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The days of Heaven on the Earth.

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

HAWTIN - CHICAGO

The Zeal of the African to Spread the Gospel

What It Means to Them to Have Peace.

Otto Keller, at the Missionary Rest Home, May 1, 1924

IT IS only right that you who give and you who pray should know what is being done in heathen lands today, and what is being accomplished for the extension of God's kingdom. Just as true as the Lord said, "I have set before thee an open door," the forces of the Lord Jesus Christ are absolutely irresistible. We have seen that many times in our experience in Africa, how forces that have been arrayed against the extension of God's kingdom have been put to naught, and God's cause has gone on. We are truly living in a time when in every land and every corner of the world God is opening doors and all the forces of hell cannot block the progress of the Gospel. We ought to be greatly encouraged that we are living in this day when God thru the supernatural working of the Holy Spirit is manifesting His power as never before in the history of the Church; not only opening doors but preparing hearts for His message when God gets men and women to carry it. If you really mean what you sing, do not be surprised if God suddenly lays His hands upon you. He is in need of laborers to fill the open doors, opened thru the prayers of God's people. The opportunity in Africa is greater than has ever been known before in the history of the Church. In the last six years since the close of the war, practically that whole country is open to the Lord Jesus Christ. We have dear friends out there who have been there for twenty-five years. They prayed and believed and were often tempted to be discouraged, but now they are reaping the result of those years simply because God has put a longing in the hearts of these people for the Gospel thru the Holy Spirit.

Another encouraging side of the work in Africa today, and I am sure that it is the same in different parts of the world, is the zeal and the concern that the native Christians have for the extension of the kingdom of God. That today is the most encouraging side of our work. I say it to God's glory, not because of what we have done, but it is thru the working of the Holy Spirit. It is a supernatural work that God is doing, putting zeal and a love in the hearts of native converts for the extension of God's kingdom. You can go into hundreds of villages today where no white missionary has ever been and if you inquired if they had ever heard of Jesus, they would say they had. And they would say, "One of our people was down country and he heard of this Jesus who came into the world to save us and he has come home with this message," and so God today is constraining them by the love of Christ to preach to those who are lost.

So we see that God Himself is far more interested in missionary work, home and foreign, than you and I could be. He has told us explicitly in His Word that the Gospel shall be preached as a witness. It is being done at a rate never known before. He has put this yearning into the hearts of natives who have been saved and who know what it meant to come out of darkness, and they are concerned about their fellowmen who are lost. They are making sacrifices that would put to shame you and me, yet not counting them sacrifices. They realize what awful bondage they have been delivered from; as they often testify they are grateful from what they "have been untied." We who have been born in a Christian land cannot conceive of what it means to be steeped in superstition and darkness for centuries and then released. They and their forefathers have sacrificed to departed spirits; they have had a god under every tree and every bush whom they looked upon as doing all that was possible to make existence miserable and to whom they sacrificed to appease his wrath. And then to feel they are "born again" and made new creatures in Christ Jesus, they know they have something to be thankful for. Old men and old women testify that during their life-time of bondage they never knew what it meant to lie down and have a peaceful night until they were saved. They have no words in their language to explain the feelings of their hearts, but they do not hesitate to testify before thousands in the market place, in their homes and in the chapel how the Lord has taken these things out of them. They say, "We thank God we have been untied from all the evil and all that sin brings into our lives," and because of the deep peace they feel they have something to talk about.

We have tried by the grace of God in the past nine years to have our people see that the missionary cannot of himself evangelize that country. We tell them that if they are waiting for

the white man to evangelize Africa, that time will never come. So we have tried by God's help to get them to see that the work of spreading the Gospel rests upon them as much as upon us, and have taught them to pray along those lines, helping them to see the sacrifice that Jesus made. Now we have quite a number of young men and women who have consecrated themselves to the Lord's service, none of whom we have ever promised in any way to support. We have told them they would have to trust God as we have been obliged to do. If we both trust God together we are sure He will never disappoint us.

Out there every young man after he is about twelve years old has to pay $4 a year head tax to the government, and often he will have to pay also for his old mother, and perhaps for his auntie. That may not seem like very much money, but when we remember that our best workmen make two dollars a month, that means they would have to work two months for their own head-tax. Then wherever the Word of God is preached a little school house is set up and we have reading centers where old men and women who are hungry for God can come and hear the Word read to them. They often walk fifteen, twenty and twenty-five miles to hear the Word of God read to them. If you happen to meet one of these old people along the road they say, "I am going down to hear a man read the Word of God." We have an out-station where a man settles down with his wife and family, and he is there to help people who get into trouble; for instance, someone is sorely tempted to offer a heathen sacrifice, and they help them to stand true. They also visit the sick and hold preaching services. They have their living and their tax and we put this burden of the tax and the clothing of the pastor (our Christians are all clothed) upon the native church. We feel it is glorifying to God for them to assume that burden. You and I know it costs something to be a follower of the Lord Jesus, and that which does not cost anything is not much account. So we tell them the religion of Jesus Christ costs something. It costs something for them to separate from their household, it costs something in prayer and in giving. The natives often say, "The first sound of the Gospel is wonderful, but when you come along with the second teaching of the separated life and the sacrifice, *it costs,*" but they are glad to sacrifice for Jesus. So when we had to raise in the neighborhood of $300 to meet the need of the native church, we put that need before the people. We had other needs, for buildings, which we could not lay upon the people, but the running expenses we asked them to meet, and they often put me to shame with their giving. We had one woman who walked twenty-one miles to the lake to buy fish and then walked back the next day and went to the villages and traded it for grain and beans, and after two days of hard labor, she made five or six cents and put it aside for the collection. Some of the natives' cattle got diseased, others were stolen, and they would sometimes come to us and say, "We haven't anything but we have strength and we will do a month's work," and at the end of the month, one would put in a day for himself and his wife. Others would go out and pick stone. The little buildings are always erected by the native Christians and they furnish everything. If we need fifty cents worth of nails we take up a collection among the people in order that they might know it was their building and have an interest in it, and as they have shouldered this burden they value it. It had cost them something in strength and sacrifice. They find the lines of separation closely drawn when they go on with God. One said to me, "Even my mother would not cook for me if I was hungry, but I find the words of the Lord true, 'If my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.' "

Some of the natives go thru great trials for the sake of the Gospel and their faith is often severely taxed. To prove this I tell you this little story which is an example of what we have to face, and what the native sometimes goes thru for the sake of the Gospel. We had a couple who were both very intelligent as Africans go. The husband was well able to read and was a very good preacher, and the wife could read well and also had a good knowledge of the Word of God. In Africa no young man ever asks a girl to be his wife. He buys her with cattle. That is the custom. At the time this Christian bought this girl, a heathen man also sent cattle for her. Being an only daughter and the father being an influential man in the tribe, said to his daughter, "I am going to give you your choice. If you decide you want that boy from the mission, you can have him." The heathen man had sent the cattle first, but she said, "Father, as I am a Christian I want a Christian man." As soon as the heathen man heard that he cursed this woman. Curses in Africa are no light affairs. They have a peculiar effect on the lives of the people, something you and I do not understand,

but many people who are cursed die in three or four days. We have seen it time and time again that a curse has killed a man. The curse this heathen man put upon this woman was that she should never have any living children. She and her husband both took the stand that God would protect them, and we encouraged them not to believe in the curses, but before we came home we buried the fifth child of that couple. They all seemed healthy when they were born, and the last one lived to be four or five months old, and yet he too died. They loved those children as dearly as we love ours; at the grave the mother's face was swollen from weeping. The grandfather of the children came to me, greatly stirred, and asked me to let them go and sacrifice and the curse would be broken. I said, "There is your daughter and son; talk to them." He said, "I have talked to them, but they told me they will stand for what they believe is right." Even the weak-kneed Christians wanted them to sacrifice, and yet that woman by the grace of God said, "I will not bow to the evil spirit in order to free myself from this curse. I believe that God will deliver." The heathen community was very angry; they felt that mother was a murderess, but she stood true to God. The lives and the testimonies of those natives mean more than the preaching of a good many people. The heathen saw when they stood firm in the face of such opposition that the power of Jesus Christ was something far beyond their understanding. That couple are standing true today. They have no children, but they yet believe that God will vindicate them. Pray for them. We have many instances of this kind where our natives have stood true to God against persecution and opposition from the heathen. Just as much as we do, they leave all to follow Jesus. They move out of the little communities in which they have been born and go thirty or forty miles and live among a strange people for God.

I am thinking now of a young man whom we had in school. When he came he was such a hard case; we felt he was hopeless. In the first place he said he had never worked in his life and never intended to. We said the laws of the mission required that every man had to work at least four hours, and then study. He said, "I can come in and study and live up to the regulations, but the work part won't go down very well with me." But he decided he would come in. He was contrary and obstinate, and his presence seemed to put a depression on the whole class, and we had special prayer for him, but I said to my wife one Wednesday, "Well, that boy is perfectly hopeless and I think he will soon be leaving." On Friday night he said to me, "Teacher, I am going home and do not know whether I will be back." I felt relieved and thought we were rid of him. On the following Tuesday he came back and seemed to be different. On Wednesday night we had our testimony meeting and he got up and said that God had been speaking to his heart and that something had taken place in his life. The following week he had a bright testimony, and from that day on he was a changed creature and the sweetest person to work with; no more complaining about the food or other little things, but a growing in grace.

About that time we had a call for a man to a very hard part of the tribe. In Africa the Gospel is spread just like it is here, an inch at a time. You have to force it through faith and prayer. In this one village we had three men, but they were either starved out or the persecution was so strong they were forced out. The whole village was in commotion and the chief said he would not have a mission, and as long as he lived a woman would not step into the church. When our men are sent into the district they live on the charity of the people in that community, but these three who had been sent there could not stand the pressure. We felt it was a good place, near the home of a prominent chief, and if we could get a footing it would be a good field. We called for volunteers and the only one who offered was this boy who had been such a hard case. He said, "I think the Lord is calling me to that place." We told him to think it over and count the cost. They know how to count the cost out there very well, and at the end of another week he came back saying that he had prayed about it and felt God would have him to go. One of the native workers said, "How about your wife? Will she go?" He said, "When I spoke to my wife about it and told her we had to do something for the Lord Jesus who had done so much for us, she said, 'I have been thinking the same thing.'" So they moved out. They had a hard time for quite a while, but God gave them the victory. One time I thought I would make them a surprise visit. If we tell a native leader we are coming, he will have a crowd, and you can never tell whether these people come regularly or have been brought in for the occasion. So I gave that man a surprise visit, walked twelve miles to his mission and dropped in at twelve o'clock on Sunday. I counted in that little building 112 people, and I asked, "How many of these people know

anything about the Lord Jesus Christ." The native leader asked them to stand up, and 65 of them arose. We had a service there in the afternoon and even hard old sinners who had stood out and bucked the Word of God with all the force they had, came and sat around the outside. One old man kept moving his little stool up; when I started to talk he was out at the end of the line, and he moved a few inches at a time until he was just a few feet from me, and when I was through he said, "I would like to have a talk with you." Then he said, "You know these words of God are the most wonderful words that have ever come to the ears of a man like myself. I want you to see my position in life." They are very keen on telling you what position they have held in the community when they have been men of influence and wealth. He had houses and wives and cattle, but he said, "I would exchange them all for the peace of God that I hear about when I go to those meetings." I told him if he would give his heart to Jesus the peace of God would flood him. Today he is so happy in the service of the Lord Jesus, he never stops talking about it. Friends, we do not know what it means to be without the peace of God, but the poor Africans go down to their little huts and haven't a night without fear of the evil spirits. So when they get delivered and have sweet slumber, and are not startled by uncanny and strange noises in the day time, they never cease talking about it.

But it costs them something. When an old man steps out his family say, "Father has gone crazy and we might as well take everything," and they do. They sometimes strip him of everything but the peace of God. They stripped one old man of everything, but he kept true. We brought him down to our mission, where he kept the place and made baskets. Sometimes he would get discouraged, but God would comfort his heart.

The means of giving the Gospel are very crude. One of the boys will go up and grab a man, "Stand still for a moment." "Let me alone," says the other, "I am going to market." "I know, but you have enough time to hear something about God," and they hold him. "Some day," they say, "you will come to the place where you will come to the mission." The man will go away vexed because he had been held up on the road, yet the Word of God accomplished that for which it is given. One man came in and said, "For five years I have tried to read those words." "Where did you hear them for the first time?" we asked. "I heard them at the market when a white man got up to preach." Many has been the time that I have gone and sat at the entrance of the little doorway and called to the woman inside. "What do you want?" she called out. "I have come to tell you about the Gospel." "I do not want to hear. I am busy with my children." But finally she comes and listens, and when we give her a bit of cloth, she says, "I will be over to the mission." Sometimes it takes a long time for these precious souls, but they have no rest after they once hear that God offers them peace in their souls.

It is heart-breaking to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus to people who do not even know there is a God. "How do you expect me to know anything about Jesus if I have never heard?" they ask. Sometimes they come, like Nicodemus, at night, "I want to come in and talk with you. There is something hungry with my heart." They haven't the courage to come in the daytime, but God is drawing them.

Looking back over the twelve years I have been in Africa I cannot say that God has ever failed His Word. We feel like the children of Israel, "There failed not ought of any good thing which the Lord hath spoken."

Christ Typified by the Spices

Digging Precious Treasures From God's Word

Pastor Philip Wittich, in The Stone Church, June 8, 1924.

ABOUT ten years ago I was led by the Lord in a very remarkable way, and at first much against my natural inclination, into the study of the Song of Solomon. As all students of the Word, I realized that it is the most mysterious volume of the Scriptures, not even exempting the Book of Revelation, and its language so far above the spiritual atmosphere of most believers that I did not dare to attempt a thorough study of its chapters. Here and there I saw glimpses of divine beauty between its lines, but the whole trend of this volume was still veiled to my spiritual vision.

Then God undertook for me one Saturday night, showing me that this Song was written by His Spirit in the language of mundane and human types to glorify and exalt His Son Jesus Christ in His great and mysterious relation and union with a company of chosen and separated believers. To find the key to this holiest of all

love songs, it was needful first to get an understanding of the spiritual meaning of the many types and shadows used therein. It is surprising to see the many types and shadows and numbers used by God in His sacred volume, but it is still more surprising to note the absolute ignorance and indifference of the greater part of Bible readers toward this divine system of presenting truths and facts which do remain absolutely hidden unless the key to this mysterious language is found. And this key is right in the Word itself, if we but take time and application to search for it. However, the spirit of this age of materialism, of superficiality, of haste and waste, and of antagonism against everything that is of God, has also left its fingerprints on the saints of our day. People who stoutly claim to be ready to meet our Lord at the sound of God's trump, display a deplorable lack of interest in His Word. Yet it is said of our God: "Thou hast magnified Thy Word above all Thy Name." Ps. 138:2.

I call your attention this afternoon to the third verse of the first chapter of this Song: "Thy name is oil poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee." Here the bride is praising her bridegroom, and now she continues by saying, "Thine oils have a goodly fragrance," or the literal rendering is, "A sweet breath are thy goodly oils." We find that the word "love" used in the second and third verses of this chapter has the meaning "to breathe out." This is love in action; it is the love of God as it is breathed out and into anyone who is open to receive it. God is no Respecter of persons. No matter where you stand spiritually, whether you are saint or sinner, if your heart is open to the love of Jesus Christ, that love will flow into you. Jesus came to fill us with His divine love, and He has such an abundance of that love that He can fill everyone who comes.

Here we have the words "sweet odor" and that word "odor" has a wonderful meaning. It is related to the same word which means the "kiss." And so the bride continues to praise her Lord, speaking about the sweet breath of that spirit as it comes and brings to her that blessed life. What a sweet fragrance there is when she begins to praise and breathe in the life of her Lord in all His fragrance! Notice the plural, the *oils.* In the King James' version you will find it given as the *ointment.* Altho the olive oil was one of the ingredients yet the ointment was a mixture, the prescription of which is found in Exodus 30:22, 23. Here we find the composition of this, not as given by Moses, but by Jehovah Himself.

Four ingredients mentioned here were used in this mixture: myrrh, cinnamon, calamus and cassia. These were to be mixed with olive oil and then this perfumed oil mixture was to be poured over all the tabernacle and the furnishings therein; and even on the altar and laver in the outer court, and over Aaron and his sons. This is the oil which the bride is praising when she says, "Thine oils have a goodly fragrance." Now what is the meaning of all these ingredients? When we get the meaning according to the Hebrew language, we understand their remarkable significance, and as bride souls of our Lord Jesus Christ, having received the anointing that abideth, we can also praise these oils which have a "goodly fragrance."

The first ingredient mentioned is *myrrh,* which means in Hebrew, to distil, to drop. Myrrh is an exudation of the myrrh-plant which is found in the Holy Land and chiefly in Arabia. These tear-shaped drops harden into a bitter, aromatic gum, which the natives gather. Therefore the word "myrrh" in Hebrew stands for human tears. In God's language it has this wonderful meaning: sadness, sorrow, bitterness or tears. Now this myrrh was one of the ingredients mentioned in connection with the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, otherwise the bride would not be in such ecstasy over the sweet fragrance of this combined oil. Myrrh stands for suffering, for sadness, and the word is used quite often in the Old Testament. For instance we read that the Children of Israel after they left the Red Sea, came to a place called *Marah,* which has the same derivation and also means *bitterness.* Then again we find that on the night of the Passover they had to partake of bitter herbs, called in Hebrew *"merorim,"* which is the plural of bitterness. This was to point them to the bitterness and suffering that Jesus the Lamb of God was to undergo for them. We also find that when Naomi returned from the land of Moab to Bethlehem, a widow, deprived of husband and sons, and was greeted by the women of her home town as "Naomi" (pleasant, joyful) she said, "Call me not *Naomi,* but call me *Mara* (bitter) for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me." Our English word Mary (Maria) comes from the same root, meaning "the sad one, the sorrowing one, the bitter one."

Now why is that gum product of the myrrh-plant used to bring out something in the life of Christ? This gum is very highly prized by the Orientals as an article of merchandise. Women were accustomed to carry these myrrh-drops in

a little bag on their bosom, in order to dissolve them in their mouth. Therefore the bride says, "A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me: he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts." (S. S. 1:13, literal rendering.) A very distinctive feature about the gumming distillation of the myrrh-tree is that its taste at first is extremely *bitter;* hence the name. When kept in the mouth for any length of time, it produces a very pleasant, *aromatic* taste; and when dissolved it gives forth its portion of *sugar.*

Myrrh is always connected with the suffering and death of our Lord. When He went to the cross He tasted *the bitterness of our sins* to the fullest extent. When we come to the Lord as penitent sinners, crying out for salvation, we receive the *aromatic flavors* of His pardon. It is fragrant news when He says, "My son, My daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee." When we yield to the Spirit's operation bringing us to the place where we can say, "It is no more I but Christ," that bitterness of His death becomes *sweet to us.* The suffering and death of the Lamb of God is eternally sweet to those who have *full deliverance from their self-life.*

We find also that *myrrh* is spoken of a number of times in connection with our Lord while He was on earth. For instance, when Christ was born the wise men came from the east and brought unto the Christ-child three gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh. (Matt. 2:11). The *gold* speaks of the divine nature, pointing out that the Lord who was considered the son of Mary, was above all *the Son of God. Frankincense* speaks of His office as High Priest, for frankincense was burned by the high priest when he went into the holiest. It speaks of Jesus as He is now in the Holiest, in heaven, interceding for His believers on earth, and offering the only prayer, thru which you and I are accepted by the Father. The *myrrh* speaks of His suffering as the Lamb of God who bore our sins on that cursed tree.

Then we find in Mark 15:23, that when Christ hung on the cross they offered Him myrrh mixed with wine. However, He refused it because this mixture had a stupefying effect, and because the Father had given Him a cup which was far more bitter. He came to the cross, not to die in a stupor, but to drink the bitter cup of our sins that the Father had decreed for Him, and He drank this cup to the dregs.

We also see myrrh connected with our Lord's *resurrection.* To the tomb came two men, Joseph and Nicodemus, who brought with them a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes with which to embalm our Lord's body. Why is "aloes" mentioned in connection with His burial? The aloes tree has something so peculiar from all other trees that God used it as a type of Christ's resurrection. This tree is about one hundred feet in height, and bears very large, white blossoms similar to those of the magnolia tree. The blossoms, however, are different from those of any other tree or shrub in that they are perfectly odorless while they are in full bloom, but after they have shrivelled up and decayed they emit a very sweet fragrance. The Orientals gather up these withered blossoms and use them as perfume. What does that speak of? Our Lord Jesus suffered on the cross and died (myrrh) but He arose from the dead, and even as the blossom of the aloes, He brings the sweet message, *"I am the resurrection and the life."* Not His death alone but also His resurrection has the sweetest perfume in the nostrils of the believer. We have not only a suffering Christ, a dead Christ, who in His death settled all our iniquities and delivered our souls from our vile nature, but we have a *risen Christ* who is seated at the right hand of the Father, forever making intercession for us.

The second ingredient mentioned in this holy anointing oil is *cinnamon.* This spice in the Hebrew has the meaning of *resurrection, to set up, to erect, to build a nest on high.* It suggests the resurrection and ascension of our Lord. We read in Leviticus 14: 6,7, how our Lord is typified by two birds. One bird was killed and its blood put into an earthen vessel; the other bird was dipped alive in the blood of the dead bird and allowed to fly. There we have an Old Testament type of our Lord. The life of the first bird slain is a type of Jesus giving His life on the cross, and the living bird is a type of Christ our Risen Lord in heaven. You understand now why the bride is praising the "oils" of the bridegroom! The first ingredient (myrrh) speaks of Jesus the Son of Man as the Lamb slain; the second (cinnamon) speaks of Christ the Resurrection and the *Life-giving Lord* from heaven. The bride sees in Christ her dying Lamb and also her risen Lord.

Let us emphasize again that this spice with its meaning suggests the resurrection and ascension of our Lord, who as the living bird (*Tsippor*) in Lev. 14: 6,7, dipped in the blood of the first bird and loosened into the open field, rose in His glorious ascent from *sheol* and the *grave* to the right hand of His Father in heaven, where He has prepared a place (*ken,* nest) for His little trusting birdlings. How precious it is for the Lord's children to know that they are by faith partakers of

His death and resurrection, and shall also share in the upward flight at the coming rapture! Their anthem is that of David's song of ascents, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: The snare is broken and we are *escaped.* Our help is in the Name of Jehovah." Ps. 124: 7, 8. "But God, being rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He has loved us, even when we were dead thru our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ (by grace have ye been saved) and raised us up with Him, and made us to sit with Him in the *heavenlies* (*Ta epourania*) in Christ Jesus." Eph. 2:4-10. The second spice, *cinnamon,* points to Christ risen and seated in the *heavenlies.*

Then we come to another ingredient which is *calamus.* This word in Hebrew has first of all the meaning of *creating.* When Eve received her firstborn son she used this word in an exclamation of joy, "I have gotten (obtained, created) a man with the help of Jehovah." How disappointed that woman was that her firstborn proved to be a murderer, instead of a Deliverer. But praise God, He has begotten a Man thru the agency of the Virgin Mary, and this Man, Christ Jesus, took upon His shoulders the sins of the world, delivering us from the curse of sin! Then again the word "calamus" has the meaning of "the shaft of the candle-stick." In Exodus 25:31 you will find a description of the golden candlestick or lamp-stand; there we read that its shaft was of *gold.* Jesus Christ is now the Shaft of the candlestick in glory who sustains and supports His church, the seven lamps, furnishing them with the gold of His divine nature. The seven lamps in the Holy Place are, according to Rev. 1:10-20, a type of the seven churches from the time of the apostles to the time of the Second Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the mighty Shaft who also furnishes His believers with the oil of His Holy Spirit. Thru Him alone they are enabled to shine as luminaries in this crooked and perverse generation. (John 8:12, Eph. 5:8, I. Thes. 5:5).

In Ezekiel 40:3, this same word is translated *"a measuring reed."* We read here of a man whose appearance was as the appearance of brass coming out with a measuring stick to measure the millennial temple. Our Lord Jesus Christ is compared here with the Measuring Stick appointed by God, to judge the living and the dead, but pre-eminently His own people. In the writings of Paul, we find a similar expression: Romans 14:10, "For we shall all stand, before the *judgment seat of Christ.* Again in II Corinthians 5:10 we hear Paul speaking of this judgment seat. He does not use in these passages the word *"krisis,"* the judgment seat for all creatures at the Great White Throne. There are chiefly two words in Greek for judgment, *krisis* and *bema.* Krisis means to cut to pieces, to separate. At the White Throne there will be a great process of separation; however Paul doesn't say to the saints of the Corinthian Church that we shall appear at the *krisis,* but at the *bema. Bema* is in Greek what the yard-stick means to us in English. Our yardstick has three feet; the ancient Greek measuring stick had two and a half. The platform on which the Judge of civic courts was seated was a *bema* high. A *bema* was also the distance by which every recruit in the ancient Greek army had to measure his steps. That was called "measuring after the bema." Christ alone is our Measuring Stick, telling us how to walk in His footsteps here on earth. I therefore exhort you to get your eyes altogether on our Lord Jesus Christ and to find out thru His precious Word how *He* walked. Follow in His footsteps and not in the footsteps of some man or woman. Let not your own ideas, your own teachings or doctrines, your church customs or the doctrines of men be your measuring stick, your guide and norm of faith and life, but let Jesus Christ and His Word be the measure and standard of your daily walk. If we are determined to follow our Lord Jesus, the Holy Ghost will give us grace to walk in *His footsteps.*

We must clearly distinguish between (1) the *bema* which will be in heaven where God's saints as partakers of the first resurrection will be made manifest, (Rom. 14:10, II Cor. 5:10) and (2) the throne of Christ's glory, established on earth at His Coming when all the nations shall be gathered (Matt. 25:31-46) and (3) the Great White Throne of the Father when the partakers of the second or last resurrection and the fallen angels will receive their judgment (krisis). Rev. 20: 11-15.

There is another word used in connection with *calamus,* which means "the balance." In Isa. 46:6 that word is thus used. Our Lord is not only the Golden Shaft, not only the Measuring Stick, but He is also the Balance. We have to come up to *His* weight. You remember the message which the heathen king received, "Thou are weighed in the balances and art found wanting." Dan. 5:27. God expects us in our Christian life to come up to the weight of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to be adjusted to Him who is the standard weight of true righteousness and holiness. Let us say to

Him every day: "Be Thou my Weight. Be Thou my Balance." Everyone of us will be judged according to the Lord Jesus, and I trust that none here will have the judgment that was pronounced on Belshazzar and be found wanting at His appearing.

The fourth ingredient here is called *"cassia,"* a species of aromatic bark. The word means to divide, to cleave, and brings out the idea of Jesus our Judge, who divides asunder the spirit-life in His people from the self-life. The Master Himself speaks in such unmistakable words about this subject that it is surprising to see how few of His saints are taking to this teaching. Luke 14: 25-33, "If any man cometh unto Me and hateth not his own father and mother, and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea and his own life also, he *cannot be my disciple.*" "Whosoever does not bear his own cross and come after Me, *cannot be my disciple.*" The word "life" in this passage is in Greek *"psyche" soul,* that is the flesh or sin-controlled self in man. We are therefore not to hate our loved ones or our own self, but that *sinful nature* which always resists God's Spirit. Matt. 10:34-39. "Think not that I came to cast peace on the earth. I came not to cast peace but a sword, etc." It is the Sword of His Spirit, the Word of God, which will unrelentingly cut down into the heart of believers, separating, dividing, cleaving asunder the *spirit-life* from the *flesh-life.* (See Jno. 4:23). The cutting, dividing and cleaving is going on in the hearts of the saints, and the Master ever separates the flesh from the spirit, the chaff from the wheat, the dross from the gold, the foolish who lack the Spirit's fulness from the wise who are vessels of the Holy Ghost. The Coming of the Lord and the rapture of the *ready* saints will reveal the secret work of our Lord as *Judge,* condemning thru Word and Spirit what cannot abide in His presence. Bride souls do not shrink from this. They covet it. If we are bride souls, we will never feel offended at any message, no matter how deep it cuts, but will say, "Thine oils have a goodly fragrance."

Many of the new-born converts, and even newly anointed saints cannot see the Lord as *their Judge.* They seem to think that after the anointing anything they do or say must be of the Holy Ghost. However, bride souls receive thru the Holy Ghost that divine discernment, enabling them to differentiate between the flesh-life and the spirit-life.

The first ingredient typifies Christ as our *Lamb,* the second as our *Resurrection,* the third as our *High Priest,* and the fourth as our *Judge.* The bride sees all this in her Bridegroom. She sees in Him the Lamb who died for her and the Lord who arose for her. She also sees Him her High Priest sitting on the throne who guides her and brings her life up to His standard. If you and I let the Spirit we have received, work in us and lead us, no matter how perplexing our conditions, He will show us a way out. There is something wonderful in this anointing that *glorifies Jesus Christ.*

His Name is "as precious ointment poured forth." The Hebrew word *shem* for our English word *name* has the primary meaning of a sign, a memorial. It signifies also great fame, reputation and a name after death. Jesus is the sign and monument of God's love. "And thou shalt call His Name Jesus: for it is He that shall save His people from their sins." Jesus has also a reputation attached to His name as no other because He humbled Himself and made Himself of *no reputation,* dying on the cross as the substitute of a sinful and shameful race," "wherefore also God highly exalted Him and gave unto Him the Name which is above every name; that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow in the heavenlies, in the earthlies, and in the under-earthlies, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." Phil. 2: 9-11.

Jesus has also left a Name after death, a memory for all believers as their Savior, Redeemer, Healer, Cleanser, Sanctifier, Baptizer, Shepherd, High Priest and King. "And these signs shall accompany them that believe: In My Name shall they cast out demons; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall in no wise hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Mark 16:17,18.

O precious Name of Jesus! How it strengthens and quickens, comforts and soothes the hearts of His bride-souls! His Name as their Lamb, their Resurrection and Life, their High Priest and Judge is unmistakably sweet!

The wealth of Heaven never perishes, never departs, never brings with it care, or envy or blame, destroys not the body, corrupts not the soul, is without ill-will, heaps not up malice; all of which things attend on earthly wealth. That honour lifts not men into folly, doth not make them puffed up, never ceases nor is dimmed. Again, the rest and delight of Heaven endure continually. Let us not cling to fleeting things, but to those which are enduring and immovable.

—*Chrysostom.*

From Intercession to Fishing

A Great Need in a New Tribe Open for the Gospel.

Miss Ruth Erickson, at the Missionary Rest Home, Aug. 6, 1924.



OME ye after Me and I will make you fishers of men," said Jesus to two humble fishermen, as He saw them toiling at their nets. Ten years ago the Lord saved me, and when He baptized me in the Holy Ghost, He called me to leave my home and kindred and work for Him. The most essential thing for soul-winning is a real love for the perishing. Above everything else we need a vision of Jesus Christ and His sacrifice for this perishing world, and a love such as He had for the lost. Someone has said, "The Holy Ghost makes us missionaries." I believe that is true. The Holy Ghost baptism gives one a real burden for souls.

Ten years ago I was very sick and afflicted in my body, practically an invalid, but during this time I was burdened night and day for souls. I used to look over the maps of India, Africa and China, and my very heart would cry out that God would thrust out laborers, and that He would bless those that were on the field. I think I had almost every missionary on my prayer list. I praise God for the ministry of intercession He gave me in those days. Many a night I would look out over the fields at home, out into the darkness and the Lord spoke to my heart that it was a type of the darkness of heathenism. One night, after my sister had gone to be with the Lord, He spoke to me. For two years before her death she had interceded for lost souls, and I missed her greatly and mourned for her. He said, "Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep for him that goeth astray." I felt it was a rebuke to me to be weeping for one who had gone to be with the Lord when there were millions going down into Christless graves for whom I had no concern. I said, "Lord forgive me. From this time forth I consecrate my life to Thy service." How many weep over their own troubles, while if they would interest themselves in those who need help more than they, they would lose sight of their own trials and would be blest in ministering to the needy.

From that night on I said, "Lord Jesus, whatever Thy will is for my life, let it be done." One night I had a vision of the needs in a heathen land. Before me passed a multitude of little black children crying in despair. They passed into blackness and disappeared. "What does it mean?" I asked, and the words came back, "They are perishing, perishing in heathen darkness. Will you go?" Many a time I had pictured myself among the heathen, but I had never counted the cost. That night the Lord brought before me a picture of my parents, my brothers and sisters and asked me, "Are you willing to give them all up and go to the perishing of dark Africa?" For a long time I struggled, but at last He gave me grace to say "Yes, dear Lord. Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go." I will never forget the peace that flooded my soul when I made that surrender. I fairly shouted for joy.

Two years later I was given up by physicians and others as a helpless invalid, but the Lord laid His healing hand upon me and restored me. He took me at my word, and took me to one of the hardest places as far as climate is concerned. At the time I went I looked far from well, having just recovered from the influenza, and friends in the East said, "It is impossible for that girl to go to Africa. She will never see the West Coast." I was not discouraged. The Lord had given me that promise, "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit." How I praise Him He gave me grace to trust Him when everyone discouraged my going. He wonderfully opened the way for my going forth. In less than a month He provided for my fare and outfit. I started out from Chicago with only $15 in my purse, but I had the promise that the silver and gold was His, and the cattle on a thousand hills, and it seemed to me I could trust the Lord for a few hundred dollars. He honored my faith and supplied all my needs.

I have again stepped out in faith, and am going forth in His Name. It was only a few months ago the Lord asked me to return. I praise God for the three years I have labored in West Africa and for the precious souls saved there. They get the real joy in their hearts when they are saved, and when they are baptized in the Holy Spirit they speak in other tongues as they do here. I well remember the first night I landed in Liberia. What a joy it brought to my heart as they sang, "They crucified Him, they nailed Him to the tree." It seemed too wonderful for words to think that God had saved those heathen boys steeped in superstition and wickedness. Since then God has saved many more.

I remember one man coming into the meeting for the first time. Just after the meeting opened the spirit of conviction came upon him, and while we were singing he fell prostrate on the mud

floor of our little chapel. The tears were streaming down his face as he called on the Lord to have mercy and forgive his sins and he was soon praising God for this wonderful salvation. I remember one little boy who had been in the mission only two weeks. We were having services then every night. All at once his little hands went up to God, his face shone with the glory of God, the tears streamed down his face and in a little while he was praising God in the English language.

Today we have a good force of native workers who are preaching the Gospel. They love to go out into the villages. We have several who are good evangelists going from village to village to tell their people about Jesus Christ. One time I was going out to a village in one of the tribes—we take a tin trunk on these trips and a steamer rug, and go off for three or four days. We had gone only about a mile when a terrific storm arose; the narrow path in which we were walking was filled with water, and I was drenched to the skin. My hammock too was wet. I said to my boys, "I think we must return to the mission. It is impossible for us to go on!" "Oh, no, Miss Erickson," they said, "we must go on and preach the gospel in that village." There came to my mind the promise, "Go and I will go with you." I had felt if I went on I would get fever from the exposure, but the boys said, "If you will go we will carry you all the way." Still I felt I must turn back, fearing I might be taken sick. As we turned back the water got deeper and deeper until it was up to my knees. I prayed, "Oh Lord, I believe you want us to go on," and I had no more than said that until the sun was shining down from the mountain. We so often get our eyes on the hardships and trials. We went on and had a wonderful time, and I never felt better in my life. My wet clothing never bothered me a bit, and we had fruit from that town. Several boys came with us to the mission for training.

I want to lay before you a great need. When I was yet in Liberia I visited the Hooyah tribe and found them very hungry for the Gospel. The head man had heard the Gospel thru one of our native evangelists. He came to God in a time of great need. Two of his children were dying and he had called a devil doctor who came with his ju-jus, but to no avail. Then he called on God. He said, "Oh God who has all power, if You will heal my child I will destroy all my ju-jus and put my trust in You," and it was so. He took me around his house and said, "Miss Erickson, can you see any ju-jus?" I could not. Everywhere you go in those heathen villages you see these ju-jus to keep away the evil spirits and demons. He said, "From that time on I began to trust in God. I tell the people of this village they must destroy their ju-jus, and that they must keep Sunday. They never go to the rice farms on Sunday. I tell them we must all stay in town so if the missionaries happen to come we will be here to hear 'God way'."

They asked me if I would come back to them in six months and be their missionary. I told them that that was impossible, but if they would pray to God perhaps He would send me back. The Lord has provided a native evangelist and since then seven of the heathen men and women have moved out of heathen towns and built their little homes upon the missionary hill where I expect to build my mission house. This is a wonderful opening. There are thousands of heathen huts scattered all around them. You go up that little hill and there are thousands and thousands to whom we have opportunity to preach the Gospel. I look forward with joy in my soul as I contemplate pointing these heathen to the bleeding Lamb of Calvary. I will never forget the day I left Hooyah. The chief men and women followed me and begged that I might come to stay. My heart was nearly broken at leaving them without anyone. It was harder for me to leave that heathen town than it is to leave my loved ones in this country, altho they are very dear to me. But God has given me a vision of souls who are perishing and I look forward to the time when I will sing the praises of Jesus with them. I ask your prayers that the Lord will provide a co-worker for me. There is no one available now, but I am trusting God for this need.

I also ask prayer that the Lord will supply means for a building. With the help of the natives, which has already been promised, a house can be built for three or four hundred dollars. We would like a house with cement pillars so that the white ants will not destroy the wood. With wooden posts the white ants eat their way up into the house and it soon falls to the ground, but if it has cement pillars it can be protected for many years and is far cheaper in the end. It takes gasoline and oil for the saw-mill.

Also pray that there will be a sweeping revival thru Liberia. He is working. The reports from the field are very encouraging, and we are expecting God to work in a mighty way. Pray as I go forth, sailing from New York on August 30th, that He will keep His mighty arm around me.

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Notes

NO man need lack for large service and reward. The prayerful use of life with its golden hours; of powers of mind, thought, reason, imagination, memory; of the grand weapon of influence, the tongue; of the heart's rich capacities of sympathy and unselfish affection, who shall measure these possibilities! Every secular calling is a gift from God, and our business may be a vocation with opportunities for the service of God and man. The great principle is to be an outlet as well as an inlet; to get in order to give, and to receive in order to impart.

—*A. T. Pierson.*

* * *

Missionary Disbursements

(July and August)

Paul Aenis, Brazil	$ 11.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, China	25.00
L. M. Anglin, China	20.00
Miss B. Appleby, China, Native Work	20.25
Mrs. A. F. Berg, Congo	9.25
J. H. Boyce, India	30.25
Miss Mattie Brann, China	5.00
Miss A. E. Brown, Palestine	5.00
Herbert H. Cox, India	20.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, enroute Liberia	10.00
Miss M. Flint, India ($12 native)	17.00
Miss Ada M. Gollan, Liberia	28.50
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India ($20 fare)	36.00
Miss C. B. Heron, India	19.10
John James, China	10.00
E. F. Juergenson, Japan	10.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China	30.00
F. G. Leader, Congo	5.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India	76.00
C. W. Longstreth, Africa	20.00
Miss Martha Merrill, China	13.00
Mr. & Mrs. J. J. Mueller, India	67.75
John Norton, India	20.00
Wm. K. Norton, India	49.00
Miss L. H. Parker, India	5.00
C. Personeus, Alaska	15.00
V. G. Plymire, Tibetan border	120.00
Miss Mary Rassmussen, China	10.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo	50.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Cent. Amer	36.00
Edgar Scurrah, Africa	10.00
Wm. E. Simpson, Tibetan Border	10.00
J. R. Spence, China	25.00
J. R. Spence, China (for Kelley work)	16.00
Thos. Stoddart, India	45.00
Mrs. Pansy M. Surtees, China	25.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, on furlough	35.00
Walter M. Turner, China	21.00
Miss Henrietta Wise, India	10.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America	12.75
Compton's Orphanage, N. C.	5.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago	40.00
Pisgah Home, Los Angeles	20.00
Persian Relief	10.00
Total	$1,077.85

IN SENDING out our Two Months' Report we ask for prayer that the dear missionaries will have all their needs supplied and not lack for real necessities. Some in order to carry on the work and accomplish something for God, stint their bodies and do not eat proper food. In this country one might do very well with little food and not be affected thereby, but not so in heathen lands. Missionaries have often told us, there is that about the native foods which does not nourish the foreigner and it is a mistake to eat it continuously. One missionary recently wrote to another that unless God specially undertook for him and the work to which God had definitely called him, he would have to close it up. It has grieved us very much to read this for we know of this brother's godly life and call to the work at that place. He is a man of faith, and we cannot but feel that this sore test thru which he is passing is because some one in the homeland has failed God. If any of our readers feel led to take this important need on their hearts we shall be glad to communicate personally with them regarding the matter.

But even in time of real distress God supplied thru a missionary, and the recipient wept as he was reminded of God's faithfulness.

* * *

Dear Sister Harvey on the eve of her return was quite tested as she looked at the money needed for their passage and the work in India. It looked like a mountain to her as she sat on a platform in a western city recently. Then as she looked at the beautiful flowers surrounding the altar and thought how the Lord made them and cared for the sparrows, they spoke to her heart of His faithfulness, and as she arose to speak she forgot about her troubles. They did not take up a missionary offering, but the pastor gave her a check, and after the meeting a number of people slipped an offering into her hand. When she reached home, she could hardly believe her eyes, for one bill was for a hundred dollars. Never before had such a sum been given to her in that way, and it was a great strengthening of her faith. All of God's promises are behind the mis-

sionary whom *He sends* out, and if our ears are keen to hear His voice when He tells us to *give* there will be no lack.

Among the Churches

THE fields are white unto harvest, the Holy Spirit is creating a hunger in many hearts, home and abroad, drawing them to Him. As God's saints read and hear of His sovereign working in all parts, how they rejoice that souls are continually being saved! Occasionally we hear it said that the day of salvation is past, but the eagerness with which the Word is received is abundant proof that such is not the case.

Among the churches a hunger is being created for the Full Gospel. Here and there we hear of a pastor who leads his people into Pentecost. This is told of a Methodist minister in Vancouver who had felt a great dryness in his ministry. He waited upon God and prayed, and became so discouraged that he contemplated going into secular work. As he waited upon God the Holy Ghost came upon him in such a way that the entire house shook. His wife went to a neighbor's and asked if there had been an earthquake, but they knew nothing of it. She went back and found that the Lord was baptizing her husband in the Holy Spirit. He immediately witnessed to his people and a new power was manifest in his ministry. Souls were saved and baptized in water and received the Holy Spirit. The Methodists in conference cast him off, but his people are standing with him. His church as a body accepted the teaching of Pentecost and a revival is in their midst.

* * *

The First Baptist church had been much prejudiced against the Pentecostal work in the city of Vancouver. Some of the people had gone to Pentecostal meetings and received the Holy Spirit and it aroused persecution. But the Young People in their meeting set themselves to seek the Lord. As they prayed the meetings became a little noisy and the janitor complained to the pastor who said they could not allow that and ordered the doors to be locked. When the Young People next gathered and found the doors locked, they looked at one another in astonishment and said, "We will not be outdone. Let's go down to the 'Four Square meeting'." As they got nicely settled there the pastor of this meeting, not knowing what had transpired spoke of how Israel had rejected the Son of God and the Gospel had come to the Gentiles, saying, "If the church of Jesus Christ today rejects the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which is for this dispensation, they will reap the same consequences that Israel did by being rejected by the Lord." How startling this to those who were being tried because of their hunger for God! At the close they went up to the altar, about twenty-five in all, and quite a number received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

* * *

The blessing of the Lord has been upon the meetings held by Dr. Price in Canada, in spite of opposition from many ministers. Marked healings have followed the preaching of the Word. One sister writes of healing of gall-stones. Her father had died of this disease after several operations, and when she was taken by the same disease, a deadly fear possessed her. She writes of how, as she attended Dr. Price's meetings she was melted before the Lord and wept during the entire time. Then as she retired that night, the Lord spoke to her, *"Who healeth all thy diseases; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."* She began to praise the Lord and fell asleep filled with His praises. All night long she found herself praying even in her sleep. From that time she has been healed, can eat everything and is gaining in strength.

* * *

The wife of a Methodist minister writes to her mother of a blessed revival and wonderful cases of healing in Oregon. In her Sunday School class one began to tell of the outpouring of the Spirit in India, and while giving this testimony, she herself began speaking in tongues and the Spirit fell on another in the class; so the latter rain is falling among the Methodists.

* * *

In Two Harbors, Minn., Bro. K. R. Glover, former Pastor of the Stone Church, has been holding tent meetings. Mrs. Glover writes: "The tent has been packed nightly and tarrying services held in the mission hall. Ten have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and a number saved. A young Methodist minister is seeking the baptism, the Salvation Army captain and wife attend the meetings and are in sympathy with Pentecost, and the Swedish Methodist minister dismissed his meeting on Sunday and came to the tent with his people. He offered the use of his church. More than 200 attended the street meeting and the town shows every respect."

* * *

Bro. Thomsen of India tells us of the Lord

working in Norway. He spent some very blessed days in Pastor Barrett's work in Christiania, and says it is in a prosperous, spiritual condition. Pastor Barrett received his Pentecost in the early days of the latter rain (1907-1908) while in a hotel in New York City on the eve of sailing for Norway and carried the blessed tidings to his church. They accepted his testimony altho he was obliged later to sever his official connections with his former organization. He now has a new church in the center of the city which seats 1400 and the house is well-filled on Sunday evenings. He teaches the full Pentecostal experience and has a membership of over a thousand. People are continually being saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. Pastor Barrett sent his greetings to the saints in America, and said they were doing their best to fulfill Phil. 3:13.

The wonderful results of preaching on the street has been demonstrated in the city of Bergen, Norway. Two evangelists who were blessedly used in their ministry felt led to visit that city. In a short time they were turned out of their hall because of the teaching on Pentecost. With no other opening they started to preach on the street. Souls were saved and baptized in the Spirit right on the streets of the city. These street meetings, continued for nine or ten months with blessed results. When they had water baptism there were sixty or seventy baptized at one time, and at the end of a year about two hundred people had been saved. In two years' time they had a congregation of nearly a thousand people.

* * *

But this wonderful meeting was not without its distressing sorrow. One of these young men who was so gifted and so greatly used, became puffed up; took the glory for what God had done as tho he were some great one. In this condition he opened the door of his heart to the enemy, and one evening while sitting by the fire place, an evil spirit in visible form came to him and asked for admittance. Weak and out of touch with God he said "Yes," and from that moment he became a raving maniac. How like Nebuchadnezzar who said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built, . . . by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" For six or seven months he was demon-possessed and had to be confined. Much prayer went up for him, and one day God called him by name. At that something snapped within him, the enemy's power was broken and he was absolutely delivered. He is today perfectly normal and again preaching the Gospel, humbled in spirit and being blessedly used. Some might say we ought not to tell what the enemy does, but there are lessons in these experiences. We give it as a warning to those who may be tempted to take the credit for what God does thru His Holy Spirit. When men or women speak of what they have done, or write exalting themselves they are in great danger. It is said of a great evangelist that he refused to read a word of praise about himself. This is a place of safety.

* * *

The pastor of the Pentecostal Church at Asbury Park, N. J., Bro. S. A. Waldron, writes of a new church building that God enabled them to build. For fifteen years the Assembly has been worshipping in old Park Hall, one of the city's famous old landmarks, but after much prayer God enabled them to break ground last March for a new building, and Gospel Lighthouse Tabernacle was dedicated August 10th amid much rejoicing of those who had so long exercised faith and courage. A revival spirit is on, a number of souls have been saved, and one baptized in the Holy Spirit. They are praying for a greater manifestation of God's power and glory, that the city of Asbury Park may know that the living God of Israel is in their midst.

* * *

Pastor A. W. Kortkamp, Alton, Ill., wrote us that their people at Alton had built a summer tabernacle seating 1,500 people for the purpose of conducting a continuous revival of some weeks. At Dr. Shreve's meeting there were as many as twelve received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in one afternoon, and souls at the altar every service seeking salvation. Evangelist Bert Williams followed in a meeting and Alton has continued to be stirred with a revival of oldtime power.

Result of a Hippo Hunt

"I think that angels might envy us this ministry," writes Brother Burton from the Congo. "Last Sunday eight young men came in to the service to publicly burn their charms and confess Jesus Christ as their Lord, while two or three hundred stood around the fire singing, 'Crown Him Lord of All.' Then yesterday two more stepped over the line. It is a very real and serious step for these poor natives, as it draws upon them the fury and scorn of all the elders of the village. As I write a man has just come in with a monkey skin all studded over with

horns, bits of carved wood, shells and seeds, a medicineman's charm. I do not say the owner is saved, but at least he has given up this charm to be destroyed and has acknowledged his fraud.

"I have just come from a visit to four of our out-schools in villages that have taken me a round of some 180 miles. At one center we had a little impromptu conference. About fifty sat around the Lord's table and we baptized seventeen new believers, most of whom have already received the Holy Spirit. Most of this is the outcome of a hippopotamus hunt and came about in this way: Last July, wife and I in visiting these same villages were much discouraged at the lack of interest and even open antagonism. I was tempted to withdraw our evangelists from the place. While there we were very short of cooking fat and hearing that there were hippo in the vicinity asked for a guide to take us to these haunts. We had a very weary and apparently fruitless day, groping in the dense undergrowth, along the river banks, sweltering in the heat on the sand banks, and so on. Though we saw many fresh tracks we did not catch sight of a single one. At midday as I sat on a fallen log eating a lunch I had an earnest talk with our guide, a reserved, middle-aged man who listened most respectfully.

"The next day we continued our journey and later wrote to friends in the homeland to pray especially for the apparent indifferent villages. I am sure they will rejoice to hear the outcome of their prayers. The man who acted as guide to the haunts of the hippo, returned home deeply impressed and could get no rest of soul until he and his wife were right with God. Then they set to work to win others, until today there is a real stir in those villages and even the drunken old chief comes to the meetings when he previously did all he could to oppose us. The Holy Spirit is falling among them and the Christians are getting out into other villages with the message of salvation."

* * *

Miss Fannie Van Dyke has just reached Caracas, Venezuela, safely. She writes that at the first service she attended on her return, after the native pastor had given a message, a young girl jumped to her feet crying, "I want to give myself to the Lord," and started for the altar. Another young woman followed, then a young man. All sought the Lord for salvation. She was greatly encouraged to see the revival spirit in their midst. At every turn she is reminded of the loss they sustain in the homegoing of dear Sister Bailly. Brother Bailly, accompanied by his son Horace, came at once to California to attend to important matters. They were greatly shocked over Sister Bailly's sudden demise, and Brother Bailly will especially need much prayer, also the mission, as a number of the old missionaries are home on furlough.

* * *

Brother Plymire, Tibetan border, asks for prayer for protection as he takes a long trip among the nomads. They will be two or three months on the road and will have to carry supplies for all that time. Mrs. Plymire will be alone during this time, with little John, and will greatly need our prayers. He writes, "Pray much for our safety among these wild tribes, and that we may be kept well in body, as the frozen ground will be our bed. Also pray that we may be used of the Lord to win many souls to Him."

* * *

Brother Anglin writes from Taianfu, China, that 82 have recently been baptized in water, and the Pentecostal message is spreading out into new territory. A woman who was working in their home has recently been saved and received the baptism of the Spirit. She went home and told her people about it. A bright light shone forth in the yard of the store where her son was working. He knew it was a supernatural manifestation of the Lord and he came up to the Orphanage and was baptized in water. The following week he, his wife and sister, and a kinsman of his received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. They were also baptized in water. The young man gave up his position as he said he could not work in that store and be an honest man.

How the Native Christians Sacrifice

Mrs. I. D. Shakley, in The Stone Church, May 19, 1924.

I HAVE been thinking how wonderful it is that we can talk to God and that He deigns to talk to us, and I praise Him that we do not have to go to certain places to worship the Lord but can find Him any place. God is working over in the dark lands of the earth and is saving precious souls, taking out the old desires and putting within them a real joy for His service. Shall we count it a sacrifice? What have we sacrificed?

Nothing at all compared to what the Son of God gave when He came down to earth that we might be saved and have the privilege of sitting together with Him in heavenly places.

The other day I received a letter from a woman who said she wanted to make some sacrifice for the Lord so she was sending some old cards which she had accumulated for years, and she said this was a real sacrifice. That brought to my mind one of my little Sunday School boys over in Africa. Our children in Africa prize these little cards so much and one time we were getting very short of cards, so I spoke to the children asking them to pray that God would lay it upon the hearts of the people in America to send us some cards. One little boy had kept his cards and had handled them until they were covered with dirty little finger marks, but one day he heard me say that we had no more cards, so he came marching in like a little hero, bringing these cards with him. How he had prized them, but he gave them all up because he loved Jesus.

Oh the heathen will put us to shame when it comes to sacrifice! I have known our native worker to give away all his week's wages. We wondered sometimes why he was looking so weak, so I asked him what the trouble was and he answered, "Well, I haven't eaten for a week." He looked as if he could scarcely walk, but he was happy because he had given his all to his Lord. This is the way they sacrifice. Sometimes they come with a penny for the building fund, but that will mean they will not have anything to eat that day. They remind me of the multitudes who just followed Jesus wherever He went, and sometimes He was afraid to send them home because they might faint by the wayside. That is the way our people do, but they don't count it a sacrifice at all. And I don't count it a sacrifice to go to Africa to tell these hungry ones about Jesus. It is a real joy and pleasure to see these dear ones brought out of that superstition and idolatry.

I have been thinking of Nehemiah and how he got word that the people in Jerusalem were in distress; the gates had been burned with fire, and famine was coming on. Nehemiah had a good position in the king's employ, but he went to God to fast and pray to find out what the Lord would have him to do. Then he received permission from the king and he left his good position and went down there to work, to fight and do his best for the upbuilding of the city. Nehemiah must have had a sacrificing spirit. Let us ask God what He would have us to do and let us sacrifice and I am sure God will reward us.

I want to tell you a little about our work in Africa. I praise God that He is bringing in the children. I have sometimes almost two hundred in the Sunday School. Our hope is in the children because if we can reach them they are saved from the terrible things the older people get into. Oh, if I could tell you about the terrible chain the devil is winding around those who have been living in heathenism for years and years it would amaze you! But the Lion of the tribe of Judah can break every fetter, and He is doing it. When we first went there we worked for about six months without seeing any results, but after that God poured out His Spirit and the altar was filled with seekers and it has never been empty since. Dozens are seeking the Lord all the time. Sometimes I hear ministers in the homeland coax and coax and hardly anyone will respond and come to the altar, but over there they are crying for someone to come with the Gospel story.

God is working wonderfully among the Kru tribe and I believe He will bring out some more Sammy Morrises from that tribe. We had some very wonderful outpourings of the Spirit and when we had been there about a year we had several baptismal services, and I wish you could have seen how the power of God rested upon those people as they went down into the water and arose into newness of life. The last time we baptized ninety-four in all. I couldn't tell you how many have been saved or baptized as we never try to keep count, but we know Jesus is keeping count up yonder. But dozens of them have the Baptism of the Spirit, and when they receive it they act just the same as you folk do at home; they speak in other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance. We are so glad that Jesus is alive in Africa and it is wonderful how He talks to those ignorant people. You know they are not able to read the Bible, so God has other ways of speaking to them. Our interpreter used to say that God just talked with them face to face and it is wonderful how He shows them His Word.

I think I will have to tell you of a vision a woman had which she told us while we were holding a service in the hills. She first heard a bell ringing at twelve o'clock and the people said to her, "That bell is ringing for the meeting at the mission, you had better go." She said when she got there quite a number had gathered, and among them was a man in white holding up a cross. First of all she saw them walking to the church doors and coming to the mission gate, and this Man in white told them to let Him come in. Then she said just at that time the people inside

began to sing and outside there was a terrible crash like thunder and the people began to wail and say, "Oh why did we not come before it was too late!" As she told the vision conviction fell upon the people and they began to confess the sins in their lives and God met them and saved them. Two dear girls who confessed were saved.

Then it is wonderful how they trust God for their bodies when they get sick. They just believe Jesus will heal them and their faith is so simple. They place themselves in God's hands and if they don't get healed the first time they keep on coming till God does touch them. I often say it is not our faith or prayers but the simple faith of these heathen people, which has brought the answer down. And oh how they pray! I never saw people in my life pray like they pray. We have nineteen meetings a week, and these are not enough for them so they go out to the bush and have other prayer meetings. We ourselves cannot attend nearly all these meetings as we work among four different tribes and we are kept very busy. But I wish to say that our work has been much hindered because we have not a suitable building. It is so small that we have to send our Sunday School children home so that the older people can get in, but we are believing God to give us a building when we go back this time. If you could see the mission people looking in to see if the children are ready to go out so they may come in you would see the need. I know many more people would come if we had the room. But I am not worrying a bit about it because I believe God will give it to us.

I might tell you of one instance of how Jesus heals and how they trust Him. We went down one day to visit a woman who had a terrible cancer on her breast and we found her sitting with the baby on her knee. So far no one had come in as this cancer was very sore. I felt God would do something for her that day and said to her, "You give that baby to someone so you can kneel down and we will pray." I don't think we even touched her body before God's power came down and she was instantly healed. The next time I saw her you could find no trace of it excepting a little scar. Another woman was in convulsions for three hours straight and the doctors could do nothing for her. As soon as she was able to speak she said, "I don't want the doctor." We had called in a doctor because it looked as though she might die and we didn't dare let her die without consulting the physician. A few days later she told us the Lord spoke to her and said, "Get up. The enemy has no more power over you." She was healed immediately. After that the girl came to our home and now she has the Baptism of the Spirit. Before the time of her sickness she was drifting away from the Lord. She was a very bright, beautiful girl and the young men were seeking her hand. We didn't want her to have the young man who wanted her and always felt the Lord permitted her to have that sickness to keep her from marrying him. Now she has the Baptism and is married to one of the mission boys.

God is breaking down the old country habits and our people are being married in the right way and are being made ready for the coming of the Lord.

Some Practical Lessons from Orphanage Work

"HOW do you manage your children?" we asked Miss Trasher, head of the Egyptian Orphanage in Assiout. The training of three hundred children of all ages is no little task, and for one to do it successfully shows special adaptability. Miss Trasher has well chosen her life's work. How restful our lives, even in the midst of great stress and strain, when God's choice for us is *our choice!* Down in the mountains of North Carolina God trained Lillian Trasher for her life's work, and when a mere child He called her to His service. Circumstances do not just happen. They are the working out of God's plan for us. On her way home from a neighboring store one evening, Lillian Trasher, then a mere girl, heard voices in song coming from a tent not far away. The inside of that tent was forbidden ground to her, but her curiosity led her to follow the sound of the music. She put her head inside the opening, but was careful not to put her foot inside so she could say she had obeyed orders. But the Gospel message that reached her ears sent conviction to her heart, and a few nights later, brooking all opposition, she found herself at the altar, giving her heart and life to her Savior.

When God later baptized her in the Holy Spirit and called her to Egypt, she not only stepped out from her home and gave up her loved ones, but she made a greater sacrifice which showed her strength of character. She was engaged to a young minister, but God's call to Egypt was greater and she made that first, laying down every desire, every ambition, and saying an eternal "yes" to Him. He rewarded her by giving her the love of hundreds of little children,

many of whom know no other "mother." She has poured out her life for the castaways and little diseased babies, filthy and ragged, tenderly nursed and cared for them until they have become handsome boys and beautiful girls who will some day be an honor to their country. "It may not read well on paper," she has often said, "to tell of nursing, crying babies, dressing unsightly sores, bending over tiny forms in the small hours of the night"—one would rather tell of wonderful conversions, and stirring the masses, but the destiny of a nation is often wrapped up in the life of a child. The man who risked his life to save the infant John Wesley from a burning building made the religious world his debtor for all time to come.

But we have digressed. In Miss Trasher's own words we give our readers an insight into her life at the Orphanage:

How do I manage them? I never thought much about it, but in the first place, children, to my way of thinking, are naturally good, unless they are aggravated or have meanness instilled into them. We take all our children when quite young, before they have learned to be bad, and "public opinion" goes a long way to lessen insubordination and disobedience. A new boy, six years old, comes into a crowd of two or three hundred children. He knows practically nothing, having lived in a home of poverty and filth. He sees the other children with clean hands and faces, well-dressed, going to school, sleeping in beds instead of on the floor, and he looks upon them as superior beings and longs to be like them. A bad word, such as he has used all his life, falls from his lips and the other children look at him in horror. "Oh, did you hear what he said?" "Yes, let's go and tell mamma," and the offender is brought to me. Poor little thing! He is frightened so badly he can hardly utter a sound. I listen patiently and then try to explain that such words are not used in our Orphanage. He is quite glad to stop anything that causes so much criticism and public notice. Of course it wasn't that way in the beginning, for we had only a few and I had time to train them personally, but now everybody turns in and teaches the new ones. We live in a big, open field where the children are allowed to run and play when not at work or in school, so we have no outside influence for the little ones. When the big boys go out to learn trades we have more trouble.

I let the children do as they like unless I have a good reason to say "no." If I have a reason for refusing I explain to them the reason, especially the larger girls, and many of them accept my explanation saying, "Well, since you have told me that I do not want to do it." Some are not so easily convinced. Sometimes we talk for hours over a matter, and, if it is important, days, and sometimes weeks. If I feel that I have been wrong, I tell them so, and do not hesitate to ask forgiveness if I have spoken too harshly or punished unjustly. I try to let them see that I am not trying to rule them arbitrarily but that I am their friend, and liable to err in judgment.

Sometimes we have some difficult problems to settle, and it requires much prayer and patience on my part so that there will be no feeling of unfairness or injustice. A month or two before I left Egypt I had a matter which took nearly two months of patient waiting to straighten out. One of my girls, the second one to enter the Orphanage, has the call of God upon her. I have never had a doubt as to her call, and her greatest desire is to be educated that she might be more useful in the Lord's work. She has studied very hard and is now too far advanced for the Orphanage classes, so we put her into the American Mission Girls School, as I had some special money given to me for this purpose. The school, however, was about three miles from the Orphanage and she found it very hard walking so far. If I had put her in as a boarding-student it would have been too expensive, and as I had a number of others walking to school each day, they would all expect the same consideration. She began to lose in weight through taking those long hot walks, and I felt she should stop school and study at home, saying I would give her special instruction, but she objected very strenuously, "Oh, I can't stop school. It is the only thing I want in this life. You know how I long to be taught so that I can work for God. Just think what a help I can be to you right here in the Orphanage." I gave in and let her go, but she became so ill she could not keep up her studies. Someone paid her way as a boarding student for about two months, and during that time one of her teachers met me saying she was better as a day pupil as she seemed so homesick. At the end of two months I asked her what she wanted to do, and she said, "Oh, mamma, I want to come home. I can walk and do not think it will hurt me." I myself wanted her back. We were very companionable. Every night she used to come over and read the Bible with me, and I missed her very much. Although I have three hundred, each one has his and her place in my heart. She came home and started walking again, but it was

too strenuous for her in her weakened physical condition. Then began my two months' effort of getting her to stop school. As I talked with her, and showed her that she could work for God as she was, the tears poured down her face. She wanted to carry out my wishes, but her desire to be educated was so great she felt it would be easier to die than give up her one ambition in life. I could have been arbitrary and compelled her to stop, but I wanted her to see for herself that her health was more important than an education. She could not see why God didn't heal her, since her desire for an education was that she might work for Him. At last, after laboring with her for days and weeks, she saw it in the light I did, and stopped. I could have taken her out the very first day, but by so doing I would have killed in her that which would never have come to life again, and made a breach between us that I would always have regretted. I also made her to feel that she is free to judge for herself and capable of using her own ideas. She is not yet well and I ask your readers to pray that God will deliver her. She is a wonderful help to me in the Orphanage work. No American missionary could ever be as helpful as she is in the work. All the preaching is not done in the churches, and I have been looking forward to her being used right in the Orphanage.

I always hear both sides of a controversy before settling a case, and call in all who may have been present in case of a misunderstanding. Quite often both sides have made mistakes and therefore both sides have to be punished. How do we punish? In different ways. If the girls have been naughty they must wash the babies' clothes from one day to a week, or even a month, according to the offense. If they misspell words in school, they must make a button-hole for each word. They bring a slip of paper from the teacher telling of the number of words missed. If the big boys who work in town quarrel or use bad language, they must stop work from one week to a month and do the Orphanage scrubbing.

Occasionally we punish them with a stick. If a new child cries and screams to have anything, we never give it until it becomes quiet. Sometimes one good spanking will be all it will need. In my opinion nothing is so good for a three or four-year-old child who lies down and kicks and screams to have his own way, as a good spanking, and then leave it to cry it out. But none of our children do that after they have been with us for a time. They soon learn to know that if they act like that they will never get what they want.

The most of my children are obedient because they love me. They love me because I love them, and because I am kind and just toward them. They would do anything for a kiss or a smile, and are so appreciative. I have never met American children who became so happy over little attentions as do these. If I kiss one, it will run off to the others and say, "Mamma kissed me and patted me on the head." There are so many of them, that I cannot pet them all as I would enjoy doing.

My big girls make me a confidant in everything. We are real friends. They come over to my cottage and read the Bible to me, and we have many heart-to-heart talks. We have spent many hours together, never-to-be-forgotten hours on their part, talking over things vital to every young girl's life. I let them tell me all that is in their hearts, trying to see their view-point, and never appear shocked at what they say or I would destroy their confidence. I never try to force a child into doing anything, for I feel it is so much better to work from the soul out. If we get the heart right they will want to do right, and the best of all is to get them saved. Then they are easy to guide and teach. No teaching or scolding, no begging or pleading will have the results like the love of God in their hearts constraining them to do right. Pray for me that I may train them up in the way that they should go.

Lessons Learned in Waiting

THE reason God sometimes withholds healing is because He wants faith to be developed in the believer. If we always received instant healing we would not have the development and increase of our faith that is necessary to growth, but by being forced to stand on the Word of God against symptoms and against the attacks of the enemy, our faith is developed. I have seen it in my own life and in the lives of others. God in His wisdom sometimes withholds healing until faith is developed. He wants to make our faith sufficient to overcome the world, the flesh and the devil, and He can do it only by naked faith, having no recourse to reason and having nothing to lean upon in the natural, but standing alone on the Word of God. As we stand upon the promises, believing in the finished work of Calvary against the visible symptoms and against the lying attacks of the enemy, God will come to our rescue. I thank God that in several instances in my own life I wasn't healed immediately, for I learned valuable lessons in the wait-

ing. He showed me while I was a sufferer that there was doubt and fear and unbelief in my heart and it was displeasing to Him. As I came and confessed my doubt and fear, and asked Him to forgive me, then He undertook. Saints of God, there is more pride in us than we are willing to own. We say, "I have trusted God for healing for many years. I am a child of God, baptized in the Holy Ghost, and God has to do it." Then when we do not see results it is humiliating to confess before sinners that we have not been healed, but many times it is our spiritual pride that is the hindrance. God will not regard the proud man, whether a proud saint or a proud sinner. Of the two, a proud saint is the worse. What are we before God? Nothing but dust. Let us humble ourselves before God and never doubt His Word which is unbreakable. As we stand, our faith is increased and victory comes. *Philip Wittich.*

The Waters of Marah

Exodus 15:26.

Miss Leila Conway, Hurlock, Md.

"So Moses brought Israel from the Red Sea." — Reluctantly leaving the scene of triumph behind, the flush of victory on their brow, a wondrous gladness in their eyes, a conqueror's tread in their steps, the hosts of Israel move forward, chanting as they go: "The Lord is a man of war, the Lord is His name. Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath He cast into the sea . . . the depths have covered them . . . Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy." 'Twas a marvelous, ever to be remembered place of heaven's deliverance and ever and anon casting glances backward, lips burst forth again and again into grateful refrain, "Who is like unto thee, O Lord . . . who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" Amid the music of praising cymbals, a wave of deep, holy joy rippled o'er that vast multitude, high courage inspiring the soul. "The people shall hear and be afraid. None shall stay our progress. Sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina . . . all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away." "Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed: Thou hast guided them in Thy strength . . . Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of Thine inheritance."

And we the Lord's redeemed of today well remember the hour of our deliverance from Satan's pursuing fury. Love glowed to God and to all the world. Many foes may arise but in the name of our Lord will we defeat them all. Mind traveling quickly adown the vista of future years —never, never will we falter nor fall by the way. True to life's end will we be, never a break in our newly-begun walk with the Lord. So sure the confidence of the rejoicing soul brought forth out of bondage, the dear Dove of peace sings and all is well.

"And they went out into the wilderness of Shur." Its dread, frowning exterior, who would not shun? Thorns, brambles, wild beasts' lairs, lurking serpents, noxious air, etc., etc. Ugh! Ugh! Stilled the timbrels! The dances of Miriam and Israel's women had ceased. The banner of faith flung to the breeze by worshiping hosts is now trailing in the dust. Discontent, ill-forebodings hang like a funeral pall o'er the journeying company.

Away from the bright spot of conversion came our unwilling feet too, and turned in the direction of an ungodly home, a rough lumber camp, an unruly school-room, neighborhood scandal-mongers—a change as widely removed from Holy Ghost church, campmeeting, convention gathering, as the East is from the West. An ache tugging hard at one's heart strings, a sudden blur of tears through which you can scarce see to write the distant Christian friend, "Oh, this awful place! If my environments were dif—." Please pardon me, dear child of His grace, I want you to catch Love's sweet whisper, "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness." Remember that He who wooed and won your heart was once there. A secret of richest worth its hidden recesses contain, for "who is this—fair as the morning, fragrant as the lily—that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?" (Song of Sol. 8:5).

"They came to Marah." Their diligent, desperate search is at last rewarded, for yonder in the near distance is a pool of water. Three days without water, they were frantic in their efforts to come across some for the feverish babe, and the faint. Oh the welcome sight! God has not forgotten them after all. Heigh-o! do you hear? Water! Water! Israel hurries forward fast as

strength will allow, the aged and the weak bringing up the rear. A few who have outstripped the others drop eagerly beside the brink to quench their burning thirst. Why, what's the trouble? Spit, spit, a hasty wiping of lips, followed by a howl of disappointment, for alas, the waters are bitter.

Is there one reading these lines whose own soul has inexpressibly longed to cool her parched throat, to lave once again in the sparkling, refreshing waters issuing from under the altar of the sanctuary, to hold communion with kindred minds, to feed on heaven's manna broken from the pulpit, to hear the hallelujahs ring, to behold the mighty works of Christ as in the days of old? But instead, waters of Marah bitter as gall—suspicion's filth, anger's rage, treachery's slime, and what not?—never, never can we drink of these awful waters.

"And the people murmured against Moses, saying, what shall we drink?" "Look what a plight you have gotten us into. The fault is all yours, Moses. Glowing promises you held before us of better days. Having us leave our beds by night and flee Egypt's fair land whence lay all manner of food in abundant supply, the sparkling, never-failing waters of the wonderful Nile—only to be stranded on Shur's wilds in fearful want! Here hang the little ones wan and crying about our knees with not a drop to cool their burning tongue. Say, you deceiver, what shall we drink?"

God's children murmuring this present day 'gainst their lot cast in with a crabbed old father, unthankful daughter, unruly son, or backslidden church—waters of Marah bitter in the extreme. Most abhorrent to our taste the quarreling, bickerings, strife, etc. Tired and sick our soul of it all. Why does God suffer this to come upon us? Chafing, fretting at Marah, our spiritual being dying of thirst, but what, oh what shall we drink?

"And he (Moses) cried unto the Lord." Sorely tempted one, do you cry to your next door neighbor, perhaps in unconverted ears? The evil all the bigger grows as you talk about it. Vain is your cry unto the most cherished bosom friend, who cannot righten the difficulty. Go to your knees in the secret place and there make your cry unto the Most High, the One who can change things. Hallelujah! And come to see the aggravating offender as a means whereby you may increase in love, faith, patience, meekness, long-suffering, the Spirit's fruits and graces that so delight the heart of the Lord, seeing the fault not so much theirs as ours, for saith the Lord, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Is it that the man of God sees not the faces dark with anger, those threatening gestures? Is it that in place he beholds the sight of a burning bush on Horeb's mount? And a voice speaking to him out of the midst of the bush, "Certainly I will be with thee!" "I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt . . . unto a land flowing with milk and honey." New courage stirs the soul of Moses. " 'Gainst Thee, and Thee only, O Lord, do they this wrong. Return not unto them the just merits of their sin. Have mercy we pray, and let Thy goodness and kindness be extended still. Get their eyes fixed again upon the great *I am,* the One who didst hear their bitter, despairing cry under the hand of the oppressor and camest down to set them free. O thou God of our fathers, ever the same from everlasting to everlasting, bare Thine Arm of might in this dread hour and give Thy people drink."

"And the Lord shewed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet." Perhaps Moses thought the ground adequate to meet the need. No, God is showing him a tree, visualizing to His servant in that tense, crucial moment the Christ that in ages to come (a Tree hewn to earth) would hang on Calvary's cross for bit'rest sins of the world. Chop! Chop! Moses' bursting heart of gratitude keeping time with the strokes! Through Israel's ranks is heard a sullen questioning: "If he isn't casting a tree into the waters! Fool that he is!" Suddenly an excited, joy-frenzied cry rends the air, hands too wildly signaling the message, "The water is good! The water is good!" For while the multitude was questioning, one remembering the God of the Passover, the God of the Red Sea, has elbowed his way unobserved through the crowd and down upon his knees takes a sip. Yes, the God of Abraham remains the same. Never water tasted like this, as long draughts he swallows. By some mysterious intuition the whole multitude is aware too, the next moment, and laughing, crying, shouting, tumbling over one another they rush toward the life-restoring waters.

Christ the Tree for that family discord, the unfairness of fellow-man, that wound from a bosom friend, the thrusts of one's flesh! From your open Bible, your closet of prayer, the family altar, cast Jesus the Tree into the dreaded bitterness. "My peace give I unto you"—sweet heavenly calm unruffled by earth's rough winds.

"Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also"—sure to put an end far more speedily to the smiting. "Pray for them which despitefully use you," for thereby you may win a soul to the side of right. Oh, let the dear Christ-Tree through your obedient, yielded life, change the waters into blessing!

"There He made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there He proved them." There by Marah's changed waters did the thoughts of God's chosen people travel back to the story that perhaps, once they heard from the lips of some old patriarch of the proving of Abraham, the proving of Jacob! How misty grew their eyes on listening to the tale about the lad Joseph. Then the marvelous outcome, the transformation of bitter into sweet; the covenant with Abraham that in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed; to the remorse-stricken man at Jabbok's ford, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel." Sad the day that they let it slip heart and memory, sad the day when no longer they referred to sacred history of the past, for the oft repeated story would have spurred the drooping soul on to like faith and courage. Deep, solemn reverie is suddenly interrupted by the voice of their commander: "Hear O Israel! At Marah's brink beside these healed waters—so blessedly typical of healing by Christ the Great Physician to come—do I make a statute and an ordinance for you. God hath spoken it, 'I am the Lord that healeth thee.' 'I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians, if thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes'."

Earnest, seeking sufferers in all directions inquire, "I wonder why I am not healed?" or "Why does not the healing touch of Christ abide?" Dear heart, perchance the explanation you may find here in God's ancient ordinance of healing to His people. See the four pivotal "Ifs," round which centers the part of man, the divine promise based on their fulfillment. "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God," every day listening to that Voice, sweeter than softly flowing brook, speaking from the sacred page, through the Holy Spirit within, from God's handiwork in Nature, etc.: "If thou wilt *do* that which is right in His sight," *"doers* of the Word, and not hearers only," as the man returning from some Farmers' Institute goes to work to clear the land, to plow the soil, to seed the crops, etc., "If thou wilt give ear to His commandments," as is your earnest desire that your child give ear to your parting instructions on leaving for school, "Son, listen. What did mamma say?" anxious that he remember well every command. "If thou wilt keep *all* His statutes," including the family altar, the bright "fireside hour" for teaching your precious lambs the love of Jesus, the law of tithing, etc., then, none of the diseases which afflict the ungodly shall come upon or shorten the Christian's earthly existence, "for I am the Lord that healeth thee." Blessed be our great Jehovah-Rophi!

Yes, *there He proved them.* Round the stove a hot summer day, the babe crying, smell of scorching beans, weary frame a-trembling, noon-hour whistle blowing and dinner not ready. "Oh, oh, what will husband say?" Steady, steady, weary one for God will keep in perfect peace the soul that is stayed on Him. Smile brightly as if all is well, step lightly around as aching feet will permit, for the calm demeanor of his little wife at such a time will do more to convince the unbelieving husband of a reality in religion than a whole volume of sermons.

"And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday."

"And they came to Elim." Lovely Elim, place of strength. Rememberest thou the story, O Israel, of how "Enoch walked with God?" Of Noah, to whom God said, "I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you . . . and the water shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." And unto faithful Abraham, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Couldst thine eyes but pierce the veil, O Israel, and see in those "twelve wells of water" an emblem of Christ, a Well of water within believers "springing up into everlasting life" in the ages to come.

"And threescore and ten palm trees!" Rising so perpendicularly, their foliage-crowned top far above earth, as if saying, "Set your affection on things above," their "determined growth *upwards,* even when loaded with weights," writes an author. "Beautiful to look upon. The hotter the climate the more it thrives. Its life is at its very heart, and a few cuts and scars do not hinder it from growing." We know not whether Israel got the true import of the scene as beneath the shade of those trees they sat and partook of the delicious fruit; we know not whether there was one moment of grateful reflection upon the route

which brought them there, but this one thing we know, there is a glorious recompense at the end of the day. Oh dear child of the Lord, though you may be wounded, cut and scarred, it will not influence your inner life, hid with Christ in God. Stephen's martyr-face was illumined as the face of an angel when infuriated men "gnashed on him with their teeth!" For the "righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," his root deeply planted by the living water. "A strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat," to souls groaning under life's burdens.

"His leaf also shall not wither." Rustle, crackle, go the dead, dry leaves of formality's devotees, but delightfully fresh and green the verdure of God's palm tree the whole year round. Men and women may come any hour of the day or night and find you ready to break the Bread of Life, for your soul is always rejoicing in the Lord.

"And whatsoever He doeth shall prosper." Joseph was made ruler over all the land of Egypt and all countries came to him for food. And ye Israelites, could you look ahead you would see the prophets, trees of the Lord's own planting who "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, out of weakness were made strong;" Peter brought out of prison through prayer; the lame man healed at the gate of the temple, wonders and signs wrought by faith in the name of the Holy Child Jesus, now the Lord adding to the church daily such as should be saved.

Is it not wonderful to think of a revival going on all the time? The "old time religion" restored and the church ablaze with Holy Ghost light, power and glory? The Scriptures published throughout all America and in the regions beyond the seas? "And believers . . . the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women." Does not your heart long for it, dear follower of God? Palm-tree flourishers carrying the message of Jesus to begrimed men in coal mines, work shops, on steamers, in heathen lands and to those who dwell in darkness—wheresoe'er a soul is to be found. Oh it's coming, dear praying one! Already the revival is on that will reach unto the ends of the earth. Lift up your eyes and behold! And ye shall "praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you."

"And they encamped there by the waters." On the face of Israel a look of joy and peace. Happiness again. The love of God rekindled in their souls, waving palm branches resting softly as if in blessing upon their heads, happy children running in play, a picture to gladden any heart—yes, but stop a moment! The route here lay by way of Marah.

Skipping lightly over the intervening centuries I see a company of Marah overcomers these last days, "fishers of men" and witnesses to Jesus "encamped there by the waters" issuing out from under the threshold of God's house (Ezek. 47:1), and like a chiming bell their sweet invitation ringing, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." They come too, seemingly a long, interminable line of all classes from earth's dusty highways, and with joy draw water "out of the wells of salvation." The old world is thirsty enough if only there be some one to give the Water of Life. To these shall be borne the glad tidings of the return of Holy Ghost power as in the days of the Early Church of Jesus Christ, the same today as yesterday. Rivers of the Spirit shall flow through God's people in Holy Ghost gifts and graces, oh so reviving and fructifying in their mighty course, for "it shall come to pass that everything that moveth . . . whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish—drawn into the four-fold Gospel net—because these waters shall come thither; for they shall be healed," groaning, perishing humanity made well in soul and in body. Hallelujah!

To be among the fishers on the banks of the river, to help draw the bursting net to land, to behold with one's own eyes the fulfillment of "the sure word of prophecy," ah then, you will thank the God of Marah,

"Who nothing does, nor suffers to be done
But thou thyself would'st do, if thou could'st see
The end of all events as well as He."

Outgoing Missionaries

Quite a company of missionaries are going back to their fields this month. Besides those mentioned in the last Evangel, Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Timrud are sailing Sept. 12, direct to India. They are expecting to take up work at Chupra in connection with Miss Coxe and Mrs. Schoonmaker. Miss Eva Beach sails for India Sept. 13, on the Lancastria, via England. Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Shakley are sailing Sept. 20, S. S. Cleveland, to Sierra Leone, West Africa. Miss Mattie Ledbetter sailed for China on the S. S. Russia, Aug. 28th. Miss Hattie Salyer sails for Egypt on Sept. 12th, taking with her Miss Mable Dean from the Stone Church Assembly.

Good Books

FROM DEATH TO LIFE
An Autobiography by Anna W. Prosser

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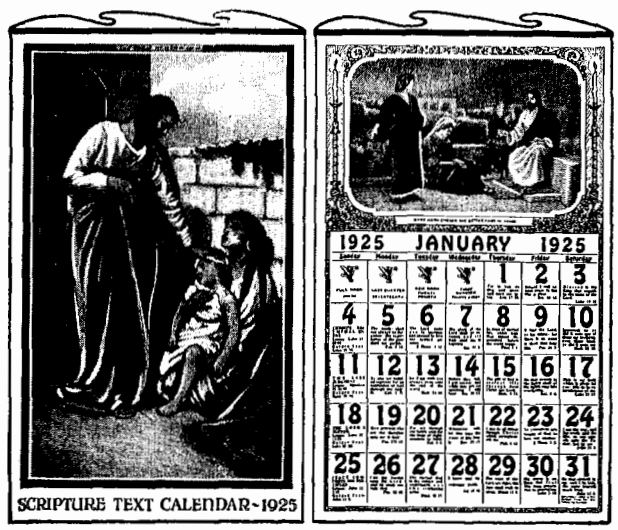

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