



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

Three True Standards of Deep Spirituality

Practical Lessons in Holy Living

E. E. Shelhamer, Atlanta, Ga., in The Stone Church, June 22, 1915

(Concluded)



OW let us note some quite sure tests, some safe standards of deep spirituality. I could give a half dozen but will confine myself to three. The first that comes to my mind is fixedness of purpose to please God in all things; the second, is evenness and sweetness under pressure or misunderstandings, and lastly, magnanimity of soul.

Fixedness of purpose to please God in all things, where nothing can turn you out of the royal way to heaven! It is alarming how people can shout and "take on" and profess holiness or speak in tongues; how they can have gifts, healings and discernment, and be gifted along other lines, and yet when they are not humored or noticed, how easily they can be turned out of the royal way. When some people are not noticed or put forward, or allowed to be the bell-sheep, it is astonishing how they refuse to go on with God. But nothing can turn one who has the root of the matter in him, out of the royal way to heaven. I cannot afford to allow anything to turn me aside. If they notice me, very well; if they do not, it is also well. Why I would not turn my hand for the difference between a man or woman who will come up and flatter me or one who will slam me. All is alike to me, so I in my Lord doth live and die. The fact is that many times the very people who come up and flatter you will slam you next week; people who become very intimate with you and think a lot of you, are the very ones who will misunderstand you and stab you under the fifth rib. Human nature is a treacherous thing, a tricky thing. I often think how Jesus must have felt when they were spreading palm branches in the way and crying hosannas in the highest; He knew men's hearts, and that in a few days those very people would cry "Crucify Him!" "Crucify Him!"

You must have the root of the matter in you in these days of apostasy and backsliding and fanaticism; you must have fixedness of purpose that will allow nothing to turn you aside. Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the King's meat. David said, "My heart is fixed." God is a good Heart-fixer. I have had enough things to come against me from holiness brethren, if you please, that if I had allowed them to have affected me I'd have

turned infidel long ago, but I cannot afford to allow anything to turn me aside. A man who allows himself to get tempted because he is not put up to preach about so often, is not fit to be in the pulpit. A woman who gets tempted because she is not allowed to play the organ or the piano, needs to be at the altar instead of at the piano. If a person becomes petulant because the pastor doesn't call upon her as on some others, that person doesn't have a good experience. Isn't it remarkable how some people can get "huffy" and hurt and pout and feel sensitive and get tempted, and stay away from services until some evangelist comes along, or you have a great convention? And then they come and cut a big swathe, run up and down the aisles and roll their eyes and speak in tongues without making a single confession. They were as sour as vinegar for two or three months, now they are as sweet as molasses and have not confessed a thing. "Oh here is a big convention on; I don't like my pastor but here is a new evangelist, he is all right." Your pastor has to deal with you; he is better acquainted with you than the evangelist, has had some crooked things to straighten out in you, and when he tries to do it, you say, "I see I am not wanted here I will go somewhere else," and off you go and allow yourself to be turned out of the way. I have known people to lose out with the Lord over little things like a neighbor's chickens coming in and scratching out their peas. Think of it! giving up your hope of heaven, giving up your joy, losing the possibility of leading that neighbor to God over a few onions or peas, or a little puppy dog. Or perhaps your neighbor's children get to quarreling with your children, throw sand in their eyes and draw the older folks into it, and here one who professes a wonderful experience has "words" with that unsaved neighbor. Isn't that too bad? God wants to save you so that you refuse to allow puppy dogs or anything else to turn you out of the royal way to heaven. Fixedness of purpose to please God in all things! That is the first consideration. Will it please God? Not, is there any money in it?

Isn't it alarming how some people will move away from church privileges and a good Sabbath school, go to some other part of the city, or out on the prairie? What for? Because they could make ten or twenty-five cents a day more

wages. Perhaps you have to work on Sunday or do something else way out there. You take your children away from religious services, and finally those boys and girls generally become Sabbath-breakers and go to the devil. The poor mother gets discouraged and gives up family and secret prayer, and the father becomes crabbed and fault-finding and domineering, and when you meet them they say, "Oh pray for my poor, wayward boys and girls; they are breaking our hearts." Perhaps they have to pay out more money than the extra wages made to get those boys or those girls out of trouble.

But not so with the man who has the root of the matter in him; not so with the man who is deeply spiritual-minded. The first question is not, Is there any money in it? but, Can I please God in it? Can I save my own soul and those of my family? I care not how much money you offer me, unless we can grow in grace and have religious and church privileges, count me out of it. I have known preachers and others who would get an opportunity to buy a house and lot on the instalment plan. One will say to his wife, "We have been paying rent all our days, wouldn't it be nice if we could have a little home in our declining years?" So they'd buy that little house and lot on the instalment plan, and they would work hard and slave, and practice self-denial, and about that time he sees the lot on the side of them for sale and says to his wife, "This other lot is for sale. How would it be to buy it; we will then have things our own way, and not be bothered with objectionable neighbors and bad people?" So they pitch in and work harder, and go to prayer-meeting late; they are so worn out they fall asleep in meeting, but they finally succeed in paying that off. About the time it is paid, providentially, oh how the devil uses that; here on the other side there is a vacant lot for sale, and they say, "This lot would be good for a house for Mary when she gets older, and the other good for John. We will have our children all about us." So they start in again and backslide trying to get a little home. It is all right to be energetic, but it is too bad when you allow that to draw you from God. You ought to put a high premium on having the blessing of God on you and your family.

We have an orphanage outside the city of Atlanta, and when we opened up this orphanage some of the neighbors found fault with us, they didn't want an orphanage there; they hated us and spoke ugly to our children and didn't fellowship us at all. We held Conventions in the city, five miles away, Holiness Conventions once or

twice a year, and we didn't ride on the street cars on Sunday which would necessitate our coming in on Saturday night. We would bring the children with us. By all means bring in the children. Get them under the blessed truth of God even if they cannot understand it, they can feel it. It will make an impression on their young hearts. So we took the children, but at home we had several cows and chickens and on Sunday they had to be cared for, so we said to our neighbors who hated our praying and shouting: "We are having a big Convention in the city and if you like we will be glad for you to feed our chickens and milk the cows on Sunday; we will furnish the food, and you can have all the eggs you get, and all the milk. They said, "All right, we will do that. Thank you, thank you." They got the milk and eggs, and when we came back on Monday morning we found prejudice broken down. They commenced to mingle with us and finally came to our prayer-meetings and got under conviction, and became saved. But so many of God's professing children say, "Oh we cannot afford to give away a dozen or two dozen eggs when they are worth forty to fifty cents a dozen." Your miserable old stinginess causes the loss of souls sometimes, and causes your own soul to shrivel up. The question for us to ask ourselves is, "How can I please God?" The thing that pleases God, that will I do, but if it will not please God, you can count me out.

What is another sure test that the grace of God has taken a deep root in your soul? Evenness of spirit under pressure and misunderstanding. Your unsaved husband or wife, and your unsaved children will never get under conviction hearing us preach. The only thing that will put them under conviction will be to see you keep sweet and answer "never a word" when you are snubbed or misrepresented. Of the nine graces recorded in the fifth chapter of Galatians, verses 22 and 23, three of them pertain to our relationship towards God, three, our relationship towards each other, and three towards ourselves. Of all the nine graces of the Spirit, the most sadly-lacking one among professing Christians is that of gentleness. How few people have the grace of gentleness! When things grind you, to keep still and never say a word. Oh it is so easy to say when some one tries to straighten us out, "Yes, I see the same thing in you!" How few people can get a mean letter and not answer it. I am the editor of a paper. I have published a paper for eighteen years, and I get the meanest kind of letters, but I have

made it a rule not to answer a mean letter inside of ten days or sometimes a month. I let it burn and fry and frizzle, and you have no idea how many precious hours and how many postage stamps it saves because of waiting ten days or a month. I generally get another letter saying, "Please forgive me for the mean letter I wrote you. I wrote it on the spur of the moment." How few people can hold still, only to get home and say, "Wife, I got the meanest letter today I ever received in my life. Haven't you some paper here?" "No, I don't think I have unless it is foolscap," and sure enough it is fools' cap, so you sit down and start out, "Dear Sir: Your unchristian, unkind letter received. That reminds me, I have something to say to you. I saw the same things in you. Yea, I have heard worse things about you than you have ever heard about me. You may have a chance to prove some of these things yet. God have mercy on you. Chickens will come home to roost and you will get paid back in your own coin." Then you hurry and seal it and send it off in the first mail, and spoil the whole thing. You take your case out of the hands of God. If you would have held still God would have fought your battle for you. How few people know how to hold still and let God fight their battles for them! Oh that old thing in us that wants to strike back! God wants to burn it out of us. We are not sanctified unless we can hold still. Wesley gives five rules why you haven't what he calls Christian perfection. And if he said it back there, surely there is need for saying it today. He gives five rules why people do not have Bible holiness, but I will give you just one of them. He says if you are reprov'd or contradicted roughly, you answer roughly, or in a cross or surly manner; if you are reprov'd mildly you behave with more distance and reserve toward that individual than you did before—if this is true of you, you do not have what I call Christian perfection. When you call my attention to some infirmity or impediment—you can see my faults and my infirmities better than I can—and I resent it, I do not have what I profess.

What does the good Book say? "He that hateth reproof is brutish." "He that despiseth instruction, despiseth his own soul," and the man who pulls away from his wife, or his pastor, the person who turns away from his Sunday School teacher when reprov'd, God says he despises his own soul, hinders his own progress. How few preachers have you and I ever seen that we have dared to go up to and call their attention to some

infirmity or inconsistency in their lives, or the lives of their children or family. You dare not do it. He will come back at you and give you to understand that is none of your business, and all that is simply proof we do not have what we profess. We either have to live higher or talk less. This thing of having a big shout, and a big prayer, a big exhortation and a big sermon, will not do unless you have the grace of patience at home. David didn't say, "My great wars have made me great," but "Thy gentleness hath made me great." I do not know you dear people here, but that young woman who has the grace of patience and meekness and can hold still when contradicted or opposed, will outlive the other one sitting by her side who can shout and outdo her in exhortation.

Wesley's deep spirituality outlived Whitfield's oratory. It will do it every time. See to it that you have that grace that can hold still under pressure and misunderstandings. It is so easy to say in official board meetings, "If you mean that for me, I know how to take an insult." God wants to save you so that when someone flings something at you, instead of giving him to understand you know how to take an insult, it is better to answer "never a word." "I gave him a piece of my mind," we often hear. Perhaps that is one reason you have no more left, you have given away so many pieces.

Some one says, "Preacher, you are preaching a theory. Have you ever had an experience?" I think I have had. I had some experiences along this line where I have been chucked in filthy old jails and shot at; they tried to kill me in various ways, but it is like a morning May shower to be shot at and rotten-egged, and put in a lousy old jail compared with some things. Two years ago they had me in jail three times in Florida because I determined to preach. In the jail I preached from the window. They put me in the inner cell. "Why do you do this?" the Chief of Police said. "I cannot help it, the preach is in me. If you won't let me preach from the window I will sing in this old inner cell, and if you put me in a barrel I will shout out of the bung-hole. It is in me. I cannot help it." It was open persecution. When you get knocked down or hit in the face with brick-bats, that is like a morning May shower compared to underhanded men, picayunish maneuvering on the part of holiness brethren. That is when it comes close home. But God can save you so that you can hold still when your brethren misunderstand you, and not pull aside or pull off. Wesley said, "All you think and say

and do prove that you are mean and little and vile and base in your own eyes," and if that be proved that you are little and vile and base in your own eyes, you will not feel sensitive if you become so in the eyes of others. "I hear you have been talking about me." "Make him take it back." Ah God wants to save us better than that. He wants to save us so that when we hear somebody has been talking about us, we can say, "Bless God, sister, you hit the wrong nail about me, but that didn't hurt. You never talked about some things that were awful big in my life. I am glad you didn't talk about them." Oh to be saved so that all that thing in you that is quick to flare up, is gone. There is no surer sign that a man needs reproof than the fact that you feel hurt when it comes; when it finds a sore place, proud flesh.

I will tell you a little experience I had over at Hebron in Palestine. I was getting ready to take a picture of the pool of David. About the time I got my camera fixed a young Mohammedan stepped up and put his hand in front of my camera. I made motion for him to go away, but he just stood there and grinned until I got ready and then he moved his hand a second time. I motioned to him, but he stood there; he could not understand English, so I moved the third time, and said to my wife, "You stand here and don't let him get between me and the pool of David until I take this picture." About this time when he saw his plans were thwarted he reached over and took from the head of one of his comrades a lousy, red Turkish cap, and with all his force threw it into my wife's face. What would you have done under such circumstances? I know what I would have done at one time. I used to be a fighter. I fought as high as seven rounds with a grown-up man when I was only a boy, and whipped him too. I am ashamed to say it, but I had such an uncontrollable temper in my father's blacksmith shop, my father said, "I fully expect to see the time when you will swing from the gallows or land in the penitentiary." God wonderfully saved me and sanctified me, and when I could look at that young fellow with tears in my eyes and tears in my soul, and say "God bless you. Jesus would like to save you like He saved me," I knew the work of grace had gone deep in my soul. There was a time when he would have had his lower jaw dislocated, but when I could look at him and feel nothing but love I knew God had sanctified me to the core. Oh to have power to hold still when you are insulted!

What is another sign of deep spirituality?

Magnanimity of soul. When you have such an experience you refuse to do some little mean, contemptible trick; you are too big to do anything mean or underhanded, too big to allow yourself to get easily biased or prejudiced. It is alarming how men can preach big sermons, pray big prayers, and resort to little, mean underhanded methods of trickery in business, or allow themselves to become biased and prejudiced against somebody. Some sister has been off to a big convention in New York City, or somewhere else. She comes back and they are all welcoming her, but here is this jealous sister, straining to hear every word only she is too mean to congratulate her. "I am in a hurry; the preacher preached too long," so Miss Envy goes down the aisle. It is a wonderful thing to have a magnanimous soul in you, to be saved from little things. Suppose a sister is proud; suppose she never does come over and shake hands with you, then you ought to be more magnanimous than she, and say, "I am so glad to see you; I hope you had a nice time," and feel it in your heart. Oh to be saved so that you are magnanimous and it is impossible to prejudice your mind against somebody else!

You know carnality has an affinity. I have seen it manifested on camp-grounds and other places, some sister will begin to complain to her pastor, "I am not appreciated here. They pitched my tent right in the sun," or "They put me up in the attic where I had to climb four flights of stairs; they gave another sister such a nice room, I believe I will go back home tomorrow." That sister wasn't at the Camp twenty-four hours until she met on the other side of the Camp a sister who agreed with her. Carnality can find some one else who looks at it just as you do, but oh to be so well saved that when some one begins to pour out his trials like that, we would say, "Oh brother, you must not allow these little things to affect you." Instead of that we say, "Yes, I think so too. It was all made up beforehand. They just meant to leave so-and-so out. The whole thing is going to seed anyway; let's start something of our own." Oh isn't it nice to meet a person who is so magnanimous you cannot bias him. "Did you hear about Brother So-and-so gone off with another man's wife?" "Oh it is awful." "Brother So-and-so and his wife had a falling out, and are about to separate. Have you heard it?" "Well, I never did think he was anything anyway." "Never thought he amounted to much." God wants to save us so we will put the best construction on everything and hope for the best.

“One Thing Thou Lackest”

“Sell what Thou Hast and Follow Me”

A. T. Rape, 3616 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Convention, May 20, 1915



YESTERDAY morning while I was praying I asked the Lord for a verse of Scripture that I might understand His will more plainly and what He had in store for us, and He brought to my mind a verse in Mark familiar to all of us, where the rich young ruler came to Jesus and said, “Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?” The Lord spoke to him about the commandments which he said he had kept from his youth up. Then Jesus turned to him and said, “One thing thou lackest,” and as I read that verse the Lord taught me some blessed lessons. Jesus also said to him, “Sell what thou hast and give to the poor.” I feel many times we fail in not giving what the Lord has given unto us that others may come into the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. I praise Him that when He saved my soul He commenced dealing with me to give all I had unto Him. I had a peculiar experience when the Lord saved me; He dealt with me differently from the way He deals with many. I was sick and had an operation performed. I had been injured, and the doctors in operating on me neglected to sterilize their instruments. After about ten days blood-poisoning set in and I grew rapidly worse. The doctor came in about noon one day and when he saw me he threw up his hands and said, “It means another operation at once.” We lived in East St. Louis at the time and two saints of God who were Bible class teachers came over to the house as the doctor came back to operate on me the second time. They arrived there just the time the doctor did, and said, “We’d like to pray for this brother first.” The doctor said, “There is no time to waste.” They asked, “Will you let us pray with him if he will give his consent?” The doctor asked me if I would give my consent, and I said, “Yes.” They and my wife knelt by my bedside and we all prayed. I thought I was saved at the time; I was a worker in the Methodist Church, President of the Young People’s Society, District President of the Epworth League, and I was well satisfied; thought I was doing a great deal for the Lord, but I praise God today that I have a different opinion of myself. My great desire now is to be hidden away in Christ. In those days

I found I had been trying to take the glory instead of giving it to God.

While these friends were praying for me the Lord spoke to me and said, “I have a lesson to teach you. Are you willing to receive it?” I had never heard the Lord speak to me before, but I said, “Yes, Lord, I am willing. If you have a lesson to teach me in this I am willing.” I wasn’t able to pray much audibly, but I communed with the Lord. I went on the operating table. Just before going under the influence of chloroform the precious name of Jesus appeared to me, and as I came out of the anesthetic I commenced singing,

“Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe,
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where’er you go.”

The tears streamed down my face as I sang. Then the Lord commenced to pour a message through me and I talked for some time, fifteen or twenty minutes. The doctor came walking toward me. I knew he was going to look at my eyes. He came over and raised my eye-lids and said, “Mr. Rape, it is not best for you to talk this way. You are in a serious condition. This will not do.” Oh how my heart cried out as I said, “Oh doctor, doctor, you do not love the Lord Jesus Christ or you would not say that. It is not I talking, but the Spirit of the Lord talking through me.” I had never made a statement like that before. I would have thought it was blasphemy, but I got a new vision of Jesus that day and the Lord saved my soul while I was on the operating table. The transforming power of the blood of Jesus Christ was at work in my life, and I realized that old things had passed away and I was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

That afternoon the Lord spoke to me again through my little boy, then four years old. He came up and threw his arms around my neck and said, “Daddy, you are going to get well. Jesus is going to make you well.” My wife believed in Divine Healing. I didn’t at that time, but I praise God He spoke to me through a little child. There was a motto in front of my bed, “Prayer changes things.” My wife went over to the drug store to have the prescription filled that the doctor left, and while she was gone the

Lord said to me, "*Prayer changes things.*" When she came back I said, "I don't need that. See that little motto over there? Prayer changes things. Jesus has come into my life and He is my Healer." Our medicine cabinet was pretty well filled with bottles at that time, but my wife dumped them into the ash-can. The Lord has been our Healer from that day to this.

I took a little nap and when I awoke the Lord commenced to deal with me. My heart was crying out for more of Him and I began to pray out loud. He said, "I want you to go back to your home town where you were raised and speak to the young people of the church which you attended for fourteen years. He gave me the subject, "Acquaint now thyself with Him," but told me He didn't want me to prepare anything, that He would give me the message when I got there. I went down a few weeks later, and as I stepped out in front of the little table I threw myself on the Lord and told Him I was there at His command and He would have to give the message. He commenced to pour it in and it began to bubble up and flow within my soul like rivers of living water. Two souls were saved that night, and more would have been saved had it not been for the interference of the minister. He didn't want a revival.

About that time the Lord commenced to deal with me about forsaking all and following Him. I was working with a lumber company at that time, and He gave me souls in every place I went. He spoke to me in Springfield, Illinois, one Sunday night, after a great day of harvesting souls. He said, "I want you to sell what you have and follow Me." At the same hour He spoke to my wife down in St. Louis, one hundred miles away, and said, "Sell what thou hast and follow me." I had never heard of anybody doing that in these days. I started for home, and when I reached home the neighbor next door came running in and she said, "You don't know what the Lord has told your wife. He said to her, 'Sell what you have and follow me.'" I looked at her and said, "The Lord said the same thing to me last night a few minutes after ten."

I failed to obey God fully at that time and for about six months the Lord set me aside. We had never then heard of anyone trusting the Lord for his needs, and having been saved only about a year, we didn't realize what it would mean to get out of the Lord's will. We finally decided to compromise and save just enough furniture to fit out a small flat, and the rest we

sold, but it would have been more profitable in every way had we obeyed God.

About this time the company for whom I was working transferred me to their Chicago office. My wife and I believed in the Second Coming of the Lord and Divine Healing and we wondered if we could find any one in Chicago who was of the same faith. We attended several churches and not finding anything that satisfied us, we decided we would cast our lot again with the Methodist Church and perhaps we could give them the truth we found in God's Word. We joined a little church on the South Side and there met a sister who believed as we did, and she told us of a church that was having a revival and where the Lord was performing miracles of healing. She said they were a spiritual people but noisy; perhaps we might not like the noise, but we shouldn't mind that. I became scared at once and didn't think I would go, but my wife went with the sister one night. When she came back and told of the wonderful cases of healing I couldn't believe it possible, but I decided to go the next Thursday night.

As I look back now I can see how the Lord had been preparing me for that service. Through my failure to obey God in His command to me to sell all that I had, I went into darkness, and it drove me to prayer and the study of the Word as never before. I had been reading the book of Acts, and I noticed how the saints spoke in other tongues when they received the baptism in the Holy Ghost, and wondered why people did not receive it that way today. I had never heard of the "latter rain" outpouring of the Spirit and didn't know that a living soul had ever received the baptism as recorded in Acts 2:4.

So on this Thursday night when we came to the church we found it crowded and we had to go to the gallery for a seat. When they finished singing, the leader asked all those who had received the baptism in the Spirit to stand, and believing I had it, I started to rise, but as he added, "with speaking in tongues," I had to sit down. I turned to my wife and said, "That is the scriptural way." This was my initiation to The Stone Church. It was in the summer of 1913.

I was amazed when I saw several hundred people stand up, saying they had received the outpouring of the Holy Spirit with the speaking in other tongues, and said, "Lord, this is for me." I came back the next night and commenced seeking at this altar. A sister came

along, "Brother, what are you seeking?" "The baptism of the Holy Spirit." She said, "If you have asked for it, then start to praise the Lord." I commenced to pray at the top of my voice. I didn't know how to praise the Lord, but I prayed for probably a half hour, and she came back again and asked me how I was getting along. I said I didn't know. She told me to quit praying and go to praising the Lord. I said to her, "Am I not praising the Lord?" She said, "No, you are praying." I started in again, and she told me to say, "Glory to Jesus," and "Hallelujah." After saying it two or three times, I told her it sounded like hollowing into an empty barrel to me, and I got up and left the altar, disgusted, but not discouraged and wondering what they meant by asking me to praise the Lord. We came back Sunday morning and stayed all day. We started to go home after the evening service, but as we went to board the car our little boy turned to us and said, "Daddy, if you do not seek the baptism in the Holy Spirit tonight you will never receive it." If some one had fired a bullet at me and struck me, it would not have hurt me worse. We turned around and came back. We knelt in the back room, and I felt the Spirit of the Lord come

upon me the moment my knees touched the floor, and I commenced praising the Lord. I heard my wife say, "Glory to Jesus," two or three times and then I heard her speaking in other tongues. My little boy became frightened. She tried to speak to him but couldn't say anything in English except "Jesus is coming soon." I believe I would have received the baptism myself that night had it not been for my little boy becoming frightened. As it was, I spoke a few stammering words but I wasn't satisfied, and for two months and a half I never let one opportunity go by until I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I praise God that since that time there has been a well of water springing up into my life such as I had never known before, and the way is growing brighter all the time. Among other lessons I learned through that experience was that of praising God.

"One thing thou lackest!" The great lack of my life and in that of many others has been the giving of praises unto the Lord, the glory due His Name. By doing this we receive from God that which we have been seeking. Henceforth I will say with the Psalmist, "His praise shall continually be in my mouth."

A Glimpse Behind Prison Bars Saved to Serve

Mrs. W. Barry, 6542 Ingleside Ave., Chicago, in The Stone Church, July 18, 1915



Y talk tonight will be, "A Glimpse Behind Prison Bars," to glorify our risen Christ. I want to read the eighth verse of the 32nd Psalm: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye." After I gave my heart to God and felt His cleansing power, I wanted to give my life to His service, to do something for Him. I know our works will never save us, but as I lay on a bed in St. Luke's Hospital over twenty-five years ago, after I had received Jesus in that room, I asked Him to lead me wherever He wanted me to go. I didn't understand then what it would mean, but my heart was yielded to God, and as I recovered from a very severe sickness my heart was filled with gratitude to Him that He had saved me and touched my body. I knew He had done it for a purpose. As soon as I recovered I started out after souls and that burden has been on me ever since. All I am is what Jesus did for me by the power of the Holy Ghost, and so if we take this place He will guide us with His eye. He led me from hos-

pital to hospital in this city, guiding me with His eye. He said, "I will open doors that no man can shut," and He did. We held meetings for about two and a half years in what they called the Syphilitic Ward in the hospital, and God was with us in a mighty way and gave us some precious experiences. From that He led us into street meetings in different places, and the sweetest memory I have is the time I was in the street meetings with Brother Piper, telling the lost world about Jesus.

It is a blessed thing to have your call and obey God. It took Paul some time before he was ready, but when he started out for God he was a living fire-brand. I trust there are those here tonight who will hear the voice of God calling them to His service. I heard the voice as distinctly as you are hearing mine tonight, calling me to the jails. He spoke to me three distinct times. I hardly knew where the jails were. I didn't have a single person to lean on, but I went to God and asked Him to go with me, and I knew He would. I worked almost seven years in the Harrison Street Police Station, and God blessed me in working

for Him in that hard and dirty place. Some people come to me and say, "Mrs. Barry, I believe God wants me to work in the jail." I say, "All right. Come with me," but they start to pick up their skirts when they see cockroaches or mice running around, and get scared off. Beloved, a call of God means to go through and prove Him in the hard places. Oh, it is sweet to be a servant of God when you are in His will.

At this time I was a member of the Nazarene Church, but I heard of the baptism in the Holy Ghost. I was also seeking more of God and am seeking still. I didn't want anything that wasn't of God and two or three of us waited on God and what I received from him, no power on earth or hell could shake me on. The same Jesus who died on Calvary to save my soul, said He would send the Comforter, and when I asked Him to baptize me with the Holy Ghost and fire, He heard and answered prayer. When I went down to the Harrison Street Station the following Sunday after having received the baptism, the power of God rested upon me. I asked Him to prove Himself. He said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," and that day in our meeting with the women there were nine girls called on God and fell on their faces. A brother standing by who had said my experience was of the devil, said, "Sister Barry, I think God has given you more than your share." I said, "Brother, that is the Holy Ghost." He never questioned from that day to this.

When I first went to the jail I went at the time of their regular meeting and waited for those who had charge of it to come, and when I saw two women coming with their Bibles I knew the crowd. I introduced myself and they said, "You are our speaker for the day. The other one has disappointed us." They didn't know whether I could speak or not, but that is how God works. He blessed me in giving my testimony of His saving grace.

There are over eight thousand men who pass the threshold of the County Jail each year. One-third of them are not convicted, but two-thirds are, and sent to different penal institutions. Some serve their term from ten days to a year, others are sent to the Bridewell and to Joliet. Every Sabbath we have an altar call at the close of the service and conviction has been upon the men. As we sing the hymns the men join with us; there are some cultured prisoners and some very ignorant ones some re-

fined and some uncouth, but they all join in the service. When we give a call to prayer we have from ten to a hundred kneeling on that dirty floor and asking God to forgive their sins. It is a precious thing to see them under conviction. Not all get through to God, but He has some gems in the County Jail. He has diamonds in the rough there that he wants to refine and polish. When I hear them testify and ask God to forgive their sins I take their names and follow them up. If they are sent to the Bridewell or Joliet I follow them up there. I go to these places once or twice every month.

I have letters by the score from men all over the world, to whom I have ministered, and letters from heart-broken mothers. I try to visit the mothers and wives of these men; some of them have two, three and five children. The Lord leads me to the sorrowing wives and I endeavor to get them to God in the trying hour.

One man said to me in the prison, "Mrs. Barry, this home is the best I have ever had. My home was a drunkard's home"; and, by the way, there are ninety-five per cent of the inmates of the County Jail there because of drink. One man who, on the border of delirium tremens, was sent to the Bridewell, said, "As I sat there under the electric light thinking of my past life and how it has been wasted, I prayed and ask you to pray that somehow God Almighty will destroy this liquor traffic and dry up Chicago and cause rent signs to be hung on every saloon." They have a new liquor now they call Day and Night; one-half of it is alcohol and the other half blackberry brandy, and they say it causes a man to lose his reason. If you people could go into the homes and see the wrecked and ruined lives of men and women on account of liquor, you would want to see it banished forever. I trust the time will soon come when all will be put away and righteousness and peace reign in Jesus' name.

As we go into the Joliet penitentiary there is a fine-looking young man in a cell. He was a man who hadn't taken a drink in years, but he told me one day a friend of his came from the country. This man took him out and as they passed a saloon his friend insisted on his going in to have a social glass. He had more than one, and when he came home his wife recognized that he wasn't natural, and she said, "John, there is something the matter. What is wrong?" John saw a carving knife on the table. He took it up and stabbed his wife to the heart. He has now been in prison twelve years. He said to me, "Mrs. Barry, I'd give all the

world if I could undue that act. I loved my wife, but here I am."

I want to tell you a little about how Warden Allen treats the prisoners. I used to go out there some years ago when it wasn't so pleasant; the men were not allowed to speak to each other and were treated very severely, and were not allowed any games, but Warden Allen is a big brother to the men and is a God-send to Joliet penitentiary. He has opened up farms for the men to work on; there are eighty-five men on one farm and fifty on another. He puts the men on their honor that they will be faithful and keep their word to God and man before he lets them out. If we have the love of Christ in our hearts we will have love for these poor unfortunate ones. Sometimes the best we can do is to give them God's Word and pray God to make us intercessors for them. I want to stand between them and hell. By the help of God I want to save them from everlasting punishment. I trust you who can reach the throne of grace will pray for these boys behind prison bars. There are women out there, too, but you have to take a guard with you to the women's prison and it is not pleasant, as the guard listens to everything you say.

I never stop to look back at their past life. I keep before me their never-dying souls. One man out there used to work at the altar in one of the missions in Chicago. He fell one day, an awful fall. He had a wife and two children, but he coveted another woman and he married her. He was arrested for bigamy and is serving time now. The poor heart-broken wife wrote to me. She said she was sick and they were about to take her children away from her; she had to go and live with an old father seventy-six years old and a grandfather in bed who was ninety-six, but she said she went to the great physician and He touched her body and made her whole. She forgave her husband and he came back to God in that jail. You can sow the seed and water it with your prayers and tears, but God must bring forth. I talked to six men who hung on the gallows. Three I can truly say I will meet in glory; the other three I couldn't say. When I get to glory I am going to look for those among whom I have spent my life.

When we go into these jails we face all kinds of demon-possessed people and we never would amount to anything if Christ wasn't in our hearts and the Holy Ghost with us. My heart aches time and again for those men when I learn of their condition. The last boy who was

lung committed a terrible crime. He was only twenty-seven years of age. It was drink that did it. He wasn't a drinking boy, but his father used to take him along in a wagon to supply the saloons with bottles. It was a temptation to him. He collected sixteen dollars that day and took two dollars, which he spent for whiskey. He had married a beautiful young girl and she had left him. He met her that morning and had a quarrel with her, and as he was coming out of the saloon he was walking down the street, when he heard a mother call a child by the name of his wife, a little child only four years old. He committed an unmentionable crime and killed the child. Mothers, watch your children. No matter how well they have been trained, you cannot watch them too carefully. I can take you to the jail and point you to fifty men imprisoned for just such crimes. You would not believe me if I told you of the crime in the lives of men behind prison bars. Satan is going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

The mother of this young man said he never gave her a day's trouble. She used to take in sewing when he was a boy, but his father and mother were separated. I met her in the jail visiting her boy and God met us both. I met the father also one day as we held the service. We often sang a little chorus, "The touch of His hand on mine," and as we knelt there one of the workers went over and put a hand on the boy's shoulder and asked him to give his heart to God. He said he felt the touch of God's hand on him and wept. He came with an honest heart to God; eternity was staring him in the face and he hadn't anything else to do. He meant business with God and God with him. The Lord will never turn away an honest heart, no matter who he is, nor how deep-dyed in sin. So when this young man cried out the glory of God struck his soul and the blood of Jesus washed his heart and he was made white. You may think that this is too much to say, but I visited that boy for months, and the night before the execution the jailer told me I could have three hours with him and his mother. That was a heart-rending scene. If you think jail work is sunshine and roses you are mistaken. That was a painful scene to see him bid his mother farewell. The papers said he would have to be carried to the gallows, he was so weak. When we came in there was an open Bible on the table, and two death-watches were playing cards. Playing cards when a man is to be sent into eternity in a few hours! He was

reading the Word of God and he came and said, "I want to thank you for your kindness to me and my mother. You can see it is nothing but the grace of God that has kept me up. I am not afraid to die. This is my Psalm: 'Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil for thou art with me.' Mrs. Barry, it will be only a few days and I will be waiting for you. I know I will be with Jesus. His grace has kept me up to this hour." The death-watch told me the following Sabbath, "I have seen thirty men hanged, but I never saw such bravery." I said, "This is the work of Christ."

He is taking out the prison gems and polishing them. Oh it is the greatest privilege to go in through those doors and tell those lost ones about Jesus. You find there every nationality under the sun, Jew and Gentile, but they are all alike. Every one who wants a Testament gets one.

In the past twelve months I have held seventy-five meetings, every Sabbath in the County Jail and every Tuesday night in the Harrison Street Station. I have held meetings in about fifteen churches in the city. We have given out seven hundred Testaments in ten months, six hundred and seventy-five Gospels, and we buy stationery for the prisoners; we have given them 22,050 envelopes and paper, and about 15,000 magazines and all kinds of books and Christian papers. When I was talking in a church in Evanston one day, a man came to me and said, "I want you to give out all the Testaments you can and charge to me." Another brought me one hundred and fifty song books. I never ask for a thing. God does it all. I have paid out in stamps during the last ten months three dollars and paid out in money \$15.80. They need stamps to write to their wives and mothers, and to me, and when a boy is going before a judge he wants to look as well as he can and we give him a dime for a shave. I give when I think the man is deserving. I thank God for the work of the Dorcas in this church. As I look at the men's feet and see their toes sticking out I wonder what I can do, and then I tell them about the Stone Church. This Church has clothed more men from the jails than any other church in the city of Chicago. I would not blame them if they were tired of it, coats, underwear, hose—no one can imagine the happy hearts that are made through the clothes from this place.

May God bless all who help the men behind the bars, and give us a deeper love for these unfortunates. Their lives are blackened by sin and crime, but the blood of Jesus washes them white as snow.

Christians Slaughtered and Spoiled

OUR readers will all be glad to know we are again in communication with our Brother Andrew Urshan in Persia. The cruel war which devastated the country and slaughtered the Christians, has subsided, and those who have escaped the sword have returned to their desolated homes. After a silence of nearly six months, during which time we were able to send help to Brother Urshan through the American Consul, we are again in direct touch with him. The following letter was sent to a friend in England:

"The peace of God be multiplied unto you all in these days of trouble! The way of mail being closed to our city for the last five months has deprived us of each other's comforting letters. Thank God we can write again. I haven't any pleasant news to write you this time, but very sad reports, and my pen, alas, will fail to write it all.

"Undoubtedly you have heard of the great slaughter of Christians in this land, and that we have been robbed completely of our household goods, the very clothes that cover our flesh have been taken away. Our people have been driven by the cruel enemy into a hedge of captivity, our homes destroyed, no bedding, no proper kind of food, no fresh air, no comfort of heat, many diseased by various sicknesses, thousands dying by the fiery bullets of the Moslems, our noble men hung in the air by ropes, our young ladies taken away from us, our little girls, six and seven years old, cruelly insulted and destroyed, others dying with fever, our dear ones passing away all around! Truly our hearts are trembling with fear and pain, hunger and discouragement; our faces are yellowed with grief and suffering, everything is black!

"Our nation has become a nation without many young men and women, a nation of orphans and widows, a poor, unclothed, comfortless, foodless and distressed nation. Our wounds are deep, our hearts broken, our mothers and sisters covered with blood, sad cries everywhere. The number of beggars is innumerable. Oh what a punishment for us because we will not obey God, nor honor nor trust Him! There is not a single person or family, good or bad, that has not been visited. Our own home being robbed we are left poor and in great need of everything.

"My dear mother died, leaving us five boys orphans. Three of my dear co-workers were cruelly shot and left struggling in their blood until they passed away, others of our good, faithful workers died by sickness, leaving large families behind them with great poverty. Oh how we need your prayers and your co-operation in all things.

"All these terrible experiences have taught us many divine lessons, of a God not only of love, but of great wrath, and we have said, 'Though He slay us yet we will trust Him.' We have no complaint against Him. All His acts are perfectly wise, loving and good. We will drink the bitter cup as well as the sweet. May He bless you abundantly in this war time."

The Latter Rain Evangel

3616 Prairie Avenue - - - - - Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House

Subscription Price

¶ TO ANY PART \$1.00 (4s-2d) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD .50 (2s-1d) six months in advance

To those wholly engaged in the work of the Lord
Seventy-five cents (3s-2d) per year in advance

¶ Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. ¶ Send drafts, express or postal orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House.

¶ Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly add "LATTER RAIN EVANGEL," Chicago, U. S. A.

¶ Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Postoffice Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

¶ A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

Notes

A BLESSED revival spirit is now being manifested in our midst; sinners are being saved, the sick receiving healing, and the Pentecostal baptism is falling upon believers. Six have recently received the baptism and others are earnestly seeking. One brother "came through" speaking the Persian language, which a Persian brother kneeling beside him understood.

The Divine Healing services on Wednesdays at 2:30 are much blessed of God. Many healings are wrought which are not always apparent at the time. At a recent Divine Healing service three were saved, one a woman who came with a crippled hand. The hand was drawn and her finger doubled over so she could not use her hand. While God's servant was talking to her about salvation, her finger straightened out instantly, to her amazement. Another woman who has been a cripple for ten years testified to healing. She had been hurt ten years ago and left a cripple in the ankle. Now she says she can walk and run as well as anybody.

A man was healed some weeks ago of dropsy in its last stages. The doctor who had been attending him said there was no hope of his recovery. His body was terribly swollen and he suffered much, but he had a praying mother who had been healed of consumption years ago, when beyond earthly help. They said they knew the God who healed consumption was

able to heal dropsy, and their faith never wavered. He and his wife had let down in their spiritual life but God drew them back by performing a miracle in the husband's body.

Real results are seen from our street meetings, held bi-weekly. Conviction rests on sinners as they respectfully stand and listen during the entire service of more than an hour, and they frequently raise their hands for prayer. At a recent meeting three professed salvation. Praise God for the blessed working of His Holy Spirit, not only in our midst but all over the world. Our hearts are encouraged that in these days of awful apostasy and falling away, in these days of strange doctrines and divisions, our blessed Lord is faithful to His promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age."

* * *

Missionary Report

WE give below our three months' report (June, July and August) of monies received and sent to the foreign field. It comprises money sent in through the Evangel readers and the Stone Church monthly missionary offerings. The offerings for the Persian work which have come in response to the Special Appeal in our July issue, will be reported later.

Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	\$ 94.50
Misses Edith Baugh and Bernice Lee, India	85.00
Miss Alma Doering, for Congo	80.00
Harry Bowley, West Africa	64.00
George Kelly, China	60.00
Pandita Ramabai, India	58.99
Miss C. B. Herron, India	50.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa	50.00
I. S. Neeley, West Africa	50.00
A. D. Urshan, Persia	47.00
Frank Denny, China	46.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt	45.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, China	40.00
W. W. Simpson, China	40.00
Miss Margaret Clark, India	40.00
Elmer Hammond, China	40.00
Mrs. Fred Richards, South Africa	35.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, South Africa	35.00
Miss Laura Gardner, India	34.99
Miss Carrie Anderson, China	32.00
David Barth, China	30.00
Nicholas Yest, China	30.00
B. S. Moore, Japan	30.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America	30.00
W. K. Norton, India	30.00
Miss Josephine Planter	25.00
A. H. Post, Egypt	25.00
Paul VanValen, India	25.00
Robert C. Halliday, Central America	20.00
Miss Florence Bush, Egypt	20.00
Miss May Watson, Egypt	20.00
Mrs. Mary L. Chapman, for India	20.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, China	20.00
H. M. Turney, South Africa	19.99
W. S. Norwood, India	19.99
Mrs. E. S. Bernauer, Japan	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. A. El Malek, Egypt	15.00
Miss Phoebe Holmes, China	13.00

Miss Ethel King, India	10.00
Miss Etta Costello, India	10.00
F. S. Ramsey, China	10.00
J. O. Lehman, South Africa	10.00
David Fisher, South Africa	10.00
Miss Cora Hammond, China	10.00
Mrs. S. R. Chester, India	10.00
Miss Marie Gerber, for Turkey	5.00
Total	\$1510.46

We are sorry to note a large falling off from our previous three months' report. The missionaries write us they generally suffer a stringency during the summer months owing to the fact that the money is used in vacations, attending conventions, etc. We trust our receipts for the next quarter will more than measure up to our usual amounts. Indeed, the need is greater, owing to wars and floods and famines. A missionary writes: "I had just a quarter of a cent when the money came. This is all I had for several days, and was needing money for bills. The Lord has almost doubled my receipts this year. *There is a reason.* At the beginning of the year I began to tithe all my receipts. I had never done it before, because I thought a missionary was exempt and again I couldn't see it in the New Testament, but I saw the promise in Malachi 3:10 and I believe the Lord wants us to do things in this New Testament Dispensation, not because of the Old Testament commandments, but because of love. If we love the Lord we will not need to be exhorted to obey the law and the commandments, but we will obey because we love Him."

* * *

Floods and Famine

SOUTH CHINA has again been visited by an awful flood. Last year about the same time there was a similar flood in which it was estimated 100,000 perished. But this year the reports say it is even worse. Letters from our beloved missionaries are filled with stories of suffering and terrible loss of life. In the dead of night they heard the crashing of buildings and the cries of the doomed as the dykes broke and the waters swept in upon the people. Men and women carried their bedding through streets filled with water up to their waists. Those whose houses were not completely submerged cut holes through their roofs and sat on the ridge beams watching in terror the waters as they stealthily crept towards them. As far as the eye could see people were huddled together like rats on the roofs of their houses. In some cities the water rose to a height of seventy-nine and a half feet. It is said it will be many months before the water disappears in

some districts, owing to the fact that they are a number of feet below the river bed. The desolation and wreckage on every hand as the waters recede, and the suffering and death by starvation and pestilence which have inevitably followed, cannot be imagined.

The new mission station just opened by Miss Maude Rodkey has been greatly damaged, and the one opened by Brother James has gone down in the flood. All the stations in South China are suffering because of the flood and our workers need to be strongly upheld in prayer. The hope of the missionaries who have been faithfully sowing the Gospel seed is that in this visitation of judgment the people will turn to God. Mrs. Kelly writes us under date of July 26, 1915:

"It seems that indeed the 'judgments of the Lord' are in the earth and South China is being chastened. This year we have had the most terrible flood; it has simply devastated the whole country. Last year the damage was great and many lives were lost, but this year the dykes that were built to hold back the water broke and the result is that whole villages are washed away. The railroad track is ten feet or more under water and it will be months before the trains can run again. Here in Sam Shui city nearly two hundred houses fell. It is now the heat of summer and very trying on one's body, but all the country missionaries are busy distributing rice to the hungry, and the calls on every hand are simply distressing.

"Yesterday we went to a village of nine hundred and fifty inhabitants and gave them about two thousand catties of rice. They were living up on the broken dykes which is like a roadway five or six feet wide. There they have their beds with no covering from the sun or rain. The children were without clothes and many of the old people were sick. They lay there in the open with the dogs, pigs and chickens around them. The greater part of their homes is washed away.

"Mr. Kelly is kept busy trying to distribute rice and see where the need is greatest, so he is not getting much rest this vacation time. Just now he has a call from the "Hakka" country saying the people are starving and begging him to come and bring relief. The "Red Cross Society," Standard Oil Company, and different firms are giving liberally now, and boat-loads of rice are being sent up from Hong Kong, but one of the men who is overseeing the distribution told us today that this rice would help for a while, but in the end it means starvation for thousands.

"The whole city of Canton was submerged in water and a terrible fire broke out in which two thousand shops were burned. The people jumped from the burning houses into the water, only to drown. The water was so swift the boats could not cross the river, so it was terrible. We could not get groceries and had to live on Chinese food for days. Though the water did not reach the

Missionary Home here, yet it is all around us on every side.

"Brother Denney has been quite sick for the last three weeks; he has had a regular breakdown. Mrs. Denney has not been well either, but we think they are improving now. The Home here is nice and quiet and we find it an ideal place to rest.

"These are surely the 'last days' and so many strange doctrines are abroad we want to be held steady, and yet go on with God. Pray that we may be established, strengthened and settled in God, so that we may be presented blameless and irrevocable at His coming."

Miss Rodkey writes:

"The flood has been the most terrible that has ever been known. I with Chinese woman left Pak Nai on July 10th. The week previous the rain had poured incessantly. This and the floods from the great western mountain snows caused such a raging torrent as I have never witnessed. When I left Pak Nai the water had come into the house and was already level with the second floor. The villagers and everybody feared the dykes would break and this would make it very dangerous. Our preacher urged me not to stay longer, so I finally though reluctantly left, and had only been gone about an hour when the dykes broke and the water filled the house, four or five feet deep on the second floor. Many of the lower Chinese houses were altogether under water. On leaving I walked off the second story porch without a ladder, or even having to step down. The water was like a great sea; as far as one's eye could see, all was under water. The wind rose after we (Chinese woman, Mr. Tsang, our native preacher, and myself) had started in a small Chinese row boat for Check Nai, the next town some four and a half miles down the river. I thought a typhoon was certainly on us, the waves fiercely dashed against our boat and I hardly dared to think of the end of the trip. Mr. Tsang is a sweet-spirited man and has lately received the baptism in the Spirit. He tried to comfort me all he could and sang "Trust and Obey" and other such songs until we landed at Check Nai where I got in a steamboat and came on to Canton. Since coming here the water has risen fast. This city has never in her history witnessed such a flood. Many thousands have been drowned, many houses collapsed, and terror and desolation reign everywhere. The country all around is flooded, the rice crop a failure and a famine inevitable.

"Our house at Pak Nai has given way. We had just had our opening and gotten nicely fixed to hold regular meetings, but now will have to turn our attention to repairs. Boats and traffic have been shut off for days, wires are down, and we are simply shut off from the outer world and our country work.

"Poor, poor China! Surely she is a land of darkness both literally and spiritually. We are praying that these awful calamities may cause many to turn to the true God."

Deaf and Dumb Healed

There are some bright spots in the mission field. Were it not for the touch of the Lord here and there and the encouragement He gives our faithful workers from time to time, they would faint beneath the burden, but the loving heart of God is mindful of His own and sees to it that their lives are not all "testings"; not all "shadows." The following story from Brother H. M. Turney in the Transvaal, South Africa, will encourage the hearts of others who are working in heathen lands:

"We think it will interest the readers of THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL to hear the account of a wonderful miracle of healing which the Lord has recently worked in our midst. The subject of it is a native girl about eighteen or twenty years of age. She has been deaf and dumb almost from babyhood, this condition having been caused by an accident.

"She was brought to the church for prayer some few weeks ago, as she was suffering from some slight ailment. After praying for this we commanded the deaf and dumb spirit to depart from her, and claimed perfect deliverance for her in the name of Jesus. Not very long afterwards her friends again brought her for prayer; they said she must have an evil spirit because she kept making strange sounds and started at any sudden noise. We explained that this was answer to prayer; that probably the sounds were caused by her efforts to speak, she would need to learn how to speak as little children do. They remained unconvinced, however, and we again prayed for perfect deliverance for the girl. After a week or two the news came that she could both hear and speak plainly. Glory be to God! I have since spoken to her myself and have thus proved that the healing is complete. We are still praising God for saving souls in our midst. It is beautiful to see souls translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light."

* * *

The Heavens Opened

How blessed is a vacation spent in the will of God! It is not only refreshing to the body, but a time of spiritual blessing as well. Miss Edith Baugh, who went to the hills for a rest, writes that they had a regular convention among the missionaries. It was not according to any human planning, but God brought together some precious workers who had a deep hunger in their hearts for His best. They were missionaries from the denominations who were dissatisfied with their experience, one so discouraged she was just about to give up her work. Seeing the truth of Pentecost they plunged in and sought day and night. Three were gloriously baptized in the Spirit in one day, and others

very near the coveted blessing. They were eager learners and open for God's best. Infant baptism had to go when they saw immersion; dispensaries were laid down when they saw Divine Healing; their positions with their Boards were all laid upon the altar as they waited upon the Lord, and He graciously met them.

Miss Alice Wood, of Gualeguaychu in the Argentine, took a trip of a three days' journey to some missionaries who were hungering for God. They belonged to the Brethren denomination but were glad to have her give out the Word to their congregation, which she did. She writes: "The people began to make con-

fessions and to get united in spirit and in love; then His power began to fall. We had one day of fasting and prayer, which none will ever forget who were present. The heavens truly opened. Some twelve felt manifestations of the power of God during the meetings. Three young women spoke in tongues, one in English, Chinese and some other language, and she and her sister both prophesied that Jesus is coming soon. They are humble girls, evidently of Indian descent. One of them does not even know how to read, but thank God she knows Him. I believe God will do a great work in Rio Cuarto. Pray for the little flock there."

The Patience and Faith of Resurrectionists

On the Trail of the Double Blessing

Miss Alma E. Doering, Oröbro, Sweden



HERE is the patience and the faith of the saints." "Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that *keep* (hold fast) . . . the faith of Jesus."

"Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I will also keep thee."

The connection between prayer, *patience* and faith cannot be defined too clearly nor can the importance of this triple factor in all our advance efforts in the Christian warfare be *over-emphasized*. The latter day believers are *always* characterized by their *patience* and faith. Clearly they will be reproductions of the old faith heroes whose valiant deeds are recorded as a cloud of witnesses to point us to the same patient endurance which won for them the race. After reading Heb. 11, compare Heb. 12:1 and 6:15 with James 5:7-11. It is worthy of notice that Heb. 11 does not mention Job and Elias. This inspired record portrays the faith of the past for the believer's emulation. It gives us a backward look and sums up these victories as faith for tried saints in the first tried Pentecostal church. Verses 32-39 in the foregoing chapter introduces us to the "great fight of afflictions," the reproaches, the spoiling of earthly goods, the danger of discouragement and the temptation to draw back from the fight, all of which problems could be solved only as they were stimulated by the faith of their forefathers, who endured similar afflictions. Note the exhortation to *patience* before taking up the faith accounts of Heb. 11. In the opening texts of this article the emphasis which is laid on the patience first of all, found in the last remnant

church of this age is striking, for "if we hope for that we *see not*, then do we with *patience* wait for it?" Rom. 8:25. As soon as we receive the object of our faith, then patience has done its work and is no longer necessary. And as God values the full exercise of patience so highly, we ought to be exceedingly zealous in welcoming trials which develop this grace without which we cannot be perfect, entire and wanting nothing. James 1:3, 4.

Job and Elias, however, are given prominence in James 5. This chapter looks *forward* to the last days, instead of backward, depicting clearly our own time of social extremes between capital and labor, the affliction in the body which will beset believers, the *patience* exercised in waiting for rain both by the husbandman and the prophet; (we know that rain is a type of spiritual blessing) and lastly this chapter speaks of the errors which will lead souls astray and the encouragement to convert such souls which, amidst the latter day errors, will require nothing less than a latter rain enduement. Job and Elias are set before us as examples of these twin requisites, *patience and faith*, to full victory over impossibilities. Note how keenly patience is tried in view of the latter day money sharks' oppressions of the poor laborer, and God looking on, seemingly calm and indifferent. "For He doth not resist." Like the Psalmist in Psalm 73, many are saying, where is the just God who allows such extremes of wealth and poverty to exist? But God is only waiting for the full fruition of *patience* in His saints. The reason given for the *long* patience is clearly set forth in the following phrase, "For the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Until that time pa-

tience will be tested to the utmost limit of endurance. In view of the inequality of things, patience will keep us from the sin of grudging one another, (verse 9); it is needed in our conversation, (vs. 12); in our moods, (vs. 13); in our fellowship one with another (vs. 16), as well as in victory over sickness and each other's faults. In all this we are to look back to the prophets, even counting them happy who endured, so that as we look forward to our own tests we can likewise *count ourselves happy in the crucible*, praying and praising and thus making the greater strides toward final triumph. Job and Elias are mentioned because they endured *under* the same pressures which are to characterize the days ahead of us. Both represent a remnant of believers who were misunderstood by the ecclesiastical minds of their day. If the first test of patience in this chapter would be occasioned by the social disorders, the second test mentioned would be the test of sickness as illustrated by Job.

Naturally as Job is cited by an example of patient endurance for the comfort of the latter day overcomers, we must conclude that *all* the details in his case will apply to our time, and therefore infer that Satan will be permitted more than ever in these days to afflict the *most godly*. In our many travels we are appalled to find how many of the real overcomers are suffering unusual financial losses as well as the keenest afflictions in the body. It was not conscious sin which plunged Job into the loss of all that he held dear on earth. That is *why* his losses were so perplexing to his friends as well as to himself. While Satan was bound to destroy his faith in God, God was making good use of the fiery furnace in bringing to the knowledge of Job, *unconscious* forms of the self-life. How little we can measure the extent of our endurance until put to an actual test. The invalid, while lying in bed, feels strong enough to make attempts which frighten others, but the very attempt at once proves the extent of the weakness better than all the arguments of doctors and nurses. Now the Job type of faith has to do with holiness or development of Christian character, or in other words with the maturing of the fruit of the Spirit as mentioned in Galatians 5:22. Note how this fruit gradually crowds out unknown traces of self-life in Job during his history of affliction. Note the steps in this refining process. He was bereaved of *all* his children without a moment's warning, stripped of all his fortune, reduced to a mere heap of skin and bones, a miserable

wreck. Added to this the torture of a wife's chafing, accusations and doubts as to his integrity. Perhaps the fact that these judgments also involved his wife was one of the keenest darts of the enemy. Yet in all this, Job sinned not with his lips nor charged God foolishly. His conversation has indeed been yea, yea, and nay, nay (Job 1:22 and 2:9, 10). When left alone with God all this seemed to have failed in nagging him into the sin of impatience. *But* when his religious friends interfered, his temptations piled up mountains of impossibilities. There was Eliphaz, whose religious dogmatism rested upon remarkable experiences, representing a class of unbruised, unbroken holiness people whose very spiritual ecstasies make them hard and cruel toward others; Bildad, who would correct Job through proverbial wisdom, pious phrases and traditional dogmatism, and Zophar, who assumed to know all about God. Job did what few of the present day saints could do. *He kept silence for seven days* in the presence of these spiritually proud comforters who looked upon this smitten man with silent contempt. *But then* the righteous soul of Job had been probed to the very depths. The fountains of the deep broke forth; the hidden good self-life at last is disclosed so that even it might be put to death, as he begins to curse the day of his birth. But when he sees the futility of contending with God, tempted and hounded into doing so (in *self-defense*) by his miserable comforters, (9:3-15) he regains his waning faith in the very midst of hopelessness (13-15), gets his eyes off his friends and the baffling circumstances on to God. He gets a glimpse of resurrection glory gleaming at the other end of the dark valley of death (19:25-27); commits his case and the *end* of all divine permissions to his Maker, and completely breaks down before the glaring revelation of God's holiness (42:5, 6). This utterly routs self-justification, self-confidence, self-integrity, and fully *justifies* God. *There*, his patience having had her *perfect* work, the captivity of Job is turned *as suddenly as it came*. God's mighty arm is made bare in his behalf. After the fire has been endured, he is entrusted anew with the ministry of intercession (Heb. 2:18, 4:15, 5:8); is given back twice as much as he lost; is not only *twice-born* spiritually, but his body experiences a complete regeneration, the seven sons and three daughters replaced, one hundred and forty years added to his life and four generations raised up in his day. What a list of impossibilities as seen from the viewpoint of the man while in

the depths! What a picture of resurrection triumph! What a repetition of this in our own times! How cutting the judgment of other believers as to integrity, when God withholds deliverance! The silences of God! How reproaches of *spiritual* friends worry the afflicted with untimely theories of "only believe," "step out on faith" when God really means *first* to *perfect patience* before there is the possibility of healing faith! How taunting the suggestions of Satan, as our testimony to healing is a seeming failure and it really looks to us that the continued trial is a misrepresentation of God's faithfulness! But the fact that these things *hurt*, the very temptation to chafe, to doubt, to become impatient, shows *how much* of self there is still left. We *want* our dearest friends at least to understand, but they don't, and then, oh, the darkness in one's soul when the discovery of one's own craving for human sympathy strikes deep furrows of self-condemnation! Yet this very undoneness is but the dark moment before the dawn; the silence of God but the echo of the heart-rending cry of the Sinless One, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me," which came just before the calm triumphant committal of the Spirit into the hands of God!

It is this glorious *end* of the Lord after the long soul outpouring to which our attention is drawn. "Ye have heard of the patience of *Job* and have seen the *end* of the *Lord*." The *end* or *object* of the Lord and *not* our deliverance is to command our attention. In entering a long dark tunnel all is dark before us, but we will never miss the goal if we keep our eyes on the gleam of daylight on the other end, although we cannot see the next step we take nor measure the distance between ourselves and the exit. But occupied with the darkness before us, we fall.

And it is that *end* of patience which Satan contests in tempting one to make an end before God's *time* comes. The more we yield while still holding fast our faith for victory, never letting go of that as patience and *faith* together bring the desired prize, the quicker God's *object* or end will be reached. Find out what God is getting at and then hold still in *faith* for victory. "They *keep* the *faith*," in patient endurance.

Sixteen years ago a small unknown band of pioneer missionaries, among them the writer, ventured to begin meetings among the lumbermen and miners in the large backwoods of the Lake Superior regions. There were many wicked settlements which boasted of saloons

and public houses, but no churches, missionaries or religious teachers of any kind except an occasional isolated Catholic priest. The people looked upon missionaries as religious tramps who, being too lazy to earn their own living, pretended to take a kindly interest in their fellow-men out of whom they hoped to coax their daily bread. There was no board or denomination to back these pioneers. It was a faith work and many were the hardships endured and the battles fought and won. After beginning meetings in the school-houses in five different towns weekly, we were sent to the town of S—, whose cup of iniquity and immorality was full to the brim. With no money which would enable us to pay for a cheap lodging, we were obliged, before and after the meetings to walk at least six miles, dragging a suitcase, as the town was wedged in between two other appointments. After wearily performing this task every fortnight, with no one but the janitor of the school present, suggestions to give up that place fairly surged through our brain. The temptation became keener and keener and just when in a spell of great physical weariness caused by insufficient food and shelter, together with overwork, we determined to make one more trial at getting the people and then shake the dust from off our feet forever, the "*end of the Lord*," the salvation of these sinners was brought before our vision. The Spirit showed us that it is Satan's trick to make us give up when on the very *threshold* of success. The battle was fought and won, the discouraged circumstances dismissed from the mind, God's eternal promises grasped, and behold! the very next time we returned the school-house was packed with Catholics, which would never have happened had we turned back the week before, as we were tempted to do. This continued increasingly so, every meeting, and the town was on the verge of experiencing a revival. So when our greatest effort was to be made, the writer felt she must have help, her very youthfulness often having been a cause for discouragement to herself. Satan said, "As young as you are, you cannot expect recognition. Beside, you have never attended a Bible school." In fact, the only Bible school was the heart of the primitive forest in the noon hour when others were dining, while we had not the money with which to buy a frugal lunch for ourselves. As the crowds kept filling the school whenever we visited the town, we asked an older deaconess to accompany us on the next trip so as to be certain of a harvest of souls that night. Her

first reply to the invitation was, "Sister, have you money to pay my railroad fare, for I have none?" I answered, "Yes, I have." I had just enough to get her ticket though not my own, but I felt as *God* was sending us, I was to keep my eye on *His call* and not on the difficulties. There was enough to pay my ticket to a certain railroad junction, where we were to change trains. The sister accompanying me was so frail that one could not think of letting her go alone. Before we reached the said junction, a fellow-passenger approached us simply to pass the time in conversation, but we turned the subject upon his own salvation, which aggravated him very much. Yet, even in this state of irritation, he offered to carry out our luggage and in so doing, although nothing had been said about money, he pressed a dollar into my hand and there was just time enough to rush into the railroad office in order to purchase a ticket for the rest of the journey. To our great surprise, a circus had suddenly come to the town just for *that* night, which broke up the meeting and we were left without a shelter. There was nothing else to do but to take a six-mile tramp through the woods to the next town, where a hearty welcome always awaited us in the home of an infidel whose wife had just come into the fold of Christ. My companion wondered how she could face such an ordeal. While she had been miraculously healed after having been helpless for years, she had a silver joint in her hip where a bone had been removed which made walking painful. And yet had not God sent us and had He not *en route* so wonderfully supplied the ticket? Before we could see the town of C— thick darkness enveloped us, and it was with great difficulty that we could see the path. Reaching a certain fork in the road I found myself at a loss as to which path to take. I looked to God for guidance, hoping that we were on the right trail, but suddenly a fierce thunderstorm threatened to burst upon us. Several large drops of rain fell, but ceased as we held on to God's promises. By this time the strength of my companion was failing and, to my horror, I found that we were lost in the woods. An occasional flash of lightning helped to get us back to the path, after stumbling over fallen trees, stumps and underbrush, or landing in a bog or pool of water. *What* would the end be? My own strength was beginning to fail, as I had not only my own luggage but hers to carry. There was but one thing to do and that was to look through the tunnel of perplexity to the *end of the Lord*, i. e., the object for which

He had permitted this and not at the hopelessness of the conditions. Suddenly there came a glimmer of light in the distance. This time it was not a flash of electricity from the skies. It looked like a candle-light and we were sure that we were near some lumberman's cabin. Straight for that light we steered. Little did we know the distance between it and us. Little could we tell how many more falls, how many swampy places, how much underbrush there was left to crawl through, tearing both clothing and skin. Nor did we realize how many crashes of thunder would make the situation more wierd or what moment the howling of a wolf or the sound of a bear might be heard, nor how often we would need to hold back the rain by prayer. *But the light was there.* It would mean to us the *end* of our fears. It was the flickering, tiny promise we had of shelter from the storm, protection from wild beasts, rest from weariness and perhaps the saving of the life of my companion, who seemed scarcely liable to survive a night of exposure in the stormy woods. And what else could we do but keep our eyes on that light? When we lost sight of it one moment, our greatest concern was to get where it could be seen. What a picture of believers who are passing through the vale of long waiting! How blocks in the way baffled us! the roaring of Satan, the rebukes of our friends, though well meant, the delayed answer to prayer! But there is a light ahead. Psalm 119:105. It giveth understanding, vs. 130. It is sure! II. Peter 1:19. Keeping the *promise* in view, holding fast to it, we *must* reach the end.

At last we found ourselves in close proximity to the little light. Oh how our hearts began to flutter with anticipation! What would we be getting into here? Would it be the camp of outlaws such as we had every reason to dread? But God had a great surprise for us. Finally I discerned in the flash of a glow of lightning the new, unplastered, little log-cabin of the most notorious outcast, blasphemer, drunkard and outlaw. This man, with his wife and camp of lumbermen, had been attending the school-house meetings I had been holding every fortnight. He had been deeply touched, and wondered what could bring a "lady" to endure the hardships of the backwoods. He knew it could not be money, for she had never asked for a penny and spent her time between meetings nursing and cleaning up the homes of drunkards whose wives were out earning bread for their hungry little ones. But he threw out a challenge to the other settlers. Would the mis-

sionary stoop to accept a lodging in his cabin for a night? The pharisaical warnings of the other settlers whose homes were not much of an improvement to his made little impression on me. I felt *that* man must be saved at any cost. Though in one of the homes, I was unable to sleep because of the rats that ran over my bed all night, to say nothing of the smaller kind of nocturnal intruders, and though in another, I had been given an icy, unplastered room in thirty-below-zero weather, with but two blankets, so that my teeth chattered all night and a blizzard blew the snow through the cracks in piles, yet they contended that a night's stay there would be beneath the dignity of a "lady," a moral danger and a nuisance to the whole settlement as I would be sure to carry the head and body vermin which teemed in that cabin into other homes. No one believed that he could be saved, and why then ruin one's reputation with the whole country through a single night's inexpediency? Thus they argued. Oh the love of God in providing this way of reaching that soul! I was only twenty-one years of age, though my deaconess garb and heavy responsibilities of taking care of eight towns had made me look ten years older. I fear I should have made the venture, and God foreseeing, provided a companion at least fifteen years my senior, bringing us into a way we knew not, in order to hunt out the blackest of sinners in that vice-infested camp, in a manner which would fully justify us in the eyes of all his self-righteous neighbors. Just as we crossed the threshold of the cabin a terrible cloudburst poured out its torrents. God had restrained it for about an hour for our sakes, indeed, or rather for the sake of a soul to be sought, while indoors another shower of unbridled joy which vented itself in some of the most slangy language possible made us almost forget the adventures of the evening. The man really thought that our love and sense of sacrifice were *so* great that we ventured to look him up in such a night as that! What a time we had expounding to him the love of God and the sacrifice made for his sins! What a joy to hear his profane lips claim Jesus as his own! What of the vermin-infested bed, the very one which he and his wife sacrificed, taking their places on the floor of the cabin in the other room, where slept the other lumber jacks! What of the deluge of rain that crashed through the insufficient roof, flooding the floor, saturating our handbags and shoes, and splashing into our faces! Had we not seen the *end* of the *Lord*?

Our end had been a crowded school-house in S——. Satan frustrated that. God's end (objective) oh, how different from ours! a single black sheep which needed to be sought with bleeding hands and torn garments. We were sent away the next day well provided with money to reach the mission headquarters, and our dear frail sister escaped with only a slight cold, while I carried with me a few of the tiny inhabitants in the home, which meant a two weeks' battle in order to rid one's self of such unwelcome souvenirs of that never-to-be-forgotten adventure.

The *end of the Lord* had been a double blessing. First, it meant for us the perfecting of patience and the strengthening of faith. Second, it meant a battle for a soul waged and won. We felt we never again could doubt God's guiding hand even when all looked so exceedingly contrary.

And God blessed the *latter* end of Job more than the beginning! Job 42:12. His afflictions stripped him of his own righteousness so that he might get God's. The fiery furnace melted his own integrity in order that *God's* holiness might be his. His natural health was taken so that God might give him *resurrection* life. Before he had *heard* of God, but now his eyes had *seen* Him and as *only* the pure in heart can see God, the furnace had taken away the dross of self which had hidden his Maker from his vision. This was the first blessing, holiness, a clean heart. Now he was in a state to receive the second blessing, power for service. Before his trouble he prayed for his family, but now his horizon widened and he not only prayed for his *friends* who had so intensified his sufferings, but he became the instrument whereby they themselves were accepted of God.

Why the wilderness humiliation in our lives? That the *latter end* may find us receiving good at His hand. Deut. 8:16. Why the destroying of our temples of hope and glory? That out of the ruins may rise a new temple; for the *glory* of this *latter* house shall be greater than the former. Hag. 2:9. Why the chastening? That we might be partakers of His holiness (Heb. 12:10), conformed to the image of His Son (Rom. 8:29), walking as He walked (I. John 1:6) *to the end* that He (the God of patience, Rom. 15:5) may establish our hearts in *holiness*, working out the ninefold fruit of the Spirit (Gal. 5:22), so that thus we may be better able to use to His glory that second blessing typified by Elias' faith for rain, even the latter rain with its mighty *gifts* of the Spirit. The daughter of

Caleb asked for *springs*, in *addition* to the southland, the land of fruit and flowers and milk and honey. She *must* have a double blessing, but her possession of the southland at once became

the title to the life-giving springs. And the getting of the springs, the rain, the rivers, is *God's* final *end* for each believer. The Lord direct your hearts unto the patience of Christ. II. Thess. 3:5.

The Envelope

A Reminiscence

Miss Elizabeth Sisson



IT was in India. A company of us—missionaries and their wives, Indian catechists, a Bible woman and myself—were touring in an unevangelized district. We had our cluster of tents and gathered every morning in our big living, dining and meeting tent. After a time of worship, maps of the district were spread out and towns and villages assigned to us in companies of two. This morning to my Bible woman and self was apportioned a village in easy walking distance, one and three-fourths miles, perhaps. It was a mixed village, and we were instructed to go only into the Hindoo portion, as the large, rich Mohammedan quarter would refuse our message and might offer us serious resistance—they were very fierce against the name of Jesus.

We traversed well the Hindoo quarters, finding welcome in some places and apathy in others. When we had thoroughly canvassed their streets and lanes and were about to depart, my glance went longingly over the great Mohammedan place and to my mind came the thought: Are you going to leave all these Mohammedans without a word of salvation? It is ten years since any missionaries came here before, it may be ten more before this tract is visited again, numbers by that time will be dead. Are you going to leave these dying people with no word of Christ? I felt I could not, at any risk I must publish the tidings among these for whom Christ died. So I said to my companion, "Annamarl, go back to the encampment. I am going on into the Mohammedan quarter." "Oh," she said, "if you are going *Misseeamal* (their term for missionary lady) I go too." "You cannot go, Annamarl. It is dangerous; they might hurt you when you spoke the name of Jesus." But she persisted that she, too, would go and take the consequences. Thus, on we went together.

We turned into a large Mohammedan part of the village, with its spacious buildings, each one a four square prison, with no windows

looking out on the street, for a Mohammedan woman must never see or be seen outside her own house. Each house was built a hollow square around an open tank, or well, in the center, and all the windows and doors opening into that. Each room in the large building contained a family, for they live in the patriarchal style, all the men of the house, sons, grandsons and great-grandsons marrying and bringing their wives home to the paternal roofstead. Thus often seventy or eighty souls are under one roof. A narrow, solid gate is the only admittance from the street.

As we passed through the long streets or lanes shall we call them, how forbidding: no doors, no windows, no appearance of life; sometimes the heavy gate would be half ajar. Gently pushing it open, we would cry in their language, "Ho women! May we come? May we come? We have a good story for you." Some scowling faces would peep around a corner and gruffly scream, "Go, go." Thus we walked on and on. All I could say was to the Lord: "We will walk the village through and if we find no admittance we will at least be clear of their blood." At last a wide swung open gate, and a crowd of women around the well, emboldened me. I pushed in. I remember how even then the chills ran down my spine, as we went on in the long, narrow, walled passage, cut through the house, into the court below—thinking this would be an ugly place to get out of if anything should occur. Yet smilingly on we went, I constantly calling in cheery tones, "A good story to tell, a good story to tell; come, come, O women! I've a good story to tell."

But the wild and half naked women fled from the well as we drew near it, frightened at my foreign accent, and a white face, which perhaps some had never seen before. We two were left at the well alone. All fled to their various apartments. However, we continued to call to them and pray to God, for was not this our chance to lift up to these dying ones, Jesus? God answered the prayer, for soon they began to peep around their corners and we smiled on

and coaxed on and *trusted on*. They gathered to us, and behind the women the half-grown boys, and behind the boys the men of the house! A crowd of perhaps a hundred! Our opportunity to make *Him* known! As my heart was lifted for direction how, it came so clearly, "Begin in the things in which you agree." Well, we and the Mohammedans agreed in holding that there was but one God, for their slogan is "God is one God, Mahomet is His prophet." And then all the vile, licentious stories of the thousand and one gods, which the Hindoos celebrate, are nauseous to the Mohammedan, so holding my heart and lips up, to be guided every instant (I might lose my life with this venture), I began: "My story is about God and oh it is a good one! Oh, Mohammedans, you and we know God is one. We are not like these poor Hindoos who believe in thousands of gods. We know God is One." A few of the men at the back of the crowd began to wag their heads and assent. "Then we know God is holy. We are not like these poor Hindoos who talk of their gods lying and stealing and running away with another god's wife. God is holy." "Yes, yes, that is a true story," they murmured. "Then we know we all are unholy ("clean" in that Tamil language is the word for "holy"), we are all unclean." Well, they did not like that very much. "At least," I said, "you know that your neighbors and those who live next door to you on either side are not holy, they all have done some sin since they were born, and you know it." "Yes," they shouted out, "they have, we know it." "Just the same way they have lived next door to you, and found out you were not absolutely holy." Well, they snickered. "And," I added solemnly, for the power of God was coming down on all now, "those who have lived next door to all of us have found out that we all are unholy. Now the thing is, how shall the unclean live with the clean? How shall the unholy live with the *holy*? We have all in less than a hundred years to leave this world to go to live somewhere. How can the unclean live with the clean? Oh, that's the question! When you have a big wedding and you are all dressed in your clean clothes, you don't let every vile, ragged beggar come and sit at your banquet, do you?" "No! No!" Full assent now. "Ah, that is the good news I come to tell you. There has been a bridge made from our uncleanness to His Holiness and by way of the bridge, though it crosses a fearful chasm, we can come right into the presence of His Holiness, and be

clean when we get there! It is the most wonderful story! And to tell it to you, yes for no other reason, I had to leave my own happy country, my mother, brother and sisters, yes all my dear friends. For finding that Bridge has made me *so happy*, for whoever stands on it, the nature of the Holy One begins to come in to them, makes them so glad, and they want everybody to come in and be glad with them." Thus I went on and extolled the Bridge, and told of many of its wonderful merits. I had their complete attention and their sympathies having been helped to make the plan of salvation simple without the name, the hated name of Jesus Christ, which is like a red rag to a wild bull, to every Mohammedan man. I was looking to God to show me how to tell out the name, before I was driven from their midst, for I was sure that must come. "Now, let me tell you how the Bridge was made. It was the only Son of the much loved Holy One, who said I will build a Bridge in *my own blood*"—then followed the story of incarnation, His holy, lowly life, His miracles, His wonderful teachings, etc., how easy for any and all to approach Him, etc., at last *must* come His name. To this point they were spellbound.

But when I said "that you may know how to pray to Him and get all these benefits, I must give you His name. The Son of the Holy One who shed His blood for you, and will hear your prayers and save you, is Jesus Christ." Instantly there was a fierce howl set up by the men and joined in by the women, so ignorant that if the men had not given the example, they would not have known to have done it. Oaths and curses were called upon us, and it looked as if we would never escape through that long narrow passage by which we entered. But that was our only way. The Voice to which I had been listening, from point to point as I went on, now said to me, "Don't run, don't turn round, a Christian soldier never shows the back." Then it came to me in the din that now surrounded me, to move my lips placidly and continue to gesticulate as if I were still talking; looking from face to face in the crowd I did so. Had I continued none could have heard a word. Soon the innermost circle that surrounded me were trying to catch my words and digging with their elbows the ribs of those beyond, they said, "Hush, don't you hear she is talking. You make such a noise we can't hear." As the soundless lip language went on that circle also tried to listen, and blaming it on the next outer ring, they similarly said, "Shut

up there! You are making such a racket we can't hear a word she says." And thus from circle to circle on they went, till they had stilled the outermost ring of all. Did I not think then and thereafter of how the Lord caused the enemies to fight one another in 2 Chron. 20:22 while His own fought not at all? When they all had come to a perfect silence, I too ceased to move my lips. What a hush fell upon us! They looking expectantly upon me. Then within the chamber of my soul the Lord said, "Dismiss yourself." So touching my forehead (after the manner of farewell in that land), "Salaam! Salaam!" I said, "I cannot stay with you longer since you have so treated the name of my best friend, but let me tell you, He loves you too, though I cannot stay with you. If you are ever in trouble, and when the dark hour of death comes, which will be your greatest trouble, breathe but a prayer to Him and He will come and take you over the Bridge. Salaam! Salaam! Going I return." (The dignified way of saying farewell). There was perfect silence, while I walked like a queen with her retinue, across the court yard and into the long, narrow, dark way out through the house and out of the little hole of a gate. Then we breathed a free breath!

But only for a moment! The men recovered from the spell God had put upon them, and rushed from the house hooting, yelling and shouting, "Ho, Mohammedana! Help! Here is a vile Christian come polluting the Mohammedan quarters with the name of Jesus Christ!" In less time than it takes to tell it, the whole roadside as far up and down as you could see was filled with infuriated fanatics. They came from the tops of houses, they came from alleyways, and seemed to come from holes in the ground. All were shouting, crowding each other in upon us, jostling, cursing, stooping down, catching up handfuls of sand and stones, and blowing them in the air with terrible oaths and imprecations upon us Christians. It was blood curdling. There was a stillness from heaven fell upon me and with it the words, "I am around you, as an envelope around a letter." Can heaven itself ever bring a sweeter sense of security? I know not. Just then my little Bible woman, hanging on my arm and trembling like an aspen leaf, whispered in my ear, "Oh Misseeamal, they'll kill us!" "Annamarl, they can't touch us unless He permits, for God is round us like an envelope around a letter."

She ceased to tremble. The wonderful still-

ness came upon her also. Looking up in spirit it came, "Move your hands gently, saying, 'Now you must fall back I am coming this way.'" We were headed for the tents, I obeyed orders and slowly, sullenly, the inmost center of that vast mob, the few that were crowding upon our very persons, fell back one step. I do not know if all who read these lines are acquainted with the fashion of mobs; I have been mobbed twice, so speak from some experience. They are governed from their centers, where the ring leaders hold. Often the outermost rings do not know what it is all about. And the purpose of those leaders is to push and crowd you and knock you to the ground; then it is an easy matter to trample you to death, and nobody in particular is responsible. From the center the mob is swayed. Well, as they fell back the one step, I was moved to repeat the process, "Fall back, fall back, I am coming this way," I said in the gentlest tones, that could only meet the ear of the inner crowd—I myself was filled with love for I saw what God was doing with me. Again they went back *one step*. Again I parted my hands and used the same words in love tones. Again the sullen reluctants fell back one step. And so step by step we moved one and three-fourths miles to our encampment, the great outer mob rushing, roaring, tearing, hooting, using the most blasphemous and indecent language, and blowing the dust and gravel in the air. It was heaven inside the *Envelope* for both Annamarl and myself. I do not know how much sweeter heaven will be when we get there! When we were within perhaps twenty rods of the cluster of tents they disbanded and slowly drifted away, I presume fearful that the English government would be after them.

But we marched into our tent. Like ourselves, all the other missionaries were out tramping with salvation's story except one lone occupant, a nervous woman who had been too ill to go out that morning. "Oh," she said, bursting into a flood of tears, "I am so glad you came. There has been the most terrific noise from that village down there, coming nearer and nearer, only just now it stopped, and I was here all alone!" "Glad we came! Well, we brought the noise," I replied laughingly, and then proceeded to tell her of our wonderful triumphal march. It was not till later I thought of Luke 4:28-30 and saw how the Father who in that hour of human rage so wonderfully covered the Son, and how in like manner covered the two daughters. "As Thou, Father, art in

me, and *I in Thee*, that they also may be one *in us*," John 17:21. The Envelope belongs to us, we may have it on all occasions.

"Shut up in God! Oh, wondrous thought!
 "That takes a worthless worm like me,
 "Exposed to sin and Satan's power,
 "And hides me in Divinity."

"My Lord the ENVELOPE I boast
 "Now let the Tempter do his worst,
 "He cannot harm me in the least,
 "Unless he touch my Jesus first."

The key note to the twin epistles Colossians and Ephesians is "*In Him*." Faith but recognizes the position and He makes it good. Hallelujah!

Saved and Miraculously Healed when Dying Family Brought to God

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I was a Baptist, but my heart was crying out for something I didn't find in the Baptist Church. I was taken into the church but had never been converted. Eight years ago, while living in Milwaukee, I came in contact with Christian Science. It all came about through speaking to some one of my mother, who was a confirmed invalid. I immediately bought some of the literature and sent it to her and asked her to have a practitioner come to see her. My mother, being a godly woman, looked beyond Christian Science to God, trusted Him and was healed. Three years after that I went home to Kentucky and took up the same faith, but it didn't satisfy me. I felt a great lack in my life, and the last seven months of that eight years I became very unhappy. I sought pleasure in every direction, had gotten away from all church association and threw myself into the world. I was restless and dissatisfied with life, and the Lord, although I knew not it was He at the time, took me out of the work I was engaged in, and set me down within a few doors of the Stone Church. He put a longing within my soul that I could not understand, and I wondered what was coming over me, but I know now it was God dealing with me.

I heard the shouting and the singing at the church, and I would stand at the door and listen and try to peep in the windows to see what they were doing in there, but I wouldn't go in. I said to my neighbors, "I wouldn't like to live with those people; they almost drive me crazy with their noise."

The day after the Convention started last Fall some people came to my house for a room and they induced me to go over to the Church to see what it was like and, strange as it may seem, from the time I first entered the door, I went three times every day during the entire Convention.

At the end of that time two ladies from New York City came into my home. I was the most unhappy mortal in the world, and I suppose I was under conviction. I couldn't sleep and my heart and soul were crying out for something I couldn't define. The first day these ladies came to my house to room, they said, "Let's have a prayer together." I gladly got down on my knees and something said to me, "Now is the time." I just threw up my hands and cried out to God, and in ten minutes it seemed I was walking on air. I cried to God to forgive me for leading people into Christian Science and promised to serve Him the rest of my life. As soon as I was saved I became greatly burdened for my family. It meant so much to me I wanted them all to have the same joy, but they only ridiculed me and told me I was crazy. I had a house of ten rooms, and my roomers, who had always loved me so much, turned against me. It seemed the whole world was against me, but the Lord was very precious. I had a little old room in the basement where I could neither have fire nor light, and there I spent my winter, praying for my family. I never could tell of the blessing and the wonderful way God talked to me in that little old basement room. They were the best days I have ever known.

I wanted all that God had for me and began seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit. One Sunday morning I went over to the church and the Spirit fell upon the people and they had the heavenly choir, and because I could not join with them I went home and cried. I was desperate and cried to God to honor me with His Holy Spirit. One morning, three weeks after, a sister came to me in great distress. I prayed with her all day and until eleven o'clock that night. She didn't seem to get the victory and I started from the church to take her to the car. We went into the drug store for a soda, and just as I took one spoonful, the power of God

came upon me and we hurried back to the church. I felt I was walking in the air, and as soon as I entered the church a flood of glory came upon me and prostrated me. I praised God in other tongues for an hour and a half, the sister immediately got the victory over her trouble and we two left the church at 1:30 in the morning, filled with the new wine of the kingdom. This was Thursday, and the blessing and power of God rested upon me until Sunday. My family thought then I had surely lost my mind. I found the more I talked to them, the harder their hearts became, so I committed them to God and put them on the altar, and in His own way He touched their hearts and drew them to Himself.

On Sunday night, June 13th, I was taken with a chill and an awful pain in the region of my appendix. I fell on the floor and lay there for two hours, too weak to make anyone hear me. At six o'clock in the morning I called one of the girls who was staying in the house and she telephoned to Brother Fraser for prayer. He came, with one of the sisters of the church; they prayed for me and I immediately got relief, got up and walked in the name of Jesus. Before this I could not stretch my right limb out at all; it was doubled up from pain and I wasn't able to stand on it, but in the Name of the Lord I was able to walk. I seemed to be all right then until Friday, the 25th, when I was again taken with a severe pain on my right side. I became ill in the meeting. The pastor and his wife went home with me and we prayed until nearly one o'clock in the morning. The next morning I was a little better and one of the sisters came and took me to her home, something over a block away, so I would not have to be alone. At noon, as I sat down to the table to eat a little lunch, my fever rose, my abdomen began to swell, and that intense pain came back. It was so severe I bit my lips until they bled, and I cannot put in words the agony I suffered. They carried me to a Morris chair and I was unconscious much of the time because of the pain. Some of the saints were fasting and praying for my deliverance, and about one o'clock the fire of God struck me. It began in my throat and went down into my stomach and through my bowels. We felt that was healing and yet I was not permanently delivered. The burning fire never entirely left me and I got relief enough to get on my feet and go home, but that night I was again taken. My temperature rose and the pain was so great I would faint and come to, and faint

again. I was so nauseated I could not retain anything I ate.

I knew the Lord was able to heal me, but I came to the place that night where I was willing to go home if He didn't see fit to do so. I was perfectly resigned to whatever His will was for me. My son and his wife came to see me. They were both unsaved and immediately wanted a doctor, but I refused to have one and became reconciled to death. On Sunday morning, my condition becoming more alarming, my son insisted on having a doctor, but I had faith in God and steadfastly refused. My temperature went up to 105; the saints were praying for me at the church, and called frequently, and I was upheld by a mighty volume of prayer going up from trusting hearts, yet my condition was hourly becoming more critical, and we knew unless the Lord undertook there was no hope. My stomach was terribly swollen and so sore no one could touch it. In addition to this there was a greenish streak running half way across my abdomen to my appendix, which in the natural gave us alarm, and my appendix was badly swollen. My daughter-in-law, although unsaved, said to her husband, "If she doesn't want a doctor, don't make her have one, and we will just pray for her." Towards evening I felt something like needles and pins running all through my body; I felt as though my whole system was giving way and I turned to my son and said, "I believe the Lord is going to take me, the appendix has broken." He became frightened, but immediately the Lord said to me, "You are healed." The power of God came upon me and went through my body, carrying off the poison, my temperature went down immediately and I got on my feet and praised the Lord. The green mark disappeared, the swelling went down, and while my stomach had been so sore a few moments before you could not touch it, now you could pound me and it didn't hurt. There was great rejoicing over the Lord's healing, and this was the means the Lord used to bring my children to God. My sons and two daughters-in-law are all converted, and one of them also has the baptism in the Holy Spirit. The next day I was well, and that week I walked a great deal, and since that time I have done anything I wanted to do. I can truly say with the Psalmist. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Five of us are now saved, and we are praying for the others. God has given me a confidence in Him for the healing of others, through what He has done for me, such as I could have gotten in no other way.