



The days of Heaven on the Earth

• • • • Contents • • • •

Be Not Anxious for the Morrow..... 2
 Of More Value Than Many Sparrows.. 2

Joy in Doing Hard Things for Jesus... 5
 Stepping Stones 5

Taking Soldiers Alive for Christ..... 8

Signs of His Coming11

Notes12
 Hidden Away12
 Special Meetings12
 A Plea for China13

Foot-Washing.....14
 John 13:1-1714

Twice Healed When Dying15
 When the Faith Is Tried.....15

"The Lord of Hosts Is with Us".....17
 Practical Illustrations of Divine Help..17

The Worth of a Soul.....22

An International Monthly Magazine

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

HAWKIN - CHICAGO

Be Not Anxious for the Morrow

"Ye Are of More Value Than Many Sparrows"

Pastor H. W. Mitchell in The Stone Church May 6, 1917



GOD has laid on my heart for this morning a portion of the 12th chapter of Luke, beginning at the twenty-second verse. I believe we can find great comfort and help from these words of our Lord in these perilous days in which we live. I have felt for some time that God's children are being affected by the spirit and condition of unrest that govern the people of the world; that is, the spirit of anxiety, of uneasiness, of fear; a spirit of worry and trouble because of the high cost of living, and the people who do not know the secret of trusting God are affected thereby. I believe that God desires to lead you and me into a place of perfect rest, a place where we are entirely free from anxiety and fear, a place where, no matter how high the price of food may soar and though the price of clothing mount higher and higher, and both seem far beyond our income, yet we must not worry or be afraid, but remember that Jesus still has the power to multiply the loaves and fishes; and to rain manna down from heaven. The Lord still has power, praise His Name, to cause the meal not to run out, or the cruise of oil to fail, and He is still able to cause an angel, if necessary, to provide us food, as He did Elijah when he was fed by ravens.

Jesus had just finished a parable where He had described a rich man. He is called a rich fool, and is described as possessing a field that brought forth so plentifully that he had no place to store his goods; his barns were already full to overflowing, and in this parable He pictures that class who today hoard up and lay by until their press is overflowing, and yet their selfish, sinful heart is not satisfied; they want still more. The richer the rich man becomes, the greater the poverty among the poor. The more the rich man accumulates, the less the poor man has. I am not a socialist but I am speaking God's eternal truth. How He pictures out the trend of affairs today. If you will notice James in his epistle declares that the rich man shall heap his riches together in the last days; in other words, in the last days there will be more millionaires, and yet there will be greater poverty in the earth. But why need we worry if the

rich do oppress the poor, and the poor are compelled to pay \$15 and \$18 a ton for coal? Why need we worry? Doesn't God own the earth? And will He not keep His own? You can get into a place of perfect rest in God and trust in Him, if there is no bread in the land, and if people have to pay their last penny for food, and know nothing about tomorrow. Those who trust God are not worrying about tomorrow. Jesus says, "Consider the fowls of the air, they sow not, neither do they gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." You see them chirping and happy; they are fed day by day, and not worrying whether the food is short. They trust God and He provides for them. Then Jesus teaches us that we are of more value than many sparrows, in these precious words, "Shall He not much more clothe you oh ye of little faith."

There are many people in this city who when prices went soaring tried to lay in a supply; they sent in large orders here and there, but friends, you and I need not worry about these things, "Oh," you say, "that is just using common sense," but I believe it is not trusting God as we should, for He says, "Take no *thought* for the morrow." Are you a child of God? Do you belong to your Heavenly Father? If so, He will not let His child go hungry. He will not let His child suffer for food or raiment. It is not ours to question how He will provide, or where it will come from, but it is ours just to trust. That little child of yours doesn't know a thing about your business, of providing its food and purchasing its clothes, but it trusts you fully, and if your father heart will provide for your child because of your responsibility, and because of love and duty, the Father heart of God will never forget to provide us with the things we need. Jesus teaches us this again when He says, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Think of it! a king in all his majesty and glory does not compare with the beauty of the lily of the valley. And the God who so adorns the lily with its exquisite beauty, will not fail to clothe you and me. I believe in sacrificing, and that it would be pleasing to God for us to sacrifice more, but our Father will provide

everything we need, and it will not be the poorest nor the cheapest, but thank God, He gives us good things.

Why are you troubled? Why is your heart filled with anxiety? Trust in your God. He will take you through. Jesus said this rich man had no place to bestow His goods, so he tore down his barns and built larger ones, and filled them, and then he said, "There is no use for me to worry about business. I have more than I expect to use. I will say to my soul, Eat, drink, be merry, have a good time." That is the spirit of this age, eating, drinking, surfeiting themselves with banquets, making merry in the places of amusement, but as God thundered out of heaven to this rich man and said, "Thou fool," so He is speaking today in no uncertain tones. Who is the fool today, the one who is grafting and accumulating ill-gotten wealth, or the poor, trusting child of God who looks to his Father daily for his needs? According to God's Word, the wise man is the poor trusting soul who looks to God each day for his needs, but the world would say the wise man was one who had accumulated great riches. To the rich man came the summons in the stillness of the night, "Thou fool, this night is thy soul required of thee." And then Jesus asks the significant question, "Then whose shall these things be, which thou hast provided?" Why you have left them here to damn your children and relatives, for them to fight and quarrel over. Among many today riches and prosperity prove to be a curse, and they are proving to be a curse to this nation. God has singularly blessed this nation above every nation in the earth, by great prosperity, and in their prosperity they have forgotten Him and defied Him.

Now we find in James the inspired writer that the rich men who have heaped their riches together for the last days have kept back the hire of the laborers who have reaped down their fields, by fraud; kept back their wages. There are great corporations today that keep back a certain per cent of their employees' wages every month, and putting it all together the amount is so great that the interest brings in thousands to the rich which really belongs to the laboring man. But the cries of the laborers are heard by Him who said, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay." Personally I am not interested in these things, but the thought in this entire lesson is this, that as these conditions exist the majority of the people who are going God's way are the poor. "The common people heard Him gladly." Thank God, there are some to whom God has

given riches who are serving Him and using their money for His glory, but the great majority have no interest in God or a hereafter. They are living only for this present life.

Jesus goes on to say in this scripture that by taking thought we cannot add one cubit to our stature. We may plan how we will get through this year, and we may plan for months to come, but we have to fall back and trust God in the end. The most of worry and trouble which people heap upon themselves, comes as a result of living too far in the future. If we look at our own experience we will find this to be true. We worry about the future, instead of living one day at a time.

In the Thirty-seventh Psalm we find there are four things we are to do in order to trust God and be free from anxiety. First, we are not to fret because of evil doers, nor be envious against the workers of iniquity. Do not be jealous or envious at the prosperity of the wicked. The riches of grace in Christ Jesus are greater than all the riches of this world. Some among God's people are envious, get bitterness in their hearts and lose victory because God seems to trust others with gifts He cannot trust to them. I thank God He has never prospered me more than He has, or entrusted into my hands riches He has entrusted to others, for the simple reason that my heart is deceitful. I do not know my own heart, and I know God understands my heart better than I do myself, and if He would entrust me with riches they might prove a snare to me and lead me away from Him and out of His will. For years there has been a desire in my heart to be independent. That has been my great cross to stay in the ministry, because it has kept me so dependent. Naturally I love independence but I have realized that as long as I am in the ministry I am in a large measure dependent; that has been my cross, but God has given me victory, and I would not lose the blessing of trusting God day by day for all which this world possesses.

We are exhorted in this Psalm to trust in the Lord. Are you trusting in the Lord or in your position. Are you trusting in your business or in your God? The Psalmist said, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man." Friends, we must learn to look beyond these earthly institutions, beyond man who is at the head of them, and trust in the living God. Then we are exhorted to do good. You remember Paul's exhortation to do good to all men. Do we not oftentimes fail to do good to our fellow-man? "All men," means everybody, not a chosen few

whom we love. "Do good to all men, especially those of the household of faith." Every converted man who has had the cleansing blood applied to his soul should be found doing good and especially to those in the household of faith. Remember this when you are tempted to speak evil of someone, and do good instead. "Oh," you say, "I have grounds for feeling as I do, and saying what I did." No, you haven't. You haven't any right to any feeling except the feeling of love.

Then we have the promise, "So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." If you "get up against it," as the world calls it, and lose your position, and have to look to your friends for help, search yourself before God and find out whether or not you are living up to the requirements of God's Word: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed." There are some people who do not know a thing about trusting the Lord. They have all their life had their own way about things, and have felt independent of God and people until it is very hard for them to trust the Lord. I was impressed with what a brother said the other night in the meeting, that he had to trust God to send him money to meet his obligations, and God never failed him. Meeting him along temporal lines inspired him to exercise faith along other lines, and He will not fail us, no matter how the prices advance, if we put our trust in Him. Are you worrying, or are you in the place of perfect rest? "Verily thou shalt be fed."

I am acquainted with a dentist down South, a man who has known God and has had wonderful experiences with God. He has had a good business and made quite a lot of money, but he has been through times of severe testing, and one time he lost his trade. He went to God about his business and I heard him tell how He answered prayer by sending in customers, and he made this statement: "I believe before God would let me suffer need He would permit everybody in town to have the toothache and get no rest until they came to me." That was saying a great deal but he had that faith that God would not forsake him. It is not only the ministry and the Christian workers who are dependent on God, but Christians in business who will more and more be compelled to trust in God for their daily needs.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He will give thee the desires of thine heart." Does that mean if you spend your last penny today and you have lost your job, and the rent is due next

week, and it looks awfully dark and gloomy, that you should rejoice and be happy in Jesus?" Yes, I believe it is possible to be in that place where you can delight yourself in the Lord in spite of the fact that you have lost your position, your rent is due and you do not have any bank account to fall back upon. This promise not only pertains to spiritual blessings, but temporal. The food and the raiment is necessary and it is promised to those who put God first.

Now there is something else we should do: "Commit thy way unto the Lord." Are you willing to work where God places you? "Oh," you say, "it takes lots of grace to stay here. People do not understand me in my position." Are you willing to commit the opinions of people to God? Are you willing for God to take you out of your present environment and place you somewhere else? Then He exhorts us again, "Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Perfect committal to God means that I am willing for Him to change all my plans and willing for Him to have His way in my life. When we try to carry out our own plans we have a hard time, and nearly lose out, but trust in God brings perfect rest.

There is one verse I want to bring to you in closing: "They shall not be ashamed in the evil time, and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied." If someone would have said to the people of this nation a short time ago that this country would be facing famine, that the poor would be hungry and people who have been in first-class circumstances would not be able to meet their every day obligation, and their income would not cover their daily expenses, they would have thought him very foolish for saying such a thing in this land of plenty, but God can humble the proud, and bring down the haughty, and I believe in these days when life is so uncertain and conditions so disturbed, that those are the best off who are most dependent on God. It is not the one who has accumulated and laid up money, for conditions may be such that you cannot buy bread with money, but God has said that your bread shall be sure. Some days ago it was hard to buy bread, but God has a way of providing, and He could send an angel to make your bread if necessary. All down through the ages angels have been servants of God's children. David said, "I have been young, now am I old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." Friends, are you trusting in God, or are you leaning on the arm of flesh? The Pentecostal missionary in heathen lands who has tested the promises of God is better off today than the

missionary who has depended on church boards when the church cannot get money to them, and I believe we, who have learned to trust God, will

be better off in the coming days when there shall be wars and famines in the land than those who have leaned upon the arm of flesh.

Joy In Doing Hard Things for Jesus

Stepping Stones to a Faith Missionary's Life

Miss Ethel V. Webb in a Talk to the Young People of the Stone Church



HERE are two passages of Scripture which the Lord has been ringing in my heart. The subject came up last evening and as I was awakened early this morning I was thinking of you and the Lord brought these two passages before me again so I am going to pass them on to you.

"Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Joshua 24:15 and the next verse, "And the people answered and said, God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods."

God is just ringing out this challenge to each one of you dear ones. Most of you, by your very presence here acknowledge that you are the Lord's but we can belong to one and yet be serving ourselves or another and the Lord wants us to consecrate our service to Him this day. There are some Christians who seem to be a little afraid of wholly consecrating themselves unto the Lord. Why? Because they don't fully know the Lord; they know Him just a wee bit and their hearts are still a little, perhaps rather much, in the world and they think, "Well if I yield wholly to the Lord, I shall have to give up this and that and the other," and the devil comes along and makes you think of so many things to discourage you. But I want you to enter into the wondrous joy and glorious privilege of giving up everything to the Lord. Sacrifice? Why, you lose sight of it when you yield yourself to the Lord. So many, when receiving a call to a foreign field, speak about the great sacrifice of loved ones and Christian fellowship, but do you know, friends, when God gave me that wonderful call I had to hide in my heart the wondrous joy.

My people were unsaved and I thought they wouldn't understand it; there was such a deep joy, so I tried very hard to hide it from them. Perhaps there are some here whom God is calling to make a definite decision for Him and His service. The very least thing we can do unto Him who has redeemed us with His own life's blood is to give ourselves over for Him to do as He will. No doubt many times you have said,

"I will go where you want me to go, dear Lord," but you are willing just so far as it does not conflict with your own plans. We think we have a perfect right to do what we want to do and say what we want to say, but when we have absolute yieldedness to our Lord, not only as His child but as His bond slave, then do we recognize that He has a perfect right to ask us to go where He wants us to go, to convey just the message which He wants brought forth, and dear ones, there is no joy like it.

If you were out in China and called to do the work which Mrs. Nichols and I have been called to do, your service to the Lord would be tested severely. Does it mean doing just the nice things? No indeed, but He enables you to care for those who are covered with filth and vermin and you really have joy in doing it. I will tell you just a little of my first experience when I entered the work at Ningpo. Mrs. Nichols asked me to share with her the every-day duties, and when it came to bathing those children I shrank from doing it. I knew that some of those children had not been in the home long enough to be thoroughly cleansed from the awful filth and I shrank from them. I went to my room and said, "Father, I haven't a natural love for these children, but I take the Divine love." Then the Lord showed me that natural love is nothing; that it is only the Divine love which will stand and I said, "Father I take the Divine love for this work." I had always loved clean healthy babies, but from this other kind I drew back. You see you haven't the bath rooms there, the girls have to carry the water and there are many other things that aren't convenient. As I stood there, bathing the first little form covered with the itch, one of the little ones ran for something. As I saw her trotting off, I thought, "What has the child gone for?" She had noticed that Mrs. Nichols had a stool and was sitting down. She returned with a little stool for Miss Webb to sit on. Oh, the loving faithfulness! The very heavens seemed to open into my soul and since then I esteem it a great privilege to bathe those little forms covered with itch. There is nothing to be compared with it.

Someone else might say, "Well, God is calling me but I cannot go because of hindrances in the way." Perhaps you say, "I am not strong enough to go" and others say, "I am too old to go" and others haven't the money. I will just relate some of my experiences. I had no help, I had no money and I haven't had any training or college advantages which are so essential to a missionary's training. I was brought up in a very worldly home; sent to church and Sunday School because it was the respectable thing to do, and that was the only reason. I was brought up in the Church of England and never heard a thing of regeneration and the wonderful truth of being born again, until I was eighteen years of age, and this in a Christian country! God led me and for years I had a great hunger in my heart for Him, always wanting to be good but could not. But in His grace He permitted me to come in touch with a dear child of His who asked me that wonderful question, "Do you know the Lord?" She didn't ask me if I was a Christian. I knew *about* Him in the same way as I knew about Napoleon or some of those other folks; I knew Him by name but I realized that I was not acquainted with Him. I went to my knees for the first time and acknowledged my sins and asked forgiveness. The Lord opened the way for me to stay with this sister and I well remember one evening when she was speaking at a Bible reading, how she said that the Lord spoke to her. I wondered how God could speak to anyone and thought, "I am going to put that to the test." When alone, I said, "Now Father, you know what she said, that You spoke to Your children today. Now speak to me." I had sense enough to listen. I fear we often fail to wait for the other side of the communication and here we make the biggest mistake of our lives. But as I waited for God to speak He just rang into my heart and into my mind the book, chapter and verse; it was ringing through me and finally I opened my Bible to Isaiah 38:17 which is: "But thou hast in love to my soul, delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Now I had found out the secret; God spoke to human hearts in these days through His Word. The next night I went for the second time and put the test up to the Lord again. There was a craving in my heart that I might know Him in His power and might. John 17:3 says, "And this is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." What does Paul say? "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus

Christ my Lord." It was just the prayer of a great man that he might know the Lord Jesus Christ more intimately than any earthly friend. It struck home and that has been my prayer ever since. But what does it mean? It means a separation from friends. I am not against friendship but He must be the most intimate friend. How do we treat our friends? Do we sit down and carry on a continual conversation with them without giving them an opportunity to say a word? Let us listen till God speaks to us from His Word. Let us feed upon the Word that we may become partakers of His divine nature.

A few years after my conversion I became conscious of a deep desire to go to China but there were hindrances. I was not strong; I had grown too fast when a young girl, had curvature of the spine and a number of other sicknesses so I couldn't go, but the desire deepened and deepened. I know God Himself had given me the call as I had not been to any missionary meetings or heard any missionary talk as far as I remember. In 1906 I applied to the China Inland Mission but I was turned down as my medical certificate showed that both my lungs were diseased and I had consumption. My father had died of consumption and two or three others of my relatives had it. In 1908 I became very ill; I was put in a plaster Paris cast and there seemed to be no hope; the fever was making such headway that I was literally burning to death. I didn't have the privilege of knowing the truth of Divine Healing and had never met anyone who had been healed, and yet while I was bedridden the voice of God continually talked to me. I always turned a deaf ear to Him, but oh how tenderly the Lord dealt with me! On the 19th of November the Lord instantly healed me. Friends, do you wonder that I just yielded myself, my body and my whole life, in a new way to be the Lord's? Before, I had known the Lord for my spirit but now I felt He must have my body also and I told Him that I was willing to do anything He asked of me. He brought before me again China. I said "Lord, what is it?" and He spoke the word "Ningpo" to my heart. When the Lord God calls anybody for any work, and especially for the foreign field, He speaks very definitely. It is the privilege of God's children to know His will for them. There are some people running around all the time who are not settled because they never heard Him speak definitely to them but we must know His will, and He will speak very plainly to us. When your father asks you to do something he doesn't speak in such a mysti-

cal language that you cannot understand him. Neither do you have to run and ask someone else what he said. In a time of indecision stand still until you know God's will and then get a promise upon which you can stand. In times of testing I have always found refuge in the precious promises which God gave me, even at the time of my call. One which He gave me was, "I, the Lord, have called thee and will hold thy hand." Isn't that precious? When I had been in Ningpo only two or three days I felt my need of standing on that promise. I was in Shanghai for three years and there you feel the power of the devil but when you get to Ningpo it seems that the enemy is going to crush the very life out of you. China is almost the very seat of the devil and he will fight every inch of ground, if possible, to cause you to backslide. Often I would have to say, "Father, You hold me and save me in spite of myself," and He made His promise real. Oh, the wonderful keeping power and comfort of the Word of God! We must be saturated with the Word of God so that He can bring a promise to us at the right moment. If we are faithful in reading His Word in our spare moments the Holy Spirit will bring it to our remembrance in the time of need. We must be very careful in our reading that we do not allow anything else to quench our love for His Word, especially those who are fond of reading. I speak of this because it was one of my temptations, to read other things and crowd out my love for the Bible. If I could only have the years back which I spent in reading novels and spend that time on the Word of God I would be more able to open the eyes of the Chinese to see Jesus, to see the living God, because it is only as we take in that we can give out. But I must get back to my call.

The Lord gave me that verse in Genesis 12:1, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee," and I said, "Lord, is it China? Now You must take me there as I do not know the way out." I wrote to several missionary societies offering my services for China and I received an application to fill out. Among the hundred and one questions was always the one, "Have you had any serious illness?" And I would have to write, "Yes,, consumption." Then I would pray, "Now Father, if this is your open door give it acceptance but shut every door that is not of Thee," and they all shut. On the application I always added that the Lord had healed me, and they didn't want anybody so fanatical as that.

Some days after my healing I awakened one morning with all the symptoms of the old disease in my body and I thought, "What is this?" "Have I grieved the Lord?" "Father, what is it?" God showed me that it was of the devil. The Lord was getting glory for raising me up from such a condition, for all the people around there were amazed and they realized that only God could do this, and now the devil was bringing it all back. I said, "Father, give me something to stand on." I had learned how the Lord met the tempter three times with, "it is written" and I wanted the Word under my feet. He gave me Nahum 1:9 and looking up this Scripture I found this precious promise, "He will make an utter end: affliction shall not rise up the second time." The enemy went instantly and I got out of bed. I believed then that if I had any other illness it would never be consumption.

Another lesson I had to learn was not to be in a hurry. God, in His infinite wisdom and love, permitted me to go through a course of training at home for which I was very thankful on the mission field. When God gives a call He does not want us to rush out without any preparation. If I had gone out without any training first, I could never have stood on the field. The foreign field is the easiest place under the sun to backslide and it is rather hard to get back to God. When a crowd of missionaries live together for a while, even though they were sent out as spiritual missionaries, they think they must have some recreation and they turn to novel reading and they have their season tickets for the theatre. I tell you, when I arrived in Shanghai, right in the missionary home, I was forced to my knees to pray that God would keep me true to Him. You must learn at home to take your recreation in God, and friends, there is no sweeter place of getting true recreation than by getting alone with the Lord. The Chinese also soon know whether you are a pleasure missionary or whether you really came out because of the love of God in you for them, and when they find that you really love them, they will give you their very heart's confidence and love.

So God just kept me at home till I had learned these lessons. He also gave me my first experience in the faith life; He was training me to believe Him for all my needs. God had so led in my circumstances that if I came up against any need I either had to do without or receive it from others. When a certain need came, a dear friend of mine wanted to meet that need and I refused. Why? Just because of my proud

heart; I never liked to receive anything without being able to return that thing or something of the same value. I guess I expected my needs to drop from the clouds, but God must meet the needs of His children who are in the faith like through others who are willing to minister, but I was unwilling. Although I coveted the joy of going yet I shrank from receiving gifts from others. Then God rung into my heart Luke 8:3 and I turned to the Word to see what He wanted to say and this was the verse: "and Susanna and many others, which ministered unto Him of their substance." Do you catch it? The Lord Jesus Christ left His home in glory, gave up His sinless home, to come down here to do the will of His Father, spending every moment in service for others, preaching the Gospel from morning till night, so He couldn't earn His own living, and this verse says that the Son of God, the King of kings, was content to let others "minister to Him of their substance." When I saw that, I realized that my own proud heart was hindering God's work in me. I went down on my knees and asked the Lord to take that pride right out of me and then in a wonderful way He opened the way for me to go to a training home and the head was one who believed in Divine Healing and was interested in China. It was a place where many workers passed through and I entered the home with an earnest determination to do my very best for God, with His help, but He showed me that I made a great mistake. It was not doing the best I could with His help but He wanted just that utter abandonment to His will and letting Him do the work for me "Not I, but Christ." All I had to do was just to be a yielded, cleansed but broken vessel. My salvation had made me clean through His blood;

but doesn't it take the very baptism of the Holy Ghost to make us a broken vessel? It is only as we are broken that the very fulness of God can flow out through our lives to others, we will scatter the very life of God, that eternal and abundant life, and not only His life, but His love will flow through us as long as we remain broken at His feet.

It was in this home that I learned to stand alone; although there were many others there, yet I had to take my stand alone for God and this was one of my most precious lessons. And then in a most marvelous way God brought me into touch with a missionary who was home on furlough for the second time and through her God opened a door for me in China.

I sailed the 16th of October. God sent in the means and when I set forth every need was abundantly met and He has proven true to His precious promises even out in China. When you get out in a country where you are far away from God's people you learn to praise God for the glorious privilege of knowing the only true and the living God. You know that He is really living for He hears and answers prayer and you feel you cannot praise Him enough for ever choosing you to be His own ambassador. The Lord gave me my heart's desire in baptizing me in the Holy Ghost and fire and since then I have realized more than ever that it is useless to go out in your own strength but that it takes the very life of Christ in you by the power of the Holy Spirit to bring forth fruit in the hearts of the Chinese. I want you to answer in your own hearts the question which God puts to us tonight, "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?

Taking Soldiers Alive for Christ

By Ralph C. Norton in the Princeton Conference, From "Victory in Christ," by Permission of The S. S. Times



ANY of you are familiar with the fact that Mrs. Norton and I were associated with Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman for something like ten years. We were with him in 1913 and 1914 in Glasgow and Edinburgh, where we saw a blessed work of God. After the war had begun in August the work that Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander were engaged in was stopped for the time being. After the work ceased, I asked Dr. Chapman if I could remain, and he finally agreed after some hesitation. I cabled

for Mrs. Norton who was then in America, and she arrived and we worked together for about two months from Y. M. C. A. camp to camp, with our headquarters in Birmingham and London, addressing these men night after night in simple evangelistic services. We saw over a thousand professed conversions in something like twenty night services.

I can give you only an aeroplane view of what we have seen. After that work in the early months of the war we came back to this country and were in Atlanta, Georgia. I went to Dr. Chapman again and asked him if we could be

permitted to go there that coming summer and work with the soldiers. He said, "I don't see how I can spare you because of the particular work you must do this summer." We considered it very carefully. On the 20th of March a year ago we resigned our positions. I heard Mr. Brockman of China say at Cleveland years ago, and have never forgotten it, that the ravens were not all dead. We stepped out without a penny, not a cent in view, and we had been receiving comfortable incomes.

I began to tell my friends throughout the country in May. In June the money was in hand, and we were off for Great Britain. We arrived on the 29th and soon began our work. Just at that time there was an order issued by the Department of War that forbade Americans to work in the Y. M. C. A. tents, and we began work in hospitals and on the streets, distributing Scriptures and doing personal work. I had descended from something of a public speaker to an ordinary street peddler. Dr. Wharton told me he believed the greatest opportunity in Great Britain today was in hospitals, winning wounded men to Jesus Christ. When I tell you I had what I believe were authentic reports when I left England three months ago that they had been ordered to prepare for one million beds, you can realize the immensity of the opportunity.

We went one day to a hospital, and my wife went to a lad and said, "I would like to give you one of these nice Testaments." He said, "Thank you, madam. I lost mine in the trenches. It was a great comfort to me there. I am glad you are giving me a new one to read in the hospital."

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am glad to tell you I am."

"Tell me about it."

"I am not a Christian like little Harry."

"Who was little Harry?"

"He was a boy in Gallipoli."

That was one of the most awful places in the annals of the war. The men were never protected from shell fire.

"He was a boy from Birmingham," the lad continued, "seventeen years of age. He used to go up and down the lines and encourage the boys who were lying there because he was a Christian boy and knew Jesus Christ as a personal Savior. Whenever a boy would swear he never would say anything but it is said that the boys usually hushed when he was around. Before they were going to the outposts, the dangerous positions, he would say, 'Boys, read the Scripture and have some prayer, because we don't know whether we are coming back or not.'

He was a great comfort to our company and our battalion. One day the news came down the line in the trenches that little Harry had been killed and we did not believe it. We did not believe he could be killed, but after the trench hours were over we went back and saw his mangled body lying cold in death. We all cried. I believe there was not a man who did not shed a tear. He had a remarkable influence on that company. We did what we did for no other man. We carried him out one night, most dangerously for all, and buried him, and oh, how we thanked God for little Harry."

I want to tell you a little about the work on the streets. Any day you walk up the Strand or Regent Street to Trafalgar Square you see tens of thousands of soldiers in Khaki; some alive to the terrible temptation opened to them, many of them rushing headlong pell mell into awful destruction. One day on Trafalgar Square I walked up to a Welsh guard, as I knew by the insignia on the leek of his cap. I offered him a Testament. His mate was standing by and I began to talk with them in the same way. As I thought they were about ready for a decision a third Welsh guard stepped up. Of course I changed the conversation just for a moment to see who the new man was and what influence he would have on the present situation.

"I see you have given these lads Testaments," he said. "I wish I had one."

"It is the last one I have in my pocket."

When I was in the University I used to be considered one of the best-dressed fellows, although I made my own way through. Now, when you see me on the streets of London with three hundred Gospels in my pockets, I look more like a stuffed toad than a well-dressed man.

"Come to me at the Cecil Hotel," I said to the third soldier, "and I will be glad to give you one."

"Would you wait until I step to Charing Cross Post Office and mail a package to my wife?"

"Gladly."

Before leaving he added, "I wish my mates would become Christians. I have often pleaded with them to do it."

As he stepped across I said, "You have a friend to stand by you. When a man goes back to the barracks and joins the other boys and hears their curses and revilement oftentimes it takes courage to live for Jesus Christ among soldiers."

Each one of those fellows put his hand in

mine and said, "Yes, I will accept Jesus Christ as my Savior." We went up to the hospital and at seven o'clock at night I took their pictures. They asked me to send them the picture. That is the way I kept in touch with them.

You know the awful battle at Loos a year ago last September, when 80,000 British were killed and wounded. Those Welsh guards went into the trenches and fired until their guns were red hot. They knew the order would come to fix bayonets and charge. Soon it came and out they went from that trench. Then came the sound of Gatling guns, the screech of shell and the whizz of bullets. Men fell right and left until hundreds had fallen. They were ordered to work themselves up to the top of a hill and dig themselves in. But not so. They wanted to do justice to their new regiment, and to the Prince of Wales, who was the one that they wanted to honor, and they pulled themselves clear over that hill and down, which was brave but unwise. Then Sir John French did not come up and they were compelled to retreat. Those three boys confronted each other with never a scratch and congratulated each other that they had not been hit. In a few hours came a second order. Up they went into the same hell of shot and shell, stormed forward amid fire and death, and one of the three writes me from the hospital and says, "I am slightly wounded, and — fell with a ball through his head. How we thank God that you met us on Trafalgar Square and told us the story of Jesus Christ, because we believe he is with Him today."

I want to tell you a little about one other phase of the work in England,—in the Y. M. C. A. "huts."

I went to Hatfield, north of London, one night to the Y. M. C. A. secretary. They welcome us in the Y. M. C. A. huts almost without exception, but one night when the London secretary wired up to Hatfield and said I was to come up there and speak, the secretary said, "Come on." We knew that was not a very hearty welcome. It happened he had been a preacher at Oxford. He was a Presbyterian preacher. If there is anything colder than a cold Presbyterian I do not know what it is, and if there is anything better than a good Presbyterian I have never discovered that.

We arrived there and I had with me a big lot of Testaments. We give a Testament to every soldier who will agree to carry and read it. When I arrived with that big lot of Testaments the secretary said, "Are you come to stay all night?"

"No, I am going back on the train at 9:15."

"What have you got in that bag?"

"Gospels and Testaments."

"The men don't care anything about them. I have them here and they won't use them."

"All right, we will take them back to London tonight. They are not very hard to carry."

We went over to the tent. It was a stormy night. Those fellows were clerks from London. It was muddy ground all through there. Men's boots sogged and sogged as they came through it. We sat down and began a Gospel service, some simple Gospel message full of expressions the men like, about General Gordon and Lord Roberts and other soldiers who were led to Christ during war. We gave the invitation. Fifty-seven of those fellows put up their hands saying "Pray for me."

"If you mean it I want every man to stand up and say, not only 'I want you to pray for me,' but 'I want this night to declare myself for Jesus Christ.'" Fifty-seven men arose. I wanted to show my Presbyterian friend what God could do. I said, "If you really mean it in your hearts, come and bow down on your knees with me here in the mud." Every man came. "Let each one pray for himself." We waited a moment. Then I said, "I will pray for you. If you don't mean this I beg of you not to rise and put up your hands, but rise without putting up your hands. Every man who says tonight, 'I will put my trust in Jesus Christ,' I want to stand on his feet and raise his right hand and say, 'I will.'"

Fifty-seven soldier lads stood on their feet and put up their right hands, and in stentorian voices cried out, "I will."

We went back to the train with an empty bag. My friend was disappointed. He had been in five camps and had not seen a move. He said, "Mr. Norton, forgive me. From this time on I will have a different view." We went one night to Epsom. Mr. Sweethill, the Secretary, said: "I am sending you to the most difficult place in England."

We went down there and the secretary, or chairman, was a young fellow about nineteen. He did not want us. He did not want any kind of Gospel service. He had been there only a few weeks. The real man was away and he was put in temporarily. Finally a Baptist minister came around who had been assisting, and prevailed on him to let us have a service. He said, "Now, for goodness' sake don't sing any Gospel songs. Don't give them a Gospel sermon."

I did not know how to do anything else. He finally began to tell me what to do. "Look here,

lad," I said, "I am forty-six years and you are nineteen. I have talked to college men all over the world. If this is a failure tonight the responsibility will be mine and not yours."

I did take them a little with guile that night. We started to sing "Abide with Me" and slid off into Gospel stories. Finally I said, "What song would you like to have sung?" They were all university and school men. One university man said "Nazareth."

"I regret we have not the music here." Mrs. Norton sang and played and they joined in. Then I gave as straight an invitation as I knew how. About forty-five or forty-seven men were in the room and between twenty-one and twenty-five university men came forward, gave me their hands and said, they would put their trust in Jesus Christ. The boy who asked for "Nazareth" was the first on his feet. A Scotch lad from Belfast, Ireland, walked to the station and carried my heavy bag, and with tears rolling down his cheeks said, "I have gotten away from God and want to come back."

Let me close with this story that illustrates the power of the Scriptures; some of you have not yet realized how wonderful that power is. I was in Edinburgh one day when a man stopped me and said, "You will be glad to hear the story of one of the Gospels you gave away." This boy was in one of the Scotch regiments in the trenches, and he and his pals were a wicked and godless lot. A shot went through the neck of one and he knew he had not long to live. He turned to one of the others and said, "Mate, what do you know about God?"

"Well, mate," he answered, "I don't know anything more about God than you know."

There seemed to be no one to help the dying man. Finally the man first addressed said, "Before I left London someone gave me one of these books, and I think it is a Gospel and maybe it might help you." He pulled out the book and opened it. In this Gospel many passages telling of the plan of salvation were emphasized, and the soldier's eyes fell on one of these black-face portions; he looked at it and said, "Why mate, I never saw it like that before; it is all clear to me." And in a few moments the other man said, "Yes, I trust Him." And the blood kept flowing, and soon he fell away. That is one of thousands of men who have found the Savior through the Book.

Carols of Truth, shaped-note song book. Manilla covers, 25 cts., \$15.00 per hundred. Send for copy.

Signs of His Coming

As in Sodom and Gomorrah,
In Noah's day of old,
They were eating, drinking, sinning,
Heedless of the flood foretold,

So is it at the present time
When signs on every hand
Point to the clouds of Heaven,
To the coming Son of Man.

As leaves upon the fig tree tell
That Summer time is near,
So by the sure, prophetic Word,
We know He'll soon appear.

For nation against nation has
In deadly combat "rose,"
And the Armageddon battle
Will multiply their woes,

And the Gospel of the Kingdom
Is preached throughout the World,
In every quarter of the Globe
His banner is unfurled.

Iniquity is abounding,
Love of many waxing cold,
With sinners growing worse and worse,
And wolves within the fold.

False teachers, prophets, antichrists
Religions circumspect,
Deceive, if that were possible,
The Master's own elect.

As lightning cometh from the East,
Quicker than eye can see,
And shineth even to the West
So shall His coming be.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
Then we, who watch with prayer,
Shall be caught up together
To meet Him in the air.

Then our labors will be ended,
Our toilsome journey through.
"He is faithful that hath promised,"
And we know His Word is true.

Francis McDowell.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

A Pentecostal Home has been opened at 614 Bangs Ave., Asbury Park, N. J., for those desiring to go to the sea shore for rest and spiritual help. They may communicate with Mrs. N. A. Doughty, at the above address, who is in charge. Mrs. Doughty opened the Pentecostal work in Asbury Park, five years ago, but has recently resigned as Supt. of the Mission.

The Latter Rain Evangel

3635 Michigan 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 money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. ¶ Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents is added for exchange.

¶ 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

Hidden Away

Hide thy face in the folds of His Robe
Close to His heart of love;
Away from the briars and thorns that hurt,
"Hid with Christ in God."

He paid the price for the seat on the throne
Of that wayward heart of thine;
And He only asks for thy consent,
To make thy life to shine.

The Gates of Gold are open wide
To those who would enter in;
But the "Way of the Cross" is the only way
That leads thee out of sin.

Edith Merryman.

Special Meetings

WE are arranging (D. V.) to have a special series of meetings, at The Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Avenue, Chicago, beginning August 19th, and continuing indefinitely. Meetings will be held every evening at 7:45. Pastor John Coxe, of Wilmington, Delaware, will be with us during that time. Those who attended our March Convention were blessed through Brother Coxe's ministry, and we are trusting God to make him a greater blessing at this time.

To some it may seem inopportune to begin revival services in the hot season, but in the history of The Stone Church our greatest revivals have been held in the summer months. Pentecost had its birth among us in the month of July,

and our great revival of 1913 extended from March during the entire summer without any abatement on into the Fall and Winter. There is scarcely a cooler place to be found on a hot summer's night than the vestry of The Stone Church, and we invite our readers to come and be with us and to pray that God will give us a real revival service at this time.

God is blessing the efforts made in personal work, as the following item will show:

"The July issue of The Latter Rain Evangel contains an item about two workers from The Stone Church visiting my home, and how I was gloriously saved, healed and delivered from the tobacco habit, which I had for forty years.

"The brief item does not do the great work justice, and my friends have urged me to write more about it. On Sunday afternoon, June 24th, Sisters Morrice and Seger visited our home and after a season of prayer, the Lord blessed my soul and saved me. Then it was suggested that special prayer be offered to heal me of the smoking habit. From that hour to this I haven't had the least desire to smoke a cigar. The cure was complete. The appetite, taste, habit and desire for smoking left me at that hour. For over forty-five years I have been a user of tobacco. When I still wore dresses, my father used to send me to the house to fill his pipe, light it and take it to him. I don't believe any man ever had the habit so deeply entrenched in him as I had. I smoked constantly, lighting my pipe the first thing in the morning, and it was about the last thing to which I said good night.

"For two weeks after I was delivered I carried in my pocket a box containing ten small cigars, but it was no temptation to me to smoke those cigars. The appetite was gone. Thank God for delivering me, and for saving me from sin."

D. S. Guthrie.

The Result of Seed Sowing

FOUR years ago, during our 1913 Revival, the news of blessing was carried far and wide. It reached the ears of a woman four hundred miles away who was dying of a tumor and other complications. As she waited on the Lord for His leading to attend the meetings He spoke these words into her heart, "Go, and you will come rejoicing, bringing precious sheaves for the golden harvest." Little did she realize the import of those words, but the first blessing she received when she reached the Stone Church was the baptism in the Holy Ghost and fire. Physical blessing followed, and she returned to her home in Petoskey, Michigan, with the outpoured Spirit upon her that put such a hunger in the hearts of needy souls around that they sought and obtained the precious gift of the Holy Spirit. Out of this little nucleus grew the Petoskey Assembly.

She truly returned rejoicing and was the means of bringing many precious sheaves into the blessing of Pentecost. Other hands took up the work but the Petoskey Assembly is a monument to the influence of a life filled with the Spirit of God. The Assembly has passed through crises as well as blessings, but their faces are set toward the goal. A visit to their Third Camp-meeting revealed the fact that here were a people who were going on with God. Brother F. W. Jewell, who has had charge of the work for more than a year, has done faithful, aggressive work, and feels that for the time being, at least God is leading him into evangelistic work.

The six weeks' campmeeting was a real blessing to the community. While it was handicapped because of lack of workers, yet God used those who were there, the principal ones being Pastor J. R. Kline of the Detroit Assembly, Mrs. L. M. Piper of Chicago, and Miss Phoebe Holmes, returned missionary from China. On the Lord's Days a number came from the country and surrounding towns, and were refreshed and built up in spirit.

The strength of the Assembly was manifest in the Sunday morning meetings, when souls all over the tent arose and witnessed to the power of God in their lives. There were remarkable testimonies which flowed from their lips; testimonies of healings, some of long standing and others recent; some of deliverance from the very gates of death, and others that were chronic and stubborn. Just as wonderful were the testimonies of salvation from the very depths of sin and witnessing to temporal blessings since they started to walk with God.

A little incident which impressed us much shows how God can use the least of His children. The meeting had come to a dead-lock. Instead of it being easy to sing and pray and deliver the message, there was strong resistance. At this time God put the spirit of intercession upon Brother Jewell's little boy, and all day and during the entire evening service, the Spirit interceded through him, and that night there was a break. The spirit of praise was upon every lip. It was all the more remarkable as that was the day the circus had come to town, and we all know what that means to a boy. But little Donald never said a word to his father about the circus. The secret of it was that a few days before Donald had had a vision of Jesus, and His coming, and that was circus-proof against even a boy's heart. God lifted him out of the natural into the supernatural and proved how He

can change a boy's nature and make him prefer a prayer-meeting to a circus.

Brother Jewell will hold (D. V.) a tent meeting at Harrison Center, Indiana, from Aug. 24th to Sept. 22nd. Meetings daily. This is in the center of a number of near-by towns, Goshen, Elkhart and Wakarusa, and we trust those in the adjoining towns will participate in these tent meetings.

A Plea For China

All praise and glory to our God today and forever! Since God has favored us with so much Gospel light, will we not look once more upon the needs of dark China?

"Jehovah wondered that there was no intercessor." Isa. 59:16, Intercessors are those who give time and strength to the work of intercessory prayer continually. Now when the liberal President of China had only last year sent a call to the United States, for two thousand five hundred Missionaries, missionary effort was gaining such grounds; but recently the old Manchurian dynasty has undertaken to overthrow all in China. If ever a land needed prayer China needs it now! When England forced China to take her opium sixty years ago, Gladstone warned her by this text, Jeremiah 9:9, "Shall not I visit them for these things? saith the Lord; shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" Poor China was obliged to set up the standard of righteousness, and punish by death all who used opium to get rid of it. Now following that comes the United States, by the American Tobacco Company, sending out \$1,000,000 yearly, these past two years, in order to put a cigarette into the hands of every man, woman, boy, and girl, in China, free, for perhaps a year, that they shall learn the accursed habit.

Now, when this critical period has come in her hopes for God, and light for 440,000,000 of her people, how many will earnestly pray? How many will ask God for a real interest in prayer for them?

When others are calling for help for the needy in every part of the world, how many are going to stand "hard by" in the support of missionaries, who are utterly dependent on the prayers and support from saints at home?

With a deeper cry than our soul can express, that our home-saints **cease not to pray**, we are yours, for China's millions, and our God.

E. May Law.

General Missionary Conference to be held in St. Louis, Mo., beginning Sept. 13th. All missionaries now in the homeland should be present. This is an important conference.

FOXES' BOOK OF MARTYRS.

A thrilling record of the martyrs of all the ages. Every Christian should have this book. Illustrated. By mail, 85 cts

By W. Grinton Berry

Foot-Washing

John 13: 1-17

Elizabeth Sisson



FOOT-WASHING in the East, in the Bible times, was the courtesy the host showed his guests.

Foot protection was a sole and strap which partly covered the member, and not worn in the house; the office of carrying and adjusting this sandal and washing the dusty feet, was performed by the lowest order of slaves, and was regarded as typical of a servile condition of extreme lowliness.

Hence the shock to Simon Peter when he saw Him who had been revealed to his heart by the Heavenly Father as "the Christ, the Son of the living God," divest Himself of the outer garments, and gird Himself like a menial slave and begin to wash the disciples' feet! Nature cries with Peter, "Dost Thou wash my feet? Thou shalt never wash my feet." But grace as it has walked and talked with Jesus, has long since found Him washing our feet. For the feet represent our goings. They carry the mortal life whithersoever it goeth. All the goings of our threefold nature have the provision of the constant washing of the water of that word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And oh, how they need it! For if even "the heavens are not clean in His sight" how much more all our thoughts, feelings, words and doings, which are not the direct emanations of the Holy Spirit moving through us, and the mixture that may be there even when we are impelled by Him! Glorious is the provision for all the goings of our threefold life, Jesus Himself ever washing us in His own blood! Except I wash thee "thou hast no part with me." In the universe of God, no other remedy!

Our goings, our perpetual activities, washed by Jesus! He is never out of His servant-office; the continuing Slave of our infirmities. We are able only as we walk in the light, in definite and active faith to take cleansing from what we know to be wrong, but He not only cleanses us from what we know to be ungodlike, but from all He perceives to be ungodlike, while He waits our further maturing, coming into the light even as He is in the light. The Lord direct our hearts into the patience of Christ" (2 Thess. 3:5 mar.), with ourselves and with one another.

For in this last is the pith of all this wondrous

sacred pantomime of our blessed Lord. He uncovers His own perpetual relationship to us, to enforce our perpetual relationship to one another. "If I then, Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet." If I continue in an infinite love and patience to wash all your goings, ye also ought to continue in My infinite love and patience to wash one another's goings. What a warmth of love in this relationship of Jesus to us! What a warmth of love in this relationship of Jesus *through us!* "As He is, so are we in this world." Here is the provision. Shall we avail ourselves of its riches? Left here on earth to continue (among other things) His courtly act of washing the disciples' feet.

"Be courteous" to us His sweet word. But not like the courtiers of earth, though there is an inexpressible charm in their rare polish of manner, as we have been obliged to confess when brought under the power of it a few times in their palaces. But that also! may be often mere veneering, a polish of *manners*, but Christ's, the King of all kingdoms, a love polish of nature.

"I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you." An example? Yea, more, a provision also, to repeat the pattern, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," said Paul over and over again. Would that our blessed Lord in each one of us, repeat the washing of the other disciples' feet!

It is said of one of Queen Victoria's banquets than an astonishingly vulgar sound, a loud sipping was heard. Every eye was attracted to it; the person was seen pouring out tea or coffee in his saucer and from thence sipping it with a loud noise. Many were the significant glances exchanged and the shrugs of shoulders, till the Queen's attention was arrested, she took in the situation and quietly poured her own beverage in a saucer and began to do likewise. Then with a few quiet, kindly remarks she made her ignorant guest at ease. "Love covereth." Rebuked with their own lack of courtesy, all were now eager to honor whom the Queen had honored. Oh, that we might have the Queen's manners and similarly treat the most unfinished product of Christianity!

We ourselves are yet in making. And the King of kings hath mightily honored each one, upon whom He has put His blood. It is a pledge that

He will finish the piece He has begun. He goes on washing, and He would through you and me, go on washing the feet.

What do you mean by washing the feet? An exceeding tenderness in our hearts, over the failures of our brothers and sisters, that retires into God, and there, by faith and love, washes them with the blood of Jesus. This is the way that thousands of matters are going to mend, that are now made worse by handling. For "prayer changes things" especially when in it "faith worketh *by love*." "In heavenly love abiding" oh how sweet the radiations of Jesus, through us to our erring and even offensive brethren!

Do you notice that in this John thirteen, foot-washing by the love-slave, Jesus, Judas was not omitted, though the price of his Master's blood was even that hour, in the betrayer's heart. But he should see the fount of love opened to him, then, and even later, when he saluted Christ with that unholy kiss, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" The Master would leave the utmost possible margin, for poor Judas to return into His love.

"I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily (most surely), I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if *ye do them*." The contemplation of this fine side of our Lord's character, and our own Divine call into it, stirs every generous sentiment within the Christian breast. But not the knowing these things, not the glowing contemplation, but the doing, brings the beatitude. Blest "in the deed" James tells us: "Happy in the doing" says Jesus.

Have you knocked at heaven's door and asked what it meant to "be courteous?" Have you gotten a manual from there of court-manners? They are fine because they are not the veneer of love-manners, but the richness of love-nature. Even the veneer of earth-courts has so much disseminating power, that many classes down from the throne, there is an elegance of social refinement which we sorely miss under a republican form of government, but if we each take to "doing" the court manners of heaven, under the tutorship of the heavenly love-school, it will pass from circle to circle, a heavenly contagion, for love provoketh to love, and the beatitude which Jesus spoke of, will get possession of us all, and we shall find this is "the word that brings the King back," 2 Sam. 19:10; washing the disciples' feet, ministering patient, forbearing, hopeful love, thus building up of the body, as only love can.

"By the exceeding great and precious promises, we become partakers of the Divine Nature."

Will we take possession of that Nature? We are heirs of God." Will we probate the will? Faith probates our claim. Will we let the Divine Nature flow through us? Will we let Jesus through us continue daily the foot-washing of the disciples? Shall we let Him take off us all superfluous robes of our rights, our dignity, our opinions, etc., and gird us with the towel of His humility, and wash through us the dust of human infirmities, off the feet of our faulty brethren?

If so, He shall shine afresh in us and in them. For with good, we overcome evil and heap those precious coals of heavenly fire upon their heads.

Twice Healed When In a Dying Condition

When the Faith Is Tried

Mrs. Wesley Stowell, Petoskey, Mich.



WENTY-TWO years ago I was dying of organic heart-trouble and laryngitis. I was at the point of death and the doctors didn't give me the least shadow of encouragement. They said my only hope was to undergo an operation. I felt I was ready to meet the Lord and preferred to go home rather than to be operated upon. While I was rejoicing that I was soon to be with Him, and felt my family was ready to be left, He carried me away in Spirit. I saw the Lord come into my room and realized that He

was picking me up, and that I was being carried to heaven. I do not know whether I was in the body or out of the body, but I know that Jesus had me in His arms. The experience was so blessed and I was glad at the thought of being rid of my years of agony, that I begged Him not to bring me back. I felt His arms draw about me more closely as He assured me that He was sufficient for all my needs. Over and over again those words were emphasized to me, and the glory of God filled the room in which I was lying. My husband entered the room and

I came to myself, and from that time I knew that the Lord would heal me, and that I didn't have to submit to an operation.

I had been under the care of doctors for eighteen years, from the time my son was born, and I had suffered more than words can tell, and had continually grown worse each succeeding year up to that time. I lay there for three weeks not knowing just how, yet trying to trust the Lord as best I could. All the time I was doctoring and I didn't get any better. Suddenly one day it flashed upon me how foolish it was for me to think that the Lord would want that help, and so I called my hired girl and told her to take the medicine and put it where I could not get it, and she did. I had a conflict for several days as I knew nothing about trusting the Lord, so I turned to studying His Word and saw it was filled with promises for the healing of the body. I became some better and went to Kalamazoo to visit my mother, and on the way stopped at Grand Rapids in a Divine Healing Home, and there I was instantly healed of severe stomach trouble from which I had suffered for ten years. While it had been impossible for me to eat fruit I there learned to eat what was set before me, trusting in God without any bad consequences and I never had any return of the trouble from that day. I still suffered from organic heart-trouble, and one time they thought I was dying. It was only after a terrible struggle that I resolutely refused the application of hot cloths which had at times given relief, that I fell asleep and awoke perfectly well.

I had a large lump on my throat which pained me sharply with every heart-throb and it became so serious that I could not swallow water, and in another time of crisis, prayer was answered for this and I was delivered. I have had no pain in it for years although the lump has not wholly disappeared. In a year and a half I felt I was entirely healed.

About ten years ago I realized that a very serious trouble was developing, which proved to be an ovarian tumor. The tumor caused large abscesses which were intensely painful, and my suffering increased until four years ago last winter I was practically an invalid. I was staying in Florida at the time, and was examined by a physician from Boston who advised an operation as the only remedy and said I should hunt a hospital where they would not be in a hurry to turn me off, for it would take five months at the least calculation for me to recover; that I would have to be a perfect invalid for that length of time, and not turn a hand to wait on myself.

As soon as I consulted the doctor he asked me at once, "Did you ever have a hard fall at the end of your spine?" Then I remembered that when I was a girl I fell on the ice and hurt my spine, and this tumor was a result of that fall. About a year before I consulted the physician, I was thrown out of a buggy and that started it growing faster. Probably there never would have been any serious affection if I hadn't been thrown out of the buggy.

I told my husband I would rather die trusting the Lord than undergo an operation, and felt sure the Lord would heal me. The physician said that the abscesses extended from my left side to my right kidney which was also severely affected and one was as large as my fist. I suffered pain every minute, day and night, but the Lord sustained me all the time.

Just before we came home from Gulfport, Florida, I became acquainted with a lady who had come from Zion City, and who was quite exercised about my condition. She later attended a Convention that was being held at The Stone Church and wrote me to come for healing. I didn't want to go as traveling was painful to me, but she was so burdened because of my afflicted condition that she and her friends unitedly prayed for me to go. Finally, four of them banded together in faith until I got there. When I received the letter in Petoskey I decided I would not go because I had the Lord at home, but Mr. Stowell insisted that I should go, offering to turn the stock out and go with me; but with the awful suffering in my body I felt I could not leave home. Still I wanted to obey God and went to prayer in my closet to seek His guidance, and to my surprise He said to me, "Go, and you will come rejoicing, bringing precious sheaves for the golden harvest." He also told me that He would go with me and take care of me. Then I was willing to go, and to go alone with Him, and immediately I commenced to feel better. He surely went with me in a marvelous way, and for the first time in my life I slept the entire night on the train.

This was in May, 1913, and I reached The Stone Church on Friday morning, before the church was opened. The service held that evening was a remarkable one which I shall never forget. It was on Divine Healing and a number of people were healed as they sat in their seats during the service. Brother White and Brother Bosworth both prayed for me, and my faith was strengthened; the next day I received the baptism in the Holy Ghost, the first time I went to the altar. I commenced to get better but I

had to take my stand by faith, and my healing was gradual. Throughout the summer the pain and soreness would come back at intervals and I have often felt that had I known when the brethren prayed for me, how to believe for instant healing I would have had it sooner, but I had to learn by taking a step at a time. I did not know how to resist the testings and when they came upon me I doubted, and was afraid I was not healed.

I had a vision one morning in which I saw my bundle at the foot of the cross. It was about as large as a bushel basket and was open at the top. Scattered around the cross were a lot of old, loose rags. I was wonderfully happy and praised the Lord as I realized that my burden was there, but I could not understand about those loose rags. In the following Spring I was wondering and asking God how it was that I was still suffering a good deal and He said, "Do you remember that vision I showed you of your bundle at the foot of the cross?" "Yes, Lord." "You have been picking up some of those loose things when I am willing to carry them for you." I saw it all then and asked His forgiveness right then and there, and I said, "If You will just help me tuck those things into that bundle and tie it up tightly I will never pick them up again." I got the victory right there and I

believe from that moment I was perfectly healed. It was a precious lesson on the trial of my faith. It takes more faith to believe you are healed when you haven't felt any difference than for an instantaneous healing. If I had had faith when the brethren first prayed for me I would have been delivered more quickly, but I was looking at my feelings, and because I didn't feel healed, I doubted.

In a year from the time the doctor advised me to go to the hospital he gave me a thorough examination. He said he didn't believe in advocating the doctrine that the Lord healed because that was the way he made his "bread and butter" but told me to keep on praising God, that it was wonderful how I had improved.

To me as wonderful as the healing power, was His keeping power. During all my hours of suffering I realized that I was in His care. In the Spring I was a little concerned, as I started on that long trip from St. Petersburg to Petoskey, how I would reach home, and the Lord so sweetly spoke to me, "You might just as well know it as you start out, that I am going to take care of you, and you will get home all right." Truly He showed forth His "loving kindness in the morning," and "His faithfulness every night."

"The Lord of Hosts Is With Us"

Practical Illustrations of Divine Help in Crises

Mrs. Nettie D. Nichols in the Stone Church May 27, 1917



WAS thinking as I heard the testimonies on the coming of the Lord, of the time when the coronation of King George was announced in China. It was on the lips of such a multitude of people; they were talking of it far and near. Indeed, weeks ahead the Chinese were talking of it. There were great decorations, and the church of England were preparing for a great service, and finally the coronation day arrived, and they came in great numbers. They even had the outside court enclosed and seats arranged temporarily and there wasn't standing room. They had a great procession, and how well I remember when they gave three shouts for the king. It thrilled my soul as I thought of our Coming King. This is the time of preparation for the coming of the Lord, and the nearer we approach His coming, the more we need to be prepared. "Whosoever hath this hope in him purifieth himself." Just as truly as that

day came on which they crowned King George, the Coronation Day of our Lord and Savior is coming, and we shall crown Him King of kings. What a glorious time that will be! Surely it is worth while to go through what we will be called upon to endure in these last terrible days, because of the glory that is ahead. It is not an easy way, but the way of the cross, and the nearer we come to the great Coronation Day, the more will we be despised by the world. It is the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it is the way to glory, and we are going to see our King and crown Him Lord of all.

There is not a nation that is not in trouble. Out in China men's hearts are failing them for fear, not knowing from day to day when there will be an outbreak. There were two outbreaks during my stay in China. First the revolution, then the rebellion. They came near a second rebellion, and would have had it but for the death of Yuan Shi Kai, which saved the situation then. But it is only characteristic of the age in which

we live. Surely we are in troublous times, but they are times when these things must needs be, and when the pressure becomes so great we cannot stand it, the great Magnet from the skies will draw us to Himself. A magnet doesn't draw iron or tin. It draws only steel needles because they are of like material. So that Magnet in the skies when He comes close enough will catch up the little needles to be forever with the Lord. We feel now the quivering of the Magnet, do we not? The same power! the same spirit! We feel the mighty quivering of His power going through us, and sometimes it seems as though we were almost ready to be translated. The greater the pressure, the more we feel the quickening from the mighty Magnet going through our being, and He will come so close that some day we will leave this old world with all its trouble, and be with Him forever.

One of our children came to me a few years ago and said, "Mother, we are troubled and want to ask you a question. If Jesus comes and the great tribulation comes over the earth and you are taken up, who will take care of us?" We had been studying about the coming of the Lord, and a number of them had been very serious. They had been talking evidently among themselves what was going to happen, and realized they were not ready. I think they had in mind that I loved them so much I would say, "Well dearie, I will not leave you. I will stay and take care of you," but I said, "Of course I am making no preparation for the tribulation. I do not mean to be here, by the grace of God. I mean to go up, and I mean for all of you to go too, providing you are willing to go God's way. But if you are not willing and want to choose your own way, perhaps you will be here." That made some of the girls very serious, and they saw the reality of the coming of the Lord and what it meant to be left. They made their decision and their hearts just leaped for joy and their faces became radiant. Today it is a living reality to them except if they are naughty and want their own way, and then they do not like to hear about it. And isn't that true with us. I think without one exception all of those who received the blessed baptism in the Holy Ghost had visions of the coming of the Lord or some message pertaining to His coming. I believe that has been characteristic of the outpouring of the Spirit in our midst, the revelation of the soon-coming of the Lord. It was marked by little children under the power and anointing of the Holy Ghost entreating their fellow companions and others present to prepare their hearts for the coming

of the Lord, to forsake sin, repent and accept Jesus. Just before we left China we had a blessed outpouring, and it seemed that the one message that rang forth was, "Get ready!" "Get ready for the coming of the Lord!" and it touched the aged as well as the young. Surely these are the days of His preparation.

After our work had been in progress about two years, the Lord gave me this promise: "The Lord of hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge." Our first building was filled by God sending in those of His own choosing. We had a second building which was erected in the same compound a few weeks after we had rented the first, and God at that time whispered into my heart, "I am preparing that for you." I thought perhaps I was mistaken and that was my own ambition. While it was a splendidly planned building for our purposes, we had a number of empty rooms at that time in the orphanage, and a small family of only eleven, so we rather questioned the leading, but at the close of our second year we had more than we could get into our own building. The other building was still empty and God had said to me He was going to keep it vacant for us, which He did for six months. The landlord, a Christian man, had rented it, but he was so ill at ease over it he couldn't sleep at night, and had to go and cancel it. He said he didn't understand why, but I told him I knew. God was keeping it for us. He came and urged us to take it. I said I could not do so until God said, "move." When the fulness of time came, God said, Go forward! We dare not choose our own way nor even follow our own ambitions. We must be guided by Him alone. Our Home is a faith home. Never in the history of the work have we made known our needs. We have not begged, nor have we had special support pledged for those in the Home. God showed us in the beginning it was to be a Faith Home, and a faith training home for the natives, but friends, do not think for a minute that a work like that in a heathen land is going untested. We have been tested to the limit, when it seemed as though everything had failed, and there was nothing left but the Word of God. Of course, that could not fail. Our God never, never has failed us. We have come, sometimes to a very critical moment, as it were, when it seemed that something had to happen, and it did. Our Father God has ever provided the faithful one.

Just at the time when we went into the second building, God gave me the words, "The Lord of hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge." We had a family numbering about

forty at that time. We had just taken the department for aged widows, though there was only one in the home at the time, she a very aged one, deaf and almost blind. I was practically alone with my children but God said to me, "You promised you would go all the way," and I saw He was having another stripping process to take me through, and He gave me that verse and opened it up to me in a wondrous way. One morning I was called by one of the children to straighten out a very serious matter. Two of the servants, one a cooley, a heathen and very wicked man, and his wife, were very angry and would not get out of bed. They had locked their door and would not move. They did not know that the Lord was the Head of our Home; they thought it was only a little woman, and hadn't reckoned on the mighty God and that I was only His instrument. I never, since being in China, felt my own weakness so much as then, and as I was going through our building to the small building in the rear, God reminded me how we hadn't taken the cleansing from evil spirits for that small building. It had been occupied by about fifty evil men, and we had not taken the cleansing, but the Lord whispered to me, "The Lord of hosts is with us," and I felt like David when He slew Goliath. So I called the little army, as we call our girls, and said, "Let's get down and let the Lord fight this battle and He will conquer," and as we did, immediately my eyes were opened to see the heavenly hosts. I saw the whole heavens filled with the angelic hosts. I turned around and beheld with open eyes, but the glory of God was so great I could hardly gaze upon it, and I saw them at the door, a mighty company in rows, as it were. I never will forget the expression as I saw them fade away. The company was great, I could not number them, and with it came the Word, "the Lord of Hosts is with us." Hosts is plural number; I had counted on the *Lord*, but stupidly I had not counted on the hosts, and who are they? "Are they not all ministering spirits which shall be heirs of salvation?" That is the Word of God. I went to my room because I wanted to be alone with God. His holy presence so filled and thrilled me that I did not want to see any man, and I said, "Father, speak to me from Thine own Word, and enlighten me with what I have seen with these eyes. It was beyond human supposition. Then He began to open the Word, how Elisha prayed that his servant's eyes should be open, and he saw the mountains round about filled with chariots and horses. They are round about us today but our eyes are holden

by unbelief. There are mighty powers surrounding us to fight our battles, but we think we have to do the fighting. Then He said to me, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and *delivereth them.*" Need I say that that man and his wife opened their door in a hurry and came out and got to work, and that I never had a repetition of it? They reckoned with God. All I said to them was, "In the name of Jesus come out here and get to work," and they did.

Another time I had an experience with two of our old widows. I had just gone to bed worn out; that day had been an oppressively hot day, and I heard voices quarreling. I thought they must be outside in one of the heathen homes. Then I called the matron and asked her who was quarrelling, and she said, "Two of the widows." At first I was inclined to murmur a little, I was so tired, but I stopped and sent up a prayer to God, and went down stairs. They hadn't even had a light in their room and were quarreling. I would not listen to either side, for they were both wrong or they would not have quarreled, but as I got on my knees the power of God came over me and I had the mightiest anointing I had in a long time. I forgot all about being weary, but was filled with praise and worship for victory over the devil. I took the cleansing of the blood and laid hands upon one who was rigid with temper, and under that powerful anointing I had no difficulty in praying in Chinese; the Spirit prayed through me, and I could feel her becoming limp, and she said, "I want to tell you—" "No," I said, "I have no time to hear. You are both wrong. My ears are consecrated; they belong to God, and I do not want to hear the devil's tales." You know the Chinese way is that one will tell his side to a middle man and the other will tell his side, and they will waste days telling the story, each justifying himself and magnifying the faults of the other, and by the time you get through they make a mountain out of a mole-hill. The Chinese are a proud people and hate to be found out. They call it "losing their face." I told this woman to ask forgiveness, but she didn't want to lose her face and held out to the bitter end. We prayed again, and I commanded her to ask forgiveness, but she was stubbornly silent, and we prayed the third time. Finally she turned around and called the other by name and said, "I want you to forgive me. Henceforth I will never speak to you again." I could scarcely refrain from laughing, and thought how much that was

like people forgave each other. I said "Is that the way God forgives you? 'Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'" In the meantime God was working in the other one. She was very broken and said, "I am the one who was wrong." She wasn't really, but she said, "Oh I have sinned against God when He has been so good to me. He has given me this lovely Christian home," and then she looked to the other one and said, "Won't you please forgive me?" Finally she turned to her and she was conquered and said, calling her by name, "Please forgive me." But the one who broke under the power of God had the mightiest anointing of the Holy Ghost come upon her and from that hour God revealed Himself to her in a deeper way than she had ever known. It was the beginning of that dear woman's going on with Him. She wanted to do so many things to show her gratitude for what He had done for her.

Oh it pays to let God settle things! We have learned that in China. We have had very little quarreling among the people because they know they have to settle it on their knees. It is the only way with a large family. Some come to us who have never heard the name of Jesus, with awful tempers, which have never been controlled, but when the heathen rage and there are troublesome times, God breathes upon them the spirit of brokenness. It is the same with the children.

Our family numbers about sixty now, and we are receiving letters telling of new admissions continually. We have written the one in charge telling her to admit no more aged widows, but we feel we dare not turn away one of those girls whom the Lord sends, for friends, those little girls are sold like merchandise. When a family is poor they sell the girls like you sell a piece of furniture, and it doesn't make any difference to them to whom they sell the child, so that they get the money for it. I have often wondered how a mother could sell her child for a few paltry pieces of silver; they do not get more than about \$7.50 in our money, and sell to the one who pays the highest price, whether a brothel-keeper or a slave owner.

Another custom equally bad is the betrothal of little children even when in the cradle. A man will not have to pay so much money for a wife if he gets her when little, and as soon as they are old enough to leave the mother they are taken into the home of the mother-in-law and brought up to be proper wives. They frequently

fare worse than the slave girls, and when they are well-treated it is the exception rather than the rule. We had one dear little child who was betrothed when six years of age. The mother-in-law hated her, the son hated her, but she was his legal property and there was no way of getting rid of her. They tried to starve her slowly and to beat her to death, and they almost succeeded. A Bible woman passing along the road saw this little child with blood streaming from her head and crying. She said, "My mother-in-law is trying to kill me." She reported it to a missionary who said to me, "Will you receive her into the Home if we can get her before she dies?" I said, "Yes," for that was the kind the home was opened for, and she was the fifth little one admitted. When I saw her she was nothing but a skeleton; absolutely no flesh on those bones, and her body from her head down to her feet was covered with great big knots and scabs, the marks of the bamboo. One eye had been put out where she had been struck, and the poor little thing was in a most pitiable condition. She was first taken to the hospital of this mission and they thought she could not possibly live. Not one in the house would bathe the little foundling, they were afraid she would break in pieces, the children called her an evil spirit and the people fled from us as we brought her home. One day God revealed to us that the child was demon-possessed, and we got down and in His Name commanded the demons to depart. A short time after that she was convicted and came to us all broken and confessed her sin. She had some to confess too and received the assurance of forgiveness. God immediately saved her and healed her and flesh began to come on her bones. The Lord gave her an extra amount to glorify His name, and she is strong and healthy today. At first she could not study because of the beating she had received on her head, but God healed her and she is one of our brightest students, a living monument of God's power.

We have some who have been slave children, some who have been beggars' children, and others from the famine districts. One of our little ones was picked up as a baby with some of her toes dropped off. She had famine fever but was saved and I believe our little Naomi will be a servant of God when she grows up. We had quite a battle for her life; she was sent first to Sister Lawler's home, and when later she sent the girls to our home it was a struggle to keep life in her body, but God gave the vic-

tory, and I believe if Jesus tarries she will be a real witness for God. Think of it, friends! These little ones have never known heathenism. They are brought up from their earliest recollection in a Christian home, to know only one Physician, the Great Physician, to know only a Heavenly Father, who supplies their needs.

One little girl, who was found eating grass in a famine district, was brought to us and received one of the mightiest baptisms in the Holy Spirit I have ever seen. Another was a cigarette fiend and a gambler at twelve years of age, and going into consumption. God saved her and filled her with the Holy Ghost, and today she has a Christian husband and they have a Christian home. It is precious to see what God has done in their lives. Our girls so often say, "Look out if you do things that are wrong. God will tell mother and then it will come to light." So the danger of being found out saves some of the new comers from committing wrong. We knew there were some things not right in the home just before we left, the girls had been rather tied up and we had been on our faces for God to break through. They knew they could not be hypocritical, that God would reveal things in their lives and they were wretched, and one day God poured out His mighty Spirit. We had gone out for a walk, and on returning we heard the voice of prayer. We knew God had broken through, and confession began. The next night we were up until eleven o'clock dealing with each girl individually. At first they confessed only the little things, but we told them they had to get to the bottom. Some had to come back the third and fourth time and finally the bottom was reached and every hidden thing came to light, things that had been going on for weeks; we knew there had been dishonesty, and then the atmosphere cleared. It pays to let God search the hearts, and it is better to do it now than to wait until the day when every man's work shall be revealed. You know the Chinese are so accustomed to telling things underhandedly, so accustomed to deceiving, they do not consider it a sin; they are dyed in heathenism for generations back, and we have a very hard time in China to instill in them the fact that God sees the heart and it is one of our hardest trials to teach them that God requires truth in the inward parts. He is working it out slowly but surely and we are not discouraged. It is a real trial when they fall so far beneath our standard, and yet the Lord continually reminds us of what they have been saved from and how we must be patient, sowing continually the Gospel seed, line

upon line, and precept upon precept, and God is able to root out every bit of that old thing that was there for generations back and to implant in them what He has implanted in you and me. We are not there to foreignize them but to Christianize them and to teach them how to be useful women and to live godly lives in China, not in America. We plan our meals so that if our girls marry a man they will be able to live within their income and not continually murmur because the food is poorer than what they had in the Home. The same is true with the clothes they wear. We buy the material they will be able to buy when they leave the Home and have just a working-man's income, and then they will not think we dress so much better in the Orphanage. We are there to prepare these children for life in China and to be useful women. We do not let them come to us for prayer for every little need but teach them to throw themselves upon God to pray for themselves and they come out gloriously healed. Since being in this country we are amazed to see how many people are leaning on the preachers, sapping out their lives. We are not to be bottle-babies all our lives. The children come to us and tell us their shoes are worn out, and we tell them to pray. "Oh," they say, "God will hear your prayer, you are a foreigner; He will not hear us." "All right," we say, "you go and try." Oftentimes in our Sunday afternoon meetings we are amazed to see the number who testify to healing and we haven't even known that they were sick.

One of our dear girls fell through a pane of glass and cut a tremendous gash in her head, two inches long, and received a number of scalp wounds besides. We never knew how it happened the child herself didn't know. It is very rarely we have such an accident in our Home, but as they called me I found the child just fainting and the blood spurting from the wound in her head. I anointed her with oil, and the children were already on their knees, but the aged widows, some of them just coming into the light of divine healing, were filled with curiosity. As soon as that oil touched the girl's head the hemorrhage ceased, but when I washed her head there was a great open gash, but as we prayed and worshiped God we saw His hand knit that wound together and only a little scar was visible. But God showed me He wanted to speak to that girl. She was running from God, so I felt impressed to put her into a room where she could be alone with God. She was about eighteen years of age, and He had His hand on her. The power of God was working mightily in the

family but she thought she was a little better than the rest and that she didn't have to yield. We found she had been ridiculing the girls who had been broken by the power of the Spirit, and God knew how to get hold of her. I left her alone awhile and then went to her and said "God doesn't want you to develop a rebellious spirit." Then I saw it was best to leave her to herself, and in the evening through the window I saw her coming along to our room and we knew what she was coming for. She was very embarrassed as she came in and said, "Mother, I am such a sinner. God has been speaking to me. You could not have punished me more than to put me in that room alone." God revealed to her her sinful heart, and He had a controversy with her. She said, "When I saw how He had healed that terrible wound—I knew how serious it was; I pulled out the glass, but when you bathed me as you did, I felt if my mother were living she would not have done that, and when I saw God heal me I said, 'My father would not have done that. Who am I that I should be so rebellious?' For weeks and weeks when you have been speaking in the chapel God has been speaking to my heart, but I resisted, and those who were under the power of the Spirit I made fun of and criticized, and tried to tell them all sorts of things that were not true, but I am sorry, and want to follow God henceforth." Then a little time after she was converted, she was ill again, and when we went to pray with her we couldn't pray. We questioned her and immediately she confessed that she had gotten fear in her heart about getting baptized, and she told a number that if they went into that fount to be baptized they would drown. So she cried to God for forgiveness, and immediately the fever left her, and she followed Christ in baptism. So God has never failed to give us victory in every test, and our trust is in His never failing promises. We know He will prevail.

The Worth of a Soul

THE worth of a soul! Who can count its value? Who can appraise its worth? An immortal soul is beyond all price.

In money, one soul is of more value than the wealth of the whole world.

In suffering, it is better that all the people of the world should suffer all their lives on earth, if by their suffering one soul could be saved.

In journeying, no foreign land is too distant or any portion of it too inaccessible, for all the people of the world to take a journey there, if

by so doing one soul could be saved.

There is no trouble too great, no humiliation too deep, no suffering too severe, no love too strong, no labor too hard, no expense too large, but that it is worth it, if it is spent in the effort to win a soul.

Of all the creations in this world and in the world to come, the greatest, the most wonderful, the most priceless, the most enduring is a soul.

God loves the soul more than all other creation. He fashioned it after His own image, and made it like unto Himself. Every soul has departed from God and gone astray, and God has bought every soul back again with a price. That price was the Blood of His only Begotten Son, who took upon Himself the sin of the soul, suffered the death penalty, that the soul might be saved, cleansed and made holy again. God loves every soul with an everlasting, eternal love greater and deeper than any human love can possibly be.

Satan hates the soul. In Satan's enmity towards God he is using all his energy, using every snare, his utmost cunning, employing every means with the one single purpose of ruining the soul of man, because Satan knows the soul is God's most cherished creation, the very apple of His eye.

A soul will never die.

When this earth of ours has crumbled to dust and has passed away into the forgotten past, a soul will still be in its freshness of youth. When in the fathomless future, eternity has become hoary with age, the soul will still be young.

When a million million eternities have each lived out their endless ages and have rolled by into the unthinkable past and time is no more, the soul will still be living, a conspicuous personal reality, endowed with perpetual youth and perpetual life.

God has said, "He that winneth souls is wise."

If Christians would only realize the value and the immortality of a soul, and the shortness of this earthly life, they would work feverishly, unceasingly, with all their greatest energy, day after day, year after year that they might save one.

O Christian! are there souls passing your way? Are you bestirring yourself in their behalf that they may have eternal life and joy, or are you allowing them to cross your path and pass on unwarned, to an eternal death?

W. K. NORTON.

The above article may be obtained free, in tract form, for distribution by writing to the author at Grand Cane, La.

Books and Tracts

TRACTS

8. **POWER OVER EVIL SPIRITS**, a tract on the casting out of demons in Jesus' name. 16 pages.

14. **IS GOD IN EVERYTHING?** Just the tract to send to a tested child of God, who is going through deep trial. 12 pages.

19. **THE WONDERS OF FAITH**, by F. F. Bosworth. How to Receive the Faith of God. An encouragement to timid, shrinking souls. Faith for mighty works made easy. 24 pages.

22. **DISCERNING THE LORD'S BODY**, by F. F. Bosworth. A new tract on Divine Healing, presenting the subject in a new phase; shows how living Faith makes disease impossible, and why many are weak and sickly. 20 pages.

21. **TONGUES—THEIR USE**, by Miss E. Sisson. Some of the uses and blessings derived through speaking in tongues. 16 pages.

25. **THE PRESENT WAR AND PROPHECY**. This is a tract for the present day, puts things in a concise way and gives suggestions as to what we are to watch in these days of dissolution and reshaping of the map of Europe. 16 pages.

26. **THE CONSECRATION OF THE THOUGHTS**, by F. F. Bosworth. This is one of the secrets of real fellowship with Jesus. 12 pages.

27. **THE COST OF FINE NEEDLEWORK**, by Mrs. Marie Burgess Brown. Nothing is more needed in Pentecostal circles today than this God-given message. Its value cannot be over estimated. 20 pages.

28. **FALSE STANDARDS OF DEEP SPIRITUALITY**, by E. E. Shelhamer. This is an eye-opener. Shows how good people are deceived in their conceptions of Spiritual power. 16 pages.

29. **TRUE STANDARDS OF DEEP SPIRITUALITY**, by E. E. Shelhamer. A complement to False Standards. Practical and intensely helpful. Strikes at our daily life. 16 pages.

31. **His Coming Draweth Nigh**, by S. A. Jamieson. An excellent tract on the Coming of the Lord. Should be distributed widely. 12 pages.

32. **The Unpardonable Sin**, by A. G. Jeffries. A stirring tract for sinners and backsliders. Cannot be excelled for this purpose. 16 pages.

33. **The Promise of the Father**, by F. F. Bosworth. A tract on the baptism in the Holy Ghost. 16 pages.

Price on the above tracts: 3 for 5 cts. (3d), 12 for 15 cts. (8d), 100 for \$1.00. Add 15 cts. for postage on one hundred lots.

2. **DEMON OBSESSION**, gives a description of Satan's subtle workings in these days. This tract should be read by all Pentecostal people. 8 pages. 12 for 10 cts., 100 for 60 cts. Add 10 cts. for postage on 100 lots.

18. **AN OPERA SINGER'S VISION**. Remarkable Experience and Conversion while on the Stage. A true story of a vision of Jesus while playing before the footlights, which changed her whole life. 8 pages.

Price on the above 3 for 5 cts., 12 for 15 cts., 100 for 60 cts. Add 10 cts. for postage on 100 lots.

11. **THE KING IS COMING**. A tract on Salvation and the Coming of the Lord. 4 pages. 50 for 10 cts., 100 for 15 cts.

9. **"THE MAN WHO DIED FOR ME."** A tract on Salvation, said by Dr. Torrey to be the best ever written on the subject. It is alike helpful to the Christian and the sinner, and carries a two-fold message. 8 pages. 10 for 10 cts., 100 for 60 cts. Add 10 cts. for postage on 100 lots.

30. **SOMEONE IS COMING**. A 4-page tract to hand to sinners. They will not fail to read it and be impressed with the striking truths it contains. 100 for 20 cts.

Time can be saved the sender by ordering tracts by their number.

* * *

THE BOOK OF REVELATION. By D. Wesley Myland

This is a blessed book containing twelve lectures. You cannot read it without rising from it a better and purer Christian. It wonderfully portrays the time of the end; it humbles and inspires the soul. The Spirit of Jesus breathes, weeps and warns in every page.

No two teachers agree in every detail of this book and you may not agree with all the arguments of the author, but you can not but be greatly helped by it.

Mr. Myland unfolds it as a book of Consummations; the manifestation of Christ in glory; a book of sevens, a book of Songs and of Sorrows, of hallelujahs and dirges; a book of antitheses, depicting the glory of the Bridegroom and the Bride, and also the horror of the Antichrist and the Antichristian; a book of victory, and a book of restoration.

It is intensely interesting to follow the author as he traces the "five converging lines of vision" through the different chapters up to the coming of the Lord, for this method is the only one that gives the reader a clear and comprehensive understanding of the book.

Bound in Cloth and Gold, 255 pages, 75c. (3/2).

* * *

"FROM DEPTHS OF SIN TO HEIGHTS OF GLORY" is the title of a booklet of 53 pages, giving the unique experiences of Joseph Robbins, told in his own peculiar vernacular. The story of a more remarkable conversion and the wonderful growth in the divine life has probably never been published. It has a remarkable originality.

The booklet also contains accounts of how God has used him in blessing to others.

Neat paper covers, 53 pages, reduced to 10 cts. (5d); 4 for 35 cts. (1st 5d); 8 for 75 cts.

* * *

ANSWERED PRAYER BY MATTIE PERRY.

The first volume of a Life's story which will stimulate faith and encourage people to expect answers to their prayers. It is the story of a consecrated life dominated by the spirit of sacrifice and toil for others. This book proves the faithfulness of God to those who ask largely, and will be a blessing wherever it is read. 175 pages. Price by mail 75 cents. Paper cover 30 cents.

MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF PROPHECY AND SACRED HISTORY.

By W. H. Cossum, A. M.

If you want a book on the times this is the book to get. Some of the prophecies set forth therein are now being fulfilled in the European war, and others pertaining to these last days, signs of the times and the Second Coming of the Lord enlarged upon in this book will give the student of prophecy and any honest inquirer great light. Written in an intensely interesting style. Nothing dull or heavy about this opening up of the prophetic Word. It depicts tribulation scenes that will come upon this old world. Have you a friend whom you would like to interest in religious things? He will read this book at this time.

Contents: I.—Prophecy, Fulfilled and Unfulfilled; II.—The Indestructible Jew; III.—The Zionist Movement; IV.—Jerusalem; V.—The Jew and Pentecost; VI.—The Antichrist; VII.—Babylon; VIII.—The Coming of the King. An invaluable work on prophecy.

Cloth, 195 pages, 50 cts.; postage, 5 cts.. (3s).

"TELLING THE LORD'S SECRETS," with four other equally good addresses by Daniel Awrey are now issued in booklet form. We have had more requests to have the article on the Secrets of the Lord put into tract form than anything we have ever issued. It has been copied by a number of Pentecostal papers, and translated into the German language.

The other addresses, "How God Develops Us," "The Finest of the Wheat," "Filled with His Will" and "The Use and Misuse of the Spirit's Gifts," are equally good and especially helpful to the Spirit-filled Christian in these days. Issued in attractive paper cover. Price 10 cts. for the entire booklet, four for 35 cts., eight for 70 cts.

Primitive Church Government

By Wm. G. Schell

This sets forth the form of government instituted by the apostles and the Early Church and gives the reader an interesting bit of church history. If you want an insight into church history without taking too much time you will get it in this little booklet. Should be in the hands of all ministers and Christian workers. 64 pages. Price 15 cts. each.

* * *

LEOPARD SPOTS OF God's Masterpiece. Which?

After eighteen years of missionary service in the Congo, Miss Doering has written this book in be-

half of the unprovided for missionaries who are pouring out their lives in unselfish service for Christ in the neglected districts of Central Africa. The proceeds will be used in spreading the Gospel in the Congo.

It tells of lights and shadows in missionary life, of heroes and martyrs from the dark continent, contains interesting chapters from the life of the author, and is replete with stories of transformed lives and miracles of grace which have come within her observation.

Illustrated, 203 pages. Price 75 cts. board covers; 55 cts. paper.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

By Anna W. Prosser

This autobiography tells of how the Lord brought this gifted woman out from a worldly life, saved and miraculously healed her, and used her for many years among the sick and outcast. Some who have read it say it is the best book of its kind they have ever read. There are also chapters giving helpful lessons learned in her Christian experience and valuable teaching.

Cloth and gold, 230 pages, Reduced to 75 cts. (3/2) Heavy paper cover, 40 cts. (1/8).

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAM GUYON.

Few books have had the influence upon the lives of Christian men and women in their seeking deep religious experiences as the autobiography and writings of this martyr spirit.

Her book, originally published in two volumes, was written while she was in prison, at the request of her spiritual director, and while the entire autobiography is intensely interesting to the earnest seeker after God, it is too voluminous for the busy reader, and we have condensed it, putting the price within the reach of all with the hope of getting the wonderful lessons before every child of God who is seeking His best.

Living in an age when darkness had settled down upon the Christian world, and little or nothing was known of the Holy Spirit and His workings, she was used in leading many prominent Christian characters into the place where they walked with God, and many of the gifts of the Spirit were manifested in her life. While some may consider her extreme in her renunciation of self, the spiritual height to which she attained is well worth the price she paid, and the Christian world is just beginning to appreciate and understand her life of sacrifice and persecution.

Cloth, 270 pages, 55 cents, by mail.

SONGS OF CALVARY.

A new Song Book is just on the market entitled "Songs of Calvary." It contains some of the very best old songs and a large number of new ones equally good. A better collection for revival meetings would be hard to find. We cannot speak too highly of this book. Just a few of the more than 260 hymns are:

- Are You Ready now to Go—Widmeyer.
- Is your All on the Altar—Hoffman.
- Cleansing for Me—H. Booth.
- The Royal Telephone—Lehman.
- Jesus, I'll go thro' with Thee—Gilmour.
- God is Coming—Mrs. Hoffman.
- Filled with God—Jones.
- Christ is Coming—Macomber.
- Down in the Valley—Bradley.
- Nailed to the Cross—Graves.
- Our Lord's Return to Earth—Kirk.
- Power of the Holy Ghost—Harris.
- Joy Unspeakable—Warren.

- If Jesus Were Coming Tonight—Harris.
- The Penitent's Plea—H. Booth.
- Washed in the Blood—Jones.
- The Fire is Burning—Hugg.
- Honey from the Rock—Gabriel.
- I've Believed the true Report—Jones.
- The Grand Excursion.
- The Year of Jubilee.
- The Song of Redemption.
- Victory at the Cross.
- Like Jesus Himself, etc., etc., etc.

There are also some choruses and duets, as well as quartets for ladies' and male voices, and a large number of hymns of worship which everyone loves

Price, Pebble cloth 25 cts. a copy postpaid, \$20 per hundred, not prepaid. Board cloth, embossed covers, 30 cts, by mail. \$25 per hundred, not prepaid. Send for a copy for examination before ordering elsewhere.

THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE,

3635 MICHIGAN AVE.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.