



# The Latter Rain Evangel

*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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

## Practical Lessons from Luke Fourteen

Rewards Not Meted Out Until the Resurrection.

Pastor A. G. Ward, Toronto, Can., at the May Convention.



SHOULD like to call your attention to one of the most unique chapters of the Bible. It records the happenings of Jesus on one particular day, one Sabbath day. The chapter begins with these words: "And it came to pass . . . that they watched Him"—

they were always watching Him, but He could bear watching, and so can all who are sincere and who are putting God first. If your life will not bear inspection there is something the matter. If you and I are not satisfied to have our lives watched at midnight as carefully as at midday, it would be well for us to examine ourselves. From boyhood I never could understand anyone claiming anything that was not real. Imbedded deep in my soul I discovered in early life a cry for reality, and sham has always been a disgust to me, and yet the country is full of folk who know that they are professing what they do not enjoy and what is not real to them. As they continue doing that, they develop into full-blown hypocrites.

Now I do not insinuate that in this church there is a hypocrite; nobody has suggested such a thing to me, but if there should be, I trust that the Lord will so visit the church with apostolic power that it will be difficult for him to "roost" here more than one night anyway, for a hypocrite is a poor asset to any society. You ask, "What do you mean by a hypocrite?" I have no doubt you have heard this, but it may bear repeating: Years ago in a certain college in this country, there was a professor who was known as a great bugologist. It is said that he knew all the bugs from Adam's time down, but the boys determined that they would fool the old professor, and they fixed up a bug. They took the head of one, the wings of another, the body of another and the legs of another, and putting them together they said seriously, "What sort of a bug is this?" The old professor looked at them and said, "Gentlemen, this is a humbug." That is as good a definition as I know of for a hypocrite. His head is in the church, his heart is in the world, his feet run in the paths of sin, his hands are ready to cheat the next fellow if he gets a chance. He is a humbug. May the good Lord deliver every church from humbugs. I am glad it is possible to live a clean, straight life. There are some folks who question whether this can

be done. They say everything is so crooked these days, a person cannot live right if he wants to do so. I am glad they are mistaken. Give God a chance and He will so empower you with His own power that you can walk right in the midst of all this defilement and crookedness without even being contaminated by it. You will not mind being watched.

I recall that day when Paul went up to Corinth and knocking at the door of the church, the door-keeper came and said, "What do you want?" "I'd like to come in and have a little fellowship." "Well, where are your credentials?" "Here, they are," he said, and pulling them out of his pocket he handed them over, and the man read, "Receive us. We have corrupted no man. We have defrauded no man, we have wronged no man," and he was admitted. I think it was perfectly right to admit a man like that. Other credentials do not amount to much these days, but if you can say, "We have corrupted no man, defrauded no man," we ought to extend to you the right hand of fellowship.

On this day when they were watching Jesus so closely—not anymore closely than you and I are being watched by the old Pharisees of today, somebody is watching us, so we had better live straight—this day one of the first lessons He undertook to teach the people was a lesson on humility. "Humility, that rare sweet root, from which all other virtues shoot." It seems like a scarce commodity. John Wesley wrote to Asbury and said, "Asbury, I study to be little. Everybody is striving to be big. How many a humble walk is turned to a proud strut. Somehow they feel they are the people, with their heads in the air, and when they die wisdom will die with them. Humility! What a pity there is not more of it! Of course, some make a fair show of humility but if you were to investigate you would find they are on the verge of bankruptcy, like the merchant who puts all his wares in the shop-window, and if you go and look on the shelves you will find them empty. We ought indeed to be humble; there is no occasion for any mortal on earth being anything else." I am sure this is true.

Now what is the root of humility? Knowledge. No man who knows himself and who knows God, can be other than humble, and when folk are strutting around exhibiting pride, they are advertising to intelligent people that they

are not acquainted with themselves or with God. If you know yourself, you will feel small indeed, and if you are in living touch with heaven, you cannot be other than humble. What a pity there is not more humility. "When a man is all wrapped up in himself he makes a mighty small parcel."

Then Jesus proceeded to give them a lesson on another line. He said, "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." He observed that they hadn't done this. Having a feast they had evidently forgotten the lame, the halt and the blind. They had invited to this feast the folk who would be able to invite them back, so they would not be anything out, and Jesus said, "See here, now. You are commercializing this thing," and do you know there is far too much commercializing in our religious life these days. Now the Lord is not objecting to us inviting our friends to a lunch but He is saying if we are to choose between the two, then choose this one. If you cannot afford to do both, then leave your friends alone and call in the poor, the halt and the blind, because they must be looked after if your friends never are invited. Now you say, "Who is there nowadays who wants his house filled up with blind folk, the lame and the maimed?" They would be afraid their neighbors would begin to criticize if they looked out and saw some blind people being led in, others in tatters and rags, some others on crutches and they would say, "What kind of people are they, anyway?" We like to have the folk ride up in automobiles and step out all dressed up to date; then our neighbors will think we are in the upper class. Jesus says this is all wrong. If you want to do any entertaining, get folk who are blind and on crutches, folk who are poor. Talk to them about salvation, and in that way you will please heaven. When the church begins to do that she will be more like Jesus.

There is much about our churches that is not practical these days. I think it is perfectly right to shout, but shouting isn't a very practical thing unless when you get thru shouting you practise the "shout." It is perfectly right to have testimony meeting, and I like it when the tide rises, but there is nothing very practical about that unless after you are thru testifying with your tongue you begin to testify with your feet and hands and minister to the needy. This old world is still in need of folk who have the love of God in their hearts and are ready to exhibit it in practical ways. Oh brother, sister, "There are so many helpful things to do along life's way; so many troubled hearts to soothe, so many pathways

rough to smooth; so many comforting words to say, to hearts that falter along the way." There are far too many priests and Levites in Pentecost. God send some good Samaritan to our ranks who will get off his beast if need be, stoop over the wounded man by the roadside, and after applying oil to his wounds, take him to the inn and provide for him until his recovery. Jesus says he that does that kind of thing shall be blest, and you know when the Lord promises a thing He is back of it. "They cannot recompense thee," said the Lord, "but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Here we have two truths presented to us. The resurrection of the just is distinguished from the resurrection of the unjust. I wonder which resurrection you will have a part in. The resurrection of the just is the "out-resurrection" from among the dead, the resurrection that Paul had in mind when he carried all his antiques to the manure heap and said, "I am doing that, that I may be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is thru the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death; if by any means I might attain unto the *out-resurrection of the dead*." That is the resurrection where Jesus says these folk will be recompensed who will fill up their house with cripples, and blind people and minister to these who are in need.

Then there is the truth of recompense, or reward. Jesus in many other scriptures makes it clear that His people are rewarded according to their works. We are saved by faith. There is not a single thing a man can do to merit salvation. Jesus paid it all, but when it comes to "rewards" that is entirely different. We will be rewarded according to our works, and that is why I feel like exhorting everybody to do all they can to fill up every day with the noblest service that is possible to render, in order to increase their reward. But the full reward cannot be granted until this resurrection of which He speaks. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,—from the very moment they die; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them;" that is, it is not possible for the believer to enter into the fulness of his reward at death, because he continues to exert an influence long after he has gone to be with Jesus. Paul, the apostle, is exerting a wider influence today than in the days when he was here on earth; consequently, his

works will follow after, and as they follow after, his reward increases. Therefore we cannot enter into the fulness of our reward until we have ceased to exert an influence down here and all our works have been gathered in. Then we will be recompensed fully at the out-resurrection from among the dead.

Now these were really some of the laws of His Kingdom that Jesus was propounding that day, and as He talked in this manner, one man who was listening thought out loud and said, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." Do you suppose he was sincere? I don't. He was just an admirer of truth, as many people nowadays are admirers of truth. For instance there are people who travel miles to go to a prophetic conference to hear truths about the Second Coming, and when they come out of the meeting they say, "Indeed I am not going to live as if Jesus would be here tomorrow. I just like to hear about it." And then there are plenty of folk who go into a church and bow their heads and say, "Our Father who art in heaven . . . *Thy kingdom come,*" and go out and say, "I will not have this Man to rule over me."

This man in the Bible was just an admirer of truth. He thought out loud: "I never heard such teaching as that. This Rabbi is propounding truths superior to anything I ever listened to," and Jesus was able to see right through him. He lost no time in dealing with him, and handled him without gloves as He gave the parable of the great supper. A certain man made a great supper and bade many, but they all with one consent began to beg off. Then He gives the three excuses, which really cover all the ground of excuse-making. You will notice that they didn't give any reasons, but just excuses. "Well," you say, "I do not see any difference between a reason and an excuse." Oh yes, there is a decided difference! An excuse hasn't any reason to it. For instance: Your boy comes home from school. He has some home work to do but he wants to play, so he scampers out and plays until he is sleepy. When he comes in he goes to bed. In the morning he is in a disturbed state of mind over it and comes to you, "Mother, I wish you would write me an excuse," and you foolishly write, "Please excuse Willie from his home work." So Willie goes off as big as life. When the question of home work comes up, "Willie, is your work done?" "No, ma'am, but I have this," and proud as a peacock, he hands out his note. The teacher pays no attention until the noon hour when all the pupils are retiring, Willie included. "Willie, how about your home work? Sit down and do it." If the

mother would have said, "Willie was very ill last night," or "I had work for him to do which occupied his entire time," it would have been different.

There are plenty of folk making excuses like that without any reason. There are men and women in this place who can present no reason to the Almighty for not being out and out for God. There is no reason that any of us can give for not being enthusiastic in the cause of Christ and all on fire with His love, because He has called us to this sort of a life. He has promised to meet every need. He has given us His Word that if we will give Him a chance He will deliver us from the world and set us all on fire.

Now these excuses: The first man said, "I have bought a piece of ground and must needs go and see it." The second said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen and must go and prove them," and the third, "I have married a wife and cannot go." These three excuses cover all the grounds of excuse-making. The first, the pride of possession, the second, attention to business, and the third deals with the claim of another affection. When you press upon them the claim of heaven they say, "See what it will mean for me to take this humble way of the cross." You declare to become a disciple of Jesus it is necessary to forsake all. They are *Proud of their possessions* although they know right well, naked they came into the world and naked will they go out. They know that whatever they are possessed of has either been handed down to them or they themselves have been able with the strength and brain power God has invested in them, to accumulate the same, and yet they allow what God has entrusted to them to hinder them from recognizing heaven's claims upon them. Oh when will we reach the place where we will recognize that in the final analysis we are not owners of anything! We are but stewards at the best. Divine ownership is not recognized in our days as it ought to be, consequently we are forever talking about *our possessions*. The fact is, these things are not our own. They are entrusted to us to be used for Another, and that other is Jesus Christ. We ought not to let the claim of pride of possessions hinder us from recognizing God's claim upon us. Our first duty is to recognize the fact that we are stewards and that God has a perfect right to lay claim to our time and strength and everything else.

And then there is *attention to business* that hinders some people. They say, "It is all very well to talk as you do to old ladies that haven't anything much to occupy their time, and to chil-

dren, but I am a business man, actively engaged in the affairs of this life. I cannot sit around in meetings and spend time in prayer. I must be busy." If you find yourselves in any position that makes it impossible for you to obey God, you can take it for granted without waiting for any further light, that you are in a business God doesn't want you in, for God never put any man in a position where he could not do what He required of him, and then punish him for not doing it. So, no matter what your business is, if it is a business according to the will of God, it is a business which will afford you plenty of time to recognize heaven's claims and put God first. And if your business will not allow you to do that, I beg of you in Jesus' name, to dispose of it at any sacrifice and get into a place where you can serve the Lord. I learned when I was a boy, the first question in the shorter catechism, which was, "What is man's chief end?" and the answer was, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." Then man's chief ambition ought to be the same as his chief end.

Then there is another thing which hinders thousands of men this day and will drive them down to the eternal burnings unless they put God first—I never apologize for asking people to put God first, and indeed, when I ask them to do that, I only ask them to follow the common law of honesty, which is, to give to the person that which belongs to him. If you are not doing that you have stooped beneath the plane of honesty. Everything you have belongs to God, and you, in order to be honest must take your hands off and recognize God's claim.

*The claim of another affection:* Oh how often a young man allows the claim of another affection to interfere with his services to God, and later on curses the day that he was ever united in wedlock with a woman who was not God's choice! I was not born yesterday, although I am not as old as some present, but in the last twenty years or more I have heard some sad stories as I have traveled over this country. There are women who are living in torture every day of their lives because they know that earlier in life they allowed the claim of another affection to interfere with God's claim, and by so doing they get out of God's will to such a degree that it seems impossible for them to get back again. They mourn their condition but are helpless to remedy it. I appeal especially to the younger folk. Before you become involved in affairs that will cause, perhaps, everlasting regret, recognize the claim of heaven, no matter what other affection has to be sacrificed. If we

only knew it, God's plan for our life is far superior to any plan we can manufacture or work out.

I stood, years ago, on a street in a certain city and debated in my mind for some time, would I ask the privilege of writing to a young woman in that city, for I was leaving the city that night. Finally I felt checked, and said to my heart, "I will not do it." Thank God I did not, for had I done that and allowed my affections to go out to her, I would have allowed them to go out to a woman who was not God's choice for me. Later on, God gave me His own choice, a woman to whom I shall always feel indebted, one who has stood bravely by me in the hard places of life; a woman who is at her best when things are the hardest. God bless her!

Now after Jesus had spoken like this, He got up from the place where He was sitting and started down the road. The crowd started after Him and I can imagine that some of the disciples began to feel very happy and said to each other, "Now isn't this wonderful! See the crowd! This is the day for which we have waited. This is our day. Before this they have been pointing the finger of scorn at us and saying all sorts of mean things, but see the crowd! We are in the majority now." But Jesus soon settled that. They had not gone far until He stopped right in the road: "Hold on, friends, just a minute," and I expect if we had been there some of us would have said, "Now, Jesus, do not spoil things. There is Mrs. So-and-so. Of course she is not converted, but she is a woman of considerable prestige. Isn't it wonderful to think that she is in our crowd today? Don't say anything that will offend her, for it will be a great help to this Movement if she identifies herself with us. And there is Mr. So-and-so. He is not a Christian, but if you will just hold on to him a little while, perhaps he will yield to God. Do not make the way too hard. Do not be too radical." John Ploughman would say that is like buying a goose and expecting it to turn into a new milch cow.

That is the cry these days, but God wants us to be out and out, and it certainly means as much now as ever. All you need to do is to turn to the Word and find out what God says. There you have the last word and do not need to apply to any higher court, for there is no higher court than that over which God presides. Jesus well knew that a large percentage of these people were not in earnest. They were "admirers of truth" and were no more in earnest than a lot of people are today. Sometimes a person is tempted to be swept clear off his feet in a meeting where the

spiritual tide is rising high. You see a great move and think everybody will be converted, but if Jesus were here He would say to many, "Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do; except ye repent ye shall . . . perish." I tell you we have lost our sense of the sinfulness of sin, and we act in these days as if it were a big favor we were conferring on God when we condescend to kneel at the altar, to say nothing about repenting of sin. I believe if a man gets right with God today he will get right the way our fathers did. I believe if a girl gets right with God she will go about it in the same way that our mothers did, and if you and I go to heaven we will go the way the Apostle Paul went. We are dwelling in a Fool's Paradise as sure as I am here tonight if we think we can deceive God. When we stand before Him we will find He is still a God who hates sin and will not look upon it with any degree of allowance. It is all right to talk about Him being a God of love, but that is a meaningless expression unless you link it up with another, that He is a God of holiness. Without Him being a God of holiness, the thought of Him being a God of love is a weak, sentimental thing. But being a God of holiness as well as a God of love, He is of necessity forced to deal with the sin question, and if you will not allow Him to deal with it in this life, He will see that it is dealt with later on. The world is full of lying vanities, and folk are allowing themselves to be fooled while the enemy carries them on to destruction.

Jesus turned to the crowd, including Mrs. So-and-so, and the man with money, and the one with education, and said, "Now I want to tell you something before you proceed further: If any man come after Me and *love not* (with a less degree) his father and mother, wife or children, brothers and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple." Now that is plain, you do not need to go to the Standard Dictionary to find out what any of those words mean. The object of Christ's teaching, perfect Teacher that He was, was always to present His truths in simple language so every-day folk could understand what He meant. There is no mincing matters. "*If any man*"—there is no law in heaven that will compel you to follow Jesus. God might have made us machines, but I expect we would have had a controversy with Him throughout eternity if He had done so. We would have said it wasn't fair, that we couldn't do anything but what He wanted us to do. God could foresee that, and so He made us free moral agents, investing us with the power of choice, and with liberty to choose.

He said, "If you want to take your stand on My side, I tell you that these things are necessary, for whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple," and then He proceeded to give the people His reasons for making such demands upon them, and gave the illustration of building a tower and counting the cost, etc., telling them that only those would be of any use to Him in the work who would be willing to throw off their coats, say good-bye to their friends and die out to themselves, being as satisfied to carry the hod as to lay the cornerstone, and as willing to put on lathe as to officiate at the opening ceremony. And He was also engaged in going out to meet the adversary coming against Him with strong forces, and folk who, in a day's traveling, would begin to wish they were back with mother and had never left home, and made a mistake to give up fair prospects in life; they would not be any use to Him; "I want people to go with me in this conflict against sin and the devil who will face the issue and make one eternal choice; give up father, mother, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, die to themselves, all their prospects in life and sacrifice their ambitions, throw up their hands in full surrender to the will of God, and say, "Here I am. Whatever is of me, you are welcome to it. Take me and use me in any way you like, and I will follow until I die."

Now I would not want to discourage anybody by this exposition, and I do not believe a person will become discouraged, if there is any backbone in him. I do not imagine a person will get discouraged when he is presented with a difficulty. It puts grit in most folk and they say, "I like that. I do not want to go to heaven on flowery beds of ease. I do not think I would want some of the stretcher-bearers to carry me to the skies." Once you learn to know God and His power imparted to you, you cannot but enjoy the firing line. You don't want to be in the trenches long at a time, you enjoy the smell of powder and feel you want to be in the thick of the battle.

\* \* \*

"It is remarkable that some of those whose lives have been most bitter in this world, and most hard, are the people who continue to trust God most. Why? They have discovered His plan. "Behind a frowning Providence he hides a smiling face," was written by one who passed through deep waters. He himself could not always see the smiling face, but, nevertheless, it was, and is, always there. And how many thousands of God's people have been comforted by this true, beautiful, and uplifting thought so aptly expressed."

## The Price Some Have Paid to Preach the Gospel

God in the Midst Was Mighty.

Mrs. Wilbert R. Williamson, in The Stone Church, June 1, 1924.

*"These have come up through great tribulation" may well be said of some of our pioneer missionaries. Planting the Gospel where Christ has not been known, means the literal laying down of one's life. The experiences given below might be repeated by many who are now at the front, battling for souls among the heathen, and are given that God's children may be stirred to greater effort in prayer for those who daily face heathen forces and deadly climates.*



THE Scripture the Lord has laid on my heart is found in Romans 8:35, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" I praise God that that scripture can be wrought out in human lives. If I had not been in China and passed through some experiences there I do not think I could appreciate those words of the Apostle but somehow I can claim them mine for I feel I have been through just a little that might have caused me to separate from the love of Christ but I rejoice today that these trials and distresses only draw us closer to Him.

Just before I went to the field the first time, I looked at myself and wondered why the Lord should call me; I didn't feel I had any special ability and didn't know what lay before me, but the Lord gave me the verse, "*The Lord God in the midst of thee is mighty,*" and it surely had to be the Lord many times. If we go in our own strength we fail but when we fall back on Him He is the Mighty One to cause us to go through. This afternoon I want to give you a glimpse of some of the trials and testings that come to one on the field; it means something to go out to a heathen land. It doesn't mean just a nice outfit and an ocean trip. To the missionary it means oftentimes the laying down of his very life. I never think about the trip excepting that it lies between me and the will of God.

Before we were married I learned that Mr. Williamson had a call to Kwangsi. We didn't know there were no other Pentecostal missionaries there, and little realized that it would be required of us to pioneer, but such it was. When the other missionaries heard what we were going to do they told by their expression that they

thought we were too young to undertake such a step but truly the Lord God in the midst of us was mighty. It is not man, young or old, but God who sees us through. After we arrived in Waitsap and opened up a station the enemy tried in every way possible to cause us to flee. Even before we went into the interior we were tempted to go home but we had determined in our hearts to go through with God and He kept us steadfast.

Then after we started the work at Waitsap we were greatly tested by sickness; the first year Mr. Williamson took down with what we believed to be the flu. We were far away from all missionaries and it took ten days for any white person to get to us, but God doesn't depend upon numbers for He proved Himself just as great in the interior of China with just four Christians, as He is in America. We had moved into a little native shack above the mission. I cannot describe to you the interior of this place, the roof of ugly black tiles meeting our gaze continually, for it was so low we could reach it with our arms. The white-washed beams and little low windows,—we realized that we were really pioneering.

Below us were the cobble-stoned streets, and all day and almost all night we heard the clattering of wooden shoes as the people walked back and forth. I well remember those dark days. A theatrical troop had pitched their show right in back of the mission and the clanging of the symbols day and night with the rasping music was nerve-racking to anyone who was well, not to speak of one down with fever. One night our two workers came up to pray with us and we felt that if we didn't get the victory that night we never would get it. It was a rainy night and our tile roof was leaking so I had tin cans all over the floor to catch the rain. I felt so burdened I could scarcely pray but walked the floor, wringing my hands and letting the Spirit pray through me. Every few moments I would look at Mr. Williamson, then pray again. That night we got the victory; in our extremity God proved faithful. The first three weeks we spent there were some of the longest we have ever known. It took us two weeks to get a letter back and forth and the dear missionaries were as helpless as we were because of that thief-infested river, our only means of communicating with the out-

side world. But God was there to help us through.

God blessed the work and gave us souls, but the next year we were to be tested again. It was getting near Christmas and we were doing our best to make it a happy time for our people there but Mr. Williamson had taken a heavy cold and was much run down so was barely able to get around. After Christmas was over we had some of the young folks over for tea and then we thought we would have our own Christmas dinner, for we had not found time before, but I couldn't enjoy it for Mr. Williamson got very sick with fever and had to be in bed. By this time we had some precious Christians on whom we called to pray with us, but the heavens seemed as brass and we couldn't get victory. It was then that I prayed, "Oh Lord, lay us on someone at home to pray through for us." How glad I was that the wires weren't cut between us and heaven and I felt so thankful for those at home who I knew would pray if God burdened them. For three days he ate nothing; just drank water, and the third day I began to see some spots coming out on his face. We were happy for we thought that meant the fever was breaking, but the next day there were more red spots. Small-pox was raging there but little did we realize that the dread disease had come to our home. I never saw him so sick before and just had to trust the Lord to know what to do for him. I felt I should keep him as warm as possible and as it was in January and cold weather was on, I moved my Chinese bed-boards with a mattress right beside his bed and both of us used the same comforters for we didn't have enough for two separate beds. As time went on, he broke out all over in red blotches. At first the Chinese thought it might be chicken-pox but one day one of them decided it was small-pox and after that they wouldn't come into the room. The red blotches turned black and his face became so swollen that his eyes were shut and his lips stuck to his teeth. He was in a terrible condition. After a few days he began to perspire so that the bedding became wet through and I brought in another bed so that he could have a dry one; I found that even the boards and mattresses were wet and as it was winter we couldn't wash them so I just dried the bedding the best I could and slept on it. I want to praise the Lord that He kept me and I never took the disease.

By the time he had broken out and we were sure it was small-pox we wrote to the mission-

aries asking if they could send someone to help. From the time we wrote to the time they finally arrived it was two weeks in spite of the fact that the letter went the quickest way possible. They started the day after word was received and came up the river. Miss Lowther and Miss Meyer volunteered to come; they traveled eight days on the native junk and walked the rest of the way, eighteen miles, in order to get there two days sooner than if they had waited for another boat. Mr. Williamson was getting better, the pox marks were changing from red and black to yellow and were drying up but I had no idea what I should do. Then I took sick and we thought Mr. Williamson would have to get up to wait on me. But the next day one of our Chinese workers came and said they had heard news that white people had been seen. Perhaps you cannot appreciate what that meant to us but it was most welcome news. Soon I heard Miss Lowther's voice and I was so happy that in my weakness I got up and dressed because I knew what eight days in a Chinese junk meant. I was unable to hold up very long and had to give up and those two girls just took charge of things in a wonderful way. Miss Lowther had had small pox in America and knew just what to do for Mr. Williamson, so you see the Lord takes care of His own and doesn't allow us to be tempted above what we are able to bear. But one night when we were yet alone he had a relapse. I was in the next room preparing to retire when I heard him call me so I hastened in to see what the trouble was. To me it seemed as if he were sinking and I thought it was his last. I said, "Wilbert, say something to me," for I thought they would be his last words. I called in the workers but they were so restless they couldn't pray and would get up every few moments to look at him so I said, "This is no time to look but a time to pray." Suddenly the Lord reminded me of my promise box and I took a promise which said, "If ye ask anything in My name I will do it." It didn't take me long to ask. I sent the workers home and went to bed although Mr. Williamson didn't seem any different, but at midnight there was a change for the better and in the morning he told me how he had felt himself sinking.

How I learned to trust Him in those days! There was such an unusual calm in my spirit, no worry but just a simple trust, it was just as though the Lord gave me grace to go one day at a time. Some people think there is a great deal of romance connected with missionary work.



but let me say that we could never tell you fully the hard side; our trials had not ended yet.

I am glad that we stood the test of those two years, for they helped us in the trials that were yet to come. The last year we were there we had planned some itinerating work. Brother and Sister Finch had come up to be with us, when Mr. Williamson took down with typhoid fever. God gave me strength to care for him but after four weeks of this strain I took sick with malaria and I had chills and fever for four weeks straight. I used to think anyone having chills and fever was not very sick but I had a very severe awakening about that. The chills would come on regularly every day and at night they would lift, but I didn't care whether I lived or died. Mr. Williamson was able to be up but still had fever every day. We were so tested that we cabled home asking for prayer and I know it was because the missionaries on the field and the folk at home held on, that victory came. After five weeks the Lord raised Mr. Williamson up. He was still very weak and after three days he took down with malaria and for the remaining three months we were in China he was sick every day with chills and fever. His body began to swell up and conditions were terrible; he sick on one bed and I on the other, and Mrs. Finch not very well. The Chinese didn't do much for us for they think when a person gets sick he will die. All day long we could hear the priests going through funeral rites and the clanging of symbols. There we lay helpless; we couldn't go down country because of the condition of the river, but it just seemed as if the Lord comforted us with the words that He would not permit us to be tested above what we were able to bear. I remember the day when I felt I must get the victory; we called Brother and Sister Finch to pray for us and Mrs. Finch felt I should get up and walk. I heard of people who got up in the name of the Lord and got well. I had never done that but this time I was desperate and felt I had to do something so she took my hand and walked with me about the room.

The next morning I woke up with praises in my soul and I believe God did honor that faith because I was able to get up the next morning and that very day Mrs. Finch took down with malaria. Mr. Finch came and said, "I guess you will have to take care of yourselves now as I will have to care for Mrs. Finch." I had chills and fever every day and it affected me in such a way that when I got up I couldn't sit down and I was unable to use my right hand to write. Mr.

Williamson was still ill and one trial in connection with this was that we were unable to get the proper food. His hands and face were swollen and the people who saw him felt he would die very shortly. We wanted to go down country and made arrangements to go in a Chinese boat, but the man with whom we talked "price" refused to take us unless we agreed to pay for the junk in case the foreigner died on the way; according to Chinese superstition they would not be able to use the boat after a person died on it. When we got as far as Woo Sung the report went back that the foreigner had died but praise God he is still alive today. I am glad that we can return as witnesses to the mighty power of God, knowing that He has promised and is able to heal us from all diseases. When we got down to Sai Nam the missionaries didn't expect him to live and the natives didn't even recognize him. We sent for a physician to diagnose his case and he pronounced it pernicious enemia but we knew the Lord was able for that.

I want to praise God that in all these trials He made Himself more true and precious to us. When we came back to America we didn't know whether we would be able to return to China or not, and I found that the sacrifice to stay was much greater than to go. I am just telling you these things that you might know a little of what the missionary is called upon to pass through in those dark heathen lands. We plead with you to hold us up in prayer for it means so much to have someone at home standing back of us; we are facing the same conditions, little do we know what is facing us but I am glad that I can say from my heart,

"Placing my hand in Thy tender care  
Knowing Thou lovest me  
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere  
I'll be what You want me to be."

I just want to say that in those last three months that same calm was in my soul. The grace and peace of God are past understanding. When we came down country the missionaries wanted to take care of Mr. Williamson but they took sick and I had to take care of him all those three months. His grace was sufficient and the joy of the Lord was my strength.

It is with joy that we go forth to China again. In the face of every trial and every difficulty we know He is the God who is enough and it won't be long until we will all be leaving these earthly temples to go over yonder. May we be true and faithful and ever say an eternal "yes" to Him.

## "By His Stripes Ye Were Healed"

Pastor Philip Wittich.

Among a number of remarkable healings of Pastor Wittich, he rehearsed two at the Divine Healing meeting during the May Convention, showing the miraculous power of God as manifested today. Both of these healings are incurable from a medical standpoint, but by faith he appropriated the healing wrought for him on Calvary's cross, and the Name of Jesus, through faith in that Name, made him whole.



COULD not begin to tell you of the many instances of healing that I have experienced in my home for myself, for my wife, for my children and my grandchildren or in our mission, but I want to give you just two instances of personal healings.

About thirty-five years ago when I was pastor of a very large congregation in Pittsburgh I was stricken down with that dread disease which the physicians call *locomotor ataxia*. In the natural there was no hope for me, but I came to a specialist here in Chicago and paid a large sum for a few treatments which were of no avail. Then I met my brother who had been healed most wonderfully of the same disease and he advised me to go to a certain Faith Home and wait on God. I took leave of absence from my congregation and they gladly extended to me the privilege of four weeks with full pay because they loved me and wanted to see me restored to health. I had suffered for many a month with the most excruciating pain in my body; every one of my nerves from my head to my feet were affected, and I suffered also from insomnia; I couldn't sleep. This was a severe test with the heavy duties resting upon me; I would sometimes retire at seven or eight in the evening and ask my wife to admit no one, I would sleep perhaps for an hour or two, then wake up and have no more sleep. And thus I was dragging out a wretched existence, month after month, with death staring me in the face.

I went to this Faith Home in the State of New York, and heard the minister on the platform speak on Isaiah 53, "By His stripes you are healed." I was sitting in the very last pew of that mission holding six or seven hundred people. My whole heart went out to God; I believe I was more anxious to have God than I was to have my healing. I realized that in the natural I would have about three months to live and would leave behind a wife and three little girls, but even that did not concern me as much as the desire for spiritual blessing. It seems to me my whole

being breathed out to God and while I communed with Him I listened to the words from the minister and suddenly I heard the sweet voice of Jesus saying, "Child, I have healed thee." I had the same pains, the same symptoms, I suffered as much as ever but the word of my Lord gripped my heart and I didn't listen to the rest of the message. I didn't want to see anybody, so I walked out of that chapel and went to my room in the hotel. As I lay on my back I said, "Thank You Lord Jesus, by Your stripes I am healed." The next morning I arose with the same pains, the same symptoms and apparently the same disease. From the natural it didn't seem that anything had happened, but the Word of God had gripped my heart and the little faith that God gave me gripped the Word and I continued to thank Him.

I took the next train home to Pittsburgh and resumed my pastoral duties in that large congregation. People would say, "Are you healed, pastor?" and I would reply, "Yes I am healed by the stripes of Jesus." Some of them gave some very doubtful looks as much as to say I didn't look healed. But I knew Jesus could not lie and His Word would never perish though worlds should perish. For eleven months I still felt those symptoms; I walked the streets and visited the sick and prayed for the dying; I had some wonderful healings in my ministry during this time. But as I stood on the Word of God for my deliverance it seemed that these symptoms lessened and lessened and one by one these dread torments of the devil dropped off. That was thirty-five years ago and I am sure that today I don't look like one who ever had *locomotor ataxia*.

The other time I was afflicted, I judge about fifteen years ago, I was smitten with muscular rheumatism. My lower jaw became paralyzed and my wife and sister tied it up with a towel. I couldn't speak; my arms and limbs were wrapped up in cotton batting. I suffered from every little jar, and just dreaded when a person walked across the floor, I knew that about twenty years previously the Lord had wonderfully delivered me from an incurable disease, but now it seemed as if God had turned His back upon me. I couldn't get relief or deliverance. During that time I received all sorts of advice from good friends and all sorts of advertisements guaranteeing complete cure for my troubles. I don't see how people ever found out my name and address but I believe that every patent medicine factory in the United States must have known of my

case, for I received all sorts of advertisements of the supposed virtues of these remedies for my disease. But, praise God, I had learned to know the Lord as my Healer and I threw all these into the waste basket. My sickness dragged on and I couldn't leave my bed.

I was unable to preach and my mission was practically without a shepherd. One Saturday evening my Board came to me and said, "Brother, we cannot get anyone to supply for tomorrow," and it seemed they sort of expected me to get up and take the service. I said, "Brethren, if you will carry me over to the chapel across the street tomorrow morning I will give you the message both in the morning and evening." That meant they would have to put me on a stretcher, but I was bound to give out the Word of God. On Sunday morning my wife came up and straightened things out as best she could and said to me that she would have to go down and would be back in a half-hour to dress me. That half-hour was used by the Lord to speak to me. Let every sick one listen to what I have to say now. While I was on my back, Satan came to me and said, "Now if you should die you will leave your wife a penniless widow, and your children penniless orphans." You know, previous to this illness I had given up all I had and was trusting the Lord daily for my bread; it meant something for me, because there was a time when I was a minister with a very large income. So, at this time, the enemy came to picture a very dark and dismal future for my family should I pass away. Then I turned to the Lord and said, "Jesus, if You want me to die and leave wife and children penniless, Amen." However, the devil was not through with me yet, and he said, "But supposing you were to become a rheumatic cripple. Your people couldn't keep you and your wife and children would have to support you or you would have to go to some charitable institution." Again I said, "Jesus, if You want me to be a cripple for life and have my dear wife and girls struggle along, Amen, but I want You." God gave me grace to do this and you know when I said, "Jesus, I want only You," the healing virtue of Jesus came right into my body. I raised these arms which had not been raised for so long before this, the cotton batting fell off and I just felt those demons of disease slip down and down until I felt them go out at my feet. I was as weak as a child and somewhat dazed, but I realized Jesus had undertaken for me. I moved my left limb to the edge of my bed thinking it was still in that awful inflammatory condition; my right limb

moved and I slipped on to the floor and then I raised myself up on the floor, something which I had not done for months. I put on my clothing, walked across the floor to the bath-room and began to wash myself. My wife heard footsteps and thought the men of the church had come, so she came up and when she saw me and I saw her we put our arms around each other and cried, and I said "Praise the Lord, He has healed me."

Learn to surrender all to Jesus; I had to learn the hard lesson of saying, "*Not my will, but Thine.*" When our will is broken, then the power of God comes into us.

On Monday morning following this Sunday, I woke up and had exactly the same symptoms I had before. The devil was right there, too. He said, "A-ha! you testified yesterday that you were healed. You told those people a lie." I managed to crawl out of bed, and as I grit my teeth I said, "Jesus, You healed me, for You said so." I stepped on to my feet and dressed myself and took a walk up the street. I couldn't walk very straight, but had to limp, and as I met people whom I knew, and who had heard about my healing, they looked at me as much as to say, "That is a queer kind of a healing." They asked, "Well, Mr. Wittich, are you healed?" "Yes, I am healed by the stripes of Jesus." For a whole week I had to stand the scorn and jeers of the people, but when you give the Word of God you may be sure you are telling the truth, for you stand on the promises of God. By the end of the week there was not a particle of disease in those limbs.

This is only to encourage you dear ones who do not get deliverance from symptoms. Don't you know that Jesus says in His Word that by His wounds you *were* healed? Isaiah says, looking forward to the crucifixion, that you *are* healed, and Peter, when he wrote his epistle, about forty years after the crucifixion, says, "You *were* healed." God wants you to make use of this past tense and not say, "Perhaps Jesus will heal me," for if you are fully surrendered, either living or dying according to His will for you, these words are bound to take effect on your body. In Matthew 8, we read that He, Himself, bore our sicknesses and carried our pains. So take courage and look to Jesus and remember that the symptoms of your disease come from the devil and the Word that you hear comes from God. You stand on the Word of God, and the devil will have to flee. Don't look to man, but look to Jesus for the Father, Himself, laid upon His Son all our iniquities and diseases who in His death carried them all away.

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**Notes**

“**T**HERE are no secondary causes in our lives when we recognize God, for He makes all things work for our good when we love Him. The rubbing of a brass plate only makes the brass to shine; so with testings. Testings are God-given opportunities for triumph. A grindstone will remove the rust and sharpen the axe. The frosts harden the wood of the tree and kill the vermin, as well as help the next year’s crop.”

**Filling the Pastorate**

OR ten months the Stone Church has been without a regular pastor, although God has been mindful of us in the interim. He sent to us our dear Brother Williamson to fill in the gap. The church prospered under his ministry and his untiring devotion to the work of the Lord endeared him to the hearts of all, but we were constantly in prayer that God would send us the man of His choice for a permanent pastor, which He did in His own time.

For one of our Convention speakers, Brother Williamson felt led to invite Pastor Philip Wittich, then living at New Bremen, Ohio. On invitation he remained with us after the Convention was over and our meetings seemed like a continuation of Convention days. The deep interest manifested by friends all over the city, the spiritual blessing upon the meetings, and the precious opening of the Word made us to feel that this was God’s choice for us and on behalf of the church the Board of Trustees asked Brother Wittich to consider the pastorate. He was unanimously elected by the church on the evening of July 10th.

The burden on the heart of our new pastor is that God will visit the Church with an old-time Pentecostal revival, and there is “a sound of abundance of rain.” In almost every meeting there are praises to God for recent healings, and five have been baptised in the Holy Spirit in the past two weeks. “You have to go early to get a seat,” is said of the Sunday afternoon service. When a number of the churches are closed for the summer, and many away on vacations, it is blessed to see the place crowded, and an indication of the working of the Spirit of God.

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The letters that are continually coming into THE EVANGEL office telling of blessings received through the reported messages are a confirmation to us of God’s leading, and the requests for extra numbers of recent issues show the appreciation of our readers and are proof of wide-spread blessing. To those who have not the privilege of hearing the Word expounded “with the Spirit and with the understanding” here is a rare opportunity. “When I read the sermons in THE EVANGEL I feel I am right in the service,” writes a missionary, and to those who are deprived of a Pentecostal service, a good, full-Gospel paper and the Bible, will keep their souls on fire for God and in touch with His work throughout the world. You can live in the most remote part of the globe, or out on the frontier miles away from any railroad, yet through the monthly visits of THE EVANGEL with its soul-food and reports from the different fields, you can keep in touch with heaven and know of the progress of the kingdom of God in every land. We praise God for the privilege of ministering to those who are in out-of-the-way places, and bringing them into fellowship with God’s family through the printed word. Have you some friends who never hear a full Gospel sermon? Send them the paper and let its monthly visits speak to their hearts. “How did you ever get back to the Lord?” we asked a woman who had known God and drifted away. On one of our visits we found her unapproachable in regard to the things of God. Later a marvelous change was wrought. The works of fiction which lay upon the library table had given place to the Bible and spiritual books. She told us she had gotten back to the Lord through a tract and through THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL. “At first when it came,” she said, “I would not read it. Then something impressed me to pick it up, and I have been reading it ever since.” Her face glowed with a light that came from her soul as she told of her burden for the mission

field and how she was using all the money at her command to spread the Gospel.

\* \* \*

### With the Lord

IT is our painful duty to record the home-going of three of our noble missionaries who have fallen in the battle. Miss Esther Hanson, who died on May 21st, after an illness of eleven days of small-pox, was connected with Brother Anglin's Orphanage in Taianfu, China, and was the Matron of the girls. Her loss will be felt very keenly; a vacancy has been made by her death that will not easily be filled. Sister Hanson is a daughter of Bro. C. M. Hanson of Dalton, Minn., well-known to many of our readers, and a sister to Mrs. Arthur Berg, now in the Belgian Congo. May God comfort the sorrowing ones.

The sad news of the death of Eric Booth-Clibborn has been a heavy blow to those who are deeply interested in the cause he espoused so heartily. He went to the French Soudan with buoyant hopes and an unflinching consecration, but after being in the country just six weeks, passed away with dysentery. His beloved wife needs our prayers more than we can state in these notes. Only God can comfort and sustain the bereft ones, and bind up the broken heart.

Now we must convey to our readers the home-going of a veteran missionary, Mrs. Gerard Bailly, of Caracas, Venezuela. She was living in Riverside, California, with their son, Florent, recuperating her depleted vitality from her many years of service on the field, and was apparently gaining in health, when she was suddenly stricken on July 26 with a hemorrhage of the brain, and passed away in a few moments. Her son writes at once, asking for prayer for his father, to whom this news will come as a heavy blow. This devoted soldier of the cross spent twenty-six years on the mission field, standing shoulder to shoulder with her beloved husband in all the battles waged in that difficult field. The work in Venezuela will be her crown of rejoicing which she will lay at the Master's feet. May the Lord pour in the oil of consolation to those who sorrow.

### Outgoing Missionaries

With the closing of summer some of the missionaries who have been on furlough are again turning their faces toward the land of their adoption. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson are again setting their faces toward China, sailing (D. V.) on the S. S. Russia from Vancouver, August

28th. They are taking with them to South China two new missionaries from the Stone Church, John and Ethel Perdue, who have had a call for a number of years. They go forth with the love and co-operation of the congregation who will stand behind them with their prayers and financial help as God enables.

Mrs. Esther Harvey is expecting to sail for India on September 10th, taking with her a new missionary, Miss Katherine Cook, who will help in the mission at Nawabganj. Mrs. Harvey writes a note of appreciation for the way the friends of the Mission have stood by the work in the past, and she is trusting we will not fail in helping her bear the burdens which are increasingly heavy as she goes back to again take up the work. While she longs to be back in the place in which she has proved God to be her All-sufficiency, and could be happy nowhere else, yet there is a shrinking as she faces those burdens without the strong arm upon which she leaned in the past. She feels the need of prayer more than ever before, and is thanking God for the good staff of workers which He has given. They still need four hundred dollars on their fare, besides keeping up the work on the field, and we ask prayer that God will supply this need. She is believing that the Lord will undertake as He did when she returned from the field. In the natural it seemed impossible, the needs on the field were so great, but God undertook, and we believe He will again prove Himself to be to her the God who is enough. Pray for her and Miss Cook as they go forth.

Mrs. Lillian Denny is again going forth to India, expecting to sail on September 12th, and Miss Ruth Erickson is expecting to sail for Liberia August 30th. May God give grace and strength to these dear ones as they again face heathen darkness. Miss Erickson expects to take up work in a new tribe which has been calling for a missionary for a long time.

Brother Perkins writes to her: "The Hooyah people are expecting you. They will do much toward building you a good house providing they have some help and encouragement. There seems to be no reason why the saw-mill could not be carried back to Hooyah, providing we get enough cash for gasoline and kerosine, and for carrying. Two or three hundred dollars would go a long way toward securing a real good plank house, together with what the mission people and the town people will give. If we have the money it will be advisable to build on cement pillars to protect from white ants."

Our dear co-worker who has been connected with The Evangel Publishing House for ten years, is also sailing on the S. S. Russia on the 28th. Miss Meyer is not going in any official capacity, but her duties for the past ten years have been very strenuous, and she is taking a

well-earned and much-needed rest. She will be stopping with her sister, Mrs. Walter Glauser, who has charge of the Missionary Home in Kowloon, Jordan Road, Hong Kong, and will visit the South China mission stations as the Lord leads.

### From the Mission Field

**M**ISS Harriet Dithridge, a Baptist missionary, whose testimony to her healing and receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit appeared in the January number of *The Evangel*, writes of how wonderfully God undertook for her to return to Japan.

"About Jan. 20, as I was in my home in New York City, the Lord definitely told me to return to Japan. At that time I had only \$25, but told the Lord I would start with that, trusting Him to see me through. In the Assembly which I attended I witnessed to the fact that I must start for Japan in a few days, not mentioning money at all. After the meeting as I knelt at the altar in prayer, a sister who had spoken to me only once before came to me and said, 'Beloved, the Lord has the money all ready for your going.' Praise His Name! He is ever faithful! This sister gave me the most of my fare; and within the next ten days sufficient came in for this need.

"I sailed from San Francisco on February 26, arriving in Japan on March 14. The Lord led me immediately to Miss Jessie Wengler here in Hachioji, who had been praying for someone to come, so she could go on her furlough. She welcomed me.

"The work here is just in its beginnings, and we ask your prayers. We have about fourteen Christians. Pray for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit and that God will bring sinners under conviction; for a larger place of meeting and more Japanese workers. I shall be glad to hear from any who are praying for us. Address 33 Oiwake Cho, Hachioji shi, Tokyo fu, Japan."

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Miss Laura Radford writes from Jerusalem Palestine: "We praise God for His gracious help and guidance. After many weeks of waiting we have at last found a building that will be fairly suitable for the Assembly meetings, the Sunday School and Bible classes, and before the landlord was ready to sign the lease, a cable from friends at home brought the promise of the rent for a year. The building will give us a room seating about 100, and an office, prayer-room and Bible depot. Upstairs we will have our missionary quarters, with a spare room for any fellow-missionary who may be needing a quiet place to wait upon God. The necessary repairs will be made early in August and our work will be opened

there as soon as we have the furniture. Miss Brown will continue her home for girls in a suitable house out in a quiet part of the city, and is praying that God will send a suitable worker to take over the care of the Training Home, so that she may be free to give all her time to her Prison work, to which the Lord has so definitely called her."

\* \* \*

Brother and Sister Mader are again in Shanghai, working with the Turners who have three or four missions and needed their help. They opened a new mission in the beginning of the year in a needy part of Shanghai, and since the mission has been opened, several have been wonderfully saved. Since the mission has been opened, the power of God has been markedly manifest. One young man cried over his sins for over an hour with real soul agony, as he said, "Oh my sins are so many. No one can bear them but Jesus." He is now seeking the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. The altar is filled every night with seekers, some for salvation, some for healing, and others for the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

The mission at Woosung is also growing. They have a band of earnest Christians there, and some are seeking the baptism.

\* \* \*

Brother and Sister Berg, who were working with the Swedish Mission at Uvira, have now gone on to Masisi where Mrs. Richardson has been pioneering. They feel definitely led to stay there and are much encouraged at the outlook. Mrs. Berg writes:

"Mrs. Richardson has school every afternoon and the interest shown is very encouraging. Not only a number of small children come, but also young men and girls, and women with babies on their backs. The Sunday services are very well-attended. Last Sunday there were at least 250 people present, a large number being women. Quite a few held up their hands expressing the desire to follow the Lord, but time will tell how many really mean it from their hearts."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Mattie Neeley, who, with Mrs. White,

went to Liberia to take charge of a Receiving and Rest Home at Cape Palmas, writes, June 5th, of reaching there safely through God's protection. When in sight of shore they came near being capsized, the waves completely submerging them and their baggage, but the Lord preserved them.

She writes they have a very nice place for a Home, a large, eight-room house with a ten-foot piazza on three sides, right on the beach, and only a short distance from the Custom House, making it handy for a receiving station. It is one of the necessities to Interior work in Liberia, to have a Receiving Home at the Coast, to take charge of the mail and also the cargo that comes for the missionaries.

The owner of the house agrees to put the house in good repair, which is badly needed, if they take out a two-year lease. This house is for the use of

all the Pentecostal missionaries in Liberia, and we solicit help for this. The rent is \$200 per year, and they are required to sign up in September, so we ask the saints to pray earnestly that sufficient funds will come in for this purpose. Mrs. Neeley writes that the prices there are exorbitant; that it takes twice as much as it did before. They even charge for drinking-water.

The Episcopal missionaries have given up this field, and the Methodists are gradually letting go, and it seems to be left to the Pentecostal folk to keep the banner of the cross floating over that dark land. God grant that we may not fail to uphold the hands of our workers there. God has not given up Liberia. Interior tribes are reaching out for missionaries, and we must faithfully stand by those who give their lives for the Gospel's sake.

## God's Arithmetic in Abraham's Life

Our "El Shaddai" Breaks the Path for Us.

Pastor Philip Wittich, in The Stone Church, May Convention.



WHEN our first parents chose to go their own way by disobeying the holy will of God they injured themselves and their posterity to such an extent as to make a redemption by human effort an impossibility. The fall of Adam left us all in a helpless condition.

Would to God that we saints living on the very threshold of the return of our Lord Jesus Christ, would learn the great lesson of faith that some of the Old Testament saints were willing to learn as God spoke to them and dealt with them.

I want to bring before you this afternoon the life of a man whom the Word itself calls "the Father of all them that believe." (Rom. 4:11). Study the seventeenth chapter of Genesis with me and see how God dealt with Abraham; and from these dealings of God with Abraham let us learn the lesson that He also desires to deal with us in these days on the same line. "And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God; walk before me and be thou perfect. And I will make my covenant between Me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly.

... Neither shall thy name anymore be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham; for a father of a multitude have I made thee." And then and there He established with him the covenant of circumcision.

We read in the preceding chapters how God was dealing with that man; how He chose him

out of a people who were given to idol-worship. Abraham by nationality was a Babylonian. He came from that fertile country of Mesopotamia; but he was the only one of all the people living at that time to whom God could speak, calling him out of his fatherland, out of his home and away from his kindred. Beloved, it is a wonderful thing when a man has such a keen ear that God can speak to him! The time that God spoke to Abraham was when he had no such experience as described in Genesis 17. He was still in idol-worship, but undoubtedly his heart *must have* been hungry for God or else his ear would not have been open to His voice. I praise the Lord that this is the way we ourselves have been called, out of a condition of lost sinners into the present condition of saved saints, through the blood of Christ. There is a time in the life of every believer when he sees his wretchedness, and helplessness, and when his heart unconsciously cries out for God. I remember very vividly God's dealings in my own life, when I was a young lad. Raised in a Christian home, my father was a minister of the Gospel of the old school, and because of his preaching and life he had to suffer much persecution; not so much at the hands of the world, but from his congregation and fellow-believers. I and my brother, who is now with the Lord, had vowed as young lads we would have nothing to do with the ministry, because in the natural we shrank from persecution and suffering. The time came when in my life there awakened a deep hunger for God. I was not saved

then and fought giving my life to God because I foresaw the suffering that will fall upon those who are truly saved, and my youthful nature shrank from this. I wanted to enjoy the world. In the natural I had very bright prospects and wanted to make a mark in the world. The lives of my parents, while I loved and admired them, were an eye-sore to me, and I realized it would spell suffering for me, too, if I would follow them. But God in His mercy knew that deep down in my heart there was a hunger for Him. He is the Searcher of our hearts, of the unsaved as well as of the saved, and wherever there is a soul crying to God, He is ready to answer, far more abundantly than that soul is able to express.

God was able to speak to Abraham, and the first demand He made of him was that he should separate himself from the idol-worship practised in his home land and from his friends. Then we read that his father, Terah, went with him; and during that period we find that God was silent with Abraham. But after Terah died, God spoke again. There must have been something hindering in the home circle of Abraham that prevented God from further dealing with His human friend. Many a time in our lives we find that those who are dearest to us are our greatest hindrances in following Him; and in some way there must be a separation coming if our heart continues to hunger after God.

When Terah died Abraham was brought into the land that God promised him. *First* the sacrifice and then the promise! Abraham had first to sacrifice his own country, his friends and associates of childhood and youth before God could give him the land that he had in prospect. So it is ever with God's people. There comes a time when we have to separate from those who are dearest to us and must stand absolutely alone. It seems then as though everybody had forsaken us, even our best friends, and those who worshiped with us and used to call us brother and sister. They are permitted to turn their backs on us, and then God steps in and leads us into His promised land of close fellowship and tender communion with Him.

Now God had given Abraham the promise of the land and He had also given him the promise of the seed, but in this seventeenth chapter of Genesis we find that God was subjecting Abraham to a very severe process which alone entitled him to claim that land and to have an heir. That process was the circumcision of the flesh, which involved two things: first of all, the losing of part of his own nature which he had inherited by birth, and the other thing it involved was an addi-

tion, and that addition was *Jehovah Himself*. This wonderful covenant which God calls *His own Covenant*, involved a loss and a gain, a subtraction and an addition. Note the change in Abraham's name. In the beginning of the chapter it is Abram. *Ab* means father, and *ram* means mighty, great, exalted. That was the name given to him by his parents, "*an exalted and a great father.*" Here we have Abram in his natural condition. Though God had dealt with that man for a number of years, and chose him to become His child, yet Abraham was not then where God wanted him to be.

Can we not see in the name of Abram our own nature? Isn't the natural man exceedingly proud, haughty and self-opinionated? Even those who have received the anointing of the Spirit, if not delivered from the old flesh by a divinely-given faith in what Christ did on Calvary's cross, will find that old, nasty flesh cropping out at a time when least expected. The old nature in man is proud, self-opinionated, and self-willed whether it is found in the unconverted or in the converted. Many saints who have received the baptism in the Holy Ghost labor under the delusion that they are ready to go with the Lord at His appearing in the air, not realizing that flesh and blood, *that old nature of theirs* can NEVER enter the kingdom of God. (I Cor. 15:50). Oh what a hard lesson it is for God's people to learn! It is as painful to them as circumcision was to Abraham. Very painful, but the sooner we learn this great lesson that God loves our soul but hates our old, Adamic nature, the quicker we will stretch ourselves forth for that faith that Christ is so willing to give us,—**THAT FAITH THAT SEES OURSELVES CRUCIFIED IN HIM.** The "old man" can be very good to a certain extent, and very religious. He can sing and pray; he can testify and preach, can exercise the gifts, but the "old man" does not want *to die*, and yet he will *never enter the Kingdom of God*. Nothing that is under death penalty will ever enter the Kingdom of God, and the "old man" is *under death sentence*. When Adam and Eve were in the garden God said of the Tree of Knowledge, "The day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." We know that Adam and Eve did not heed the warning of God, therefore death is a curse which is meted out to the disobedient ones. It is the sentence of God upon that old disobedient and rebellious nature. From the time of the first sin of Adam and Eve, we, their descendants in the flesh, have inherited this nature. We have received that propensity to love self rather than



God. The nature of the fallen man loves sin and hates God.

Now God dealt with Abraham exactly as He is dealing with us in these days. There came a change in that man's life, a change that was wrought by *the supernatural power of God*. What was it? "Thy name shall no more be Ab-ram, but Ab-raham." If we do not know the meaning of these names in the Hebrew, we cannot get much sense out of this statement of God. Let me briefly explain it to you. The name, *Abram*, which he inherited from his parents, is formed in Hebrew by four letters. "Four" in the Bible is the number of fallen man redeemable by Christ while "six" is the number of man in opposition to and hatred against God. Therefore, "six" is the number of the Antichrist. Now God said to Abram, "You have to lose a part of that which belongs to you by birth, that is your old nature, your sinful flesh. Then I will add something to you, and that is *My Own Self, My own holy nature*." Therefore, God inserted between the four letters of Abram's name, the letter "H" which is the fifth letter of the Hebrew alphabet. The letter "H" in Hebrew stands for the name of Jehovah, and the numeral "5" in Bible language stands for Grace. When a Hebrew wants to write Jehovah quickly, for the Hebrew letters are comparatively hard to write, he often puts down the letter "H."

The word "Jehovah" is a wonderful word. You know God revealed that word to Moses. When Moses said to Him, "Who art Thou?" He said, "My name is Jehovah." The first syllable "Je" is an abbreviation of "Jehi," which means, "He will be;" the second syllable "Ho," abbreviated from "Hove" signifies the present tense "being" or "He is"; the last syllable, "vah" is an abbreviation of "Vaya" and means, "He was."

So in other words, God says, "I will be, I am, and I was." Contrary to our reasoning for we are finite creatures, *He* begins with the future and ends with the past. We always start with the past and end with the future. We know very little about the past, something about the present, but nothing about the future; but with God there is no past, no present and no future. He is the eternally existing One!

The Name "Jehovah" is a divine representation of the word "to be." God is the only existing One and the only Living One, and anything that exists, does so by reason of Himself. If we want Eternal Life we have to come to Him whom the Father hath given unto us for Eternal Life, and that is, Jesus. *Eternal Life is only in Jesus.*

John 11:25, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

God tells Abram his name will be changed from Abram, a great and exalted father, to Abraham, the father of a multitude, who by faith in Christ have been delivered from self, the nasty flesh, and are indwelt by Him. Thus it is with us who are Abraham's seed by faith. When God has been able to deliver us from our self-life by faith in Christ, He Himself comes into our lives, and then it is not blessing or experience, or power or gifts. No, it is *God Himself*, living in us, as Christ said to His disciples, "I in you—not my blessings, not my power, but—I in you and ye in Me." This is that wonderful union and communion between the Creator and Redeemer and His redeemed creatures.

Why does the Bible mention the age of Abraham at this period? This must have a divine meaning. Let me briefly state to you that the Number "9" stands for finality and judgment. It speaks of God's judgment unto life. When the Jewish high priest entered into the *holy place* he had to pass *five* pillars. These five pillars formed four entrances. *Five* is the number of Grace. Four entrances speak of the world or redeemed man admitted into the "*holy place*." On the great Day of Atonement the high priest had to go thru the holy place with the blood of a bull and a goat and pass four more pillars which stood between the "holy place" and the "holiest." He could not get into the "holiest" to put the blood on the Mercy Seat until he had first passed the five pillars that stood between the outer court and the tabernacle, and after that, the four pillars that stood between the "holy place" and the "holiest." Thus he passed these nine pillars and put the blood of the two animals on the Mercy Seat behind the nine pillars. This is an Old Testament type and we have the antitype in *Jesus*, who passed thru all the pillars of suffering and death for you and me. He passed thru all the nine pillars of God's judgment before He ever reached the throne of God. Brethren, if we want to follow our High Priest to the throne of glory, we will have to be willing to go thru all the tests, thru all the trials and thru all the processes of purification that He, our High Priest, deems fit to send into our lives before we can ever be seated with Him.

The number "nine" is most forcibly emphasized by the hour in which our Lord died on the cross. Human sin and depravity, human shame and guilt, human weakness and want were fully exposed on the Cross when Jesus, our Substitute

in judgment was *forsaken by God!* That happened in the *ninth* hour as we read in Luke 23:44-46, "And it was now about the sixth hour and darkness came over the whole land until the *ninth* hour, the sun's light failing; and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst. And Jesus crying with a loud voice, said, Father into Thy hands I commit my Spirit; and having said this, He gave up the ghost." Jesus passed for us thru the greatest judgment which resulted in the rending of the veil in the temple, a type of His flesh, thus giving Him and His believers access to the Mercy Seat in the holiest, the *Throne of God*. Christ's judgment for us brought us the most blessed result; pardon from sin, deliverance from the power of sin, freedom from the power of the enemy, healing of the body, and access to and fellowship with God the Father.

This judgment unto life has been demonstrated in God's dealing with Abraham as recorded in this seventeenth chapter of Genesis, thru the covenant of circumcision.

"And when Abram was ninety years old and nine"—one hundred is the number of perfection granted to us by grace. He was on the threshold of God's grace—Then God said to him, "I am the Almighty God." These two words in the Hebrew are *El Shaddai*. "*El*" has various forms. It comes from the Hebrew word "*Ul*," which means, one who breaks the path for others to follow, and it has the secondary meaning of "the strong one." In a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep, the strongest one breaks the path.

Jesus is the Mighty One, the *Good Shepherd* who went into death for us, the *Great Shepherd* who broke thru Sheol and the grave. So you and I can safely follow Him. He went to the cross. He took the power of sin and death away. He came out of the tomb, and after forty days of divine instruction to His little flock, He broke the path to heaven that was shut off. Our "*El*"! Blessed be His Holy Name!

When a flock of sheep is journeying, the strongest male goes ahead and the mother and little ones come along after the path is beaten down. So it is with our Lord Jesus. He goes ahead for us. We in ourselves are weak and helpless; but He prepares the way. Blessed is the believer who knows he is weak but trusts Jesus as his "*El*," his Strong Shepherd to go before. I have proven Him to be my *El Shaddai* breaking my path from sin to salvation, and ever since He has undertaken for me in my ministry, leading me safely thru dark valleys. I have seen days that spelled utter darkness to the natural

mind, going thru seasons of testings that were utterly indescribable. But when God baptized me in the Holy Ghost, He gave me this promise in tongues and interpretation, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," and He has gone before me ever since. He is my blessed *El Shaddai!*

The Hebrew word "Shad" has a singular meaning, "a woman's breast." What is a woman's breast for? To nourish her little ones. God says, "I am your strong Father, "*El*." I will break the path. I am your tender Mother, "*Shaddai*" to nurse your little ones. Then we are not to follow Him like starved, little sheep. He is our *Shaddai*. He has an abundance. As we follow our "*El*" we find Him to be also our "*Shaddai*." He supplies us with His own life. "*Therefore walk before me and be thou perfect.*" Have you experienced Jesus as your "*El*" the Strong One that breaks your path, and your "*Shaddai*," the tender Mother, who nourishes you?

For years I belonged to the Christian Alliance and then I leaned toward the Holiness Movement in an endeavor to find this peace resulting from death to self, but I realized that it was self-effort on my part to be perfect, a constant struggling and straining. Do we lack this life and peace? There is an abundance in Him. Just as the babe gets the milk from its mother, so we get it from our heavenly Jesus. To live a Christian life, a life free from self, is easier than the devil tries to make us believe.

As we said in the beginning, two things happened in the life of Abraham, a loss and a gain, which we find brought out in the New Testament, not in type but in reality. In Romans the sixth chapter we read that "our old man" (sinful nature) was crucified with Christ, that the *body of sin* might be done away, so that we should no longer be in *bondage to sin*." "*For the death that He (Christ) died, He died unto sin once for all.*" God tells us here clearly that Christ died unto our sinful nature, with the result that "*the body of sin*" also called in Romans 7:24, "*the body of this death*," might be put away. Resulting from this victorious death of Christ we are admonished to "reckon ourselves also to be *dead in sin* and alive unto God in Christ Jesus." This victorious death of Christ is called in Col. 2:11, the *circumcision of Christ*. It is the full deliverance of the believer from the *power and dominion of sin* called in this text "the body of the flesh." The Abrahamic circumcision was only a type of the real circumcision of Christ,

who thru His death *has* delivered us from the power of our old sinful nature. He who really experiences this deliverance from the *body of sin* is admonished in Rom. 6:12 not to let sin, therefore, reign in his *mortal body* that he should obey the lusts thereof. One who by faith in Christ's victorious death is delivered from the "sinful body" still has a "mortal body" (Rom. 6:12) which he should guard against the *lusts of sin*. He is to remember that he has put off the *old man* and is to put on the *new man* that is being renewed unto knowledge after the image of Him that created him.

Now you understand that when God came to Abraham and told him to be circumcised it means the loss of the flesh that he had inherited, and for which inheritance he could not be held responsible. God comes to us now with the Gospel of the Lord Jesus and tells us, "You cannot help that you have inherited this nature, but since you have My Gospel telling you that Christ has not only forgiven sin but delivered you also from its power, you shall enjoy *the rest* Christ gives from sin and *the life* He lives now at My right hand." Do not be satisfied with the pardon of your sins and to know that the past is under the blood. *Death unto sin alone is life unto God.* Enter by faith into this glorious life of liberty and rest.

There are a number of words in Greek as well as in Hebrew for our English word "sin." The sins we commit are often called "trespassing," "stepping over the line," "falling aside," etc., but

the word "sin" in the singular does not refer to sinful acts of our lives. It refers to our *nature*. The Greek word, *amartia*, derived from *amara*, has the sense of a canal, a duct of turpid waters, a sewer. Our old nature is nothing but a filthy sewer. Do what you please to improve it, you may educate it, refine and polish it, but every now and then there will be a break in the old sewer-pipe, exposing its unclean contents. Christ was made an "*amartia*," a sewer of our vile nature. The whole filth of the Adamic race was turned on Jesus on the cross and He bore it all away. We are free, not only from the guilt of sins committed, but from that old sewer and source of sin. Don't fight it. Don't try to improve yourself. Don't try to be good and holy, but believe that Jesus was made for you a sewer of sin, on the cross. He bore it away, and we are free.

You say, "I have not the faith." Don't you know that Jesus is your El Shaddai? Do not worry or strain. A baby does not strain when it drinks its milk. Just rest in Jesus and make Him responsible even for your lack of faith. He is your "*El*," your Father. He is your "*Shaddai*," your Mother. The enemy may say, "You are nothing but a failure." Do not worry about it, but say to Jesus, "I will just draw from You what I lack. You will not allow me to starve or to fall by the wayside. You will finish the good work You began in me unto the day of my redemption."

## The Miracle of the Assiout Orphanage

Feeding and Clothing Three Hundred Daily.



IN NEARLY fourteen years of the existence of the Orphanage, my children have never missed a meal, and a big full meal at that," said Miss Lillian Trasher to us recently in speaking of the Assiout Orphanage on the banks of the Nile. Along that famous river where once floated the infant Moses, that babe who in later years shook the throne of Egypt, is situated an orphanage which houses three hundred babes, and boys and girls of all ages. The plans of this orphanage were drawn by Miss Trasher, assisted by her native helpers, and it was built through the gifts of Egyptian and American supporters. Miss Trasher's face glowed as she told us of the Lord's wonderful provision for the motherless and fatherless children that have come to her from all over Egypt and are being trained for God. The Egyptians

appreciate her life of sacrifice on behalf of their own, and feel she is a benefactor to their country.

"The Orphanage has been a miracle from the beginning," she said. "When the money didn't come from America, it came from Egypt, and *vice versa*. Sometimes we would get extra money and I wouldn't know of a big need that was facing me, but it never failed that when extra money came in, there was always an unusual need to be met. One time, several years ago, we got very low in money and didn't seem to be getting any from anywhere; and furthermore, I had no prospects of any. When I opened the Orphanage in the beginning I had made up my mind I would never get into debt. I had seen the awful results of being in debt, and I made up my mind if the Lord wanted the Orphanage to run, He would supply, and if He did not supply the need I would close it. As finances were

very short I talked to the head teacher and said, 'The only thing we can do is to send everyone home until the Lord opens the way to bring them back again.' I called the children all into the prayer-room and explained to them that we could never go into debt, that God wasn't providing the money and that there wasn't any in sight as far as I could see, and those of the children who had relatives, I would send them there, but as soon as any money came in I would bring them back to the Orphanage. When I got this far, they began to wail, and I never heard anything worse. I got no further with my explanation, but we got down to pray, and it was like a great camp meeting for noise. The poor little boys, how they cried! After we prayed I arose and told them that while I would never go into debt, if God didn't send in the money, we would all do without together. The next morning's mail brought \$100 from America, and before that was used up we began getting it in from Egypt and America.

"Generally, the teachers and I work it out together, plan and devise ways of meeting the needs, always keeping it from the children if possible. One morning before I arose our head teacher sent word that a man had come to bring syrup for the children, which would cost fifteen or twenty dollars. We order it from him regularly and he brings it on camels. I sent word back that we had only about \$30 in the Orphanage, and we could not spend half of it, or perhaps more, for syrup; that he had better send the man away. He sent word back again, 'It is very good syrup, and we need it very badly. We had better buy it anyhow.' I still refused, and didn't feel we could do it. Then he came himself and stood in the door, looking at me and insisting by his looks that I do it. So I said, 'Oh, well, buy it. The Lord will provide somehow.'

"That morning a boat of tourists were going up to Luxor and stopped in Assiout; a number of tourists got off and came over to visit the Orphanage, one being ex-governor of Rhode Island. As he was going out he handed me two \$50 bills. They invited me over to lunch with them on the boat and I was given about \$30 more, and before that was used up, the money came in again. I told the ex-governor about the syrup and he was very much touched that he had been used in meeting the need.

"Last fall as the winter was coming on, the children came to me and said, 'Mama, we must have our heavy underwear.' I said, 'I haven't the money now, and cannot buy it.' That afternoon a young man, the inspector of the Egyptian

Bank at Assiout, came over and went through the Orphanage. He said very little and went back, and I never thought anything more about his visit. The next morning we waited for the American mail with just a little concern. I was really very much worried and could hardly wait for the boy to bring in the mail, but I was quite disappointed, as there were no American letters. Then I looked through the Egyptian letters and found one from this inspector and in it was a draft for \$50. I went downtown that morning and got the underwear. After that he sent \$25 for candies, oranges and fruit for the children's Christmas.

"Not very long ago I was invited to tea on the tourist boat that comes through Assiout; a friend invited me, and while I was having tea an American lady came up to me and said, 'Miss Trasher, I wonder if you would object if I got a little money from some of my friends on board for the children?' She had heard of what I was doing for the children of Egypt, and she got about \$75 from her friends. Then the friend who had invited me said, 'Well, it would be nice if you would stay to dinner tonight and after dinner, get up and thank the people for the money. So I did and gave quite a talk about the Orphanage while everybody was in the dining-room; told them the history of the Orphanage and how God supplied the needs. Everyone seemed much touched and interested, and a lady walked up and handed me \$25. As I was going out, a Jew, a lawyer from New York handed me a folded paper and said, 'Miss Trasher, I am not a Christian and I do not care anything about Christianity, but I want to help you with those poor, little helpless children.' When I opened up the paper I found it was a check for \$100. Altogether that night I received nearly \$250, and you can imagine how grateful we were for such an uplift. The boat comes through there every week and quite often the Lord answers our prayers through these people, some of whom visit the Orphanage.

"Clothing the children has always been a great strain on me in every way, as I have with my own hands done all the cutting out, the girls doing the sewing. The reason I have always done it is because the cloth is expensive and I have been able to do it economically. It has cost us on an average of \$50 a week for clothing during the last six months, and until a few months ago the Egyptian people took very little interest in the clothing of the children, but lately God has been laying it on their hearts in a very practical way. About three months ago a semi-invalid, a Christian lady, took it upon herself to have sew-

ing meetings at her home in aid of the Orphanage. It was an interesting sight to see all these wealthy ladies who had never done any work, sitting there making clothes for the poor children. Since these folks have started this work I have not had to buy any clothes at all, only bedding, and it has increased their interest in the children in every way. They feel they have a real personal interest in the work; they realize that I have given my life for their children and show their appreciation in many ways.

"I was very much in need of a new sewing machine. Some of the tourists gave me a hundred dollars and I wanted a certain machine very badly. I went by the shop and looked at it and thought I would go in and buy it. Then I decided that the children needed the money for things more than we needed the machine, and I would do without it. I went home and went into my drawing-room and what should I see but a new, drop-head sewing machine which had never been used. An Egyptian had opened a store and found it was not very profitable, so he decided he would close it up and he gave me the sewing-machine for the Orphanage. I was surely delighted that I hadn't bought the other one, but had let the Lord work for us.

"In Egypt they have a custom after every illness, or the safe arrival of a new baby, of giving an offering to the poor. Last year one of my friends had twins and the mother gave me the money to go down and buy a new dress for every child in the Orphanage. She promised to give me a new dress for every girl in the Orphanage, and after I had bought the dresses I met the babies' father and he said, 'Did you get clothes for all the children?' I said, 'Yes, all the girls.' Then he said, 'Why didn't you get for the boys, also?' 'Well,' I said, 'your wife only promised for the girls.' 'But God has been extra good to us,' he said. 'He gave me two babies so we will clothe the boys also,' and he had me go back and buy for the boys. Later, another baby came into the home and her sister gave me about \$250 worth of wheat. The mother of the baby also gave a large donation. The old grandmother gave me \$500 worth of wheat, half because of the new baby, and half because her other daughter had been healed of an illness.

"Last year I was very ill in bed. One of my Egyptian friends came to visit me and asked me if I had any American money, that she would like to get a few dollars to subscribe for a paper in America. I said 'Yes, I had \$6 and if she didn't mind, would she send me the change as soon as

she could, we were short of money.' When she found out we were short and I sick in bed, she went around among her friends and collected about \$400, which was more than enough to keep the children until I was well again. It was quite a worry to be without money and sick besides, and God took this way of supplying the need. I don't know when I ever got any money that came in so well as that.

"During the last week in August, last year, I was visiting some friends in Alexandria, and received a letter from the Orphanage saying they had only about \$5 for the expenses of the Orphanage. I sent them what money I had, and as I was talking to one of my friends, I said to her, 'I do not know what I am going to do. I ought to have at least \$300 for next week as school opens and those who are going to the higher school outside must have books and clothing, and I have a lot of other heavy expenses.' She said, 'I do not know where you will get it from,' and I didn't know, either, but before three days were out I had about \$400. One hundred dollars of this had come from America and the rest from the Egyptians. We have never had a real need that God did not supply.

"A number of times when the Orphanage became too crowded, I was obliged to build. We started to lay the foundation, thinking we would build as far as we could with the money we had, but we have never been obliged to lay off our workers because of lack of funds, have always been able to finance everything that we started. Of course, we never started anything until we really needed it, always being careful how we spent the money and never doing anything that I was not absolutely sure was a necessity. I feel that is one of the reasons the Egyptians have helped me so much. I have tried to be careful with everything that has been entrusted to me, and have never taken advantage of their confidence. I have never gone to Luxor, the famous haunt for tourists. I have never felt free to spend the money in this way. I have never even been to Palestine. I would love to go to Jerusalem, but I have never felt at liberty to do so.

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"For years we have been very desirous of getting a piece of land adjoining the Orphanage, but were not able to get it. Last year, five of the wealthy Egyptian families clubbed together and bought us two and a half acres just south of the Orphanage, for which they paid \$2,600. It is very fertile land and will be a very great help to

us. We will plant vegetables for the children and clover and food for the cows.

\* \* \*

"Before I came home on my last furlough in 1919, I used to get quite a little money from the Egyptians, but it entailed much weariness and hardship physically. I traveled miles and miles on a donkey, going from village to village and speaking in behalf of the Orphanage, in the terrible heat of summer. It is impossible for me to express what I endured in those villages. The water would be so dirty and filthy you could not see through it in a glass, and I was obliged to drink it. It was so hot I could not take enough with me to last three or four days. I used to stay in the Police Stations all night, which was preferable to stopping in the homes, which were so filthy. I had to do this traveling in summer on account of the wheat harvest. They harvest the wheat in May and that is the time they have the money.

"When I returned from America one of the wealthy Egyptians met me and asked me why I traveled so much, leaving the children practically alone, and wearing out my body, and I told him I had to do it in order to get enough money to feed them. Then he said, 'The children need you; you should not spend so much time traveling.' After I had explained my financial condition to him, he said, 'There are enough rich people in Assiout to help you so you do not need to overtax your strength,' and he said that he would begin a monthly subscription by paying \$25 a month himself, and would interest his friends to do likewise. The Lord used this man to lighten my burden so I would not have that strain any more, and since then I was obliged to make only one tour.

"Another wonderful help which I have taken from the Lord, was through an Egyptian gentleman, a Christian. His son had passed through a very serious operation successfully, and wishing to express his thanks to God, he collected enough wheat last year to carry us through eleven months and this year he has promised to do the same. You can understand what a relief it is to have the children's bread provided for at the present price of wheat. The bread alone costs over \$10 a day.

"The Egyptian people are very kind to remember us with gifts. On all the feast days they send us quarters of beef, and sometimes whole beeves. Every Monday the Orphanage buys meat for the children. It takes a calf or two small

sheep for one meal. This is all we buy for a week, but often the Lord sends in from other places, and this is extra.

\* \* \*

"Last year I was in a terrible nervous strain, with all the cares of the Orphanage, and I knew not what to do. I tried to get someone to come and help, but could find no one, so I wrote and told my sister living in Long Beach, California, my condition. She had no ready money when she received my letter, but just three hours later a man passed by the house, and calling to her, asked her if she wished to sell one of her cottages. She said, 'No,' then remembering my letter, she said she would consider it. She made the papers out that day and cabled me she would come and relieve me while I got a rest. She arrived in Egypt the third of December, using the money she got from her house for her passage. As soon as she came she tried to persuade me to go home to America, seeing my physical condition, but I told her it was impossible as I had no money. She had a sum left over from the price of her cottage and offered to lend me the money, but as I had never borrowed money in my life, I refused it. The last of April my nervous condition increased and a physician said if I did not go home I would have an absolute collapse and ruin my health permanently. Then what would become of the orphans! One Sunday morning my sister came to my room and again opened the subject of my borrowing her money and going home. For the first time I felt I would have to give in and take the money, so I sat down and made arrangements for my passport. That afternoon some Egyptian ladies came to visit me and I told them I was going to borrow the money from my sister and go home for a rest. They said they were certainly glad to hear that at last I was to have a rest, but that they could never consent to my borrowing money for this purpose, and that they would arrange it for me. In a few days' time they gave me enough money for my fare. Again the Lord had undertaken for me and I was deeply relieved and grateful, for I had always hated the idea of borrowing any money. As I reached America I learned of the severe illness of my mother, to whose side I am hastening, and I realized then why I was so impressed to take the steamer I did.

"Pray for the children while I am away, that the Lord will continue to supply all the needs of the Orphanage while I am away, and for my sister, for she will have many problems, and that I may speedily regain my health."

## Healed of Cancer

Miss Anna Raby.

A LITTLE over a year ago, while in South China, I was stricken with a drastic cancer on the tongue and the left lower jaw. Three English surgeons, specialists, examined me and said there was no hope. One doctor from New York who was in Hong Kong at the time said that my only hope was to have my lower jaw taken off and my tongue cut in sections to get at the cancer. I didn't go to these doctors for treatment, but being in China I found it better to go to the hospital for care. Of course I would not submit to an operation for one moment. Besides, the physician said it could not be performed in China on account of the climate. God said to me that He was the God of China. Some missionaries wanted to hurry me to Mrs. McPherson's and other places, but God said to me, "You do not need to look to America." I want to tell you that we have a mighty God in South China. After doctors passed me by and missionaries were pleading that I go home, China's soil looked as good to me as America. When I went to China I consecrated for life or death. Just at the time when everyone gave me up and my tongue had reached a place where I could scarcely articulate at all, I broke down and said, "Lord, You said I wasn't to die but get well and declare the works of God." I got my friends to get me a rickshaw and went to the mountains and I had a controversy with the Lord. I did much praying, cabled home two or three times for prayer, and finally I got quiet and had a talk with the Lord. I told Him He made the world and everything that is in it, and that it would be all for His glory to heal my body. I talked to Him quite awhile, and then He spoke these words in my soul, "*I am the Lord that healeth thee. Go home and declare the great works God has done.*" I went home with great difficulty. Finally I reached the village where I was staying, and all that night I suffered intensely. The next day I felt worse than ever, and the third my suffering was almost beyond endurance. I walked the floor in great agony claiming the promise God gave me. At the end of the third day He made it good to me. When He speaks it doesn't matter how we feel or what kind of symptoms we have, the word says, "*Believe that ye receive and ye shall have,*" so if God quickens that promise to us, we will be healed. I was tested again after I came to this country, but it was only a test. I found I was doubting in my heart, but when I looked to the Word of God

I saw we had the things we asked for, and so I stand before you tonight healed. God's Word never fails, the blood avails for our every need.

## Convention Jottings

The other day our Lover-Lord went away, but before He left He promised upon His return He would be united in bonds of heavenly wedlock with us. The world laughs at the idea of Jesus' coming back again, an apostate church mocks us for declaring such a thing. We are invited to forget all about our Lord and engage in the pleasures of life. This we refuse to do, and night after night we go along the beach and light our beacon light and cast a believing glance over the waters of Time, fully confident that He who has promised to return will do so. Some of these days we shall see the King in His beauty; we shall hail Him who said, "I will come again and receive you unto myself."—*A. G. Ward.*

\* \* \*

"I have been troubled about two months with very bad pain in my eyes," said a man. "I came here last night and went down stairs to the prayer-room. As I stood at the foot of the stairs I said, 'Oh Jesus, won't You take this pain away?' I came up to the meeting and as we sang the first song I was conscious that it was all taken away. He is not only a Jesus who can save from sin and the gutter, but He can heal and keep."

\* \* \*

There is a deep response in my heart to a Savior who saves from stress and strain as well as from sin.—*Max Wood Moorehead.*

\* \* \*

A young lady came to this country from Switzerland. She belonged to the Salvation Army, and in her heart was reaching out after God. As she walked along the street in one of our Eastern cities, she saw a boy reading a New Testament, and said to him, "You must be a Christian reading a Testament." "Yes," he replied. "What church do you attend?" she asked. He said it was a Pentecostal Church, told her where it was and invited her to come. At a street meeting later she saw a man who seemed very much interested, and walking up to him, invited him to the meetings of the Salvation Army. He said he could not go, as he had to attend his own meeting. What is your church?" she inquired. "Pentecostal Gospel Mission," he said. By this time her curiosity was quite aroused, and she said, "I would like to go to your meeting." She went and found what her heart had been longing for. She accepted the precious truth of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, opened her heart for all that God had for her, and later entered the Bethel Bible School at Newark for training.

## Good Books

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An Autobiography by Anna W. Prosser

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Philip Wittich,

Pastor