



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

The Cross the only Antidote for Backsliding

Get Thee Down to the Floor: but Make not Thyself Known!

Mrs. Robt. A. Brown, New York City, in The Stone Church, May 28, 1915.



IN the third chapter of Ruth, third verse, there are a few words that I believe the Lord gave me this morning: "Wash thyself therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the floor: but make not thyself known."

You remember in the story of Ruth the consecration she made in the beginning, when she separated herself from her own kindred and her people. It was a consecration of life or death; she left everything behind, and only such a consecration will ever bring the children of God into the place where it brought Ruth. She not only made the consecration but she went into the harvest-field and gleaned. She gleaned from the beginning of the harvest to the end; she toiled she labored, she worked, but now something new comes into her life; now something else comes up. She is seeking the bridegroom.

Go wash thyself. That didn't mean a cleansing from her sins; that didn't mean a separation from the world; she had already made that separation; she had already passed that fountain of cleansing, but now the command is, "*Wash thyself.*" There is a cleansing of the Word of God that comes to every life as one presses on into Him, a deeper cleansing, a deeper separation than perhaps most of us have ever known heretofore, a cleansing by the Word of God, our whole being laid open and bare before Him until only from within the inner parts doth truth go forth—truth from the inner parts, that is what He is calling for.

Ruth had to have a cleansing from all her work. She had labored, she had toiled in the harvest field, but there had to be a cleansing from her work. Oh we have been great soul winners! You have heard it said, "That person is a great soul winner." "It's wonderful how she works for God!" Go wash thyself! There is a cleansing from our works. Have you ever had yourself cleansed from what you have done for God? We need a cleansing from all our ambitions and our desires. Go wash thyself!

The blood cleanses and separates from sin unto God, separates us from the world, but we have to wash ourselves. That is something that we can do. There is no one who needs such a

cleansing, no one who is so full of "works" as the Christian worker, as God's ministering servant. We get so filled up with our works, with what we can do and what we are, and what we have done, that we need constantly to go to the fountain to wash ourselves lest we be puffed up.

Then "anoint thee!" Ruth, you who have gleaned from morning until night and have washed yourself, you need the anointing. After such a cleansing, after such an emptying of one's self comes the anointing. The anointing that comes upon the child of God, the "anointing that abideth" is the anointing that rests upon you in the hard place, in the easy place, in the dark place, in the sunshine, in the cloud—it is the mighty power of the eternal God. It rests upon and continues upon that child who is yielded unto the Lord, upon that one who has had a real dip at the fountain, a real cleansing at His feet. There is our place down at His feet; never trying to bring ourselves up, never trying to make ourselves somebody. It is low at His feet that we find the real joy, the real blessing, the real peace, and are brought into such a living touch with the King of kings that we have His smile upon us always and His glory resting over us.

But not only are we to have the "anointing that abideth," but it does something for us. What is it? "And put thy raiment upon thee"—the anointing that abideth puts a raiment upon us. You will find it in the Forty-fifth Psalm, 8th verse: "All thy garments smell of myrrh. . . . Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thy ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty"—you didn't know you were beautiful, did you? Ashes make beauty, and the only kind of beauty that the Lord calls beauty is the beauty out of ashes. We like the beauty but we do not want to go through the process that makes the ashes. "For He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him. . . . The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework," and she will not be brought to the King until she is clothed with this garment. "Her clothing is of wrought gold." That means suffering, doesn't it? It means going through the crucible and having the dross burned out so that nothing is

left but the pure gold, and then this pure gold is taken and made into threads and they are worked into your garment in fine needlework. Did you ever have any embroidery put on your garment? any fine needlework? You know who puts it on, don't you? Your brother and your sister. They are the only ones who can bring the finest needlework into your garment; You wouldn't pay any attention to the needlework anybody else would try to put on your garment; no one else could do it so effectively as your brother or sister, the one nearest to you, the one whom you thought a great deal of and looked up to, the one whom you have had as an ideal, and thought was spiritual and knew the Lord. These are the ones who can bring forth the real needlework in you and me, and they are making beautiful stitches in our garments; fancy work. You know every time the needle goes through it pricks. And then some of the threads have to be pulled. I never did any, but I have seen others tie knots and pull threads. If you and I are going to have on the fine needlework raiment we must hold still while the stitches are being inwrought. In Revelation we read, "the Bride hath made *herself* ready;" she has something to do. Sometimes we fold our arms and say, "Lord Jesus, do it all," but there is something you and I must do. We must be a yielded vessel and emptied.

But this beautiful garment has many pieces to it. When a bride is preparing and making ready to be married she doesn't put on all her garments at one time. She is getting them ready every day. Sometimes it takes her a long while to get them ready, especially if she has a good many of them; she has more than just the dress, the outer garment; she is attired in the very finest needlework. This Bride that you and I expect to be a part of will never meet the King until we have been arrayed in raiment of fine needlework.

Several years ago I attended a campmeeting in the New England States. I went there for a real touch from God and I didn't seem to be getting it, so I went off in the woods to be alone with God—you get the best when you are alone with Him—and I got down on a big rock and asked the Lord to give me something out of His Word. He led me very definitely to the Scripture, "Many are called but few are choice." (marg.) I said, "Lord what does that mean?" He brought to my mind two cut glass dishes that I had. They were exactly the same size and the same weight but there was a great difference in the cutting. One of these dishes had

great, large cuts. It wasn't very expensive because the cuts were too large, but the other one was very finely cut. When you put it in in the sun how it would sparkle! It was beautiful. When the Lord brought these two dishes before me He said, "Now one of these dishes is a 'choice' one. You are very careful of that one; you use the other all the time but this one you are particular about because it is especially beautiful." "Yes," I said, "that is true. I am afraid it will get broken. I wouldn't care so much about the other." What made the difference in those cut glass dishes? The fine cuts made the one so much more expensive. It had so much more work on it. It was a "choice" one. "Many are called but few are choice." They are not willing to be made choice. It takes a great deal of cutting to make them choice. If you are going to be a choice vessel and expect to be ready to go forth to meet the Bridegroom you will have many cuts in your dish; you will have lots of fine needlework wrought on your garment. I told this "cut glass dish" story one evening and when I got through some one of whom I thought a great deal and looked up to as a superior character, one who walked with the Lord, gave me the deepest cut I ever had in my life. I got down on my face and said, "Lord how is this?" And He said, "Didn't you lift up your hand and say you wanted to be one of those choice vessels? This is just a cut in your glass dish. Nobody could have cut it like she did." Did you ever have anybody cut your glass dish? Have you ever had your brother embroider the fine needlework on your garment? When the Lord showed me that I said, "I'd just as soon she would put in another cut because I really want my dish to be a choice one."

The natural man doesn't like the cuts, the natural man doesn't like the needlework. It hurts to make the cuts, it hurts to put in the stitches, and we are very sensitive beings. Some people excuse themselves by saying, "I am very sensitive." God will have to take the sensitiveness out of you. When He begins to cut, if you will hold still, it will go. I was very sensitive too, and I had a big death on that line. Now I don't care what people say about me at all. God had to hammer and cut and slash to get it out, because all the time I was saying to Him in the secret closet, "Jesus I want to be like You. I must be like You." He heard that cry and went to work on me. If that has been the cry of your heart, He is working on you. Every one who spends time alone with God and comes into real fellowship and living touch with Him

will have that cry in his heart. And when you come out of your closet don't be surprised if you get a good "cut" in your dish. Don't be surprised if somebody is trying to embroider a nice big rose on your garment. I think I have had a few stitches since I came to the Convention. If I hadn't I wouldn't be where God could use me. If you are not getting some needlework done on you every day you are not where God wants you, because we cannot let a day go by without the mighty work of the Holy Spirit on our garments, making us ready for His coming. He will send you to some convention, some mission, some hard field, in order that He can work out this fine needlework on you. You do not understand why you are going through such trials, but He heard your cry over there in that secret closet, "Lord, make me like Thee." "Lord, make me ready for Thy coming." "Lord, prepare me to meet Thee at any cost." "All right," and He begins to work. But you and I fuss and wonder why the Lord ever sent us down there, and why He permitted us to get such a blow. He is answering your prayer uttered in the closet, and He is so good to do it. We grumble at Him, we fuss with Him, we say we can't stand it, but He works on just the same because He is answering the prayer you prayed back yonder. I keep on praying just the same. Sometimes I say, "Don't pay any attention to me, no matter how much I object. I don't want to hinder You. Go on with Your work regardless of my feelings," and He does it even when I don't want Him to. Oh isn't He a wonderful Savior! He is preparing us to meet Him, and He will never have a Bride that is not His equal. He suffered. He had enemies. He was called a liar, too; called all kinds of names, and we have to have that same reproach on us. Have you ever been called a liar when you didn't deserve it? Ah that is the thing that is going to make you like the King of kings! In the beginning of the work in New York City when the mission was about a year old I was standing there alone. I had never been in this kind of work before and it was very hard, but I saw from the very beginning that this life upon which we had entered meant one of two things; crucifixion to the self-life or it meant backsliding. There is only one of two ways to go when you get the baptism in the Holy Ghost: if you do not go the way of the cross you will backslide. That is all that is open for us. I saw this way of the cross, and as I didn't want to backslide I kept crying to the Lord to take me through and bring death to

this self of mine. At this time I was living with a family to whom I was everything; I was their daughter, and the most wonderful person on earth. They had both been converted through me—I had converted them, and you know what kind of a conversion that is. Well they fairly idolized me, but the day came when the Lord told me to leave that home. "Oh," I said, "how can I ever leave this house?" and I cried mightily to the Lord, but I finally went and took a little flat. Then the fight began. I had been with them five months and when I left they thought they could turn the people of the mission against me. Not only that but they went to another meeting every Sunday morning, the Alliance, and there they maligned me, told them what a liar I was, what a thief, and how this speaking in tongues was of the devil, and I died hard. People came to me and I would explain, but I felt something within me all the time saying "Don't vindicate yourself." Oh I had to do it, it would not be right for the sake of the Lord's work. Of course, it was the Lord's work, it wasn't for myself. I didn't want any reproach to come upon His name—and so I argued with myself. One morning there were two Alliance sisters came to the house and they said to me, "Now we want to hear from your own lips about this thing, whether it was so-and-so, etc." While they talked I started to cry. Something within me said, "Don't you vindicate yourself," and it was so strong I didn't dare, and I just fell on my face and said, "God won't let me say anything." It hurt my flesh not to be able to explain. I had never been a thief, and not to be able to tell them so was taking me through the deepest crucifixion. There were two young women there with me and they began to reprove these two others for coming, but as I was crying to the Lord, He brought before me a great big soldier, a handsome soldier, all equipped. He had on a breast-plate and a shield, and the fiery darts were coming thick and fast; I could see them sticking in his legs and in his arms, and his head, and I said, "Lord, that is I; that is just what they are doing." The Lord wanted me to get a good picture of myself. Then I saw another picture. Here came another, a tiny soldier, and the shield of faith covered him up; it was the same shield that was on the big soldier. The fiery darts were flying all around him but they never hit him; he was so small that he got right behind the shield. I saw the lesson. I said, "Lord, I am too big. Let the darts come. I want to be that little soldier." Ah when you get little, the fiery darts won't hurt you! You

will be saved from the strife of tongues. The shield of faith will cover you. Whenever you find anything hitting you, just know you are too big. We have to be cut down. Jesus is looking for men and women today who will be small enough to hide behind the shield, who will be willing for Him to put on them the raiment of fine needlework. But that is not all. After the raiment is put on, what next? Get thee down! Where? To the floor. That is about as low as you can get. "Get thee down to the floor, and make not thyself known." Don't let anybody know you are down there. You don't have to tell how humble you are; they will know. Ruth was not only to get down to the floor but she was not to make herself known. This is a day when people want to be known, but we must be hidden away in Him. There is so much advertising of men, today, especially if they are gifted or talented. People even in Pentecost get a man or a woman who has a name, just as a drawing card, to draw the crowds and bring the people, but it is not so with this one who had gone down to the floor. Everyone who becomes a part of that bride or is made an overcomer and will be caught up to meet Him, will never be made known in the sense of popularity, in the sense of a great call or a great preacher. Oh I'd rather be a member of the Bride clothed with this garment of fine needlework, hidden away and unknown, than to be the greatest preacher in the world. It is not in works, it is not in great parade, not in popularity, but it is the hidden life—"let not thyself be known." If that could be impressed on the heart of everyone that has been called by Him into this life, separated and set apart for the Master, there would be a power that would go forth from such a life and from a company of people that were so unknown, that would shake the world; not in themselves but through Him. I am sure that as we go down to the floor, with our faces to the ground we can be emptied of every desire, every ambition to make ourselves known. How many unknown people today, unknown to the great masses and to the world will have the greatest reward in heaven. I think sometimes of the little woman; washing 'at the tub, and as she rubs and washes to make the garments clean, the spirit of prayer comes upon her and she touches heaven—nobody knows anything about her, no one ever hears of her, but there is a great reward awaiting her. She is unknown on earth, but known in heaven. There is the one hidden away in the prayer-closet, she doesn't let it be known that she is a great intercessor,

because she has gone down to the floor, and as she prays for those in this and other lands, some one here is lifted up and wonders who prayed for him; some one over yonder has been healed and touched by the power of God; a revival has broken forth, and the minister through this one unknown in the closet sends forth the Word in power that will bring a reward up yonder where she is known. Oh to be known by Him! I'd rather be known in heaven than to be known here. I'd rather have the reward that comes to the little, insignificant woman in the closet than to be known all over the world as a great preacher, or a talented evangelist, because when men and women become known here and their names are in the papers and they are sought for everywhere, in some way the self life begins to crop out, and you find them getting up from the floor; their faces are not in the dust as they were when they were unknown. That beautiful life that was so hidden and so in touch with Him has lost its sweetness. Now they think they are something wonderful and they begin to take the glory and the honor, and the praise that belongs only to the Lord. Then you find the vessel leaking out and being emptied of its power. For a time it will go on and on because of the name, but it will not last; it cannot last in Pentecost. Today God will be honored; God will get glory to His name, and when we get too exalted, or in other words, *too well known*, there will be a puncture somewhere to let us down, that we may know the dust, that we may know the floor. Oh it is down and then "unknown" that counts with Him. Let us as God's children and co-workers with Him not have an ambition to be known; let us not have an ambition to be great. How much it creeps into the very humblest men and women! You can understand how this temptation would come to talented men and women, but this subtle snare of Satan entraps every one that can be trapped. The desire to be great saps out the sweetness in the life that is unknown.

I remember hearing a story of a city which had no water, but away up the side of a hill a man found a spring, and he conceived the idea of piping that water down to the city. He dug under the ground and put in the pipes, and supplied water for that whole city, but you never saw the channel through which it came. The channel never got the glory for supplying that city with water, but the spring on the hill from whence it came. So if our lives can be unknown; if we can get into that place of death and stay there, our Spring, the King of kings

can be glorified. And when He is glorified the power of the Spirit will rest upon the people. He says, "I will not give My glory to another," and that is why when the channel becomes known it loses its power. In a meeting the other day as we were kneeling and waiting before the Lord, I heard a brother say to a sister, "Did you hear me crying?" She said, "No, I didn't." "Why," he said, "I was having intercessory prayer. I thought everybody knew it." That channel wanted to be known, therefore there wasn't much power in his intercession. He wanted the people round him to know that the prayer of intercession was on him and he took the glory. I never took much stock in that kind of intercession or the kind of weeping that likes to be noticed. The real water from the Spring doesn't flow through a channel when it is so anxious to be known. It may be that the living stream flowed through it for a time but when we take the glory and the praise to ourselves then the channel gets clogged and I am sure no living water can flow freely from a clogged-up channel. Self is one of the biggest clogs in my channel. Oh how I find the old self-life clogging up the channel! The only place I find deliverance is down on the floor in the dust before Him. Oh for that garment of humility to cover us! Not the put-on kind but the real humility which comes from a broken spirit, an emptied channel.

She made not *herself* known. I love to dwell on this because I feel here is where so many of us have failed God. The Lord is longing to have us ready for His coming. I think some-

times as I wait before Him of what His heart desires for His bride, for this company of overcomers, that we should be made like Himself. Oh how far short we come, all because we are not willing to get down and be unknown! When that life of "death" has been wrought in us, you will find a character that is full of the sweetness and the love of Jesus.

The Lord is working on us. We have washed our garments and He is daily working on the bridal robe; the fine needlework, the embroidery is being inwrought. You will find later on in this story of Ruth, she went to the floor, she bowed herself down, and while she was down there, humbled and broken, the master came and spoke to her and said, "Who is this?" And she said, "This is Ruth thy handmaiden,"—not the great worker; not the great soul winner, not the great preacher, just the handmaiden, just the errand-boy down in the dust; "cover me with thy skirt for thou art mine own kinsman," meaning thou art my redeemer. He was going to redeem her. When you and I fall at the Master's feet and humble ourselves we will always find Him there to speak a word of comfort. And when you lie at His feet He will come and clothe you with the garments of humility. If you keep there you can have the skirt of the Almighty covering you; you can be protected by Him. Think of His covering us! Think of the skirt of the Almighty One protecting us! Let us wash ourselves and have Him anoint us; put on us the raiment of fine needlework and teach us how to get down to the floor, and when He finds us there in humility He will cover us with His skirt.

The Warning Bell—Time to Wake up!

"What Meanest Thou, O Sleeper? Arise, Call upon thy God."

Pastor Andrew L. Fraser, 3748 Forest Ave., Chicago, in the Stone Church, May 9, 1915.



WHEN Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." Isa. 26:9.

In the loss of the Lusitania with thirteen hundred and sixty precious souls swept to a sudden and untimely death, the civilized world has once more been treated to another product of Twentieth Century civilization. The one note that rings out clear and strong above all the loud acclaims of God in these days is the great urgent invitation, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Men are trying to tell us today that this world is going on to perfection. The Word of God de-

clares most emphatically that it is going to perdition. Men are trying to make us believe that the progress of civilization, the progress of fine arts, the increase of one society after another intended for the amelioration of suffering is all an evidence of the Christ spirit, an evidence of the fact that the world is surely, and beyond the shadow of a doubt, growing better. Some would even have us believe that the Christ is present in person in the world today. As if such a thing were possible, that when the Prince of Peace returns to reign, there could ever be a cataclysm such as is now taking place in Europe. Men are trying today to close their eyes to the real state of affairs, refusing to see that the indictment of

the Lord Jesus Christ against the Pharisees and the Sadducees was never more appropriate than at this time. "When it is evening, ye say, it will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning it will be foul weather today: for the sky is red and lowring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" Man is wonderfully awake to some things in this life, to everything along the intellectual plane, but when it comes to the things of God, he is as blind as a bat flapping his wings in the light of the noonday sun.

Andrew Carnegie with his ten million dollars evolved a plan for the bringing of universal peace, as if there ever could be any peace without the presence of the Prince of Peace! This world is good enough for Andrew Carnegie, so he declares, and he is likely to have his fill of it. A while ago I read of the mobilizing of a white army up in the north of Europe. That white army was being gotten together with a view to bringing peace between the warring nations of Europe. Their purpose was to march between the contending armies robed in white, expecting thereby that the firing would cease, that men would lay down their arms and return to their quiet and desolate homes to take up anew the affairs of life. Peace will never be secured in that way. Men are crying "Peace!" "Peace!" but God says there is no peace, and there never will be peace until He comes whose right it is to reign. The wild-beast nature in man has been unleashed and there is no power under heaven that can bring it into control again but the King of kings. "Behold, I send you forth in the midst of wolves;" a pack of fierce, blood-thirsty wolves! That is the condition of the warring nations of Europe today. They stand glaring at each other with fiendish hate in their eyes, ready to spring at the throats of the men whom a while ago they were ready to embrace and kiss. It is the spirit of the wild, fiendish, fallen nature and it never will be brought into control by anyone but the Lord Jesus Christ.

All of these events are crying out with trumpet voice, "Prepare to meet thy God," but men are going on to their swift and irrevocable doom heedless of the warning cry of God. The trouble with men today is that they do not take God seriously. The world doesn't take the Word of God seriously, and I feel that the church of Jesus Christ, even the Spirit-baptized saints of the Lord, do not take God as seriously as we ought to. But I want to tell you this, beloved, that God is taking us seriously, and we shall find

that the God of love is surely a God of justice as well. "Prepare to meet thy God," is the trumpet call of the hour, and every one of these catastrophes, the Titanic disaster, the destruction of the Lusitania, the warring nations of Europe, the war between capital and labor, are but drawn on the dial of time to call men to a realization of their true condition.

We never speak of the coming of the Lord but there arises within us a great joy. We talk of the rapture of the saints and at once the joy of the Lord begins to bubble up, until it finds expression on our lips, "Yea, even so come Lord Jesus; come quickly!" We see in it the emancipation from all our sorrows and labors. We see in it the silvered lining to the present dark cloud, and we long to shuffle off this mortal coil and be free from these things of earth that we may sail away up into the heavenly glory with our blessed Bridegroom.

That is one side of it, beloved, and it is a glorious side, but everything has two sides, the upper and the lower; and while we are concerned more fully with the upper and the glorious side, let us not forget there is an under side, as black and despairing as the very innermost depths of Satanic abode. We talk of the rapture and, oh, how our hearts respond! We would not care if it came this afternoon, for it might find some of us more prepared, perchance, than tomorrow morning, but think what it might mean in other lives that are not prepared and are failing to heed this trumpet call of God to prepare to meet Him and be ready for the advent of Christ. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left." Will the one see the other go? I think not. She will be caught without warning. The one who is caught away will hear the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, but the other won't hear it and will not be conscious of what has taken place. The one shall be taken and the other left. "Two men shall be asleep in one bed; the one shall be taken and the other left." You will wake up in the morning and find your companion gone. There will be a running to the telephone, "Have you seen my wife?" "Have you heard anything about my husband? I cannot find him anywhere." He has gone with the Lord in glory. Oh it is going to be a time of fearful revelation, a time of fearful awakening for the people that are "left" in this world. But did you ever think of it that when the Lord Jesus comes for His saints nothing will be permitted to hinder or prevent the carrying out of the kingly program? There will be a terrible

awakening to those who are unprepared. The railroad train will be speeding along at sixty miles an hour, rushing through the darkness of the night, but the man with his hand on the throttle is a prepared man and belongs to the Bride of Christ; he will be "caught up" and the train will rush on in the darkness and the gloom of the night to swift destruction for the occupants of the train.

While the church of Jesus Christ is still with us the Holy Spirit restrains and holds back the awful tide of evil, but once the Holy Spirit has gone the restraining cause removed, then you will find how little boasted civilization has left. They little realize how much Christianity means in the final summing up of civilization. They do not give God the glory for the refining influences of Jesus Christ in the world, but if the wild-beast element is predominant now, what will it be when all the bans are off and hell reigns? when all the Satanic influences are let loose and men follow their own bent? The stately steamer will be plowing through the deep, yea hundreds of them, and there on the bridge is the lookout, watching for dangerous rocks and shoals. He is a prepared man, and he hears the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and is caught away while the ship rushes on to destruction—a thousand Lusitanias going down into darkness at the time when the Lord shall call away His own. You go on the street cars and the elevated trains little knowing when your last ride will come. There is a prepared man at the wheel and when he hears that secret call which none but the prepared ones shall ever hear, that little enclosure will be left vacant, the elevated train rushes on, and coming to a curve, the speed is not relaxed and over it goes with its freight of human lives. That is the other side of the rapture. May God help us to understand the seriousness of the times and be able to read His handwriting on the wall.

It is not going to be very long, beloved, before He, whose right it is to reign, shall reign. Are you aware of it? Are you prepared for it? Or are you heedless and rebellious, rejecting authority? Your neck will have to bow before the Conqueror when He comes to judge the world. When the Bride has been taken away, woe to the inhabitants of the earth! When God's judgments are in the earth the inhabitants will learn righteousness. It will not be long before that august scene takes place in the court of heaven; then will come the opening of the book and the opening of the seven seals; then shall we see the judgments of God poured out.

Ah, these judgments in these days are but a prelude; they are but a warning voice of the greater judgments yet to follow! God is trying to wake us out of our sleep. Jonah was sent to the people of Nineveh to warn them, but Jonah himself was asleep down in the sides of the ship when the voice of the master was heard, "O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God." And the voice of our Master comes to the sleeping church today, "Awake oh sleeper, and send the note of alarm through all the earth."

It will not be long before you will see weeping in heaven. Why do they weep? Because no one has been found worthy to open the book. The Lion of the tribe of Judah is the one that has the right to open the book of purchase and break the seals of it. You read in Jeremiah where he purchased a piece of land and it was sold with the book of purchase. That is the book of purchase that is referred to here when Jesus Christ comes to the sacrifice of His own precious life in order to purchase the lives and redemption of His people. He is the one who is found worthy to open the seals. But when the Lamb begins to open the seals, beware! It means the introduction of His earthly kingdom, the near preparation of His return to reign. At the opening of the first seal there issues forth a white horse bearing a crowned conqueror going forth to conquer. He is followed by "another horse that is red"—"war" going forth with a sword to kill and destroy, and to take peace from the earth. The third seal is broken, and lo a black horse whose rider carries a pair of balances, sure harbinger of scarcity and famine in food-stuffs; and again the fourth, a pale horse whose horseman is "Death and Hell" bearing his four sore judgments of war and famine and pestilence and scourge.

It will not be long, beloved, before the seals will be broken and the judgments of God poured out upon the earth. Today while the Son of God stands with impatience hearing the cries of His people "How long, oh Lord, how long!" I can almost hear Him say, "Not long, beloved, I am longing to come and avenge you; I am longing to come and answer the prayers of the saints and the cries of those from beneath the altar who have been slain for the word of their testimony. There is very little that is holding back the Lord Jesus Christ. We cry "How long, Lord?" He replies, "Not one minute longer than is absolutely necessary." When He comes He will come to judge the world and establish His throne in righteousness. Ah, saints, we little realize today the awfulness of the Lord Jesus Christ's

return to earth. He comes and on His head are many crowns. That is the same head that was crowned with thorns; the head upon which they pressed down the cruel, thorny crown,—now He comes to reign. He has a vesture that is dipped in blood. There was a time when from that crucified form there dripped down the life-blood of the Son of God and stained all His garments, but this time His vesture will be dyed in the blood of rebellious people. Those eyes of His that looked with such benignant pity upon needy men and women, those eyes shall be as a flame of fire which will strike terror to the hearts of the people. Ah, those searching eyes of His! When they looked on Peter he had to get down in the boat and cry, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" But when He comes again, and with those eyes of fire looks down into the depths of your soul, oh how you will cringe; how you will slink away and cry to the rocks and the mountains to fall upon you and hide you from His face! Those searching eyes of Jesus are looking into our heart this afternoon, but oh the look of those eyes when He comes in judgment if you are not prepared to meet Him! Oh the dark things, men, the dark things, women, that you are covering up and think no one can see—the eyes of Jesus will penetrate and bring them to light on that great and awful day! From His mouth shall go forth a sword—from that same mouth that was never open in defence of Himself but always spoke blessing upon men, shall go forth judgment and condemnation upon a guilty world. He is coming! He is coming to tread the wine-press of His fury! Ah, He is a Lamb, but His face will be filled with wrath when He comes to judge the world! He is coming, and every one who with stiff neck and proud head refuses to bow to Him now He will trample down in His awful fury. The figure is used of bringing grapes from the vines and putting them into the wine-press; a man leaps in and begins to tread down and the life-blood spurts out until all his garments are covered with the blood of the grapes. So will it be when Jesus comes and treads the wine-press of His fury; the blood of men will stain the garments of the Son of God. We talk about the God of love? God is love but our God is a God of justice too. He cannot be a God of love without being a God of justice, and if we spurn the love of God in these days it is but meet that we shall reap the reward of justice in the days to come. Oh, friends, let us heed the voice of God! Let us read the signs of the

times! Let us understand what all these things mean! They prove we are but hastening on to the time of the end. It is not far distant now. It will not be long before we shall steal away into the heavenlies and be with our blessed Lord. But oh it is a time of awful responsibility, and the time for the exercise of every energy that will bring men to a knowledge of God and His truth as it is in Jesus.

There was a time in the history of men when Nebuchadnezzar, like so many of our present-day potentates, lifted his proud head and would bow neither to God nor man, but the Almighty God in the heavens taught Nebuchadnezzar the lesson of humility. He had his abode with the beasts of the field, his nails grew like claws, and he lived like a beast until he learned that God ruled in the heavens. Men need to be taught today that God rules in the heavens in spite of everything apparently to the contrary. Belshazzar might have learned a lesson from his father but he learned it not, and one night while Belshazzar was sitting with his lords and princes drinking out of the sacred vessels and worshipping the gods of gold and silver, God wrote on the wall of his palace that his kingdom was finished. Yet Belshazzar was not one whit more guilty before God of worshipping gods of gold than the American people of these days, and it remains for the children of God to cry out and call the world from the worship of the false to the true God who sitteth in the heavens. Just as swiftly as judgment was meted out to Belshazzar shall it come to this world, and once again the handwriting on the wall will be seen telling men that they have been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Men and women take heed! Recognize your responsibility! "As it was in the days of Noah so shall it be in the days of the Son of Man." They will be eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; no thought of God, no thought of impending judgment, but the judgments of God will sweep down upon them as swift as any deluge and they will be swept into Christless graves. "As it was in the days of Lot so shall it be in the days of the Son of Man." Lot was sitting in the very gate of Sodom, sitting with the world, and God had to take him by main force as it were and pull him out of the fire, in order that He might save him from destruction.

Oh friends we must hear the warning voice of the Son of God. How those poor creatures who went down on the Lusitania pinned their hopes to something that would not hold. You

pick up the papers and read of those who are sitting at the telephone all night waiting for news of loved ones, but they will never hear any, because they are gone into eternity, many of them without God. Where has that man gone who started for Ireland to undertake the installation of a new plant for the distilling of liquor? To his own place. As they said of the Titanic so they said of the Lusitania, "Oh this ship will never go down. It cannot. It has these water-tight compartments, it is simply impossible." But it went down in spite of every ingenuity of man and in spite of every creation of man's wonderful brain, showing to the world the utter foolishness of resting upon anything but the solid rock, Christ Jesus. That will never go down. The storms may beat, the winds may roar, the whole of nature may be in convulsions, but the Gospel ship will never go down. Are you in it this afternoon? You can pin your faith on Jesus and He will take you safely through, past all the torpedo boats, past all the mines, past all the rocks and the shoals and bring you safely into heaven's harbor at last. They tell us that many more might have been saved from the Lusitania if they had only believed that the ship was going down, but they

would not believe and they went down with it. Many might be saved before the Lord comes if they would only believe in the swift coming judgment, but they will not believe and they will go down into a Christless eternity. Let the warning voice ring out, "Prepare to meet thy God!" If we heed that voice, then you and I will live as if we expected some day soon to enter into the presence of the King. God grant our garments may be clean from the blood of all men. "Prepare to meet thy God," saint and sinner alike. Saint, by the discharge of every duty. Sinner, by getting out of the old rotten ship of this world's hopes and into Jesus Christ. The "crack of doom" may be heard before another sun rises, then what will you do? I beseech you by the mercies of Jesus Christ do not put off your soul's salvation. See the mighty moving of the hand of God upon the dial of these last days, and understand that it is pointing only one way—to eternity, and it is right near at hand. John the Baptist went out as the Forerunner of Christ, crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" That cry is going forth to the saints of God today in just as real a sense, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" that His coming may be without delay.

God's Spirit as Atmosphere

Miss Elizabeth Sisson



WE read in Acts 2:2 that God inaugurated the dispensation of the Spirit, with blessing from Heaven, "as of a rushing mighty wind" and thus the Lord who in many places in His Word, symbolizes the Holy Spirit as "dew," "oil," "rain," wine," "rivers," etc., here gives Him to us in type as air, or air in motion, wind. How much is hidden in the symbol perhaps we cannot yet know, but many precious things we may discern. We see that air from heaven, or heavenly atmosphere is the Christian's heritage. The significance of the figure? Strip this globe of its atmosphere, and none of us could exist here. We constantly fill our lungs with it. It is the medium of sight and sound. "Atmosphere, air—composed chiefly of oxygen and nitrogen, extends two or three hundred miles above the earth. Breathing, fire, diffusion of light and heat, hearing, winds, waves, and many other changes, are dependent on atmosphere." So they tell our children in elementary physics. Thus as we are absolutely dependent on air in the natural world, God typi-

fies to us the Christian's helplessness without air from heaven. In natural life roll off this envelope of atmosphere that surrounds the globe and we could not live; we could not send our voice to another, or bring theirs to us. We would as likely attempt to walk into a giant rock or any other solid substance as into an open space—sightless.

Without the atmosphere of heaven, men see not, hear not things divine. "When He (the Holy Ghost, the wind from heaven) is come, *He* will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." Where the Spirit *is not* there is never a revival, for the people cannot see or hear the things you thunder to them. Where the Spirit *is*, there is always a revival, for He makes to see and hear; He convinces. Not only is it true that the unsaved sinner is blind and deaf to the things of God, but the measure in which we, God's people, are controlled by the Spirit is the only measure in which we see and hear things spiritual. Often Jesus is obliged to tell us "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." "When He the Spirit of truth is come,

He will guide you in." "He shall glorify me." "He shall receive of mine and shall *shew* unto you." Do you never go into a religious meeting to find it spiritually stifling? What is the matter? Atmosphereless; wanting the oxygen of heaven. It is like the physical atmosphere of a building after it has been emptied of a great crowd and tightly closed for days. You are choked if you sit down in it without its being aired. People won't endure that in the natural, and God does not want you to endure it in the spiritual. So when He opened up the Holy Ghost dispensation, it was with "a rushing mighty wind from heaven." It *filled* the place where they were sitting. It *filled* each one. What was God saying? That in this dark world of sin, sorrow, sickness and Satanic oppression He would protect His people with an envelope of atmosphere from HEAVEN. They should see "light in His light"—His voice should reach them through the same medium that conveyed it to the angels; they should live and walk and bathe themselves in the lambent air of the Celestial World. And like Himself the Bountiful Giver, "Who giveth to all men *liberally*," He would *fill* them within and round about. As the submarine divers who are out of their element when they go into the sea, so after God has made us Christians, whether we know it or not, we are out of our element on the face of the earth. The enemy of souls has so narcotized his own province—earth, with its businesses, its pleasures, etc., that we cannot live here, unless out of it while in it! "They are not of this world," Jesus says, "even as I am not of this world." How strange must this old world have felt to Jesus whose only element from Eternity was heaven, the bosom of the Father! Do you understand what He suffered on earth? Here there was nothing to breathe, here there was for His life no medium of sight or sound. Prophetically it was said of Him seven hundred years before He came, "Who blind but My Servant? or deaf as My Messenger . . . I sent?" Again he says, "The Lord God opened mine ear." "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned." "He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth *mine* ear to hear as the learner, for the Lord God will help me." Yes, God was His only source of life here on earth—He did not, could not, exist as other men did. He breathed from heaven and so He goes on to say of His own, "They are not of this world, *even* as I am not of this world." "Holy Father keep through Thine own Name those whom Thou hast given." By the operation of the Holy

Ghost, God had given them to Jesus, and by the Holy Ghost they must be kept in heaven's own atmosphere. *This* was the crowning fruit of Calvary and His resurrection, to shed forth the *abundant* supply as *His own* of heaven's atmosphere! "This Jesus hath God raised . . . therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." Acts 2:32, 33. As Jesus did not and could not exist without this atmosphere from heaven He knew "His own" could not, hence the provision of the filling and submerging in the Holy Ghost. Without it they must go sighing:

"Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys,
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach immortal joys."

Repeat the "Upper Room" experience, and they find themselves like the pearl divers of the Orient, who, because of their profession, must take themselves to the bottom of the ocean in an element where they *cannot* live. But they must seek the pearls, and so they are insulated, hermetically sealed, with tubing that connects them with the world above; they breathe in the life of the upper world and proceed on their business. Thus has God provided for us to live in heaven the little while we are down here on His business, seeking His pearls.

When I was first converted, I was so happy in God's love, and everything of earth seemed so insipid that I began to pray for God to take me to heaven. Then there came one day in answer to my prayer, a picture of a wide road thronged with myriad people, some hurrying by, others laughing, dancing, plucking flowers as they went, but all going one way. I saw crowd after crowd of them suddenly disappear, as the road seemed to end. Taken to another angle I saw the way abruptly led down a precipice and all unconscious they stepped off on thin air, as it were, and plunged down fathomless, rocky depths below. As I exclaimed in horror at the crazy lot I was made to look again, and saw that all were blindfolded and knew not when they took the fatal step. A gentle voice said to me, "Which would you rather, to come directly to Me, or stay and untie, before it is for them everlastingly too late, some of these blindfolds, that others may come with you?"

Oh, do you wonder that my answer was then and is now (at age seventy-two) "Let me stay—I can afford to defer heaven and its joy for a

while, if I can untie only one blind, and prevent one precious traveler from that fearful eternal plunge." But ah! how delightful now to have found that the heaven to which we cannot go while here seeking the Master's pearls, will come to us! "Glory" will "gather us up"—hermetically seal us and sustain us with the air that plays about the throne of God and oft waft us the fragrance from the gardens of God and fill and ravish our hearts with the songs of the angels.

When Miss Carrie Judd, now Mrs. Montgomery, was so long ill as a young girl, and with her other troubles there seemed literally a consumption of the blood, the breath odor was so deadly in the sick chamber, that the attendant physician said no person was to stay uninterruptedly with her over two hours without change of air—when in the hour that God struck her with healing and at His command she left her bed, (though before she could not even move her hands or any part of her body), and walked to a chair in the center of the room—as the nurse bent over her to arrange her dress, Carrie said, "Oh! look at the veins in my hands," for they had plumped up and were covering with pink blood—"Yes," said the nurse, "and your breath is as sweet as a rose!" Then suddenly, though it was in winter, and the doors and windows closed, the room was laden with the fragrance of June roses, or some nameless flower from the gardens around the throne. The healing atmosphere that from heaven had rushed into her body expelling all earth's decay, had brought its own perfume from a world that is fairer than this.

Some years ago when working on Barbary Coast, San Francisco, one of my associate workers, a minister of the Gospel, told me that years before he and another Christian were called to visit a young man dying of a nameless disease in a lock hospital. As they sought to win him to salvation's light, the stench of decay began to overpower the minister and he nearly fainted; he cried to the Lord to help him, or he should have been compelled to leave. Suddenly the whole place was filled to all his senses with the sweet fresh air and the fragrance of flower gardens. He was strengthened and they continued their conversation and prayer till the poor dying one got the light. They then left him to meet no more till in the "sun-bright clime." In comparing notes with his fellow worker afterwards, he found that he also had the same experience, the same death faintness, the same refreshing, the same odor of flowers intoxicating with delight.

One whom God has much gifted in the composition of worshipful songs of Jesus, Mrs. Sarah Haggard Payne, told me she seemed taken to heaven, when these songs were forming and had visions of angels, of Jesus, of God and of the throne. The music she heard the angels singing, she would reproduce on her instrument. So intent was she in gazing into the heaven of glory, that was opening up before her that she never saw what notes her fingers pressed as she joined the angel's singing! Oh how much heaven God wants us to go to heaven in! Heaven's roads come down to earth that we may walk therein! "As it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, *but God HATH revealed them unto us.*" How? "By His Spirit." Oh of how much they let the devil rob them, who do not in the face of every opposition insist upon their whole inheritance—namely, *to be filled and kept filled, with the Holy Spirit!* And that full inheritance in these last days means to have all God gives in Latter Rain. The "tongue" so obnoxious to the wise acres of this world, and oh, the reproach we get in letting God use us in it, *as He will*,—this "tongue" He tells us is for our "building up" ("edification" I Cor. 14:4) and how we prove it, as we let Him have His way with us in it, though all the necessity for that "tongue" and God's operations through it we may not fully understand just yet. The crucial times that have entered our age and may yet sorely test God's own heritage, will perhaps show before we have done with the matter, *how much* we need the "upbuilding" which God furnishes us in "tongues." After God has been rushing through me for a time in a torrent of "tongues" I am often so happy I can hardly live, and can well understand how some of the martyrs exulted at the stake, stretched out their hands and arms, to embrace the flames, and thrust out their tongues to lick them up, crying "Sweet flames!" So God may be preparing some of us for coming martyrdom, but His sweet love has furnishings that can make us welcome it as an hour of festivities!

"Oh, love of God, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up with Thee!
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of **Redeeming Love**
The love of God to me."

Well, you have only to yield to it. Love will take you whither you would go, into the centre of its own great heart, the nest of all God's

nestlings. Just to yield to Him! When Love says "we will go" to go with Him; when Love says "we will stay" to stay with Him; when Love says "we will speak in tongues" to speak in tongues "as the Spirit gives utterance." Thus there is uninterrupted co-operation. And Love always "showeth Himself;" Love "flourisheth" wherever in the human there is this sweet yield-ness, this co-operation with the Divine, "My beloved, is like a roe or a young hart! behold He standeth behind our wall, He looketh forth at the windows, shewing Himself (mar. flourishing) through the lattice." Civil engineers and other dwellers in the Rocky Mountains, tell us of the marvelous swiftness and strength, of the running, bounding and leaping of the roe, the hart, the deer, and other denizens of the Rockies. So forceful! Impossible of description, the eagerness of their approach and the insurmountable difficulties they clear, as they leap mighty chasms, and scale the face of the rocks! But our Beloved surpasses them all in the swiftness and the risks He takes in His approach to us! Let Calvary and the mighty chasms He there leaped testify, as He bounded from the towering peaks of God's holiness across the separating abyss to the apex of man's sin! Love's ardor drove Him on, Jehovah's might accomplished the feat—but now for two thousand years, more or less balked, He has been hindered by "our walk." Of all the Jerichos, "man's wall" is the most difficult for Him to bring down. When by one consent it "falls down flat," when all human conscious and unconscious resistance is love conquered—oh, then Love flourishes and we flourish with Him, for though in His sweet denials of earth and the natural, we may lose *all* but Love Himself, He always abides and LOVE is all.

That the reciprocities of love may grow unhindered in this devil-tainted world as they go on in the world above, God will, as on the day of Pentecost, make us vessels inlaid and overlaid with the Holy Ghost, so that Satan cannot get through the lining to move upon the flesh. When there is the least strain of flesh Satan has something in a good man on which he may hope to work. Who was it that said "Satan cometh and hath nothing in me?" The man was not there. His human nature was inlaid and overlaid with God. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." Vessels kept filled and insulated by further fresh supplies from their home atmosphere, on they go their happy way.

Fresh supplies: Is not this the force of Jesus'

washing the *feet* of those of whom He had previously said "Now are ye clean,"—but the feet, *the goings*, had to have constant fresh supplies because they were moving in a devil-drugged atmosphere, all devouring to their lives, except as it was constantly supplied afresh from on high. Is not "tongues" often used by God as the insulating pipe to those whom He has shut up to Himself? Alas, for the Christian who thinks he can get along without the *whole provision!* It was of such Paul was speaking "Are ye not yet carnal?" i. e., human, natural.

Notice: Wind is air in motion drawn to some locality by an exhaustion (through heat or otherwise) of air in that place, for Nature abhors a vacuum. Grace also abhors a vacuum. The God of grace always fills any such He finds. "My strength is made perfect in your weakness." It took ten days with the first one hundred and twenty to make the vacuum. Only a second for that vacuum to draw air "as a rushing mighty wind" from heaven. Each seeker for Pentecost will meet it, when the vacuum is made.

Spirit Falling on raw Heathen

Mrs. W. K. Norton, in a recent letter tells of a blessed incident which occurred in their little church in India a short time ago while her husband was on a touring trip:

"I was taking the regular evening meeting and preached quite an ordinary sermon, not paying any special attention to about ten heathen whom I saw in the back of the church. When I finished speaking we had simultaneous prayer and the Spirit fell with power on the people, as is always the case when nearly all of our ninety native Christians begin to call aloud on God. After a little I saw a stir and movement going on among the heathen in the rear. The Spirit had fallen in power on one of the heathen women and the others were frightened. They were holding her to keep her from falling to the floor and were wrapping her up because, as she shook, they thought she must be cold. Now the most remarkable part of it is that this woman had never been in a Christian meeting before in her life, nor had she heard the Gospel preached except that her heathen husband had told her a few things that he had heard. Some of the workers and I went to instruct her and pray for her. She gladly said she would accept the Lord Jesus as her Savior and called on Him to cleanse her through the blood, and as far as I can see became blessedly saved. The Spirit must have rested on her about two hours. A few days ago she and her husband came to the bungalow to talk with me and earnestly assured me that they have quite given up worshipping idols. Does not this case seem to be a beginning to fulfil God's promise in Joel, "I will pour out My Spirit upon *all* flesh?"

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Notes

OUR Summer Campaign at The Stone Church is being directed mainly along the line of open air work. Three street meetings a week are being held, and they are well attended by good crowds who listen attentively, many standing respectfully during the entire service of more than an hour. At a recent meeting tears were seen on several faces and twelve held up their hands for prayer. They lingered at the close of the service for a few words with the workers and were under deep conviction, expressing a desire to be saved.

* * *

Friday evenings at the Church have been set apart for special study of the Book of Daniel. The large crowds who attend these services are an indication of the hunger the people have for the Word of God. Those who are interested in the unfolding of the prophetic Word and its relation to events transpiring in these days, cannot afford to miss these studies conducted by the Pastor.

* * *

Our hearts glorify God for His great goodness to us in honoring His Word in our midst. Souls have been saved and recently we have had some marked healings of which we hope to write later. The desire to be soul winners is very strong upon the people. They have "a mind to work" and the cry of more than one heart is, "Give me souls or I die." The church that does

not make the salvation of souls foremost in all its activities will not grow spiritually.

* * *

When the Pentecostal Movement turns aside from its great mission of teaching the blessed truths which gave it birth and allows itself to be drawn into contentions over doctrine; into discussions on "literals" instead of "spirituals" it will surely be shorn of its glory and power.

We often hear people speak longingly of the beginnings of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit fell like rain and the Word went forth in power that was irresistible to the sinner and the backslidden Christian, and we covet these same results today. There is only one way to obtain them and that is by preaching the same Gospel we preached then. God forbid that we should turn aside from the great work of soul-saving whereunto we were called, to preaching doctrines and theories that divide the assemblies of God. Sad indeed is the fact that in many instances the very men who have been used of God in building up a work, are now become the tool of Satan, causing division and strife—creating warring factions which destroy the very souls that have been gathered in, and becoming a reproach in the eyes of the world and the nominal church.

Our hearts are melted before God in real humility as we praise Him for having kept us as a church, for we realize that the "strong delusion" is going forth, and many honest, sincere souls are being swept away from their moorings, and their usefulness for God is being curtailed and destroyed.

* * *

A most blessed baptismal service crowned the meetings of the Lord's Day, July 4th, when thirteen believers obeyed the command of the Lord Jesus and were baptized in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The Spirit of the Lord hovered so sweetly over the service that when the pastor had baptized those who had prepared for it, and a call was made for others to obey God, four more came forward and they too were "buried in the likeness of His death."

* * *

The Assistant Pastor, Hardy W. Mitchell, who has been with us for the past six months, feels called to evangelistic work, and is now out in the field. Both Brother and Sister Mitchell have been much beloved and the church is loath to have them leave, but the only place for the Christian is in the will of God, and His will is ours. So we bid them "God speed" and pray

the Lord to make them a blessing to many.

* * *

Gone Home!

Our hearts have been greatly saddened by the news of the home-going of Mrs. Bowley, the wife of Harry Bowley, in Liberia, West Africa. She was taken with the fever in the beginning of April and after an illness of only ten days, went to join the host triumphant. She was in Africa only a few months.

We also learn indirectly of the death of Brother Frederick Richards in the Transvaal, South Africa, on March 18th. He was taken ill with fever on March 8th and passed away in ten days. His sorrowing widow greatly needs our prayers. She has three little children, two of whom have recently been healed of fever. They live fifty miles from a mission station and are the only white people there. Our sympathy and prayers go out to these bereft ones. May God comfort their hearts and sustain them in this time of deep trial.

* * *

Wars and famines and tidings of death do not deter our missionaries from going forth to the battle. Miss Martha Hisey with two new missionaries, Miss Arnold and Miss Bingeman, sailed for Liberia on May 7th. A letter from Miss Hisey mailed from the Grand Canaries June 7th, says they have safely passed all war zones and have been saved out of one danger after another. While in England they felt death was surrounding them on every hand because of zeppelin raids, but news of death only drove them to God, who gave them Ex. 11:7, "But against the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue, that ye may know how that the Lord doth put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel." As they later faced actual dangers in the channel by two collisions, they fully realized that God indeed "put a difference between" because of the precious blood.

* * *

Brother John E. Norton, son of Albert Norton, who has been in this country for sometime because of impaired health, is hoping to return to India this Fall. He is desirous of securing a touring outfit so that on his return he will be able to reach those villages where the Gospel has not been preached. He may be addressed at 161 East Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Pentecostal Work in Persia

A SPECIAL APPEAL

To our Beloved Brethren in America: Greeting. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."

We have been sorely afflicted and stricken with sorrow on account of the terrible news concerning our nation and country, and especially our dear brethren in Christ. We desire to inform all of our sorrow in order that you may lend us sympathy in this hour of trial.

Some years ago when the Spirit began to be poured out, several missionaries were raised up from among us and sent forth to Persia. Though suffering great privations and trials they preached the Word with power and in the fulness of the Spirit. Later they were joined by our dear brother Andrew D. Urshan, and the work went on with leaps and bounds. Churches were established, and also four schools, which were conducted by Spirit-filled teachers. The work was in a most flourishing condition when the war broke out, and the country was invaded by the Turkish and Kurdish forces. Now all is devastation and ruin. Many fled to the Russian border, but the weak and sick fell dying by the wayside. The Kurds declared a holy war against the Christians, and many and awful have been the atrocities committed by them. Refusing to abjure their religion, Christians have been shot, hanged, slain with the sword, crucified, burned and hacked to pieces. Women and girls, and even children have been violated, and many of those surviving the massacre have been carried off into Mohammedan captivity, there to meet a fate worse than death.

Of course our Pentecostal work in Persia is totally disorganized, and we have news that a large number of our brethren and sisters in Persia and the refugees on the Russian borders are in a state of starvation and suffering inconceivable hardships. Our own parents, wives and children are among the number. The country is now pacified, however, and they are free to return to their ruined homes, but have not the means to do so. We have no certain information, and do not know whether Brother Urshan and his co-workers are dead or alive. Brother Jeremiah Eshoo has been saved and many with him. The need is imperative that we send immediate help to these faithful servants of the Lord, therefore we appeal to you, dear brethren, to let your bowels be moved with compassion for these precious ones of like faith and practice, who have forfeited all for love of Jesus.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

On behalf of the Persian Pentecostal Mission,
(Signed) Saul E. Baddell, Pastor.
Chicago, Ill., June 30, 1915.

Pastor Andrew L. Fraser of the Stone Church has kindly consented to receive funds for the above object. All amounts remitted to him will be acknowledged by receipt and a financial statement furnished. Address to 3748 Forest Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Special Meetings

A series of special meetings are being held in Lincoln Hall, cor. 6th & Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., for six weeks, beginning July 1st, every night at 8; also Sundays at 3 P. M. They are expecting a time of real, spiritual awakening and soul-saving. Evangelist F. F. Bosworth of Dallas, Texas, and a large corps of other workers will be present. For additional information write the Pastor, Cyrus B. Fockler, 825 Eighth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Faith of Resurrectionists

Second Paper

Miss Alma E. Doering, Orebro, Sweden.



THAT I may know the *power* of His resurrection! That I may know the *power* of faith! With men this is impossible; but with God *all* things are possible! Matt. 19:26. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed . . .

. . . and shall *not* doubt . . . ! Mark 11:23. For without faith it is *impossible* to please Him! Heb. 11:6.

The *prayers* of overcomers would avail little without faith that God *meant us* to tackle the impossible. The teaching of Christ shows us that *He does*, and as an increase of faith will be necessary in the tribulation days ahead of us, we feel it most imperative to "build up one another's most holy faith" and thereby supply the fuel necessary to keep the fires of prayer burning brightly. When faith wanes, prayer dies down. The worst of the battle is in the heavenlies and therefore it is a spiritual warfare sustained by spiritual weapons. II Cor. 10:4. Overcome the enemy on your knees and the impossible barrier will soon begin to reel and stagger before your very eyes. Look upon the impossibilities as if they were but grindstones upon which you are to whet your faith for the removal of still greater barriers ahead of you, until you will have developed the faith which strikes terror into the heart of the enemy. Faith is simply a persistent attitude in which we tenaciously fling a "thus saith the Lord" at every doubt or difficulty which arises. The fiercer the struggle, the more we are pressed into the unceasing reliance upon the never-failing promises of God. This struggle steels and whets our faith until it becomes a shield thrust in between the enemy and ourselves, while the Word of God which feeds our faith, being the *Sword of the Spirit* (Eph. 6) and a *two-edged sword* (Heb. 4) will finally cut into the very vitals of the opposition of Satan. This stand taken *stubbornly* against all attacks of Satan in the spirit, soul, mind or body, as well as in our missionary activities will defy the very strongholds of Satan, as we have seen in II. Cor. 10:4, 5.

Now let us see, first of all, how the tests of faith are indispensable to its *final triumph*. Paul *delighted* in hard things, because they made a spiritual athlete of him. He took *pleasure* in afflictions for through them the power of Christ

was called forth. II Cor. 12:9, 10. It was his utter helplessness which made him lay hold on God's strength. Note how the mighty signs and deeds hinge on to trials that induced the prayer conflicts, which underlie all power over the impossible. Compare verses 9 and 10 with verse 12. A bold front against the impossible makes our impotence so conspicuous that the manifestation of God's power can fully assert itself, and that is what God wants. II Cor. 13:3, 4. Where was that faith which wrought signs and wonders, accompanied by visions and revelations bred and matured? The following tests all connect the final triumph over such circumstances which force us into a desperate struggle against the apparent impossibility, with suffering, waiting, holding on and going through when all looked hopeless. See II Cor. 7:4, 5, 6:4-10, 4:7-18, 12:2. With God there is but *one* impossibility and that you will find in Heb. 6:18. Reckon with God instead of with the bewildering circumstance, and victory *must* come.

Twice Paul heads his accounts of triumph over trial with the expression "in much patience." Compare II Cor. 6:4 with 12:2. The first net gain over his *glorying* in tribulation is patience (Rom. 5:3), which leads him to actual experience. Here we have what we all are groaning for--reality! Each new experience or reality produces new hope for still greater achievement. This tribulation is made *to work for us* and becomes our servant. It accomplishes for us what nothing else could do. II Cor. 4:17 and Rom. 5:3, 4, show us plainly what tribulation does for us. Thus the defiant resistance of Satan plunges the overcomer into a faith-developing conflict which *worketh* the perfection of patience. Jas. 1:3, 4. For this cause we "take pleasure in," "count it all joy," "glory in," and "are *exceeding joyful* in all our tribulation" knowing that it "*worketh for us*" until the final crowning. James 1:12. Dear soul, the more tribulations you have, the more servants you may command, who *work* for you. So important were the prolonged faith tests that Paul prayed for the Colossians that they might be strengthened with all might unto *all patience*, or in other words, unto all persistency until we are in actual possession of the coveted prize. Weakness linked on to God's strength, II Cor. 1:8-10 & 24, infirmities coupled with His power, II Cor. 12:9, 10, and foolishness connected with

His wisdom (I Cor. 1:25 to 2:25) will bring results to His eternal glory, making us *more than* conquerors, first *in* and then *over* the trials. Yea, *He causeth* us to triumph. II Cor. 2:14.

Note how this patience and faith drill is emphasized in the *last days'* period, lest we relegate the "greater works" to the apostolic days, when in reality God never intended them to cease. I Peter 1:5-7 shows that the power of God through faith is ready to be *revealed* and to be *found unto glory*. When? At His appearing. To be "made ready" implies a previous process of preparation, and Peter claims that it was to work out glory *at the appearing* of Jesus Christ. In these days when Satan hath great wrath, knowing his time is short, he is permitted to furnish the material on which we may exercise faith "*beforehand*" until the translation faith has been attained. *By faith* Enoch was translated. Translation faith is faith in its full maturity, possibly only after a previous ripening process. You have the gymnasium of faith clearly depicted in the history of the seven church ages in Revelation. We have time to look only at the present-day phase of faith represented by the Philadelphia church. The Laodicean church, of course, is the latter day church in the condition of apostasy, but the Philadelphia type overlaps the latter day nominal dead Christianity, acting as the salt of Christendom through the small remnant of overcomers to be found in almost every Christian denomination. And it is only to this Church that He says, "Behold I come quickly." Hence it is the latter day *true* church with Christ reigning within, instead of standing without, knocking at the door. And what kind of a church is the latter day true Church? Decidedly a missionary church. It has the *open door*, and coupled with the phenomenal missionary responsibilities which the worldwide open doors furnish is the *little* strength and that which couples the little strength, the champed resources to this great open door, is *faith*, for only as we look away from the immensity of the ripe fields and away from the lack of workers and funds, to God, can we hope to get the message to all tribes and nations before Jesus comes. That is why it must be a church which "kept His Word and denied not His (all-prevailing) name." Now in order to do this great work it will take much patience with the Laodicean element which is not awake to the great need of a lost world, and which leaves the small remnant to struggle single-handed in the great undertaking. It requires therefore the "Word of *my patience*." How wonderful! The

very ones who are called to enter the open door into all the world, which means sacrifice and faith, are the ones who will be kept from the hour of temptation which is to try all the world. Scattered in all the world, they will be the true witness of His power when all the world enters into the period of tribulation. This church has something to hold fast. It is the *word of patience* which enables them to enter the open door in spite of the little strength which must be held fast, *just before He comes*—"that no man take thy crown." And what was Paul's crown of rejoicing at His coming? The souls gathered out unto the coming of Christ through much tribulation and faith. I Thess. 2:19. And this little strength coupled with the open door and the word of patience *turns* into a pillar in the temple of God. The little strength through its God-given gymnasium of faith is at last able to help bear the very temple of God.

The history of the overcomers further on in Revelation emphasizes this latter day need of patience and faith. The last glimpse of them is that they still have the testimony of Jesus in spite of all the terrible bloody persecutions and reverses of the previous chapters. Rev. 19:10-16. Look at the tribulation remnant in Revelation 13. "The faith and patience of the *saints*" characterized them in the very midst of universal dragon worship and the beast's war against the saints. Chapter 14 carried us a step further, and added to the *patience* and *faith* of *Jesus* we see them keeping the commandments of God in contrast to the changed laws which Antichrist will introduce. And as if the "faith of the saints" of chapter 13 would no longer prevail under such pressure, the "faith of *Jesus*" is given in addition to their faith in Him, and they triumph. Let us use the little mustard-seed faith with its mighty growing possibilities, in the present tests and we will be equal to the intensity of the times just ahead of us. He who hath begun the work will finish it.

In conclusion the reader's attention is called to Num. 31:23. The truth which has not gone through the fire in the messenger who presents it, seldom grips hearts. One cannot honestly pass on light which one has not lived up to oneself. We believed we were entitled to positive assertions on the question of not yielding an inch of ground taken in prayer for ultimate victory over the impossible barriers between us and victory, after sixteen years of conflicts for great things in God's kingdom, in journeyings often, in weariness and painfulness, in watching, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and

intense tropical heat, in cities, in jungles, in the wilderness, in soul travail, in overcoming what seemed financial impossibilities, in seeing one stronghold of Satan after another reel and topple, and opposition after opposition beaten to dust through the power of prevailing prayer. And one of the most obstinate fights has been the last one for Divine life to be given a worn out, broken down body. After a series of defeats the battle was resumed more stubbornly than ever, not in self will, but because of the assurance of ultimate restoration; and when the birth of the year 1915 found us once more in possession of renewed physical powers, a freed prisoner liberated from the prison bars which seemed to limit us for God these years, we could not but feel that another human impossibility had been conquered, and it was out of the fulness of the heart that the exhortation to pray for the impossible was penned. But it is Satan's plan to keep on so long till he succeeds in "wearing out the saints of the Most High," and so while enjoying the exhilaration of healthy sleep once more and a whole day of activity without periods of utter exhaustion, the burden of the Lord came upon us and we felt clearly called to withdraw for the prayer battle which is the precedent of greater achievements. Yet many could not understand this hiding away, and there was the constant pull of letters calling us into public ministry. A warning from God to let no amount of need keep us from the secret prayer battle, filled us with a desperate determination to take still higher ground for Him than ever before, when we were suddenly stricken with a most malignant breakdown of the whole digestive organs, which had been our strongest parts. There was absolutely no apparent violation in diet or overwork—no natural cause for which the physician could account and the very symptoms were puzzling. For just previously a rigid doctor's examination was made to satisfy friends that poor health was no longer the barrier between me and service in a treacherous Congo climate. I was pronounced as being a healthy woman, and permission to proceed was given on the condition that complete rest from mental work and traveling of three months be taken. All the laboratory tests were satisfactory, the stomach test not excepted. But in this last breakdown even the least liquid food taken brought the most excruciating pain. After this continued a whole month, getting worse in spite of the best of care and holding on to God's promises desperately by many believers, God gave me the never-to-be-forgotten word of healing. But

after the promise came another month of such reverses as would call for more faith than it seemed the suffering one could command, though not an inch of ground was yielded. With tear-stained eyes the nurse would listen to the praises of God uttered during the intensity of the pain without and darkness within, the only way resorted to which could keep up courage and faith. But note the faithfulness of God. It was expected that this would bring on a relapse of the nerve weakness, as the weakening effect of dysentery, cramps, other serious discharges, fasting, vomiting, etc., would in course of time run down strong nerves. But, though I required much care during the day, I did not once need a night nurse, as the fresh, baby-like sleep continued all through the illness except a few nights when the pains were too serious. It was just when the day-star of hope seemed to have disappeared from the horizon of faith forever, that the foregoing message about the *patience* of the saints was given, and oh the quickening power of it! Nothing could have strengthened faith more than this fight with the last enemy. Through it, new light was given us, new burdens for the sick and suffering, new leadings, and the witness among the nurses and the sick was not fruitless. One nurse is earnestly seeking the enduement from on high and has entered into a prayer-life not known before. We might relate a number of blessings which came to us in this large sanitarium, and to the workers here, though when we broke down we were in a land whose people speak a strange tongue. The keenness of this trial was the greater after having testified to healing. It was also impressed upon us that God had given us health for service in Africa and since men had frustrated that call by recalling us to work in the home churches, we would be laid low in order to be permitted to carry on the secret battle. And since *that* has been accepted as God's will for us until otherwise directed, *victory* has come. Hallelujah! Lost strength is returning very rapidly.

The matter of the nurses' expense while ill we were definitely led to commit to God. When the writer stepped out on faith years ago, in the best of health, doubters would ask, "What will become of you when ill if you do not provide for yourself?" Our reply was that God is never *straitened* and will provide for us as carefully in illness as in health. Every moment of this illness was freighted with eternal importance as we were having our hearts desire to be shut in for prayer, a privilege we had been longing for. But when the weekly bills came we won-

dered if the expense could be honoring our Father. Several times we arose from the bed of sickness claiming health, only to be thrust back again worse than we were before. Evidently the prayer ministry was to be continued and Father must pay the expenses. After a month's time we were straitened and were about to write to a friend who is holding a fund for us until the hindrances caused by the war are removed before it can be used. Yet we felt this was not God's highest way to draw on a fund which we had designated for other purposes, though it would have been legitimate since the money had been given for our personal needs, originally. In the midst of these reflections came a check from Miss Reiff, an aggregate sum of several amounts given through the Latter Rain Evangel readers. A ten dollar donation had been designated for our personal needs. At once we handed it to the matron, asking her to accept it as a guarantee of further payment. That night we had emphatically said, "Lord, You *must* do something. We cannot lie here and use Your money in this way when so many missionaries on the field are needing it." Either healing or a way out of financial cares was claimed; the choice was left to God. He saw fit to choose the latter. To my surprise the matron returned with the check saying that henceforth all my bills would be paid and that I was to remain as long as necessary.

Does it seem strange that Satan is permitted to attack the bodies of believers so freely? Is it not just what is to be expected among the translation saints or resurrectionists? Are they not to have the privilege of really overcoming death? Those who are being claimed by death *before* the translation must *by faith* overcome the

last enemy, as Abraham did when he offered up Isaac. He believed that he would receive him again in resurrection, though there had never before his day been a case of resurrection. Heb. 11:19. We need not be surprised if those who are waiting to be caught up with Christ in the air, escaping the corruption of the *grave* are brought face to face with death and corruption *in the body*, for otherwise they would not have overcome death as the resurrected saints were obliged to. The "rapture" saints would not have had developed the faith necessary to overcome death, and as resurrection can spring out of death only (for without death no resurrection) the resurrected saints would have had greater honor than the translation saints of overcoming the last enemy. God is no respecter of persons. However, this is a subject all by itself and can only be hinted at here.

We have referred to our personal conflict to encourage others in similar circumstances. Faith has received a new impetus, especially in prayer for the sick, and we are sure of final victory in the body, but are happy to be privileged in reaching the goal in the most refining way, so as to be able to feel deeply with those who have long waited for their Lord's touch. See Isa. 24:9. The last half hour before the victory is the *critical* one. "If we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the faith firm unto *the end* (Heb. 3:6), standing fast in the Lord (Phil. 4:1), enduring unto the end (Matt. 24:13), holding fast that which *thou hast*, (even your little faith Rev. 3:11), not of them who draw back (Heb. 10:38, 39), not even looking back (Luke 9:62), great conquests are ahead of us.

He left *nothing* that is not put *under* Him. But *now* we see not yet all things put under Him.
BUT WE SEE JESUS!

"Out of the Mouth of Babes"

The Holy Spirit Working among the Children



HOW sweet and touching is the work of the Holy Spirit on the lives of children! Precious are the lessons that come to us through God working on their tender hearts. In their innocence and simplicity they know nothing of the doubts and fears that flood the hearts of God's pilgrims, but with angelic vision behold Jesus in His blessed reality.

Little Ruth Fraser, though not yet four years old, and scarcely out of babyhood, has on more than one occasion had a vision of Jesus. Her mother was afflicted with rheumatism in her

heels, from which she had been suffering intensely for ten days or two weeks, and it was becoming worse all the time. One morning in March she could scarcely walk as she rose to dress; she suffered pain at every step and having had a similar experience which was attended with much agony, her heart almost failed her. Little Ruth, hearing her groan looked over at her and said, "Mother, I will pray for you." The mother walked over to her crib and the child prayed. As Mrs. Fraser walked back to the chair on which she had been sitting, her heart sank within her as she wondered how she would

get through the day with the work she had before her. Just as she sat down Ruth said, "Oh mother, I just saw Jesus coming to you from that corner (pointing back of the crib) and put blood on your heel." This encouraged the mother to believe and before another day had rolled by she was entirely delivered in both heels.

* * *

Ruth had been having bronchial fever, and on March 28th her temperature was quite high. She was very restless during the night and the next morning she awoke early and disturbed her mother. When she was urged to pray, she said, "Mother, I want you to pray." Her mother did so, and as soon as she had finished Ruth said, "Mother, Jesus just went by on a white horse, He went right toward the alley." Her mother asked her how He looked, and she said, "He was all in white except His trousers, which were red"—symbolical of the time when He should tread the wine-press. Mrs. Fraser asked her, "What did He say to you?" "He said, 'Ruthie, you are well.'" She immediately got out of bed and asked her mother to play "horse" with her. She was well from that time forth.

Some days after that, on April 5th, her mother heard her running through the hall and hurrying up the stairs. When she reached her mother, she said, "Mother, Jesus is down stairs. He is in the kitchen. I saw Him." Then she turned and went back, saying, "I am going to find Him again." She went through the rooms and returned, saying with a disappointed air, "I can't find Him. He isn't there. I think He must be upstairs." She started to look for Him again. The door to her father's room was closed, and the minute she opened it she said, "There He is, right in father's chair." She went to within three feet of the chair and then turned, saying, "I think He must be tired and needs a rest." She closed the door and went to her own room, starting to sing, but stopped, feeling she ought to keep quiet. Later on in the day she said, "I am going to see Jesus again," and went to find Him but couldn't. She said in childish simplicity, "His mother must have called Him. I wish I knew where to find His house." He was a real person to her, and it never occurred to her that there was anything unusual in His presence.

* * *

A mother, living in Kentucky, was very ill with pneumonia, and her little boy, four years old, went around the house with his hand on his heart for several days, saying, "It hurts me right here." At last he felt he could not stand it any longer, and going to the window he parted the

curtains and looked up into the sky saying in as loud a voice as he could: "God, oh God, won't you please make mother well?" Then he turned around and said, "He is going to do it. He said He would." And his mother, though an ungodly woman, was healed through the prayer of this four-year-old child.

* * *

One night a little family group in Ft. Worth, Texas, were praying for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. As they prayed the power fell on a little girl, eight years old; she sprang up and walked around the room with uplifted hands, her face shining with the glory of God. The mother almost became frightened; such a holy light came on her face she thought she was going to be translated then and there. After a little the child burst forth in tongues. She said to her mother: "Oh mama, I saw the brightest light streaming down a road, and when it came nearer it was Jesus. He had something in His hand (the Holy Spirit) and when He gave it to me I commenced speaking in tongues."

One night shortly after that she arose in a meeting to testify, and the anointing of the Spirit came upon her, and she spoke to sinners for an hour. She wept with a burden for sinners, and they flocked to the altar. Backsliders came back to God and wept their way through.

* * *

A little boy five years old, who knew what it was to have Jesus in his heart, was out walking with his grandmother one evening. They came to a moving picture show and she started to go in with him, when he said, "Grandma, I'll wait out here for you. I don't want to go in. Jesus isn't in there." The grandmother felt the rebuke and passed on.

This same little boy while playing on the street one day cut the end of his finger in to the bone. He started into the house to tell his mother, crying as he went. When he reached the top step he knelt down and said, "Oh Jesus, won't you please heal it. I didn't mean to do it and it hurts awful." Needless to say by the time he got to his mother the pain was gone.

* * *

In a slum district of this city called "Little Hell" God has transformed some little "alley rats" into Samuels. A number of street urchins, some of them knowing almost nothing of home life, not to speak of Christian influences, have formed themselves into a little band of workers for Jesus.

It all came about by one boy starting to read the Bible. No one told him to do this, but he

felt he must read the Bible. He got one after another of the boys to read it with him, and for want of a better place, they met on the roof of an old shed. When summer came they went to the lake and after having a good swim they would study their Bibles on the sand. As they read, one after another of them became convicted of different sins in their lives and got saved.

One of the boys had a drunken father and mother, and his mother often twitted him about his studying the Bible. She said to him one day, "Its strange you do not try to do something for somebody instead of reading the Bible all the time. Here is this neighbor sick in bed for years. Why don't you see if she is saved?" He went into his room and prayed about it, then got his hat and went to see the sick woman.

Later on, a man interested in slum work got in touch with the boys and undertook to direct their study and training. There were eleven of them ranging from nine to thirteen. They were invited to conduct a Junior League service in a Methodist church on the North Side of the city. It was at the time of the regular Epworth League meeting and the Spirit of God was so consciously on the service that it ran through the regular Sunday evening service until 9:30. There were definite results among the League children of which there were about twenty-five in number. The stories of the conversions of this slum band and God's dealings with them stirred the hearts of old and young. One boy told of how he had been unruly and impudent to his mother. Another had belonged to a little band of "toughs" who congregated in a little hole under the sidewalk. It being dark there, they used lighted candles. On going into a grocery store one day he stole some candles when the grocer's back was turned. When his mother heard of it, she cried to think her boy would be a thief and his heart was touched by her tears. So when the little praying band in their search for boys found him, he was good material to work on and became converted. He left the "gang" under the sidewalk and joined the praying band on the roof.

The meeting conducted by these boys made a great impression on the Junior League. One said, "I thought I was a pretty good boy when I came to church but after hearing them testify I find they have something I do not have. The "roof" band went amongst the congregation at the close of the meeting, pleading with old and young to consecrate themselves to God.

In another low quarter of the city, God led

a Christian worker to open up a Sunday School and gather in the waifs. They had never been to Sunday School before but from the first they showed an aptitude that was remarkable. After teaching them for three or four months in the face of real trials and difficulties natural to such an undertaking, the teacher was encouraged by seeing them show marks of consecration and zeal which amazed her.

Of their own accord about ten of them started out to hold a street meeting on one of the rough corners in their neighborhood. They rehearsed to their teacher the entire meeting. They said they all preached and prayed and sang. One told the Christmas story about the birth of Jesus and the star of Bethlehem; another, of the time when the disciples went fishing and how they could not get any fish until Jesus came and told them to cast their net on the right side of the ship, when their nets became full. Another little girl said she told the people about the time when the disciples were out in a ship in the midst of a big storm, and how Jesus quieted the storm. She said Jesus could still the storm in their hearts; that if they got mad or "fresh" that meant they had a storm in their hearts and Jesus must quiet that storm. Another little tot chimed in that when the blood of Jesus is put on the heart, the storm is stilled. A fifth child told them that they could not go to heaven if they did not have the blood of Jesus on their hearts, and that they must be real sorry for their sins, so sorry that they would never do them again. They also told the people that Jesus could heal them if they were sick, and how God answered prayer in other ways. One child told of how she had been to the store to get some oil, and the can being too heavy for her she set it down on the sidewalk and went into a hallway and prayed for Jesus to help her to carry it home, which He did. They got down on their knees on the street and prayed that God might bless all the good people. They said they could not pray much but closed with "Our Father." Then they went to another street corner about a block away and held another meeting. A large crowd of people gathered around them and listened, and when they finished a man gave them a dime and said they could divide it up between themselves.

On another evening while the teacher was on her way home, she saw six of these little street preachers standing outside of a saloon, holding the door open and singing, "There's power in the blood." The saloon-keeper drove them away saying it was bad for his business.

Tidings from Those who Dwell among the Heathen

Suffering in Liberia



FAMINE is facing our missionaries in Liberia, West Africa. Not only has food advanced in price, but it is almost impossible to get it; their supplies come from England and word comes that England will not send out anymore flour. More than two months ago they wrote they had baked their last loaf. The need is one that can only be met by prayer. Perhaps the day is coming when our missionaries will have to be fed supernaturally like God's prophets of old; already many have known what it means to have neither the barrel of meal nor the cruise of oil fail, and the same God who sent the manna from heaven is able to supply the needs of His children miraculously today.

Some Practical Results

In Central America they are suffering from a locust plague. In Matagalpa the sky is sometimes so thick with them it seems as though a heavy snow was falling. Brother Schoeneich says they eat up the corn and the beans, the bananas and the fruit blossoms, so that the people have nothing on which to live. To give one an idea of what an awful plague it is, he tells us of a man riding along on a mule who came upon a part of the road where there were thousands upon thousands of these locusts on the ground. They flew up with a roar in a great cloud. The mule became frightened and landed with his rider in a gully, almost killing the man.

The darkness is so dense because of the worship of the saints and the Virgin Mary, and the little truth they have is so perverted that they are in worse condition than if they knew nothing. If the missionaries speak of the new birth, they say they were born again when the priest sprinkled them when they were eight days old. If they tell them of the baptism in the Holy Ghost they say they received that when they took their first communion at the age of twelve. So were it not for the upholding power of God it would be impossible to stand against the darkness and superstition the missionaries meet on every hand. But in spite of the depression and darkness which hangs over them, they have gathered about them a little band of believers who are beginning to realize that the religion of Jesus Christ is practical in the daily life, and some have been wonderfully blessed. "One man was compelled to take a trip into the interior on some business.

It took him a month to make the trip, and in every house he preached the Gospel. In one house a woman was dying. The neighbors had done all they could for her in the way of remedies, reciting to the images and calling on the saints, but she kept getting worse. The brother told them he had a sure remedy and that was Jesus, but they would have to kneel down with him while he prayed. The house was full but they all agreed. As he prayed the woman ceased her groanings and when he had finished, the woman was well, to the astonishment of all. Several days after this man reached another house where there was a sick child. He offered to pray for her but some wanted a doctor and he had no liberty to press the matter for prayer. The doctor came but in three hours the child was a corpse."

The object of this brother's journey into the interior was to see a man who had sent him a bogus check. As he entered the town the people said he would never receive his money save at the point of a pistol, but he said, "I have something better than a pistol and I will get my money without any trouble." In less than ten minutes the business transaction was closed and he returned with his money. God had told him all would be right and he believed his God.

Brother and Sister Schoeneich have a Missionary Pentecostal Home and will be glad to get in touch with prospective missionaries and welcome them there until they become acquainted with the language and the customs of the people.

"Don't Forsake Us now"

A touching appeal comes from Miss Lillian Trasher who has an orphanage in Assiout, Egypt. It is dated May 17, 1915:

"I want to request the prayer of all who are interested in the Lord's work in the foreign field. If ever there was a need of real prayer and action it is now. Beloved, don't forsake us now. It seems as if all the props are knocked out from under us and God alone stands firm. Yesterday a gentleman who has been giving me from fifty to sixty dollars a month to help with my expenses of feeding fifty little orphan children, told me that he had no more money for that purpose. I have already sent ten orphans back to the villages and if help doesn't come I will have to send more. I am willing to stay as long as God gives me strength but I cannot feed my children with no money, so please pray much. A little means so much to us. May God lay this on the hearts of some of His praying people."

Brother Doney and Brother Post both ask for earnest prayer; the burden of the native work in Egypt is now upon them as so many of the missionaries have gone.

A Cry for Intercessors

Miss Edith Baugh, Uska Bazar, North India, writes interestingly of their work:

We do praise God for all He is sending us, for we find our hearts almost faint within us as we see the prices rising. We are just now buying in our straw for the oxen's food and are compelled to pay more than twice what it cost last year and then it is hard to get; yet we cannot do our work without oxen for we could never walk the long distances.

National pride and ambition is moving the world to heroic service, many feeling no sacrifice too great that the cause of right and justice be maintained. We are stirred and horror-stricken as we read such statements as "eleven thousand German dead were taken from the trenches won by the French in twenty days' fighting in the Campaign," "five thousand prisoners," etc. But beloved, in times of peace every day in the year, nearly five thousand souls pass into eternity every hour, three thousand of these never having heard of Christ. Should not God's children be stirred to action as they realize human souls are passing into eternity at such a rate?

"A hundred thousand souls a day,
Are passing one by one away
In Christless guilt and gloom;
Without one ray of hope or light,
With future dark as endless night,
They're passing to their doom."

It behooves us as Christians to behold a helpless world, to hear the cry of this whirlpool of deathless spirits who are still crying, "Come over and help us." Are we deaf to their cry? blind to their state? dead to their sorrows? The cry of over three hundred million Caucasian people is sounding forth from India today, one-fifth of the population of the world, and of this vast number, less than one million and a half are called Christians. Great districts are without a voice to sound forth His love. There is work for hundreds on every hand, many doors wide open and opportunities increasing. Who will come to the "help of the Lord against the mighty"? God is calling for soldiers who, beholding Jesus, will fight the good fight of faith for these precious souls for whom He died.

Yesterday we visited the home of a widow and two daughters where we had a very vivid illustration of their condition. The oldest daughter, about fourteen years of age, was in the strictest purdah, not allowing anyone to see her but her mother and small children. When we asked why, her mother said, "Oh, if you see her she will die." They thought it would be a terrible sin for her to see anyone, yet this same mother is living in open sin, and when I told her she seemed utterly astonished.

The people seem entirely devoid of compassion.

Three weeks ago Miss King and our Bible women went to a new village where they held an open-air meeting and in the crowd they saw a poor little crippled boy, just skin and bones. On inquiring about him they found his parents were both dead; an old aunt who had kept him and two sisters, had died six months ago, leaving the children to die of starvation. The two sisters were both dead and the little boy nearly so when they found him and offered to bring him home with them. The village people seemed glad to have him go to what they called the "house of mercy." He is about ten years old and covered with a mass of sores, caused, probably, from starvation. These sores have so drawn the muscles of his legs that God will have to perform a real miracle before he can ever walk. But three weeks' time has wrought wonders for him and we believe he is a precious jewel for the Master. It is a real inspiration to hear him pray. Not like a heathen only three weeks in a Christian atmosphere but as an old person who has been accustomed to pray for years. He is so bright and eager to learn. When he hardly had strength to live he would want to repeat scripture and sing songs until out of breath. Then he begged to write them down, and when Miss King said he couldn't write, he said, "No, but if you will just hold my hand, I can make the pencil go. He so earnestly prays that God will cleanse his impure blood. We feel God has sent him to us for a purpose, and we trust God will lay him on the hearts of some for special prayer.

We so feel the need of intercessors who will pray continually for the masses and for individuals among the heathen nations. In Isa. 37:3 we read, "This day is a day of trouble, and of rebuke and of blasphemy: for the children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth." This is true of us today in this work. Before Miss Abrams died, a Brahmin pundit came to see her. I was not present but heard their voices and while she was talking to him I received such an anointing of the Spirit and I saw that the Lord had called him. We afterwards learned that he was ready for baptism but an older brother would not permit it. He then read and loved his Bible, but now runs from us and seems to be fighting conviction.

An old man with very sore eyes came last year, and through prayer was healed. He was so happy and grateful and came repeatedly promising to be baptized. One day with great joy he said, "I feel Jesus in my heart." On the day set for baptism, he didn't come; his sons interfered. Another came repeatedly for teaching, was even persecuted sorely by his friends, but today is totally indifferent. Another man went to our two teachers in Bansi where they were camping, inquiring about their teaching. When he saw their Bible he said that three years ago he had received a tract about this true religion at a mela, had sent for a Bible and was reading it and was eager to become a disciple of Jesus. He spent much time with them and said he was coming for baptism, but as yet we have not seen him. He is the son of a Brahmin priest, himself considered a Hindu priest and a well educated man. Such

a man would make a deep impression and have a wide influence for Jesus.

Our hearts almost break sometimes as we think of these and many others so near the border yet they do not step over the line. Beloved, we need intercessors! If the strength of the Church with all her spiritual powers were put into this battle against the mighty power of Satan, could not the kingdoms of this world soon become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ?" Who will stand with us in prayer?

Lights and Shades in India

From another corner of India, Bengal, Miss Etta Costellow writes:

In November the Lord sent us a second Bible woman, making it possible for us to go out in two bands during the cool months so we were able to extend our work into more villages than last year, and also spend more time on the nearby villages. We have had good interest manifested and some real eager listeners. Some women have quite openly confessed their faith in Christ as their Savior among their people. One, a Hindu widow of about thirty years, has spoken so freely of her faith that her father is getting persecution from his neighbors on account of it. I believe she has given up idolatry. Another, a Mohammedan woman, seems to be getting a real revelation of the Lord. She said one day, "Oh, I cannot love Him as He loves me," and then she went on to say how she loves to think of His coming. "Sometimes," she said, "I sit and weep before Him, and then He comes and wipes my tears away with His hands." She seems to be getting a real heart experience.

The Lord sent an inquirer, a young Brahim, last spring, and after months of indecision, last December he took his stand boldly as a Christian. He got on well and was in every way satisfactory. We had arranged about his baptism and were just waiting the convenience of the Pastor when suddenly he was taken sick with small-pox, and in a few days the Lord took him to Himself. We laid the body to rest in full assurance of hope, praising God that He had brought this soul out of darkness into His light.

There are lights and shades in the work, but the Lord gives us many tokens of His love and power. In the article which I wrote for The Evangel last year I mentioned our preacher who was seeking his baptism. He received in June and took up his work with new power. In November he was called for military service and was sent to the northern frontier. He is the only Christian among one thousand men but I trust he is witnessing a good confession as a soldier of the cross. Pray for him. The covert whom I also mentioned at that time has received his baptism this winter after a wonderful work of cleansing. The Lord seems to be calling him out and preparing him to preach the Gospel in his native and surrounding villages.

Fire Falling in China

From South China comes continued news of a blessed revival. Mrs. George Kelly writes:

A real revival spirit is on and every boy in school

but two has received the Spirit's baptism. To us it is marvelous the change that is being wrought in the lives of these dear ones. A few nights ago a heathen boy came upstairs to the Bible class. When we knelt to prayer he knelt too, and in a few minutes was calling on God. He soon fell over under the power and in ten minutes' time was speaking in tongues, a most wonderful baptism. For more than an hour he shouted and magnified God in other tongues. The following Sunday he was baptized in water. His people persecute him very much, say they will force him to worship idols but he stands firm and comes for us to pray with him when he is tempted.

The Pentecostal work in South China is spreading, new stations being opened up, the sick being healed, and the faith of the missionaries quickened. The stations opened up form almost a complete circle with a vast territory that has not yet been reached by any mission society, so none can say we are building on another's foundation.

We are preparing to build a mud chapel for the work at Ngau Pui Leung. God is working among the Hakka people in such a wonderful way. The building we now have for a mission will not seat the believers to say nothing of the heathen. We can put up a mud house quite reasonably, so we are planning to begin work on it at once. The demands on every hand are so urgent, one hardly knows what to undertake first. We so much need a larger house for the school work here. Twenty boys crowded up in a loft not as large as many "drawing rooms" at home, but God helps them to overcome all the inconveniences and we have learned many lessons from them.

Brother Kelly writes that the new missionaries who went out last Fall are all doing well, studying the language and preparing for efficient missionary service. It is estimated that about forty natives received baptism in the Spirit within the last six months.

Brother Moore writes from Japan that they are having a number of clear conversions, and from ten to twenty-eight inquirers for instruction in one evening. They are also getting some persecution but that only whets their ardor. The Japanese are hungry for God and the missionaries are greatly encouraged.

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The Second Annual Pentecostal Campmeeting will be held at 70th & Lansdowne Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 1-Sept. 1. Lodgings and meals furnished on the grounds at a reasonable rate. Those desiring tents, cots, etc., write to Wm. Anderson, 6003 Larchwood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Pentecostal Campmeeting will be held by the Detroit Assembly in charge of Pastor J. R. Kline and Evangelist L. C. Grant, beginning Aug. 12th and continuing fifteen days or longer if the Lord leads. The Campground is located at the Bethel Farm near Butts Station. From Detroit take "Almont & Romeo" car to Butts Station.

For information concerning tents, etc., write J. R. Kline, 365 Brainard St., Detroit, Mich.