

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

The Lord's Healing

Raised to Health from the Valley of Death

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NE MOMENT UNABLE TO TURN IN BED, EXPECTED TO PASS AWAY IN ANY ONE OF THE VIOLENT HEMORRHAGES THAT ALMOST CHOKED ME, SINKING IN DEATH-WEAKNESS — THE NEXT, WALKING THE FLOOR STRONG IN THE STRENGTH WHICH GOD SUPPLIES THROUGH HIS BELOVED SON! BUT I ANTICIPATE.

It was the 1st of August, 1908, that in St. Andrews, Scotland, whither I had gone to join other Christian workers in a gospel campaign, I was seized with a very heavy cold, aggravating an asthmatic tendency, which in those days always hung about me. For six weeks the cold deepened daily in consequence of being in a very raw cold climate, without the possibility of fire day or night. Soon I had developed a most fearful form of bronchial asthma with heart failure, and for weeks was unable to lie down or recline in a chair, the pulsation was so great in the whole body from the action of the heart. Spiritually, I was much blest and quickened in faith for my body, just before I was taken ill and was holding in God for full deliverance for two forms of chronic suffering, namely, growths in the head, inducing a very acute catarrh, which in turn caused an asthmatic condition with extreme sensitiveness to every atmospheric change. Rom. xvi: 20: "God . . . shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly," had been made very precious to me. On this word I was holding for the complete healing, when this new illness struck me. With it came marvelous buffetings of the enemy. It was very difficult to pray or get light from God. Occasionally He would burst through the intense darkness with a great illumination, as after I had given up thought of response to a call to Bombay for Pentecostal service, and said "Thy will be done" to sickness instead, He gave me the whole of Ps. xviii, with its promised answer to prayer, mighty power of God in deliverance, use of His delivered one, among the heathen. But as soon as His immediate presence was withdrawn, the hosts of the enemy closed in darker than ever upon me. The light of the Word seemed literally swallowed up, in the torture of the sleepless nights and days. "This is your hour, and the power of darkness" was much of the time my one text. Later, God came again with Isa. liv: 11-17. Oh! the wealth of love, with which

He said: "*Oh thou afflicted, tempest-tossed and not comforted,*" and the power with which He said, "Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors," etc., down to the end of the chapter. I thought then I was to be immediately healed. As the days became weeks, I could not understand the dealings of the Lord with me. The awful spiritual darkness increased. I seemed the tramping ground for demon hosts. The enemy hissed into my soul, how I had failed God and got off His ground, else I would be healed; or, taking another tack, how God had failed me, and broken all His promises. How He only mocked me, etc. I felt the malice of Satan would like to foreclose on my body, because God had by me proclaimed our privilege of "tarrying till Jesus comes," in a little tract by that name.

One of those darkest mornings I had fallen into a little doze. I had no regular sleep—but when sheer exhausted caught five or eight minutes by dropping my head upon a table in front of me, and was wakened with Ps. cv:19, powerfully impressed upon me. "The word of the Lord tried him."—(This had been the peculiar thrust of the devil that God's word had promised so much, but nothing materialized).—"until the *time* of His word came," I saw as never before that there might be a time quantity in the promises of God. I waited for morning light and my Bible that I might review the story of Joseph to which the Psalm referred. How truly it was "the word of the Lord," that tried him, as he was standing on the promises! It was this that got him into trouble when his brother sold him. It was this that thrust him into prison from Potiphar's house which prison was a university course in the school of God. We learn of "two full years" that he meditated there upon the fulfillment of "all the sheaves bowing down" to his sheaf, "sun, moon and stars" bowing down to the star Joseph, and the outcome of all was months lengthening into years (there may have been four or five of them for aught we know), as a criminal in an Egyptian dungeon! Yes, the word of the Lord tried him and it seemed to be the full intention of the Lord that His word should try Joseph. Could the lesson have been otherwise learned? Could the fine soul-qualities have been otherwise wrought? Could the faith and the patience over which God triumphantly declares "His bow abode in strength" (Gen. xlix: 24) have else developed? But the word of the Lord only tried him till the time

of His word came—then how everything changed? “The king sent and loosed him” and with me it was much the same. The King of kings sent and loosed me. But the time was not yet; I had lessons to learn, and though there was a glorious illumination that morning, I continued in my prison-house of pain and sank even lower. One morning while suffering from frightful heart action the room was filled with brethren and sisters; some had come to see me die, but most to pray me through to health. Finally they sang the victory, and I was able gaspingly to join the chorus, and after hours of distress suddenly the heart became normal, we all praised the Lord, I was well. They left rejoicing. A few hours after other forms of illness set in, my head was again under water. Acute gastritis.

Through force of circumstances I had been carried more dead than alive from St. Andrews to Dunfermline, and thence to Edinburgh, and here the Lord began to talk to me of crossing the Atlantic. At first I could not make sure of His voice, and the journey looked appalling. I could not walk across my bed chamber, nor dress, nor recline in a chair, nor lie in bed. The journey from Edinburgh to Liverpool alone was too formidable; from thence to steamer, the wide stretch of ocean—the fatigue of the New York landing, then the rail to Connecticut alone. My whole never force was now exhausted. I could not contemplate it. But my Heavenly Father seemed to fairly coax me to it. In answer to prayer He gave courage and wonderfully helped me to pack, write, etc., and make all necessary arrangements. In fact, from the time, that leaning on His arm, I consented to go, there was continued marked improvement in health.

I sailed October 1st, having been unable for many days to take solid food. The increased suffering from nutriment was such, that on the 6th of October, I resolved to swallow no more till I reached home, where I arrived October 10th. Among other things said to me by the Lord before leaving Edinburgh was: “You shall have a nice room to yourself on the steamer.” I thought—“Yes, when they see how ill I am, they will take me into the ship’s hospital.” But no! When about half over the voyage, the captain had an interview with me, and, although I was a second class passenger in a room with three others, he gave me a first class left-over state room all to myself! We had a smooth passage and many mercies.

As soon as I reached home came the reaction from all the strain of the voyage. I fell into a bed from which I never arose till healed by the Lord the morning of November 16. I only attempted liquid food, but nothing would stay on the stomach, and while

various parties were recommending what they thought I could retain, a physician who had made a specialty of sick-diet was asked simply to give advice on food. The doctor consented to come for that purpose only. In a few days I had failed very rapidly—took nothing but granulated ice—and often for days together could not bear even that, and was living on air forced down my throat with two fans. Then, to ease the awful sufferings, a little medicine was given. I was too ill to know or care. Thus the doctor was soon in, two or three times a day. Terrible hemorrhages caused by the gathering and breaking of ulcers in the stomach, would be preceded by most frightful sufferings all through the body. “Nerve storms,” I called them. *The hemorrhages were so violent, the blood almost choked me as it poured from my throat, and so great was my exhaustion, that sometimes they would have to pick the great clots from my mouth and throat.* After every hemorrhage I would sink so low that they looked for me to pass away. With joy I hailed these times of exhaustion, thinking I was about to be admitted to the open presence of my Lord. The joy of the thought was great, for though I felt I was such a disappointment to God and to myself, in that I had failed to rise above illness into His Divine Life, and failed to give Him in myself, one for translation, yet He made me constantly know how dear I was to Him, because of the blood on me, and how full was my acceptance with Him through that blood. I longed to meet His love and see His smile.

One night after profuse hemorrhages from both the throat and the bowels, (and, as I afterwards learned, while they were watching for the end) I seemed to slip the body, and be borne away into space. Oh, how much it meant to leave the tortured frame behind, and like a bird on glad wing, to be floating in the upper air! We rose high up above the earth, for I realized that “underneath were the everlasting arms.” On these I rested as a bird upon wing. As we sped on, we passed far above a great city, in the full swing of a civic celebration. Grand illuminations, bands of music, phalanx of soldiers; as we passed by, I thought “How feeble all this to the light of the glory of God, the heavenly music, the angelic hosts I shall soon be among! Then on and on we went, far out in outer darkness. We seemed to be passing with incredible speed through a night of limitless space, impenetrable gloom, but like a babe nestling in the dark, in the warm arms of motherlove, I only revelled in the Spirit-comfort of the God-arms that bore me on. Whether this was vision, dream, or the fancies of a sick brain, I know not, but toward morning I found myself again in the sick chamber, the bed, the tortured body.—

but this I do know, there was a spiritual joy in God from that hour on, of which the enemy was never able to rob me. As I woke to consciousness, I whispered to my sister, what had transpired, and mournfully added, "I never expected to come back here." *It was a terrible disappointment, and to bear this new phase of God's will I had to cry for fresh grace.* Thus, again and again, I sank so low only to revive measurably, till it seemed to me, I could not die (and no wonder! so many holding on by faith for my healing as I afterwards learned). I felt like old King Saul (ii Sam. 1:9), though I dared not pray his prayer, "Stand upon me and slay me," but against every inclination was helped to cry "Thy will be done."

Shall I ever forget the 15th of November, 1908! That was the darkest day my life had ever seen. "Life was too strong in me, it must take a long pining sickness to exhaust this remaining strength." "How could we afford this length of dying?" so my mind ran on. My sisters were already exhausted with the care of me. As I said to the doctor, we were working in a rule of subtraction—"kill four to save one." I was sure there would be some terrible breakdown if they had to care for me much longer. Then there was the expense, physician, trained nurse, etc. How could all this go on? It came to me, the free ward of a hospital would reduce expenses and relieve the family. I might be till spring wasting unto death, but I found there was no courage to leave the little home nest. So all that blue day I was crying to God for courage, but it was a struggle! I would think God had helped me all over to the point, then all at once everything in me would recoil, and the battle would have to be fought all over, and the victory regained.

All this went on till after midnight, when the Lord approached me with the suggestion, "*You are like Hagar crying and dying by the side of the well.*" I had been contemplating all winter to die in. He showed it was *only a moment* to be healed! How clear He made it, that "*Christ, the deep, sweet well of love,*" as a *Fountain of Healing was right by the side of every sick one*, and, as with her, it was only to turn and live (Gen. xxi: 15-19). Then the accuser of the brethren came in big, with all his showing of what I was, and what I was not; that at this juncture healing was never for me, etc., etc. God applied with mighty power "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Eph. ii: 8. Grace—"free, full unmerited favor," a provision all outside of me, coming to me as the Christmas gifts to the children, because of the love of the

giver. "Through faith! through faith!" says the enemy, "You have got to take it and you have no faith." Within I could see nothing, without I could see everything, such richness of provision in Jesus. Then came the word with God-power "*Through faith and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.*" I ceased to resist the thought of healing and cried: "Oh, God, give me that faith which is the gift of God." The spiritual atmosphere was moment by moment warming. No wonder. One of my sisters was in another room on her face before God, crying for Him to break through and bring deliverance. In many towns, aye, in many countries, Faith in God's children was holding on for His victory in my healing, and as near as we could figure it, at the very hour when the power of darkness was broken in my bed-chamber, a precious brother in the Lord, a cook in a hotel, there in the early morning, making out his rolls for breakfast, and who had all along, had an assurance of my healing, was energized to cry with agony, "*Lord help, Lord help.*" He said that was all the prayer he offered, as the vision of me came before him, but oh, the power that resisted his believing! The conflict for a time was terrible, but thank God, he got the victory. My dear sister got the victory ere she rose from her knees, and the spiritual atmosphere was so clearing that this poor weakling, in the jaws of death, was getting the victory. "Hallelujah, what a Saviour!" As my sister came into my room I felt her quickened spirit, and she felt mine, though neither knew of the spiritual exercises of the other. I asked her to sing some hymns, and we spoke of the mercy and might of God. Then Acts iii:6 came into my mind with great force, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and walk." Again the enemy came tremendously. "That is Satan quoting scripture to you. Don't follow that wild impulse. You may succeed in pulling yourself up by your will power, but the consequences of further and more terrible illness, and far more trouble to the family, will ensue," etc., etc. Spiritually, everything grew black around me, as I cried to God to protect me from Satan, to take away the voice if it was his, or to intensify it, if it were God's. He made me know without a doubt that God was speaking. My heart cried, "Lord, I will, I will, if it costs me my life to do it," for my whole nature gathered now into a spirit of obedience, and what cared I for the consequences. The devil said, "If you stir it will kill you." (This was true enough in the natural, the doctor did not allow them to raise me for fear of causing vomiting and then hemorrhage.) I thought,—"What do I care if it does kill me, I will obey God." Then it occurred to me how impossible

it would be for the family to let me "obey," and all my prayer was, "Lord, prepare them."

Just then another sister came in bringing my morning mail, which they daily opened and read me as much as they thought best, when I was not too ill to hear. Now she read from a sister in Winnipeg—Mrs. Lockhart—to whom they had written to pray for me. She replied she was not surprised with their letter, though she knew nothing of my return to this country, but while I was yet in Scotland, God had revealed to her in the spirit that I was very ill, and put upon her a great burden for me. Now she sent a handkerchief, that had been prayed over, and asked us to lay it on the diseased part, and wrote what assurance God had given her of my healing. Oh, that letter! I knew God was breaking my way to speak and act by that letter. It was but finished, when my sister who had been assured of deliverance before God that morning took the handkerchief, and laid it on me, and bowed in prayer. I was only waiting for the "amen" of her prayer, till I should obey Acts iii:6. "Yes," I burst out, "God says 'in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk,' bring my underclothes, stockings, slippers, wrapper." The one sister turned white as death, and fled the room. I called again for my clothes. They had been laid aside all the long weeks of my illness and the sister who had since been sent for to see me die, did not know where to find them, so she followed the other saying, "Bring her clothes." "Belle, I dare not," was the trembling reply. Who would in the natural? (And God had intimated nothing of His will to this one.) However my clothes were found and as my sister began to put them on, I sat in the bed and drew on one stocking, then as I put out my foot to walk my whole being gathered in the word "In the NAME of the Lord Jesus," I never seemed to put my foot on the floor, but right in the Name; *in the Name*; IN THE NAME, and in His Name *each foot fell*, till I had walked to a chair. Mentally I saw Peter walking the waves on the word of Jesus ("Come,") and like Peter I was safe, while I did not look around, but walked in the Name, (Oh, had not my prayer for "that faith which was the gift of God" been answered?) The joy of obedience—and faith comes in obedience—filled my soul. I cried, Sing the chorus:

"Come, come and His bidding obey;
Come, come and believing you'll say
Jesus hath healed me, praise Him today!
Jesus hath taken my misery away."

As my sister sang I joined in with a full clear voice, and over and over again, we made it ring. The other

members of the family came in, half happy, half frightened, but now the color was coming to my face, and the appearance of healing. Oh, the joy of that hour, as I believed, and then felt, I was healed of the Lord. And grace had been given me, even poor me, to obey Him! Then came the whisper "Walk in the other room." Two of them took hold of me as I started. But they said, "How strong she walks!" emaciated skeleton though I was. When I took the chair in the second room I began to feel warm currents of life from the soles of my feet to the top of my head and finger tips. (In bed I had three water bags to keep me warm!) Oh, it was delicious, the God-life flowing in! Wave after wave coursed through my being. Next suggestion to "call for solid food." The devil withstood here and tried to put a great care upon me, but it came, "Well people can eat solid food and I am well, *the healed of the Lord.*" So I called for the solid food and ate it and have gone on eating everything ever since. Nothing hurts me. It seems as if my stomach was bomb proof. We went round the house that resurrection day and many days after, crying "God is great in Zion." Hallelujah, what a Saviour! Oh, the enrichment that has come through this illness and healing! Oh, the lessons learnt! They cannot all be put on paper.

Previous to my illness I was distressed before God for the shallowness of my compassion for the sick and had prayed for deepening at that point, also that I might know the fellowship of His sufferings and conformity to his death, as I had never experienced. A blessed measure of answer has come to these prayers—though I need much more. Then the reality of the Satanic battle against God's life in the bodies of His people has been opened up to me. Also the beautiful truth of the *unity of Christ's body, the members prevailing for, and holding on with one another*. When in the beginning of my illness a telegram asking prayer for me went from St. Andrews to a meeting at Dunfermline, seven in succession got in tongues the answer "Victory," "Healing," etc. And from that on in different places, children of God were exercised in prayer for me. Two friends, missionaries to Africa for many years, were then in Vermont, and not having heard from me in months, were greatly burdened in prayer in my behalf, feeling in the spirit that I was ill, then God gave them the assurance of His victory at the very time I was healed. Cases like this could be multiplied. We are coming upon a time in the Lord's battle, *when we need each other's prayers*. Christ will thus both demonstrate and increase the unity of His body. "Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift upon us, by the means of many per-

sons, thanks may be given by many on our behalf" (ii. Cor. 1:11).

But more than all was I taught the all of God and nothingness of the creature, especially this creature, during the long discipline of those painful months. "I was brought low and the Lord helped me" (Ps. cxvi:6), and He will help and heal any "low one" who will let his whole case go into God's hands, and in simplicity rest in Him, to do all. "He shall save

him that hath low eyes." (Job xxii:29 marg.) God waits to be all, when we are ready to be nothing. Hallelujah! So often one sitting at our dining table, looking at me quotes "There they made Him a Supper, Martha served, but Lazarus who had been dead, whom He raised from the dead, was one of them that sat at the table." I am glad His grace has made a Lazarus of me, and I feel His resurrection life flowing through my veins. Oh, that every sick one would let the God of Lazarus raise them.



Blasting at the Rock of Ages

Some Startling Facts about American Universities

Harold Bolce



TO DISCOVER the scope and daring of college teaching in the United States today I have undertaken an itinerary of classrooms from Cambridge to California. Some of the institutions I have entered as a special student. In others I have attended lectures as a visitor, or interviewed members of the faculty, or consulted the typewritten or printed records of what they teach. In these ways my course has included Harvard, Yale, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, George Washington University, William and Mary College (where Thomas Jefferson and other founders of the Republic studied), the University of Chicago, Columbia University, Syracuse University, and the University of California. What I have come upon in the teachings of these universities, with what I have obtained additionally from presidents, deans and professors of Northwestern University, New York University, the University of Iowa, the University of Wisconsin, the University of Nebraska, Union College, Cornell, Brown University and Leland Stanford, Jr., University, constitutes a profound surprise—a series, in fact, of increasing surprises—absorbing and sensational.

In my course I have heard all the multiplex issues of morality and all the pressing problems of political economy—marriage, divorce, the home, religion and democracy—put through merciless processes of examination, as if these things were fossils, gastropods, vertebrates, equations, chemical elements or chimeras.

There is scholarly repudiation of all solemn authority. The decalogue is no more sacred than a syllabus.

Everything is subjected to searching analysis. The past has lost its grip on the professor. The ancient prophet is less potent than the new political economy. Nothing is accepted on the *ipse dixit* of tradition. Olympus and Mount Sinai are twin peaks beautified but not made sacred by mythology. From the college standpoint there are no God-established covenants. What happens at the primaries is more to the point than what took place in Palestine. Time is a laboratory wherein reactions are eternally producing new phases of civilization having changing forms and hues.

* * *

They teach young men and women, plainly, that an immoral act is merely one contrary to the prevailing conceptions of society; and that the daring who defy the code do not offend any Deity, but simply arouse the venom of the majority—the majority that has not yet grasped the new idea. * * *

The professors are sanguine that their metaphysical science will illumine humanity. Theology, they believe, is breaking down. At Syracuse University, whose chancellor is a clergyman, I heard it stated that *to change from one religion to another is like getting a new hat!*

It was with no preconception of what the teachings of the colleges are that I started on my student's pilgrimage. I realized, of course, that the volcanic transformations being wrought in current thought and conduct had not come through chance, and that back of the economic and moral upheavals of the time might be found the men giving first expression to the new ideas. But I did not expect to find academic warrant, as some have already construed it, for departure from conjugal restraint. Nor did I count on hearing the

home decried as too archaic and narrow a channel for the transmission of progress to the race to come. It was, too, a shock to learn that college professors claim that conscience is a false guide and that there are no abiding standards of right and wrong; that moral precepts are merely passing shibboleths; that the conceptions of right and wrong are as unstable as the styles of dress, and no more significant; and that society, by its approval, can make any kind of conduct right. These teachers therefore claim that their doctrines, which may now shock the conservative, will probably be the gospel of tomorrow.

Let me make it plain at the outset that when I quote a professor of Syracuse University, or of Harvard, or the University of Pennsylvania, or any other institution, it does not necessarily commit the rest of the faculty to that belief. What a man in a chair of sociology thinks and says is likely to be at variance with what the dean, the chancellor or the president believes. There is, perhaps, no body of thinkers in America freer from dominance of any sort than college professors. So much freedom, in fact, is given them that the few, beginning with Prof. George D. Herron, who have been forced from the class-room, charged with poisoning the minds of youth, were banished, not for their teachings alone, for the doctrines ultimately condemned had been given to the classes for an indefinite period, but because the outside world protested against their life or creed.

In other words, it appears that students may absorb ad libitum what conventional society condemns as tainted ethics unless the professor, seeking publicity or inexpert in dodging it, arouses the wrath of the community. * * * At no time, however, has it been my conviction that the professors were teaching their startling doctrines in any covert way. It was merely, as I readily discovered, that the professors, defending or exalting as new ideals what the orthodox condemn, have been addressing young men and young women who have been receiving without outcry what the outside world, mature in its convictions and with inherited bias, denounces as unfit.

Most of what is said to the classes is new. A doctrine which, universally applied, might overturn religion, society and the civil law, is accepted as placidly as a demonstration in geometry or algebra. The student takes in ethics as he absorbs Euclid and equations. Automatically the teachings of the professor sink into the student's mind. What the scholar in the chair of authority says is gospel. He is usually a man of force and genius, and often magnetic. He has a following. Some of the class-rooms are so crowded that seating-room is at a premium. That is

why, if the teachings of the professors are wrong, they are unusually dangerous. * * *

It was my good fortune to enter (Syracuse University) as a special student, taking a course in sociology under Prof. Edwin L. Earp. The lectures included important social questions, such as the family, relations between labor and capital, immigration, social welfare and the social basis of ethics. Professor Earp, who was formerly a clergyman, is one of the most original and forceful lecturers it has been my pleasure to hear. It seemed to me that if anywhere among the colleges of America old-time doctrines would find valiant defense it would be here, in teachings of this doctor of philosophy and divinity, in an institution presided over by one of the foremost leaders of a great evangelistic denomination.

Early in the course Professor Earp touched upon the doctrine of the origin of morals. He was expounding the scientific interpretation of conduct, and explaining that our standards of right and wrong are the product of experience. I had heard a number of other professors in other colleges dwell upon this same theme, saying that our conceptions of what we should do are not sent to us from heaven, but are the development of the centuries. Mankind, they asserted, had tried many things from age to age, and out of all the stumblings and successes of the race had selected whatever was best for any particular period.

I wanted to know what this capable sociologist, who had obviously thought himself out from old-time tradition, would say in reply to a direct question. So from my seat in the class-room I addressed him.

"Do you not believe, Professor," I asked "that Moses got the ten commandments in the way the Scriptures tell?"

The professor smiled. "I do not," said he. "It is unscientific and absurd to imagine that God ever turned stone-mason and chiseled commandments on a rock."

What gives piquant emphasis to Professor Earp's scholastic denial of the divine origin of the decalogue is that even now, in addition to his busy and successful labors in Syracuse University among many classes of young men and young women, he frequently speaks from the orthodox pulpit.

It will be apparent as this record proceeds that Professor Earp is by no means a solitary pioneer among the modern college authorities in the scientific handling of the sacred story. Syracuse University, at least in this department, is merely proclaiming the same character of latter-day criticism and belief that caused the suspension by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Dr. Charles A. Briggs, now of Union Theological Seminary, and in more recent times the

retirement of his colleague, Doctor Crapsey. I shall show, when I have occasion to quote Prof. George H. Howison, of the University of California; Pres. David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University; Dr. Herbert L. Willett, of the University of Chicago; and Prof. George A. Coe, of Northwestern University, which is governed by a religious denomination, that the reverend academician of Syracuse is really a conservative among his contemporary iconoclasts. * * *

In discussing plural marriages he arrayed himself against polygamy, but explained that under certain economic conditions it would be easily accepted by society. "When there is an unequal division of the sexes," said he, "monogamy is not consistent. It is a scientific truth that in cold climates there are more men than women, and so, as among the Esquimaux, polyandry exists."

Edward A. Ross, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, approaches this subject from another angle. "*Wide stairways*," he says, "*are opened between the social levels, and men are expected to climb, if they can. But to the climber children are encumbrances.*"

To gratify newly awakened wants men learn, Professor Ross points out, "to economize in offspring, as the little strangers trench on raiment, bric-a-brac, upholstery, travel and entertainment." Another factor making the home unproductive of children is the "moral emancipation of women." Every child "taxes the father's purse, but the mother's body." The decay of religious beliefs he cites as another secret of childless hearths; yet he does not lament the passing of these beliefs. He quotes Luther's serene saying, "God makes children and he will provide for them," as a sentiment rightly repudiated by contemporary wives, and further fortifies his position with the quotation from Matthew Arnold that "a man's children are not 'sent' any more than the paintings on his wall or the horses in his stable are sent." Moreover, the struggle of woman to realize an individuality "has obliged her to rebel against the Bible status of woman," with the result that many American women "have broken the scepter of Ishtar." * * *

"*The sole effect of prolificacy is to fill the cemeteries with tiny graves—sacrifices of the innocents to the Moloch of immoderate maternity*," insists Professor Ross, and he protests against the "dwarfing of women and the cheapening of men" and regards the restriction of the birth-rate as a "movement at bottom salutary, and its evils minor, transient and curable."

This is virile gospel, and particularly significant coming from the teacher who invented the term "race sui-

cide," which many have erroneously attributed to Mr. Roosevelt.

It is taught by many college sociologists that marriage, under conceivable conditions, will pass away, like medieval institutions. Prof. William Graham Sumner, of Yale, teaches that "both pair marriage and democracy are produced by the conditions of society, and both are transitory;" and that "when life becomes harder it will become aristocratic, and concubinage may be expected to rise again." Moreover, this professor joins with a number of his colleagues in maintaining that marriage as now contracted and protected is a form of monopoly, interwoven with capital, conducive to exclusive families and the culture-ground of family pride and ambition. * * *

Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia, one of the world's foremost sociologists, has taken daring ground regarding marriage and unconventional alliances between the sexes. He endorses the beliefs of those who insist that "it is not right to set up a technical legal relationship, an economic convenience, or a circumstance of social conventionality as morally superior to the spontaneous preference of a man and woman who know, and whose friends know, that they love each other." * * *

Going back to Syracuse University, I heard the timely question of affinities discussed in the class-room there. Like many other lectures, this would have afforded first-class material for a newspaper story, but the young men and women taking notes with hurried precision did not dream that the theme was sensational. It was all given and accepted in the scientific spirit.

Professor Earp did not condone the movement away from conventional altars, but his citation of the various theories accounting for the contemporary defiance of the sacredness of marriage was sufficiently interesting to arouse in the students a toleration for, or at least a catholic understanding of, the choosing of "soul-mates." It should be kept in mind in this connection that Syracuse University is co-educational—a number of young women listened to the exposition of affinities. The professor, with considerable enthusiasm, went into the subject of reincarnation, saying that the affinity people might justify their course by believing that the person one meets and finds irresistibly alluring was simply a friend or sweetheart of some ancient yesterday.

He said that there would be far more cases of clinging to affinities if people followed their natural impulses, but made it plain that society, as now constituted, does not warrant the system.

What Chancellor Day thought of this and other questions could not be learned. The chancellor, who is a fighting man, said that he was willing to write

magazine articles on all questions, but did not wish to be interviewed on any subject.

The University of Chicago bristles with progressive new thought. Everyone is familiar with the character of this institution's endowment. It has been enabled with its vast funds to engage the services of world-renowned scholars. It stands today not only great as an American university, but is recognized throughout Europe as one of the world's centers of higher learning. In fact Professor Michelson of its faculty added to his own honors and to the reputation of the university by winning the Nobel Prize in 1907.

This institution is nominally a religious seat of learning, but if it were dedicated to free thought and agnosticism it could not be more outspoken in its ar-

raignment of many things in our orthodox theology. Some of the professors, too, go much farther than Professor Earp in uttering daring ideas regarding marriage and the home. Prof. Charles Zueblin in particular takes advanced or at least new ground in his attitude toward marriage. Here are the texts of some of his teaching: "*There can be and are holier alliances without the marriage bond than within it.*" "*Every normal man or woman has room for more than one person in his heart.*" "*Like politics and religion we have taken it for granted that the marriage relationship is right and have not questioned it.*" * * *

[*The foregoing extracts are taken from an article in the Cosmopolitan Magazine for May, 1909. It is the first of a series of three articles by the same author.*]

A Journey and its Lessons

Gleanings from the New York Convention

Mrs. Lydia Markley Piper



OR several months I felt impressed that I should visit my parents living near Philadelphia, and in the beginning of February God opened the way for me to go. I believe He had a two-fold purpose in this visit for me; that I might be able to witness for Him, and that my own life might be deepened through lessons He taught me along the way. How much better His plans than ours. I felt my steps were truly ordered by Him.

It was my blessed privilege to attend a ten days' convention in Glad Tidings Hall, New York City. What a feast of good things He gave us! How precious He spoke to us there! We sat together in heavenly places, but they were days of heart-searching too.

The first Sunday of the Convention was a never-to-be-forgotten day. As we listened to the message of God that day, we lost sight of the speaker, so completely did the Holy Spirit guide. At the close of the afternoon the audience was dismissed, but the people were loath to go. After another attempt at dismissal, we went to prayer, and the meeting which had begun at three o'clock, continued without any intermission until ten that night. The presence of the Lord was so real that I never thought of food. We were feasting with *Him*. The Holy Spirit showed us our selfishness and how empty and barren we would be if Jesus were to come that day. The things of this life never seemed so shallow and worthless to me.

One precious lesson that I learned that day was about getting close to Jesus. I had been somewhat disturbed because I was not able always to get clear leadings from the Lord, and this afternoon the speaker said that in our agonizing we often get in such a tumult inside that God could not talk to us, and in order to get God's best plan, we had to get perfectly calm and quiet in our spirits.

The thought was beautifully brought out that we could get as close to Jesus as the beloved John, who leaned upon His breast. Peter, James and John got nearer to Christ than any of the other disciples; not that Jesus was any respecter of persons, but they had more of the Christ nature in them which bound them to Him, and as we partake of His nature, we bring ourselves into His blessed fellowship. Today it is our privilege to get so close to Him that when He speaks we can hear His slightest whisper. If we follow Him "afar off" we cannot hear His voice, but if we are close enough to lean upon His bosom, we *must* hear Him speak.

Another lesson learned was on consecration; how we desire God's best, but something stands in the way which we are not willing to surrender because it hurts to give it up—some sore spot that we don't want people to talk about, or put their finger on; every time anyone touches it we cringe. This was illustrated by the way a dentist will probe a decayed tooth. The probing hurts, but if we hold still until he gets to the bottom, removes the cause, and thoroughly cleanses it, what a relief! Just so with the sore spot that is in our lives. We are happy so long as we can keep it

covered, but when the Holy Spirit begins to probe, we cringe and wriggle, twist and groan, but there's only one way to get relief; lean back in the chair and let Him probe until He gets to the bottom. It hurts while the probing goes on, but when the sore is taken out by the Holy Spirit and the spot cleansed by the blood of Jesus, there is great relief, and you will never suffer from that thing again.

Brother Lupton spoke in this connection also of the step he had been called upon to take. He had built a church, had a prosperous congregation who had often stood to a man and said they would follow Jesus all the way. Again and again had they sung: "Where He leads me I will follow," and "I surrender all," but when it came to the test of a stepping out into this latter rain blessing, they said, No. He was visited by officials from his denomination who tried to dissuade him, but after waiting before God all night, he made his decision that he would go all the way with Jesus. He walked down the aisle of the church he had built up, laid down his credentials and went out, feeling unutterably alone in the world. That night he had a vision of Jesus, and felt that that one glimpse of the Lord fully compensated for all he had given up; everything else paled into insignificance.

A sister gave us some beautiful thoughts about how we rest in the blessings that God gives us instead of resting in the Lord Himself. She said when she was saved she felt now she was safe, and could just sit down and enjoy Salvation, but she found that when the trials and temptations came she had to "take to her heels and run to Jesus." When she received sanctification she felt she had gotten something now she could rest on, she had such a sense of security, but persecution came, and again she had to "take to her heels and run to Jesus." When she received the baptism of fire, she felt surely now she was safe and that she had something she could lean on, but she found out that no blessing the Lord had ever given or ever would give, could take the place of Jesus, and that He only was the staff on which to lean. She felt to give this warning to the people who have been baptized in the Holy Spirit, and urge them not to lean upon their blessings, or to feel they can sit down and enjoy them. Jesus is the only place of security and the reason why people lose their blessings is because they have rested and revelled in them.

She told how for many years she had stood for divine healing, but had lacked real charity for people who had not trusted God as fully as she had, and that she had felt a little pride and confidence in herself that she had stood the storms for so many years. But she was permitted to go down to the very depths

in sickness that she might come to an end of self. For months her life was ebbing away. Then Satan began to torment her by saying she never could get back to God again, and made her believe that people would point the finger of scorn at her because she had failed. But Jesus brought this thought to her, that it was not her good works, nothing she had done or ever could do by which she could receive healing or any other gift from God; it was simply through the name of Jesus, and as she lay on that sick bed, the thought grew with her until it seemed as though the name of Jesus filled the whole room. She put her foot out to walk, not on the floor, but *in the name of Jesus*, and she realized she was walking in His name in a way that she had been unable to comprehend before. *Confidence in Him alone*, was the lesson. If we rest even in what He gives us, we are permitted sometimes by very severe lessons to find out how weak we are.

The wife of a sea-captain who was a regular attendant at the New York Mission, had been praying for many years for her husband's salvation. At the time of the Convention his ship was in port. It seemed providential that it should reach port just at that time, and his wife prevailed upon him to come to the meeting. The room was filled and they came to the front. At the close of the meeting he felt he had to leave a little early, and taking Mr. Lupton by the hand, said it was the first time he had heard Jesus held up for six years. The tears came into Mr. Lupton's eyes, the captain's wife began to weep, and as Mr. Lupton put his arms around the captain, they both wept. The scene was a very touching one, and the whole audience was moved to tears. Mr. Lupton asked him to give himself to God, and as they knelt there on that platform, the captain was saved.

A lady came to me while in New York City, saying the Lord impressed her to ask me to go to Springfield, Massachusetts, where they were going to have a series of meetings. I was about to refuse, when it seemed the Lord stopped me and impressed me to go and witness to His wonderful blessings to me and to our family, and I went in His name.

God gave me some precious lessons on the reality of Jesus while there, and I was enabled to get a more trustful hold on Him for all my needs. My faith was greatly strengthened by some tests that came to me, and God never failed me.

One experience in particular I feel to speak of to the glory of God. One Sunday morning the Lord was speaking to me and I felt He was preparing me for a little message for the people in the afternoon. He wonderfully anointed me and gave me many blessed thoughts. At the table that day, the pastor

asked me if the Lord didn't want me to talk that afternoon. I said, "Perhaps a little." After that it seemed that everything God had given me passed away, and I was perfectly blank. I rested quietly in Him until we reached the chapel when I became frightened at my condition and began to cry mightily to God to give me something. I knew I could say nothing of myself and was perfectly empty. Finally, becoming quiet, I waited before Him, knowing that He would not fail me. He told me to speak *on the reality of Jesus in my own life*, and I had liberty in the Spirit. Just as I finished, a young woman sitting in the back of the room who was partially deaf and had not heard my testimony, arose, and said the Lord had been speaking to her on the reality of Jesus, and she talked from the divine side. It was beautiful to see how He led us both to talk along the same line, the one on the human and the other on the divine, yet neither knowing the other's leading.

From Springfield I went to Philadelphia, my home city. God also led Miss Burgess of New York City to go with me, where we ministered to some of God's children for a few nights, and found many who were very hungry for Him.

I then went to Syracuse, New York, and had sweet fellowship with the band of Christians there. I never felt more liberty in testifying for my Master than with these dear saints of God. I realized there in a special way, the unity of the Spirit, and the blessed fellowship we may have with those who are "baptized by the same Spirit."

I stopped a few days at Elim Home, Rochester, New York. That was my second visit there and both

times I was refreshed in spirit, and felt that God indeed dwells there.

I visited the Missionary Home at Alliance, Ohio, and got a different view of God's work, for here the burden of the Spirit is for the foreign field. Both at Rochester and Alliance there are a number of young people in training for the foreign field, and I felt as I saw their enthusiasm for the needy souls in different parts of the world, that the unity of the body of Christ was a greater and deeper truth than I had grasped, and how necessary it was that we each should know our own place in the body, and be content to stay there.

I thank the Lord for the lessons I learned in this little journey, for the deepening of my life, and the sweet fellowship I had with God's children. I was grieved, however, to find that Satan is deceiving some of God's people.

I heard a young woman, whom I believe to be an honest seeker after God, speak at some length of how real Jesus is to her, and that He caresses her as a lover. My heart was grieved at this for it is nothing but a gross deception of Satan. Any experience that would bring Jesus into any carnal relation, and lead you to speak of Him as you would of a human being, is not of God, but a subtle working of Satan. I am loath to write of this, but find that others are also being deceived, and I feel our Christian workers must be on the alert for every "doctrine of demons" as soon as it appears, and stamp it out. Only the blood of Jesus can prevail against the powers of evil that are seeking in every conceivable way to bring into disrepute His righteous cause.

Abandoned to Him

LIVE out Thy life within me
 Oh Jesus, King of kings,
 Be Thou Thyself the answer
 To all my questionings.
 Live out Thy life within me,
 In all things have Thy way;
 I, the transparent medium
 Thy glory to display.

The temple has been yielded
 And purified of sin,
 Let Thy Shekinah glory
 Now flash forth from within;
 And all the earth keep silence,
 The body henceforth be
 Thy silent, docile servant,
 Moved only as by Thee.

Its members every moment
 Held subject to Thy call,
 Ready to have Thee use them,
 Or not be used at all.
 Held without restless longings,
 Or strain, or stress, or fret,
 Or chafings at Thy dealings
 Or thoughts of vain regret,

But restful, calm and pliant,
 From bend and bias free,
 Permitting Thee to settle
 When Thou hast need of me.
 Live out Thy life within me
 Oh Jesus, King of kings,
 Be Thou the glorious answer
 To all my questionings.—Anon.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

Convention in Chicago

A CONVENTION will be held in The Stone Church at Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, Chicago, beginning Thursday evening, May 13, continuing to and including Lord's Day, May 23, 1909.

The Convention held last October was a great blessing to all who attended, and we believe God has again put it into our hearts to hold this series of meetings. We therefore invite all God's people who can possibly come, to be with us in May.

We expect to be able to entertain those who come who are giving all their time to the Lord's work. Through the hospitality of our people the Lord enabled us thus to provide for them in our previous convention, and we are trusting Him for the same thing in May. Let any who wish us to find accommodation for them, gratuitous or otherwise, write.

We shall seek earnestly to glorify God and to have His will manifested in all things connected with the meetings. We heartily invite all who will earnestly co-operate with us at that time, to be present.

Communicate with Wm. Hamner Piper, 3554 Vernon avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Latter Rain Songs

AN impression has become quite general, that on account of the delay in publishing the "Latter Rain Songs" book, we, therefore, have no other Song book in stock. This is not the case.

We have plenty of "Songs Of the Spirit," No. 2, 15c per copy, postpaid, \$1.50 the doz. Also we have the "Latter Rain Song Leaflet"—10 new songs, three of them given by the Spirit in "Tongues" (both words and music) and "interpreted" by Mr. Myland into English just as soon as he finished singing them

in the "Tongue." These are Nos. 1, 2 and 6 in the "Leaflet." The leaflet of 10 songs, 5c per copy, postpaid, 50c per dozen. Peace Publishing Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Rock of Ages

THE article on page six is reproduced, in part, because it shows with remarkable significance, some of the depths of the Apostasy of the church, discussed on page fifteen of this issue. It came into our hands after the sermon "The Lord Is at Hand" was prepared for the press, and strikingly confirms the position therein taken.

Pentecostal Camp Meeting

ALLIANCE, OHIO, June 17-27, 1909. This third annual Pentecostal Camp Meeting will be conducted as nearly as possible on the simple Apostolic plan as in the past. We shall seek by Divine assistance to have all things common, plain, comfortable, and right. We have but one object in view and that the Father's glory and the blessing of humanity. We are not seeking to stir people over this Camp Meeting but we are most humbly beseeching the Throne that God Himself will stir people and simply bring to pass the desire of His own heart. We ask the saints everywhere whether they can hope to be here in person or not to stand with us in prayer, real prevailing prayer, to this end. The details concerning the Camp Meeting will doubtless be given in the next issue. Everything seems to indicate that God is planning for a great time. —*The New Acts, Alliance, Ohio.*

Quenching the Spirit

WE quote from "Living Water" the following extract from the life of John S. Inskip, one of the pioneers of the Methodist Church:

"Though Mr. Inskip generally had much excitement in his meetings, there were times when he urged the people to be still. At a meeting at Round Lake, after a season of great excitement, perhaps undue excitement, he said: "Don't quench the Spirit. *The Spirit will be quenched when we make too much noise.* He will be very greatly grieved. I know all about it. The best way to hold on is to hold in. You can very soon empty a vessel by letting it run out. Your strength is to sit still. You will grieve the Spirit by making *too much noise*, when others want to be very solemn before God. I am learning to be more quiet. I do not want my emotions to drive me. I do not want to say Amen too loud. Do you know what a gush, an unction, is? Oh, it flows so beautifully, like artesian wells—it just flows. I want you to help me to be still."

The Lord is at Hand

The Shadow of the Tribulation is upon Us

W. H. Piper, Chicago, March 7, 1909



THE subject that God has given me for this afternoon is one that has been engaging the attention of men for more than a quarter of a century, and which, during the last two or three years has come more and more into prominence. I refer to the great fact of Christ's return to this earth to reign, and the things which are immediately associated therewith.

I have no conscious desire to weave any theory, or to deal with things of an impractical nature, but as man to his fellowman, realizing something of my responsibility, let me bring you this message from my King: "I will come again!" These are the sacred words of the Master, spoken on the most solemn occasion of His life, for He was only a few hours from Calvary. A short time after this He crossed the brook Kedron and entered into the Garden of Gethsemane, where He was betrayed, and the next day condemned to death. So these are sacred words, full of sweet assurance to the Christian. "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

Jesus not only said He would return to earth, but has told us of things that will be the sign of His coming, and of the end of the age.

We read in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, "There shall be famines, pestilences and earthquakes in divers places," and that "all these are the *beginning of sorrows*." A thoughtful student of the times will notice that these calamities are greatly multiplying, and that therefore we must be nearing the end of the dispensation. Pestilences, droughts, famines and earthquakes are largely on the increase.

I would not tire you by going fully into detail in these matters, but I feel it might be interesting to cite some of the greatest calamities that have recently befallen this world; I will confine myself to the last quarter of a century.

Famines, Pestilences and Earthquakes

India has been the scene of an almost continuous famine for many decades; sometimes it is more severe than others, yet if we note carefully her condition we shall find the years when she has been free are few in

comparison to the years of awful distress and misery that have cursed that land.

In 1877, five million people died in three of her cities alone, and a few years before that three million perished for lack of food. As the Nineteenth Century drew to a close, this, more than any other nation suffered from famine. Whether it is because the country is so steeped in idolatry, and because of their inhuman cruelty to the women and children, I do not know, but whenever we think of India, we are appalled by her starving millions. It does seem as though she is resting under a curse. She is at this time passing through a famine which has been holding her in its grip for several years; indeed, I doubt if she is ever entirely free.

Last year, nearly the half of Persia was suffering from famine, which was only one of a number of visitations of the same kind.

In Northern China over nine million people perished by starvation in 1878, at which time the suffering was so terrible that women and children were sold in the markets that money might be procured for food. A respectable woman could be bought for six dollars, and a little girl for two dollars. In this awful visitation seventy million people were affected and their faces were black with hunger. Parents killed their own children rather than have their sufferings prolonged. England contributed nearly fifty thousand pounds for the relief of these sufferers.

There was a famine in Russia in 1892, which was attended by great suffering, and one in Japan in 1890.

In Morocco in 1878 the famine was so severe that the poor starving mothers gathered bones from the street and broke them, to feed to their famishing children.

Hand in hand with famine, pestilence has been stalking the land. Poor famine stricken India was visited by a plague in 1898 through which six hundred thousand people perished, and in 1901-2 two hundred thousand more died from a terrible scourge.

About the same time a plague smote the people of Turkestan with great mortality. Many remember the yellow fever scourge of 1878 which terrorized our own southern cities and in which many thousands perished. Even at this very time they are fighting the bubonic plague in Venezuela, and there is nearly always one

or more ports closed in different parts of the world because of this and other plagues.

Now as we come to the subject of earthquakes we find that during the last twenty-five years practically every country has been visited one or more times by a great convulsion of nature, and they have been increasing at an alarming rate. I mention those only that have been most disastrous to life and property.

In 1899 six villages were destroyed and seven others damaged by an earthquake in Russia, in which one thousand people lost their lives. In the same year in Asia Minor, over sixteen hundred deaths occurred from the same cause, while many others were injured.

Most of us can recall the earthquake in South Carolina in which three-fourths of the city of Charleston was destroyed and about a hundred people perished. This same seismic disturbance traveled across the Atlantic and visited France and Italy, two thousand people perishing in the latter country.

Let me give you the awful destruction of life and property through earthquakes and volcanic eruptions for just one year, 1892. In Turkestan there were ten thousand deaths, and fifteen thousand houses destroyed, and at another time during the same year there were nearly seven hundred deaths, and one thousand injured. On the island of St. Vincent two thousand people perished through a volcanic eruption. We all remember quite vividly the eruption of Mt. Pelee which resulted in the destruction of the island of Martinique, where two thousand people were swept into eternity and large numbers injured. And all this in one year! What an awful record!

As we are passing through these calamities we do not realize how quick and fast they crowd upon us, but as we look backward, we are appalled at the tremendous visitations.

It seems only yesterday that the news came from the West that San Francisco lay in ruins; scarcely had the smoke cleared away ere a similar visitation came upon Valparaiso, South America. But the most unparalleled catastrophe of nature since the flood has been the rending of the earth in Southern Italy, when two great cities were blotted off the face of the earth, and no less than two hundred thousand people perished in half a minute.

We have become so accustomed to these great catastrophes that when an earthquake occurs, as it did a few weeks afterwards in Turkestan, with a loss of only (?) six hundred lives, it is almost ignored.

I have found it interesting to do a little figuring, and was amazed at the tremendous *increase* in calamities. I find that from the Thirteenth to the Nineteenth Centuries famines have increased in numbers forty

per cent, and during the same period, pestilences have increased fifty per cent. One who has made a scientific study of these matters and has collected statistics, lists twenty-seven earthquakes in the Eighteenth Century, but for the Nineteenth Century he gives a list of one hundred and ninety-nine, an increase of more than six hundred per cent over the previous century.

In the first three years of the present century there were forty-eight earthquakes. Allowing only the same number for each successive three years, should the world stand, we would have the amazing record of sixteen hundred earthquakes for this century.

Of course, I realize that the facilities for obtaining data in the past have not been what they are today, but taking this into consideration and making allowance for statistics which we do not have, there is at the same time a *tremendous increase*, and friends, *it is time to watch and be sober, for "the end of all things is at hand."* As was pointed out some time ago from this platform, these pestilences, famines and earthquakes are God's way of snapping our fingers, just as the teacher snaps the fingers of a naughty boy, to save him from something worse. They are fingerboards along the high-way of salvation, indicating the trend of events.

Nation against Nation

In this same prophecy Jesus said, "Nation shall rise against nation," and equally significant are the political upheavals and revolutions among the nations of the earth, in the same period of time. When there has not been war between the nations, internal revolutions and strifes have been disintegrating and crippling them.

From the time of our own Civil War which drenched our land in blood, almost every country has been plunged in the horrors of war. The great conflict between China and Japan in 1895 was followed by the Spanish-American war in 1898. Scarcely had the war-clouds between us and Spain rolled away when the world was reading the details of another bloody strife, this time between Great Britain and the Boers, and for three years South Africa was deluged in awful carnage. Just two years later occurred the Russo-Japanese war, which was the bloodiest of all the recent conflicts.

When we realize that within the last ten years eight of the great nations of the earth have been engaged in the awful holocaust of war, and that each conflict has increased in intensity and loss of life, one is made to ask with deepest solemnity: *What will the end be?*

The powers today are outwardly at peace, but

more than once the rumblings of war have been heard on the Eastern continent, and might have broken forth but for the fact that strong internal forces of revolution are at work in Russia, Turkey and China.

Communism and nihilism are threatening the foundations of the strongest thrones, and not a crowned head today is safe from the assassin's bullet.

Dissolution of Turkey

Students of prophecy have been waiting for years for the dissolution of Turkey. It is an interesting fact that within the last few months the Sultan has been forced to grant a representative form of government to the empire, which is certainly one step toward the fulfillment of Daniel's prophecy, but there are others, for real disintegration has set in. "Bulgaria has proclaimed her independence. Crete has gone back to Greece, just what Daniel said would come to pass; Austria has annexed Bosnia; Herzegovina and other states are threatening revolt, and Egypt is out from under Turkey already."

The world powers have gone mad over great navies, and these, in order to be employed and to show their skill, will stir up strife and conflict. Satan is gathering the forces of Armageddon together for the last great conflict. The rumblings of the oncoming storm that will burst upon an unbelieving world are heard in all directions.

We read in Revelation of the awful judgments of God and the vials of wrath that are to be poured out upon the world, of which these things that I have just noted are but faint forecasts. But before the vials are emptied, the true children of God will have escaped to meet Jesus in the air.

The Apostasy

Another sign of the coming of the Son of man is the great apostasy of the Church, the "falling away" from the old land-marks that have stood the test of centuries. The good old doctrines upon which our churches have been founded are being set aside, and today is this scripture fulfilled: "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears. And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and will turn aside unto fables." There never was a time in the history of the world when people were so possessed with "itching ears," wanting to find out some new thing that requires nothing of conscience, and which sets aside the necessity of the blood of Jesus Christ. They want their ears tickled but do not want their conscience stirred. Who is drawing the crowds today? Not

the teachers who are setting forth "strong doctrines" but those who turn the bible into "fables." Those two hundred thousand people who were swept into eternity in Southern Italy, were not in need of ear tickling, but heart stirring, that they might have been made to realize the seriousness of living.

And what are these things which are leading people away from the old moorings? Chief among them is Christian Science, which denies the reality of sin and sickness and has neither need or place for the blood of Jesus; they ignore the Savior of the world by making themselves their own Savior, and trample under foot the precious blood that was poured out for a dying world.

So-called New Thought is another phase of the apostasy; it, like Christian Science, seeks to make people believe they are gods and sufficient in themselves to be their own Savior and Healer.

And now comes the Emmanuel Movement that is entering many churches of our land, which is a cross between *materia medica* and *Christian Science*. Its fundamental dogma is identical with Christian Science and New Thought, *the power of mind over matter* otherwise known as mental suggestion, or the power of the subjective mind. Neither such terms or such principles were ever used by our Lord and His apostles in healing the sick. In calling it the Emmanuel Movement they claim for it the name of Jesus, yet Dr. Worcester the founder says they attempt to cure only nervous disorders; to use his own words: "We have confined our practice to that large group of maladies which are known today as functional nervous disorders." Jesus put no such limitations upon His commission, but said, "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." We also read that He healed *all manner of sickness and all manner of disease* among the people, and when He went away He said of those who believed on Him: "*The works that I do shall he do also.*"

Go into our popular churches today and see how they have become entangled with the world. The ministers instead of preaching on the good old doctrine of repentance and faith, and the principles laid down by the Son of God, and for which the apostles lived and died, delight themselves in speaking of the progress of the age, of science and education, and in drawing lessons from the lives of great men. As one writer puts it, they are governed by what the world thinks and does, forgetting that the world "lieth in the wicked one" and that we are but strangers and pilgrims, waiting for the redemption of the body, and the coming of the Lord from heaven.

There is today a Christianity of forms and cere-

monies and shams, but the Christianity of the bible, setting forth strong doctrines and holy living, is shockingly on the decline.

James Brookes in commenting on the apostasy says:

"Powerful congregations of believers that once flourished in a large part of Asia, Africa and south-eastern Europe, many of them founded by apostolic labors and some of them tenderly addressed in inspired epistles, have long ceased to exist.

"Romanism is manifestly on the increase in Protestant countries, and although it has given way here and there in its ancient strongholds, as in Austria, Spain, Italy and France, it has not yielded to the power of the truth as it is in Jesus, but to the triumph of Rationalism, Pantheism, Materialism, Deism, and Atheism, making the last state worse than the first."

The public parks, the places of amusement and other popular resorts as well as the homes, are today filled with those who scoff at the Church, as the Apostle Peter said: "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts and saying, Where is the promise of His coming for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

Yes, they are saying that today. When we speak of the coming of Jesus even those who are Christians will answer us with the statement that ever since they were in the world they have heard of His coming, and in this way they dismiss it as of no importance. Is it not time for the "little flock" to cry out against the lethargy of a Laodicean church, and to intercede for the countless millions who are "dead in trespasses and sins"?

Thank God there is a "little flock" and one of the evidences of the "last days" is that Jesus is gathering together a people unto Himself. Today He is pouring out his Spirit in a way He has not done since the First Century.

The Latter Rain

I believe with all my heart that we are living in the period of the "latter rain," and I take this stand because today we are seeing the same manifestations of the Spirit that were witnessed in the early church upon which was poured the "early rain." In those days people were saved and healed in thousands, they spake in other tongues; they magnified the name of Jesus in languages they never knew; there were those who interpreted the unknown tongue; they prophesied, they discerned, in short they had all the various gifts of the Spirit. These then were the marks of the "early rain." Today these same manifestations are seen in thousands of instances. Not in some little corner of the earth as in the days of the Camisards in

France; not in some local place as in the days of Edward Irving, whose name I revere, whatever some may say; but today the latter rain marks are seen in well-nigh every country where Christianity is found. There are at least sixty thousand people today in all parts of the world who, within the last five years have been baptized in the Holy Spirit, and have spoken in the unknown tongue. Nearly every one of these has uttered the prophecy—Jesus is coming soon. Scandinavian, Japanese, Chinese, German, Italian, English, and well-nigh every nationality, far removed from each other, tell us in other tongues the same prophecy, JESUS IS COMING SOON.

"Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, being patient over it; until it receive the early and latter rain." James 5:7. Think of the long suffering of God, who has been waiting all through the centuries to gather an elect people unto Himself; waiting for a company to present to His Son as a Bride. The Husbandman has waited patiently for the "early" and the "latter" rain, and as the dispensation is drawing to a close, God is exercising His sovereignty, and by the power of His eternal Spirit is preparing a people who will be ready when the cry is heard, "Behold the Bridegroom! Go ye forth to meet Him!"

If we were witnessing today only one or two of these signs which I have mentioned, no deduction could be drawn, but when you have at the same time in all parts of the world, earthquakes, famines, pestilences, wars and apostasies, together with this wonderful universal prophecy, the speedy return of Jesus, it behooves us to give earnest heed, and to watch and pray.

[At this point the discourse was punctuated by a message spoken in the unknown tongue, by one in the audience, the interpretation of which is here given:

"The Lord is coming soon. Watch therefore, that ye enter not into temptation, for Satan the enemy is going about. Watch, therefore! Be careful, be very careful! Stay close to thy God. Watch and pray continually, earnestly seeking thy God. Seek ye the face of the Lord thy God. Yield thyself that He may lift thee up. Oh that thou wilt watch and pray as He hath told thee, for the Lord is coming soon. Yea He is coming soon; watch unto prayer. Yea, watch that ye enter not into temptation. Listen unto the voice of thy God for He is calling thee. He says, 'Prepare to meet thy God!' Put on thy wedding garments; put on the robe of righteousness. Clothe thyself with the Christ. Yea He would call thee into the deep things of God. 'Watch, therefore, that ye enter not into temptation. Watch, for in an hour that ye

think not, the Son of Man cometh.' Oh that men would praise Him, would watch unto prayer, and give their time wholly unto Him.]

The interpretation just given is God's way of impressing upon you the importance of what is being said.

What Does His Coming Mean?

Now what does this coming mean? Does the second coming of the Lord occur at the time of our salvation, as some would have us believe? Does His second coming occur at the time of death as others insist? It cannot be that your salvation means His second coming for at the time of salvation people do not see with their natural eye the Lord Jesus Christ. They are saved by *faith* in the Son of God, and believe on Him whom they have not seen, but at the time of His second coming the Book tells us *every eye shall see Him* and they also which pierced Him. Therefore His coming cannot mean salvation.

To show you that it cannot refer to the time of one's death let me read a few scriptures substituting the word *death* where His coming is mentioned:

"For 'death' (the Son of man) shall come in the glory of His Father." Matt. 16:27.

"Hereafter shall ye see 'death' (the Son of man) sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Matt. 26:64.

"For our citizenship is in heaven from whence also we look for 'death'." That won't do, will it? "For our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we wait for a Savior, THE LORD JESUS CHRIST." Phil. 3:20.

Hereby we see how absurd is the claim of those who say Christ's Second Coming takes place either at the time of our salvation or our natural death.

My contention is that He will come in bodily form, and that "every eye shall see Him." They will not see Him when He comes into the upper air for His saints, but they will see Him when He comes back to this earth with His saints. His coming is a bodily coming; it is a corporeal coming. My authority? Out there on the Mount of Olives the disciples, amazed at His disappearing, suddenly see two men standing by them in white apparel who say to them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? THIS SAME JESUS, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven. Acts 1:11." "This same Jesus!" Not salvation! not death; not some theory; not the advancement of civilization; not the triumph of the church until the world is saved, but *this very same Jesus that ye have seen go into heaven is coming back in like manner as ye have seen Him go.*

As I intimated a moment ago, Jesus comes for His saints into the upper air before He comes with them to the earth: "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air." I. Thes. 4:16, 17.

This scripture proves absolutely that Jesus first descends into the air for his saints, and the prophecy of Enoch as well as others, proves He afterwards comes with these saints to earth: "Behold, the Lord came with ten thousand of his holy ones, to execute judgment upon all, and to convict all the ungodly of all their works of ungodliness which they have ungodly wrought, and of all the hard things which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him." Jude 14, 15.

To the saints He is coming as the Morning Star, seen only by those who have watched for Him through the long and weary night. When He comes with "ten thousand of His saints" He will come as the Sun of Righteousness and every "eye shall see Him and they also which pierced Him."

Two Companies Meet Jesus

Two companies will meet Jesus in the air: First, the Christians that have died triumphant in the faith of Christ; second, those who are living at the time of His coming and are out and out for Him. Note the two sounds: "The voice of the archangel" which calls those who are asleep in Jesus, and the "trump of God" which calls those who are living in the blessed hope. Paul in another place brings out this same thought when he says, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the *dead* shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." I Cor. 15:51, 52.

These two classes are represented in the next two verses also: "For this corruptible (the dead) must put on incorruption, and this mortal (the living) must put on immortality."

The same apostle brings out the idea of this double company in Philippians 3:11 "If by any means I may attain unto the resurrection from the dead." Strange statement for Paul. Why even before he became a Christian he had no question as to the resurrection of the dead. He was not a Sadducee who denied the resurrection, but a Pharisee who believed in it. As it stands there one wonders why he made such a statement, but when you look into the original language, you find a wonderful thought brought out. Paul really prayed that he might attain to the *out*

resurrection (the elect resurrection) *from* among the dead. Paul knew there would be more than one resurrection. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the *first resurrection*: Over these the second death hath no power; but they shall be priests of God and of Christ and *shall reign with him a thousand years.*" Rev. 20:6. This first resurrection was the one unto which Paul was seeking to attain.

Let us sum up. What does all this mean? It means that when the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God are heard that *out from among* the millions of graves, those will be raised who died in the triumphs of a living faith, or as Daniel prophesies: "Many from among the sleepers of the dust shall awake."

These, together with the living saints shall meet in the air at the marriage supper of the Lamb, and then come back to reign with Him a thousand years. The "rest of the dead" will not be resurrected until the thousand years are finished. The grass will continue to grow over myriads of graves, whose occupants will not hear the call, for the voice of the archangel and the trump of God will be heard by those only whose ears are attuned to the celestial call. The summons to the Marriage Feast will not be heard by the unbelieving multitudes, but by those who are listening for the midnight cry: "Behold the Bridegroom! Go ye forth to meet Him!"

The Missing Ones

This cry will be heard around the world at the same time by all the waiting ones for we read, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill (morning); the one shall be taken and the other left. Then shall two men be in the field (noon) the one shall be taken and the other left. In that night there shall be two men in one bed (night) the one shall be taken and the other shall be left." Or as one writer puts it, "One shall mount up with wings as an eagle to meet the Lord in the air, and the other shall be left to the deluge of wrath that will break in successive waves of desolation over apostate Christendom."

"The children of day are summoned away:

Left are the children of night—

Sealed is their doom, for there's no more room:

Filled are the mansions of light."

Imagine for a moment the consternation and despair that will fill those who are "*left*" as they search for the missing ones.

The husband will look in vain for his patient wife whose days of weeping and agonizing for his soul are over; the wayward child will not be able to find his parents to whose admonitions and pleadings he turned

a deaf ear. The mistress who often felt uncomfortable in the presence of her faithful servant, because of her piety, will make a fruitless search for her on that momentous day. The popular minister who found it of more interest to preach about the busy age in which we live than warn people of an impending doom, will find his janitor, perhaps, and some of his people among the missing ones.

The newspapers will be filled, for a day or two, with conjectures and jests at the absence of the saints from the earth, and while many will be stunned for awhile, yet it will not be long until, with greater recklessness than ever, the great mass of people will throw themselves into the whirlpool of excitement and pleasure, and rejoice, perhaps, that those who exercised a restraining influence upon them have disappeared.

Scenes in the Upper Air

What takes place in the upper air as these two companies are called to meet Jesus? Let that wonderful book of Revelation answer: "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Hallelujah: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him: for *the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready.* And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints. And He said unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." Rev. 19:6-9.

You today are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb, but it depends entirely upon you as to whether you will be there or not. I believe the Bride of Christ will be composed of those who, in all the centuries, have sought for the fullness of God, and who because of the word of their testimony have "suffered with Him," for "if we suffer with Him," the promise is, "we shall also reign with Him."

The true church will be married to Christ in the upper air, and there I think, the rewards will be given out. Here will be heard: "Well done, thou good servant: because thou wast found faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." "Ten cities" means *ten cities*. The time is coming when you will not elect your mayors and your governors, and when a ruler will not sit upon a throne because he happens to be the first born in a royal family. Nay, verily, but when He comes back, who is now overturning and overturning, whose right it is, He will appoint His own rulers, and sin and iniquity will be put down.

While the church is in the upper air the awful period

of desolation will take place on this earth which the scriptures call the Great Tribulation. No man can begin to describe the reign of terror that will then sweep the world. "And there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation." Dan. 12:1.

Tribulation on the Earth

This tribulation period is the *night of the world* "all joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone." What an awful place this earth will be when its godly people are all gone! The lowering clouds will burst with fury, and terror will reign from sea to sea. The siege of Jerusalem when women ate their own children, is but a faint type of what those awful days will be.

During that time Antichrist will reign, who is also called "the lawless one" and the "son of perdition." Just as Jesus Christ was the express image of the Father, so Antichrist will be the express image of Satan. The world's wickedness will head up in this one monstrous character who will sit in the very temple of God, proclaiming himself God, and thousands will worship him. "And then shall be revealed the lawless one, whom the Lord Jesus shall slay with the breath of His mouth, and bring to nought by the manifestation of His coming; even he whose coming is according to the working of Satan with all powers and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceit of unrighteousness for them that perish." II. Thes. 2:8, 9.

No one will be allowed to engage in mercantile pursuits without his permission, for it is said "No man should be able to buy or sell, save he that hath the mark, even the name of the beast or the number of his name." Rev. 13:17. Those who will not thus recognize him will be put to death.

Blackstone says: "The Antichrist, who is on all sides confessed to be pre-millennial, is to be destroyed with the brightness of His (Christ's) coming, or more literally the epiphany (appearing) of His own presence. This fixes the coming of Christ to be premillennial."

Jesus will come to the earth "with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power; when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

A graphic pen picture of men's consternation when the Lord returns is given in the sixth chapter of Revelation: "And the kings of the earth, and the princes, and the chief captains, and the rich, and the strong,

and every bondman and freeman, hid themselves in the caves and in the rocks of the mountains; and they say to the mountains and to the rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of their wrath is come; and who is able to stand."

We cannot begin to realize what it means, this tribulation, but I say to you, that if you will go into those troublous times, it will be with these words ringing in your ears. I warn you and tell you that there is a place of safety. Get ready to meet the King! "Be ye also ready, for in an hour that ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Jesus and His Bride Return

This awful tribulation period is ended by Christ and His bride returning to earth to begin the millennial reign.

When Moses received the law on Mount Sinai, so great was divine majesty, the mountains smoked, the lightnings flashed and the thunders rolled. When the Son of God was crucified on Calvary, again nature lent herself to the great event, and when He comes back, not only are the redeemed to participate, but even nature is to respond, for in that day His feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives, and the mountain shall cleave in two. "And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south." Zech. 14:4.

The very places that witnessed what the world called His defeat are to be the scenes of His triumph. The soil that drank up the blood of the Son of God and of the saints and martyrs, will be the scene of glorious victories. The streets of Jerusalem which rang with the cry "Crucify Him" will echo and re-echo with the glad hallelujahs and songs of the redeemed. The land that was covered with darkness when He cried "It is finished" will glow with an ineffable light, for the "glory of the Lord will lighten it, and the Lamb will be the light thereof."

He is coming! Not as the "Man of Sorrows," not as the carpenter of Nazareth, not in a human body to be scourged and jeered and crucified, but as King of kings and Lord of lords, and He will mightily triumph over every foe in a glorified body.

"And He shall reign forever and ever!
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power
Be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne!
And unto the Lamb forever and ever!"
Amen and Amen!

I Will Be Within Thee a Well of Water

Filled with the Spirit and with Joy Unspeakable

Miss Bernice C. Lee



YE hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit. I Cor. 2:9, 10.

"No voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy dear Name,
Oh Savior of mankind!"

After two years of the blessed Pentecostal life, during which time God has continued to flood my being with His precious presence, I find that my heart is still singing the grand old theme, the sweetest note of which is Jesus!

Many times for months has it been my desire and intention to write my testimony regarding the blessed experience of receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit, but it seemed that God's time had not come. Now I feel that He would have me send it forth, and so with "joy unspeakable and full of glory" I desire to tell what He has done for me.

About two years ago my heart began yearning for a deeper experience in the Christ life, for more of His power, love and praise; in short, for more of God. The yearning finally burst forth in the cry of the Psalmist, "As panteth the heart after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, oh God!" I began seeking Him in all earnestness, and daily and hourly the longing to know Him in all His fulness, increased. Praise the Lord, He never implants within us that crying out for more of Him, that hungering and thirsting after righteousness unless He intends to satisfy.

Strange it was that while seeking His face I found myself losing the Spirit of praise, and oh such a dryness came over me. I could not understand it, and prayed and asked others to unite with me, that the songs of joy might again well up in my heart. I have learned since what I failed to understand then, that the Evil One who knew his time was short, was doing his best to destroy the joy of the Lord in my life. But Hallelujah, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning!" And so after I had continued waiting before Him for many days He came to me in the stillness and calm of the twilight hour,

with such a flood of emotion that for an hour or more I sat with bowed head and wept. It seemed that as the tears flowed my own self was all emptying out—the poor little earthen vessel was taken into the hands of the Great Potter and formed anew! And oh, as He again shaped the vessel and made it clean and empty for Himself, He began to pour into it such a flood of peace, wonderful peace! Oh the glad shouts and songs that went up from a very full heart, just recently so void of melody. How I sang praises unto Him, just like a happy child. My joy knew no bounds and for a time great victory was mine. But alas, in the ecstasy of my joy I began looking at my experience rather than at my Lord, and immediately, like Peter, I began to sink. I could not understand and for two weeks I was left to grope about in utter darkness.

But glory to His Name, He is *watching* and *working* when we do not see Him, and so one day He said, "It is enough," and again in the hush of the twilight hour, He let me see the glory of His countenance, and opening wide His precious arms He bade me enter. All the praise, the glory, the unspeakable joy again flooded my being. This time He had put within me a *well of praises*, all glory to His dear Name!

That glorious evening I shall never forget! Praise flowed from my lips for hours, and finally at about eleven o'clock He took my tongue and began speaking through me in a foreign language. Words can never describe the glory of being possessed by the Holy Spirit, and having Him speak the praises of Jesus in an unknown tongue!

Is this all? Ah it is only the merest beginning; the first glimpse into the Glory as the great, beautiful door of Pentecost swings open! My life since that time has been one of sweet communion with Jesus, glorious victory in time of trial, and unspeakable delight in my Lord. As day after day and week after week has slipped by, the longing in my heart to keep close to Jesus has grown, and I find it is only by constantly seeking His face that victory is mine.

In these days when I look at the failures about me, I long to go deeper into the cleft of the rock and there to keep hidden away with Him that He may reveal His will to me.

Since the first burst of joy which He so graciously gave, and in which I revelled like a happy child, He

has taught me the sweetness of *being still*. How I praise Him for His tenderness in leading me on! Many are the lessons He has taught and is teaching me, and this one of being silent before Him is truly most precious.

Praise God for victory in the hard places! Many times has the enemy tried and tempted me, but always I have been able to flee to Him who is a "very present help in trouble." Often the evil one would have us become discouraged and falter and faint by the way, but the loving voice of God is heard in these times saying to us: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee!"

And so, whether in the overflowing joy, in the deep and precious silence, or in the time of temptation, I am learning more and more to look to Him who is

able to keep from falling. I desire to be more wholly abandoned to Him that He may work out all His plans and purposes in my life, and I marvel often that He has deigned to come into this temple and so sweetly reveal Himself.

It is a precious privilege to be in the whitened harvest field for Him, and the past two years have brought experiences and blessings for which I shall always praise Him, but oh how I long to please my Father who seeth in secret, rather than to have the praise of men. The earnest desire of my life is that I "may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that I may be filled with all the fulness of God."

Some New Things about the Body of Christ

Helpful Lessons given by the Spirit

A Talk by Mrs. Elma Jaques, Chicago



LAST week God gave me a lesson on the Church, the body of Christ, and called my attention to two scriptures. The first is in the fourth chapter of Ephesians, beginning at the first verse:

"I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called,

"With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love;

"Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

The second scripture is in the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians, beginning at the twelfth verse:

"For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ.

"For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.

"For the body is not one member, but many.

"If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

"And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

"If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?

"But now hath God set the members everyone of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him."

I saw before me Aaron the high priest being anointed and God said that was typical of Jesus and His Church; that as Aaron was anointed on the *head*, and the oil ran down *over his body*, so God anointed Christ by the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit should flow down from the Head over His spiritual body—the Church.

Then I saw the Church of Christ as represented by the human body, a spiritual significance attaching to each organ of the human body. The body of Christ was made up of three parts similar to the human being; spirit, soul and body. Some Christians live in the deep, spiritual part, the life of Christ, the Head, flowing into and through them *by faith*.

Others in His church live in the psychical, the soul-life. The Lord made it plain to me that "*demonstrations and manifestations*" were in the soul-life, the psychical nature, and they who live in and depend upon these things are living in the soul-life, and that not through the soul-life comes the life of Jesus, but through the spiritual, by faith. He said some baptized in the Holy Spirit were living in the psychical. What a wonderful thing that in order to live in the spiritual life, we must live *by faith in the Son of God*, and not by feeling.

Other members of His body live in the *flesh*, which is the *carnal* mind. Here you will find the worldly Christian, and they who bear malice or envy; the person who is selfish or sensual belongs to the fleshly or physical part of the body of Christ. May God deliver us from living either in the flesh or

the soul, but may we dwell deep in the spiritual part of the body.

God showed me that the *Eyes* of the body are the ministers of the Gospel who proclaim the truth of God, and if the light in them is darkness how great is that darkness. If the light does not shine through the eye, the minister, how dark it is for the people associated with him! "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." It seemed to me I saw the blind hands and blind feet falling into the ditch in many places because the eye was dark. How true that in many churches the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is not coming through the eye! The eye must be single, having only one purpose—the glory of God.

The *Ears* represent those who hear the Word gladly and deliver the messages of the Gospel.

The *Smelling* is those who give their bodies an offering unto God, "a sweet-smelling savor" unto Him. In this connection this scripture came to me, "present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

The *Sinews* are the cords of *sympathy* and *strength* which bind the body together.

He told me some of the members are *Bones*; these are the *strong* members. The weaker members cling to the bones just as the flesh does in the human body.

The *Hands* are the *active* members of the body, and the *Feet* the burden-bearers.

The *Nails*—there are people in the body of Christ who are as nails. They are set on the body, grow from the body, and draw life from the body, but the Father, who is the Husbandman, has to *trim them down* or they get into trouble. They grow faster than any other part of the body, and require much trimming.

God brought to my mind these three graces, *Faith*, *Hope* and *Love*, and said, the *Heart* of the body represents the love of Jesus. The heart fills and thrills the whole being by acting and reacting on the mind. When the love of Jesus fills us, our minds will be transformed and renewed.

The *Arteries* of the body are the *channels of faith*, and the life of Jesus, which is the *blood*, flows through the arteries touching and making alive every part of the body. All life and power come through the avenues of faith.

I said to Him, "Father, how about *Hope*?" and He showed me hope is our countenance, and gave me this passage of scripture: "Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." If you have a bright

shining countenance it brings hope wherever you go. What a beautiful thing to carry hope into the dark spots of earth!

Then He said the *Cuticle* or *skin* is the *robe of righteousness*, and that it must cover the whole body. If it does not cover every member there will be a sore-spot. Many members of the body have sore-spots; they let sin mar their lives, and the robe of righteousness will not cover sin; only the blood of Jesus can do that.

The *Brain* represents the mind of Christ. "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus."

The *Prayers* of God's children are the *nerves* of His body. They belong to the spiritual portion, and telegraph to the Head everything that happens in the body. The answer comes back freighted with life from God. *Intercession* is the *nerve* that lies closest to the brain, yea even the optic nerve behind the eye, and enters right into the mind of Christ. If the body is in perfect unison there is nothing that ties up the viens, and the life from God flows through without any hindrance.

We cannot have the body work in perfect unison unless we get in touch with Christ, the living Head, and let Him rule and reign in every part of His body. He says there are many sick among us because we do not recognize the *unity of the body of Christ*. Let us every one get into our proper place in the body. You cannot do the part that God gives me, nor can I the work He gives you. Each member is necessary and has his function to perform. "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you."

The *Joints*, where one line of Christian life or activity hinges upon another, must be oiled by the Holy Spirit. It is here Satan sifts in the sand and dirt of envy, malice and hypocrisy, which prevent the body from working smoothly.

I was also shown that the body is like a temple, wherein every stone must be *fitly joined together*. If there are any cracks Satan will sift in sand and dust. We must be a temple of lively stones compactly cemented together by love.

I saw how by criticizing one another we tie a string around these wonderful arteries of faith and prevent the life from flowing to some other member. He showed me a delicate flower growing by the way-side and that if I placed a block or a stone by it, I would shut off the sunlight from the flower and it would die. Indeed I saw the flower die right before my face. Just so with criticism. It kills. It doesn't hinder the light from shining, but shuts away

the light from the weak member. It was very clear to me that we had no right to *stand in the light of somebody else*.

We often say, "I do not understand some people," when they are down in the shadows and something has come up that has marred their blessing. Perhaps they are in a testing time, for that comes to all. We cannot see what they are passing through, and we talk about it to somebody else. Ah, at such times we should be a "nerve" and tell the Head about the member that needs help. The Lord brought to my mind one who at that very time was going through a deep trial, and led me to pray for her. *We cannot talk about each other if we would be in the spiritual part of His body. Criticism belongs to the flesh.*

Like magnets we should be so filled with the power of God that we attract to the spiritual part of Christ's body the members who are living in the flesh. How wonderful that we may so live as to be "arteries" in the body of Christ!

God showed me that we were to walk *worthy* of the *vocation* wherewith He hath called us, that means to be in the spiritual part of the body, for only such will be worthy to escape the tribulation which is coming; worthy to be caught away with Christ as part of His body. He wants the body to be in such unison that should the day come when a disaster like the recent one in Italy would threaten us, and the

Head should warn the body, every member would move out as *one*, just as the Christians did at the destruction of Jerusalem.

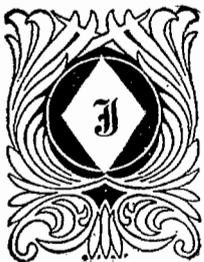
God made it clear to me that we were to watch and pray, or communication with the Head might be cut off, and that criticism more than anything else shuts off our fellowship with Him, and mars the unity of the body. We do not know the trials of the one whom we criticize. Will it pay to say the unkind word, to do the unkind act, and thus shut ourselves off from communication with Jesus when the evil day comes? We cannot live in fellowship with our Father and with Jesus unless we are clothed upon with the robe of righteousness. If we are separated from the Head we will not hear any warning God may give us concerning an approaching calamity. You cannot separate the church from Jesus, the Head, without disaster any more than a man can have his head cut off and live. What a sad thing it would be when we stand before the Judge to hear we had shut out the light from anyone's life!

God wants us to be so in union with Himself that the Gospel of Jesus Christ shall go forth in a stream of light, and that we may be worthy to escape the tribulation that is coming upon man, and may be able to stand before the King in His beauty, crowned with immortal life, a member of the *spiritual* part of His body.



A Search for the Blood of the Atonement

A Sermonette to Judah



IN the spring of 1898 I was holding some Gospel meetings in San Francisco, and on several occasions was able to address the Jews attending a "Mission to Israel." One evening the meeting was thrown open for discussion with any Hebrew who desired to ask questions, or for anyone who had been brought to Christ to relate his experience.

One old gentleman said: "This is Passover week among you, my Jewish brethren, and as I sat here I was thinking how you will be observing it. You will have to put away all leaven from your houses; you will eat the matsah—unleavened wafers—and the roasted lamb. You will attend the synagogue and carry out the ritual and directions of the

Talmud; but you forget, my brethren, that you have everything, but that which Jehovah required first of all. He did not say, 'When I see the leaven put away, or when I see you eat the matsah or the lamb or go to the synagogue'; but his word was, 'When I see the BLOOD I will pass over you.' Ah, my brethren, you cannot substitute anything for this. You must have blood, BLOOD, BLOOD."

As he reiterated this word with ever-increasing emphasis, his black eyes flashed warningly, and his Jewish hearers quailed before him. "Blood!" It is an awful word, for one who reveres the ancient oracles, and yet has no sacrifice. Turn where he will in the Book, the blood meets him; but let him seek where he may, he cannot find it in the Judaism of the present.

After a moment's pause, the old man went on

somewhat as follows: "I was born in Palestine, nearly seventy years ago. As a child I was taught to read the law, the Psalms and the prophets. I attended the synagogue and learned Hebrew from the rabbis. At first I believed what I was told, that ours was the true and only religion, but as I grew older and studied the law more intently, I was struck by the place the blood had in all the ceremonies outlined there, and equally struck by its utter absence in the ritual to which I was brought up. Again and again I read Exodus 12 and Leviticus 16 and 17, and the latter chapters especially made me tremble, as I thought of the great day of atonement and the place the blood had there. Day and night one verse would ring in my ears: 'It is the BLOOD that maketh an atonement for the soul.' I knew I had broken the law. I NEEDED ATONEMENT. Year after year, on that day, I beat my breast as I confessed my need of it; but it was to be made by blood, and there WAS NO BLOOD!

In my distress I at last opened my heart to a learned and venerable rabbi. He told me that God was angry with His people. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Gentiles, the temple was destroyed, and a Mohammedan mosque was reared up in its place. The only spot on this earth where we dare shed the blood of sacrifice, in accordance with Deuteronomy 12 and Leviticus 17, was desecrated and our nation scattered. That was WHY there was no blood. God had himself closed the way to carry out the solemn service of the great day of atonement. Now we must turn to the Talmud, and rest on its instructions, and trust in the mercy of God and the merits of the fathers.

I tried to be satisfied, but could not. Something

seemed to say that the law was unaltered, even though our temple was destroyed. Nothing else but blood could atone for the soul. We dare not shed blood for atonement elsewhere than in the place the Lord had chosen. Then we were left without an atonement at all. The thought filled me with horror. In my distress I consulted many other rabbis. I had but one great question—"WHERE CAN I FIND THE BLOOD OF ATONEMENT?" I was over thirty years of age when I left Palestine and came to Constantinople, with my still unanswered question ever before my mind, and my soul exceedingly troubled about my sins. One night I was walking down one of the narrow streets of that city, when I saw a sign telling of a meeting for Jews. Curiosity led me to open the door and go in. Just as I took a seat I heard a man say: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." It was my first introduction to Christianity, but I listened breathlessly as the speaker told how God had declared that "Without shedding of blood is no remission," but that He had given His only begotten Son, the Lamb of God, to die, and all who trusted in His blood were forgiven all their iniquities. This was the Messiah of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; this was the Sufferer of Psalm 22. Ah, my brethren, I had found the blood atonement at last. I trusted it, and now I love to read the New Testament and see how all the shadows of the law are fulfilled in Jesus. His blood has been shed for sinners. It has satisfied God, and it is the only means of salvation for either Jew or Gentile."

Reader, HAVE YOU YET FOUND THE BLOOD OF ATONEMENT? Are you trusting in God's smitten Lamb?—L. & K., Harrisburg, Pa.



Conventions and Campmeetings

Chicago, Illinois, May 13 to 23.

Sunderland, England, June 1 to 4.

Stouffville, Ontario, June 10 to 20.

Alliance, Ohio, June 17 to 27.

