

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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



Voice of the Spirit

❖ The Word ❖

"They began to Speak with Other Tongues
as the Spirit Gave Them Utterance."



OD would have you know that He wants you to take His Word for all things, and to prove everything by His Word, to test the spirits by the Word of God and to see whether they are of God or not, for every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God.

¶ Jesus gave the word. He wants you to follow every precept in it for your edification. Jesus wants to teach you out of His Holy Word the Way of Life. He is the Living Word of God sent from heaven above that you might have life and have it abundant. "Search the Scripture, for in them ye think ye have Eternal Life, and they are they which testify of Me," saith Jesus, the Christ. If you search the Word of God you will know whether the things you see and hear are of God or not; you will know when the Truth is set forth, and the Power of the Living God manifested, *and know whether God is talking to you or whether man is doing it.*

¶ Unless you know the Truth of God you will never be able to stand in the day of temptation; unless you build the foundation on the solid rock, Christ Jesus, you will not be able to stand; your house will be built upon the sand. It will go down, down! Yes, the floods will come and overwhelm you.

¶ Why do you resist? Why do you stiffen your necks and harden your hearts? Jesus the Christ, the Son of God will set you free. There is nothing that He cannot show you. He will search your heart, and you will know what it is that hinders you from blessing.

¶ Jesus Christ is speaking to you in these days. He wants you to glorify God the Father who gave the promise long years ago that the "seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent!"

¶ Jesus wants to exalt Himself by living in your lives the power of the living God. Jesus wants you to search your hearts tonight and know where you stand, whether it is upon the Solid Rock, the real Truth of God, or built upon the sands, *upon mere feelings, upon emotions and demonstrations.* You must be built upon Christ Jesus. Glorify your Redeemer because He is searching the hearts of humanity! Glorify your Savior because He is willing to pick you up and place you above angels, all by the precious blood of Jesus, all by the Truth of God.

¶ Jesus is seeking to come into you, into that Temple which was created by God. He is seeking men and women who will really submit to Him, obey Him, yield themselves to Him so that He may glorify Himself, and that He may present them a holy body to Himself as His Bride.

¶ Glory to the Lamb of God! Worship and adore Him! He is worthy of all praise! Worthy is the Lamb! the Savior slain! Glory to His Matchless Name, the Glorified Savior! The Matchless Name of Jesus hath all power in heaven and on earth. Glory to God in the highest! Glory to His Name forevermore!

A sister was strongly impelled to rise before the congregation and lift high the Bible, not knowing why. At once she began to speak in an unknown tongue. The interpretation as presented above was given immediately thereafter.—1 Cor. 14:13.

The Voices of God

An Exposition of the Twenty-Ninth Psalm—Concluded.

Preached in the Gospel Tabernacle, Chicago

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



LET us hear the voice of God tonight; that is the most important thing for you and me, in these days of so much speaking and so many voices. Paul says in I. Cor. 14:10: "There are many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without-signification." But above and beyond them all, we need to hear the VOICE OF GOD. The Lord speaks SEVEN distinct times in this Psalm and we need to hear all of these voices—hear what the Lord says; for "He will speak peace to His people, but let them not turn again to folly."

First Voice

"The voice of the LORD is upon the WATERS." That means upon the *people*—water stands for people, here, as in the book of the Revelation, and other places in the Scriptures; and was there any time in all the history of the world when the voice of God was upon the people as now? And His voice is becoming strong and clear; clear enough for all. "The voice of God is upon the waters." Another thing: water stands for the *troubles* of the people. Brother, sister, are you here tonight saying, "Where did I hear the first time the voice of God?" Listen! When did the world first hear the voice of God? In *trouble*: "And the earth was without form and void—chaos, and the Spirit of the Lord—the Mother-God—fluttered over the face of the waters, and the voice of God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." You hear it tonight; the voice of God is over the waters; waters of people; waters of sorrow; waters of your troubles. Yes, tonight, down there wherever you are, the voice of God is over that trouble of yours to set it right—to shed light and life into it. The voice of God is there; do not run around peddling your troubles everywhere, to everybody—take them to God; get His voice, His word, on it.

Better sit down in the midst of your grief, like poor old Hagar out in the wilderness; she cried herself to sleep, and by and by the voice of God woke her

up, and a great light flooded her soul, she saw a well of water, and her boy's life was saved. God had revealed Himself to her—the voice of the Lord had visited her. Brother, sister, do not take a trouble out of this room tonight that has not been spoken to by the voice of God.

And when the voice of God is upon the waters, what happens? "The God of glory thundereth." Who thundereth? The God of GLORY. Give Him yourselves, people, and God will get His glory out of your lives; give God your troubles and He will get His highest glory out of your deepest troubles, and turn them into joys—Hallelujah! Oh man, woman, you remember those awful troubles and trials you have had; those losses and crosses; those financial distresses. They are all gone now; God's voice spoke, the God of glory thundered and shook them all away, and instead of the trouble, His glory came on you, and now you bless God, for the "curse was turned into a blessing." And "the Lord is upon MANY waters." You see there is no end to what He will do, if you will but listen to His voice and trust Him. You say, "I have many troubles." Well, He says, "upon many waters." And again, "I will be with you in six troubles," and what will He do in the seventh, that is, the fulness of troubles? "Not forsake you." He reverses the order, you see, and stays with us. Oh praise Him, what a good God He is! A sister said, "Surely He is past finding out." I said, "Yes, you will always find Him IN, ready to help you in time of need"—Hallelujah!

Second Voice

"The voice of the Lord is POWERFUL." Shall we hear God speak again? (People: "Yes, yes!") You are not like the children of Israel, when they complained to Aaron about Moses. They said, "Do not let that man speak any more to us, we cannot stand it."

The first voice spoke to the *people*, and to the *troubled hearts*. Well, we will hear the *second* voice of God. "The voice of the Lord is full of dynamite." That is what the word "powerful" means. Now, you see, you are liable to get hurt; for dynamite is

explosive. Yes, we must be careful, for the voice of the Lord is powerful—dynamical; and the "hidings of His power" (Hab. 3:4) are beginning to be manifested in these days of "Pentecostal" operations.

Third Voice

"The voice of the Lord is full of MAJESTY." These two seem to be linked together in their effects. So, it seems the voice of power (dynamite) is the voice of a King (majesty). We see by this, that He is building the things concerning a Kingdom, and so the voice is full of *majesty*; it is kingly. There is a potentiality back of Him. He is preparing a Kingdom. He is organizing a new set of subjects for the new Kingdom; you cannot have a Kingdom without subjects. God begins in the right way; most men do not. God gets His subjects first, and He is going to get a handful of subjects as a "first fruits" to set up a Kingdom that cannot be moved.

"The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty." That is His working power, and His majesty is Christ enthroned in the heart as our King, making us His willing and obedient subjects. Have we heard the voice of God as our King?

Fourth Voice

"The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars," and down they go; the people go down. What did it? Why Pentecost has come, and it has broken down all their strong religiousness and self-will; a good deal of their strong theology, and a good deal of their strong, "powerful" works. When the voice of the Lord breaks the cedars, many of the churches will be turning their *kitchens* into rooms for Pentecostal waiting meetings. They call their kitchens "power houses," so one pastor told me, and I said, "I thought power came from above." This is the power that comes from beneath; from the outer man, the self-life, the man who gives to the church, to have the worth of it in oysters or ice cream. Oh, we are a million miles from Pentecost in that kind of thing. There is one place you can go and get the *spiritual sandwiches*; First Corinthians, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth chapters; *power* on one side, *wisdom* on the other and *love* in the middle. Those are "Pentecostal" sandwiches; you can get those and improve in worship and service. I think the Lord will be pleased with that, and the people will say, "See how those people love one another." Oh yes, the world is not blind to love, and it is the cure for "hardness of heart and unbelief." Yes, I thank God that He breaketh the cedars of Lebanon, the big cedars of the high mountains; these you know stand for the great people, who are so self-sufficient and high up.

But you say, "Mr. Myland, some think this scripture describes the scene of God's operations in nature, and that it is the effects of a great storm breaking down over the mountains of Lebanon, cutting its way through the forest in cyclonic fury." Just so; so I think. I suppose the Lord let the prophet see just such a sight; but what for? Just to see the power and majesty of God in outward nature? Nay; more than that. The Bible need not have given us the history of the storm described in this Psalm simply from a *natural* standpoint; we can see the real thing here in the United States every year. God was illustrating SPIRITUAL things by the symbols of nature, as is so frequent in the teaching of scripture. This Psalm is grandly symbolic of nature being subordinated to the presence and power of God, and manifests the effect of His omnipotent voice as He works on and in His creature man, to subdue and purify, and bring him back to His glory. So, what you see God doing here in the natural world, is but a symbol of what He will do morally and spiritually in man. This story, therefore illustrates God's spiritual and moral working in man; or it has no business in the Bible.

He breaks the cedars of Lebanon. I have seen Him break many big ones, that had many branches. There is one thing remarkable about this symbol, because in cedar trees all the branches grow downward and the roots spread out in shallow ground—just like the natural man; and so the symbol is true to the truth to be taught. Now God wants just the reverse of this; He wants our roots to go down deep in love; "rooted and grounded in love"; and He wants the branches to grow out laterally and upward. The branches that grow upward develop the tree; those that grow out laterally bear the fruit. That is a law of horticulture, and so it is in the spiritual kingdom. So the law of the moral "cedar tree" is that it must be thrown down, and when it is down, if you want to trim the branches, you must begin at the *top*, for the branches grow down; that is the way God does in the "Pentecostal" work; He begins to trim you at the head, and He "casts down imaginations, and the high things which exalt themselves against the knowledge of God, and brings every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." (II. Cor. 10:5.) And thus he "trims the big cedars" which he has thrown down.

I never knew the full meaning of Calvary until I had an earnest of Pentecost seventeen years ago. After "waiting on God" for three nights, down on my face, I began to feel that I was "trimmed" indeed, and there seemed to be nothing left but the bare

"trunk" of my "humanity." I said then, "this is Golgotha," literally the place of the skull—that is crucifixion of the head. Have you been crucified at the place of a "skull"? There is something in that when one applies it to his own experience, and proves II. Cor. 10:5. When you get to that point, you are going faster than an express train on toward Pentecostal Mount. Yes, the cedars of Lebanon must be broken.

Fifth Voice

"The voice of the Lord divideth the tongues of fire." Why does that come after the cedars are broken? Is that Pentecostal order? Yes, indeed; that is exactly Pentecostal, and you could not make the Bible read any other way. "Divideth the flames of FIRE"; and they saw flames of fire divided and sitting on each of them, at Pentecost. I have seen them on people's heads and on the ends of the fingers. I have seen them on my own hands; couldn't see them on my own head. Well, who sees them? *Those who have spiritual eyes.* Who saw them in the upper room? The one hundred and twenty. Those on the outside did not see this, nor hear the noise of the wind, only the noise of the "tongues" afterwards; *the effect of Pentecost.*

If you have no internal evidence of an experience with God in His saving and working grace, you have no business with the Pentecost. "The gifts and callings of God are apart from repentance." They are sovereign. There is no choice about it. He may bestow a gift on one that you least thought of, and may keep it back from one you thought would get it first; you cannot tell about these things, and one ought not to be jealous of another nor boast against another, or he may lose its operation before he has it long.

Yes, He divideth the flames and gifts of Pentecost as it pleaseth Him, and he worketh all in the one and selfsame Spirit, and when you do not let Him work, the *spiritual* gift will not operate; Satan may give you *psychical* "working" that looks like it, but it will never bear fruit for God, and one who has the "discerning of spirits" can detect both its operation and its fruitlessness.

Let us here differentiate between man's triple being—spirit, soul and body. *Pneuma* means the spirit, *Psyche* means the soul. A human being is a pneumatical, psychical and physical creature. You say, "Why do you use strange terms?" No stranger than "physical," that is also a Greek word, but we have become accustomed to that; it means body, the others mean spirit and soul.

The spirit is the highest part of man's nature,

the part that was "depraved" in the "fall," it is the seat of the moral sensibilities—the conscience and affections. Spiritual things are always regarded as equivalent to "holy things," consequently there is no such thing as spiritualism; it is "spiritism." Spiritual, in the Bible, means holy; you say a church is not a spiritual church; you mean not godly, not holy; such a man is not spiritual; not godly, not holy—that is, worldly. Therefore Satan cannot do anything spiritual; it would be death to him. He was cast out of the spiritual realm once, and has no business back in it, but he can deceive you in the psychical (soul), and he is building more "psychical" characters (Christians, so-called) today, than God is getting of true "pneumatical" (spiritual) Christians.

What is it that keeps our preachers replenishing their libraries? What keeps our printing presses running almost day and night? Psychical literature; and the deep spiritual books and papers go begging, save for the few Pentecostal people who want something of that kind. Listen! We need to have new Pentecostal literature as well as preaching and testimony, and God is making it. Now the word "Psyche" means soul—that is all the mental faculties of the intellect; its intricate mechanism. Probably there are five faculties, corresponding to the five natural senses of the body. They are: the perception, the imagination, the reason, the judgment and the will. In the *pneuma* or spirit (spiritual), resides largely the moral sense; the conscience and affections.

Now, while we have Pentecostal fire, and power, and gifts in the psychical—for that is where it operates—in all their fulness; do not let us forget the "balance wheel" of love, and the "governor" of a sound mind. We may go on, proving that God can do the supernatural all the time, and that is all right; but let us keep within reasonable bounds, and thus be saved from the presumptuous sins. Let us remember that the "spirit of a sound mind" or, as the better rendering is, "wise discretion" is third and last in the order of Pentecostal operations. See II. Tim. 1:7. And while you may have the "power" in the gifts of the *twelfth chapter of I. Corinthians*, you need also to have the "love" of the *thirteenth* that will enable you to "bear all things"; and then, above all, the "wisdom" of the *fourteenth chapter*, in order to rightly use and understand the operation of "tongues"; and as "wisdom is the principal thing, therefore with all thy getting, get understanding."—Prov. 4:7. There is danger of becoming too free because we have the spirit of power, and so run away with ourselves and give up to everything; but the spirit of a sound mind must control everything. Let us be free, but let us

be also *real*, and wise as serpents (wise as the old serpent), and show to the world that God has not only given us the "*fulness*," the exuberance, but He has given us also the *soudest, best thing*, that must take hold of and subdue the best and brightest intellects of these days, and give God some adequate instruments through which to do His work.

One soul is worth just as much as another as far as the redeeming blood and salvation is concerned, but one instrument or worker is not as efficient as another in the hands of God, and He wants the best He can get. There is no comparison as to the question of salvation, but there is comparison when you come to the question of whom God sets in His church as laborers. Your father or my father would never take a piece of basswood to make an axe handle; he would select a piece of good, well-seasoned hickory, and God is as wise, and is selecting the "*second-blessing*" people for his instruments; a well defined sanctified life is one whose grain runs all the one way. God can make something out of that kind of a character. God is looking for "second growth" timber Christians out of which to make His Pentecostal church—the church of the Advent.

I would not give much for a baptism of power on a life that knew nothing of the sanctifying grace of God and the crucifixion of self. Suppose you get it all in one meeting. I admit you may have the work of the Holy Spirit "with," and "in," and "upon" in one night, but you cannot live a whole experience in an hour; the heavenly side, by faith, can be accomplished "instantly," but the practical experience and administration will take you years and years to prove; and some of you are not through proving it yet.

"God breaketh the cedars" and "divideth the flames of fire." Yes, God has the right tree for His symbol; God makes no mistake, and when the cedar starts to burn you have a hard time putting it out. I have seen people trying to get the thing stopped some way, and they got on fire themselves; nobody that has ever been through the "burning" ever touches them when the fire falls; they know enough to keep their hands off. I saw a dear brother get his Pentecost while he was trying to extinguish the fire on a young cedar—his wife. He fussed around there awhile, and by and by he "caught fire" and got his "baptism." I said to him "served you right!" Oh, it was fine to see a man and wife getting baptized into the Holy Spirit and fire together. Oh praise God! If only men and women would get the Pentecost together, and then the boys and girls, until God gets whole families! Brother, wait for your wife; wife, wait for your husband. Keep sweet; God will do His work.

Wait in patience; "thou shalt be saved and thy house."

God's fire will burn up the cedars. He sends the fire to burn up all that is combustible of the "flesh," and leaves nothing but the pure asbestos, which is just a basis (material) for fire to work on and warm others. It cannot be destroyed even by fire; and so God makes his people "asbestos"—fireproof material. God gives us a new outfit for the old one He destroyed. He did not promise to insure the old and give you "damages" if it was injured; no, He is not in the insurance business, insuring the "flesh," the "carnal mind, which is enmity against Him," but He is in the fire baptizing business, destroying the "flesh." *The blood cannot take out the "self-life."* *The blood was to be the answer for the "sin question"; it will cleanse from all sin; that is sanctification. But the destruction of the "self-life" is preparatory to the "sacrificial-life," where God has to "burn out the dross," hence an "offering of fire"—a burnt offering.* That is no type of the blood at all; it is "*an offering made by FIRE*," "a whole offering, where God gets the whole thing and you see a little "ash-heap," and for that he gives you beauty (glory). He makes out of the "ashes" the "asbestos," which glows in the fire—asbestos looks like ashes, does it not? "God divides the flames of fire"; He burns up the combustible, but there is something left yet. What is that?

Sixth Voice

"The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh." While He is breaking the cedars and burning them up by dividing the flames of fire, He is also "shaking the wilderness of Kadesh." What wilderness is that? The wilderness of "holiness." You will have to lose all your holiness. If I ever saw people die hard, it was those who tried to hold on to their experience of holiness. They say, "I had the blessing of holiness, I lost it; I regained it, I lost it again." Well, God wants you to get out of that wilderness some time, and so He shakes the wilderness of your holiness—that is, your *experience* of holiness. Nearly everybody knows that Kadesh means holiness. God wanted to take Israel into the promised land at Kadesh, but they refused through unbelief. Pentecost is after you get into the land; beyond Gilgal, and Jericho, and Ai and Gibeon; it's away up at old Hebron, *which means full friendship with God*; and at Timnath-serah, which means the eternal light of His glory. Yes, God will shake the wilderness of Kadesh (holiness); He will shake all the "blessings" out of you, till you seem to lose everything you had, even your dearest experience. After God has fully "subdued all things to Himself" He will give you

the "new things" and everything that "could not be shaken" He will give back, intensified and beautified a hundred-fold. It will remain then, and work for Him and bear fruit to His glory. Have you had the wilderness of your holiness shaken out? That may be the reason why many have not received their Pentecost.

Seventh Voice

Here is the last voice: "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." Yes, when He gets His way He brings forth NEW things. I cannot speak of this in a mixed audience as plainly as I should! I want to be as full of grace and propriety as possible; but God speaks in His Word about things coming "out of the womb of the morning in the beauty of holiness"—Psa. 110:3. Here is something born out of the womb of Pentecost. "He maketh the hinds to calve"—the *hinds*. Those animals that are sure-footed, speedy and untiring, and can go over rough, steep places. See how those hinds get over the hills and the mountains? And so God's great Pentecostal work in your soul will make you like the hinds. Here is a hill of difficulty, there is a mountain of obstacle; you go right on over them all. Oh, God will bring the spiritual hinds out of this Pentecost, and they will skip as these did on old Hermon. They will run over mountain and plain, to the ends of the earth, taking the last Pentecostal witness of the Gospel to the nations, and preparing the people for the coming of the Lord.

And now, what follows? Why, when you have heard the last voice of God speak, and you have the whole seven-fold, perfect, complete voice and work of God wrought out in all your being—then "everything in HIS Temple saith GLORY!" Is that Pentecost? Well, I think so. You can say scarcely anything else when God brings you through. He knows how to get glory to His name. "And in His temple everything saith, Glory." You find that *phrase nowhere else in the Bible—in no other Psalm*; and it is just in the right place in this Psalm. When God gets through speaking and His work in you is accomplished, then His glory is manifested. It was so in the temple of old; when everything had been *offered* and all *obedience* was complete, then the glory of God filled the house so that the priests could minister no more, it was *glory, glory, glory!*

Well, what further? The first voice of God began to deal with the "water" (people), then with "many waters" (much trouble); now here is a different thing. "The Lord sitteth on the FLOODS." We have a great Secretary of War who, they say, can hold the lid down splendidly in the President's ab-

sence; but God is the best one to keep the "lid" on your life and mine. After Pentecost, the Lord sits down and presides over your life; the administration is God's now, and "the government is (at last) on His shoulders"; mine are rested now, and because of the love of it, I could serve Him forever. O blessed be His Name for that day and hour when He, the Pentecostal God, "sitteth upon the flood." My friends, what an overflow there would be if God did not sit on the flood of our thoughts, and keep them subdued. Oh, the awful imaginations that pass through the minds of the people which have not yet been subdued and chained by Pentecostal power. Oh, the confessions that have come to me this summer from people who professed holiness; such confessions I never thought I could hear from sanctified people—so mighty, so subtle, so deceivable are the operations of Satan in the psychical nature—the soul of man.

God sitting on the flood of your thoughts, on the lid of your imagination and reason, holds it in subjection to the "obedience of Christ." That is what God wants. Oh, beloved, this is the most marvelous work of the salvation of Jesus yet wrought; the "renewing of your MIND," getting "the MIND OF CHRIST." This is the great consummation of the sanctified life, that sets people free for the exercise of the "gifts" and to do business for God unhindered, and unmingled with evil. Well, some people are saying these days, "How will folks stand this; they will surely go too far, they will go all to pieces; this is on the line of fanaticism, this must be the work of the devil."

Listen! Forever and ever will I praise God for the vast scope and completeness of this Psalm; for the "Te Deum" that is put in here at the close as a farewell assurance, like the fourteenth of John. We turn to a verse in the fourteenth of first Corinthians, about which we are having so much trouble as to "tongues," and we find what the Lord said through Paul in the thirty-third verse: "For God is not of confusion, but of PEACE, as in all churches of the saints." If ultimate, abiding peace is not the product of Pentecostal reception, experience and operation, there is something wrong with the kind of Pentecost; some spurious things somewhere, be assured of that. And so the last word of this blessed "Pentecostal" Psalm is: "The Lord will give strength (*power*) to His people," but also, "the Lord will bless His people with PEACE." Thus, in all your Pentecostal experiences and manifestations—"The PEACE of God shall rule in your heart" and "the PEACE of God that passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Amen;—Col. 3:15; Phil. 4:7.

Be not Anxious for the Morrow

Some Experiences by Miss Bernice C. Lee, Plymouth, Indiana



ONE of the sweetest experiences of my life in trusting the Lord for our temporal needs was given to me while in Syracuse, New York, with Miss Edith Baugh.

We had just taken rooms and had paid the rent. It was Saturday night; we bought a few things for Sunday and had just two dimes left. That was enough to carry us to meeting and back, but it had been a long time since I was so low in money.

That evening we knelt down and said, "Lord, we have nothing left but car fare, but we will trust Thee." While we were eating supper the doorbell rang and there stood a lady and gentleman who had been very much prejudiced against the teaching of the Latter Rain. They spent the evening and we were able to explain many things to them. When they arose to go the gentleman put a dollar down on the dresser. That was the most sacred dollar I ever had. To me it was such a definite answer to prayer.

The next day I couldn't help telling them of the way God used them in answering prayer, and the lady said: "Yesterday all day the Lord kept saying to me, 'I want you to go up and give those two girls a dollar.' When my husband came home, he was so tired, he thought we could not go, but the Lord kept holding it up before me, and we had to come."

* * *

While in Cleveland, Miss Baugh and I called on a poor family. They were in destitute circumstances and helpless. I said to them, "I am sorry we cannot help you, because we ourselves are out of money." We had three street car tickets in hand and just twenty-three cents. As we were leaving that destitute home the Lord said to me, "You never yet gave your last nickel." I told this to Miss Baugh after we got outside, and she said, "Let's go and do it now." So we went back and gave them all we had, and as we came out of that house we were filled with joy, and we sang,

"My Father doth all of my needs supply,
He knoweth them all better far than I."

We had enough car tickets to take us home. We went to the mission that night, which was within walking distance. There a man handed us a dollar. We praised God and told this man the story. That night as we were about to take the car, a friend

handed us a dollar's worth of street car tickets. How wonderfully God multiplied that twenty-three cents which had been given to Him!

* * *

When we were in New York City we had just moved into a small flat, paid our rent, and had a few cents left. Company came and we wanted to do something a little extra, but didn't have the money. I tell this to show how our humanity gets in God's way. When we went to the mission that night we had just a few nickels, enough to take us down and back, and car fare one way for the next night. I had been worrying a little and wondering about money, and I was rather nervous and in a hurry to get home. I started off, and called to Miss Baugh to hurry. She was talking to some people, but left them abruptly to please me. As she left them they called to her that she didn't know what she was missing by being in a hurry. The next night the man handed us a check for \$25, and said he had it for us the night before but we were in such a hurry he didn't give it to us. The Lord meant to save us that night of anxiety and would, had I not been so concerned.

* * *

Another experience in New York City has been a very precious one, particularly to Miss Burgess. One night she said, while praying, "Oh Lord, you couldn't trust me with twenty dollars all in a lump, could you?" She needed twenty dollars for a definite thing, but did not pray for it because she felt the Lord might not be able to trust her with so much at a time. The next morning before we were up the bell rang, and there stood a lady whose name we did not know, although she had attended the mission occasionally.

She said, "I am sorry to disturb you, but I am going away, and the Lord has made me come here first." Then she turned to Miss Burgess and said, "The Lord told me to give this to you," and handed her twenty dollars; then she turned and gave Miss Baugh ten dollars for missionary purposes.

At once Miss Burgess was down on her knees, crying for very joy. Then she told the woman of her need for the twenty dollars, which touched her deeply. She was overjoyed that the Lord had used her in answering that desire of the heart.

How precious and true the promise, "My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Pentecost in Sunderland

Story of a Vicar of the Church of England.

A. A. Boddy, Parish of All Saints'



NE of the first places in the United Kingdom to receive the droppings of the Latter Rain was Sunderland, a city of about 150,000, at the mouth of the River Wear, in the Northeastern part of England. One of the parishes of this city is All Saints,

of which our Brother A. A. Boddy has been vicar for twenty-four years. We give herewith the Vicar's own story culled from a pamphlet entitled "Pentecost in Sunderland."

"When I look out at the blazing stars and the clear shining planets I often think what a wonderful God I have who is guiding this enormous earth as it rolls so swiftly through space round its sun. He is the God who guides my life also.

I think of His love which chose me before the world was; He knew all about me right back in eternity. He planned my salvation long before the Fall, and now in my life I have seen how He has been working so patiently, in spite of my marring self-efforts. I must, I will, and I do praise Him.

The earliest religious impressions I had were brought to me by a vivid dream or vision when I was a small child of four or five in a Rectory, sleeping in a cot with very high sides. I saw the Lord and some of the Disciples and I thought He spoke to me. It was very real, and I never forgot it.

I was ordained when twenty-six. I really sought to be a true servant of God, and I believe I was used to help souls, especially the sick and dying, for I had at least a heart full of sympathy.

Alas! the world became attractive and interesting things crept in and took the first place. Adventurous journeys were taken in North Africa, Arctic Russia, British Columbia, etc., not in order to preach Christ, but to write books of travel and to be somewhat of an authority on the people I thus studied.

I was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, also a Member of the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia, and the Khedivial Geographical Society, and wrote a number of books of travel.

It was not until the summer of 1892 that I could praise Him for *fully* saving me. It was after a time of great longing, when I realized the greatness of my need. He graciously came to me in my Church of All Saints', at a quiet week-day service in the early morning. He met me there within the Communion Rails, suddenly and unexpectedly. He seemed to

take my voice and to read through me the passage, "God, who hath commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ."

He came to lift me to a different life and to give me a love that enabled me to effect at once a reconciliation with enemies. Great blessings came and for long time continued, but in the years that followed there was a time of slackening. I cannot explain it altogether. I greatly regretted it. I passed through seasons of darkness ending at last in a breakdown.

Two journeys in the Holy Land, and a sojourn in Egypt in charge of a Church there, seemed to be used as the turning-point, and the darkness now lifted. How tender He was. I must praise Him. It was at this time that He permitted me to write "Christ in His Holy Land." It was a help to me to write of Him as I sat on the Hills above Nazareth and other sacred spots.

In 1906 the Lord laid it upon the hearts of some of our beloved Christian Brothers to meet together for prayer. When I could, I often joined them, but their steadfastness was God-given. They met in All Saints' Vestry, *and for months and months they held on to God, often with little to encourage.* How they clung to the promises, and so did I and my dear wife also. Isaiah 62:6, 7, was exemplified. "I have set my watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which will never hold their peace day or night. Ye that make mention of the Lord keep not silence, and give Him no rest till He establish and till He make Jerusalem a praise on the earth." I thank God for these fellow watchmen.

We were tarrying until we should be endued with power from on high. We were praying for a revival, and we did not know *how* God was going to answer our prayer, but we were *sure He would answer and the answer has come. And the answer is from Him.*

How well I remember taking into their little gathering one of the first papers telling of what seemed to be an apostolic outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the West. We praised God for this answer to prayer for revival and took courage.

At last the Lord led me into touch with this work of God which now had traveled over the Atlantic to Norway. I prayed Him to lead me to Christiania, and that if this was His work it might soon spread to our land. In a most remarkable way He arranged for the journey, and undertook during my absence.

Thomas Ball Barratt, born in Cornwall, but now a Mission preacher in Norway, was the instrument God was mightily using. Under the good hand of God I took the long journey overland in wintry weather and received His own great blessing in these Spirit-filled meetings. It was a mission room in an upper chamber. Perhaps about 120 were present. I had given out the teaching about the healing of the sick, and had spoken in the power of the Holy Ghost, and then we went to prayer. I asked those who had received the Holy Spirit with the sign of the Tongues to lay hands on me for a Baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Blessed Holy Spirit came upon me just then, filling me with love, joy and peace.

This inflow of the blessed Holy Spirit occurred March 5, 1907, but not until Dec. 2d, nine months later, did the Lord give me the sign of the tongues.

Back in England in the months that followed, our prayer meetings were filled with power. I was mightily anointed several times. On one occasion I received a special witness from the Lord of my sanctification. *It was when we were adoring the Lamb that the power of God overwhelmed me, and caused me to sink helpless on the floor.* It was thus that God specially met me, filling me more and more until the sign came, and the full vessel at last overflowed.

One Sunday four of us were led together to pray at 9:30 P. M. in the Vicarage and we continued until nearly one in the morning. We had had a blessed day of worship and witness. The window blinds were not drawn down. I was opposite the window and so looked out at the church. A wonderful light suddenly filled the room and lingered over the church roof. One brother fell to the floor very suddenly, crying with tremendous vehemence, "It is the Lord, there is no deception, brothers, it is the Lord Himself." This continued on and on, the light lingering over the roof of the church, an emblem it seemed of blessing that was to be connected with this place. Only one saw the Lord, we three saw the light only. Then a brother kneeling at my right hand fell to the floor suddenly also and cried in wonderful tones of awe, "It's the blood, Oh, it's the blood."

Being guided, I believe by the Lord, I asked Pastor Barratt from Norway to come over and help us. He came to a very hungry and prepared people, and he was graciously used at once as a channel of God's blessing, to be a pioneer of work which has continued ever since. He was with us just seven weeks and many received the Holy Ghost with signs following. On Sept. 11, 1907, my dear wife was thus blessed and had a wonderful revelation as to the blood.

On the 13th of September, in one of our large

meetings in the Parish Hall in the presence of my people, I offered myself definitely to the Lord, as the Spirit came to me causing deep breathings and laying hold of me more and more. I prayed there for those who were opposing the work of God, I asked for more love, the love of Christ to be mine. I was led to make a full surrender of everything to the Lord. I quite hoped to receive the sign of the tongues, but it was not given that night. I must confess that I was disappointed. It seemed hard to be taking so prominent a part in this work of God and yet not to have the sign which the Lord gave to many others before He gave it to me. September 21st came round again and I hoped that the Lord who had powerfully anointed me now four times would speak through me. It was the anniversary of my baptism in 1892. That evening my two dear daughters both received the Holy Ghost with the signs in a small gathering in the Vicarage. A more touching scene was never witnessed by a thankful father and mother. Very remarkably He gave me that day one strange word as I woke from a dream in which I was overwhelmed by the glory of the Lord, and I cried out almost in fear because of the nearness of God. I believe I was beginning to say "Maranatha," the Lord is at hand.

This was the beginning of the fulness of the blessing. I realized that I had indeed received the blessed Holy Ghost and I soon found that as I whole-heartedly recognized Him it was true; but He kept me waiting for a fuller sign of the gift of tongues. Forty-nine were graciously dealt with by our God before He took my tongue and spoke a strange language with it.

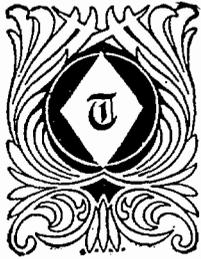
I hope that the precious memory of the glorious Spirit-filled meeting in All Saints' Vicarage, Dec. 2, 1907, will never fade away. I lay before the Lord feeling that I could not get low enough. I had special reason to believe that at last He was going to give me the sign. So on that Monday night He took my tongue as I yielded and obeyed. First speaking quickly but quietly and then more powerfully. The whole meeting at this point was adoring and praising God with great joy. The Lord was raising His hands in blessing above the meeting as we were conscious of His presence. My voice in tongues rose with theirs as a torrent of words poured out. So far it had been between me and the Lord, and I was indeed grateful that after nine months the sign I had hoped for had come at last. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

During the past twelve months the atoning work of God's Incarnate Son has, in a new way, been ever our theme. The precious blood of the Lord Jesus has been our constant and only plea, and we have as never before adored the Lamb that was slain."

Preached in Foreign Tongue Twenty-four Years Ago

Told at International Conference Held in England, 1885.

The Experience of Mrs. M. Baxter, London, England



HE question is this: As the gift of tongues and the gift of the use of tongues is mentioned in the New Testament more often than the gift of healing, is not the former gift as necessary to missionary work as the latter? First of all, I think a great many are looking for things which they are not likely to get,—looking for signs and wonders. Now, it seems to me that what God would lead us to is to get on His side of every difficulty, whether in spirit, in soul or in body, whether in the family, in business or in Christian work. This applies also to language. We need to put ourselves, as it were, behind the curtain and say, "What can God do?"

Now, when the Lord led me to go to Germany, I had plans made out for a year in French Switzerland, but I was held back from going. I was also held, I knew not why, from settling the date for any place to which I had been distinctly called. Then God clearly showed me that instead of going to French Switzerland I was to go to Gernsbach, the only place in Germany to which I had ever had an invitation.

I understood I was to go there to work for God, but when the Lord told me to go, I said to Him, "What about the language?" The answer came to my soul, "Trust Me." I wrote the lady who had invited me that I was ready to come, but she grew very frightened. They don't believe in women's work in Germany. So she wrote saying she would be very glad if I would come to study the language.

When I arrived in the house, Pastor Stockmayer's wife, whom I loved very dearly, had the room adjoining mine, with a door between. She talked French with me all day. I had my German grammar, and so tried to learn something, *but could make no progress*. I could only put a few words together, and when I sat at table I could understand scarcely nothing of what transpired.

My time during the first twenty days of my stay seemed utterly useless, but about the twentieth day I was praying on the top of the house which commanded a beautiful view; I knew I would be alone there. The Lord laid it upon my heart to pray for a little village which I could see in the distance.

At the time of prayer God said, "Go and speak to the people of that village tonight." "But," I said,

"Lord, in what language?" He said, "Speak in German." But in my heart I said, "Lord, I cannot." He made it clear that what I could not do He could. When His will became clear I said, "Lord, that is enough."

I went down stairs and told my friend, Herr von Gemmingen, what God had laid on my heart. He laughed in my face. He said, "*You cannot understand what we say at table, and although you know a few words, it will be only to make a fool of yourself.*" I said, "I am quite ready to make a fool of myself for the Lord." "But," he said, "it will injure our work very much, if you attempt to do so." Now that seemed a grave objection, but I said, "I can trust your work also to the Lord."

Then he turned me over to his wife for half an hour, and she tried all she could to dissuade me, but I had my orders from God and I dared not keep back. Now I do not want you to think I did not know *any* German words. I did know a few, but they were so few that I could not carry on a conversation with anyone.

I went that night, having got a few people, about forty, together, in a little infant school, and just trusted the Lord. He made me as quiet as though nothing fresh was going to happen. He made it clear also what He wanted me to talk about. I had a Bible interleaved, with French on one side and German on the other, and that was a great help to me, and so I began, and for thirty-five minutes He kept me speaking in German. There were a good many words that I was not at all sure of, and some I did not know at all, but the Lord gave them to me, and I kept trusting Him. I was well understood, and one soul was converted.

After that He led me to speak almost every day, and often twice a day, to hundreds of people, although when I went into a shop I could not make myself understood, nor could I understand the people. When I was in meeting I trusted the Lord, and as long as I kept from thinking about grammar, the Lord bore me up, *but if I entertained the slightest thought as to whether I was speaking rightly or wrongly, all the power to speak departed, because it was not my power at all*. It was Christ instead of me; the Lord just seemed to stand by and whisper what had to be said. It was really He bearing me up; not a bit of power in me.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

WHAT sort of a church would our church be, if every member were just like me?"

Personal Work

ONE of our people who is engaged in regular secular work reports that during the past eight months eight letters were written and one hundred and eighty-six calls were made by her in the Lord's work. The known results are; eighteen persons healed of various diseases, and four saved from sin. What have you done?

* * *

WHEN we first opened our doors to the deeper things of God, those who sought and received were principally women, but during the past few weeks, the earnest seekers for the Baptism in the Holy Spirit have been men. Within the last ten days, an Irishman, an African and a Jew praised God for the first time in the unknown tongue.

Adversity

ADVERSITY, in the state of things in the present life, has far less danger for us than prosperity. Both, when received in the proper spirit, may tend to our spiritual advancement. But the tendency of adversity, in itself considered, is to show us our weakness, and to lead us to God; while the natural tendency of prosperity, separate from the correctives and the directions of divine grace, is to inspire us with self-confidence and to turn us away from God."

Tranquility

GOD is perfectly tranquil. He is never subject to agitation in any case whatever. And unlikeness to Him in this respect, except in what is instinctive and physically unavoidable, indicates the existing state of the mind to be in some respects wrong."

The Voices of God

WE call especial attention to the concluding exposition of the twenty-ninth Psalm, under the head-

ing, "The Voices of God," by our Brother Myland, which appears on page three.

We urge upon all to read this article two or three times in earnest prayer, with the Twenty-ninth Psalm open before you. You may read it hurriedly and receive little blessing. Read it carefully and prayerfully, and God will reveal many precious truths to your heart.

The Dry Season

WHEN the latter rain first engaged the earnest attention of God's people, it found most of them a good deal farther away from God than they realized. Thousands of people all over the world have been engaged for months, in seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

This has made them, of necessity, negligent of the needs of their brother. Thousands of others who have received the baptism have been absorbed in the ecstasy and glory of it.

We believe that God's people must come to a keen realization of the great object of Pentecost—power to exalt Jesus and extend His kingdom.

We believe further that just as in the life of the Master Himself there was a wilderness experience after His enduement of power by the Holy Spirit, so there will be a wilderness experience to most individuals today, and also that this wilderness experience will not be confined to individuals but will probably come upon every assembly of God's people which is standing for these truths. These will be times of real testing, but the children of God must stand with an unwavering faith and pray more earnestly than ever before.

Those, who in these days of drought, will earnestly co-operate in prayer, will as a consequence receive greater blessing from God than they received in the preliminary showers. Therefore pray on without wavering. God will answer and "there shall be showers of blessings."

My Story--"The Latter Rain"

THIS is the subject of a little booklet of sixty-four pages, by our brother, F. Bartleman. It is an interesting and helpful expression of his life's struggles and triumphs. It also contains some of his experiences in connection with the San Francisco earthquake. You will find it interesting and helpful. The price is ten cents a copy. Order of the publisher, J. M. Pike, Columbia, S. C.

Men of Different Nationalities Understand Each Other

F. E. Yoakum. Los Angeles, California

I WAS called over to the Hawaiian Islands to hold a revival for Miss Alice Beard in the Kona Orphanage.

When I arrived there she asked me if I had the gift of tongues by the Holy Ghost. I replied that I did not. She replied that only a few could understand the English language, as the people on the island were composed of Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese and the native Hawaiian, and that they did not understand a word of the English language.

There were four of us in the company and I replied that we would kneel down and ask God to make me speak in simple English, and to give them the spirit of interpretation that they might hear and understand the Gospel. We did so, and during the series of meetings over one hundred were converted to God

and many were healed of all forms of sicknesses.

I baptized fifty-two in one hour, as they demanded the rite of baptism, although I had never been called upon to baptize, but simply to teach the blessed and pure Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

God not only gave them the interpretation of my language but He gave me the interpretation of these different languages as they would testify in their own tongue.

God is wonderfully good to us in these days!

We now see in our work here in Los Angeles over one hundred and fifty drunken men saved every month. Evil spirits are driven out of them in their intoxicated condition. We find about sixty per cent of these stand true to God.

January 7, 1909

824 H. W. Hellman Building



Tight Corner Blessings

IT'S a good thing to be put into a tight corner. To be pushed and hemmed in on every side, until you are forced to stand with your back to the wall, facing a foe at every angle, with barely standing room—that's good. I don't mean to say that you're likely to think so while you're there. You are more likely to think that this time is surely an exception. We can see so much better backwards. Each tight corner seems the tightest yet. And maybe the tiredness of your body is getting into your spirit a bit.

"For one thing, you find out that no matter how close the fit of that corner may be, it still can hold Another in addition to yourself. Its very tightness brings you and Him into very close quarters. And only at closest touch will you find out what a wondrous Friend He is. No matter how tight the corner, He can find room enough in it to give your vocal harp a new tuning. *Tight corners are famous places for chamber concerts.* The acoustics are wonderful. David's exile psalms have rung out a strangely sweet melody down all the ages and out through all the world, and into thousands of hearts.

"Every man who has done something worth while, either in living truly or serving faithfully, has had a course in tight corners. Moses found his in Egypt,

and then, after he got out, with Israel. Hannah had hers in those years of patient enduring in the old farm house of Ephraim when Samuel was a-making. If you hope to be of some service, better be getting ready for your tight corner course. If you think you're there just now, pull out all the stops and sing a bit, for the blessing that's coming out of it for others and to yourself."—*Rev. S. D. Gordon, in S. S. Times.*

Evangel Tracts

IT is our desire, and we believe it is the will of the Lord that we have some of the articles in the pages of THE EVANGEL, put into tract form. The same type can be used, which will be a great saving in the expense. At the same time there will be the cost of the paper, the press-work, etc., and we shall be glad to have special offerings for the issuing of these tracts, as the Lord leads.

We are holding the type of a number of articles that have already appeared; among them are "Demon Obsession," which ought to be circulated in thousands to prevent God's children from being led astray at this time, and the article that was in the December issue of the paper, entitled "A Family of Six Children Who Never Took Medicine." Will you help?

Have you sent Subscriptions for Yourself and Friends? Why not to-day? Will you kindly send us a List of Names of Probable Subscribers to the Evangel?

Jesus Breaks Every Fetter

A Remarkable Deliverance.

George H. Hickie, Chicago, Illinois



Crimean war.

My father and mother were Irish-born. Father was an officer in the British Army, and I was born at a place called Bangalore in the Madras Presidency in India. Father had charge of the stores and supplies at Scutari, Turkey, at the time of the Crimean war.

We returned to England and father started in the wine and spirits business in Aldershot, Hampshire. It was there I first got a taste for strong drink. When the empty bottles were returned to the back yard, I used to get among the bottles, and got a taste of all kinds of liquors. At the age of sixteen I was a confirmed drunkard. I have been earning my own living since I was twelve years of age.

Later on I married, the Lord blessed us with five beautiful children. By this time the drink habit had gotten a strong hold on me. I remember even standing at the open grave of my father and swearing that by God's help I would never touch another drop of drink; yet that evening I was drunk again. Twelve months later my mother died and as I stood by her open grave the same prayer went up from my heart, but that night I was drunk again.

I lost two of my children and my wife, and then I came to the United States and went deep into sin. When I landed in New York City I had good clothing. I came to this country with the intention of doing well, but the road to hell is paved with good intentions. I went from bad to worse. The drink had such a power over me I could not stop it, and did not want to.

One day there was in a fifteen-cent Bowery lodging house in New York City a poor, wretched drunkard, clothed in rags. A little band of Christian workers from the Broome Street Tabernacle came there and they commenced to sing. There was a little lame girl among them named Lily Malken, who sang,

"Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His Name,

Dying for you, for me."

I could not get rid of that song. It touched a chord in my heart nothing else had done for over twenty years. I had not entered the house of God for over twenty years, and there I was wrapped round with strong chains by the power of Satan. My cheeks were bloated with rum, my eyes were sunken through sin.

As I sat in my room looking out of the window at the elevated trains passing, I cursed God for allowing that girl to come into that room and sing that song. That was on a Sunday afternoon. The following Saturday night at midnight, God spoke peace to my soul. For the first time in twenty years I went down on my knees and prayed if there was a God to give me peace and rest, for I could not get any.

The next morning being Sunday, as I looked out, even the sparrows seemed to chirp more sweetly than ever before. Cleaning myself up as best I could with my filthy rags, I made for the church where that little band of workers came from. That day I gave my first testimony to the power of the blood of Jesus Christ to save a drunkard. The religion of Jesus Christ cleanses a man both inside and out. The Lord showed me He had a work for me to do down in the opium dens of Chinatown. A dear brother and I started out. We visited these places, sang Gospel songs, and invited the white girls who were living there to our services, which we held every night from ten to twelve. We had a little place that would seat about ten. We put a little soap box in the corner for a platform, and as these girls would come in through the singing of the Gospel songs, we would point them to Jesus and try to get them saved from sin. We would have more people outside the doors than the little room would contain. Two months after that we took a place across the street that had been closed by the police, having been conducted as a Fan Tan gambling hell by the Chinese, and in that place hundreds of young men and women found their way to Jesus Christ, and so far as I know, having been the first president of the New York Rescue Band, the doors have been open from that day to this, every night.

I felt a call definitely from God at that time to give my whole life to His Work, but I had a good position in one of the large dry-goods houses and was earning good money. I didn't want to give up that money, and it seemed as if I said *no* to the Lord. I have regretted that "no" all through the years.

I made a trip through California, Oregon and Washington, and in each of the large cities I stopped I spoke on the street corners and in missions, yet my life was not clean before God and I knew it. While God had saved me from the bar-room, I was hanging on to my cigars and pipe. I had smoked all these years, and as I look back over my past life, it almost

seems as if it has been a failure because my consecration was not complete. I remember the time when mother in Ireland took me into her room and prayed that God would bless her boy. That has never passed from my memory, and I believe, dear friends, that it is through my mother's prayers, and the prayers of Christian friends that I am here tonight, a living monument of the grace and mercy of God.

I had been attending services at The Stone Church for about a year and became deeply interested, but there were some things to which I objected; there was also this tobacco that was standing in the way of my spiritual growth, and I was unwilling to give it up, I stayed away from the services, and did not go anywhere for six months. I realized in my inmost soul that the Spirit of God was striving with me, but I tried to crush it and closed my eyes to the light. I said "no" to the Lord in everything, but, friends, it doesn't pay. The Spirit of the Lord seemed to leave me for a time and Satan found an opportunity to trip me.

Two months before the holidays I had a terrible cold. Half of my head seemed as if gripped in a vise. One night as I lay on my bed I felt as if I was going to die. It seemed as if I would choke and couldn't live another ten minutes. Jumping out of bed and putting on several of my garments I ran across the street to the drug store to get something to relieve me. The drug store was closed. Looking around I saw a saloon a few doors away. I went in there and purchased a bottle of whiskey which I took to my room. This was the beginning of my relapse into my old habit. I drank six quarts of whiskey in the next six days. By this time I was in a serious condition. I staggered to the telephone and called up the pastor. He came over. I was bordering on delirium tremens. He knelt down and prayed with me, and while I did not feel altogether relieved, yet I felt wonderfully better. I knew there was something back of that prayer. I knew there was power up yonder to reach even me, and yet I had never sought the real power. I thought it better to hand three razors over to him before he left the house, because something would have happened within two hours if he hadn't taken them with him, I believe, and I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. But the great love of God sought me when I was afar off, and mother's prayers yonder in Ireland had not been forgotten. Another brother came to see me and took me to his home that night.

When the whiskey was cleaned out, I said, "Oh, God, give me power over this tobacco, this terrible demon that has been hanging on to my life for over forty years. The day that God definitely spoke to me was the day I had my last cigar. He has kept me from the power of the tobacco ever since. I had not been three hours without a smoke for over forty years. The tobacco habit had wound itself around me and was cursing my life. But I made a clean breast of it, both to the pastor and to God. I wanted a thorough cleaning up, and I knew there was no power to do it but the blood of Jesus. I realized that the blood of Jesus could save the drunkard and even the tobacco fiend, and I had been praying very earnestly that God would give me the best that He had for me. Thursday night a week ago, as we were praying after the service, a sister came over to where I was kneeling, and, putting her hand on my head, prayed. I felt drawn very much closer to God.

Last Friday night God came to me in a wonderful manner and baptized me in His Holy Spirit, and spoke through me. I will tell you how He spoke through me, so far as I understand it. I said, "Lord, Thou hast said, 'Open thy mouth and I will fill it.' Now here is my mouth." I was kneeling down, and made the attempt to open my mouth. God spoke through me in the unknown tongue and the glory shone into my soul.

It has come to me very clear that you cannot have a black spot on your garment, or you will never enter heaven, but when you make a full and complete surrender to God in humility and speak as a child to his father and acknowledge your sinfulness, no matter what your sin may be, God will accept you. Some of you tonight perhaps are hiding something, and that is what is keeping you from the Kingdom of God. I have a burning desire that God shall use me in bringing many drunkards into the kingdom of my Jesus. I had seen thousands of poor wretched drunkards kneeling at the altar, but I didn't realize that I was going to get back there again. I was like Peter, as soon as I took my eyes off Jesus I sank. If you want to be used by the Lord get your garments clean and He will use you. I praise Him for His goodness to me. I magnify Jesus for the power there is in His blood; I praise Him for this blessed salvation, so full and so free.

January 24, 1909

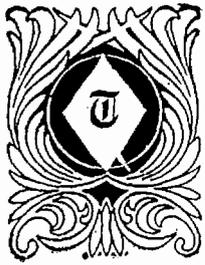
3656 Indiana Avenue



Foretokenings of the End

Sermon Preached, Gospel Tabernacle, January 3, 1909.

A. B. Simpson, New York City



HE end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer." I. Pet. iv. 7.

The year has closed with a catastrophe unparalleled in the records of even the most destructive earthquakes that has ever convulsed our planet. In less than

thirty seconds two great and ancient cities have been practically obliterated, and in the rending earth and engulfing sea a multitude of men, women and children, greater than in any of the most sanguinary battles of modern times has been buried, while an equal number of terrified and wounded survivors have been driven to madness, idiocy and despair.

While our profoundest sympathy, prayer and help should go out to the victims of this awful tragedy and judgment be lost in mercy, yet every thoughtful mind must feel that God is speaking and that it is a time for solemn thought and reverent waiting at His feet, as we pass into another period of time introduced by such tremendous marks of providential punctuation.

Our Master Himself in the face of such public calamity did not hesitate to draw a practical lesson for living men and women. He told the people that the victims on whom the tower in Siloam fell were not greater sinners than the other dwellers in Jerusalem, but they were vicarious sufferers for the whole nation and a solemn object lesson, proclaiming, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Undoubtedly He referred to the great national calamity which was so soon to fall upon the whole people in the destruction of Jerusalem and the passing of the Jewish nation of which this minor catastrophe was a slight forewarning. In like manner we are justified in inferring that these tremendous visitations of God's providence are foreshadowings of that greater world-wide cataclysm that is so soon to close the present dispensation and usher in the coming age. These are voices which re-echo the words of the Holy Ghost, "There shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places. These are the beginning of sorrows." "There shall be on earth distress of nations with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are happening on earth, for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." "And when these things be-

gin to come to pass, then lift up your heads and bend yourselves back for your redemption draweth nigh." "The end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer."

I. *The Outlook.* It is a good thing to begin another period of time with a far glimpse toward the end. What if this year should bring that consummation? Should we be found of Him in peace?

There are some who apply our text as intended by the apostle to refer to the approaching destruction of Jerusalem. No doubt this was in his mind as he was writing especially to the scattered Hebrews who were his particular parish. But the breadth and scope of his language is too wide for such a limited application. And the many other references in his two epistles to the same impending event make it certain that he must have been looking on to the very end of the age. There are no less than fifteen references to the Lord's coming in these two letters, making this subject almost as much the burden of his message as it was of Paul's messages to the Thessalonian Christians. Note particularly the following sentences: "Ready to be revealed in the last time." "Might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." "At the revelation of Jesus Christ." "Who is ready to judge the quick and the dead." "But the end of all things is at hand," and many others.

Thoughtful men have long been calling attention to the fact that the world and the human race are both growing old and that the mind of man is no longer producing original creations, but simply working out in detail the results that the great leaders have already practically finished. There are no original poets, but modern rhymesters who are rehashing the old material. There are no great musicians but simply composers who are only adopting the older creations. There are no really new discoveries in science, but a lot of men working out the practical applications of the great secrets that have already been disclosed in the forces of electricity, steam and other elements. The very crust of our planet is crumbling, and the old lines come back with pathetic force:

"The world is growing old and trembles with fear,

The world is growing old and judgment is near."

This leads us to notice particularly the preternatural signs of the end in nature. The fact of a single and

even a great earthquake is not in itself an extraordinary sign of a coming crisis, but taken together with other similar phenomena and with the predictions of Scripture it has a new significance. It is but a little while since there occurred in southern Italy an outbreak very similar to the one whose terrible results are being chronicled today. That was the beginning of convulsions which in these few months have literally touched every part of our earth and truly been "in divers places." Taking that terrible earthquake in Calabria in connection with the eruption of Vesuvius which was connected with it and starting from that point as a center of the two hemispheres represented on a flat projection, we travel westward and as we reach the western hemisphere we find ourselves in the midst of other earthquakes on the islands of Martinique and Jamaica. Still farther westward we sweep and strike the North Pacific coast of the western hemisphere and lo, the San Francisco earthquake with its fearful tempest of destruction. Then passing directly southward along that coast we reach the southern continent and there we find repeated almost the same identical catastrophe in Chili and especially the city of Valparaiso. Then returning to our starting point we go eastward and halfway across the heart of Asia we meet another awful earthquake in Turkestan destroying whole villages and sweeping thousands into eternity. Still east we pass and strike the Pacific coast of the eastern hemisphere, and lo, we are in the midst of a great earthquake and tidal wave in Japan with similar signs of terror and destruction. Finally we go again directly south and India closes the circuit with one of the most destructive earthquakes of history in which whole garrisons of British troops perished in their barracks and populous villages were buried in ruins. Surely this is record of earthquakes "in divers places," and had we time to finish the picture it would be easy to complete the procession of a similar story of famine and pestilence.

But these external convulsions of nature are not so significant as another class of overturnings that have been going on in the political, social and commercial world. What country is there that has not been stricken with war and revolution during the lifetime of the average man or woman? Some of us can remember the Crimean war as one of the thrilling memories of our childhood. Most of us can record the great Indian mutiny which swiftly followed. It is only a generation ago since three great words settled the destiny of Germany, France and Italy. Just a little before had closed the fearful struggle of the Union in this country, and since then have come great wars between China and Japan, between the United

States and Spain, between Britain and her South African colonies, and the greatest of all between Russia and Japan. Every nation has been shaken by political earthquakes and still more powerful, though quieter forces of revolution are transforming such mighty peoples as the Turks, the Russians, the Chinese. Meanwhile society is convulsed with the struggles of Socialism, Nihilism, the great Temperance crusade and the business world has not even yet recovered from an upheaval which has destroyed innumerable fortunes, brought countless suffering upon the poor and revealed unparalleled depths of corruption, dishonesty and crime. There is one great sentence in the writings of an ancient prophet that gives the only adequate expression to these surging waves and far reaching commotions through which God is shaking the heavens and the earth. "I will overturn, overturn, overturn, until he shall come whose right it is."

The religious world is being moved by continual convulsions, and each changing year brings some new form of attack upon established convictions and institutions. Simply to name some of these movements is sufficient to recall a whole panorama of modern thought, Higher Criticism, New Theology, Rationalism, Spiritualism, Christian Science, New Thought, Theosophy, Emmanuelism. But the movements are not all on the downgrade. Thank God for a deeper Christian life, the spirit of revival, world-wide evangelism, the great missionary crusade, the rise of Zionism, the revival of interest among the Jews and the great outpouring of the Holy Spirit already beginning in almost every heathen land. The Holy Ghost is mustering the followers of the Lamb for the last great conflict, while the demon spirits are gathering the kings of the earth to the great battle of Armageddon. While the western sky grows very dark with the harbingers of the storm and night, lo, in the east the light is breaking and the morning star already shines. "The end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer."

II. *Our Attitude.*

"Be sober." This word has a great variety of meanings in the New Testament. It means to be sane, to have all your faculties under control, to be rational, to be of a sound mind. It is used about the man "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." Paul used it in an appeal to Festus, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the word of truth and soberness." We need to "walk circumspectly," which means looking on every side, and "not as fools but as wise men," "not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is."

Again it means to be serious. Young men are

exhorted to be "soberminded" in opposition to the frivolities of youth. This is a time for earnestness. The secret of failure on the part of most lives is the lack of a great purpose, a serious view of life and the concentration of our powers on accomplishing the best things. It is an earnest age. Everything about is at white heat. No wise man or woman can afford to play.

"No time for trifling in this life of mine,

Not this the path the blessed Master trod,

But strenuous toil, each hour and power employed
Always and all for God."

"Watch." This word also is very widely used in the New Testament. Every time you take out your watch in 1909 let it speak to you and repeat this little word "watch," keep note of time and continually be asking, "Where am I and whither am I going?" Watch yourself. "Ponder the path of thy feet." "What I say unto you I say unto all, watch."

Watch your enemy. "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation." The enemy is around, temptation will seek to beguile and seduce you. Do not take things for granted, try the spirits, look before you leap, think twice before you act, watch.

Watch the Lord. Listen for His voice, be quick to catch His monitions. Ask Him for a harkening heart. You cannot afford to miss one of His faintest whispers. He is going to speak to you. Watch!

Watch for opportunities of service. They will come every day. Often they will be hidden in some trifling disguise.

Watch the trust God has given you. Your precious child, your Sunday school class, those over whom God has set you, watch for souls as them that must give an account.

Watch the signs of the times. Read your newspaper with one eye and your Bible with both. Things are moving now. This year is going to mean much in the coming of the kingdom of our Lord, watch. Be like the men of Issachar, "who had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do."

Watch for the coming of the Lord. That is the one great object of all our watching, be looking for it and ready when He comes to open to Him immediately. Only those that look for Him will meet Him

in peace and approval as the literal translation expresses it in Luke xxi. 36, "Watch ye therefore, and pray always that ye may have vigor to escape all these things that shall come to pass and stand before the Son of man." The weak will go to the wall, only spiritual manhood can win the honors of that glorious day.

"Pray." May it be a year of prayer. This is our chief business. This is our great resource. This is our mightiest ministry. Let us pray. But it is more than prayer. It is watchful prayer. "Watch unto prayer." It is not half awake and half asleep mumbling through some form, but it is intensely intelligent, vigilant, earnest and wholehearted prayer. It is one thing to say a prayer, it is another thing to pray a prayer.

Watch for the calls of the Holy Spirit to prayer. They will come to you if you are walking with Him. Sometimes it will be a burden that you may not understand. Sometimes it will seem to you a physical oppression, a headache or a heartache. But if you turn immediately to Him and roll your burden on the Lord there will open up to you a heavenly fellowship that will bring great blessings to your own soul and send greater blessing to some one whom you can reach in no other way. Be sensitive to the Spirit of prayer as He calls you to share the burdens of the Master.

Watch for the needs of prayer as they come to you in the providence of God. Let everything that happens be an occasion for prayer. Turn every difficulty, perplexity, temptation, into an altar, and may even the Devil's assaults and the wrongs of men become to you vestibules to the tabernacle of the most High and portals to the gates of heaven.

Watch your own spirit in prayer. Watch against indifference, carelessness, wandering thoughts, unbelief, discouragement, and above all, spiritual selfishness. Watch that your prayers are not all for yourself and your loved ones, but for the things of the King, the needs of the Master, and the burdens of His suffering children. . . . "Be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless." *Oh, how the days are telling, telling. May they count this year for eternity as they never counted before. Amen. — Christian and Missionary Alliance.*



Himself Took Our Infirmities and Bore Our Sicknesses

Rheumatism, Varicose Veins and Neuralgia Healed

Mrs. M. L. Blancher, Chicago, Illinois

ABOUT five years ago I was taken with swelling of my limbs. They pained me greatly. I could not walk up and down stairs without almost shrieking with pain. My feet and limbs felt as if I was walking through ice-water.

Someone told me if I went to the Wesley hospital I would surely be healed, as there was a man there who was a specialist in my trouble. I went there twice a week and received no help whatever. They said it was rheumatism and varicose veins.

I sold out my flat and went to St. Paul, thinking if I should go to my old physician he could help me. When I told him my trouble he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Well, we can perform an operation, but I would not advise it at your age." They wanted to take some of the cords out of my limbs.

I was broken-hearted because I could find no relief. I came back to this city and heard that Christian Science was doing a great work, so I went to their meetings twice a week. I got their book and studied it, but didn't get any help at all in that way.

A sister came to my home to visit one of my roomers, and I told her of my condition. She said, "Go down to the Stone Church, I know you will be healed." I said I didn't believe it, I had been around

so much, and had given up hope. She said it wouldn't hurt me, and I should go with her. So I went one afternoon, and as soon as I entered the room it seemed as though I could feel the very presence of Jesus. I never went into a church in my life where I felt that God was so in the work. If ever I prayed in faith in my life I did that afternoon, and I knew I was going to be healed. All my doubts disappeared. The pastor said to me, "Do you believe that God will heal you?" I almost yelled the answer, such a feeling of lightness came over me, it seemed as if the whole room was lit up with the glory of God. After prayer he said, "Now get up and walk!" I walked across the room, the pain was all gone, and I have never felt it since. I was healed in a moment. I had supposed that if I ever did get well it would be gradual, but it was all done at once, and I am just as well today and a great deal happier than I ever was in my life. Before I went there to services things used to worry me and make me unhappy, but that is all gone.

I have also been a great sufferer from neuralgia, have had it for twenty years; but God has also healed me of that. I can go to Him and He hears my prayer, for which I praise Him.

February 1, 1909.

177 E. 40th Street.

Atrophied Optic Nerve, Spinal Trouble and Gastritis Healed

Mrs. J. C. Ament, Tulsa, Oklahoma, U. S. A.

IPRAISE God for victory through the blood of Jesus, and what He has done for me in the past four months. Until July, 1908, I had never had any deeper experience than conversion, but at that time while attending some special meetings held in this place I received light on the full Gospel.

I had been an invalid for over three years and could find no relief through the best physicians. I had a complication of diseases, gastric ulceration of the stomach and other internal trouble; also spinal and head trouble. I was confined to my bed at least one-third of the time. I was pronounced incurable without an operation and had given up all hope of ever being healed. At the same time I had atrophy of the optic nerve and was almost blind. I had been told by some of the very best specialists that my case was hopeless and in less than two years I would be totally blind.

During these meetings I learned that our blessed Savior had made provision in His precious atonement to heal our bodies as well as to save us from sin. Prayer was offered for me with the laying on of hands, and my body was instantly healed. I have been perfectly well ever since. Later on two sisters prayed for my eyes and anointed them that they might be healed. My sight was perfectly restored. I am now able to read my Bible without my glasses, where before I had to wear the strongest of double-vision lenses, and could scarcely see with these. Praise His Holy Name for such a healing!

The same night my body was healed, God sanctified me and set me apart for His service. After my heart had been cleansed and I had been anointed by the Holy Spirit as a witness to my sanctification, the Lord gave me a deeper hunger and thirst for more of His life, and the baptism in the Holy Spirit in all its

fullness. I felt the need of more power in prayer and more love for lost souls; a greater need for His Word and a deeper death to self.

On the 24th of September, 1908, I opened my heart and the Holy Spirit came in and took possession. Oh, such rest and peace! Such joy! Such heavenly, divine sweetness filled my soul! Rivers of living water flowed through me. Volume after volume of love and power seemed to take full possession of body, soul and spirit.

In visions too beautiful and too sacred to describe, I traveled all over the missionary fields of India, China, Japan, Sweden, Africa and Jerusalem with my precious Savior. As I rose to go home from the meeting the Holy Spirit spoke through me in another tongue for at least an hour. He also gave me the interpreta-

tion which was an exhortation to preach the Gospel to every creature; that Jesus was coming soon and we must work while it was day.

I am praising Him continually for the real evidences of this Pentecostal baptism, not only of speaking and singing in tongues, but for the enduement of power to glorify Jesus and witness for Him, and for the unspeakable joy I have in worshipping Him.

How my heart goes out in prayer and intercession for lost souls and a perishing world! My heart is overflowing with love for poor, fallen humanity. I want to keep low at His feet and "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith He has called me." My only desire is that I may be dead to self, and that Christ shall live in me.

January 27, 1909

212 South Frankfort Avenue



Be Controlled

Some Chapters on the Surrendered Life—Concluded.

A. F. Carter, Los Angeles, California

Knowing God

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace."—JOB 22:21.



WHAT a dreadful lack there is in our Christian lives, in that we know not God! We indeed know of God, and about God; but we know not Himself.

We know about His attributes; still we know not Him. He would have us, His children, come into closer relationship with Himself. We know about His mercy, we know about His judgments; still we know not Him. The great need of today, the universal need, is to acquaint ourselves with Him. If we do this, the promise is, that we shall "be at peace."

How many there are who are searching about God, but still have no peace. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" says Job (11:7). We may search about God all our days and fail of finding Him. There must be something besides searching; something deeper than searching. There must be that personal contact of our souls with God which alone secures peace; which alone can acquaint us with Him.

There must be the heart-touch of the human with the heart-touch of the Divine, before we can know God. Only by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost

can we become acquainted with God. God only, in the person of the third One of the blessed Trinity, can reveal Himself. No other way is possible. This is the appointed way; therefore it must be the right way, and the only way. By forms and ceremonies and resolutions one can never become acquainted with God. With penance and persecution one does not come to know God. Much and systematic giving does not bring us to a knowledge of Him. Regular church-going and attendance on every means of grace, as a mere form, acquaints not with Him: "*Receive ye the Holy Ghost,*" is truly the only way.

Regulations in dress and certain formalities in manner, will never acquaint us with Him. No, no; *the throb of love in the heart of the Infinite must find a corresponding throb of love in the finite.* We must behold Him with the spiritual eye; we must apprehend Him with the spiritual sense. This can only be done when the "another Comforter" abides within. Surely, this. Beloved! there is no other way. Many know God's blessings; but not many know Him. Many pray for everything but His very best—*Himself.*

I have a little six-year-old grand-niece living in the East. I had never seen her. She knew all *about* me, but *me* she knew not. When I went to see her, she came forward very shyly, put her little hand in mine, and stood demurely. In a short time she sat in my lap, kissed me, put her little head on my bosom and sweetly told me that she loved me; and ever after

that we were inseparable friends. She knows me now. Before, she had only known about me; but after our hearts had touched she knew me.

Much more delightful to know a friend, than to know about him. Oh, let us seek to become acquainted with our Father! And this seeking must take the form of receiving the Holy Spirit. To know about God is good; but oh! to know Him, is infinitely better. Receiving Him, the Comforter, you may know God the Father. If we have not Him abiding within, it is useless for us to expect to know God. God's way and plan is for every one to receive for himself the Holy Ghost.

Our plan must be His plan, or we meet failure. How long must it take us to realize, that since God provides a plan, it surely is safe for us to follow that plan. People try in every other way to know God, except by the way of the Holy Spirit. God's way means for us acquaintance with Himself; our way, failure, disappointment and sorrow. God has made plans for meeting our every need: one of our greatest needs is to become acquainted with Him; therefore He has made provision for that need—the provision being the reception of the Holy Ghost. We reject His plans and use some of our own, or some church-made plans, and the result is utter failure. No relief, no light, nothing better; until we get back to God's plan—"Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

This is God's plan; this is the Holy Spirit's plan. It was Paul's plan; it was Peter's plan; it was Stephen's plan; it was the Apostolic plan; it should be our plan. It *must* be our plan, if we desire God's highest in our spiritual lives. It *must* be our plan, if we desire to become acquainted with God. Try God's way—"Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

My Precious Guest

ONCE had a tenant in my house who occupied it for many years. He was not a good tenant; and before much time had passed his presence became almost unbearable. He was called a Christian by the world, and also by his own church-people; but I, who lived near him, and saw him daily and hourly, knew that he was such only in name.

Many a time I determined to turn him out and have nothing more to do with him; but, strange to say, just as often as I made this resolution, when it came to putting it into effect, I failed to carry it out.

As I said, he professed to be a Christian, a follower of the lowly Nazarene; but, truly, his life had not the qualities which show in real followers of our blessed Lord. He professed to be imbued with the Saviour's spirit, yea, to be His, "bought with a

price"; but still in all matters he consulted his own will and choice.

For a long time I had known of another Person who greatly desired to live in my house, but could not, on account of the unworthy tenant. While the first was simply a temporary occupant, the second desired to move in and dwell permanently with me; and I should have let Him in, for He had right to my house and first claim of occupancy, but by fraud I kept Him out, and allowed day after day the unworthy tenant to have his way in my premises with permission to dominate me at his will. Truly, I chafed, twisted and smarted under his manipulations time and time again; but still gave him sole right of way in the end. And thus on it went, going from bad to worse.

Oh, how often I said to the good Person who desired my house: "Do come into my house and live; I greatly prefer you to the present occupant"; but He showed me that *He could not so long as the old tenant was there, or any of his works remained. He showed me that He could not share my house with another, but must occupy it exclusively.* He showed me further—oh, how tenderly and sweetly He showed me!—that as heretofore I had been swayed and ruled absolutely by the old tenant, if He came in I must yield as completely and readily to His control.

By this time my old tenant was ruling me with such a rod of iron that I could not endure it, so I undertook to forcibly eject him; but, to my surprise, and more than that, to my dismay, I found it was literally beyond my power to do so! He had been with me so long, and I had always let him have his own way, hence now he was more than a match for me, and defying me to my face he continued to rule me.

What could I do? The question was a perplexing one. It was evident I could not oust him by my own strength. I must have help, if I would be rid of him.

Then I remembered that the dear Person Who wished to inhabit my house had once said, *if ever I should need His assistance and call for it, He would be delighted to help me.* So I just called on Him in my weakness, and He came and cast out the unworthy tenant, proving Himself abundantly able to deliver me from the tormentor. What could I do but invite Him to come and set up His rule in my house? He came. I gave Him a royal welcome, throwing the door of my house wide open, showing Him I really desired His presence.

Blessed day! blessed hour! How little did I

think when He responded to my invitation He would make my life so peaceful and blessed! Oh, what a contrast to my former tenant! Was I not now glad that I had finally got rid of the troubler! And did I not rejoice because of Him Who came to take his place!

Many days and weeks have passed since the new Tenant came in. And He assures me He has come to stay evermore, if I will only let Him. He says, if He has to depart, it will be because I will it so, and not from any desire of His own. His companionship is the delight of my life; and the daily and hourly communion I have with Him how inexpressibly sweet! I cannot begin to tell you the bliss it is; it is truly beyond my power to communicate it.

Oh, I just wish you knew Him—this, my dear, my welcome Guest! He tells me He is no respecter of persons, and I know He will as quickly come and abide with you as He did with me. He tells me in the confidence of friendship that He is waiting—oh,

so patiently waiting!—for others who have unworthy tenants in their houses and would be freed from them, to invite Him to come and cast them out, and let Him in. He assures me that He is far more wishful about coming into people's houses to live there than they can possibly be to have Him. He informs me that any one may have His abiding presence whose will is to have the old tenant routed out, and who will invite Him in; but that not until the old tenant is ejected can He enter and make their house His dwelling-place.

Dear reader of these lines! are you not about ready to give up your house to its rightful Owner? Are you not heartily sick of the tyrannies of your present tenant? Are you not ready to cast out, or have cast out, your wicked foe, to install my Guest in his own premises?

I will tell you the name of my former unworthy tenant—it was SELF. The name of my present blessed Guest is the HOLY SPIRIT.



Some Manifestations of the Spirit Thirty-five Years Ago

Personal Observations of Former Rector in the Episcopal Church.

C. E. Preston, Shelbyville, Illinois



BELOVED, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

I Jno. 3:2.

This is indeed a blessed assurance from the Beloved Disciple and one, I think, which should fill us with joy as we lift up our heads, knowing that our "redemption draweth nigh."

Beloved, I feel I have a little message to deliver tonight. God has wonderfully blessed me directly and indirectly, through the Latter Rain Movement, and yet I have had more or less of it for a number of years. I remember the first time I was permitted to hear the voice of "tongues." It was thirty-five years ago and was in connection with other verities of the restored Gospel.

The question came to me in regard to water baptism, when a boy, "How shall I be baptized?" I found that the only "historical" baptism was trine, or triune baptism, and so I sought a dear good man of

God—the very man whom I had heard speak in tongues—to baptize me. My baptism was "into the Name of the Father, and into the Name of the Son and into the Name of the Holy Ghost." I was not baptized into the "Amen," but into the Name of the Triune God.

In connection with this same work, God was doing some wonderful things. A woman who was one of a band of disciples who worshipped God in Spirit and in Truth had smashed her elbow. I must use that word because that was what it was, literally. She smashed it completely. She sent for the elders of the church according to St. James 5:14, 15. They prayed for her, and while praying they heard the bones snap together. One of the ministers who was present gave me the testimony, as also did the sister. The next day, to the wonder of all her neighbors, she did her washing, and her arm was well as long as she lived. Many other cases happened round about me, in the same town.

Some years ago, perhaps ten after that, in the Providence of God I was led to the old mother church of this country, the Episcopal, wherein I could still be-

lieve and practice triune baptism. How I enjoyed leading people into Narragansett Bay and baptizing them into the Name of the Triune God!

While I have for years preached scriptural holiness and Bible sanctification, yet during the convention held here, which it was my privilege to attend, on the 21st of last October, God came wonderfully near to me, and while I thought I had cut all the shore-lines, still there was some trimming to be done. Since then I have had heaven below, happiness, peace and "joy in the Holy Ghost" in such fullness as I never realized could be given to mortal man. Today I am free in this wonderful experience of this Latter Rain, and I am testifying to it wherever I can. I am writing of it to my brethren among the clergy. I believe we are living now in the very closing sands of time.

One of the greatest events which will take place in the near future is the coming of our dear and Blessed Master in the clouds of heaven. Oh, that we may be prepared to be caught up to meet Him. Think how God has stirred the whole Christian world, not by "two witnesses," but by hundreds of witnesses; Irving of England, Wolfe of Asia—that converted Jew who did so much good in various parts of the world—and the New England farmer, Miller, with multitudes of others. It is seldom you hear any message of the Gospel preached containing "Whitbyianism" today. You know Whitby contended the world was to grow better and better through the increased usefulness and power of the church, and that in this way the millennium was to be introduced, and that Jesus would come after the millennium.

But Christians have found that the world's conversion is altogether too much of a job, and now they are proclaiming that the "signs of the times" all indicate that we are living in the last days. Signs celestial and signs terrestrial are occurring, and I would not be surprised if by and by even Rome, the "Eternal City," would go down in ruin. Dr. John Cumming of London has said that the whole "foot" of Italy is in such a condition that if one in going along scuffs his heel in the sand he may smell the sulphurous fumes. It seems there must be something here which was alluded to in

the description given by the seer of Patmos.

We are living now in the *toes* of the "image." The next great kingdom will be the *fifth universal monarchy*, when our Blessed Lord Himself shall reign from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. The kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him. Dan. 7:27.

But while we rejoice in the fact that we are living in the evening of this dispensation, and while our hearts are "aglow with love," there is much yet to be done. There is a preparation of heart, a walking close with God; and not only these, but something to be done for the brother who is out on the barren fields, lost in the wilderness of sin. My heart yearns for the conversion of those who are "almost persuaded" in all our congregations and in all our cities, that we may lead them to God. Then sometimes we have people in our own families to be brought to Christ, and there is something there that we have yet to do.

Now, dear friends, have we done our duty? Have we done all we should do for those who are near and dear to us, for mother, for father, for companion, for son or daughter? Let us do all we can for our loved ones. Shout out the tidings of the Master's Coming! Ring out the glad news that Jesus will soon be here, and God will crown our work. He will bless us in our effort and say unto us, "Well done."

A year ago last December it was my privilege to be at a prayer council of the Alliance. Miss Bird, a devout Presbyterian, spoke in tongues. I had heard of it before. I said to myself, "If Miss Bird speaks in tongues, surely God must be in it," but I was not quite persuaded. I had said to a dear friend of mine, a Congregational minister, "What do you think of it?" He said, "I know it is of God." I know it is of God now, but "The Stone Church" has convinced me. You have my heart and my love, and all that you can possibly have from one who is also trying to do the Master's will. May we watch and pray and labor till He comes.



The Awakened Church

"Stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh"

LORD, thy ransomed Church is waking
 Out of slumber far and near,
 Knowing that the morn is breaking
 When the Bridegroom shall appear;
 Waking up to claim the treasure
 With Thy precious life-blood bought,
 And to trust in fuller measure
 All Thy wondrous death hath wrought.

Praise to Thee for this glad shower,
 Precious drops of "latter rain";
 Praise, that by Thy SPIRIT's power
 Thou hast quickened us again:
 That Thy Gospel's priceless treasure
 Now is borne from land to land,
 And that all the Father's pleasure
 Prospers in Thy pierced hand.

Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
 O'er the lost and wandering throng;
 Praise for voices daily learning
 To upraise the glad new song;
 Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
 Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
 Praise for souls believing, tasting
 All Thy love has won for them.

Set on fire our heart's devotion
 With the love of Thy dear NAME;
 Till o'er every land and ocean
 Lips and lives Thy CROSS proclaim;
 Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
 Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,
 Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
 Then, LORD, take Thy servants home.

Amen.—Anon.

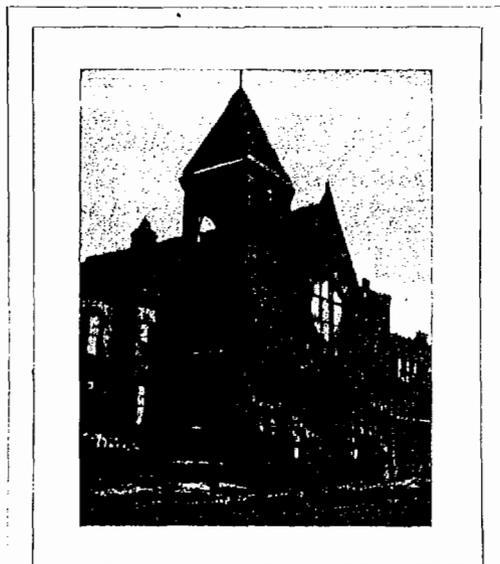
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The above hymn may be sung to "Austria" or any other 8s, 7s, D. Copies will be furnished at fifty cents per hundred.



**"The
 Stone
 Church"**

Undenominational



**Thirty-Seventh St.
 and
 Indiana Ave.
 Chicago.**

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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