



*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

• • • • Contents • • • •

**Consider Him** ..... 2  
 From Transfiguration to Calvary..... 2

**The Rest of Faith** ..... 6  
 How God Renewed a Call..... 6

**Touching His Garment** ..... 10

**God's Preservation** ..... 11

**Notes** ..... 12  
 Coming Convention ..... 12  
 Intercessor Called Higher..... 12  
 "For I Am with You"..... 12

**From our Substitutes** ..... 13  
 Back in the Harness..... 15  
 Help in the Day of Trouble..... 15

**The Healing of His Seamless Dress** ..... 16  
 How One Tract was Used..... 16

**The End** ..... 17

**The Winnipeg Revival** ..... 23

**An International Monthly Magazine**

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

HAWLEY - CHICAGO

## Consider Him

From the Mount of Transfiguration to Calvary

J. W. Welch, Springfield, Mo., in The Stone Church, Feb. 29, 1920.



ESUS CHRIST is the central figure in history, in prophecy, and He it is who fills our vision today. We see Jesus, made a little lower than the angels, that He might taste death for all men. We realize today something of what is ours because of His humiliation; we see our privilege of being humiliated with Him, of taking the humble way, the way of the cross, the way of world rejection, perhaps, but of God acceptance, and looking out toward the future, we see a little of what it means to be joined to Jesus, vitally joined, that we might be associated with Him, not only in His humiliation, but in His exaltation, and we are here for just a little while to consider Him, the High-Priest of our profession who was faithful in all His calling and over His house, Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, today and forever.

I want to use for a text this afternoon that familiar benediction found in the closing words of Paul's second letter to the Corinthians, "The grace of the Lord Jesus, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all, Amen." This prayer that came out of the heart of the Apostle to the Gentiles, was inspired by the Spirit, and these inspired expressions are written for our profit, and are helpful to the least of the little ones that belong to the Lord.

Would that we might know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and have that grace real to us, not simply in a theological way but in an experimental way, and that it should continue thus until everything implied in the divine plan and all that originated in the very midst of Deity itself, shall be accomplished for the glory of God and our profit. And then God would have us know the communion of the Holy Ghost, for the blessed Spirit has been imparted according to the Divine plan. Probably the greater percentage of us in this room know what it means to receive the personal Holy Ghost; not only to touch Him and be touched by Him, but to come literally under His dominion, being baptized in the Spirit. I see everywhere, in myself and in others, a lack of understanding at the place of knowing intimately the Spirit who has come, and I appreciate my own need in knowing how to better cooperate with the Holy Ghost. I suspect

that we are all, perhaps, in the same place, learning how we shall cooperate with the Holy Ghost.

This term, "communion" here, means literally, as near as I can make out, an association with the Holy Ghost, in the partnership business. Back of it is the thought of common interest and single purpose, concerted action, harmony of sentiment. It meant living with the Spirit and the Spirit living with us, in perfect accord with the will of God.

I want to speak just a little about the Lord Jesus and His special grace that is attributable just to Himself. Have you thought much along this line? You know the grace of God is an expression of divine favor. It is the love of God manifested. Of course the root of all things lies at the heart of God. The essence of His nature is love and love is not dead. It is a living thing; it is divine and intensely active as an agency. So we know that the love of God comes out as a stream of sentiment from the very heart of the infinite God and results in a favorable attitude, an offer to help on the part of One who is fully able to do all. And He shall be able out of the infinitude of resources and the depths of immeasurable love and incomprehensible wisdom to meet every exigency in every life.

If there be anyone here this afternoon who has wondered about how God felt toward him, let me say to you, the attitude of God toward all men is all right. There is nothing to be feared from the attitude of God toward men. The troubles all lie in the other direction. Everything that hinders in the whole situation rests in the attitude of men toward God, not in God's attitude toward men. God's hands are extended saying, "Come!" "Come!" He might say "Go!" but He says, "Come!" God's attitude is not one of rejection, one that would repel, but talking to sinners, He says, "Come, let us reason together"; "Come, for all things are ready!" Thank God we can feel the reality of this. We can know the truth, the love of God expressed in the infinite, indescribable grace of God, for the grace of God goes on forever. This is expressed in the Lord Jesus Christ for He is the expression of God, and there is nothing more valuable than the favor of God. Christ is very God as to His nature, and as to His prerogative He too expresses favor for He loved us. Even as we can see love coming out of the heart of the

Father so must we see it coming out of the heart of the Son, for He loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. We have redemption through His blood according to the riches of His grace. So there is a distinct grace attributable to the Lord Jesus Himself.

Paul, writing to the same church, says, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." He came in answer to the demand of the holiness of God the Father, to provide a remedy for sin and uncleanness, shed His blood to cleanse away guilt, poured out a life to expiate the crimes that belonged not to Himself but to others, and to be a Redeemer who was nearest of kin to this great possession to bring things back to God. He was rich, infinitely rich yonder. The whole glory was His. What does it mean to you, as the Word wells up from the midst of your being accompanied by the anointing of the Holy Ghost? I know you could not well describe it; neither can you measure the significance of it in words. But all that was, is, and all that may be implied in the multiplied use of that term belonged to Jesus yonder, and He speaks of the glory that He had with the Father from the beginning. And He asks in that intercessory prayer, that high-priestly prayer we have in St. John, seventeenth chapter, simply that He may be glorified with the glory He had with the Father from the beginning. And it goes on to say that He would have His disciples know His glory and participate in it. He was infinite, rich in power; the Word tells us all things were created by Him and without Him was not anything made. It goes further to teach that all things were made by Him and *for* Him, and in Hebrews we read He had already been appointed heir of all things, and so by right, all things were His, and yet He made Himself to be poor. He took upon Himself the form of a servant and became obedient unto death.

We see Him born as a little child, stripped of power, and as other little babes who had come into the world, unable even to nourish Himself. He had become poor in this respect. We see Him dispossessed of all things, and we hear Him say, "The birds of the air have nests, the foxes have holes in the ground, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." The Creator of worlds, Owner of all things, having nothing; humiliated by the very beings whom he had

created and whom He had redeemed, spit upon finally, spurned as a malefactor, abased and insulted, yet reviling not again. Poor, having laid aside those things that pertained to His riches, but oh the Father still loved Him, and as He walked the hot sands of Galilee, going about doing good, He kept in constant touch with the Father, in such a measure that I can hear Him say, "The words I speak are not Mine. The works I do are not My works, but the Father who dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works, and I do always those things that please Him." And yet over yonder on Golgotha, in that crucial hour, that awful hour, He was stripped of the love of God. God the Father turned His face, and we hear the Son crying, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Poor, poor to the last degree! In darkness and alone He suffered death. What for? For you and me.

Somehow I see the picture of the Christ and the motley throng who mocked the Sufferer, and yet I feel down in my heart, as though it were I alone who mocked, and I who caused the death of Christ; that it was I who brought forth that death groan. Jesus suffered for me and I feel it all through me as though it were for me alone.

Oh the grace, the favor of Jesus, the offered sacrifice for you and for me that we might be rich! Not without His poverty could we be rich. Jesus must suffer, Jesus must die; Jesus must come and identify Himself with the lowest position, that He might stand alongside to help. We hear that expression sometimes, "He is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." Well, He ought to. He is closer than a brother. If He is your Redeemer He is your nearest of kin. And all He did and all He hath thus far done in the way of accomplishment is for you and for me, so far as we are incidental to the purpose of God in it all.

It is not to be forgotten that first of all He offered Himself without spot unto God in the whole burnt offering, to satisfy the heart of God, and turned to be a sin offering for us and to bring reconciliation between us and God. We feel this afternoon that He is wholly ours but unless we are ready to appropriate Him as a whole we shall never get anything from this truth. However that, at the very best we can only sit at the shew-bread table and partake together with God of the things of Christ. Sometimes when I lay hold of those things in Him and appropriate them in myself I forget that across the table is the infinite Father who en-

joys these very things that are in the Son; that as I appropriate them the Father appreciates them, and as they are wrought in me they satisfy God.

There are other deeper things in this prospect. I do not know whether it is safe for me to go very far into them, but I would like to suggest a thought or two. Perhaps I could get to it more quickly by beginning with a little incident that occurred in my own life a number of years ago. I met a man who said he didn't believe the Bible, and gave as an excuse the unreasonableness of the Gospel. I wondered a little but I let him do the talking, largely. Finally he said, "You are preaching the Gospel as you call it?" "Yes, and I believe it." "Here is a question: If you can answer it for me I will be glad. Your story goes that a certain party of the first part whom we will call 'God' was bitterly sinned against by a party of the second part, 'man,' and then you contend that there comes into the situation a party of the third part, or a third party who is taken by man and nailed to the cross, and who suffered a certain number of hours and died there. Then you go on to say that through the death and suffering of that third party, this party of the first part is placated and satisfied; an atonement is made and the party of the second part goes entirely free. Do you think, sir, that six hours or more, if it should be so, of suffering, could atone for one immortal soul? Why, thousands of men have suffered as intensely as man is able to suffer and live, and suffered unto death, and if the suffering of your Christ for a certain number of hours can recompense the loss of one immortal soul, tell me the reasonableness of it."

I was puzzled for a little while and did not answer the man's question, but I went to looking into the atonement. I want to say briefly that Jesus did more than to die on the cross. That was the consummation hour, the culminating feature. That was where He said, "It is finished," but it began when Jesus came out from the Father, the sanctified Son of God sent into the world, who took upon Himself the Adamic nature, the form of a man, and came to be in fashion as other men. You know the Adamic nature missed and fell but Jesus took it. Not that inherent sin. No, for through the miraculous conception and miraculous birth He came into the world identified with the fallen race, Adam, without the need of a Redeemer. That is the only reason why God did as He did

in sending His Son into the world. Somebody must go who didn't need a Redeemer, and that One must be identified with the lost. There was no other way than a miraculous conception, no other way but a miraculous birth. God brought it to pass, and Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He took up and bore that nature that God had created until He was a perfect Lamb, perfectly identified with the human race, though a lost race, perfectly ready to become a sacrifice, and that was a tremendous proposition; that was a whole lifetime experience. Jesus the Son of God lived in the form of a man, bearing the Adamic nature until He vindicated God Almighty in the creation. If Jesus had come into the world without having borne the Adamic nature to vindicate God it would have been a different proposition, but under such circumstances He could not well have been literally identified with the lost race. He came lower than that. He came down into the realm of sin; down to the place of temptation, yet He didn't sin.

You will notice some strange scriptures in this connection. We cannot conceive the necessity of being perfected from the divine side of things, but though He were a Son yet learned He obedience through the things which He suffered, and being made perfect He became the Author of eternal salvation.

Yes, Jesus did more than suffer six hours on the cross. He redeemed every last son of Adam who identifies himself with Him, and He went down to the bottom of the lowest condition. He bore in His own body yonder the burden of the sins of the world, and the Father having declared Him a perfect Lamb, a holy sacrifice, yet in the hour of His suffering hid His face from Him. What a sacrifice! and because of guilt borne by Jesus God didn't look at Him in that hour.

Oh Jesus did something for us! and how it makes me love Him to think there is not a loophole anywhere, there is not a weakness in the whole structure, anywhere, there is not a leak in any place. Jesus did it all. He did a perfect work when He redeemed you and me.

There is a little scene depicted in the Gospels. We call it the transfiguration scene. It is a wonderful picture. You know the Lord took His most intimate disciples to a mountain and was transfigured before them. A very significant scene to me. I do not know that others would see what I see in it, but I see the Son of

God coming up to a certain place and time when there was thrown upon Him, as it would seem, the great searchlight of Infinite holiness, and nothing shone out but white brightness. His garments were white as light, and there appeared representatives of the law and the prophets, who talked with Him. What about? About His death. There was a peculiar conversation there. They were not talking about what He had done, but about things that were in the future, and there came that wonderful witness out of the skies, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." It all looks to me like a picture of Jesus being declared by the infinite Father Himself and by the representatives of the law and prophets in the presence of witnesses who were to see His suffering on the cross, that He had reached the time when God could say He was ready to proceed straight toward the cross.

There are two passages of scripture that were a little hard to reconcile in my mind, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, etc.," and there was another that said, "Christ gave Himself a ransom for all." The Father gave and Christ gave, and there must have been a time somewhere when this matter was settled. And perhaps this is more of a flight of fancy than you would agree with, but I think of that transfiguration scene as the place where Jesus acquiesced, for since He had come and taken upon Himself the burden of the Adamic nature through to the divine vindication of it then He was in the place to have rights of His own in the matter. And I am satisfied I can hear Him say, "I am not only willing but ready." "I am not only willing but glad. I will not turn back. I will go straight through," and coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration He went straight through to Calvary, having been made perfect, not in that phase of His nature that was Divine, but having been made perfect as a Lamb, a sacrificial Lamb, fully, clearly, definitely allied and identified with the lost, He was ready, and He died. Oh there is no place where we need draw back! There is no prospect before us that would warrant fear on our part. There never will come a time when Satan can take up anything to flaunt in our face as a failure in the glorious work of Jesus. He did a perfect work, that we might have a perfect salvation, and through all He did we step in to the place as sons of God, for "now are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemp-

tion." We are in Him now in all His relations and privileges and prospects, and He is in us, our life, that He might be to us all we need. There is a future prospect; the past is safe under the blood of Jesus, the present is real, witnessed to by the Holy Ghost, but best of all is the prospective future. There are many times when we become discouraged and faint-hearted and are inclined to draw back, and while we are in the midst of many things we cannot understand, yet after all, there is hope that "maketh not ashamed," and He will never let us be confounded.

There is a passage in I Peter 1:13, "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind (right in the midst of these present-day conditions), be sober (be in earnest), and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Listen just a moment: In the light of all past and in comparison with all we now may know, there is a multiplied fulness in those things that await us at the revelation of Jesus Christ. The revelation of Jesus Christ is an eternal revelation of God, for Jesus Christ cannot be the same yesterday, today and forever, without being forever an expression of God. Forever and forever, and then forever, Jesus Christ will be the connecting link between God and His creation, and He will forever hold the same office, the same priesthood as He now occupies. Through the shed blood we are joint heirs with Jesus Christ, legitimate possessors, the Spirit witnessing with our spirits today permits us to know that we are the children of God and heirs of God. No one will at any time, anywhere, in any measure inherit anything except in Christ to whom all things belong. And they are yours and mine today because we are in Him and heirs through Christ. I'd rather have it that way than any other, wouldn't you?

Now you can let your mind run as far as it is inclined to go, as to what yet awaits the saints at the revelation of Jesus Christ. The coming of the Lord will introduce an eternal economy in which you and I will have part. When I was in the Methodist Sunday School they taught me to sing,

"I want to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand."

It looked to me as though that was the end, but bless your hearts, that is the day of God's great beginning, when redemption is completed.

Things are just in order now for God's eternal kingdom. We shall hold a wonderful place in it all. We shall be married to the Lamb, sitting together with Jesus in His throne. Some have asked me at times to indicate where I thought the church was after the rapture. I used to cudgel my brains about that, but I have quit it. I saw one day that the church would have to consent to the loss of her identity; she is simply members swallowed up in Him who is her living head. We won't cry over the loss of our identity. What will be our name over there? He says He will write upon us His new name. That will suit me. I will not care to retain any title I have gained. I will not care to be introduced as the Chairman of the General Council, as I have been today. It hurts me sometimes to have the brethren do that, but on I follow with Christ Himself; on and on and on; forever and forever God is going on. Who knows how much love and how much purpose yet remains in God, for God will always be God and He will always go on as God. Infinitude! "And this is eternal life," Jesus said, "that we know God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent into the world." I believe you and I will be forever, eternally glad that Jesus is the only Mediator, the tested Man. There is coming a time when, according to His promise to overcomers, we shall be clothed in white, and He will confess us before the Father and the holy angels. Can you picture a saint coming into that august presence, and being ac-

knowledged before the infinite hosts of glorified beings and angels? Picture, if you will, with me the glory world, angels, arch-angels, cherubim and seraphim, and remember that we are to be introduced publicly. There stands Jesus with the book. He says, "I will not blot your name out of the Book of Life; I will confess your name." Remember He holds the book. Picture Him turning to the Father and saying, "Father, may I have Your attention? See that name? I confess that is his name. He together with others gave up a rebellious will, refused sin, accepted cleansing and the indwelling of Thy Spirit, and in the walk of obedience and trustful confidence he is here clothed in white. Oh Father, it is My business this hour to confess this child before angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim." Not blotted out there! clothed in white! Oh I am glad Jesus is there! I never could see that awful presence; I never could face that infinite multitude of absolute purity with the consciousness of my own guilt except Jesus were there. I believe we shall stand fearlessly in that day and face the infinite world, confident in Him who is our confidence, pure in Him who is our purity; saved in Him who is our Refuge. From that day we will go on and on and on in that marvelous relationship with God and the eternal world that has been consummated through the faithfulness of Jesus the Son of God and by His grace.

## The Rest of Faith

### How God Renewed a Call

Mrs. Lydia M. Piper, at a Meeting of the Passover Prayer League in the Missionary Home.



THE verse I want to bring to you this afternoon is one you all know. I do not know whether you have ever thought how many verses you know and yet *do not* know in the sense of having them a reality in your lives, but I believe that is true of all of us to a greater or less extent.

In Hebrews 11:1, we read, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." I read that many, many times, but within the past few months it has come to me with a newness that I believe was born of the Spirit of God. If you ask the majority of people what faith is, and they are candid and answer out of their own experiences, they will

say it is something you have when everything is all right, and do not have when things go wrong. We have faith for healing until we become sick. We have faith for finances until we are "up against it." We have faith until we are in the furnace and then our faith evaporates.

The Lord has been revealing to me my own lack of faith, and I felt the lessons He taught me would be helpful. We can talk about our own failures and shortcomings without making hard feelings, but if I were to talk of *your* lack of faith I might find some resistance here. We ask ourselves and ask others, How do we know when faith is genuine? How do I know when someone has faith? We know what it means to have faith theoretically, and when everything is rosy, but how do you know your faith will stand

the test when the sky is dark? We read in this verse that it is the substance of things hoped for. It is that assurance that we *have* the things we hope for. There is an assurance that comes to us, a conviction that we will prove that that thing is true. You ask, How do you know that such and such a thing will be? If I have touched God—and I cannot tell anybody how to touch God. God has different ways of drawing His children into His presence—but let me pass that over, and say, after you have touched God, then down in the recesses of your heart comes the conviction born of the Holy Spirit, that the thing you have asked for you will receive.

The reason why so many prayers are fruitless is because we pray all over the universe. We pray for things which, if God answered, would almost frighten us. You think a thing ought to come to pass because you want it, but the conviction has never been in your heart that it would come true. Hope is one of the elements of faith, and if we did not have hope we could never keep up at all. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," but if there is a hope in our hearts born of the Holy Spirit it ripens into faith, that faith which brings fruition.

The theme that has come to me particularly out of this verse has been the Rest of Faith. There are different kinds of faith; that faith that simply plows through obstacles and difficulties and hammers at the door until we get the answer. Some of us have exercised this kind of faith under pressure. Then there is another kind we talk about that takes hold silently but you have your mind upon it, and you wonder if it will materialize, and there is still another which is the rest of faith, which the most of us know so little about. We trust our senses, we trust men, we trust our sight. We walk by faith, we eat by faith and we sleep by faith, go on trains, put our lives into the hands of the engineer, the fireman and the conductor; we do all these things by faith, and yet when it comes to trusting a supernatural God for something supernatural, something in His realm, we hardly know the first thing about real faith.

You and I ask God for something which He has promised and then we continuously remind Him of His promise. We are most discourteous toward Him. Have you ever thought of what a low plane we put God on by our prayers? In the first place we haven't the reverence, and second, we do not believe Him. We trust in our own frailty more than we trust God. If I were

to say to Sister Jones that I would write her a letter, she would believe me. She would not call me up on the telephone and ask me if I were going to send that letter. And then tomorrow morning before the mail came call me up, "Sister Piper, are you going to write that letter?" And then in another hour call up again and ask for that letter. If she did that you would say she was losing her mental poise.

We go to God: "Father, will You do this for me?" "Yes, my child." "But Father, are You sure you will do it?" "Why child, I have put it in My Word." But you keep on asking and begging God as though you did not believe Him. Let us think about how we go into His presence. This came to me with startling clearness, and I am made to wonder how God ever had patience with me at all, the way I bothered Him about things He promised in His Word to fulfill. Yet I kept knocking and asking. "Lord, will You do it?" In the natural world we would not think of acting that way. What is the trouble? We do not believe God. We haven't any faith. It is all theoretical and there is nothing practical about our dealings with God.

I believe what the world is longing for today is a practical religion, a religion that will make people live what they profess. If we say we believe God then let us wait until He comes, with the conviction in our heart that He will bring to pass that which we have asked. How blessedly He has taught that to me through deep experiences, and how little I have trusted Him! I say, "Why of course I believe God. I believe Him more than anyone else in this world," yet I would not begin to treat my earthly friends as I have treated Him. I would not go to an earthly friend and plead with him to do something which he has already promised. I would scorn the thought of being so rude.

Someone feels he has faith for healing. He gets proud about it and holds it up before others and feels he has made great strides, and when the test comes he fails. I have often told the Lord I was a liar; said that I believed Him when I didn't. Matt. 21:22 says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." I spoke to someone some time ago of the beginning of an answer to prayer, and said I thought it ought to be told for the glory of God, and she said, "Wait until it is fully consummated." She was afraid it might not all work out, but that was not faith. There was doubt

there. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive.

When I was in Detroit, Michigan, some months ago, I felt somewhat troubled and tested, and didn't know just where to find myself, and as I was sitting in the drawing-room of a friend I picked up Pastor Boddy's paper, "Confidence," on the front cover of which I read these words, "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." There it stood out in great big type before my eyes. The first thing I picked out was all the "knows"—if we *know* that He hear us, we *know* that we have the petitions that we desired of Him. I took the paper and put it between my hands and said, "Lord, I have never fully believed that in all my life." It seemed so big to me and as I looked back over my failures, my doubts and fears, I felt that I had never believed as it came to me then. If you ask *anything* according to His will, and you know He hears you, you know that you have what you desire. What more is there to do? Then comes the rest of faith.

People say, "Well, keep hammering until you get it." Yes, keep on hammering until you touch God, and sometimes God will say, "Trust Me." There you must have the Holy Spirit guide you. I believe there are hundreds and thousands of people praying until they are worn out because they do not know this great truth of the rest of faith. They touch God and He speaks and then they go all over it again the next day. Then they pray through and again they agonize before the Lord, asking for what He has already assured them, and I can imagine that God is just waiting until His children get through their agony and then He will work. As I retired that night in Detroit, I said, "Lord, I will stop praying about certain things. I believe You have heard me. I put my hand on Your Word now," and went to sleep. When I awoke the next morning I felt God was pleased with me because I believed His precious Word. It means so much for us to believe what we are talking about.

Now it is one step to desire something, and another to believe what we desire. A person may desire the baptism of the Holy Spirit for ten years and not get it. You speak to them about it and they say, "Oh yes, I wish I had it. I want you to pray that I will have it." I won-

der how many here, if you will take account of stock, have desired certain things for yourself and your families and failed to get them. With your present attitude you may keep on desiring them for ten years. I have said, "Lord, I have desired this thing of You, but the Lord said, "That is not enough. Where is your expectancy?" That is the step for us to take. We must get into a state of expectancy. When I was seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit I desired it with all my heart, but that wasn't sufficient. One day the Lord put expectancy in my heart, and when I put potatoes over for dinner I said to my husband, "If the Holy Spirit comes before this dinner is ready you will have to finish it." I put bread in the oven and told him to take it out if the Lord met me before it was baked. That was expectancy. You may desire to see the Lord work in the mission field but you have to expect it before it is realized. I believe a great many people have desires which are holy, desires which are of God, but they never get into a state of expectancy. Don't you feel the difference? Mothers are crying to God for the salvation of their sons, for their unsaved daughters. We have God's children praying everywhere for the salvation of our loved ones. If they prayed with that expectancy, with confidence in God, He would move like a cyclone. That is His Word. There is the rest of faith. I know that God has heard, therefore I rest in confidence, expecting. That doesn't mean indifference. People say that you will get indifferent. Oh no. That is not expectancy. I was not indifferent when I was seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I was waiting and expecting every moment, just like when you expect a caller, you are waiting for the bell to ring.

Then if we come to the place of expectancy what shall we do? Shall we say, "Oh, let us wait until God works it out?" Is that the next step? No, the next step is to praise Him for it. That is acceptancy. When you take the ground of acceptancy and begin to praise Him for it, you will find yourself in a very restful place. I imagine some of you will say, "That is all very well to say but what are you going to do when you are right up against it?" This message was born out of a "right up against it." I know it is easy to say these things, but I have asked the Lord not to let me talk about things He didn't first let me go through, but when they are born out of experience they mean something to us and to others.



I want right here to give a personal testimony. Twenty-two years ago I had a little baby born, and in a strange way her father and I gave her to the Lord. Her father often said to me, "I believe God has a special plan for this baby," and I believed it, too. The devil saw it too and he early set about to thwart God's plan. When this child came to be eleven years of age she received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and with it remarkable manifestations of the Spirit and a wonderful call of God. We felt by this call God had put His sanction on the consecration we had made when she was born. From the time God so wonderfully called her to the foreign field there was a growing resistance from the enemy. As we saw the indifference and the resistance, and the things that detract creeping in, we became quite disturbed. My husband on his death-bed seemed to have a glimpse into the future as he spoke about each child, and about our oldest he said, "Dear, you know how we felt when Irene was born. If God has His way in her life, I believe she will go to China." Now I say it carefully, as I feel I am treading on sacred ground, but there was no rest of faith in that remark. Since God had spoken, why should he put an "if" in it?

After her father passed away she threw herself into her school work and became ambitious for a career, and year after year it seemed the vision God had given her was fading. She didn't want to be reminded of it, and said she guessed after all that was just a burden she had for China and not a call at all. She was determined to have a career and I saw with a heavy heart that God's plan and His call were being put in the background and her ambition was first. She was restless and sought satisfaction every way but the way God had mapped out for her. She thought if she could just spend a year in college she would be most happy, and last fall the way seemed to open up, but I could not feel it was God's best for her life. During Mrs. McPherson's meetings in Chicago the Lord spoke to her and asked her if she would be willing to give up college for His best, and then and there she yielded and chose instead to go to Bible School. She started in at Nyack last fall and received much spiritual blessing, but yet she was *far from being yielded fully to God*, although she tried to persuade herself she was. During the holidays I went East, felt strongly impressed to go, and found she had been very ill and had a complete nervous collapse. I could not un-

derstand it. It seemed the waters were deeper than I could pass through and I went before the Lord and asked Him why He permitted this break-down, but He never said a word. Friends, God will never say a word when you begin to argue with Him. He just let me talk, and I talked and prayed and stayed awake, and did everything I could do excepting one thing, and that was, *rest* in God. I prayed one night nearly all night, trying to fathom out the trouble, and ended up by saying with Job, "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him."

At Glad Tidings Hall I felt that the Lord had something special for me to do and I took part in the music at the Watch Night service and the Lord made it a blessing. But I went to my room in deep distress, my daughter's condition was almost crushing me, yet I was trying to hold on to God. In the morning as I came out of the dining-room I met a brother who asked me what I was going to do with my daughter. I said I did not know, she was overworked and could not go back to school. Then he said, "I have a home up on the Hudson and I would like to have her come up there to rest. I will telephone my wife about it." I felt somehow the Lord was undertaking and I took her up there and went on to see my mother in Philadelphia. While there, while praying one night, I said, "Lord, I will go back to first principles. I will go back to that child's birth when we consecrated her to Thee. Now let me realize Thy presence," and as I put up my hand, I felt as though a Divine hand just enveloped me and the power of the Holy Spirit surged through my body; it seemed He was trying to quiet me.

That child, while stopping in this friend's home, went down to death's door. One day at the end of her extremity she threw herself across the bed and said, "Father, either heal me or take me to heaven." She got to the place where she was utterly helpless and then He had a chance to talk to her. If I had brought her home He wouldn't have had that opportunity. She would have leaned on me, and her Stone Church friends, but there, practically among strangers, although they proved to be her friends in time of need, she threw herself on the Lord unreservedly and He met her. Then He began to talk to her about China and renewed her call that He had so unmistakably given her eleven years ago. He dealt with her very remarkably and she arose from that bed yielded as she had never been before. When she wrote me of what God

had done for her and in her I was greatly surprised. I had prayed and trusted the Lord for this for twenty-two years and then it seemed too wonderful to me. Here she was sick unto death and resisting the will of God, but He was answering prayer, although He had to let things go to the bottom before He could do it. Some of you mothers have sons out of the kingdom, some have daughters far away from God for whom you have prayed many times, and I beg of you for the sake of Jesus, do not let yourself be tossed about and go through the agony that nearly killed me. I believed God theoretically but I never rested in God. To lay all these things down and rest in Him doesn't mean we are not to discipline, it doesn't mean we do not have to pray, but when we hear from heaven we can rest in God without stress or strain.

Some people are crushed by difficulties and some are made by them. This was true of the men who went to war; some came back with crushed and ruined lives and others became strong characters through their hardships. If we are to be real soldiers of the cross we want to climb upward through the hardships and trials we encounter. When a general of the army wants a man for a dangerous place, he sends one who has been tested and tried. He doesn't send a novice who will run the first crack of

the gun. If we expect the Lord to use us we will have to stand the fire. The oppositions and the resistance with which we meet will help to make character and give us powers of endurance we would not otherwise have.

I want to leave with you this wonderful truth the Lord has taught me, the rest of faith. Abraham had it. Faith, the substance of things hoped for—the proving of that which we do not see, and the conviction in our hearts that it will be so. When we can get a band of people in a church or in a prayer-league who will stand in that place, what will we not be able to do in God? When I have cried to the Lord in desperation the first words He gave me were, "Rest in Me." "But," I said, "how can I rest when I don't see anything accomplished?" No faith about that. Anybody who never made any pretensions to having faith can rest then. But to be able to rest when in the natural all is confusion and uncertainty, that is the faith of God.

Let us determine by His help that from henceforth we will hear His voice. If He does not speak I have promised Him, I will not move, and when He speaks, God helping me, I will move if it means my life. You have to take that stand, for if you do not, He will not speak again. The Holy Spirit is very gentle and if we do not heed at first He will let us alone.

## Touching the Hem of His Garment

Miss Margaret Flint, Bettiah, India.

"JESUS said, who touched me? When all denied, Peter and they that were with him, said, Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou Who touched me? And Jesus said, SOMEBODY HATH TOUCHED ME, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me. And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately."

I have not had occasion to write you before, in the four years and a half that I have been in India, but this morning I believe the Lord has spoken to me the word of command, giving me the above Scripture in connection with this letter.

In the second year of my missionary life in this dark land, I was taken into the "Gethsemane" which must come into every life follow-

ing hard after Jesus. Because of the loathsome nature of the attack of the Enemy at that time, I have shrunk from making the experience public, and with the exception of one, my own sister, I have written no one regarding it. By this silence, I have robbed God of the glory and praise due His mighty Name, and this morning a sister asked me a question that drove me to my room in prayer. As I knelt before the Lord, Bible in hand, the Word quoted above was given me, and the Lord has bid me "declare unto Him before all the people" for what cause I touched Him, and that I was HEALED IMMEDIATELY. Hallelujah! May my experience lead some other tried one to TOUCH HIM.

In Christmas week of 1917 I was in Uska Bazar with other missionaries and the Indian Christians, and little David (Gokai) the child sufferer, was there, a mass of corruption and sores from head to feet. Being very fond of

the little ones, and not as careful as I should have been, I was perhaps with David more than was best,—be that as it may, a slight scratch on my left shoulder became infected, and within a few days after my return to Chapra, I discovered to my horror that a large swelling was developing there, which soon became a running, open sore exactly similar to those of little David of Uska. My physical suffering during those few days was nothing as compared with the mental agony I endured,—and not until my soul was torn, “unto death” was I enabled to say “Not my will, but Thine, oh God.” Miss Kirkland stood with me tenderly in prayer as my own sister, and Miss Lee came in from Camp upon receiving our telegram, arriving in Chapra before daylight, January 6, 1918. About nine that same morning I asked the dear ones to anoint me according to James 5:14. So far as human help was concerned, the disease was incurable, and the sore on my shoulder was a dreadful one,—but as the anointing oil touched my head, the power of the living God swept through my body in mighty waves of healing and the work was done,—all praise and glory to His Name. From that day to this, while in the Chapra work and since coming to the new work at Bettiah with Miss Kirkland, I have been kept by His resurrection life and strength, protected from disease and death on every hand and rejoicing in the God of my salvation. May I ask your prayers that I may be kept ever in the center of His sweet will, for the glory of His name and the salvation of the lost of India.

Glad to report glorious victory here in the work, souls are seeking Him, and among our Indian Christians several are earnestly seeking the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. We are having special services each night for the seekers and God is with us in power, praise Him.

\* \* \*

### God's Preservation

Our readers will be glad to hear of the recovery of Brother and Sister Williamson who went through a siege of small-pox. Brother Williamson is still much in need of prayer as the last news from South China is that he was suffering from night sweats and pain in his lungs. We trust that God will lay prayer on some heart for his deep need. God graciously preserved the lives of Miss Meyer and Miss Lowther who

took a long and perilous journey into Kwansi Province to minister to the needs of Brother and Sister Williamson. The privations endured on that eight days' journey in a small “junk” are somewhat described in the following letter by Miss Lowther:

“We sat in a little corner flat on the floor and could not rise up, for the roof was as low as a sampan. We were partitioned from the other passengers by a piece of matting. The magistrate at Sz Wooi sent ten soldiers with us to Kwong Ning. Three days farther, where we had to walk over the mountains five miles inland to the Yamen and change soldiers. He gave us ten more and we marched back to the river with twenty. The first crowd then returned. At An Tsai nearly all the passengers got out so the soldiers sent their boat back and moved into ours. All that night they gambled, swore and quarrelled until it was unbearable. The next morning the boat got into shallow water and had to be unloaded. We were told it would take two days more to reach Waitsap, so we left our baggage and with the soldiers and three or four other men we two started on an all-day tramp over steep mountain trails. Near sun-down we limped into Waitsap, but could not sit down until we had appeared before the magistrate to discharge the soldiers. We didn't know what to expect, as it had been twelve days since we had heard from Sister Williamson, but we found them both alive. Mrs. Williamson was sick with fever, but not the small-pox, and both were up eight days later.

“Our trip back was awful. We sat in a tiny corner in the middle of the boat, next to the kitchen, and the other passengers nearly smoked us to death. The boat proved to be a regular opium den, the men smoking continuously, day and night. During these five days and nights we never moved out of our crib, so when we got to Sz Wooi we could hardly walk to the mission. But that night Miss Meyer and I spoke to about four hundred people.”

\* \* \*

We have received an Announcement of the Southern California Bible and Missionary Training School (Pentecostal) at 5036 Echo St., Los Angeles, Calif.

The Summer Term—May 18-June 26.

Special Lessons in Bible Doctrine by D. W. Kerr.

Harold K. Needham, Principal.

For full particulars, prospectus, terms, etc., write W. C. Pierce, Secretary, 178 23rd Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

\* \* \*

### Books for Children

Twilight Talks with the Children

Bed-Time Stories

Our Darling's A. B. C. Book

50 cents each.

All Bible stories, most interestingly told by Isabel C. Byrum. Well bound and illustrated. Children will be delighted with them.

# 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 \$1.25 (5s-2d) per year in advance  
OF THE WORLD \$0.05 (2s-8d) six months 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 added for exchange.

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

A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

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

## Notes

MAY 9-23 are the dates set for the Eleventh Annual Convention at the Stone Church, 70th and Stewart Ave. We are expecting a number of ministers and missionaries and believe it will be a season of refreshing for us and our visitors.

There will be two meetings each day, 2:30 and 7:45 and three meetings on the Lord's Day. Visitors can be accommodated with rooms in the neighborhood and arrangements will be made to entertain the missionaries and workers. We invite the friends to come praying.

\* \* \*

### An Intercessor Called Higher

Missionaries have lost a faithful friend in the Home-going of Miss Julia Lord who, although a "shut-in" was for many years a real missionary. For a long time she has prayed weekly for about three hundred workers. She passed away at her home at Alliance, Ohio, March 6, 1920, at the age of seventy-five years. A friend writes:

"She was confined to her room but a few weeks and on several occasions had a vision of a bright, angelic being in her room. At one time, shortly before the end, the place was filled with a beautiful odor of roses. She was one of the Lord's 'Remembrancers'—her ministry was prayer, and hundreds of workers and missionaries were borne by her to a Throne of Grace and encouraged and stimulated by her letters to them. Her loss will be heavily felt. 'Costly in the eyes of the Lord is the death of His saints.'"

### "For I Am with You"

WE praise God for the way He caused many of His people to respond to the call for funds for the Chicago Missionary Rest Home, and the outlook is very encouraging. At a meeting of friends from the different assemblies interested in missionary effort, on March 24th, five trustees were elected to hold the property, three from Chicago assemblies and two from Springfield, Mo. (Headquarters of the Assemblies of God.) Those present were conscious of God's leading and guidance, and we feel the Lord's blessing upon the undertaking, although all that is needed has not yet materialized.

We believe, however, that God will talk to hearts that have not yet responded to meet this need, and for this reason we beseech the prayers of our readers. So far we have heard from about a hundred, all excepting two being in hearty sympathy with the move and feeling it was of God. The letters we have received with the hearty, sympathetic responses, have greatly encouraged us. With scarcely an exception they have written that they considered it a privilege and a joy to give to this worthy cause. One letter contained the following paragraph which is worthy of consideration:

"May God bless in your great undertaking, and raise up, not only the two hundred who give \$10 each, but enough who will give \$10 each to pay off the \$3,000 mortgage. Why not ask God for enough to pay it all and cut off the interest? It is God's work and I believe His children will do it, don't you? Let's ask Him to raise up five hundred to give \$10 each. I believe it will be as easy for Him to do as to have but two hundred have a part in this great work."

We certainly would be in hearty sympathy with the project of clearing the place of the entire indebtedness and we know it would be easy for God to do this through His people, but the burden that is upon the hearts of the trustees and the local committee is the immediate obligation we have to meet. The gift of \$1500 designated for the Home is from the sale of a property, and later developments revealed the fact that only a part of this was cash; the remainder on time. So the committee feel there is need for our brethren and sisters to give themselves to further prayer that this entire obligation of \$3,500 be raised before May 1st, when we take possession of the property.

Our sympathy and love for those who have forsaken all to give the Gospel to the heathen; for those who have left father, mother, home and the privilege of making money and having a home of their own, in order to be a shining light amid gross darkness, superstition, ignorance and vice, has been our only object in undertaking this obligation, but we feel it is of Him and seek the co-operation of those who love the missionaries and have their welfare at heart. We hear of a number who are on their way home, and we desire that this Home will be to them, not only a place to build them up physically, but that the spiritual atmosphere will be such that it will be a haven to their souls.

A veteran missionary who gave the best years of her life to active service in India and came back sick and homeless, writes:

"I am very glad you have such good prospects for a Home for missionaries. Do persuade the committee to let the missionaries stay in it as long as they have need, for they are often not well and should settle down and rest awhile. Oh how glad I should have been for such a place when I came from India, so sick and worn out!"

As we faced this burden in the natural it seemed too heavy for the local committee and the trustees to assume, but yet we did not want to shrink from anything God wanted us to do. Many of God's children have purchased their own homes through dint of toil and sacrifice, why should we not be willing to make equal sacrifices for a Home that would be used for the building up of the Lord's servants who return worn and wasted from the harvest fields of earth?

## From Our Substitutes

**E**VERY week brings reports from some of the harvest fields of the earth. Some recount the workings of God in their midst, others are full of problems and tests, but all are hopeful and looking forward to aggressive moves in God as He gives grace and strength.

The money market has affected the exchange in all foreign countries and some have had to retrench because of high prices, but the one who is truly called of God does not shrink at suffering or hardship but is willing to endure hardness as a good soldier.

God is moving on and there are greater opportunities today in foreign lands to give out the Gospel than have ever been known. So missionaries tell us and the home church must supply

Two of the Assemblies whose hearts are enlarged toward missions and missionaries have volunteered to take up a special offering for the purchase of the Home and we believe that others will do the same.

Pray for us. The burden of moving, cleaning, the maintenance of the present Home at Evanston and a number of matters in connection with the purchase of the property rests with the Local Committee who joyfully serve but feel their need of prayer. "The best of all is, God is with us."

\* \* \*

Another matter for prayer is one of vital importance. Our present matron who has been very faithful, but who has not been well for some time, feels that God is not leading her to continue in that capacity when we move to our new location, which necessitates our looking to the Lord for some one to fill this vacancy. This is a very important position. The need is for a godly woman who is thoroughly consecrated, has the interests of the missionaries at heart and is capable of managing the Home in a systematic way. There is a wide sphere of usefulness here for the one who would be willing to assume this responsibility. She will be in touch with world-wide interests, and through contact with the different missionaries be able to pray intelligently for the different fields, and by her influence be a blessing and help to a large number of God's children. If any of our readers know of one who they think would fill this capacity we shall be glad to hear from them.

the demand both in money and men and women. Many have invested in stocks and bonds which have proved utterly worthless, but stock in a company which has souls for its aim, where Jesus Christ is the President and the Holy Ghost is the Director, will be sure to pay its dividends, spiritual and temporal blessings here and now, and a mansion over yonder. If you want your money to work for you while you sleep send it to the foreign field to clothe and feed your brother and sister who have gone out with a trustful heart and undaunted courage to gather in the bending grain.

\* \* \*

"We have had very encouraging times in our work lately," writes Bro. John Norton, India. "A few weeks ago wife and I, seven of our na-

tive preachers and two Bible women started on a tour to visit the distant and neglected villages. We were much encouraged at the response we received. In one place four asked for baptism, one a young Mohammedan who had suffered much for Christ. He now wants to give his life working for the Lord. We are also glad to report having started work in a new station. This town has a population of about twenty thousand people with many villages nearby where no work for Christ is being done. We were able to place a good experienced worker here."

\* \* \*

They have eight Pentecostal mission stations on the Barbados Island, B. W. I., and Brother Jamieson has been holding special meetings at these different stations. He writes, "This is by no means an easy field, for the sin and vice that are practiced are beyond description. Seventy per cent of the children are born illegitimate. Obeasism (sorcery) is very common here and it takes faith to press forward. The climate is very trying for there is tropical weather during the entire year, and no cool mountains to which to go like in other heathen countries. We expect to move on to Grenada and Trinidad to open new missions, and later to Haiti which is practically in heathenism. There they have devil worship and feasts at which they offer human sacrifices."

"The Lord is working and souls are getting saved and baptized in the Spirit as we give forth the truth of His Word. Last night (Feb. 2nd) at one of our country missions six souls went forward for salvation."

\* \* \*

Brother Johnson writes Jan. 11th, "We had a grand convention over Christmas. The Lord certainly surprised us, bringing in many of our old people from the Barroba tribe. We had several M. E. native preachers at the services. One from near Cape Palmas who has been a preacher for 29 yrs., said, 'In all my time I have never seen God's power like this.' I will be opening up a new station as soon as I get back to the bush."

\* \* \*

Miss Stella Cooper writing from Jerusalem, Palestine, says, "Our work is mostly among the Jews, as that is the work so much on our hearts. I am glad that I can report that it can no longer be said of the Jews that they will not hear the

Gospel. In spite of persecution and all it means to a Jew to confess Christ or even to be found among Christians, some are boldly taking their stand for Christ and others are diligently searching after the truth. We have been teaching some of them English as they are so eager to learn since the British are here, with the understanding that they must study the Bible also. Many come and often get so interested in Bible study that they are willing to go right on with it, giving less attention to the English. There have been a number who have found their Messiah since we have been teaching them this, and God seems to be using this means as a way to reach their hearts. One girl said as Miss Stone told her of the great suffering, the tribulation that awaited the Jews because of their rejection of Christ, "Oh why doesn't some one get them all together in a synagogue and tell them?" I believe God is calling out His remnant who are to stand the test.

\* \* \*

There still remains a small indebtedness on the South China Missionary Home. God only knows what a blessing and comfort this Home is to the missionaries in South China. One who is *en route* to India and has the hospitality of the Home while awaiting a steamer writes, "If the people in the homeland could have seen as I did the place where Bro. and Sister Kelly lived for the past nine years they would be glad for every dollar they have invested to make this home possible. I don't think you have an old barn in Chicago which would compare with it. They do praise God that they have a home where the rain doesn't come through the roof."

We do thank God that He enabled the Pentecostal people to build this Home for the dear Kelleys and new missionaries who are studying the language. It meant a little sacrifice for some of us, but as we realize what our individual gifts have accomplished and that the money invested in that Home is treasure laid up yonder where it cannot depreciate or be lost, our hearts are filled with gratitude that we did not withhold when the need was so great. When God moves upon us to give we are never impoverished thereby. Let us ask Him to broaden us out in our giving. "The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

## Back in the Harness

Like a breeze from heaven is this refreshing note from Sister Lillian Trasher on her arrival in Egypt. No missionary ever had a truer calling than this child of God has to the work which has been so blessed by Him under her supervision. Miss Trasher writes of her welcome home:

"I feel that I can never thank God enough for letting me get back safely to my children. I arrived in Assiout Feb. 3rd, and nearly all of the children were at the station waiting for me. When I got off the train they all made one mad rush for me; my friends could not get anywhere near. The station was packed and even the porters forgot to attend to their baggage. All of the small babies were waiting for me at the front door. When I got free from their caresses I ran to my room and knelt down and thanked God for caring for us all during these past months, and at last letting me once more get home to my poor little children.

"I had sent them a telegram from Cairo and they shouted for joy until they were hoarse. They ran out into the street and told everybody whether they knew them or not, 'Do you know that mama is coming today?' The whole house was painted over new, and their faces were so clean they shone. I was presented to the new children who had come while I was away, and soon they were all calling me 'mama' just like the rest.

"They had all saved up their pennies to get me some presents, so out they came, inkstand, pins, soap, handkerchiefs, scissors, cakes (that had been saved for months for me), a little stale but sweeter to me than any I ever ate, candy that had been kept for weeks waiting for mama to come and eat. My share of the Christmas nuts and candy, a cherished handkerchief with big, yellow border (a present to one of the little girls) was given to me. Surely no one ever appreciated any precious stones like I did those little love gifts that have been waiting months for me. All I could do was to sit and weep and weep to think of their love. I cannot sleep at night. I just lie awake and think, 'Oh is it really true that I am home again.' They said, 'Mama, we knew you would get here safely because as soon as we heard that you were leaving we went to the Holiness people, to the Presbyterians and to the Hospital and asked everybody to please pray that God would bring you safely across the ocean, and, mama, we prayed too very hard so we knew you would get here safely, but we have cried every day since you left.

"There is no use in my trying to tell how I feel for there are some things beyond words. This is the most wonderful week of my life. No one knows how hungry I've been for their little arms around my neck and their pure, innocent love. My big girls just sit and look at me and we all start weeping; that is the only way we express what we feel.

## Help in the Day of Trouble

Some extracts from the pen of Mrs. Richardson in the heart of the Congo will give our readers an insight into what life in the bush means, one lone missionary leaning on God alone:

"So much has happened how can I make it short? You know something of my much hard work in getting the place ready for occupancy during rains. In three months' time five buildings, 9 x 9, goat house and pigeon house, and my own little house and gardens. Of course the clearing isn't nearly done yet but I felt absolutely tired. My workmen nearly all dropped off which troubled me at first, and then I realized it was of the Lord's goodness and set myself to rest, as much as possible.

"I was feeling somewhat rested when the devil put in a master stroke. We have the African cobra here, a spitting snake, and it is apt to trouble the fowls, especially at night. I have a little rifle which I use, which is much better than trying to kill one with a stick. It is my custom never to leave cartridges in this rifle, and one day the boys let a snake get away while I was loading up. This snake was seen coming from fowl run; I was disappointed in not getting it for I do dislike tackling one of these in the fowl house at night. Soon after a native unearthed one under a stump and we shot this. Then I thought to leave some cartridges in over night and cautioned my boys not to touch my gun. I had forbidden them to touch it without permission and said that they should never point it at another boy.

"In my many duties I forgot to take out cartridges the next morning in my haste to get in some seed maize, and called on all hands to help me. Kitambala had a little work to do in my room, and I left his little nephew, about ten, sitting watching fowls and making a pigeon nest. We had barely commenced work in garden when I heard the cry from Muke, 'Lolo! lolo!' in seeming agony. Kitambala had disobeyed, and forgotten about the cartridges and pointed the gun at Muke saying, 'I'll shoot you,' and fired. The bullet entered the side just above the heart. We laid him out on the verandah, Kitambala heart stricken, holding him. Muke seemed stricken with death.

"I will not attempt to describe my own agony. Why had I left the cartridges in? If death came to this boy here on this place and with my gun it seemed I couldn't stand it. It couldn't be! Then it would be ruination to the work at least for a time, these people are so superstitious and so ready to blame the white people. Muke seemed dying. His eyes rolled and his jaw dropped; his tongue became purple and his heart threatened to stop. As he lay there quiet, he bled so freely it seemed that would take his life. But God heard and spared, praise His name! That was Nov. 29th and seemed my 'day of trouble' of all days. Was any one burdened that day? I stood upon, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver.' For once the heathen have seen one calling upon the living God. I don't

know how true Muke and Kitambala were in their village, for they took him home, but I felt God had delivered him and delivered me. My strength was spent and for a few days I felt useless; then again my strength was renewed. One pleasing thing, the boys stopped all wailing at once when friends came. Some one in village asked Kitambala that same day, 'Now will you return to Madamu?' And he said in effect, 'Certainly.' They asked Muke and he replied, 'If I live I'm going to return to Madamu.'

"Then I've been ill with one of my hard throat attacks and no one but my boys to do for me. It started Tuesday night, Dec. 16th. Wednesday and

Thursday I thought deliverance had come, but Thursday night I knew I was in for an attack. The throat was bad but my body didn't succumb as usual. I didn't lose my voice completely and was saved the choking period. When I first realized what I had to go through on Thursday night, I thought of mother, of husband who had nursed me through two attacks, and others, but I nestled down into my pillow with this thought so sweetly emphasized, 'He alone maketh me dwell in safety' and I had Him. If I had all the others it would still be 'He alone.' I've been steadily gaining my strength and today I feel fine."

## The Healing of His Seamless Dress

### How One Tract Was Used

Mrs. Cora Rice Fish, Randolph, Vt.



It is many years since God first showed me He was the Healer of the body. He led me into this wonderful truth when it was almost a reproach to believe in Divine Healing; but human skill failed me and my great need opened my heart to anything that came offering deliverance.

Thirty years ago I was a complete invalid. In getting down from a stage-coach my dress caught and I fell on my back, injuring my spine and causing internal trouble and constipation. I spent nine months in a private sanatorium in Buffalo, N. Y., during which time I took all kinds of treatments and everything was done to relieve me. Medicines were many and varied, but during all these months I did not improve.

The year before I had received one of Carrie Judd's tracts from an old school friend. It was an account of her wonderful healing. I read it and was interested because I had had answers to prayer. I thought it was wonderful, but that I was not good enough to be healed that way, and left the tract in the bottom of my trunk.

I had spent a great deal of money in this sanatorium and was not benefited. As I looked forward to a long life of invalidism my heart sank within me. I envied people as I saw them walking along the street, thinking perhaps I might never be able to walk freely again without suffering. When I realized that I was not receiving help from the Sanatorium I began to think about this tract which I then got out of my trunk. I was just about to leave Buffalo for Connecticut, where my husband was awaiting me, and I found the address of Carrie Judd's

Divine Healing Home on this tract. The very last day I was at this Sanatorium I felt impelled to visit this home and see Miss Judd (now Mrs. Montgomery.) I realized afterwards that it was the Lord putting this on me. I took a cab and rode to this Home and when I reached the place found that Miss Judd had just married and gone to California. She had left in her place a sister whose name I do not now recall, but she herself had been wonderfully healed of the Lord, and as she told me of it and of her husband's healing, I felt I could not doubt it, and believed I could be healed of everything except constipation. That seemed to me to be almost too hard for the Lord. I left Buffalo that day for my home, carrying with me a great box of medicines from the Sanatorium. After riding all night my mind was made up to drop all my medicines except the pills which I felt obliged to take every night. When I reached home I told my husband that I had decided to trust the Lord for my healing and would not take any more medicine but the pills. He rather resented it because he did not believe in that way of healing, and besides, he had paid out a great deal of money, but I went on my knees before the Lord and He touched my body so that I felt greatly encouraged. Then the pills I took didn't seem to do any good, and the Lord began to talk to me about not taking them. One night as I was about to take one, I felt checked and put it back in the box saying, "I will not take any more pills if I die." That was the last pill I ever tried to take and in a year from that time I went to housekeeping and did all my own work. I had been a complete invalid for three years, spending much of my time in bed.



Some eight or nine years later I had a trouble come upon me which seemed like appendicitis. The pain was so severe I would sit with my hands clinched, many times. I stood almost alone, having no one near me on whom I could call for prayer. I heard about how God was healing people in Chicago, and because I refused to have a doctor my husband insisted on my going there. As soon as I reached Chicago I took a dreadful cold and was sick for two weeks. One night I was very, very ill and my lungs were in such a condition that I could hardly breathe, and I had a slight hemorrhage. A minister and his wife had prayed for me, and after they left I was alone in my room. I started to cough and suddenly I found I could not breathe and felt I was dying. I threw up my hand and gasped, "God help me!" Instantly on my head and chest there were hands laid; they seemed just like a mother's hands would feel to a sick child, and I realized the presence of angels in the room. At once I could breathe freely and went into a sound sleep. When I awoke in the night the "presence" was still there. I was in a dripping perspiration and oh so comfortable and restful. Then I began to argue with myself, "Well there isn't anyone here," and something within me said, "But there is." I was still conscious of a supernatural presence and I raised up in the bed, and then I was alone. But I was healed from the lung trouble. For a long time I didn't get any healing for what seemed to be appendicitis, and suffered much from the pain in my side, but I had my own ideas about some things which God had to smash, and this is sometimes the reason we do not get healing. We tell the Lord just how we want it done and set our judgment up against His, so He has to wait until we are through before He can act. He chooses "the weak things to confound the wise, and the things that are not to bring to naught the things that are." There was one man there who prayed for the sick who had a withered hand, and I wasn't willing to have him pray with me. I really prayed against it and said, "Lord, don't let him lay his hand on me. It says in Your Word "They shall lay *hands* on the sick," and he had only one hand. Finally one evening I was suffering very much, and as I was going up to my room I met him and asked him to pray for me. He and his wife came to my room and he put his hand on my side and prayed, and then and there I was instantly healed.

All my life, practically, I had been subject to attacks of hemorrhoids and some time after this I had a severe attack from which I did not get relief, although I prayed constantly and felt I was trusting the Lord. It was hard for me to be on my feet and do what work was necessary. I kept a maid for a year, but finally was obliged through circumstances to let her go. This made it doubly hard for me and finally one afternoon I went to my room and fell upon my knees weeping. I felt it was more than I could bear and told God so. I told Him I did not think it was right when I trusted in Him that I should suffer in this way. I do not know all I did say and I never did finish, because I felt the power of God touch me and knew I was perfectly healed. I rose with deep rejoicing in my very soul, and from that moment I have never had a recurrence of that affliction.

\* \* \*

In the year 1903 a goiter developed on my neck. It grew quite large and developed outside and inside, so that at times I suffered agony to get my breath. It was as large as my wrist and the sensation was like a rope being twisted about my neck. I did not say anything to my husband for a long time because my collar concealed the enlargement, and I thought he would ask me why I did not trust God for it. I was trusting God the best I knew, and didn't want to tell of my failure to get deliverance. Finally it became so bad that I went to him one morning and said, "I want you to feel my neck." He was so shocked for a minute he couldn't speak, and then asked me if I thought it was cancer. I said I did not know what it was. "Well," he said, "you will have to go to Zion City to the people who pray." I thought it would cost so much to go all that distance, that I ought not to go, but he insisted and so I went. Different ones prayed for me but I was there for three months without getting any relief. I got such awful choking spells it seemed I could hardly breathe. Finally one Sunday morning I became so discouraged that I was desperate. There were many people in the hotel where I was stopping, but I didn't know on whom to call; there didn't seem to be any help for me. I threw myself on the bed and wept bitter tears, as I said, "Father, don't let me lie here alone and die like this." It came to me after a few minutes to go to a dear little woman whom I knew slightly. I hated to disturb her as this was the only time she had to spend with her family, but after composing myself I went and rapped timidly on

her door, and found her alone. I burst out crying and said, "I have come to have you pray with me." With her heart full of love she pulled me into the room and kissed me. She made me sit down in a big, comfortable chair in a sunny window and said, "Now we will pray. God has blessed my hands before and perhaps He will this time." She prayed a few words and I was so comfortable and restful I dropped into a little sleep. Then she had me go and lie on the bed in the next room so I would not be disturbed when her husband came in. I slept **for several hours and that was the last time that goiter ever choked me.** It slowly disappeared. The love of God in that woman was so manifest that through her God showed His love for me. I always felt it was love that wrought that healing.

\* \* \*

About five years ago I was attacked with a disease in my mouth. A root of an abscessed tooth having been broken off and left in the gums, caused serious trouble. The outer coating of the tooth was gone and the root was decaying in the jaw. The poison went all through my body so that I was desperately sick. I had symptoms of tuberculosis, coughed constantly, raised mucous, and had night sweats and was finally confined to my bed. There was a constant pain in my lungs and a burning band like a red-hot iron around my chest and shoulders, which almost suffocated me. I grew weaker and weaker and began to feel that perhaps this would be my last sickness. As I lay on my bed my mind wandered over many things. I had in my possession several fine violins, the work of my first husband, and I held them very sacred because of his memory, and then too they were of excellent workmanship. Three months before while in Chicago with friends, a gentleman with whom I was acquainted called, and in the conversation some one said to him, "Has your boy received the violin he was praying for?" "No," he said, "he hasn't, but he is still praying. Sometimes he says to his mother, 'Mother, the Lord is a good while sending me that violin,' but he is still trusting for it." He was then thirteen years old. A friend turned to me and said, "You might give him one of yours." I was very indignant in my heart and thought to myself, "I guess that mere boy will not have one of my fine violins. He might never make a player anyhow." I gave some evasive answer, and for a long time forgot the circumstances, but

now when I was so ill and thinking I might never be raised up again I began to think about those violins. I wanted them to be used where they would be appreciated, and that at least one or two of them should be used for the glory of God. And this boy and his prayers all came back to me. It seemed to me as though I could not get that violin into his hands quickly enough. In my weakened condition I wrote to his father asking if his boy's prayers had been answered, and anxiously awaited his reply. I had an intense desire to give him mine and hoped that he hadn't yet obtained one. His father wrote back that he was still praying for one. I had very clear leading which one to send him, and I immediately had it packed and shipped. It is needless for me to tell of the joy in that home when that violin was received. The Lord would have answered that boy's prayer even though I had not been obedient, but I would have missed a blessing.

In the meantime I grew steadily worse. I had heard of some Pentecostal people who believed in Divine Healing, living at Runney Depot, N. H., about fifty miles from my home, and I had a friend telephone them for prayer, and also, ask Pastor Wright, who was at the head of the work at Runney Depot, to come if he could. While he was telephoning I walked out into my sitting room holding on to chairs as I walked, and sat down. I reached out for my Bible and the Lord gave me this scripture: "The grave cannot praise Thee...the living, the living, he shall praise Thee as I do this day." But I could not seem to praise Him, and I made my way slowly back to my bed. Then I felt suddenly an impulse to get dressed, I thought I was going to die and determined if I did, I would die getting dressed, and thus made the attempt. I went to the closet to get my clothes and began dressing, and before I had my clothes on, the burning band around my body was gone, and I was perfectly free. I afterwards found it was just at the time they were praying in Runney Depot that this occurred. Pastor Wright came at eight o'clock in the evening. I was having a bad night sweat when he arrived and the perspiration was saturating everything. After talking with me for an hour or so he prayer for me, anointed me with oil and left me for the night. I turned over and went to sleep and slept like a baby, something which I had not done for weeks. I never had another night-sweat after that.

Then I began slowly to convalesce, but in my

weakness I had many discouragements. During this time the Lord began to talk with me about the foundation on which I was standing and one morning gave me Luke 6:46-49, and that little song which has been blessedly used, "Builded on the Rock."

Over and over again I sang the chorus, "I hold not the Rock but the Rock holds me," I had lost my grip, it seemed, and the Lord was trying to show me that I didn't have to strive and struggle, but He, the Rock, was holding me. So God used it at that time to the strengthening of my body.

\* \* \*

It was during this time that I had a very precious experience with my hair. For three or four years it had been coming out, until it was very, very thin. I had prayed much about it but felt the Lord was not going to answer my prayer for this. One day I was having a very severe battle as I was praying for the other trouble, and the Lord spoke distinctly to my heart the scripture, "There shall not an hair of your head perish." For a moment I was stunned. It was so evidently the voice of God, and in my astonishment I answered as I would a person, rather vehemently, "But Lord, it is perishing every day," and I turned away unbelievably. From that day, however, my hair ceased to fall out and within two or three weeks I realized it had become very much thicker. It continued to grow in until now I have an unusual head of hair.

\* \* \*

While passing a few weeks in New York City two years ago at the Forty-second Street Mission I was taken with something like the flu, and although many times the dear leaders and others prayed for me and I seemed to get perfect victory, yet after a few days I would find myself break right down again. There was a convention on finally and I was too ill to attend. Many and fervent were the prayers but I coughed almost constantly. Dear Mrs. B. came up to my room one day at noon and told me she would send up two of the ministers to pray with me, mentioning several who had been much used of God in healing. But the Lord some way did not permit them to get the message. I waited until late in the afternoon and then I sat up in bed and told my husband in no uncertain tone that I considered it was time something was done. "Please go down and ask

some of those preachers to come up here," I said. He demurred, saying they might be in a service and we had better wait until that was over. But I insisted. So he went out and returned almost directly with a large, middle-aged colored woman. A feeling of indignation swept over me, not because she was colored because I love colored people, but to think he had brought an ordinary woman when I had sent him for the preachers, and I was so ill, too. I gave him one indignant look, and instantly I felt a little hush in my spirit, and the Lord spoke to me. "That is Jesus," He said. I turned and looked at the woman again. She had a nice face. "That is Jesus," the Spirit whispered again. It was hard to adjust myself; but I acquiesced meekly. She came and talked with me and prayed, and was so kind and sympathetic, and God touched my body and gave deliverance. And although the good preachers did come and pray later I knew I was already healed. The next day we were able to pack and take quite a journey and I did not suffer further. The Lord knows better than we what instrument to use for the blessing we need.

These are only a few of the evidences I have had of God's wonderful love in all these years since He first healed my body. Once, many years ago when taken very ill, suddenly in the night I became very much frightened, too frightened to pray, and sent my husband out to send a telegram for prayer. After he had gone I became calm, and the Lord spoke very plainly to me. "Have I ever failed you?" He said. "No, Lord, You never have," I answered. The fear left me at once and such a joy filled my heart. When my husband returned I was able to tell him I was delivered. So I can say today, "He has never failed me." I have many times failed Him, many, many times, but He has been truly faithful.

#### BOOKLETS.

- PRIMITIVE CHURCH GOVERNMENT, Schell, 10c.  
 APOSTOLIC FAITH RESTORED, B. F. Lawrence, 25c.  
 READY ARROWS FOR GOSPEL WORKERS, 25c.  
 PRACTICING THE PRESENCE OF GOD, 15c.  
 SONGS OF CALVARY, board cloth embossed covers, 25cts. by mail; \$19.00 per hundred. Exceptionally cheap. Order from The Evangel Publishing House, 3635 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Scripture Text Calendars, while they last, 13 cts. ea.

## The End!

Paul Rader in the Moody Tabernacle.



*O LIKEWISE ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it (the end) is near, even at the doors." Matt. 24:33.*

I do not want to give you men's words to start with, but God's word on this subject. If we make any deduction, if we draw any conclusion, we have no right to start with anything as a promise but the Word of God, who alone holds the future in His hand. Man has been calling himself splendid names because he has been able to preserve something of the past. He points to the pyramids, swells his chest and says, "Look what man has done; how long his building has lasted!"

Man has kept mummies for thousands of years; he has learned the secret of preserving fruits for his larder; photography has revealed processes for preserving pictures of children from babyhood through all the years of development; through the mechanism of the phonograph the human voice may now be encased in wax; the wax indentations made by sound are preserved in the harder material of the revolving disc, and the pressure of the needle upon its grooves causes the sound to be rehearsed. All this achievement is splendid, but it pales into insignificance compared with the fact that God preserves the future.

### FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY

It would be one thing for you to talk to Mr. Edison and have him tell you he could reproduce the human voice, but his statement stands or falls upon whether or not he produces what he has promised. In the Bible the history of the world is written in advance by men, and the whole Book stands or falls on whether its prophecies come to pass.

If you are a Higher Critic, you have not covered your field when you go back into this volume and assert that Isaiah did not write Isaiah, that you do not believe Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible, that there is a thousand years' difference between one portion of it and another. The Higher Critic tries to tear the Word apart and claims that what the Word says about itself is not true. He brings evidences of old manuscripts, with which to puzzle common ordinary folks; but this Book stands or falls—not upon the edicts of science, not upon their data, not upon the findings of archaeology; but upon the fulfillment of prophecy.

\* \* \*

These Higher Critics do not seem to produce anything as a fruit of their study, but simply tear things down. Suppose we should grant their deduction that parts of certain books were

written at one time, the balance at another; when we get it all pieced together it stands as one unanimous whole on the way of Salvation, and from first to last has only one method of salvation to offer, and that is by the blood of Jesus Christ. The writers of the Bible display more unity than any band on earth. They are all playing the same tune from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation, and Jesus—the Son of God, Saviour, and mighty King—is the theme. We who have studied it and who love it, find it perfectly harmonious in every part, with no contradiction and discord.

No matter how it came together, the Book is here, it has predicted certain things that were to come to pass, and it is a fact that *they have come to pass up to date, just as prophesied*. We have absolute, scientific proof that the predictions were written before their fulfillment. God has said that not one jot nor tittle shall in anywise pass from this book of the law until all be fulfilled; and His Word stands or falls on whether or not His Word has been fulfilled event by event.

God has here set forth His plan for beast, vegetable and mankind, and all the salvation of the world and the universe depends on the fact that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that He shed His blood on Calvary and is coming back to execute His own program, and that before long.

### MEN ADMIT A SUPREME BEING

There was a time when some of our scientific men were infidels, but that time is past. All real scientists believe in a supreme intelligence which controls the system of the universe. They believe it no more jumped together than did the wheels of this watch light on each other and start to go.

The same deduction applies to the Book. Only the Holy Ghost Himself could have drawn it forth and made men write it and put it together as it is today. It was superintended by God, inspired of the Holy Ghost, written under His direction and leadership. The Book itself says, "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." When the Holy Ghost got through letting one fellow write, he let another man continue the narrative, and it all agreed. Isaiah did not contradict John, David did not contradict Solomon. Peter did not contradict anything Paul said, Joshua did not contradict anything Moses had to say, Noah did not contradict anything Abraham said; you can march them by fours, wheel them about in platoons, and in regiments, and Hallelujah, they all keep step—Generals, Captains, Lieutenants, Majors and Privates, and all fit into the program, and come to a perfect climax in Christ Jesus, that He must be all and in all.

## JERUSALEM AND PALESTINE

What did Jesus say to His disciples about the end of the age? His disciples had just been talking to Him about the temple at Jerusalem, with all its wonderful architecture, and Jesus had told them, "See ye not all these things? Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." Is that a fact? Yes, there was not one stone left upon another, the whole thing was trampled under foot.

This Book also tells about the land and the character of the land. Have you stopped to think of the miracle in the land of Palestine itself? They are now negotiating a proposition to run water by a pipe-line from the Mediterranean Sea and drop it into the Dead Sea, a sheer drop of over three thousand feet. About 1400 ft. is the drop they want at the falls to make power. They plan to pump irrigating water from the rivers. The Zionist movement is on, and the Jews are going back, and you will hear more of this later. Can you tell me why everything does not grow in that wonderful climate, when Palestine was formerly a land "flowing with milk and honey"? In that land grew the cedars of Lebanon, the pomegranate, the grapes that were borne on a pole on the shoulders of Caleb and Joshua, it was the land of the vine and fig-tree; but it is barren today, and this Book foretold it.

Jesus goes on to tell of the destruction of Jerusalem, speaking of "the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet." He refers not only to the destruction in 70 A. D., but other Scripture shows that He also referred to one coming later, after the rebuilding of the city. This Book tells us that the Jews are going back to settle there, under a covenant with the other nations, and under military protection. There they will build their university, their government, and Jewish money will flow to Palestine. Jerusalem, when rebuilt, will be one of the most magnificent cities of the world. Three and one-half years after they make their contract with the Antichrist who sits at the head of the League of Nations, there will come a break, and the Jews will be hated as they always have been, and will be terribly persecuted.

\* \* \*

*"Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you; and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake."*

It is not going to be easy to be a Christian; not going to be easy to believe that Jesus is coming back to earth again, as the days go on. It is not going to be easy, with the colleges in our day teaching evolution and leaving out the blood of Jesus Christ, and informing the children of the world in the schools, that we come from protoplasm, up through the monkey stage, and are going on up. They have thrown the Bible out of the school and laughed at the Blood, and they are going to laugh at Jesus Christ and salvation is going to be "poohpoohed." It is scorned in many

churches now, oh so many! They talk about people joining the Church and living a better life, but as far as the cross of Jesus Christ is concerned, it is left out as utterly as if it never happened, and yet it is the whole center of salvation. Without this blood there is no remission of sin, and no salvation; but it is going to become more unpopular all the time.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ, the birth of Jesus Christ even of a virgin, is not so much objected to. Science does not go so far as to say for a moment that you have to have male and female in order to get life, although it is out of the ordinary. There is no objection to Jesus as a good man, no objection to His miracles, for many are saying "We will be just like that when we evolve. He was a few thousand years ahead of His time; but when we get a few thousand years more of civilization this species will develop. These species spring up early, and then the whole race follows after a while."

There is no objection at all to preaching about Jesus except the cross. *"The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but to us who believe it is the power of God, and the wisdom of God."* They do not believe this race has fallen; our modern age laughs at the idea that a man is doomed. They have laughed at hell; but this old Book that can never be changed does not laugh at all at hell-fire or eternal damnation, but says, "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, and they shall go away into outer darkness."

These are the words of the very Jesus who wrote the delightful Golden Rule. People accept that, but leave out what He has said about the judgment of nations, and of individuals, and His own return to the world. They pick out what will suit their own theories.

When you go to the popular Church, and preach this blood, trouble will start and you will be hated and despised, and persecuted; but don't let the devil bluff you for a moment, you have something coming that is worth suffering for.

*"And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold."*

## ABOUNDING INIQUITY.

Because of the lust that is in the world, because of the broken-up families, the awful passion of our day and voluptuousness portrayed by moving pictures and the other shows and books, full of the wiggle of passion, the rot of lust, and the triangle plots, the love of many shall wax cold. Our age sees the fulfillment of the prophecy, *"As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were changing in marriage, until the day that Noe entered the ark and the flood came, and destroyed them all."*

Awful stories are written in this Book, but God tells the truth in order to show us ahead of time what we are going into. We have all kinds of horrible lust in our day, and the eyes of the people

are becoming vile. Men who want to be pure will confess that their eyes are constantly assailed by the devil. The devil himself is telling women how to dress, and crowds of them are doing exactly what he tells them to do. He knows how to work the whole scheme, this longing for pleasure, fancy dress, high living, licentiousness.

God tells about it in His Book, and it is going to be hard for men to cling to their faith, easy for them to quit and fall by the wayside. The devil is trying to get you discouraged so you will quit a life of faith. Some of you have not asked a man or a woman to come to Jesus in the last year, and haven't spent a night in prayer. Some of your lives are almost prayerless. Maybe you have a habit of spending a little time once a day, or saying grace at the table, but you have put prayer on the shelf as far as having a dynamic Holy Ghost life filled with the power of God is concerned. You are drifting away like a sheep, that sees a little daisy over there, nibbles at a little bunch of grass farther on, and pretty soon looks around, finds itself alone, begins to bleat and has quit.

Thousands of Christians find their only comfort and joy in a theatre. If you want to make me suffer the pangs of hell stick me in one of those places. Thank God I can have more joy spending an hour in prayer with the saints, and you would think by the noise we make there were fifty lions yelling. I can get more fun, and joy, and satisfaction, and wisdom and foresight in an hour with God than in anything this world has to offer. If you just drink of the water that Jesus can give you, you will never thirst; never have to substitute a show or anything the world has to offer, for the joy of Jesus.

If you are going to live a half-hearted business, trying to take the world on one side and going with a worldly crowd, and walking with the Lord with the others, you are going to fall by the wayside. There is only one way to live this life, and that is out-and-out for Jesus Christ.

#### THE MISSIONARY CALL.

*"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."*

I believe the Gospel is to be preached in all nations before His kingdom comes. I do not know how long that will take, or whether it is yet accomplished, but I am going to see about it that the Gospel goes as far as my powers can take it, preached in the regions a little farther beyond, not that the world may be Christianized, but that it may be evangelized. Oh that the people may have one chance to hear! When I get reports that twenty-two millions of people in India, only seventeen days from London, have never heard the Gospel, of great territories upon which a Christian has never set foot, I want to leave for India at once. It is not fair. God wants to get the Gospel to the utmost bounds, and it is going fast. Missionaries are doing a great work, pushing on, pushing on, and perhaps within a

few days, a few months, word will come that the Gospel has reached the last province, the last community. When it has reached, as a witness (that does not mean that everyone will be converted), but when it has reached every nation as a witness, then shall the end be. I do not know how long it will take, but we had better be pouring our money in and going to the field ourselves, as God told us to go.

#### THE TRIBULATION.

The day is not far away when the Antichrist shall sit in the temple at Jerusalem, showing himself that he is God, asserting that he is the highest product of evolution. When you see that, Christ goes on to say:

*"Then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains.*

*"Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take any thing out of his house.*

*"Neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes.*

*"And woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days!*

*"But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day.*

*"For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be."*

"That word "Tribulation," or tribulum" means nothing in the world but a threshing machine. In oriental countries they have a big handle, with a flail-like affair at the end. They slap that on the wheat. The word "tribulation" comes from this word, for God is going to smite the earth, beat out the wheat and garner it into His own garner. The whole period of the tribulation is (a week, meaning seven years, according to Daniel and the Revelation) seven years: "But for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened," and the Great Tribulation seems to be put into three and one-half years, or half of the "week."

Remember that this is God's world, and that body in which you live is God's body, that pair of lungs is God's loaned property, and you belong to God. Just because you have a college diploma is no sign you can make a human body. Just because you think it dragged its way up from protoplasm and through the monkey stage, is no sign you can do as you please. From God you came, and to God you are accountable.

What we ought to plead for in America is an awful sense of the sovereignty of Almighty God, and a recognition of the fact that all judgment is given into the hands of Jesus Christ. He sent servants to His vineyard to water and care for it, but they persecuted them and ejected them. Then the owner of the vineyard said, "I will send my own Son, and they will reverence Him." But the dwellers in the vineyard took Him, and killed Him. When Jesus told that story the Pharisees knew He was talking about them.

In His own vineyard, God Almighty's Son was slain, in this world, by human hands. Men are still blaspheming Him out of their hearts. Many

have not surrendered themselves to the Son of God and taken Him as their Saviour. He is coming in awful tribulation. He is not coming again as a lowly man, but the clouds will open and he will come as the Son of God to shake this world.

If folks come and tell you there is a Christ in America, or a Christ over in Syria, you may recognize the great Antichrist sitting there as God in the temple, the most miraculous creature that ever lived. Why? Because the devil will crawl inside of a man and give his powers to him. God will let men see all they want of that kind of power.

If it is this world you want, Jesus may see that you get your fill, but in the day when you stand before Him, the blood of Jesus Christ will be against you and the blood of every martyr, the blood of every preacher who ever preached the Gospel; for the tender heart of God has provided a way of salvation, and told His preachers to preach it and give their lives to do it.

*"Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not.*

*"For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; inasmuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect."*

Why can they not deceive the elect? Because we know Christ has already died, and that when He comes again He will come in glory. We are not looking to the earth, we are looking up there, and before we have time to look, scarcely, one of these days or nights, He will come for us.

\* \* \*

*"Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken."*

\* \* \*

*"Now learn a parable of the fig tree. When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh;*

*"So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors."*

The fig-tree in the Scripture always means the Jew. Whenever you see them putting forth leaves, you know that summer is nigh. We see a robin, and although there may be snow on the lawn, we know it will only be a little while until warm weather comes. Whenever you see a crowd of Jews heading toward Jerusalem as Jews, the time is near.

The scientists may take a telescope and squint at the planets and tell folks the world is coming to an end, but, thank God, I am not looking at the planets, I am looking at the Book. Planets may come, and planets may go, but the Word of God goes on forever. We are not looking for planets. He says after the tribulation time we will get that star story.

They are just beginning to move around in heaven, just setting the stage. We see a little glimpse as they move the furniture, and the cur-

tain opens a tiny bit. But it doesn't bother those who are in Christ, for "He ever liveth to make intercession for the saints." You cannot scare me with planets or anything else. My soul is bathed in the blood of Jesus Christ, and I am looking for the King. The time is short; it is even at the doors, but the opportunity is yours now who are outside of Christ, to close in with the offer of salvation.

\* \* \*

## The Winnipeg Revival

**I** WILL give you the rain of your land, in his due season." Deut. 11:14.

What we consider to be one of the most wonderful and most effective outpourings in the history of the Latter Rain in Winnipeg, has just transpired in our midst. During the procedure of Sister McPherson's special effort in our city, faith ran high, and was in turn accompanied by a glorious manifestation of the healing, saving and baptizing power of God. No one but the Lord Himself can sum up all the work accomplished toward the raising of the Pentecostal standard of Gospel in this great Northwestern district.

Many good Pentecostal leaders have maintained that the best way to promote our message is to go along quietly. "gather hand picked fruit," promulgate the truth without too much hurrah. However sound such reasoning may seem in the natural, facts demonstrate its futility. In a day of dense apostasy, when even Christian believers of the highest type feel the pressure of the tide of spiritual sluggishness creeping in, God, in infinite wisdom, finds it necessary to use the most drastic means in getting the attention of the masses of humanity. The Holy Spirit in these days of unbelief breaks through the counteracting influences by applying these powerful spiritual awakenings, which the rational modern Pharisee is so apt to misjudge, as "spectacular" or "sensational." However, the beginning revival of Church history seems to have possessed this very feature.

This revival did not come without much prevailing prayer. During the progress of our work in Winnipeg for the past three years, a number of the true saints of God have held on for a general spiritual awakening throughout these parts. We consider true Holy Spirit intercession the real impetus of this revival.

Right from the start the power of God fell like rain. Our new and commodious church building was filled to its utmost capacity, extra

rows of chairs were placed down the aisles and in the gallery, in fact, everywhere that there was room. All the altar space was filled in and even on the edge of the platform, on the steps and on the floor, children gathered and filled in every available space. Truly it was a wonderful sight. It was estimated that on the second Sunday night in particular, ten car loads of people, besides many more who were walking, arrived after the doors were locked. About seventeen hundred people were accommodated, a large overflow meeting being held in the basement. Old time conviction rested so mightily on the people that they would rush to the altar and weep their way to Jesus. It was impossible to keep account of the numbers saved and baptized with the Spirit. At the Thursday afternoon healing meetings we were reminded of the time when Jesus was on earth by the way the people thronged to the altar for prayer. Some very remarkable testimonies of healing were given; tumors, ruptures, and gall-stones were removed; rheumatism, deafness, consumption, and in fact many various diseases were healed by the power of concentrated faith. The daily Tribune took active interest in the campaign. The reporter became favorably impressed, giving us large and attractive write-ups. The city was totally unprepared for the scenes witnessed during this campaign. Many acted as though they were not sure whether to laugh or weep, run or send for the police. Quickly, however, the realization that God was at work in a mighty visible way was borne in upon them. Faces became grave and interested. Numbers melted to tears, turned to give God the glory. Some ministers of the Gospel, and Salvation Army officers are now enjoying the Holy Spirit, and are joining the procession that moves to the music of a "God breathed Book," "the Spirit filled life" and "that blessed hope."

We may also consider this a young people's revival. Many dear young people who were part-takers in a sad world of sin are now beautifully saved and spirit filled, and are receiving calls into definite fields of service. A large number of unbelievers have been brought into a place of living faith. A new vision has gripped our own hearts. We see as never before the vast possibilities which our distinctive message is heir

to. One of the strongest phases which we observed in Sister McPherson's ministry is her absolute confidence in the genuineness of her message, coupled with the confidence in her divine calling to proclaim the same. Her message held the great congregations spell-bound as they listened night after night to her unique way of unfolding scriptural truths commonly discarded or even despised. When the altar calls were given an army of seekers crowded their way forward to the front, many going down stairs to the spacious prayer-room, where a veritable volumn of almost continuous petition and praise ascended to the throne of the Father. Our hearts shall ever profoundly respond with gratitude for all that God has wrought.

Chas. Orville Benham, Pastor.

\* \* \*

#### THE DICKSON INDEXED BIBLE

One of the best Bibles for teachers and ministers. It contains five methods of indexing: general, tabular, subject, special and word indexes; three translations combined, King James, English and American. Over thirty years was spent in its preparation. It is gotten up along original and self-explanatory lines and makes the scriptures their own interpreter. Is a commentary, concordance, alphabetical Index, Biography and History combined, hence is invaluable in traveling. A remarkable feature: It is no larger than any other Bible with a concordance. Type clear and good. Size 5¼ x 8¼ x 1¼. Prices. No. 4 Levant grained leather, \$8.50; No. 5 Morocco, \$9.50; No. 6 Morocco grained, \$10.75 No. 7 seal grained, \$11, all leather lined, American Bible paper. India paper (1 in. thick) No. 8 seal grained leather, \$12; Genuine Morocco, \$14.50. This Bible needs to be seen in order to be appreciated.

**Christian Martyrs of All Ages.** Larger and more comprehensive than Foxe's Martyrs. Gives graphic description of the persecution of the Huguenots, Waldenses, Scotch Worthies, etc. \$2.00 by mail.

**Mary Slessor of Calabar.** The missionary book of the period. Thrilling story of heroism and devotion of a humble-minded Scottish factory girl who conquered African tribes. 353 pp. Price \$2.00.

**Christina Forsythe of Fingoland.** The story of the loneliest woman in Africa. An unparalleled example of utter consecration to the service of God. 246 pp. \$1.50.

**The White Queen of Okoyong.** An abbreviated story of Mary Slessor for young folks. Illustrated. \$1.25.

**Death to Life.** By Anna Prosser. One of the best books ever read. Cloth \$1.00, paper 50c.

**Mountain Peaks of Prophecy.** By W. H. Cossum. Light on the present situation. Cloth 55c.

**Autobiography of Madam Guyon.** No one can read this and not be deepened in God. 265 pages. 75c.

#### THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE

3635 Michigan Ave.

Chicago, U. S. A.

Come to the Stone Church Convention, May 9-23, 1920

Hardy M. Mitchell, Pastor,

6611 Wentworth Avenue

Tel: Wentworth 8931