

The days of Heaven on the Earth

❁ ❁ ❁ Contents ❁ ❁ ❁

Where the Latter Rain First Began	2
The First to Speak in Tongues	2
The Yielded Life	3
An Exposition of the 29th Psalm	3
The Prayer of Faith Saves the Sick	6
Peritonitis and Tumors Healed	6
But Also to Suffer for His Sake	7
The Blessedness of Valley Experiences	7
To Preach Deliverance to the Captives	10
How God Blessed His Word in a Jail	10
Latter Rain in South America	11
The Sick are Healed	11
Notes	12
The Child-Widows of India	13
A Story of Superstition and Cruelty	13
The Books Were Opened	18
Review of 1908	18
We Controlled	21
Some Chapters on the Surrendered Life	21

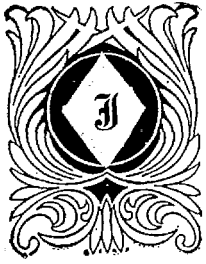
An International Monthly Magazine

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

Where the Latter Rain First Fell

The First One to Speak in Tongues.

Miss Agnes Ozman, Missionary, Gospel Tabernacle, Lincoln, Nebraska



IN the fall of 1900 I went to a Bible School in Topeka, Kansas. We studied the word and had much prayer, not only in the school and in our rooms, but also in the Prayer Tower, where a constant vigil of prayer was kept up day and night.

At this school I had many feasts with the Master, while I sought to make a full surrender to God. Much time was given to meditating upon His Word and in praying for the whole world.

A mission was conducted in the down-town district, cottage meetings were held, and house to house visitation carried on. The school was conducted on faith lines for we trusted the Lord to supply all our needs, which He bountifully did.

We were urged to seek for and to receive the promised baptism in the Holy Spirit. Our hearts became very hungry for his enduement. We prayed earnestly and also fasted, as the Lord laid it upon us. During the last days of 1900 we had a special season of waiting before God, and He gave us blessed times of refreshing. Indeed, about three weeks before this, while three of us girls were in prayer, I spoke three words in another tongue. While I did not understand this manifestation then as I do now, yet it was a very precious and sacred experience, and was treasured up in our hearts. Not feeling satisfied with the above experience and having a great burden within which I knew God could relieve, I decided, January 1, 1901, to obey the Word and have hands laid upon me and prayer offered that I might receive the baptism in the Spirit. As this was done, I began to speak in an unknown tongue. Afterwards I saw my experience was somewhat similar to that in Ephesus, Acts 19:6.

After this I attended the mission with others and offered prayer, beginning in English, and then the Lord spoke through me, finishing the prayer in another tongue. One man who heard understood the language. It was very blessed to know that it was intelligible. This manifestation attracted much attention for it was new, and I was the first one to speak in tongues in these last days. How I longed for the people to behold Christ, and that through me, God might glorify Himself!

We searched the Word for light on the subject of speaking in tongues. I was surprised to find so

much in the New Testament on that subject. When heaven's glory filled my soul, so that I spoke in tongues, I urged upon others *not to seek for tongues but for the baptism in the Holy Spirit.*

On January 3d some thirteen others spoke in tongues during a time of waiting upon God. Other gifts were also manifested. "All these worketh the one and the same spirit, dividing to each one severally, even as he will." 1 Cor. 12:11.

Our school home was carried on by each one doing a portion of the work, and sometimes friction and disobedience was manifested, but during this visitation from heaven there were blessed unity and love. The glory of God was wonderful! Praise be to God the glory abides to this day.

A continual feast is in my soul as I feed on the Word and pour out my soul in prayer, both in the known and in the unknown tongue for the lost. As I speak in tongues, my soul is blessed and lifted up as in 1 Cor. 14:4, and I wish that all might so speak. My heart is burdened for the church and I would that more were prophesying or preaching. Since "there are diversities of workings but the same God" we do need to urge upon His children to be surrendered to Him so He may have more channels through whom to work. "We are witnesses of these things; and so is the Holy Spirit whom God hath given to them that obey Him." Acts 3:32.

Some time ago I tried but failed to have an article printed which I wrote calling attention to what I am sure God showed me was error. The article maintained that tongues was not the only evidence of the Spirit's Baptism. When that article was refused I was much tempted by Satan, but God again graciously showed me He had revealed it to me, and satisfied my heart in praying that He might reveal this truth to others who would spread it abroad.

For awhile after the baptism I got into spiritual darkness, because I did as I see so many others are doing in these days, rested and reveled in tongues and other demonstrations instead of resting alone in God.

My power to speak in tongues has not been lessened by giving up the errors which have become attached to this work, but instead it has increased. For all His blessings I praise Him.

I am looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ.

December 30, 1908.

200 North 12th Street

The Yielded Life

An Address Delivered in the Gospel Tabernacle, Chicago,

D. Wesley Myland, Pastor United Tabernacle, Columbus, Ohio



HE discourse was preceded by singing:

“Worthy for Christ to bear the
Cross;
Worthy for Christ to suffer loss;
Worthy to suffer grief and
shame;
Worthy to glorify His name.

Through the blood, the precious blood,
Blood that flowed on Calvary;
Through the blood, the cleansing blood,
I am made worthy His child to be.”

The world thinks, instead of our being worthy, we are the offscouring, but they have it wrong—we are just *scoured off*. We are traveling *incognito*, but if they could see our Father and our Elder Brother they would know to what family we belong—what blood we have in our veins—for

Through the blood, the precious blood,
Blood that flowed on Calvary;
Through the blood, the cleansing blood,
I am made worthy His child to be.

Let us just keep like little children; God can do the rest. There was one little prayer I used to be praying nearly all the time. It was “Lord bless *me*.” Now I scarcely know how to pray for myself. The Man on the Throne can surpass me at that. I would not undertake competition with Him, but I never knew what intercessory prayer was until I largely ceased praying for myself. Why should we tease God for our own needs when he has said that he would supply them? God has all the responsibility. He only gives me the privilege of doing a little with Him. We are “always to pray and not to faint,” but this is chiefly for others.

Prayer.—Dear Lord, take me and take this people. Lord, tell us what you desire here tonight. Lead us into the place of fullness that will glorify Thy Son Jesus in our midst. To this end we yield to the Spirit that He may work, to will to do His good pleasure. Lord, we pray Thee, keep us from hindering Thee at any point, and Thou shalt have all the praise, in Jesus’ Name. Amen!

I am led to the 29th Psalm. I cannot get away from it. The Psalm of *The Seven Voices of God*. Have you heard them? The perfect, complete voice of God; the Psalm of the Sovereign God, the seven voices of Jehovah. It is also the Psalm of *giving*.

“Give unto the Lord, O ye sons of God.” This is the literal rendering. Give unto the Jehovah—that is, unto the Jesus of the Old Testament, the Covenant One—the one in whom the Covenant is vested.

“O ye sons of God, give unto Jehovah *glory* and *power*.” That means Pentecost. Pentecost is not *power* alone; nor is it *glory* alone. Pentecost is the *glory* of God’s power and the power of His *glory*. These two things are always manifest where there is the true Pentecost, for when the power strikes you, you begin to shout “*glory*” for fear you will die, and many would die if they could not say it. When you cannot say it well enough in your *mother* tongue, God gives you another tongue. Indeed, the ordinary tongue never could bring the highest *glory* to God. So says the 16th Psalm, and Peter in his Pentecostal sermon, quoting from that Psalm, tells us distinctly that the tongue of man is his highest *glory*, and that it brings the highest *glory* to God. I cannot amplify that, but do not say I do not give you scripture. Read the 16th Psalm, and read Peter’s sermon, and you will see in a short time more than I can tell you in an hour, if the Spirit is with you.

“Give unto Jehovah, O ye sons of God; give unto Jehovah *glory* and *strength*.”

“Give unto Jehovah the *glory due* unto His name.” How many are in deep debt tonight because you have not rendered to God the *glory due* Him? There is not a soul in this house who has fully paid up that account.

We used to sing that good old Methodist hymn:

“Oh for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer’s praise,
The glory of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace,”

but now that God is loosening the tongue and putting a little extra touch of His power into it, the people are *backing out*. They do not mean half what they have been singing. We haven’t meant a quarter of what we have prayed. Be careful how you

pray, for God is in heaven and you are on earth. Let your words be few.

"Give unto Jehovah the glory due unto His name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." How many are paid up? We have worshipped the Lord in holiness; thought we made a pretty good start at it, but who has worshipped the Lord in the beauty of holiness? No soul that has not known his Pentecost. Is that scriptural? I think so. Experimentally, I never did, and now I have only just made a little start at worshipping Him.

The Pentecostal blessing brings to the soul, among other blessings, *true worship*. God is beginning to get worship in a small degree commensurate with His greatness, and if Pentecost did not bring anything else, it is bringing to God a glorious worship, such as they who worship Him in spirit and in truth and in the beauty of holiness must render. The Latter Rain ends with this worship, for it is expressed in the Latter Rain Covenant, as "the days of heaven on the earth." Deut. 11: 21.

"Well," you say, "we are to *serve* the Lord." Yes, but we are to *worship* first and then *serve*. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve." If you want to give a perfect service, learn a perfect worship. We have never learned to worship perfectly, and because the coming of Jesus is so near, and we are soon to be ushered into the great temple of the skies, we must have more knowledge of true worship. We must be in training now. This is an important phase of this Pentecostal Movement, for even if the Bride was perfect, she must have a real spirit of worship before she enters into the marriage feast.

God is asking three offerings. He is not satisfied with one. He had five in the old types, but they are really summed up in three. Three times in this Pentecostal Psalm He says give. "Give!" "Yes, Lord, I have given." "Give!" "Yes, Lord, I will give again." "Give!" "Yes, Lord, take everything!" Hallelujah! That is Pentecost. Why *three* times? Because man is a three-fold being—spirit, soul and body.

"Give me thy *spirit*!" "Yes, Lord," and many stop there and live along in a half-dying way. They give one-third of their being, and less than one-third of their service. Again He comes. "Give unto the Lord thy *soul*!" "Yes, Lord." He will sanctify it. Sanctification has to do largely with the *soul*; regeneration with the *spirit*. What is He going to sanctify? The soul. That is where you find the "old man." Sanctification is the negative. Regeneration is the positive—it's getting the life of God into the

spirit. Sanctification is a big negative to start with—the crucifixion of the "old man," but it is also a positive, the infilling of the Spirit, the enthroning of Christ in the soul. People generally want to begin with the positive side, but the death of the "old man" comes first. He must be put out of the way of the new man. (Romans, 7.)

Everybody wants the positive side of Pentecost first also, but God takes "the things that are not." It is to reduce you to the "not" first; to the *nothing*, the least common multiple. Nine out of every ten questions asked me about Pentecost are about the positive side. "How can I get it?" It is what you are *not* to be, and only God can understand that; only God can empty this mortal and reduce it to nothing. *Let go and let God*. Resist Satan and all that hinders. Surrender, rest in God and wait. Pentecost will come.

Again Jehovah says, "Give!" Anything left? What? Oh, the big "*no thing*"; your body, a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable. "Lord, that is unreasonable!" No, the very opposite; it is "your reasonable service." It is your intelligence. God anticipated what you would say. He knew it centuries before you were born. He knew you would say "unreasonable"; He knew you would say, "The body is physical, belongs to the earth, and we must have a dual life; the body must have this, that and the other. I worship the Lord in my spirit occasionally." Such talk is prevalent even in the churches today; the elders and deacons will argue on the street corner, "the body must have so and so," but friends, the Lord is over the body, too. "He is also the Savior of the body." That is the way my New Testament reads, according to Ephesians and Corinthians.

Give thy spirit, give thy soul, give thy body, that the Lord may get the glory due unto His name, and that you may be brought to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Can you do that with one-third or two-thirds of your being? No, sir! You must give your whole being in worship. No wonder God shakes the whole thing down and builds a new temple for Himself.

Well, what then? Then we shall hear *The Seven Voices of God*. It is His temple now, isn't it? He has the right to the sanctuary. We shall hear His voice. Shall we? Why, of course we shall. Now I guess we have actually been reduced. When God is in the spirit and soul and body, every passion, appetite and propensity is subdued.

See what that marvelous word means in the Greek that is rendered "one accord" in Acts 2: 1. It is

homo-thumadon, which means to bring into *oneness* every passion of soul, and that *one* holy affection or desire shall dominate where the seat of anger is—the “strong room” of the soul. This is what it means, because the place where anger dwells is the place from which perfect love emanates, either in God or in His creature. If I had time to trace that word I would show you, and there is nothing that will cast out tendencies to anger or fear but “*perfect love*,” which is always divine love. When we say perfect love, we mean divine love, and when it is in the dominant place in the soul, then it is located where it subdues all the evil passions and propensities of the soul. It means the soul has been brought under one desire, one purpose, one all-controlling passion—the *love of God*. That means the love of souls, the love of the Christ that we read of in the third chapter of Ephesians.

Now you will never get victory over some of these subtle passions and weaknesses in your life until you get that tap-root—evil—out of your soul, and then everything will tend toward your perfection. To a dear soul in whose face I looked today, talking on that line, I said, “After God has given you the Pentecostal preparation, the Pentecostal touch, you will forget you had such passions,” and that is the truth of God in experience.

A man told me today that the day he talked to the boys in the Sunday School about bad habits, he tried to get all around the tobacco habit and not touch on that subject, for he had two twenty-five cent cigars in his pocket at the time. His wife was sitting there in front of him. He turned and looked at her, and finally he had to come out with it, and said, “I will have to tell you now, boys, that you must follow my precept and not my example.” But the next Sunday he came back and said, “Boys, there are no cigars in my pocket now. I can open my coat. I put them back into the box. My wife suggested I destroy them; I said ‘No. I have tried to quit the thing before. I am going to leave those cigars in that box for six months, and I am going to walk in and out, and eat three meals a day (he had smoked as high as twenty-five cigars a day), because,’ I said, ‘I have had a healing; God has touched that spot

and I do not feel as though I ever smoked a cigar.’”

Now when God Himself touches a thing it is at an end. It is like the fig tree, “withered from the root.” When there is any failure, God has not yet fully touched, that is all. You have not come in actual contact with God for it. God has not done His complete work. That is Pentecostal work. It is God’s dynamite. Dynamite is not only an *explosive*, but also an *expulsive*. When it goes off, nothing remains. This is the way with the Pentecostal work of the Holy Ghost. There is nothing left but Pentecost. The thing that hindered is not there. God has touched! God has struck!

Now you can “worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.” Give thy spirit, thy soul and thy body. Give! Give! Give! You attend to that side of the question. Give some attention to what God is talking about. Yield! Yield! Yield! When we come to the 6th of Romans the proposition is, How shall we quit sinning? All our sins have been forgiven. Shall we sin more because it says where sin abounded grace did much more abound, and to make the grace abound go on sinning? No, sir. God proposes to put us in a “state,” sometime, somewhere, of full deliverance; the *effect* and *outcome* of our standing in Christ; and Paul says, “God forbid! How shall we who want to identify ourselves with Christ, and die to sin, live any longer in sin?” How are you going to help it? Well, that word “*yield*” follows a Christian all his life. Yield your spirit, soul and body. Give! Give! Give! and keep giving! Or say it in another way, if you please: “Take! Take me! Take all there is of me! Take me! Shake me! Break me! Make me! Only get me, O Lord Jesus, for yourself!” If you do not do this the devil, and sin, or self, will get you. There are any amount of bidders for you; there are any amount of solicitors at the door of your heart, knocking every day. “Who is there?” “Whom do you want?” “Jesus lives here.” That is what Billy Bray would say, “Jesus lives here; do you want to see Him?” Yes, Jesus is enthroned now. He keeps the heart that is yielded and obedient. He garrisons the heart that trusts Him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



The Prayer of Faith Shall Save the Sick

Tumor and Peritonitis Healed

Mrs. Rosy Carroll, Chicago, Ill.

I WAS an invalid for more than three years and pronounced incurable by many physicians. My trouble was a tumor that had been growing for three years. I suffered agony, day after day; was not able to do my own work and was in bed half the time. I had grown very weak and thin, and was not able to wear any tight clothes.

The last doctor I had told me that unless I had an operation I would not live long, and that it would lead to something else, which it did this summer. I was taken down with peritonitis and was sick in bed for two months. I sent for Dr. Curtis and he said I couldn't live a week unless I had an operation. He gave me up in June, so I knew of nothing to do but pray. I sent for Mr. Piper to pray for me. He came to my house Monday afternoon, the day after the doctor gave me up to die. I was suffering dreadfully with pain. He told me to believe that God would heal me and I gave myself to Him to do with me as He saw fit. Praise God, He heard our cry. The third day after I was prayed for, I could sit up in bed, and the swelling began to decrease. In a week I could walk around the house. I continued praying to God and grew better all the time. I am now in perfect health. The tumor has gone and my size is normal. I can do all my work.

I thank God for His goodness. I now know He is willing to help every one that asks in faith.

November 1, 1908.

344 Thirty-seventh Street

Healed of Ovarian Tumor

Mrs. I. N. Medsker, Fort Wayne, Indiana

TWO years ago two physicians pronounced my trouble an ovarian tumor, and said there was no help for me but to submit to a surgical operation, and that immediately.

My husband and I talked the matter over; I have always been opposed to surgical operations, and I finally decided that if I must die, I would die with my body whole. About this time, through the influence of a dear friend in Chicago, I began praying to God to heal me. Both my friend and my husband united with me in prayer.

In July, 1907, while visiting in Chicago I was prayed for at the Stone Church, and while I cannot say I was instantly healed, yet I have been improving gradually and steadily ever since, and no evidences of the tumor remain.

I have taken no medicine nor consulted any physician since July, 1907, and I am able to do practically all my own housework. It is a pleasure to me, instead of a burden as was the little work I was able to do two years ago. A number of years ago I entrusted my spirit to the care and keeping of our Heavenly Father, and now I am trusting my body to the same kind and watchful care.

When the physician told me I could not live without an operation it was a severe blow to me, and the future looked very dark, but our faith in God's love and power finally triumphed through Jesus Christ, and I give Him the glory and praise for the health and other blessings that I now enjoy.

November 30, 1908.

2327 Lafayette Street

Our Master

OUR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

Our Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

But warm, sweet tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press
And we are whole again. —Whittier

But Also to Suffer for His Sake

Wm. Hamner Piper, Chicago, December 18, 1908



FEEL the necessity tonight of saying a few things on a theme that has not very often been discussed. Thousands of God's children in a remarkable way are today experiencing the glory, ecstasy and joy of the Lord; sometimes this is so intense that it seems utterly impossible for them to contain it, as on the Day of Pentecost, for so great was the glory of God then that it found expression in the unknown tongue, as indeed it does today.

Many of us know what it means to have the glory and power of the Lord not only fill our spirits but also our souls and bodies. Some of us know what it means to have the very power of God vibrate and pulsate even in our flesh. For all of this I thank God. I do not attempt for a moment to belittle these blessings; neither would I have you among those who think this ecstasy is the very essence of Christianity, for it is not.

There is another experience that most of us shrink from, which comes more nearly being the essence of Christianity, and that is *suffering*. Most of us turn away from that. We are very desirous of having the glory and the joy, but when the suffering comes, we turn away. I believe nearly all the people who have had these glory experiences will agree with me, that the development of real deep spiritual life comes not so much on the Mount of Transfiguration, as down in the valley fighting the demons.

It was delightful to Peter, for perhaps the first experience of real glory he had came to him on the Mount of Transfiguration when the glory of Jehovah came down and overshadowed the Son of God, so that His very clothing became white and shining—this, I say, was so delightful that Peter wanted to stay on the Mountain, not realizing that down in the valley was a poor epileptic to be delivered from the power of Satan, and that real character is developed in hard and humble service.

The mountain-top experience is a delightful thing, but if it gets you to be weak-kneed and makes you want to stay there and enjoy the glory and the ecstasy of God, you are missing the very intention of our Lord in giving you the ecstasy, because the intention was that thereby He might better qualify us for the battles of life, and make us able to suffer with Him.

This brings me to the scripture we have to consider tonight, the twenty-ninth verse of the first chapter of Philippians: "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, *but also to suffer for his sake.*" Now we do not like that, but it is a very essential part of our Christian experience. If you go through the experience of the Lord carefully, you will not only find the statement made, "He learned obedience by the things He suffered," but you will also find the three years or more of His earthly ministry were very largely made up of suffering. Did ever man suffer as He suffered? I tell you nay. Even before He went into the Garden of Gethsemane and before He was nailed to the cross, no man ever suffered as He suffered; no man was ever so unkindly treated for doing so many kind things.

Study His life in the four Gospels, and you will find that without any reason they spat upon Him, they tried to throw Him down a steep precipice, they picked up stones to throw at Him; at one time in His ministry when He revealed to His disciples that He was the Bread of Life, some of His very nearest disciples turned their backs on Him, and walked no more with him. Jeered and taunted, rejected and despised by all conditions of mankind, He was finally denied by one of His dearest disciples and betrayed by another. So we read the significant statement that *He learned obedience by the things which He suffered.*

"It is one of the great principles of Christianity," says Paschal, "that everything which happened to Jesus Christ should come to pass in the soul and body of each Christian." Jesus was hated, so will we be. Jesus was reviled, so will we be. He was forsaken by friends and relatives, so will we be. He was crucified, so must we be. He was resurrected, so shall we be. The true disciple of the Lord will pass through all the experiences of his Lord and suffering must be included.

The Apostle Paul who wrote this epistle tells us of his experience in suffering in behalf of Christ. It is given a new emphasis in the Twentieth Century translation:

"I have had more than my share of imprisonments. I have been flogged times without number. Often have I been at death's door. Five times I received one short of forty lashes at the hands of the Jews. Three times the Romans beat me with rods. Once I was stoned. Three times I was ship-

wrecked. I have spent a whole twenty-four hours in the sea. My journeys have been many. I have been through dangers from rivers, dangers from robbers, dangers from my own people, dangers from the heathen, dangers in towns, dangers in the country, dangers on the sea, dangers among false Brothers. I have been through toil and hardship. I have often had sleepless nights; I have endured hunger and thirst; I have often passed days without food; I have been cold and poorly clad. And not to mention other things, there is my daily burden of anxiety about all the Churches."

Yet Paul reckons the whole thing up in Romans 8:18 and says, "For I reckon that the *sufferings* of this present time *are not worthy to be compared* with the glory which shall be revealed to us-ward."

When trials and conflicts come, hold still. Don't squirm. Don't find fault with yourselves, your lot, or your God, but realize that the hand of God is over all, and that there is some lesson for you to learn. You will then find your lives and your character will be deepening, and that Romans 8:28 is always true: "And we know that to them that love God, all things work together for good, even to them that are called according to His purpose."

There will be times when you are misunderstood by your nearest friends, and the face of God seems to be veiled and all appears dark. Stand still!

"In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But He'll never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight."

When you are in a hard place recognize the fact that you are there by the Providence of God, and in it there is some lesson of importance for you to learn. We have all been in such places, but we failed in a measure and perhaps entirely to realize that there was any divine purpose in it.

Learn the lesson. Hold still when in the crucible. Let the fire of God burn on.

"Burn on! Burn on!
Oh fire of God, burn on,
Till all the dross is burned away,
Burn on, burn on,
Prepare us for the testing day."

As you look back you will find it was in the hard place, the place of suffering, your character was developed, and this is true even before you became a Christian.

Some of you are seeking healing, others cleansing, others the baptism in the Holy Spirit, still others a larger unfoldment of your lives and a deeper infilling of the Spirit of God, and God seems to delay. Weeks

run into months, and months into years. Wait on! Seek on! Very likely God sees the only way your character can be developed sufficiently whereby He can impart the very thing you are seeking, is by making you wait until you learn the lesson of patience and obedience, and until your character is molded sufficiently to enable Him to give you the desired blessing. *But be sure He always gives all these things at the earliest possible moment.*

The greatest lesson one ever learns is in the hour of suffering. Now then, to go back to that statement of Paschal's, there must come, if you are to have a parallel experience with the Lord, times when you will be misunderstood by your mother, by your wife or husband, or other near relatives. Your motives will be questioned even when you know in your own heart they are as pure as an archangel's. Stand still! Do not grieve over it, and if you have grace enough, thank God for the experience, for thus Jesus suffered. His own mother did not understand Him; His own brethren did not believe on Him before He was crucified. He had all these experiences, and we shall have similar ones.

This is especially true of people whom God honors with being the forerunners in some onward movement of His. What we endure today in standing for the Latter Rain truths is but a repetition of church history. Have you forgotten? Do you know the price Luther and his followers paid in order to bring back to the church that which Rome had stolen away, justification by faith? Was their testimony not turned down by many? Were they not ridiculed? Were they not mobbed? Have you studied the history of the times of Wesley and Whitfield?

Do you know Wesley was mobbed an average of once a month for a period of ten years for bringing back the great gospel of sanctification by faith?

Since Jesus had a Gethsemane experience we may have one also. God will let it come to us if we dwell deep enough in Him. Have you had it? I do not want to say much about it, but there are some people today who know something about a Gethsemane experience. In all the centuries the experiences of Jesus are to be duplicated in the lives of His servants, for the servant is not greater than His Lord, and only by these things do we learn the fellowship of His sufferings. To come into the fullness of His glory we must be, as the Apostle Peter says, partakers also of the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

So then, learn the lesson. Hold still! When the fire is burning do not run off and complain. Hold still and thank God that it is burning. The burning will cease when the dross is consumed and the gold

is pure. When the way is dark, and everything looks black, recognize God in it somewhere.

Do you think for a moment this wonderful epistle to the Philippians could have been written but for the fact that Paul suffered? Why, right in that very town of Philippi, Paul was beaten, the blood ran from his back and his feet were fastened in the stocks. There he was, a common, despised prisoner, but he didn't complain. While his back was bleeding, he and Silas were singing, counting it all joy to suffer for Christ.

And so in these blessed epistles there are not only glory and ecstasy, but suffering too. Paul speaks of being caught up in the heavens, but he also tells us of stripes above measure; he tells us of visions, but also of rods; he tells us of revelation and forgets not the shipwrecks. Then he starts in with a little mathematics, and says, "*My way of 'reckoning' is that none of these are worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed.*"

A legend is told of Peter, that as he was fleeing from Rome away from the wicked Nero, he met the Lord, who said to him, "Whither goest thou, Peter?" "I am fleeing from Rome. Where art *Thou* going, my Lord?" And Jesus said, "*I am going to Rome to be crucified again in my servant Peter's stead.*" Peter was so overcome that he immediately went back, and was crucified with his head downward, not considering himself worthy to be crucified as his Master.

I tell you the great servants of God have had to suffer. Not only Peter and Paul and those men in the early church, but the mighty servants of God in every dispensation have had to suffer.

A most pathetic incident in the life of Jonathan Edwards comes to my mind at this time. Edwards was mighty in intellect and mighty in his grasp of spiritual truth. The glory of God so filled the life of that wonderful man that at times he was unable to stand up on his feet. He was prostrated. His wife also again and again had similar experiences.

But there came a time in Northampton, Mass., when he saw it was a wicked thing to allow men to come into the church without a change of heart, and he preached upon it. The officers of the church who were not converted made up their minds they would not have it, and that man who for years had preached the gospel there and scores of people were saved, was dismissed by them. What became of him? He might have said, "Now I have been foolish. I have gone too far," but he didn't. For months he waited and trusted, and waited and

trusted. His support cut off, he was reduced to penury, but God cared for him, and from across the ocean money was sent to him by those who had learned to love God through reading the sermons he had preached. By and by they appointed him missionary to some Indians then living in the western part of Massachusetts. They could cast him out, but not down, for the man who loves God looks up. He hadn't been among the Indians very long until God turned the tide and he was called to become President of Princeton. There is usually a balancing up in *this* world, and if not, there will be in the next.

So hold still! It is easier to sing, "Fire of God, burn on," than it is to hold still while it is burning, but the only way to be overcomers and stand in the evil day that is coming, is by our being willing to suffer with Jesus. So when the way is dark and there seems to be no ray of hope, having done all, stand.

When you are in a hard place, remember that six weeks, or six months, or six years before you were in another place that was just as hard, from which you have been delivered, and as you look back you now see what a wonderful lesson you learned there.

I know it is easier to stand in the pulpit and say, "Burn on, burn on," than to experience it, but my friends, unless I mistake the whole matter of Christianity, this is its very essence. It is not the glory, nor the ecstasy, thank God for them, but the very essence of Christianity is to be willing to suffer with Jesus Christ anything that may come, and to *suffer without murmuring*. Do not murmur. If you begin to murmur that spoils the whole blessing God intended you to have. Just hold still and keep your eyes on Jesus.

Voice of the Spirit—tongues interpreted.

"He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and, as a lamb before his shearers, was dumb. Ye are not greater than your Master. Follow in His footsteps. Follow where He leads. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you. Walk in the way that He calls thee. Take up thy cross and follow Jesus. Follow in the way of the cross for the way grows brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day.

"Your Master sweat drops of blood for you. You must work, you must suffer, you must win souls for Him. You must walk in His way, and His way was not an easy way. His way was a thorny path, and not a bed of roses. Look up! Look up unto Jesus. He will guide thee in the perfect way. He will guide thee in the will of God."

To Preach Deliverance to the Captives

How God Blessed His Word in a Jail.

Miss Elma Gaede, 3554 Vernon Avenue, Chicago



ABOUT three months ago I accepted a position in a small town about forty miles from Chicago. I had a great longing in my heart to do something definite for God while I was there. One Sunday morning as I arose I asked God what He would have me do that day to glorify Him.

I attended service in the morning and on my way home from church I passed the county jail. The thought flashed through my mind, the men in that jail need God. I tried to throw off the impression by arguing with myself that if I had any special training, or a great knowledge of the Word I might be able to go and talk to them, but I could get no relief. God held up before me my duty, and when I went to dinner the burden of those lost souls in that jail was so great upon me, that my dinner almost choked me.

I went to my room and on my knees I asked God to show me through His Word that the impression to go had come from Him. I opened my Bible at Luke 10:30, and I read the story of the Good Samaritan, which closed with the words: "Go and do thou likewise." So I determined to go in the Name of the Lord, feeling it was a direct command to me, and believing that He would make me a blessing. When we depend upon Him He comes to our rescue.

As I opened the service with singing and saw how those poor sinful, yet precious, souls poured out their hearts as they sang "Nearer, My God to Thee," I stood before them and wept. I could not sing a word. It seemed to me I could feel the very Spirit of God hovering over us. As we prayed several of the men fell on their faces and cried aloud in agony to God. God touched their hearts, and as we arose men who had been steeped in sin and shame had a light in their faces that was not there before. They asked me to sing "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight," which I did. God gave me a text and I talked to them at least an hour. I cannot recall what I said except that the theme was the great love of God in giving His Son to die for us. My heart was

touched as I saw how those hungry men, about sixty in number, drank in the words.

At the close when I asked those to raise their hands who wanted prayer, almost without exception every hand went up, and many cried out, "Pray for me."

They asked me to come again soon, and several times each week I went to that jail, and I say to the glory of God that many were saved. Three of the prisoners expected to be sent to the penitentiary, but who after they became Christians, asked me to pray that they might not be so sentenced. I said I would if they would be Christians even if they *did* have to go, and they said they would. They were saved from the penitentiary, and felt that God had answered prayer. One of these was a woman about thirty-five years of age, who gave herself to God at the first meeting. She had smoked cigarettes since a child ten years old, and had tried to murder her brother-in-law. God saved her, delivered her from the tobacco habit, and through prayer she was saved from the penitentiary. The Judge had said she must go, but we believe the great Intercessor pleaded for her, and she was set free.

To show what little part I took in the service and how God worked, I will say that one night I had planned to talk on the second coming of Christ, had selected the chapter I intended to read and had marked it, but when I got to the jail I couldn't even find the chapter and all I could talk on was the prodigal son. Ten new prisoners had come in that day, and they were greatly moved.

One young man cried bitterly, and said he would serve God; that he was so sick of sin and just begged me to pray for him. I never shall forget how they fell on their faces and cried in agony of spirit for mercy.

The place was one of the filthiest and most loathsome I have ever seen, and I shall never cease to praise God that He permitted me to minister to those poor, despised, condemned prisoners who were bound with fetters far stronger than iron and that He enabled me to point them to Jesus, who breaks every fetter and sets the prisoner free. Praise His holy Name!

Droppings of Latter Rain in South America

Extracts from Letter by Thoms B. Reilly, Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic



REJOICE to see in the Pentecostal Record an article calling a Convention for the special purpose of unifying God's people. A more complete surrender to God will bring this to pass.

Jesus places in the body apostles, prophets, teachers, evangelists, helps, governments, and every one in his proper place, as Moses appointed all in their different spheres; also Solomon in the temple arranged all in their proper places. There were the Levites, the singers with harps and psalteries, cymbals, also one hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets. It came to pass as the trumpeters and singers were *as one*, to make one sound to be heard in praising God, that the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord. The priests could not stand to minister for the glory of God that filled the house. We are the temple of the Holy Spirit, and we must have the one sound.

Oh if we only meet in Convention to meet Jesus and have Him speak, permitting Him to have His own way in His Body, in honor preferring one another, then God's glory will be seen.

God has been with me in wonderful power in the cities I visited enroute, in saving, sanctifying and baptizing power. Weak eyes were healed, withered arms restored, and several different afflictions and diseases removed by the power of the precious blood of Jesus.

At last I am back in South America, in a city of 1,300,000 inhabitants, almost given up to idolatry and business wide open on Sunday. The leading denominations are represented here and have established churches, but truly Protestantism never was so dead. They are walking among the graves and do not want God's power. Pray for them.

Jesus is going to have a people down here in spite of all opposing forces. All hell cannot stop him from working. Hallelujah! But it needs Jonathans that are not afraid to enter the Philistines' camp with their Armor-bearer alone, not those who will run into holes and caves till the enemy is on the run. No, but active soldiers ready to charge at the word of command, to scale the ramparts of formalism and snatch like brands from the fire the wounded and perishing.

There are several families living in the house, all

Argentines, understanding nothing but Spanish and Italian, but God gave us favor in their sight. When we came they had no conception of God, but they nearly all became sick, one after another, and God used us in a wonderful manner and healed them almost instantly. The head of the house got the second attack of influenza, but God glorified Himself, healing him the second time, and saving him, so now he is a new creature in Jesus. From an inveterate cigarette smoker and wine drinker, he is a new man. They now bring all the sick for us to pray for them.

The other night they brought a poor, distressed creature who did not get a restful night in three months. She had a roaring in her ear. We cast out the demon in Jesus' name, and she slept sound that night. The next night it was raining. She came in her bare feet, could not speak a word of English, and had delirium from the effects of drink and no sleep. God's power was so manifest, His Spirit took control, cast out the demons and convicted her so she tore the beads from her neck, saying she wanted to be baptized in the Holy Spirit.

We also came in touch with an Englishman who was sick and had no friends; he ran away from a ship a year or so past and fell away. God healed him, but I saw no more of him for several weeks, when one day I saw him passing the house. He was walking 600 miles to secure work. I took him in, fed him and we had a meeting in the evening. Jesus saved him, and the next night sanctified him, and let His power rest upon him. He had a vision of Jesus. The next day he got work in a railroad shop about twelve miles away where there are two baptized brothers.

We want your prayers. This is a hard field. We need a tent. Rent and living expenses are enormously high, but Christ the great Provider has not let us lack anything so far.

Ask all saints to pray for us, especially for an open door and an outpouring of His Spirit, and for God to put it in the heart of someone to send a tent or the price of one.

May the grace and peace of God be with you. May he glorify His name in and through you, and fill His house with His glory.

October 3, 1908.

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Notes

WITH us during the past few months God has been emphasizing salvation, which is, after all, the best fruit of Pentecost. Quite a few have been saved from sin, for which we praise Him.

We thank God for a blessed meeting the last night of the year. A goodly audience was in attendance and so was He. Many were blessed in spirit, and some healed in body.

* * *

HE whose life is hid with Christ in God may suffer injustice from the conduct or words of another, but he can never suffer loss. He sees the hand of God in everything. He knows that everything which takes place has either a direct or indirect relation to his present state, and is designed for his benefit. 'All things work together for his good.'

Binding Satan

THERE is in various places a great deal of flippancy in speaking about Satan. We have heard him spoken of again and again in a very light and foolish way. We find in reading the Word of God that not even the archangel would take the liberties some people do. Michael when contending with Satan durst bring no railing accusation against him, but said, "The Lord rebuke thee."

Among some people there is a disposition to go through a kind of formula of binding Satan. We have heard people say, "We bind him and all his demons and cast them out of the room." No man, no matter how godly, has power to bind even the weakest of demons, for the time of Satan's binding is not yet. There is only one thing that men can do today in that regard. He can drive the demons away, but no man can bind them. The time is coming when the strong angel will bind him and cast him into the abyss, and he will be kept there a thousand years, but that time has not yet come. This flippancy in speaking about and professing to be able to bind evil spirits arises from spiritual pride.

Word from Toronto

WE have received a report from Brother G. A. Murray, 217 Concord Ave., Toronto, Canada, in which he says that God is sifting and deepening the work among the Pentecostal Missions of that city, and that while there has always been a friendly feeling among the Missions, God is uniting them more closely in love and fellowship.

They hold a Monthly Union Meeting of all the Missions in the city, in which they pray unitedly for the deepening of their lives as well as for the unsaved and half-hearted followers of the Lord.

They feel they are on the eve of a great revival, and that the Spirit of God is preparing them for greater things than He has yet given them.

A blessed missionary spirit is manifest in their midst, and a number from Toronto and vicinity have recently gone to South Africa, Japan, West Africa and North Africa, to carry a full salvation to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

* * *

WE greatly rejoice in the spirit of unity among these seven missions, and trust that the day is not far distant when in every city the people of like precious faith will be united in sympathy, in love, and in co-operation.

* * *

WHEN Satan cannot prevent our good deeds, he will sometimes effect his evil object by inducing us to take an undue and selfish satisfaction in them. So that it is necessary, if we would not convert them into destructive poisons, to be crucified and dead even to our virtues."

Spoke the Zulu Language

A MISSIONARY from South Africa while in this country was attending some Pentecostal meetings in Indianapolis. While in South Africa he had learned the Zulu language, and had been praying that he would hear someone speak, in the power of the Spirit, in the Zulu language.

One afternoon while a meeting was in progress a man arose and talked at great length with no edification. After speaking for nearly an hour, a sister stood and said two words in an unknown tongue, twice, without interpretation.

Immediately the missionary was on his feet to interpret them. It was the Zulu language, and the words meant "Be quiet." He was so overjoyed that the Lord had answered his prayer that he did not at the time realize the significance of the words, and that it was a message to the speaker to cease from talking.

The Evangel

A SISTER living in Port Hope, Ontario, writes us that upon reading the article in the November number about the work God is doing in India through Ramabai, she and her niece were both impressed that they should each support a Bible woman in the work at Mukti, Kedgaon, Poona, India, which they immediately arranged to do.

We greatly rejoice that this paper has been used in bringing before the people the great need of the suffering ones of India, and we trust our readers will continue to pray and send us contributions for this work, as God leads.

A short time ago a sample copy of the EVANGEL was sent to a friend living in the state of New York. We immediately received five yearly subscriptions from her. Shortly after this we received from one

of these five, a lady living in Virginia, four yearly subscriptions, and five dollars for Ramabai. These nine subscriptions have gone into almost as many different states.

We have received for Ramabai during the month of December, \$44.50.

A COPY of the paper was sent to Hawaii, and from that we received eleven subscriptions.

We praise God for the ever-widening chain, and believe that He will continue to add to the links. In a wonderful way He called the EVANGEL into existence, and we are looking to Him for the contents and for the money to carry it forward.

Send us names for sample copies, and subscriptions. If you cannot subscribe, tell us, and we will do what we can to send free what copies we can spare.



A Story of Superstition and Cruelty
The Child-Widows of India.

Told in Chicago by Mrs. Rachael Nalder of Windsor, Nova Scotia



HAVE a great subject tonight, the child-widows of India. It is one of the greatest, one of the saddest stories, I presume, that you could hear. A child-widow! In this Christian country that is an impossibility. A child-widow! What does it mean?

It is a product of the idolatry, the heathenism of India. It is one of the most terrible results of the teachings of their Sacred Books.

Why do they let the children marry? What is the root idea of it? It is because the sacred books teach—oh, I cannot explain it all fully, but their religion gives license to all the lower passions of man, and makes him a god. It exalts every vile thing, every animal propensity. These books teach that every little girl must be married, and that a man may have more than one wife.

Every father is very eager to have his little girls married. They must be married before they are thirteen, and so they marry them off when they are seven, six, five, four, three and two years old, and there are a number of cases duly authenticated of little girls being married at one year old. What does this mean? It means that a man old enough to be a grandfather will take a fancy to a little girl, a baby



PANDITA RAMABAI
MRS. RACHAEL NALDER

perchance, and the father promises that man that that baby shall be his wife.

She doesn't go and live with the man, of course. She stays home with her mother until perhaps eleven or twelve years of age and then that man can claim that little girl. There are mothers in India only thirteen years of age. No wonder that so many thousands of women die. No wonder that life is so unbearable for a woman. I heard the other day of a little girl of fourteen who was a mother of three children. When a young girl should be enjoying life like our girls in Christian lands, she is tied to the care of babies, and her body is so ill and weak that some of them never know what a day's health or enjoyment is afterward.

But it is of the child-widows I am to speak, not the young wives, for whom also my heart aches. Suppose that man should die before he really marries that little girl to whom he is betrothed, what happens? Suppose that man should die when the little girl is three years old? That little girl is a widow in the eyes of the people of India as truly as a woman who had lived with her husband for twenty years.

The sacred books teach that because she was betrothed to that man she was his and when he dies she is a veritable widow. You will not wonder that many thousands of widows commit suicide every year. You will not be surprised when I tell you that the mothers of families are greatly grieved when the nurse says a girl baby has come to the home. Perhaps she does not tell for awhile, and then the mother is so anxious, and she asks, "What is it?" And the nurse says, "It is nothing!" But if it is a boy they say, "Oh, it is a son." The father is delighted. He heaps gifts upon his wife and makes a feast. There is rejoicing among all their relatives, but if it is a little girl, it is nothing!

You will not be surprised when a young mother has had three or four girls and no boy that her heart is almost broken. Some of them do die from very sorrow and disappointment, and from the cruelty of their husbands. The mother is so broken-hearted that the nurse is instructed just to "press the thumb," as they speak of it. Frequently, when a girl is born, the nurse, at just a word from the mother or some of the relatives, perhaps the father, strangles the baby. This is done in hundreds of cases, and the little baby girl's body is thrown out in the blackness of the night and the jackals come and devour it. There is nothing to indicate this crime that goes on there continually, and no one says anything about it.

Did I tell you that there is a proverb in India which says it takes thirty women to be equal to one

cow? When a man's cow is ill he cares for it with a great deal of thought; he gives it proper food and shelter; but when his wife is ill he puts her out in a shed and lets her die. Although she begs for a drink of water, he will hardly give it to her.

Thousands of these women yearly drown themselves in the sacred tanks. Oh the sorrows of those dear sisters of ours in India! Whenever I think of them my heart just bleeds. I want them to have some comfort, some joy.

Pandita Ramabai says no act of Parliament will ever improve the condition of women in India; no reform will ever do it; no education; nothing will ever improve their condition but the Gospel of the Son of God. The Gospel is the great remedy for these evils of child marriage and of widowhood. Only the Gospel! So, dear friends, send them the Gospel. Oh, haste and send them Bibles; send them missionaries.

Let them know there is One who died to save even the women of India. We have kept this blessing from them too long. With a beautiful cup we are drinking from the river of the Water of Life. It quenches our thirst, and we hold on to the cup. We must pass the word of the Lord on to them and others. At your communion you would think it very strange if the cup was passed to any one individual and that individual held that cup and swallowed all the contents, and let everyone else go without one draught of the wine. But that is what we have done with the Gospel. We have neglected to pass it on. Today they are crying out to us.

Pandita Ramabai's heart was filled with an intense love for these thousands, these millions of widows in India, and there she started her school and is doing her work. There she is preaching the Gospel to the outcast widows.

In order to make the life of the widow more real to you, I think I had better tell the story of one of Ramabai's widows. The name of this little widow was Jewoobai. She was married when she was seven to a man old enough to be her grandfather. She lived at home with her parents, a happy, beautiful child. This man, immediately after betrothal, went away hundreds of miles, and she never saw him again.

One day there was a marriage feast in the family, and Jewoobai was there, a happy, laughing child, dancing and playing the games. She was dressed in a beautiful silk dress and laden with jewelry. What a bright, little, sunny soul she was! All at once there was a knock at the door. Somebody opened it and in came two wretches; perhaps I should call

them women, but I will not. They are not worthy the name. They are the people whose duty it is to make known that another child of India has become a widow.

They called out as soon as they entered, "Is Jewoobai here? Bring her out, the wretch; she is not fit to live. She has been guilty of some awful crime in a previous existence." You and I do not believe that nonsense, but in India they believe that we are reincarnated eighty-three million times. When they come back as women they are taught it is because they have not been very good in a previous existence.

The highest ambition of a woman in India, until she knows the Lord Jesus Christ, is that she may worship her husband and be a faithful wife. Thus the gods will be so pleased with her that after death she will be born again as a man. The highest ambition of every heathen woman in India is that she may be good enough to be born a man. Thank God we have a better hope than that! Oh, the sadness of it all!

So these women said: "Jewoobai has been guilty of some awful sin in a previous existence, and the gods are angry with her. They have taken her husband away from her. Her husband has just died and now we are going to heap curses and cruelty upon her." So they begin, and they tear the rings from her fingers, and tear the flesh with the rings; they tear the bracelets from her arms; they take the ringlets from her toes, bruising her poor body. They strip her of her pretty silk dress and put on her the widow's garb. Have you ever seen one? It is made of coarse material like your potato sacks. The widow must wear only one garment, and this is the one. They put on Jewoobai that widow's garb. They cut her hair and shaved her head. She was weeping and sobbing and screaming all this time because they were afflicting such pain. She did not understand it. She was not as guilty of sin as some of the people in this room, likely.

They took that little girl with her shaven head, and put her in a dark room. A widow is kept a prisoner for a year. She has only one meal a day, and that a crust. She must fast twice a week even from that one meal. She must take nothing but a drink of water two days in every week. No wonder they get sick. They die in thousands.

Little Jewoobai had to stay in this dark room. When her mother came with a little bit of food to keep her alive, even she had to curse her, and call her all the names she could think of. Little Jewoobai

never played, never went with other girls. She was in this room as a prisoner.

If a merchant on his way to business meets a widow the first thing in the morning, he curses her in the name of all the gods, and deliberately turns around and goes home, because he says the widow has brought ill-luck; he will have no luck that day. Even if he meets a widow four mornings in succession he will turn around and will not go and do any business, because the saying is, the sight of the face of a widow brings ill-luck.

Little Jewoobai had no one to care for her but her sister's husband, and you know brothers-in-law are not always kind. He took this little girl to his home and made her do hard drudgery and kept her on poor food. He made her do all the washing and the cooking, and go up the hills to draw the water from the wells. Her life was one continuous round of suffering. At last she said, "I cannot bear this; I cannot endure this life. I shall go and die like thousands of others do. I will go and drown myself."

So she prayed to her gods that she might die. She threw herself into the sea, but the surf brought her back. She said, "I will drown," and she prayed again to her gods that she might drown, and she ran into the sea until she came up to her chin in the water. She threw herself violently into the water, but like a little feather the waves brought her back again. She said, "Oh, I cannot drown, and I cannot bear my life; what shall I do? I know what I will do. Upon the mountain side where I go for my cows there is a tiger's cave. I will go and hide there and pray to my gods that when the tiger comes home it may be very hungry, and I shall soon be out of this misery."

She went into that cave and spent the hours praying. I believe heathen people teach us a lesson in prayer. They pray more than some Christian people do. Would you have prayed in circumstances like that? Perhaps not. At last she heard footsteps approaching. She gave one last prayer to her gods and said, "When the tiger comes may it be very hungry, then I shall soon be out of this misery." So she came from the dark corner out to the mouth of the cave, but it wasn't a tiger she saw. It was that cruel brother-in-law. She said, "I hoped you were the tiger, and that you were very hungry. Oh, please kill me; kill me at once. I cannot bear this awful life." He didn't kill her, but took her back and was more cruel than ever.

One day he was very angry because his food was not prepared right. He brought in a great armful of

the thorns of the prickly pear. When you read in your blessed book they platted a crown of thorns and put it on the brow of Jesus, you must not think they are thorns such as we have in this country. The thorns of the East are as long as my longest finger, and they are as sharp as a cambric needle. So the crown of thorns they put upon the head of the Savior was cruel and sharp, and these thorns were something like that. He made a great bed of these thorns. Then he took Jewoobai's hands and tied her with a thin cord to a beam. She got faint and sick and dizzy. The cord broke and she fell on this bed of thorns. Her poor body was torn and lacerated and she suffered intense pain.

Another day he did something worse. He tied her feet to a beam and brought in what they use for fuel in India. They do not use coal or wood, but I cannot mention it here. On that fuel he put some red pepper and set fire to it. She hung there over this smouldering fire, the cayenne pepper nearly burning out her eyes. Oh, the sorrows of the widow of India! If ever you realize their sorrows you will pray and you will send them sympathy and help.

Listen! What if that little girl were your own? What if your own were there suffering, how long would she be there until you would send her relief? Oh, I love that beautiful hymn, "*What if Your Own Were Starving?*" What if your own were in prison? Would you not send them this blessed Gospel? Yes, you would. Are they not your own? Are they not Christ's own, and should you not be helping them?

Now what did little Jewoobai do? One day she was nearly dying; her strength had gone and she sat huddled down in that little hovel they call home. She was sobbing. You Christian widows in this Christian land think you have it hard. So you do, but it is nothing in comparison to the widows of India. If you have had a Christian husband and he has gone to be with the Lord, you haven't the woe these little widows have in India. Jewoobai was rocking herself, and moaning and sobbing as only a widow in India can. I have a friend who says if ever you hear the cry of the child-widows of India, you will never get it out of your ears; if you once hear that wail, you will remember it to your dying day.

As she was in this agony with no friend—no, I shouldn't say no friend; do you remember in the Bible it says their groanings went up into the ears of God?—God heard these groanings of Jewoobai and as He heard her bitter wail He had an angel ready. He said to this angel that morning, "Go down that street." She went, and she heard that cry. She

said, "Oh God, there is another of those widows! How can I bear it? My heart will break."

She went into this dwelling and there she saw this little heap of misery. Need I tell you the name of that angel? You really all know she wasn't an angel with wings, but she was one of God's angels, one of His messengers who are doing His bidding. You may all be God's angels. You may do something this evening if you are in His hands. He may send you on an errand of love tonight.

God said to Ramabai, "You go down that street," and she went. I do thank God I have seen some of His angels. They have been in New York City and in the city of London and other cities. All God's angels are not walking the golden streets. No. They are in this city tonight, many of them.

Ramabai asked this little girl what was the matter. Jewoobai had not had a kind word for a long time. She was very sick. She let her head drop on the loving breast of Ramabai and felt comforted. She said, "Oh, I cannot bear my life; I am sick. I have nobody to care for me." And Ramabai said, "You poor child, will you come to my home? I have a home for children such as you."

Now if you saw that beautiful kind face, filled with the love of Jesus, and you were in the condition of Jewoobai, wouldn't you go with her? I would. Ramabai has so much of the divine life and love in her. Jewoobai looked at her and said, "Yes, I will go anywhere with you." So Ramabai just gathered her in her arms and took her to Mukti. They put her in the hospital and nursed her.

She almost passed away, her strength was so far gone. They had to feed her on just a little warm milk at a time. Her stomach was in bad condition, her brain was nearly gone; the grief of her life had almost made her an imbecile. She lay a long time in this condition, hovering between life and death.

After some months of patient care, Ramabai was doing something one day for Jewoobai, and she said, "Ramabai, why are you so kind to me? I have no money to pay you." That is the Hindu idea, that nobody will do a kindness except they are expecting to receive something. Ramabai said, "Never mind, Jewoobai, I am not expecting to receive money from you." One day Jewoobai said, "I cannot understand. You are never cross, you are never unkind or cruel; you are always patient and loving and gentle. How is it?" Ramabai said, "It is because the loving Jesus lives in me, and He makes me patient and loving and kind. Because the Lord Jesus loves me, I love Him. Jesus loves you too, Jewoobai." Do you know what Jewoobai did? She laughed. Now

you say, she was a bad girl. She was not as bad as some people in this Christian country. She laughed and said, "I do not believe it." Are you surprised? I am not.

She said, "Who ever heard of a man loving a child-widow? Why they hate us. They curse us, and I do not believe that any man called Jesus loves a widow. So Pandita Ramabai patiently prayed and waited.

She began to teach Jewoobai in her school. She got strong and became a beautiful scholar, passed right from the kindergarten up through to the high school. Jewoobai said, "Ramabai, I am beginning to believe it." "Beginning to believe what?" "Why I am beginning to believe that the Lord Jesus loves me, and I am beginning to love Him." She became a beautiful, earnest, consecrated Christian. She joined the church and was so faithful in all her work that Pandita Ramabai was perfectly delighted with the growth of this beautiful girl.

She became stronger than you could have hoped, and she was so faithful that she graded well in all her classes. One day Ramabai said, "Jewoobai is so bright I will send her to America; I will send her to New York and put her in a school there," and she put her into the Cheesborough Seminary, where Dr. Roberts and his wife have educated a great many girls. She stayed there three years.

One day she went to a great church in the city of Boston and told her story. The chairman of the meeting said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you have all been charmed with this beautiful story, this sad story, but I believe I understand you are all saying to yourselves, 'If only one such girl had been rescued, as Jewoobai, it is worth all the money that American Christians have put into it.' Don't you think so?"

I think the Lord Jesus reckons with eternity's values in view. He doesn't reckon the gold as we do. We think much of gold and much of bank stocks. Do you know what they think of it in heaven? They make paving stones out of it there. Oh, how the scales are reversed there! Eternity's values and earth's values are all reversed.

The Lord Jesus got a beautiful jewel in Jewoobai, and she has gone back to Ramabai's home and is one of her most faithful workers. Now you multiply that with a good many hundreds and you see the value of this work for the child-widows. Don't you think it

is a work that the angels might envy anybody doing if they had a chance to come to earth? Wouldn't they love just this kind of thing? It seems it is nearest the heart of Jesus. He was always teaching the value of little things. When He wanted to teach us lessons, how often He took the little things. He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Do you know of anything less than the least?

So the Lord identifies Himself with every little child-widow and says, "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was in prison and ye came unto me."

"Then shall the righteous answer Him saying, Lord, when saw we thee hungry and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? And when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in?" When we are Christlike we do not always have to be labelling ourselves. We forget what we have done, and go on wanting to do more. And so He will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

Those who did it not will be on the other hand, and they will hear those awful words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels."

Oh surely there is not one in this house will ever hear that. Do you know what I love to call my little girls over there as I think of them? I call them God's little flower-garden, two thousand little widows. And what is the name of each flower? "Forget-me-not." Isn't that pretty? Isn't that just like the Lord? You know He didn't want to be forgotten. He was so afraid some of us would forget Him that He left us the beautiful emblems of His broken body and shed blood, that we might thereby remember Him. You do not want your dear ones to forget you, do you?

Each time I think of these little girls, they say, "Forget me not." He has given them to us. We cannot feed Him, He is in glory, but we can feed His little ones. We cannot clothe Him, He is in glory, but we can clothe His little ones. He says, "Forget me not." Won't you think of Him a little more in the future? Won't you live His beautiful life, caring for His little children, His least in this world. May He help you to help them.



The Books Were Opened--1908 in Review

Wm. Hamner Piper, Chicago, December 27, 1908



AND the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of the things which were written in the books according to their works."—Rev. 20: 12.

The books that are referred to here contain the record that God is keeping of every individual's life, and the Book of Life means this book that I have in my hand, the Bible.

One of the helpful things in connection with the ministry of our Master on earth is the great interest He took in the details of human affairs. He tells us, not a sparrow can fall without our Father's notice, and adds, that we are of more value than many sparrows. So minutely does He enter into our lives, that He says, "even the very hairs of your head are numbered," and that the "steps of a righteous man are ordered of the Lord."

When you go down to your place of business tomorrow morning, go, conscious that Jesus is interested in the things that concern you, and the transaction that is standing up before you this afternoon over which you have been vexing your brain, is His concern as well as yours. You will be much more likely to succeed if you realize in your deepest spirit that Jesus is interested in that transaction with you, for shall we confine the beautiful word "colaborers" to that line of activity which we usually recognize as sacred?

Does He not tell us that we are to have the privilege of working with Him? Certainly this means both secular and sacred. He who said He would bless the vine and the fig-tree, and commanded us saying, "Bring ye all the tithe into the storehouse" surely this God is interested in all the things that concern our daily lives. It is easy for us to believe that He was interested in all the things of Moses, and guided the destiny of the Israelitish race, but I say to you that just as certainly does God desire to guide every detail of your life, and just as certainly is the hand of God in the fulfilment of prophecy resting upon this nation and others.

In this vision of the apostle on the Isle of Patmos, the detail of human affairs appears so important that we read "the earth and the heaven fled away," nothing left but the people, the Judge and His throne,

and the books—these books out of which and by which we are to be judged.

I come at the close, practically, of 1908, to ask you to engage in a little retrospection, in a little looking backward over the year. Let us come up like men and women and open the books ourselves, and face the situation; let us ask God to show us some of the things that are written in these books concerning us during the past year. It is a custom with business men, whose business is of any dimensions at all, at the close of the year to take account of stock, to see just where they are financially. Let us examine the commercial, the spiritual, the moral and the social entries. Open up the books before God, for it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die. "It is appointed unto man once to die, but after that the judgment." We shall all stand, some day, before the judgment bar of God, and we must all give account of the things that we have done during this life, whether they are good or bad. It is well for us occasionally to have our minds seriously called to the problems of life.

So this afternoon I ask each one of you in the closing hours of 1908 to review the three hundred and sixty-six days of the year. What do they contain for each one of you? A year ago there were certain aspirations struggling in your lives for expression, certain resolutions were entered into. Have you kept them, or are they broken? As you look back through the twelve months' perspective of the year, what is strewn along your pathway? Is it filled with broken resolutions? Have you had to erect every mile of the way tombstones to the memory of shattered hopes, of broken resolutions, of disappointed aspirations? What, I ask, does 1908 hold for you, for as sure as God lives, you will meet 1908 at the judgment bar of God. You may undertake to evade it; indeed, there may be somebody here who deep down in his foolish heart is saying, there is no God. Remember, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." The word of God, which has been proved true in so many scores of prophecies, and which tens of thousands of the best men and women in all the centuries have been able to verify in their lives, and found that the promises of that book were a sweet consolation upon which to rest their dying heads—the statements, I say, of this book will be the things whereby you will be judged. Your

actions will be recorded in "the books" that John saw, and will be squared up alongside the records of that "book of life," and God will enter a decree at the hour of judgment *in accordance with the law and gospel and the evidence that is written in the books that He is keeping.*

When I thus take you to task, rest assured that not only have I taken *myself* to task, but God has taken me to task also, for as I look back over 1908 I see some mistakes too, for which I repent and ask forgiveness of my God publicly, and you too will have to do this, for all we like sheep have gone astray and unless we constantly have our eye upon the pole star of our faith, we shall step aside into by-paths, that are not pleasing to God nor helpful to our own spiritual life or to others.

The American conscience is horribly warped. Here is a man who says, "If I don't do that little trick my competitor will do it and get the business." As long as your motive isn't any higher than that, your competitor may get the business, but I believe with all my soul that a man who will do right because it is right, and who has equal ability with the dishonest man, will in the long run come out ahead; and if he should not, I thank my God there is a *higher standard* than dollars and cents. But what about the business transactions? Are any of you young men handling money that doesn't belong to you and now and then stick some in your own pocket? As sure as God lives you will be found out. Let His spirit search your hearts. If you cannot now face the record of 1908, how are you going to face it by and by? These business lies! This greed for gain!

This thing of taking money that belongs to somebody else and trying to excuse your conscience by saying that they are not paying you as much as they ought; that you are only doing what somebody else does, and a whole multitude of excuses of that kind—these are things that will stand before you at the judgment bar of God. The voice of the Almighty says to you through His Word that you must repent, that you must make these things right. Hear me, if you have done these things, go make them right before the sun sets.

Not only do I speak of the commercial phase of life, but of the domestic and the social. Let me say to you that here there is apt to be more failure than even in the commercial, for there are many men who are as suave as the most gentlemanly man that stands in shoe leather when they are in the presence of their employers or customers, but who are entirely the opposite before their wives and chil-

dren. This is the place that we must watch, both people and pastor, because it is here that the real man shows; it is here that the real woman shows. It is when you are not in the gaze of public life and not in the glare of commercial competition, but in the quietness of your own home circle and no one sees you but your wife or husband or children, or some other immediate member of your family, that the real test of character comes.

I plead this afternoon for the home, for charity, for kindness, for love, and for sympathy in the home life. Let there be charity, for until you can render a perfect service to the other members of your household, do not require a perfect service from them; and when you are requiring perfection in your companion, go and take a peep into the spiritual looking-glass, the Word of God, and see whether you are rendering a perfect service to the one of whom you are expecting a perfect service.

There is in every home-life ample need for the exercise of a great amount of charity. There must be the spirit of forgiveness and forbearance in every home, and I plead today that homes in which Christian people live shall be homes of godliness and of righteousness, and that a benign influence shall radiate from them.

You who meet men, you who touch elbows behind the counter, you who are out in the every day hustle and scramble, in the busy marts, do the people you meet know that you belong to the Lord Jesus Christ? *Do they know you believe Jesus is coming soon? Do they know you believe Jesus came and not only died to save us from our sins but also to heal us of our diseases? Do they know that Jesus is pouring out His Spirit in the latter rain, and that people are magnifying God in tens of thousands of cases in various parts of the world, in a tongue they never learned?*

Yesterday I was doing a little buying in one of the stores down town, and rather a fine looking young man was selling me the goods. I was about five feet away from him, but knew exactly what he had been doing the night before, because the horrible stench of whiskey and beer was emanating from him. I did not begin at once to preach to him, but watched my opportunity, and when he had to go to the rear of the store I followed, and said, "Young man, that was an awful way for you to spend Christmas Day." He looked at me, then hung his head, and said, "I was out with a traveling man last night, and I did drink." I said, "That's a poor way to begin life."

Start wrong today, young man, and as Colonel

Bain said, "you may expect in the autumn of life the goadings of memory to harrow your soul." I talked to this young man about the Lord and about his sins. I have his name and address, and am expecting God to bring something out of it, and if He doesn't, at the day of judgment that young man will have to admit that the righteousness of God was proclaimed to him, and that he had an opportunity.

Ah yes, I am telling you about that opportunity I embraced, but not about those I failed to use, and yet I seek to be alert to all such opportunities. *What does 1908 hold for you?* I wonder if I were to put the test how many of you would be able to tell of some one who was saved through your efforts. I won't ask you to stand, but the record is written up yonder. Jesus said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." There are various kinds of fruit, the fruit of kindness and love, the fruit of men and women being saved, and Jesus said we glorify the Father by bearing *much fruit*.

But the entries are not all on the debit side, thank God, because if you have given only a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple you shall receive a disciple's reward, and if you do a kind act in the name of a righteous man, you shall receive a righteous man's reward.

I think our names must be written twice in those books, once at the top of each of two pages. One is the debit side, and I hardly know what to call the other, and yet it is the credit side, because the things we do in His Name are put down to our credit, whether we deserve it or not. There on that debit side, written in letters of black, black as night, black as hell, are the evil deeds. What is written there for you? Look at it! Face the record of 1908. Did some fit of anger get you into trouble?

I do not often bring into the pulpit the sensations of the city, but what do you think that poor man is thinking about this afternoon, who the other day, finding his wife was hearing a conversation over the telephone that he only was to have heard, in a fit of anger, knowing that he is being found out, strikes her a blow that ends her life? What do you think he is thinking today in prison? Take warning! Perhaps the great under-current of his life was a kindly one, for there are these bursts of passion in men who are otherwise kind.

Yes, there is the one dark side, but thanks be unto our God, there is another side, and I think it is written in red. These red-letter entries are the things that under the power of the Spirit of God we have been enabled to do in His Name. These are the little acts of kindness, little deeds of love; these are the words you have spoken to some man or woman about Jesus, the word that Jesus is coming soon;

telling the people with whom you associate day after day of the love of Jesus.

The people who belong to things other than the church of Christ, and who are tearing down the kingdom of God, soon let you know what they believe. It doesn't take a spiritualist long to tell you where he stands. It doesn't take a theologian long to tell you what he believes, or a Christian Scientist, or one who believes in New Thought. All of these, without exception, are spurious, and are leading the people away from the cross of Calvary. Why shouldn't we stand for our King, unobtrusively, wisely, kindly and politely, but in a way that men and women will not have to ask at the end of six months whether we are Christians? But, I repeat, there is also a good side. Thank God for it. Thank God for the red ink. I would not leave you to contemplate only the debit side and to think it must always remain as it now is.

"The accusing angel flew up to heaven's chancery with an oath and blushed as he gave it in; the recording angel as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever."

You who are backsliding, and halting and struggling, I have a sweet message for you. It is the message of my King. It is the message of the Man on Calvary's cross. Do you know what He says? If you confess your sins, He will blot them out of His book of remembrance. Thanks be unto our God! And when I see you here who are unsaved, or backslidden, coming back to God with real penitence of spirit and contrition of heart, I do not know just how, but some way the blood of Jesus Christ is applied both to your guilty conscience to cleanse it from sin, and to that black page of shame, blotting out the record. *Strange process of divine chemistry, isn't it, that the thing that is black will be made white by applying that which is red?*

What a blessed thought! The debit entries of 1908 can yet be cleansed away by the application of the blood of Jesus. There is yet a chance for you.

For

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Do you want that black page cleaned up? If you do, accept Him today, and let the blood be applied to your heart and life. He stands at the door and knocks. Open to Him. He will come and cleanse the heart from sin, and wipe out the debit record. Then when this vision of the Apostle John's becomes in your life a divine reality before the Great White Throne, you will hear, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Be Controlled

A Series of Chapters on the Surrendered Life.

A. F. Carter, Los Angeles, California



BE controlled. Yes, be controlled. But by whom? By myself? Ah, no. That has been the trouble all along. By my friends? No, no. By the church? No. By circumstances? Never. By public opinion? No, no. By evil report, or good report? No. Well, then, be controlled by whom? The Holy Ghost. Be controlled by Him. Don't you try to do anything, but let Him. Don't try nor strive to control yourself or anyone else. He is to be the Controller now. It is He, and not you. Let Him have the right of way. You get out and let Him get in. Much better, I assure you. You made a failure of the job. Now have Him. Now let Him control you from this on. His work will be a success; must always be a success; always has been a success. It will be a success in your case. You fail to understand God's purpose in your life. He will make it plain to you. You fail to understand Christ's words to you. He will reveal them unto you, and you will comprehend. It is His mission to reveal Christ to human souls. You don't know. He does know, and you may know, if you are controlled by Him. Hadn't you better invite the Holy Ghost into His temple? Hadn't you better vacate and let Him control? You will be glad; yes, you will. You and He will work in conjunction then. You have been working all alone heretofore, hence it has been all failure. He has had no chance. Now, just see what He will do when you cease doing. You have never known Him, nor allowed Him, nor trusted Him, before this. It's been self, self, self, all the way. Has your life been a success, as God understands success? You know it has not. Why not? Because you left out of your life the only One who can make success. You left out Him—the Comforter. No wonder a failure. You are disappointed in your spiritual growth? So is God. You will be more so if you don't receive Him. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and you will marvel at the change. Be controlled by the divine Controller. You have been trying to do so much heretofore. Suppose you stop now and let Him do all the doing. You must be tired out trying to assert your own ways. Now

rest from self-assertion; be quiet and trust Him, and see how smoothly and beautifully He will bring it to pass. Be still. Rest. You need rest. You need Him. He is rest. Be controlled, entirely controlled, utterly controlled, sweetly controlled, Holy Ghost controlled. You go—He comes. You rest—He performs. Don't you think it much better? Now you have received Him. He speaks through you: You speak as the Spirit gives you utterance, and you tell me that the words of life you now speak to sinners seem clothed with living power! Just so. They are His words. No power, in the least, in your words. His words are sharper than two-edged swords. Failure before—success and salvation now. You mourned before—you rejoice and praise now. Sinners untouched before—now sinners asking everywhere, "What must I do to be saved?" Don't have that old feeling of leanness and barrenness now, do you? You have a continual, hilarious, exultant joy in your soul now that abides, you tell me. You feel that somehow your life pleases God, and therefore is a success—a divine success. You feel as if truly John 7: 38-39 was verified in you, do you not? Well, praise our God! Glad, are you not, that He has taken His abode within you? Glad you are now controlled by Him. Abandon yourself to Him. Seek advice of Him in everything. He will "lead you into all truth." Amen. Hallelujah! I am so glad you are henceforth to be entirely controlled by Him.

Receive

RECEIVE Him into your life; it is the one great desideratum. You don't need anything else nearly so much as you need Him. Receive Him—God—and He will honor you; and it will be far greater honor than the world can give. You don't need fame as much as you need Him. Sure, you don't! You think you do, but you really do not.

Young men starting out in life usually aim to reach distinction. Listen! The best distinction that can come to you, and which you should covet above all other, is to be distinguished for a holy and blameless life. You can reach this distinction by receiving Him. No other way. The world and its usages offer no royal road to a holy life. Receiving Him, you reach distinction in God's sight. Perhaps the

world will not call it distinction, but failure; but you never mind. You receive the Holy Ghost into your life and go on with God, and you will be enjoying Him while this old, wicked world is on fire!

People think now-a-days they need riches, and if they have little or no money when commencing business, they immediately set out at their best pace to acquire it. I agree with you, man; you *do* need riches; and if I were you, I would have them, by all means. Now Revelation 3: 18 tells you just how to become rich. With Him, the Holy One, in His own rightful temple, you are truly rich, though you possess no gold or silver, or bonds or stock. Without Him you are poor indeed, even if your wealth can be counted by the hundreds of thousands.

You say you need a friend—a good, true, noble friend. So you do; you surely do; and it is my office to tell you where you can find just such a one. He will be infinitely more to you than any earthly friend you can ever find. Harken! A long time ago I needed just such a friend as you say you need; but with all my search I could not find one to meet the entire requirements of my life. Many had the same failures which I had; and, therefore, could give me no help. Others were so busily engaged trying to find friends who could help them that they could be of no use to me. Then it was that I heard of One who was recommended to meet absolutely every need of the human soul, and completely satisfy it.

I saw written recommendations concerning Him, in John 14th, 15th and 16th chapters. The sum of the whole matter is, I received this Friend and Comforter. He came at my invitation. He saw the state of affairs. He sweetly—oh! so sweetly—undertook the task of proving His friendship to me. Not rudely, not harshly, not authoritatively, but so sweetly, entered He into His work of comforting me. *And He has succeeded!*

He had much to do, for self was strongly entrenched; but, glory to God! He did the work! "Does He prove to be all you were led to expect?" you ask me. O beloved! it is beyond my words to tell you what He has proved Himself to be. It is beyond and above all that I could ask, or even think. You receive Him and see for yourself; you will never regret it. You say you desire to be more like Jesus and know more about Him. Then you must receive this Friend; for it is He who glorifies Jesus, reveals Jesus, brings his sayings to men. You can never know Jesus, save by the office of this Friend. He is the One whom Jesus said He would

pray to have sent to you. Have you received Him—*has He* COME? Receive Him, if you want to know more of Jesus.

If you will move out and let Him move in you will be glad. You will be infilled by Him, and be "neither barren nor unfruitful." An abundant, victorious life for you will date from the time you let Him in. As long as you must confess that you have not had any success in keeping yourself, had you not better give the work over to Him? When people come around the old stand and inquire for you, refer them to this new-found Friend; and then subside. If you take my advice, you won't be much in evidence any more. You will be so happy, and joyous and exultant; and get rid of the old "religious malaria" that you have suffered from so long. Even your face will change: it will fairly shine with Holy Ghost joy. It has not been wont to shine, you remember. There will be joy in your heart, peace in your soul, and a song on your lips for which you will be glad. Heaven will be nearer, and the Father dearer, than ever in the past.

"How can I secure all this?" you ask. Receive, receive, receive Him—the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the sent One, the One who came in answer to Jesus' prayer. He came; is now here; dwells with men; would dwell in you. Will you let Him?

Himself

O H, that we might see, feel and know that in the third Person of the Trinity, the Holy Ghost, is the consummation, acme and realization of all earthly aspirations. We have all along been desiring objects, blessings and experiences. We have thought that this, that and the other were necessary to complete our happiness. When these have been realized there has still been a sense of unsatisfaction, of loss, of unrest. Why? Because we have stopped short of asking for the best—HIMSELF! God desires us to have His best. His best is Himself—the Holy Spirit. "We ask, and we receive not, because we ask amiss." We ask far short of His desire for us. He desires to bestow Himself upon us; anything less than Himself will not suffice, will not satisfy, will not do. He desires to be in us; to abide with us forever. He knows that we need Himself far more than we need anything else. We ask for His blessing; *He would rather we asked for the BLESSER.* We were made to be the temples of the Holy Ghost. He knows that without the Holy Spirit abiding in His temple, we can never come up to His thoughts concerning us—never. The Comforter was manifested to dwell in that temple, so

unless He is in control within us God's plan has been thwarted.

Beloved! we must keep up to God's plan, if we would realize His best in our lives. The world needs multiplied examples of "temple-filled" men and women. If we receive Him we receive also His blessings. Much better every way to desire Him than an "it"; oh, so much better, so much more satisfying, so much more restful. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness (Himself); and all these things (blessings) shall be added unto you," Jesus says. We seek the blessing first. He says seek Him first. We reverse the plan, so, of course, there is failure. He says: "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink (blessings), but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." He desires above all, and first of all, that we receive Him. How can we ask Him to first bestow upon us His blessings, when all the time He asks us to seek first for Him. Then, after we receive Him, we shall be so utterly lost in the contemplation of Himself as to forget all about our blessings; and we shall wake up to the fact that ever since He came to abide "all things needful" have indeed been "added" unto us. The personal, indwelling, abiding Holy Spirit, dear ones, is what we need. Not only is He what we need, but what we must have; He is what we *will* have, if we are in earnest.

If we desire not the Holy Ghost, then we desire not God's best. We need the truth, but He is the only One who can lead us into the truth; all other leaders will lead us into error; He alone leads into truth. You desire truth; very well, receive Him, and you shall know the truth. You cannot know the truth in any other way. You say you desire to glorify Jesus in your life. Impossible to do so, unless you receive the "another Comforter." Receive Him, and you glorify Jesus. Jesus desires you to open your heart and definitely receive the One whom He promised should be sent in answer to His prayer to the Father. Believe me, beloved! *Himself is our need. He is the great desideratum of our day.*

Holy Ghost-filled and led men and women is the crying need of our day and age. *An all-around guidance of the Holy Ghost is what we must yield to.* Remaining passive in His care, He directs our steps, our thoughts, our desires, our ways. We know not how to do anything; He knows how to do all things. Infinitely better to be controlled by Him. Can any one satisfactorily tell me why the churches ignore the plan of urging their converts to receive the Holy Ghost? Do they believe there is not the same need of converts receiving the baptism of the

Holy Ghost and of fire as there was in the Apostles' days? Let the poor, weak, falling-by-the-wayside converts answer.

Beloved! God's way is good enough to be our way. Dare we follow any other plan? God's original plan was for every convert definitely to receive the baptism. Has the world grown so good that there is no longer need for the reception of the Comforter? Powerless, weak, faithless lives—why? No third Person of the Trinity abiding within. Nothing less than failure can be expected where less than the Comforter is received. Himself abiding within, we see Spirit-filled, Spirit-led, and Spirit-empowered lives. No Comforter within, we see weak, powerless, faithless lives; no satisfaction to themselves, no use to God. Dare we continue to lead such lives? I say: Oh, beloved! let us lose not one moment in delay, but receive Himself into our lives, to rule, to reign, to plan and to execute. What a Comforter He is! Trust Him, receive Him, confide in Him, and let Him.

Filled

BE filled with the Spirit." Not partly filled, nor two-thirds filled, not nearly filled; but filled, wholly filled, perfectly filled, completely filled. This is just as positive a command as "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found," or "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," or "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Every believer should tarry until endued.

That is the trouble—we do not tarry. We rush and want to rush all the Lord's work. He says: "Tarry"; we say: "Can't wait, Lord; so much to do"; and rush off unprepared, unendued; and think we are helping God. Instead of helping we are a positive hindrance. His plan is to "fill"—Gospel measure—"pressed down, shaken together and running over," and it is only when the "running over" takes place that we can be used by Him, and be of use to men. We cannot run over until we are filled. *Anything less than "full" was never known to run over.*

"Be filled," yes, be filled! He will do the filling. But you be toward Him potter's clay, a receptacle—pliable, yielding, a receiver, a container. You cannot fill yourself; He alone can fill. His plan—the Holy Ghost's plan—is to enter into us, take up His abode in us, and then through us accomplish His purpose. "Without Me ye can do nothing," says our Savior Christ. Perhaps the Apostles were surprised that Jesus should tell them to "wait" at Jerusalem before starting out on their work of evangeliza-

tion. "Are we not ready *now*?" they may have thought. "Have we not been with Jesus lo! these many months past?" And this was indeed *true*. But yet Jesus said: "Wait. . . . until ye receive power."

And, bless God! they *did* wait. They realized "the Promise." The room where they were was filled with God. And they themselves were filled. No doubt about their being filled. Their acts showed it. Their talking in strange tongues was proof. The Word says: "They were all *filled* with the Holy Ghost." The conversions that followed showed that they were filled. Peter had never before been known to be so bold. Stephen's face had never so resembled an angel's. Philip had not previously been caught away by the Spirit. Much people had not been "added to the Lord" through Barnabas' exhortations. What made the difference? They were now "filled."

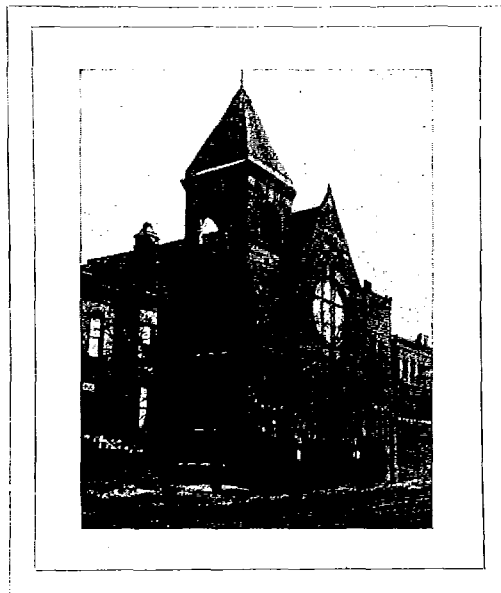
So can we be "filled." Nay, God expects us to be filled. The Holy Spirit desires to fill. Let us be filled; filled to overflowing. An artesian well is no good for irrigation unless it overflows. If it does anything less than overflow it is no better than a common well. Abundant life, overflowing life, enriching life, can only be secured by the reception of the per-

sonal Holy Spirit, making Him the indwelling God.

Receive Him, then, by faith; He is yours by promise. His plan is to reach all the unsaved nations of earth; and He is not able to reach them through bands, or alliances, or leagues, or denominations, or churches, but only through individuals—saved and filled individuals. He reaches the heathen—home or foreign—through *our* lives as indwelt by Him. Your heart His abiding-place, wherever He leads you follow; but be certain He leads. Do not take a hand at leading; please do not. Failure is sure if you do. It will spoil all if *you* are ahead. Give the Divine Spirit full and free play in your life. Swing open the door of your heart, with a bang up against the jamb, and show Him you are utterly undone and that you realize you are inefficient without Him; let Him see you regard Him to the full as indispensable.

Will He fill? You just try! You will be a song-bird, filled with His love-songs, forever afterward. O permit Him to fill you to overflowing! It will be wonderful to you how much He will fill you! We are going on for God's highest Glory! Wonderful days are these—these days of His incoming! Who will open that the King in His beauty may enter? Who will?

"The
Stone
Church"
Nondenominational



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Worship:

Main Service: Lord's Day at 3:00 P. M.

Evenings: Sunday, Thursday and Friday at 8:00 o'clock.

Divine Healing: Teaching and Prayer for the Sick Wednesday at 2:30 P. M.

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