ministering to nearly a thousand people at the Lord's Day services, and nightly meetings each week, would be far too heavy a burden even for two pastors were it not for their reliance upon God and the added strength He gives. But we praise God for the poured-out life, for the willingness of His servants to lose their lives for the Gospel's sake and suffering humanity. No greater joy comes to the Christian worker than the realization that his life has been spent for God.

* * *

The spirit of love and unity that governs the assembly life is most blessed, and we praise God for wise leaders who keep the flock from dangers seen and unseen. We hear rumors of brethren who feel they are doing God's service going about the country and dividing the Pentecostal assemblies over some trivial matters of doctrine. Surely the heart of God is far more grieved over the division and strife that rends the flock than that people should be set right on non-essentials. In questions that are not clear in the Word of God, let us for the sake of unity and fellowship lay down our petty notions and work in harmony with the saints. Paul says, "Mark those which cause division among you," and this is a very necessary injunction for today. It is not the promulgation of any particular doctrine, or adhering to certain formulas that brings unity and oneness into the congregation, but the glory of the Lord, Christ gives His glory to us that we may be one, even as He and the Father are one. John 17:22.

* * *

THERE is no sickness but there is a balm; There is no storm, but soon must come a calm; There is no broken heart but can be healed; No harsh earth-noise but can in peace be stilled; No deep bereavement but shall find relief—Deeper and greater than was e'er the grief No bitter wail, but shall give way to song; No way so dark, but light shall break ere long; No sufferer whose sufferings may not cease, No prisoner who may not find release; No earthly sorrow but hath its reward— If only we will wait and trust the Lord.—Sel.

The Seventh Annual Convention at The Stone Church will be held D. V. May 16-30, 1915.

* * *

Jehovah's Messengers with Jehovah's Message will be present.

In past years these gatherings have been the scene of mighty outpouring of the Spirit. Our hope and expectation is for an even greater blessing and manifestation of power in the saving of souls, in healings, and in the baptismal experiences. We are expecting the "great and mighty things" which the Lord has promised to show us in response to our calling upon Him.

God is already speaking to hearts both of Christian workers and others in regard to coming to this Gathering of His Children, and with the rising spiritual tide of the Church we have confidence that those who come will not be disappointed but receive a great spiritual uplift.

We are expecting to be able to furnish the ministerial brethren who come, with free accom-

modation, at least so far as lodging is concerned, and additional entertainment as the way opens. Our people have been blessed through their hospitality to God's children in the past and we know they will do all that lies in their power. For those who want rooms in the neighborhood we will do our best to secure comfortable quarters at reasonable prices. We cannot engage rooms ahead, but from past experience we believe we will have no difficulty in securing accommodations for all who come. Ministers who wish free entertainment will kindly write in advance but must not expect a reply. They will receive their assignment upon reaching the Church, 37th and Indiana Ave. Address all communications to the Pastor, Andrew L. Fraser, 3748 Forest Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Your Young Men Shall See Visions"

How I Came Into Pentecost

Pastor Andrew L. Fraser in The Stone Church February 21, 1915

Scripture Lesson, Joel 2:23-32.



YOU are acquainted with the prophecy we have just read from the book of Joel. In a measure it is a repetition of that Latter Rain Covenant which we find in the eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy, and the same Scripture to which we find Zechariah referring when he urges the people to ask "of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain." Thank God, this is the time of the latter rain! We are going to ask for it today in faith, believing that God has it for us, and that He will send a shower if we truly desire it.

This is the same prophecy which found a partial fulfillment in the early days of the apostolic ministry. After the Lord had ascended from Olivet, after ten days of prayer and tarrying in the upper room at Jerusalem, getting into that one-accordness, that necessary unity of spirit, suddenly there was a sound as of an earthquake, yet it came from above and not from beneath, the sound as of a rushing, mighty wind which shook the place where they were sitting. The Holy Ghost descended in mighty power just as the Lord had said He would; just

as prophet after prophet had prophesied that He would come, filling the place and everybody in it. Of course, where the Spirit of God manifests Himself in such places, there is more or less of a hubbub. The people ran together to see what was going on. People today are no better than they ever were, always running about to see some new manifestation. If the manifestation were always of God it would be to some profit however. They came to inquire what this new thing meant. This gave Peter a wonderful opportunity of opening up to them the Scriptures and explaining that "this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel." Peter had in his audience that day devout Jews well versed in the Scriptures, and at once he began to unfold them and to draw upon their knowledge to bear out the statements he was about to make. This, he said, was a fulfillment of that prophecy by Joel when the former rain shall be poured out upon the people, when "your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." Then Peter expounds the meaning of the former and the latter rain. They were familiar with the idea in the natural realm. They knew exactly what "the former rain"

meant physically, for at certain periods in March or April there would come down the rain to prepare the land for the seed-sowing and the germinating of new life. Some time later—perhaps in May or June—there came “the latter rain” to ripen the harvest and get it ready for the sickle. He declares that this is precisely true in the spiritual realm. God means to do the very same things spiritually that He does in the physical world, and this is “the former rain” prophesied by Joel for the purpose of germinating the seed of the church and beginning its growth in the world.

We are now in the time of the latter rain. The end of the harvest is near. The laborers are ready to put in the sickle and God is giving the last showers of the latter rain to ripen His church for translation. But some of you dear people do not understand it. You are just as far behind the times spiritually and in the knowledge of the Word as some dear people I met down in the last corner of Maine. They thought I was a Mormon because the Mormons call themselves “Latter Day Saints,” and they did not differentiate between the two. Bless God, we are Latter Day Saints, but not the Mormon variety. We are Bible Christians having the latter rain poured out upon us and enjoying it at this time.

Now a great many people have objections to this latter rain. They say they have the baptism. It is not for me to say that they haven't; but have they got it the Bible way? They say, “I have it all but—” Well, “all but” will never get you into heaven. You may get to the door, but you will never get in. There may be something that will stop your attainment, and it is not enough to say, “I got all except.” Get the “except” out of the way. If you buy a piece of land you will never feel sure of it until you have the deed in your possession in black and white, saying that the land is yours. I would never be satisfied about the baptism until I had the deed and the deed is the accompanying sign of the baptism, the speaking in tongues as on the day of Pentecost.

Some spiritual people say that the “speaking in tongues” is done away with. If it was done away with centuries ago, what do you make of this manifestation now? What meaneth this speaking in tongues? It is identical with what they had on the day of Pentecost, now restored to God's people. It ought never to have been lost, but they turned aside from following closely after God. Yet God has not left Himself with-

out a witness on the earth at any time, and at various periods throughout the Christian dispensation God has put His Spirit upon men and women in such a way that they were filled to the very limit, and the only way they could get relief and express themselves was to give vent to the “other tongues” of the Spirit. Some people point to sweetness of character as the evidence of having this baptism in the Spirit. I can point you to people who are Unitarians, who do not believe in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, do not believe in the blood; they are as sweet as any people you can find under the canopy of heaven, yet they are millions of miles away from the experience of the baptism. It doesn't necessarily follow that because you are sweet in your disposition you have the baptism in the Holy Ghost. The Word declares that when the disciples received the baptism they were all *filled*. What does it mean? It means that when the Holy Ghost comes in and takes possession of your life and mine He immediately begins to witness through us. The man who has received the baptism in the Holy Ghost is conscious of a new world opening up before him. It means that the man or woman who has been baptized gets a new idea in life and is conscious of a new imperative. It means that he gets a firmer anchor upon God than ever before; that Christ is Victor in his life as never before and that the devil has to take a back seat. It means a reaching out and a going on, a development in the life of God to which he was a stranger before that experience. You do not have to tell a man that he has the baptism in the Holy Ghost, and you do not have to look far for any evidences. He has the goods right in him. Blessed be God, His people shall never be ashamed! If any of you are ashamed of speaking in tongues you had better come to the altar for prayer and get saved over again. When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come He shall bear witness and ye shall also bear witness. When the Holy Spirit comes to us He immediately begins His work, convicting the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment to come, (through human instrumentality). If no one in this world is being convicted of sin or of righteousness or of judgment to come since you have received the baptism, you would better seek a greater endowment. When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come He will begin to reign in your life and to make His presence and power manifest, so that you will not find it possible to come in contact with men and women without their being conscious that God is in you

of a truth. When the Spirit of Truth is come He will not talk about Himself; He will exalt the Christ through you and you will add your testimony to it.

But, you say, the speaking in tongues is not necessary. What would you do with all the cases where it accompanied the baptism? What about the one hundred and twenty who received it on the Day of Pentecost? "They *all* spake in tongues." What about Cornelius' household? What about the Ephesian Christians? What about Paul, who said, "I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than ye all"? He gloried in it. If that kind of a baptism was good enough for the Early Christians and is available for us today, I want that kind, and I will not be satisfied with anything else.

This is only by way of prelude. I feel led to tell the story of how God brought me into the Pentecostal experience. He has all the glory, for He brought me through, though I was just about as much opposed as any one could possibly be.

How often after ascending a mountain and reaching the summit does one look back with surprise upon the tortuous way which led thither. The goal was ever in view, but a straight ascent was impossible. The way was devious, now climbing over jagged rocks, which cut and pierced one's feet, again over a bit of green sward, and anon by a limpid stream that found its birth in the heart of the mountain and issued forth with welcome refreshment for the weary traveler. So does it seem with the Christian's journey through life. God has met him at some turn in the road, and has graciously vouchsafed a vision or a revelation of Himself which has altered the whole tenor of his life. It was impossible for him to be the same after that. He may, like Jeremiah, have pleaded that he was only a child; or, like Moses, that he was slow of speech and lacking in eloquence. With Isaiah he may have been well-nigh overwhelmed with a sense of his own uncleanness in that awful presence; but once having caught the vision of the King, the Lord of Hosts; having felt the burning and the purging of altar fire upon the lips; and having yielded an ir retrievable response to the Lord's call for volunteers, no other way was possible but to press on and upward to the goal. Many a time since he uttered that fateful "yes" has he had occasion to prove the blessedness of walking in the dark with God. Many a time has he encouraged his heart by singing, "I am pressing on—to the heights of

Canaan." Many a time has he felt that he was in a solitary way, albeit conscious of the fact that myriad other saints were scaling the heights of God, each by his own allotted path, in blessed anticipation of a glad reunion at the journey's end. Many a time has he faltered, disappointed and discouraged because of failure, only to be reminded that God was looking not so much at the individual acts as at the trend of his life, and that He who had begun a good work in him would perfect it unto the day of Jesus Christ. God will never take his hand off the life which has been truly surrendered to Him. It may be by ways that we know not, strange and inexplicable, through baptismal cups and Gethsemane experiences, o'er trackless deserts and many seas, in hiding places under foreign skies, but God will search us out and bring us through and we shall understand sometime that it was all because He had set his love upon us, and knew so much better than we did all that was in our heart to be and do.

Some such consciousness seems to have pervaded my own life since as a child, eight years of age, I first responded to the divine imperative. A missionary from India had come to visit our Scottish Sunday School. Tall, and lean, and sallow, I thought he was a native of that country. The impression was heightened as he sang to us in the Hindustani language, "Come to Jesus just now." I was deeply stirred. Something strange moved in my childish soul and there and then I made a compact with the Lord that when I grew up to manhood I would give myself to missionary work among the heathen. In succeeding years I was tempted to forget that promise, but God never forgot it. The very first question which met me on the threshold of my later school life in America was whether I would keep my part of the compact. As the years went on and the glamor of the world crept in I would fain have escaped the responsibility, but time and again God brought me back. I can well remember the supreme experience of that period. It was during my seminary days. A pamphlet entitled "The Supreme Decision of the Christian Student" had been placed in my hands. It held me. It demanded consideration, yea more, an acquiescence. I knelt in my chamber and settled the question. I had studied about the immanence of God; now it was a reality. The room was suffused with a holy light. My face was buried in the bed, but the glory of the Lord was round about me, filling and penetrating all, and I felt distinctly the touch of that holy Hand

upon my shoulder. The glory must have tarried for a while, for next morning, as I entered the room of a fellow student, my appearance impelled him to inquire as to what had happened.

Succeeding years saw service in China under one of the prominent missionary boards. From one point of view the service was successful: from God's view and my own it was a flat failure, for all the time I was kicking against the goads and refusing to yield to God the control of my life which He was seeking. Many a time did my dear wife beseech me to lay down the arms of rebellion and let God have His way in my life. I wanted to, and I didn't want to. The fierce temper and the imperious will had to be curbed and there was only One who could do that. At last I realized the fruitlessness of the struggle and began to seek God in a new way. Christ was Victor at last. Henceforth He might lead me fetter-bound at His will. My spiritual blindness would presently be illumined with the light of heaven.

At this time my health was very poor. Work was out of the question. I was on the point of leaving for the States to secure treatment, leaving my family in China meanwhile. F. B. Meyer, of London, was in our vicinity at the time, and from him I sought counsel. He advised against returning to the States, feeling that my disappointment and sense of failure would aggravate my disease. Just then the "Gospel of Divine Healing" was placed in my hands, and as I began to see the blessed truth of healing for me already wrought out in the atonement, I determined to trust God to do for me what the doctors had failed to accomplish. He met me and from that day I began to improve. The real test came later, when it became necessary to give up my reservation on the steamer and write to my friends at home expecting my return that the Lord had healed me. I wanted to hold on to those things until I saw myself fully restored, but God cut me loose and enabled me to trust Him. He proved His faithfulness.

A year later, while on the hills for our summer holiday, we came in touch with a strange sect called "the tongues people." My, but they seemed queer! They sat together in a group at the services in the Union Church. They prayed with an unusual boldness. People avoided them as they would the plague. We listened with bated breath to a recital of what happened at their meetings. The unheard-of "holy laughter" was scarcely less weird to our untutored ears than the heathenish practices of the Fiji Islander or the wild man of Borneo. *This* "baptism in the Spirit"

must be a fake, for had we not been taught in our "schools of the prophets" that this was anterior to our day, and only intended for the launching of Christianity? The explanation of these "tongues" ranged all the way from devil-origin to the multiplicity of tongues obtaining in our metropolitan cities, but not one of our learned doctors had ever conceded that they might be of God. My respectability, therefore, as a Baptist missionary, would be impaired should I descend even far enough to investigate, to say nothing of "hob-nobbing" with these apparently harmless lunatics. I passed by on the other side. But God!

The invective of Jesus, "oh fools and slow of heart to believe," was never more applicable than in our day. None are so blind as those who won't see. Fortified by our man-made theologies; by a phariseism which would have done credit to Saul; clothed in a "touch-me-not," "holier-than-thou," filthy-rag righteousness of denominationalism, we are unapproachable as the Sphinx and as dense as the Roman catacombs. Great is the mercy of God; wonderful the love that pursues with unwearied patience the task of bringing really honest souls to the light.

We had started some meetings in our home for the deepening of the spiritual life. These meetings were continued by my wife during my absence at the station. The Pentecostal friends came, which was a source of annoyance to the others who attended. Complaint was made, but my wife in a spirit of fairness replied that though she did not believe with the "tongues" people, yet they showed such a good spirit, took part in the meetings, and offered prayer, which was more than the other friends did, that it fell to them to make their choice. She refused to ask them to stay away. After my return to the hills one of these brethren came to see me, greeting me with the remark, "I see you are one of the hungry ones." "Well," I replied, "I am hungry, but not for your 'tongues,' thank you. How do you know I am hungry?" "I heard you pray down in the church," he answered. "Didn't you hear Mr. B—— pray? He offered a far better prayer than I did. Didn't you hear him?" "Oh yes, I heard *him*, but there was something in your prayer that wasn't in his, and I know you are hungry." "Well, I am hungry," I admitted, "but not for tongues." Then he argued with me, related part of his own experience, speaking of the presence and exhilaration of the Spirit, the shaking under the power, etc. In my heart I pitied him, and concluded that the experience had

affected his brain unfavorably. The brother went away saying he was going to pray for me. Only the opening of the books will reveal the far-reaching influence of that man's prayers in behalf of one who was seeking the light but was too blind to see it when it appeared.

The following year God made it very clear both to my wife and myself that we were to leave China for a time. The way seemed hedged up. The Board refused consent, but God wrought for us in a marvelous way. We tested the leading thoroughly, and once convinced that it was the will of the Lord we were determined to press through at any cost. Late in the year I entered a Bible Teachers' Training School for a course of study. While there I occupied a seat in one of the class rooms where I could command a view of all the students. The face of one, a mature woman, attracted my attention. I saw that she had a heart experience, an illumination in the Word, a peace, a joy, a knowledge of the Lord to which I was a stranger. We became acquainted. I found that she was a missionary from India and one of these peculiar Pentecostal people who had chosen the Lord instead of the Board, suffering a temporary setting-aside as a consequence. Confidence increased with more intimate knowledge until finally this sister ventured to invite me to a meeting where she thought I might receive spiritual help. She was not insistent, not even urgent, just left it to myself. "Wise as serpents, harmless as doves" is the Scriptural way, but few there be that find it. I went to the meeting largely out of respect for her, but I went. The Lord Jesus on one occasion invited His disciples to follow Him and he would make them to be fishers of men. He certainly had qualified in the art. I cannot but smile as I remember how neatly I was captured. The classical phrase, "veni, vidi, vici," was with a little adaptation applicable in this case. "I came, I saw, I *was* conquered."

Reverence for things religious is one of the assets of the Scottish character. But so is caution. On this day they agreed to sit together and investigate the phenomena of a Pentecostal meeting. I took a seat towards the rear of the room, bowed my head, opened my eyes wide and watched. Not many were present at that meeting. In a little while all arose and went forward to the altar to pray and wait on the Lord, leaving me alone in the rear. To be sure I felt like saying with Elijah, "I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away." But I had

stolen nothing and so I determined to sit it out. Presently one of the saints, a sister, prayed in a loud, clear voice, "Lord bring down the mighty from their seats." I looked around. There was no one sitting up but myself. Could she mean me? Again the voice rose high. "Pride goeth before destruction; and a haughty spirit before a fall." The shoe fitted; I put it on, and went home from that meeting a sadder and a wiser man. But why sadder? Because of one impression that fastened itself upon me. I said to myself: "Whatever these people are; whatever they know or don't know, they at least have learned the secret of worshipping God, and that is something we have never learned in our churches." A few days later I attended another meeting in Newark, N. J. Only one seat was vacant in that room as far as I could see. I took it. I have often wondered whether it was left so purposely. Scarcely had I seated myself before the young woman sitting next to me began to act strangely as I thought. She wept, she prayed, she interceded, she agonized. I looked askance. My nerves were not of the best. I glanced again. She trembled violently under the influence of some strange power, then seemed to lapse into unconsciousness. I took my hat and fled. I did not know then as I know now that she was receiving the baptism in the Holy Ghost as on the day of Pentecost. I did not know then as I know now that she received such a baptism of love as has since impelled her into the wilds in search of lost souls. I did not know then as I know now that I was sitting at the very gate of heaven. But what is heaven to a soul unprepared for it? Oh fools, and slow of heart to believe!

A camp-meeting had been announced for Montwait for the following month and I had promised to attend. I didn't care particularly about going, but I had promised and must endeavor to keep my word. For once I was willing to let the Lord lead, provided He met the test I then put to Him. "Lord, if you want me to go to that camp-meeting, You must send me the money." I felt secure. I had never prayed for money before and didn't expect it this time. But I reckoned without my Host. What do you suppose? The Lord answered that prayer five times over. Upon reaching the camp-ground, everything seemed so new and strange. I didn't like my surroundings. That open tabernacle was contrary to my ideas, and I thought God couldn't be working there. A sister whom I had met but once before stood on the office steps and she in-

quired if I had secured a comfortable room. I informed her that I was just going to look at one. "If it does not suit you, let me know," she replied. I looked at the room, but it was unsatisfactory, away up under the eaves and a blistering hot day. I went back to my friend on the steps and inquired to see the room that she knew of. "Ah, it is already taken," she told me. "But I want to see it," I said, "and I want to know the price." "Well, that is all arranged for too, and everything is paid for." Again I thought I had fallen in with a queer lot, but I submitted to the inevitable. I was to have the room alone, but that night another brother came in to occupy the extra bed. I looked at him as an intruder. "Who sent *you* here?" I demanded. "The Lord sent me here," was his answer. "All right; you can stay." He stayed, but kept me awake until one o'clock next morning talking Pentecost. I had reached the camp-ground on Monday afternoon, and although the Lord had wrought so signally in my behalf, I was mean enough to begin planning for my departure at the earliest possible moment. I reasoned that I could leave by Wednesday without violating any of the proprieties. Man proposes, but God disposes. Thank God He overruled in this case. That New England camp-ground was destined to be the place of my emancipation. I entered, a slave to prejudice, to my own ideas, and to the theology of the schools, a comparative stranger to the Spirit and to the deep things of God: I emerged, a bond-slave forever, but rejoicing exultantly in the glorious liberty wherewith Christ had made me free.

Immediately God began to work in my life. The fourth of July, 1912, proved a real independence day for me. The Lord met me and came upon me in wonderful power. I felt such a fullness that the English language seemed inadequate to express my feelings. For several days I experienced this power until one morning as we came into the early service, a sister as she entered the room pointed her finger at me saying, "We want to hear from you this morning." I shook my head by way of refusal, but almost immediately the Spirit caused me to know that this was His will for me. I prepared to obey, but true to my scholastic instinct, I felt I could not speak offhand without first considering and arranging what I had to say. Accordingly I prepared a nice little speech and rose. But I wasn't quick enough, for before I had a chance, some one else had started in; and before he concluded I was shaking so violently that all the speech was

shaken out of me. I don't know yet what I said, but God had His way and incidentally a great deal of the pride was shaken out never to return. A few days later, while a number of us were at prayer, I was asked to lay hands on some sick people and pray for their healing. I demurred, pleading that I knew nothing of praying for the sick, and was least instructed among them all, but they would take no denial and so I ventured to pray. As I laid my hands on that tubercular patient and upon another sick person subsequently, I could feel the mighty power of God thrilling me with the force of an electric shock until they sank away beneath my touch. I scarcely needed to pray. Obedience was the thing demanded for the exercise of God's mighty power and the transmission of Christ's resurrection life. Oh these were wonderful days, but greater yet were still to dawn. "Old things had passed away; behold all things had become new."

Just two days later while a company of us were at prayer and one sister was seeking the baptism, the Spirit was using me for the encouragement by citing appropriate passages of Scripture. I marveled at the fluency with which these Scriptures were uttered, long-forgotten passages seemed to be recalled and our souls were being refreshed. The enemy of course had to come in and spoil it all by suggesting that it was all of myself. I stopped then, but the Lord gave me a vision with clear explanation that I was hindering the Spirit from having full control. I regretted deeply the interruption, but was glad of the lesson I had learned, and indeed I was to profit by it sooner than I had anticipated. Shortly before five o'clock that afternoon I was sitting on the grass-bank behind the house reading a criticism of a book written by one of my old teachers, "Christianity and the Social Crisis." I was conscious of a slight tremor passing over my hand, but attributed it to nervousness and went on with my reading. Again it occurred, and a third time. I shook myself and remarked that my new experiences must be affecting my nerves. A few moments later I felt my body swaying slightly from side to side. I straightened up, but when it happened a second time, I was moved to look up and ask the Lord whether He were trying to attract my attention for any purpose. Instinctively I felt that this was the reason. Oh wise and gentle Spirit not to frighten us but to lead us on so patiently until our awaking spiritual consciousness begins to apprehend the laws and methods of Thy workings! I jumped

up, ran into the house, and at once dropped on my knees by the couch. Immediately the Lord began His dealings with me, dealings which continued through the next four hours and which changed from that moment the whole subsequent tenor of my life. I was conscious of a cloud of thick darkness right over my head. The cloud was mushroom-shaped and came down upon me in short, jerky fashion. I was not aware then that God sometimes came in the cloud of thick darkness so it is no wonder that fear took hold upon me. It surely was going to envelop me and I cried out in an agony of terror. On it came and shut me in, and as it did so I was prostrated upon my back with my arms extended in the form of a cross.

The first vision granted me was that of the Lord Himself, but just the torso. Artists have dreamed and then wrought out their highest conceptions of the face and form of the Christ; but none of them ever even approximated the glorious beauty of that thorn-crowned head as it bent over me that evening, and just smiled and smiled and smiled. He smiled all my fears away, and when He spoke His desire that I take that crown of thorns and wear it for Him, what could I do but acquiesce? The next vision was a close representation of Holman Hunt's noble picture, "The Light of the World." The original is in Oxford University, but I had seen a copy hanging in St. Paul's cathedral just a year before. As I stood entranced before that picture, drinking in its beauty and wealth of meaning, a party of tourists came along escorted by a guide. He jerked his thumb in the direction of the painting with the remark "that's Holman Hunt's picture—The Light of the World." "Very pretty," my tourists responded, and passed on. I was shocked. "Is that all they see in that picture?" I asked myself. I understood then as never before the rejection of the Christ: "There was no beauty in Him that they should desire Him." My heart was comforted, however, upon relating the incident to my hostess who replied with another story of the same picture. A mother was conducting her children through the cathedral, when one of them, a little girl, broke away, exclaiming joyfully, "Oh mother, look, here's 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'!" Surely out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise! This, then, was the theme of the vision before me: the bent figure of the Christ—a little more bent than in the painting—in His hands the shepherd's crook and the lighted lantern; the door with its bolt on the

inside and overgrown with the ivy tendrils. There He stood, knocking, waiting, longing, and as He did so the Apocalyptic Scripture passed through my mind: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with Me." "But Lord Jesus," I said, there is no need of Your knocking at my door. It is wide open. Come in!" But He made no move in that direction, and I felt that I failed to comprehend the import of the vision. I said so to Him. "Lord, please tell me what this means; I do not understand it." Then He replied: "I want you to take these and go and knock for Me." With the giving of that commission I understood Him to mean that "these" were the staff of authority and the light of the Word, as indicated by the shepherd's crook and the lighted lantern. I accepted the commission. Henceforth my duty is to knock for Him wherever I may go.

The next vision the Lord vouchsafed was one of His glorification. I saw Him at the right hand of the Father, exalted, and receiving the adoration and praises of the heavenly hosts. I joined in with the glorious company adding my glad note of praise to the worship of the King. But how often is the mountain-top experience merely the prelude to the valley of suffering and humiliation. So it proved in this case. Ere long I heard a voice saying to me very distinctly: "Art thou able to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" I recognized the setting of the question as pertaining to Zebedee's sons. Without much hesitation I answered in the affirmative; but when the second question was propounded, "Canst thou drink the cup?" I had a dawning apprehension of the seriousness of it all. I saw in it the cup of ignominy, of suffering and of death, and, naturally, I shrank from it; but presently the Lord enabled me to respond, "Lord, by Thy grace, I can drink it." Scarcely had that transaction been completed before the announcement came, "They will cast you out of the synagogue." "All right, Lord." At another time such an experience would have been fraught with dismay. But what could it amount to after seeing Him? I could not expect to reign within the gate while He was suffering without: I could not expect to ride upon the high places of the earth while my Lord was despised and rejected of men.

The final vision of this series had for its location the Garden of Gethsemane. The darkness of the midnight had gathered about us, a fitting

theatre for the re-enactment of the tragedy in another human life. Not that in any sense my suffering was to be vicarious, but only a suitable initiation into the life that henceforth was to be one of death to self and the world, of consecration to the cause of pure and undefiled religion, and of fellowship with the sufferings of Christ. I lay extended upon the cross, the nails piercing my hands and my feet in a very refinement of agony. I was conscious of the presence of God, but again the cloud of thick darkness enshrouded Him. Jesus also was present, and apparently at the beginning of a long lane, the other end of which was bathed in a glorious light. The only light in the Garden was that which emanated from the person of Jesus, but I realized that as He receded the light also paled. Slowly He moved away, looking meanwhile at me over His right shoulder as I lay upon my cross. Presently He vanished completely and I was left alone in the darkness of the garden in the awful agony of the cross, forsaken both by God and men. Words fail me to describe these moments. The agony found expression in the words, "My God, my God, why has Thou forsaken me?" I realized then as never before that the suffering of the cross was insignificant as compared with being shut out from the presence of God. That was agony beyond compare. I cried for water, but my parched lips and throat refused to accept it. People passing the door and hearing the agonized cries inquired if there was a sick man inside. Yes, he was sick, but a sickness unto death only as far as the old life was concerned. The old man dies hard. Henceforth not I, but Christ!

How long this Gethsemane experience lasted I have no way of knowing. But after a while the bitterness of death was past, the battle had been fought and the victory won, and I began to praise Jesus in a quiet, subdued way. I reasoned that nothing more could possibly remain,

and so I tried to get up but found myself still transfixed upon the cross unable to move hands or feet. I asked the Lord then if anything yet remained, but there was no response. After a further time of waiting I inquired, "Lord, how long is this to last?" Quick as a flash came the answer, "Until death." I knew what that meant. Immediately I was released and arose.

It was nine o'clock when I arose from that series of visions. Like Daniel, I had no strength left in me. But never once in all these four hours was there a moment of unconsciousness. God was doing business with a soul and it must needs be that every faculty be alert and capable of yielding submission to that perfect will. It was not until nine months later that the Lord Jesus brought me into the full blessing of the Pentecostal experience, but after such experiences as those which I have just related and the avenue through which they came, there never could be, not even for a moment, any thought of returning to the beggarly elements of the world, nor even to the dry husks of the nominal and professing Church. My very life depends upon my going on with God. God's way is the Pentecostal way, and He will bring me through. In spite of many imperfections God is refining us of our dross and developing a people who will go all the way with their rejected Lord, if needs be, even without the gate and up to rock-crowned Calvary.

This recital is not of my own volition, but for your edification and encouragement. Quit your sophistry and your questioning. Open up to God and let Him prove to you, in spite of learned arguments to the contrary, that His skies are full of Pentecost, for you, for me, for all, a Pentecost of inundation by the Spirit, of new tongues and of God-given power for service to the glory of our matchless and adorable Lord. Blessed be His holy Name!

The Tears of the Sower and the Song of the Reaper

The Great Need of Giving

OUR hearts need to be constantly stirred to the great needs of the world. Without constant goading it is easy to drift and sink into a spiritual lethargy that the world throws around us, and we readily allow the duties and cares of life, and a great flood of trivial circumstances to swallow up our spiritual aspirations and hinder our growth. But the Holy Spirit has His instruments upon whom He is laying the duty of stirring into a flame the fire that lies smoldering

within the breast of every soul who has made a consecration to God, and He is at work in the pulpit, in the press and in the individual, using the poker and the shaker, and shoveling in the fuel, the Word of God, so that the fires may burn brightly and steadily, and warm this old earth that is so cold where the fire of God has not fallen.

Here and there God is laying upon hearts the necessity of calling us to prayer, and it can-

not be too strongly emphasized. This issue contains two articles on a "Call to Prayer" and most striking are the closing words of one, which says, "Pray as you rise up! Pray when you lie down! Pray when you go out! Pray when you come in! Pray while you work! Pray while you rest! Pray while you sing or talk! Pray everywhere! Let every breath be prayer!"

What an inrush of souls to the kingdom would follow such a volume of prayer from every Christian heart! And would it not cause the chariot wheels of the King to move more quickly earthward?

* * *

But the call that lays upon our hearts most heavily at this time is a CALL TO GIVE. We feel a strong pull to send money to a number of our missionaries in the regions beyond whom we believe to be in need, but there has been a slacking up of funds for this purpose and we are forcibly restrained. Let not the hands of God's stewards withhold what has been entrusted to them when the need is so great. We have never forgotten the words of a consecrated German living in the war zone; as he saw his property all swept away he said, "It is all gone except what I gave to God." Ah should war sweep our land as the signs so ominously portend, would there be regrets in our hearts because money that should have been given to God's work has been lost in the ravages of war? God forbid that we who are living in the light of the full Gospel should fail our Lord in the grace of giving. A dear missionary sends us a picture of herself preaching Christ to a crowd of natives who hear the Gospel for the first time, and writes: "Glorious privilege!" Let us count it an equal privilege to give so that the Gospel can be carried into new territory where Christ is not named. If you want to hasten His coming this is the most potent means, according to the Word of God.

We are grateful to the Lord for those who hear God's call and respond with a ready heart. A few days ago we were especially burdened for the mission field, and with a friend unitedly looked to the Lord that He would speak to His children about the great needs in heathen lands. Two days later a check came for \$50.00 from some unknown spot in Minnesota. The letter and check were dated the same day we definitely prayed for money and we believe it came in direct answer to prayer, and feel encouraged by this token to ask more largely that God will speak to other hearts.

We share with our readers the words which we feel they have a part in, as they have made it possible for us to help the writer. Had it not been for their offerings we could not have done as we did for this faithful worker, who says: "I can't think of this work apart from you. Had not God used you to help me financially I could not have gone on." It must surely be an encouragement to those who sacrificed to know that their giving was the means of keeping a valuable worker in the field.

Our missionaries for the most part are not supported by those who have an abundant store but often by many who give out of their poverty; the little offerings here and there amount in the aggregate to quite a sum and carry many a missionary through a trying hour. Then, too, it is the sacrificial offering that is most precious in the sight of God—the offering that costs us something.

Some years ago a young Christian was supporting some orphans in India, and she had just sent off twenty dollars for this purpose. Then she felt she needed a spring suit and having another twenty dollars which she intended to put into a suit she went down town and picked it out and told the sales people she would be down the next day and pay for it. As she came from the post office after having sent off the twenty dollars to the orphans in India the Lord said to her, "I want you to take that twenty dollars and send it to Brother and Sister J. in India." "But, Lord, I just sent twenty dollars and I told those people I would get my suit tomorrow, and I feel ashamed not to keep my word," something she always prided herself on. Then after she got through the humiliation of not being able to keep her promise, she said to the Lord, "I can't afford it. I need the money." He didn't say anything more to her until she became quiet and then asked, "Are you going to send that money?" and without any further quibbling she sent it. The two amounts were received at the same time, and Mrs. J. immediately sat down and wrote saying they had been asking the Lord to cause her to send them twenty dollars which they greatly needed; they knew she was teaching and felt she could send it without suffering from it, as some others were doing.

This same sister on another occasion was definitely led along missionary lines. She picked up a paper and read a letter from a missionary in Central America. She had never seen his name before but God said, "You send that man a dollar tomorrow." She hesitated; she had

never sent them anything before so she didn't want to send a dollar. She said, "I will send five," but the Lord made it clear to her that she was to send just a dollar, so on her way home from school she sent a dollar to those missionaries. In due time she got a letter from them stating they had been praying desperately for God to send them money to buy a horse to take them over the hills to speak to some distant Indian tribes, it being impossible for them to walk all the time. The morning they received the dollar, which made five in their money, they also received five from a woman in St. Louis and that made twenty-five in their money and they had thirty dollars altogether which just purchased the horse.

We have no doubt our readers could tell of many such instances of answered prayer, and if we were more sensitive to the still small voice as it falls upon our spiritual ear there would not be so many discouraged and tested souls in the harvest field.

* * *

Our correspondence contains interesting accounts of God's working in different parts of the world and we share with our readers the good news of showers of "latter rain" that are falling here and there throughout the harvest field. Miss Bernice Lee writes: "Last week was to me the best and happiest I've had in village work since coming to India. One day we drove out through the beautiful flax and wheat fields and entered a Mohammedan village. Those Mohammedans quite correspond to the Pharisees of old and want nothing to do with Jesus of Nazareth. We were given permission to enter a zenana home where after preaching to the women for some little time the master of the house came in and bade us to leave. We were just in the midst of a song but, of course, left, and as we went then to hold another meeting in the open we were followed by a crowd of mocking, jeering men who did their best to break things up so we would have to leave the village. The din was so great we could only silently pray and ask God some way to give us victory. All at once I just felt I *must* speak to them though I had never tried it in public before like that. I launched out, the Lord greatly helping, and talked to them about the soon coming of the Lord and their need of being ready. They became quiet and listened so attentively. Afterwards they wanted to see my Bible and contemplated buying it. After I finished both the Bible women talked and one especially spoke under the

power of the Spirit and we had a large crowd of interested listeners, even to the man who had sent us from the zenana. We held several other meetings in this same village, the crowd following us from place to place, and these very men who had tried to send us away in the beginning were most kind and cleared the way into another zenana for us. We returned home at night full of rejoicing but feeling the Lord was saying to our hearts, 'Notwithstanding in this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven.' The next day we were kindly received in a village where before they would not listen to us. Oh I feel to beseech that you will pray much for *after* the sowing *must come* the *ingathering*, and we are told to sow beside all waters.

"The ground in this North land is comparatively new territory and these Hindus move slowly, but He *must* answer prayer and He will not forget to be gracious to these who have as yet had so little light."

Miss Herron writes in the midst of their first Convention in Saharanpur that Pentecost has fallen on several young Indian women. No one but those who have prayed for months and even years for the power of God to break through the dense darkness of heathenism can fully realize what joy it brings to the heart of her who has worked alone these many months. But the long strain of standing alone and pouring out her life for that people has sadly told upon her health and she asks for the prayers of the Evangel readers for broken nerves and that she may be able to sleep. May God lay prayer on some one for this faithful sister who has not spared herself through days and nights of intercession but unstintedly given of her strength until there is none in reserve.

From a letter written by Willie Burton, Johannesburg, South Africa, we quote: "About twenty have received the Holy Spirit so far, eight last night. A number have been saved and healed. A man was shot in the mouth with a revolver ten years ago, and the bullet going out at the back of the neck left a wound which the doctors couldn't heal, but he came for prayer and it has healed already. The hall has been filled, about three hundred each evening and sometimes nearly two hundred outside. On Wednesday evening the burden of the heathen was heavily upon me, and I preached from, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." Practically every one in the hall came forward

weeping in acknowledgement of Christ's claims upon them to proclaim His Gospel, and fourteen, chiefly strong young Colonials confessed that Christ had called them to the native heathen. You can imagine how full my heart was of joy and praise.

"I had a long talk last Sunday afternoon with the widow of Mr. Arnot. She said that old Mr. Moffat's advice to him on African missionary work was, 'Three rules, my brother. First, have patience. Second, have more patience. Third, and last, more patience still.' I don't think there could be better advice for things move terribly slowly. Please ask the saints to pray that my doors may be definitely and clearly opened. I could spend a lifetime among the Dutch and I already can speak a good deal of their language, but I feel God's call for me is to the natives far, far north. Mrs. Arnot told me that there are odd Sesuto speaking tribes away into the Congo."

A little glimpse of how the Lord is opening the way into Egyptian homes through healing is seen in a letter from Miss May Watson: "You will be interested to hear of four visits made this week, two in Syrian Catholic homes, one in a Muslim and another in a Jewish home. Miss Arnold, who is with me here for a season, and I called in a Syrian home and found the mother and baby very ill with gastric gripe. Jesus was there and healed them. Returning some days later we found the mother up and well, and testifying to some neighbors of the healing power of the Lord. Her son, Yusef, was raised up when dying of pneumonia when I was there before, and she told them of this also. In the Muslim home we had great liberty in speaking of submission to the will of God and the two women present listened so attentively. In that home the eldest boy was very ill with fever one day when we called, and couldn't lift his little head off our shoulder. We laid hold of God for him and before we left he was healed by Jesus and in sheer joy jumped out of the window on to the balcony not far below and played like a natural, well boy. Oh we have a wonderful Saviour!"

Definite answer to prayer in the purchase of property has been given to Mrs. Lillian Denney, Rupaidiha, U. P., India, who writes enthusiastically: "I must tell you how wonderfully God answered prayer regarding the Methodist Mission property at this place. Some years ago I tried to purchase it from the M. E. Society and again two years ago, but each time I was refused, so I gave it up altogether. But this year, sud-

denly and unexpectedly, they offered to turn it over to me, at first only on rent but afterward permanently for the small sum of \$120.00. I praised the Lord with all my heart for I felt it was His provision for us. I had not been able to build sufficient rooms for all the preachers God had given us, but I was confronted with the fact that there was no money in sight with which to purchase this property. The superintendent of the Mission kindly offered to wait three months for the money, and I was in a quandary whether to accept their offer, or turn off my preachers which I didn't feel God wanted me to do after He had given them to me. In all my experience in India I had never gone into debt, yet after prayer I felt God wanted me to take the property and trust Him. I received their final decision to turn the property over, on Nov. 14, 1914. I laid the matter definitely before the Lord and felt it was His will we were to have the property, but I said, 'Lord, I have never been in debt before and I don't want to go into the new year in debt. I want You to give me this full amount before this year ends.' I uttered this prayer Nov. 15th. A part of the money started on the 14th, the day I received their decision, verifying His promise 'Before they call I will answer,' and on Nov. 16th and 18th the entire amount started from America. Now I praise God that He has children in the homeland who can hear and know His voice and are willing to obey Him. Beloved that is what keeps the wheels going in India. We began our school Dec. 1st and have several boys from Nepal attending and the number increasing daily. Our preachers are touring Nepal borders and our faithful Bible women daily visiting the villages. Pray God to bless all these labors of love to the salvation of precious souls for whom Jesus died. Pray on, the battle will not be long."

While every real Christian dreads the effect upon the heathen of the Christian nations warring with each other, yet God is in some way overruling and making it work out to the salvation of souls. From different lands we hear that the natives seem to be more impressionable and responsive to the Gospel. Florence Bush writes from Egypt that they have had to move into a new hall as the first one was not large enough to accommodate the crowds that came to hear the Word of God. On their first night in the new place a man was saved and healed, which they felt was the seal of the Lord upon the new move. A few nights later another was saved and one received the baptism in the Holy Ghost.

A Call to Prayer

SIGNS are portentous; times are perilous; prophecy is fast fulfilling. Hell is moving; judgment is on the way. The sea and waves are roaring. The old earth is trembling. Wars are raging, kingdoms are shaking. Thrones are tottering. Men's hearts are failing them for fear—the world is a field of carnage—and Jesus is coming—and you are going where?

Everything calls to prayer; the din and danger of the crowded street, the hurry and whirl of action everywhere. The stillness of the night, the gentle breeze whispers: "Pray!" The howling blast; the raging storm; the pealing thunders; the rumbling earthquake call loudly to prayer. The Word of God foretells all these things. They are the beginning of sorrows.

Jesus said, "When these things begin to come to pass then look up for your redemption draweth nigh." "Watch and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape those things that are coming on the earth and to stand before the Son of man." Luke 21:36. "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." Luke 18:1. St. Paul said, "Pray without ceasing." I. Thess. 5:17. "Praying always with all prayer and supplication." Eph. 6:18. "I exhort first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of

thanks be made for all men for kings and those in authority." I Tim. 2:1.

Prayer is calling on God. Whosoever shall call on the Lord shall be delivered. The signs are on the earth; blood and fire and vapor of smoke, and they will soon be in the heavens; sun turned to darkness, and the moon to blood, and stars falling; the old world reeling like a drunkard, the heavens passing away with a great noise, the elements melting with fervent heat. 2 Pet. 3.

"Then the kings of the earth and the great men and the rich men and the chief captains and the mighty men and every bondman and every freeman shall hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains and say to the mountains and rocks fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb." Rev. 6:15, 16.

Now is the time to pray before the islands flee away and the hills and mountains are cast into the sea. All faces will gather blackness at the awful cataclysm that is coming.

Pray as you rise up! Pray when you lie down! Pray when you go out! Pray when you come in! Pray while you work! Pray while you rest! Pray while you sing or talk! Pray everywhere! Let every breath be prayer! —A. P. Collins, 915 S. Main St., Ft. Worth, Texas.

Miraculous Deliverances from Raiders and Robbers Through Nights of Terror and Days of Famine

Ivan S. Kauffman, Missionary from West China

Note:—Some of us know little of the perils and dangers that beset the path of the missionary, especially he who pioneers on the frontier. The following story of lives jeopardized, facing exposure and fiendish mobs and God's miraculous deliverances, gives our readers an insight into missionary life to

which those who live in Christian lands are strangers. These messengers of the cross in West China have realized as did the Apostle Paul what it has meant to be "in perils of robbers," "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often and in hunger and thirst."



IN the Spring of 1914 reports reached us that "White Wolf," a former Chinese official but who had been removed from office, with the spirit of revenge against the government, started a raid with a following of about forty thousand strong. The first city to fall was Lohokeo where one missionary was killed and the mission schools raided. We are all interested in our fellow-missionaries so we watched events with deep interest. About a month after, the raiders arrived within twenty miles of Sian where they met with government troops and their forces were scattered and reported defeated, so we thought the matter was at an end. The city of Sian is about thirty days' journey from the West China Mission where I was stationed.

Shortly after this reports kept reaching us that the raiders were traveling westward; our mail was cut off, and while we had no definite news to hand we felt the outlook was serious and a feeling of unrest was all about us. A month later while the missionaries were holding service at Minchow Station, fifteen men arrived outside the city gate and demanded an entrance. This they were refused and a city official along with another armed man tried to defend the city. After an unsuccessful resistance an entrance was gained and one man was killed; the official who was trying to defend the city fled and left the inhabitants at the mercy of the invaders. As they entered the city the raiders divided into two sections, one-half moving toward the mission station and the other half going to the Chinese quarters. They were continually reinforced until they numbered about twenty thousand.

As one party of the raiders reached the mission station they demanded their personal property; first the horses, then watches, silver, wearing apparel, sugar, etc. All these demands they were compelled to accede to, as they were made at the point of the rifle. Up to this time the resident missionary complied with their demands but their next request was for the bride of a newly married evangelist together with another native Christian woman. Both of these Christian women were among our best native women, and this request Mr. Christie, the resident missionary, refused even in the face of a loaded rifle. The young bride was hid up to this time but was within hearing distance and when she heard the demand made for her and that it was a matter of life or death to the missionary she came from her hiding place and delivered herself up into the hands of the marauders. Her devotion to the missionaries was so great that she gladly gave herself up that they might be spared. Both she and the other Christian native were taken away, but earnest prayer was offered up to Him who alone could deliver and the following night they made their escape. As the marauders were taking their customary opium smoke they fell asleep, and these women who had been sewing for them gave each other the signal to escape. They ran to the home of a father-in-law but found the place vacant; the occupants had fled. They then hid themselves in the straw-house but were soon followed by the robbers. The Christian women overheard the robbers discussing their whereabouts. One advised the burning of the straw-house, another said there was no need of burning the straw and suggested shooting into it; a third said there was no use of firing into the straw that they couldn't be there, and so they walked away, and when they had left, the women under cover of darkness made their escape to the mountains, ten miles outside the city.

After the Chinese women had been captured search was made for the missionary ladies. One of the servants was compelled to escort the robbers about the house with a lantern but through the cleverness of the servant the robbers passed by the place of hiding unnoticed. After the robbers had gone to the outside of the building the missionaries jumped over a big wall and made their escape. They hid behind some bushes where they would have been discovered in the morning had it not been for the devotion and unselfishness of the young native evangelist who, instead of searching for his young wife who had

been captured, had the concern of the missionaries on his heart. He called to them in Chinese, but Mr. Christie fearing he was one of the raiders refused to answer. Then the evangelist remembered just one word in English which he used and they recognized he was one of their own people and responded. He led them outside the city to a place of safety where they had the last meal they would get in five days, which consisted of roasted barley flour and water. While it was still dark they escaped to the mountains ten miles distant. There, they with perhaps three thousand refugees were hiding in a small wood and would have been perfectly safe had not the raiders gotten hold of the evangelist's son and compelled him to tell where the missionaries had fled. The raiders followed to this wood and surrounded it, firing from different sides. Here the missionaries lost courage and prayed for grace to die. One of the ladies sent her last words to her father should any of the party return safely; another was so weak that she had to be carried, and all prayed for grace to die, but God graciously sent his own messenger along at this time. While they were praying to the Lord for His intervention, a man who was a perfect stranger stumbled upon them. Mr. Christie opened up conversation with him and asked him to lead them to a place of safety, and this man, though an entire stranger was used by the hand of God, we believe, in leading them in a very round-about way safely out of the wood to a place still further beyond, where they remained for five days without food and only one steamer rug amongst them, used, of course, by the women of the party. During this time it both rained and snowed, and the only shelter they had was the trees. At the end of these five days the native evangelist made a search for food, at the same time inquiring about the conditions of the city, and they found they were able to return, but their mission station together with all their belongings were in ashes. The native Christians who were also bereft of everything they had, secured some food for them and looked after their protection for a few days.

We in Old City had been hearing reports of conditions, and women and children, together with boys and girls from the two schools moved to the Tibetan Monastery, a building now in the possession of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, but which was formerly a Buddhist Temple. It lies across the river Tao in the Tibetan country, and was considered a safe place for hiding. Two of us single men remained at Old

City in order to protect the Station as best we could. However, the night of the arrival of the marauders at Tao Chow Old City, the ladies became anxious and desired that we might all be together, and so under cover of darkness we made our way to the Tibetan monastery. We stayed up all night preparing lunches for the flight, and decided to go to a secret hiding place and to tell no one where we would go, arranging to leave about three o'clock in the morning. When three o'clock arrived we sent off our boys and girls from the schools and all the missionaries and Christian refugees to this hiding place and we followed. From this place we were able to see and to hear the fighting in Tao Chow Old City. We remained here until the evening when it appeared that the White Wolf party was being defeated and retracing their steps in haste, so with hearts more light we started back to the Tibetan monastery. Two of the missionaries, their baby and myself, reached the monastery and the rest of them were within a half mile when horsemen came down from Old City in great haste stating that the city had fallen into the hands of the White Wolf party and that everyone was terror stricken. This was just five miles away. The remainder of the party, consisting of seven adults and four children, two of whom were cripples, who had not yet arrived at the monastery, turned their horses the other way and as fast as they could, made their flight into the Tibetan country. By this time it was dark and one of the missionaries who was carrying a crippled child on a horse fell over a precipice, horse and all, a distance of about twenty feet, but the Lord preserved their lives; the horse landed on his feet and the missionary and child remained in the saddle uninjured. Later on they were attacked by Tibetan robbers and through a very small act on the part of the missionary the robbers were frightened and hurriedly left. The missionary had a small shot gun and walking up to the robber said, "Are you a robber?" The man became frightened and said, "No, no, I am not a robber," and fled with his associates.

The night was pitch dark, it both rained and snowed and the party arrived at the home of a Tibetan friend, completely worn out, weary unto death and famished for water. The friend gladly took them in, giving them food and drink. We at the temple remained until we saw the smoke from Old City clouding the sky, and hearing shots close by we also decided to make our escape. All our horses had been taken up by the other missionaries so we borrowed an old cow

upon which we put a few things, mostly for the baby we had with us, which was not quite a year old. We had gone about three thousand yards when we heard shots fired close by, which made us hasten our steps. We arrived at a village about two miles distant when we heard about fifty or sixty shots in front of us, so instead of taking the route we had planned we turned off into a near-by gully and started for the mountain. We rearranged our load by the help of the natives so as to keep it on the saddle of the cow, one of the very crudest kind, and started as fast as we could. We got about a third of the way up the gully when our cow gave out. We gave her a little rest and started her off again. This was repeated many times, and it finally ended in the cow lying down and refusing to be moved from the spot. By this time we were half way up the mountain and not being able to get the cow any further we dragged the luggage about a hundred yards where we found spruce trees, under which we decided to lodge for the night. From here we could see the sky lit up by the flames from Old City. I could not tell you how worn and weary we were, and oh so thirsty! We were of course, greatly frightened and in fright one's thirst is greatly intensified, but there was no water within reach. We could have gotten water several yards down the gully but all were too weary to go for it. During the night it rained and snowed; this was probably God's means of sending us something to drink, for by a crease in the canvas we managed to collect drops of water into an enamel bowl and each one took a mouthful and in that way we quenched our thirst just a little. Our matches which we had brought with us, had been left in the rain, and we were unable to make a fire, cold as we were. I became soaking wet, and lost my voice entirely. In the morning at ten we took courage to climb the rest of the mountain which was about twelve thousand feet above sea-level. We reached the top of the mountain about noon and in a gully just down the other side a short distance we managed to build ourselves a hut of dried rails and green spruce trees. This could not be seen if the raiding party passed within twenty yards, and thus the Lord hid us. It is wonderful how the Lord preserved us in this time, for even the little babe that was with us did not take a cold.

As our food supply became exhausted and we had nothing for the baby I made a trip to the temple in the darkness, for some food, and found it had been ravaged by local thieves, but

otherwise still intact. Later in the day I came across our boys and girls from the schools, and oh how glad we were to see each other again, for while they were staying in the mountains all by themselves some Tibetan robbers had come upon them and frightened them like a wolf frightens a flock of sheep. They were all scattered, but thank God He kept them. We learned that the White Wolf party fully intended to lay our whole station in ashes, but God preserved it. They heard a rumor that a large band of government soldiers were coming upon them, and leaving all they made a hurried escape. But the refugees who had gathered into Old City, numbering from seven to eight thousand, were most brutally killed. Men, women and children, as they tried to make their escape from the burning houses, were shot down, and so great was their fright that they jumped into wells. About every well in the city was filled with bodies of the dead, some containing as many as eighty and a hundred. Many of our dear friends were gone, but the Lord preserved us, blessed be His Name. Only two of our native Christians were killed, two evangelists who both died preaching the Gospel, and while we missed them very much we were thankful to God that they died so victoriously. All of the missionaries who had made their escape among the Tibetans and in the mountains returned to the temple where we decided to remain until we could prepare some place to locate, for our stations both at Minchow and in Old City were unfit to live in because of the dead bodies which were not buried. Our fellow missionaries and some of the native Christians from Minchow asked if they could come up to the temple as they were without food and shelter, and we gladly acceded to their request. The White Wolf party had gone and we were rejoicing in our deliverance, but the dangers were not all over. Tibetan robbers who came from the inland about three days' journey, and who make their living by robbing and looting, heard that many of the Chinese as well as the missionaries were moving into the Tibetan country for safety, bringing, of course, their valuables with them, and they decided to make a raid upon us. We heard these rumors and reported them to the authorities asking them to look after us and protect us, and they sent us old rifles and five worthless soldiers. Heretofore we had never used arms nor did we desire at this time to do so but we knew of nothing else to do; there was no law, no soldiers who were any account, and we had to trust in God to lead us to do the best we

could. The reports regarding the approach of the robbers became stronger, but we kept them from the women, as they had already been overwrought and unstrung by what they had passed through; but we kept a close watch at night so as not to be overtaken unawares. It was just about a month from the time of White Wolf's raid that one evening about ten o'clock, neighboring villagers came to see us, bringing a report that a large band of Tibetans of this distant clan were within four miles of us. The villagers said they did not know their intentions but warned us, a method that is customary in Tibet, and then went to their homes and tried to defend their own village. We men knew what it meant and we prepared for the worst, as best we could. Several went to sleep and two of our party remained up to watch. About half past one in the morning the dogs began to bark in an unusual way, and we knew something out of the ordinary was about to happen. We decided that since we had arms and there was no possible way of escape we would shoot into the air and give them fair warning, telling them to leave. If they refused to leave we would shoot them in the legs for we had under our care at least one hundred refugee Christians, mostly women and children, and to fall into the hands of the Tibetans means more than death; it means torture of the worst kind. So we decided to stand our ground if it came to the worst. The soldiers the government had given us were filled with fright and lying on the floor of the temple, refused to budge. About half a dozen robbers climbed over the neighbor's court and rushed for the large gate which was locked. With one jerk they broke the iron chain, threw open the gate and in rushed the Tibetans, about one hundred and sixty strong. At once they began to fire; it seemed every man in the party was armed with a gun. The women and children rushed upstairs to some rooms in the temple, behind the thickest wall and there waited for what they knew not. None of us knew what would be the outcome of that awful night, and we all realized we were facing death. Instead of firing into the air as we had planned, we fired wherever we saw the light of their guns. The result was they backed out of the court-yard. We realized that unless God helped us it meant a wholesale massacre of all the women and children under our care, and they had no possible way of escape. We had evidence, and we learned afterwards that the Tibetans came with the full intention of killing the missionaries, robbing the place and then burning the building.

They had torches prepared made of bark from trees and wrapped around a stick dipped in oil for the purpose of setting the place on fire.

While I had been much frightened in the beginning I felt a strength and a boldness within me that was far beyond the natural. The robbers were retreating all too slowly for me, and I followed them outside of the court yard and into the near-by gully, where I was surrounded. To the front of me was a large party of robbers, to the left another large party, to the right an insurmountable wall, and from behind a single robber ran toward me with knife in hand, ready to stab me. I shouted to him in Chinese, in Tibetan and in English; but to no effect. He came with terrific force down a steep hill, and made straight for me with the intent to kill. It was the hardest thing I ever did, but in self-defense I raised my rifle and shot him. Our own missionaries not knowing what had become of me were terribly frightened. One of the sisters almost went insane while another lost her speech; they felt if one of the few was killed it was simply the beginning of the end of the entire party. But through the help of the Lord I reached the temple in safety and we praised God for His deliverance. The robbers returned to their country spreading the report the entire route that there were at least two hundred people protecting the monastery. The Lord put a fear upon them just as He did the Syrians when they encamped against the Israelites. They heard the noise of chariots and of horses and of a great host and that great army of Syrians fled in the darkness. So it was in our case. There were but four of us defending the monastery yet the Lord magnified us into two hundred in the eyes of the Tibetan robbers, verifying the Scripture, "One shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight." Hallelujah!

Thro' the Path of Humility.

I LOVE the humble way and humble people. God has burned this down in my soul. I cried for the longest time that I might know something about humility, and I want to tell you how God took the means to teach me about it. I wanted to know something about this humble way, and God showed me that the way up was the way down. He took our home away from us; there were nine of us in the family, seven of whom were children, and the money

was not coming in. The needs were very evident, and Pentecostal people began to criticize and say I ought to go to work. God had called me to preach, and He brought me to the place where I said, "Friends or no friends, money or no money, I am going through with God. I am going to preach the Gospel or die in the attempt." God got me in a corner. The home was gone, and we came down to living in a barn. Then the Lord showed me so sweetly that He was born in a barn; to that extent at least we were like Jesus. Then He showed me that the way to get your prayers through was to be humble, because God hears the cry of the humble. I saw that to be humble you must be willing to be misunderstood, the humble do not defend themselves, they do not care what is said about them. The Lord showed me that to be humble you must be willing to be called an ignoramus if necessary, to unload all your intellectual ability, your seminary and collegiate training, lay it all down; He showed me that to be humble you must be willing to say just what God wants you to say, no more, no less. When He gets through, stop. So many of our preachers want to have a fine finish to their sermons, the nice introduction, the historical part and the climax in closing, but we have had that for years. I have pored over sermons by the hour, and stood in a tremble lest I might forget a point and be an object lesson of derision, but God showed me there was a better way, and that was just to let the Lord have His way. When we see the Lord we see Him so far below anyone of us. He said, "I am meek and lowly of heart. Come unto me and learn of Me." Think of the Lord as an object lesson of humility in His incarnation, when He said to the Father, "Now glorify me with the glory I had before the world was." He laid it aside for a time that He might become all things to all men. Think of the humility in His service-life when He girded Himself with a towel and washed His disciples' feet! Think of the humility of His sacrificial life, as Paul said, "Who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God." He made Himself of no reputation, but took upon Himself the form of a servant and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.—*Edw. Armstrong at the Nov. Council Meeting.*

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