

*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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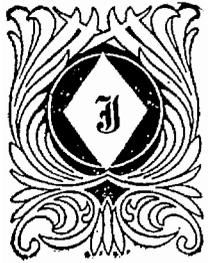
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**An International Monthly Magazine**

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

## A Worker's Dream

A Lesson in Spiritual Chemistry.



IF ANY MAN'S WORK ABIDE, WHICH HE HATH BUILT THEREUPON, HE SHALL RECEIVE A REWARD.

IF ANY MAN'S WORK SHALL BE BURNED, HE SHALL SUFFER LOSS; BUT HE HIMSELF SHALL BE SAVED, YET SO AS BY FIRE."

—1 Cor. 3, 10-15.

I sat down in an arm chair, wearied with my work. My toil had been severe and protracted. Many were seeking Christ, and many had found Him. As for myself I was joyous in my work. My brethren were united; my sermons and exhortations were evidently telling on my hearers and my church was crowded.

Tired with my work, I soon lost myself in a sort of half-forgotten state.

Suddenly a stranger entered the room, without any preliminary "tap" or "come in." He carried about his person measures, chemical agents, and implements, which gave him a very strange appearance.

The stranger came toward me, and, extending his hand, said:

"How is your zeal?"

I supposed that the query was to be for my health, but was pleased to hear his final word, for I was quite well pleased with my zeal, and doubted not the stranger would smile when he should know its proportions.

Instantly, I conceived of it as *physical quantity* and putting my hand to my bosom, brought it forth and presented it to him for inspection.

He took it, and placing it in his scale, weighed it carefully. I heard him say,

"One hundred pounds."

I could scarce express an audible note of satisfaction; but I caught his earnest look as he noted down the weight; and I saw at once that he had drawn no final conclusion, but was intent on pushing his investigation. He broke the mass to atoms, put it into his crucible, and put the crucible into the fire. When the mass was fused, he took it out and set it to cool. It congealed in cooling, and when turned out on the hearth exhibited a series of layers or strata, which all, at the touch of the hammer, fell apart, and were severally

tested and weighed, the stranger making minute notes as the process went on. When he had finished he presented the notes to me, and he gave me a look of mingled sorrow and compassion, as without a word, except, "May God save you!" he left the room.

The "notes" read as follows:

### ANALYSIS OF THE ZEAL OF JUNIUS.

A Candidate for a Crown of Glory.

TOTAL WEIGHT OF ZEAL, 100 LBS.

Chemical analysis shows:

Bigotry . . . . .	11	Parts		
Personal Ambition . . . . .	22	"	}	100
Love of Praise . . . . .	19	"		Wood, Hay and
Pride of Denomination . . . . .	15	"		Stubble,
Pride of Talent . . . . .	14	"		1 Cor. 3. 10-16
Love of Authority . . . . .	12	"		
Love of God . . . . .	4	"	}	PURE ZEAL.
Love to Man . . . . .	3	"		

I had become troubled at the peculiar manner of the stranger, and especially at his parting look; but when I looked at the figures, *my heart sank like lead*.

I made a mental effort to dispute the correctness of the record. But I was startled into a more honest mood by an audible sigh from the stranger, who had paused in the hall. I cried out, "Lord, save me!" and knelt at my chair, with the paper in my hand, my eyes fixed upon it. At once it became a mirror, and I saw my heart reflected in it. *The record was true*. I saw it! I felt it! I confessed it! I deplored it! and besought God to SAVE ME FROM MYSELF, with many tears. With a loud cry of anguish I awoke.

I had once prayed to be saved from hell, but prayer to be saved from *myself* now was immeasurably more fervent; nor did I rest or pause till the refining fire came down and went through my heart, searching, probing, melting, burning, filling all its chambers with light, and hallowing *my whole heart to God*.

When the toils of my pilgrimage shall be at an end, I shall kneel in heaven, at the feet of the Alchemist and bless Him for the *revelation of that day*.



Have you a rich experience with God?  
Write it for His glory and send it to the Evangel.

## The Expediency of Christ's Ascension

### How Could His Departure Result in Greater Blessing to His Disciples?

A Talk by W. H. Piper, Chicago, February 12, 1909.



EVERTHELESS I tell you the truth. It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you."

I notice the margin has several different words for Comforter—Advocate, Helper and Paraclete.

The Holy Spirit is more than Comforter; He is also Convicter. We are told that His first work is to convict of sin, a process that is not comforting.

It is especially about the expediency of His going away that I speak tonight. The plan of God is very interesting. Both the Son and the Holy Spirit were in the world in former dispensations, but only in a secondary sense. In the ancient dispensations the Son and the Holy Spirit were *with them* and *upon them* but the word does not tell us He was *in* them.

When the time was fulfilled, the Son was incarnated and born of a virgin; took upon Him the form of man, and we speak of this as His birth. All this is somewhat commonplace because familiar to us all, but do we realize that another incarnation occurred not very many years after the incarnation of Jesus?

Just before He was crucified, and again before He ascended, He promised to send them another Comforter, His Other Self, who should not only be *with* them, but *in* them.

They gathered in an upper room in Jerusalem, day after day, singing, praising, worshiping, and when God's clock struck the hour this Holy Spirit, the "promise of the Father" came, and not simply *upon* them, but *into* them, and for the first time in the history of fallen humanity, God became incarnate in men and women, for while in the old dispensation men spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, He had not come to abide *in* them.

The incarnation of the Son is no more a reality than the incarnation of the Holy Spirit, and as heaven has been the abode of the Son for the last nineteen hundred years, just so has the church on earth been the abiding place of the Holy Spirit during the same time. The Holy Spirit became incarnate on the day of Pentecost; the Son of God became incarnate when conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary. "CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY!" Past understanding! Past comprehension, but, thanks

be unto God, *not past realization*, for the heart can realize a multitude of things the *mind cannot explain*.

Jesus uttered a strange thing to His disciples when He said, "It is a good thing for you that I go away." They could not understand that. You could not have understood it either, and I tell you frankly I never understood it until this evening. I think God has been showing me something about it. What? Expedient for them that He should leave them? Incredible! How could it be? They were with Him on the tempestuous lake, on the mountain-side, and in the death chamber; with Him when He healed the sick, when He raised the dead, and when He fed the multitude. Is it possible that something better than this can occur in the lives of those men? Is it possible that something better could come to them than to be in daily association with the Son of God? to look into His face, to hear His voice, to feel His touch? Ah, yes, I speak it sacredly, but I believe I speak the truth of God, there was something better than that for them and they realized it on the day of pentecost. There is something better than Jesus Christ living along side of you, and that's JESUS CHRIST LIVING IN YOU.

I speak sacredly and carefully. When Jesus was here on earth He was subject to geographic limitations. He could be in only one place at a time. When He was in Jerusalem He was not in Bethany, and when He was in Capernaum He was not in Bethlehem. How I thank God that tonight He is in Jerusalem and in Chicago, in London and in Hongkong; in your heart and in mine. We can realize His presence and power today in a way we never could have done, if He had remained in the flesh. No more limitations! No longer bound by the laws of gravitation. "Yes, it is expedient for you that I go away, because only one or two of you can lean upon My bosom now, but when I have gone away and the Comforter has come, then the whole world may lean on My bosom." I am understanding it tonight. "It is expedient for you that I go away, because after I have gone away and My humanity is swallowed up in Glory, and I have received back from my Father the glory that I had with Him before the foundation of the world, and which I voluntarily laid aside, then I am going to send you the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, who will not incarnate Himself in one human form as I have done, but will *take up His abode in every human being*

that will surrender to Him, and then you will know what I mean when I tell you that it is expedient for you that I go away."

When Jesus was with them, of course, their hearts burned as He opened to them the scriptures, for never man spoke as He spoke; of course, they were lifted toward God as they heard the wonderful words and saw the mighty deeds He did, but I tell you that on the day of Pentecost they no longer thought of the Christ who had been subject to the limitations of mankind, but having gone to the Father in heaven and gotten back His glory, He shed forth into them something of the glory which He Himself was then enjoying. This they never could have had but for that further unfolding of the plan of God, when He no longer dwelt with them, but in them. He shared with them His glory. True, they all felt in a measure, the sway of His life, the rhythm of His soul and the strength of His character, but that day the one hundred and twenty in the upper room, felt Jesus dwelling in them, and He came to abide forever. Henceforth, He would be with them in their going out, and in their coming in, actuating and controlling their lives. This is God's greatest mystery that GOD THE ALMIGHTY CAN DWELL INSIDE A HUMAN BEING. The little girl's definition was right when she said, "God is so big He fills the universe, and yet so small that He lives in my heart."

"It is expedient for you that I go away." Suppose He hadn't gone! What would you have known about Him today? Suppose He had stayed just as He was then! Pilgrimages in tens of thousands would be made to the Holy Land that the people might see Him; multitudes of people would be deprived of the privilege of going because they could not raise the necessary funds. It is expedient for you and me that He went away, because now we can see Him without making a journey to Palestine. We can see Him in this place; we can realize His presence in the street car; we can feel His life pulsating in our lives. Praise His Holy Name! MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES, AND GLORY OF GLORIES!

I am so glad Jesus went away, for living in America I never would have understood Him. All kinds of

books would have been written, all kinds of statements circulated about Him, and the truth would have been impossible to obtain. But now I know Him, by the power of the Holy Spirit, who has come in to reveal Him, according to His promise: "He shall take the things of mine and show them unto you."

When He was here on earth only three cases were healed when He was absent. How many today have been healed through faith in Jesus, and by the power of His Spirit? Tens of thousands! Ordinarily, to have been healed you would have had to go to Him, but how could the sick of America reach Jesus in Palestine. Long before Marconi was born, God's mind conceived a wireless telegraph. Today we do not have to go to Palestine to find Him, but by faith we may send a wireless message to God our Father, whether we live in Jerusalem, in Rome, in Shanghai, in New York or in Chicago, and the answer comes bringing healing for the sick. Yes, it is expedient for us too, far more expedient for us that He went away, than for those twelve disciples. They were the inner circle; they were with Him during His entire ministry, but I am so glad that we are not cut off, that He ascended to our Father, and that ever since the day of Pentecost He has shed forth His other self, who makes Jesus far more real to us than if He had remained.

The power, the joy, the reality and the glory of Jesus that one realizes when the Holy Spirit comes into him at the time of baptism were impossible, but for the fact that at that time Jesus, not in His humiliation, but Jesus in His glory is revealed to us. Expedient for us that He should go away, because thus every believer may have Him not only *with* him, but *in* him. The "well of water" is within, springing up. The glory of the glorified Christ fills and thrills your whole being, spirit, soul and body. I thank Him for coming! I praise Him for going! I magnify Him for the unspeakable joy of His indwelling presence, for the Comforter has come and does reveal Jesus. It is expedient for us that He went away, that the power and glory of the risen and ascended Lord should be revealed in us.



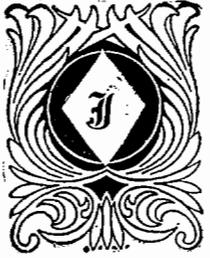
**T**HEREFORE the Holy Ghost on this day—Pentecost—descended into the temple of His apostles, which He had prepared for Himself, as a shower of sanctification, appearing no more as a transient visitor, but as a perpetual comforter and as

an eternal inhabitant. He came therefore on this day to His disciples, no longer by the grace of visitation and operation, but by the very presence of His majesty."—*Augustine*.

## Conversations with Christ

### The Solution of all our Troubles

Edward Clifford.



IF I were asked what is the thing which the devil, the world, and the flesh try hardest to prevent Christians from getting, I should reply, Conversations with Christ. I say this from my own experience, and from observation of all the Christians I have ever known. A quiet, unhurried speaking to Jesus alone and hearing His replies—this is what every Christian needs every day, and what many get only once a month, or more seldom still, or never.

#### WHEN DID YOU THUS TALK WITH CHRIST?

Stop, and answer this question to yourself before you read on.

It is so easy to go to services, listen to prayers, and even to join in them. It is so easy to sing to Him, or to pray to Him with others, or to think that we are doing so because we feel refreshed and helped by it. But what if it should turn out that it was a mistake of ours to imagine that we were actually conversing personally with Him at those times; and that we were really only talking or singing for other people and ourselves to hear! I tremble for people who only pray in churches, or with other Christians present. Communion services are very blessed helps and means of grace, but they are not necessarily conversations with Christ; nor is preaching, or teaching, or working for Him. You may be a most religious person—busy all day long about God's matters; you may give time and money and thought to Him, and yet you may never converse with Him. And the danger is that if you do not converse alone with Him each day, you will certainly get thoroughly wrong altogether, and that when you and He meet you will see all your work crumble away and yourself left naked—suddenly awake to the fact that you and your Saviour are strangers to each other. It will be a horrible surprise to you that nothing should

remain of all the work on which you spent your life—the solemn words, "Without Me ye can do nothing," having been forgotten by you.

He meant that you should have talked to Him continually about everything you did, and everything you cared about; and should have been always conscious of His sympathy and oversight and working. But, instead of that, you talked only to men and women, and made shift with their sympathy and advice and help. He meant you to have asked His counsel about that money trouble. He would have arranged it all; but you only asked your lawyer, and it turned out badly. He meant you to have told Him your anxieties about your son, and he would have ended them; but you only consulted your friend, and matters got worse and worse. He meant you to have asked Him for light about that doctrine which you could not understand; but you went to books to get it explained, and you became more uncertain than before. He would have satisfied you. He meant you to have confessed to Him that secret sin, and He would have forgiven you and cleansed you; but you failed to do it, and it torments you to this hour. He meant you to have committed to him that painful illness, and He would have been your Physician; but you trusted your doctor only, and got no relief. He meant you to have asked Him how much money you were to give away; but you settled that yourself, and settled it wrong. He would have been your Counsellor about the profession you chose, the situation you accepted, the servant you engaged, the books you read, the friendships you formed; but you chose other counsellors, or did after your own choosing, and all has been failure.

May the Holy Spirit strike the scales from your eyes now, and may you arise from your enchantment and take Christ now as your personal Friend and Counsellor!



Many are being greatly blessed by the Lord through the Evangel.

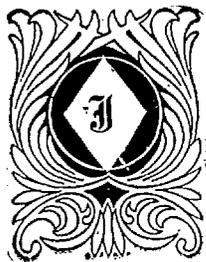
Are you helping to get it before the people?



## The Holy Ghost and Fire

### Some Inspiring Experiences

Miss E. Sisson, New London, Conn.



HAVE been asked to write out my experience on the "fire" line, and I do so to the glory of God.

I was converted when twenty years of age, in 1863, in New London, Conn., U. S. A., and joined the Second Congregational Church. It was a powerful conversion. God then gave me the full assurance of faith that I was born of the Spirit, an assurance undisturbed by doubts in all these thirty-four years' walk with God, save a few hours of a wandering mind in a fit of illness.

I had been converted but a few weeks when my attention was called to the *keeping* power of God through Jesus made of God unto us sanctification. I sought and obtained this wondrous experience. My mouth was full of laughter and singing. I could not say too much of the completeness I found in Jesus my Saviour. In Him I was as free as a bird. I lacked nothing. I seemed to soar a thousand miles above all I knew to be sin. He made it constant victory. But how long! Soon I heard the whispers among Christian people, "She thinks she is holier than we." I was despised for what was considered self-righteousness. Satan suggested, "Live it; say nothing about it." Thus I tried to save my reputation. I became silent, and soon lost the light God had so gloriously kindled in my soul.

Seven years later, on the eve of going to India as a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., I felt I must know again the mighty keeping power of God's sanctifying grace at any cost. In those last days of packing and preparation for my journey, God sent to our town Rev W. S. and Mrs. Boardman and Miss Drake, to hold what was in those days (1871) a novelty—a holiness convention. He graciously permitted me to attend, and after a public confession to my fellow townspeople of my previous victorious experience, and loss of it through base desire to preserve my reputation God most tenderly met me again, baptising me with His Spirit, and taking me into closest relationship with Himself. Oh, how He manifested Himself to me, on shipboard and in the lonely land of strangers and heathen homes!

The time passed on in busy work for the Master in India, and afterwards in Great Britain in a *house of*

*the Lord's healing* (Bethshan, London). For God had healed of incurable disease my body, and let me know the joy of the Holy Ghost life in it, and the joy of thus recommending Him to others.

In 1887 He brought me to America and into service in the city of Chicago. In writing, teaching, and meditating on the Holy Ghost life, I often wondered what was meant by "the fire," in John the Baptist's words—"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and *with fire.*"

Bless God for His infinite condescension and grace. I was destined to know. In my case, however, there was to be a great EMPTYING BEFORE THE FILLING.

In connection with the Lord's work in our hands we had an annual convention, called in 1889, in the month of June, at Western Springs. For months previous to this gathering I had been possessed with an all-devouring hunger for more of God. I knew not what I was after, for I had passed all the definite mile-stones set up in my theories of the pathway into God. He was my Saviour in fullest assurance of faith. He was my Sanctification in daily experiences of life for service. I walked in the power of the Holy Ghost. I was in unbroken communion with Him, walking in His undimmed presence, up to the highest notch of all the grace He had ever revealed to me, and yet there was a wordless groan in my soul after God that it seemed could not intensify were I a lost soul just sinking into hell. It was a very interior though all-devouring hunger. *I was never so still in my life.*

In one of the first calls at the convention, to Christians seeking sanctification to come to the altar, at the risk of being misunderstood, because prominently before the people as one of the callers of the convention and one of the leaders and teachers on these very lines, I rushed forward, saying, "*There is more of God for me, and I must have it.*"

I found, as they followed suit, that I had voiced the need of many another worker and teacher. It was a wonderful service to my soul. I DISTINCTLY FELT—I. E., KNEW—THAT IN THAT ACT OF OBEDIENCE SOMETHING GAVE WAY IN MY SPIRIT BEFORE GOD AS NEVER BEFORE. I could not tell what He had done for me, but I realized a luxury of abandonment to Him that was new. Still He was leading the blind by a way she knew not. He had a test prepared for

me that would launch me far out and enable me to cut away shore lines.

Among the large body of Christian workers that filled our platform that day was a young lady, secretary to a prominent writer. Her case, with its difficulties, was confidentially known to a little inner circle, and stirred all our tenderest sympathies. Many precious touches of God had been upon her spirit from time to time for years, yet a taste for strong drink, acquired in youth *through a doctor's prescription to ease pain*, was a tiger let loose in her appetites. Again and again she fell under its power, only renewedly to rise and cast herself upon God. We who knew her sin and her sorrows had been holding in God by faith for deliverance for nearly two years.

The morning of which I speak—next day after the altar service where God had so met me—this young woman, whom for convenience I will call A, was with another to sing a duet. Simultaneously a note was passed me from the one to whom she was secretary, saying, "*Hold for some victory of God in A. She is in blank despair this morning.*"

Seated at the back on the platform, all unobserved, I had closed my eyes, and was having a definite transaction with God over A. I asked, and by faith received, a working of God with her there. I remember stretching out my hand and closing my fingers over the answer, as if it were something material, realized to sense, and thanking God for it so definite was my faith.

While thus praising Him, an inexpressible sweetness fell upon my spirit, and something which I thought was faintness got hold of my body. Not recognizing a connection between the two, I tried to rouse myself into my usual vigor of mind and body, and in an instant I was back again, and all alive to life around me. But, oh, the darkness that fell upon my soul! Feeling that I had committed some sin, I knew not what, I looked up to God and cried, "What is it? What have I done?"

"You cannot trust Me," was the solemn rebuke.

With consciousness of trust in Him as the very spring of all my life, I said, "But, Lord, I do trust Thee in everything."

"No, you cannot trust Me to bless you in My own way."

The answer was clear, distinct; and the light fell upon that shaking off of the weakness or faintness, as I called it, which accompanied His heavenly blessing. Instantly I felt a great recoil from being blessed in that way. Innumerable fears vexed me, that if I should yield I might be carried, I knew not whither. I had always had a strong self-control. Even in a

dentist's chair, I would use nothing that would take me out of my self-holding, and I feared to give up my own control, even to be overpowered by God Himself! How deeply I was convicted of distrust of Him! Yet there was such a struggle before I could even pray that God would make me at that hour what He wanted me to be. He was before me in Spirit with the question, "Would I be willing to let Him bless me, even by overpowering my spirit with His Spirit?" But oh, if Satan should come while I was beyond self-holding, and make me do some monstrous or fanatical thing! was the bugbear fear with which I withstood my Lord. At last I said, "Lord, give me a promise to stand on, and Thou shalt have Thy whole way with me." "He that was begotten of God keepeth him, and the evil one toucheth him not"—1 John 5:18, R. V.—flashed into my mind, with great light on the faithfulness of Christ, the only begotten Son of God, my Keeper. How could a God of such faithfulness let Satan have what I abandoned to Him? It swept all fear away.

My whole being let go to God as I had never known the possibility before. I was away with God, "whether in the body or out of the body" I did not take reckoning. It was probably but a few seconds, but it seemed an eternity of His Holy presence, when the Lord approached me. I saw nothing, but I felt His approach as a Person, and, standing before me, He spoke into my spirit as clearly as a human being might speak to the mortal ear, "When they have done singing (for they were going on with the duet), go to A. and say quite loudly, so that all can hear (there were now perhaps 1,000 assembled in the tent; it was crowded), 'If you will confess to the people and ask them to pray for you, God will now come and deliver you.'"

In an instant there was a recoil in my whole being to which the other was mild. A torrent of thoughts and objections rose up within me.

O, what a foolish plan! That will never do. A. is so reticent, refined in her instincts, withal so high-spirited. Why, it would be the very way to defeat the end desired, etc.

When the rapid action of my mind had spent itself, I came to silence. God, as a Person, imperturbable, was quietly waiting before me. Shall I ever forget the majesty of that hour? It was burned into me that I had to do, not with a plan, but a God. What would I say to Him? In my soul the stillness deepened in His awful presence. He was waiting. What should I say?

But the plan was so foolish! Besides, I felt it was in a way a breach of confidence thus to expose her.

The struggle was intense. The desire to please God and the revolt from the way. In the radiancy of His presence, felt but not seen, I was held.

At last my heart said, "Give me a prayer to pray, dear Lord."

"Make me willing for Thy way," came with it. "My thoughts are not your thoughts," for "the foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of man."

I felt my spirit being lifted over to God's side in the matter, only a little fear how she would take it remaining, and said, "Lord, give me another prayer."

At once I felt at liberty to cry, "Lord, prepare her for my coming, and I will go."

I knew in an instant it would be so. And let me say here that when all I am about to relate had passed, dear A. said, "*While I was singing, I was told Miss Lizzie was coming and something would happen to me.*"

My whole being now in deepest rest, I listened for the last line of the hymn, and with its very last I rose in God. I cannot describe it, but it seemed as if God was walls around me, ground beneath me, ceiling over me. Thus shut in, I went forward to the front of the platform, and with my face to A. and back to the congregation, I repeated quite loudly, so that all could hear, as He had told me, my message from the Lord. Had I been an automaton, I could not have moved more mechanically, or with less sense of responsibility.

As my human reason had foretold, she thrilled with indignation, and stiffened in my embrace. She seemed a rod of hot iron. I felt her fiery spirit leap out upon me from every pore of her flesh. I was unmoved—imbedded in God. The affair was His, not mine. "Such grace to me was given." As I stood in simple mechanical obedience before the resistance of this fiery spirit, suddenly heaven opened above my soul, and from the throne of God came flowing down great streams of love in hot tides—a heat of Divine love that, in comparison, made her spirit seem cool. Through, and through, and through me, swept the Divine currents, and out upon her in such words as God gave.

I knew very little about it—automatically used. The Spirit clothed Himself with me that hour! (Judges 5:34, R. V., margin.) I was pre-occupied with the amazing revelation that was being made through my being, that "God is love." By her drooping upon my shoulder weeping, my attention was recalled to A. "Love's resistless current sweeping" had borne away all the heat of her indignation, and, bruised and broken, she lay sobbing in my arms. She afterwards said to a friend, "I never knew Miss Lizzie loved me so."

Ah! it was no love of mine. As much, perhaps more, a revelation to me than to her; and now the heavenly tides turned all to love's divinest strength of encouragement, as I besought her to obey the Lord. He would certainly free her now.

After a few minutes, or seconds, perhaps—for I am aware all this takes more time in telling than it did in passing—she raised her head and confessed to the wondering congregation that she was among them "a hypocrite and a sinner, etc.; would they pray for her deliverance?" then fell on her knees, calling on God for mercy. It is safe to say nearly the whole audience was instantly in the same position. The place was rocking with the power of God. There was weeping everywhere, and such praying! But upon me, as I essayed to receive by faith her deliverance, fell the most severe spiritual and physical struggle of my life. I seemed carried away out in a conflict among the spiritual forces of good and evil, and as I sought there to touch the throne of God with faith's finger, Satan leaped upon my body. I could with difficulty breathe, and fell writhing to the floor. It seemed long ere, empowered of God, I broke through the dark forces withstanding me, but as I did, the power that caused my suffering fell off my body except one arm, and I rose to my feet, begging the people to take with me by faith her deliverance.

As many of them began to realize their privilege, and thus come over to the victory side, she rose radiant, declaring it was done.

In the meantime, that evil power, that had still hold of my right arm, was twisting it into inconceivable positions. It was lame in the socket for a couple of days thereafter.

But as A. rose to her feet, the last vestige of this fell away from me, and the hot tides from the heavenly land began to fall again through my being; but now it was all Glory. I was dazed with the Glory of God.

A minister from Baltimore had been announced to preach that morning, as also one from New York, had the day previous; but everything seemed swept by the boards by the Holy Ghost.

Many since have told me how wondrous was my talk at an altar service, at that hour. I, however, was responsible for none of it, for Another used me, while so pre-occupying me with Himself and His glory, that I have since no recollection of what was said or done among the people.

As I staggered about the platform, filled with unutterable glory I could but say to myself, "Oh, this is the Holy Ghost *and fire*. Why, I am drunk—drunk with God and glory."

Suddenly there flashed in upon me the account in

the second chapter of Acts: "These men are filled with new wine."

"No wonder," I thought, "they called them drunk!" There was new light on how they all appeared that morning in Jerusalem! Yes, the ascended Jesus, "having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear."

Glory! *Glory!* GLORY!! to His ever-blessed name!

The whole time that elapsed from "the glory of the Lord" thus gathering me up (Isa. 8:8, margin) till He lifted the power, and let me down again amidst the passing events of time, was about three and a half hours.

I had always been greatly opposed to all demonstration and excitement in religion, and when all was over, my gratitude to my heavenly Father was unbounded, that He had put this marvellous demonstration *through me*, ere He put it *before me in another*.

It was a joy to bear any ridicule and loss of respect that came to me through this public demonstration of the power—I Cor. 1:4—of the Holy Ghost, God had seen fit to grant upon me. I could meekly remember that before God had so handled me, I, too, would have despised the same demonstration in another.

But, oh, how wily is Satan! For some months he succeeded in robbing me of some of the lessons my Father was teaching me. For I thought (how Satan helps our thoughts!) this was a thing not often to be spoken of, lest it bring other souls into bondage, seeking a like experience, which, of course, they will never get! I thought it was an exceptional dealing of God with me for another. Special power for special service; that God is not likely ever to repeat any such thing, etc.

But as the weeks rolled into months I was astonished to find the effects of this fiery baptism upon me were permanent, and far greater than any power it had over A., or any others who were that day blest at Western Springs Convention.

My whole being was responsive to God in a new way. I was in the Holy Ghost before, but now, oh, how different! In trying to explain it to myself, it seemed the Holy Ghost before wrapped around me as the atmosphere the folded bud, but now that same blessed Holy Ghost atmosphere had warmed every petal to unfolding, till it lay a full blown rose, luxuriating in the heavenly atmosphere, its very heart all response to God.

We all know language is lame and language is tame. I only speak comparatively, for I should have said previous to this that my whole heart was in re-

sponse to God. It certainly found no response to any but Him. Now, however, there seemed some new capacities Godward.

Yet there was little change in my teachings on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. No urging others to seek the holy fire, thinking it was a peculiar experience God had given me, until in November of same year I attended some meetings on the Pacific Coast.

There in Oakland I heard one boldly voicing and allowing others to testify to experiences that I could not but recognize as similar to what God had put through me. And in proportion as the privilege was urged upon all to come under the power and fire of the Holy Ghost, *the witnesses to it increased*.

Alone in my room, flat on my face before God and His open Word, what days I had as I searched out His will in this matter! It was going to mean much to me, to go back to Chicago and teach this power and fire, for *I saw in proportion as the power increased in that Oakland work, the Satanic rage increased around it*.

But God settled many things so securely in His Word, that I could not go back from the experience and teaching of the fire of the Holy Ghost, not even when Satan came not only *upon* the work, but *into* the work, as he did somewhat in Oakland before it ended. But this lesson was needed, and perhaps to me most needful of all.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits." "Many false spirits are gone abroad." From this I learned that as there were *false spirits*, so there was *false power and false fire*, and that upon every new plane of life God puts us, a fresh devil will there contend with us. Too wise to meet us with what Jesus has conquered for us *before*, Satan assails our *inexperience*, and, as an angel of light, *he counterfeits the real*.

Alas for those who fall into the counterfeit! Alas for those who, seeing the counterfeit, fall into Satan's trap by confusing the real with the false! Both are crippled for Christian life, and liable to suffer dwarfage in the higher forms of Christian development. There is a Scylla and a Charybdis here. But God, rich in mercy, can restore such. *For a time I fell into the counterfeit, by believing some prophecies uttered by one under a power, which I took for the power of the Holy Ghost. The prophecies proved false. I was guilty of an error of judgement, and in the recoil that came among Christian workers all over the United States about those false prophecies, I was ecclesiastically beheaded, because as an actual eye-witness of the power of God displayed in those meetings I could not*

but (letting God sift things for me) stand by the true as well as against the false therein.

And now I learned the mighty benefit of the baptism of fire as *power to suffer*. Blessed, thrice blessed, is he who knows the fire of the Holy Ghost as *power for service!* But what shall I say of him who feels within him the fire of love as *power to suffer?* The fellowship of His suffering—Phil 4:10—is a greater gift than the fellowship of His service. God, who is a liberal Giver, withholds neither. Bless Him!

Through general distrust of me or the above account, from a wide sphere of service I sank into comparative obscurity. In the inconspicuous corners where God put me, He made my heart to sing as He showed me He was not after *quantity*, but *quality*, in the work of God; and I had the joy of seeing souls brought out, under a fire of the Holy Ghost, on far deeper lines than was ever before my privilege in any service with Him.

One more thing. God has taught me it is not a baptism of fire in the power of which we walk henceforth, but that while we live in Him, walking in all obedience, all abandonment to Him, He will teach us *ever-deepening abandonment*, and from time to time, at His sovereign will, *there might come mightier avalanches of fire upon our abandoned spirit*.

As, for instance, God came upon me, at the close of a convention in Old Orchard, Maine, some years ago, in a power of the Holy Ghost that was not lifted off me, from about half-past ten one night until a quarter to four next afternoon, and resulted in a great gathering of God's people upon their knees, in an all-night and all-day meeting of much blessing. Next year at a John Street noon prayer meeting, New York City, I heard a clergyman say that *two hundred ministers received the Holy Ghost at that Old Orchard meeting*.

I have no means of knowing of the exactness of this statement, but it is true that since that day I have continued to meet lay people from North, South, East, and West, who in that meeting received a mighty in-letting into God. I perhaps knew less of what was doing in the meeting (except as God showed it to me in the Spirit) than anyone present, never having met the visible leader, Benjamin Luscomb—a warrior who has since fallen on Africa's mission field—nor did I see his face till taken out of the power of the Spirit when the meeting closed, nor learn his name till the next day. It was much the same with my relations to others. I was transported into the immediate presence of God, and was like a great bell ringing in the Divine hand, as I was swayed to and fro and shouted

"Victory! Victory! Victory!" As He kept me thus, in the power of the Spirit, on the victory side, the people fell under Him.

Again, when laboring one time on the island of Nantucket, in his home I was conversing with an infidel, the power of God came mightily upon me, and his invalid mother, who had not walked a step or stood for twenty-two years, lacking a month or two, was instantly filled with the same mighty power, and, shouting "Glory to God!" came out of her bed, into the room in which a number of us sat, perfectly healed. Addressing her son, she said, "Mark my words, George; I shall yet walk the streets of Nantucket, leaning on your arm, and you converted to God." The miracle shook out his infidelity, the Holy Ghost began to convict of sin; three months from that day he was baptized in the Atlantic Ocean, she standing by. We have no right to discount God's operations because they fall outside of our experiences, or even our philosophies, *if they yield the fruit of the Spirit*; "BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

There may be others like myself. I bound God in with a hoop of my theories and my experience, but, lo! when He opened my eyes, I found God was greater outside of my hoop than ever He had been in it.

I am convinced there is a boundless reservoir of grace in the "diversities of operations"—1 Cor. 12:6—of the Holy Ghost that Satan's cunning hides from the people of God. "If any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know"—1 Cor. 8:2. "Quench not ANY manifestation of the Spirit"—1 Thess. 5:20, Rotherham.

Oh, I feel to call upon my soul and all that is within me, to go on with God to all the mighty things of the Spirit as He shall be pleased to lead. We have gone but a little way with God. May the writer and readers of this humble account of His past grace be "strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in (our) hearts by faith, that, (we) being rooted and grounded in love, 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 we might be filled with ALL the fulness of God."

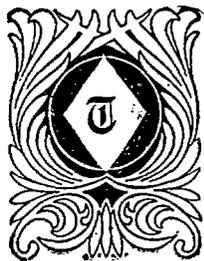
*This experience was written some time ago. In the light of the "new thing" God is now doing in the earth—viz., the gift of Pentecostal fire, with "new tongues,"—I would like to say I believe all the foregoing was initial, and I am among the candidates for the "more to follow."*



## A Much Needed Lesson

### God's Order Essential to God's Power

J. E. Sawders, Pastor, Union Christian Mission, Watertown, New York



HE Pentecostal work to-day in many places seems to be passing through a sort of Sahara desert experience. Especially is this true in places where the light has been received for a length of time. There seem to be at least two reasons for this spiritual dearth in

so many cases.

FIRST, BECAUSE OF AN UNREASONABLE AND UNSCRIPTURAL PROMINENCE GIVEN TO THE FLESH, AND TO FLESHLY MANIFESTATIONS! How unlike the gentleness and meekness of Jesus Christ have meetings been conducted, and what a display of rude, boisterous, uncomely, and in many instances, ridiculous and disgusting conduct!

The "strong wind," the "earthquake," and the "fire," are tremendously in evidence, as with Elijah (1 Kings 19:11-13), and again, to one of spiritual discernment, it is obvious, "the Lord is not in the wind, the earthquake, nor the fire." It was "after" these had all passed, that the "still, small voice" was heard. But there has been no "passing" here—these things have been constantly kept up, and as a necessary consequence, there has not been heard the "still, small voice," and the intelligent seeker after God and light, being unable to discern God in the "fuss" and "flesh," has gone away disappointed and renounced the whole thing. As a natural consequence, the Spirit has not been poured out, and the gifts and supernatural power could not be trusted amidst such a state of confusion.

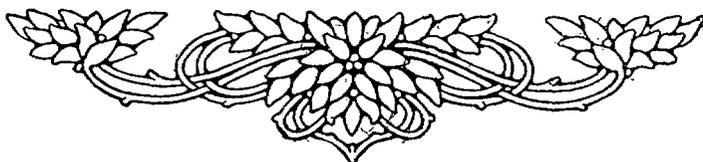
Man had become so conspicuous, and the natural and fleshly element so dominant, that the meek, quiet and gentle Dove found no repose, and has, of necessity, had to withdraw. The lesson is before us, and we can simply accept it or go on as the Galatians, begin "in the Spirit," but end in "the flesh." Gal. 3:3.

Second, God is going to show to this world that this work is WHOLLY SPIRITUAL. HE IS GIVING AN OCULAR ILLUSTRATION OF THE FUTILITY AND WEAKNESS OF MAN. Man's failure and disgrace, even in the Pentecostal ranks, does not reflect upon the FACT of Pentecost, nor the glory of God. This work has been put into a crucible, and it will be finally demonstrated, that only SPIRIT AS A QUALITY, AND FAITH AS A CONDITION, WILL SURVIVE THE FURNACE TEST. Man, machinery, form, flesh, and all that cometh "with observation" (Luke 17:20), must become entirely subservient or be wholly dispensed with.

Many individuals and some missions are falling away under these crucial tests. Excessive manifestations, flesh and bluster have been permitted to run riot, and woe to the individual who would dare to raise a voice or put a hand upon this! Some who, a few months ago, were notoriously conspicuous and the center of a cloud of admirers, are to-day with Job, "down among the ashes," Job 2:8. The lesson must be learned and the price must be paid. This work is of God, and will be promoted in His order only. God made this world of things which are not seen, and so will this mighty revival be made. He made this world, and finished it before man appeared. This revival must be in the same order. The stone cut out of the mountain (Daniel 2) was without hands, and smote all the kingdoms and powers, till they were destroyed—all without hands. "My glory will I not give to another," Isa. 42:8. "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end! How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight," Deut. 32:29, 30.

*We are neither helpless nor hopeless, nor yet defeated, but need greater humility, AND MUCH ENERGETIC SILENCE!—The Way of Faith.*

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WE ask the readers of this paper to rejoice with us as we thank God for the fact that beginning with the April number, THE EVANGEL was admitted to second-class rates of postage.

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### Helpful Suggestions

**D**EFINITELY covenant to be *all* the Lord's, and count the question settled, though the enemy may make it *seem* otherwise—for God is true."

\* \* \*

"Definitely covenant with God to obey Him in everything where His will shall be made known."

\* \* \*

"Take an attitude of *contentment* with the way God has made you; and with the way He may choose to lead you and deal with you.

\* \* \*

"Remember *your 'strength is to sit still;*' and in all doubtful questions or emergencies, wait quietly, until reason is silenced, and the mind is emptied of human thought; then ask God to put *His thought* into your mind and write His law upon your heart."

\* \* \*

"Consider the soul as a garden, and the Lord as

the Gardener ('a garden barred,' Cant. 4:12, Marg.), and abandon yourself absolutely to His care, remembering of yourself alone you are utterly helpless. *His* is the seed, the planting, the life, the fruit; *yours* the yielding to let Him plant within you."

\* \* \*

"Ask God for that faith that faileth not in believing that He takes possession of you, and that He will henceforth 'work in you to will and to do of His good pleasure,' unless you *consciously* frustrate His grace. Let this be the continuous attitude of the soul; and repeat often, '*I am the Lord's*; He is working in me *now* that which is for my highest good.'"

\* \* \*

"Never go by supernatural impressions alone (the devil is supernatural); try the spirit that leads you, whether it be of God, by the concurrent testimony of God's revealed will in the Scriptures."



## "Who Forgiveth All Thine Iniquities, Who Healeth All Thy Diseases."

The Late A. J. Gordon, Boston, Massachusetts.



WHO FORGIVETH ALL THINE INIQUITIES, WHO HEALETH ALL THY DISEASES."—PS. CIII. 3.

We have in these words a striking instance of what is known as the Hebrew parallelism. It is one of the most rhythmical and beautifully-balanced sentences in the whole Book of Psalms. But I see in the words something more than the rhythm of poetic measure and the cadence of melodious verse. There is a parallelism of thought and doctrine here. Forth from the Divine fountain flow two streams of blessing—forgiveness and health—recovery for the soul and restoration for the body; and these are not merely consecutive in God's plan—forgiveness now and healing hereafter—they are parallel. They move side by side as a double manifestation of the same Divine power. They are not two facts even, but the twofold expression of one fact—the life of God communicated to man, and invigorating and repairing by the same energy both his spirit and his flesh—"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases."

Considering Jesus Christ now as the manifestation

of God's life and grace, let us see how this two-fold blessing comes to man through Him. Observe, then,

### Christ's Twofold Earthly Ministry

You have to take only the most casual glance at His life to discover how constantly He exercised a double ministration to men. He healed the sick and forgave the sinner. He fed the hungry with bread for their bodies, and He fed the penitent with bread for their souls. He said to one suffering woman, "Thou art loosed from thine infirmity," and He said to another sinning woman, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." From the day He began His earthly ministry till the day He finished it by entering into glory, two things could be said of Him, and the one just as truly as the other, "Himself took our infirmities and *bare our sicknesses*," and "Who Himself *bare our sins* in His own body on the tree."

And the reason why He carried on for us this double service is obvious. Man is a double being, and Christ could only be a perfect Saviour by meeting and ministering to him in both elements of his nature. There is a wonderful pith and force in that Saxon word "whole" as applied to man. "Thou art made whole."

Sin has halved us; it has so divided this house of our tabernacle against itself that it must fall. The forgiven soul in a sick body is but half a man: the well body enclosing an unforgiven soul is but half a man. And this dreadful schism in our nature Christ came to heal; but not by widening the breach, putting the soul into heaven, and the body in the grave, and dooming them to eternal separation. In that case all the Saviour could say would be, "Thou art made *half*,"—one fragment of thy dual nature has been rescued and made immortal, but the other half has perished. Strictly speaking, man can never be made whole till he has been made holy—till his sanctified soul has had prepared for it a sanctified body and the two have been remarried forever in the land of Beulah.

How blended and interdependent are these two elements of our life—so one that it is almost inaccurate to speak of them even as a duality. The blush of the cheek is but the tide of the soul's emotion breaking upon this outward shore; the smile was on the spirit before it was on the face, and the frown was on the soul before its shadow crept across the outward visage. So truly a unit is man as to his inner and outer being, that none has been able to fix the boundary between the spirit and the body. The coast-line of flesh and blood is so flooded and overflowed by the waves of feeling and emotion which are constantly rolling in from the deeps of the soul, and the deeps of the soul are so perpetually stirred by the sensations and impressions of the body, that none can exactly define the bounds of either. And so Christ's action upon man was of that twofold nature which touched his whole life. There went out from Him "saving health" as well as saving grace.

Now, we dwell much on the sinlessness of Christ, and the power which He thereby possessed of redeeming men from their sins; but have we thought also that He was the only being, so far as we know, who had perfect healthfulness? It must have been so. Sickness is the fruit and consequence of sin, either actual or ancestral. But Christ had neither personal nor hereditary taint. If He knew pain and suffering of body, it was imputed not original; it was ours, not His. "In Him was life," that Divine, unfallen life in which no seed or germ of sickness could be present. Hence those who came in believing contact with Him received healing as inevitably as they received pardon. "And as many as touched Him were made perfectly whole," says the Evangelist. Man in his fallen state can impart disease, but not health. It is the most pathetic comment on our corrupt condition by nature, that sickness is the only thing we have that is contagious. We can give out an infectious disease from

our very breath, or through the slightest touch of the body; but who has been able to communicate his health to another? This is the solitary glory of the Virgin's Son. Here for once in our poor world is a contagious life. Here is a being in whom an abounding infectious health is present, so that it only needs the contact of a finger-tip that it may leap like the electric current to thrill and vitalize the sickly body. This spontaneity, this outgushing fullness of the divine healing from the person of Jesus Christ, is to me a fact of the greatest significance. Whatever help man imparts to his brother is through the vital agencies of nature. If he attempts at all to cure by transmitting his own vitality, he does it only by the most strained and laborious effort, as though the life-currents in him were so low and feeble that they must be forced before they can be made to yield even the smallest assistance to another. But not so with the Son of Man. His healing was an overflow, not an effort. Witness the marvelous miracle of the recovery of the woman with an issue of blood. It is a work so unconscious and so utterly passive that it seems like a miracle spilt over from the fullness of His Divine life, rather than a miracle put forth. She came behind him in the crowd and touched the hem of His garment, "and immediately He perceived that virtue had gone out of Him," we are told. No effort at healing here; no gathering up of the powers of His Divine manhood for the mighty miracle. Where human skill had exhausted itself only to fail, this heavenly Man succeeded without even an effort of the will—as though it were an accident of His omnipotence, a spontaneous overflow from Him "in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

Have you run through the list of Christ's miracles to notice how often the word "touch" occurs in connection with them? Sometimes it is Christ touching the sufferer, and sometimes it is the sufferer touching Christ. But nothing more energetic or vigorous seems necessary. And this is a striking tribute to the life-giving power of Christ. Great forces need but small conductors to transmit them. The surcharged battery requires only a finger-tip to unlade its mighty energy. An engine needs but a single coupling to transmit all its prodigious force and momentum. And Christ, because He is mighty to save, needs nothing of us but our consenting faith; and because He is mighty to heal, needs only the touch of our faith that all His "saving health" may become ours. Touch, indeed, is but the gesture of faith. It is the visible confession of confidence in the power of Christ to make whole. Hence it is all one whether it is said of the ministry of Christ that "as many as believed on Him were

made whole," or "as many as touched Him were made whole." In either case saving virtue went forth from Him.

You see, then, how all through His life the double ministry of Jesus was in exercise. Men believed on Him and were forgiven; men touched Him and were healed. His abounding grace made instant response to the sinner's faith; His abounding life gave instant answer to the sick man's touch. And so blended and interlaced are these two elements in the ministry of our Lord, that they are constantly crossing; healing emerging in forgiveness, and forgiveness in healing. It is because sin and sickness are so related that grace must take such direction in pursuing them. Like two converging lines of an angle, each of which when followed leads to the other, so with transgression and disease. FOLLOW SICKNESS BACK TO ITS REMOTEST CAUSE AND YOU WILL FIND SIN; FOLLOW SIN ONWARD TO ITS LAST EFFECT AND YOU WILL FIND DISEASE. Blessed be God, then, that in Christ we have the double Man who could confront and master the double problem. He was the Sin-pardoner, who could cleanse transgression back to its original fountain. He was the Life-giver, who could reach disease in the last and remotest retreat and heal it. Hence the constant contact and interfusion of these two offices of the Son of God.

Recall that striking instance of His dealing with a man sick of the palsy. The first word we should expect to hear from His lips as He gazed upon the helpless sufferer would be, "Thou art made whole." That was what the man wanted, and that was what the friends who brought him expected. But instead of that, "He said to the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer. *Thy sins are forgiven thee.*" And when they which stood by murmured in themselves that He had presumed to pardon sin, He asked, "Whether is easier, to say, *Thy sins are forgiven thee*, or to say, *Arise and walk?*" It matters not to the Lord whether He reaches the body through the soul, or reaches the soul through the body. He is the Redeemer of both. Did the sufferer expect healing and get pardon? Yes, but he got what he asked. The Master simply went behind the curtain of the flesh and healed the fountain of the soul's impurity. He laid His hand on the spiritual cause instead of dealing at once with the bodily result. He reached back over all the turbid and troubled streams of disease and physical impurity, and cured the fountain of the heart by His authoritative absolution from sin. And then, as though to humor the ignorance that could not discern the cause, but only the effect, that could not see that pardon is healing in its utmost springs, He adds, "But that ye

may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, arise, take up thy bed, and go into thine own house." It is the twofold grace of Christ which we discover running through all His earthly life. He is the second Adam come to repair the ruin of the first. And in order to accomplish this He will follow the lines of man's transgression back to their origin, and forward to their remotest issue, He will pursue the serpent trail of sin, dispensing His forgiveness and compassion as He goes, till at last He finds the wages of sin, and dies its death on the cross; and He will follow the wretched track of disease with His healing and recovery, till in His resurrection He shall exhibit to the world the first fruits of these redeemed bodies, in which "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality."

### Christ's Twofold Heavenly Ministry

We are never to forget that our Lord is simply carrying on in glory what He began on earth. His ministry has not changed as to its character and offices. The only essential difference is that He exercises that ministry now by the Holy Ghost, and through the Church, instead of by His own personal and visible agency. All the characteristics of His ministry remain unaltered. Hence we find that when He had ascended up on high, and committed the preaching of the Gospel to apostles and evangelists, the very same traits marked their work which distinguished His own. They preach the remission of sins in His name, and in His name they heal the sick and cast out devils. The twofold ministry goes on just as it did while Christ was on the earth. Indeed, it must be so, or the Master's word has not been kept. Just before His ascension, He had breathed the Holy Ghost upon His disciples, and said, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them"; and He had said also, "These signs shall follow them that believe. In My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; . . . *they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.*" No question can there be as to the promise, and none as to the fulfillment. Read Peter's words in the opening pages of the Acts. In one chapter we hear him saying, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, *for the remission of sins*"; in the next we hear him saying to the lame man, "*In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.*" It is Christ's ministry still prolonged—the same twofold grace, the same double blessing to the sinner and to the sufferer. And the whole apostolic age is stamped with similar marks. By the same authority with which Paul says to the jailer of Philippi, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,

and thou shalt be saved," he says to the cripple of Lystra, "perceiving that he had faith to be healed," "Stand upright upon thy feet."

And how is it that this twofold cord of our ministry has been unbraided, leaving us but a single strand? How is it we still preach the remission of sins, but dare not, on the pain of being deemed enthusiasts and fanatics, hold out the hope that sickness can be remitted by faith in Jesus Christ? O Church of the ascended Christ, carrying still in thy hands thy Master's commission, with no clause annulled and no vestige of authority revoked, what has happened to thee, that the lame must lie at thy doors, and none can take him by the hand and lift him up; that the sick must pine on his couch, and never a cure must be expected through the prayer of faith? Hast thou ceased to walk in the light of the Sun of righteousness, that thou hast no longer any healing shadow to throw upon the sick and dying? And how is it that, instead of mourning and being humbled at the loss of these apostolic gifts, thou art lifted up with self-complacency, speaking reproachfully of such as seek for their revival, and visiting them with cold rebukes? Is it an occasion for pride that "thou hast no healing medicines for the sick," and that thou must say to the lame and leprous, "Thy bruise is incurable, and thy wounds are grievous. There is none to plead thy cause that thou mayest be bound up"? My brethren, we cannot ask these questions too earnestly or repeatedly. There is a cautious reserve of faith which may carry one very near the perilous edge of scepticism; and to let go our confidence in what is highest and hardest to credit in the promises of God, may be a token of our wilful choice of what is lowest and most superficial in Christian consecration. I am weary, for one of the excuses which Christians have framed for their impotence: telling the world that the age of miracles has past, and that the gifts of healing have been withdrawn. The age of miracles has passed indeed, and perhaps the only reason is that the age of faith has passed. Christ has given no intimation on the pages of Scripture that the age of miracles is past with Him. He has not grown old, that the fountains of His saving health must run dry. He who healed the withered hand has not lost the use of His own right hand through infirmity of age. "His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear." I feel as sure as I am of anything that the loss of a healing ministry is due to a change in the Church, and not to a change in Christ. It is because we have backslidden from the foundation of apostles and prophets, and not that Christ has retreated from His ground. For in the whole history of Divine

cure, as revealed in the New Testament, we find but two conditions entering into the question—the power of Christ and the faith of man. "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" asks Jesus. "They said unto Him, Yea, Lord." And between these two sentences the whole mystery of Divine healing lies.

But, alas! because we cannot rise to the height of this great privilege, we bring down the promises of God to our low level, and what we cannot do we hold that God does not allow. Because we have no longer faith to be healed, we openly teach that the Lord no longer heals. For one, I would keep the standard of apostolic power and privilege where the Lord put it, if it served no other purpose than to condemn and shame us for our unbelief. I do not believe that since the day that Christ entered into heaven, and through the Holy Ghost, gave gifts to men—"to one, the word of wisdom; and to another, the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit; and to another, faith, by the same Spirit; and to another, the gift of healing, by the same Spirit"—there has been any change in the Lord's order for His Church. There has been a sad change in the Church's attitude towards these gifts. She has learned to discredit what she has forgotten how to use! She has come to condemn as fanatical what she once rejoiced in as Divine. But her Divine right and character remain unchanged, and only wait for her resumption when she gets back her ancient faith. Do I say this in criticism, speaking of others as one who has himself attained? Indeed not. Nor is personal attainment the indispensable condition to strong faith and positive assertion. Have you never read the saying of a Christian Father, "*Certum est quia impossibile*" ("It is true because it is impossible")? It seems like an audacious paradox; but it was learned from the Master Himself. "The things which are impossible with man are possible with God," says Jesus. And faith has to do with God, not with man. It takes the measure of its creed from the power and promise of the Almighty, not from the experience of the creature. Hence, with the revelation, "All things are possible with God," Christ has taught us to join the confession, "All things are possible to him that believeth." What, then, has God written of His power and will concerning us? This is the one question for us to settle. We are not to level down God's words to the grade of our own experiences. "All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him amen, unto the glory of God by us." And it is not for us to modify and condition them to every varying shade of faith or feeling. "What has the Lord written concerning the great matter which we are discussing? This question must be held supreme. Tell me, then, what these

words mean: "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." Here is a double promise, bearing the distinctest impress and seal of that double ministry of which I am speaking. The latter half of it you have no doubt about. With the fullest assurance you fall upon your knees to pray for a friend that his sins may be forgiven him—and if you see that he has faith to be forgiven, you do not hesitate on the strength of God's Word to declare his absolution. But of the first part of the passage you say, "This does not apply to present times; this was for the apostles and primitive believers." And who gave you warrant for cleaving this text in twain, and using one half of the promise and remanding the other to an outgrown age of miracles and wonders? We ought to be ashamed at the bare suggestion of such violence to God's Word. What God has joined together, whether in His Word or in His ordinances, let not man put asunder. And is it a mark of faith or of faithfulness to encourage such wanton rending of what the Holy Ghost hath joined into unity? To a true Christian the very life of a text is in its undivided wholeness, and, like the true mother in the judgment of Solomon, he would rather surrender it entire than have it sundered by the sword. I have said all this in the revolt which I have felt at the arbitrary license which so many are exercising in setting aside as impossible what the Scriptures promise without reserve. And I am glad to believe that in many parts of the world, and in many branches of the Church, God is signally reviving these apostolic gifts. The great soul of Edward Irving burned to see the fires of prophecy and miracle breaking forth once more from the smouldering embers of modern faith. For this he prayed and pleaded, exhorting his flock, as he says, "to live by faith continually on Jesus, *for body as well as the soul.*" And I know of no sublimer exhibition of faith than that which appears in the story of his own mastery of disease through faith. Prostrate in the pangs of deathly sickness, he yet asked God to give proof of His promise by healing him and letting him stand in his place on Sunday morning before his flock. Sabbath morning came, and still his prayer was unanswered. He was carried to his church in spite of the entreaties of his friends, he was helped into his place, and there stood the pallid, painracked preacher, holding on to the sides of the pulpit and pleading silently with God to have respect unto His Word, in which He had caused His servant to hope. And then he tells us how, as he opened his Bible, the bands of disease was loosed, and the power of the Holy Ghost

came upon him, and how he preached with an unction and impressiveness never surpassed in his history, and then walked joyfully home at the close of the service, praising God for His faithfulness. Many Christians will explain the incident on the same natural principles with which the sceptic explains the miracles of our Lord. But why should it be thought a thing incredible?

And such instances, resting on incontestable evidence, are crowding upon us in these days. I am personally acquainted with cases where deception or uncertainty are utterly out of the question. I believe in their veracity, because I believe in God's Word. . . . The Scripture cannot be broken, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." It has done so in multitudes of instances. It is doing so to-day, and as the faith of the Church increases and Christians more and more re-learn their duty to believe all things written in the Scriptures, will such manifestations of God's saving power increase among us. Two tides of blessing flowed forth from the Redeemer's life, even as the water and the blood flowed from His dying heart—the one for cleansing the soul, the other for reanimating the body; and God never meant they should cease to flow till the entire man had been redeemed and perfected.

### Christ's Twofold Advent Ministry

The return of the Lord from heaven will put the climax and seal of completion upon both elements of this ministry. Then the soul will be "presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy," Jude 24; and "the body of our humiliation" will be transformed, and "fashioned like unto the body of His glory." Phil iv. 21, R. V.

SANCTIFICATION, the final perfection of the spirit, and RESURRECTION, the final perfection of the body—these are the two events which will signalize the glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Some, indeed, are accustomed to speak of sanctification as taking place at death. It is enough for us to note how invariably the Scriptures connect the event with our Lord's second advent. "To the end He may stablish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father, *at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ* with all His saints," is the apostle's language. And again, "He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it *until the day of Jesus Christ.*" Does the spirit drop from the body at death like the ripened grain from the husk, needing its support and protection no longer now that it has come to maturity? And does the body, like a dead and sapless husk, now fall into the grave, since it has served its purpose of

bearing and ripening the soul? Nay; these two factors of our being are not so related. The perfection of each is to be found in its sanctified reunion with the other—the soul cleansed from its sins and the body healed of its sicknesses, and the two dwelling together at last in harmonious unity. Whatever holiness and bliss the soul may attain out of the body and in the presence of the Lord, it is yet in an imperfect state. It lacks the vehicle of action and the organs of life, and is therefore imperfect. And whatever is imperfect is as yet unsanctified. For holiness is not a dead white purity, the perfection of the faultless marble statue. Life as well as pureness enters into the idea of holiness. They who are “without fault before the throne” are they who “follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth,” holy activity attending and expressing their holy state.

And for the highest life and activity the soul must have a body; we can no more conceive of the soul's truest, most exalted life apart from the body than of the body's life as continuing at all without the soul. We do well to study the wondrous mystery of the union of the flesh and spirit. It is a prophecy as well as an enigma—emotion reporting itself in smiles and tears: the soul hanging out its storm signals in the face so that we can see the coming anger in the look before it breaks forth in words; and the body, on the other hand, clouding the soul with its humors or lightening it with its health. Can it be that this marvelous union and interplay of mind and matter is only temporary and provisional? I believe, on the contrary, that all this is but an imperfect foreshadowing of what shall be when the discord which sin has brought in between soul and body shall be ended, and when the redeemed body shall become at last the perfect organ and instrument of the redeemed soul. Perfection of relation, as well as the perfection of the parts of our nature, is the end of God's purposes. It is not enough that the disembodied soul shall be completely cleansed from sin and perfected in holiness. God will give to it a body perfectly fitted to its needs—a body capable of expressing all its exalted emotions, of bearing it on in its swift and tireless ministries, and of executing without impediment its holy affections and desires.

Here, then, is where the lines of Christ's twofold ministry terminate—in sanctification, the perfection of the spirit's holiness, and in resurrection, the perfection of the body's health.

If we carry ourselves forward to the state immediately succeeding the first resurrection, as it is described in the closing chapters of the Apocalypse, we find it to be a state of perfect healthfulness. The body has not been discarded, but resumed in glory. The

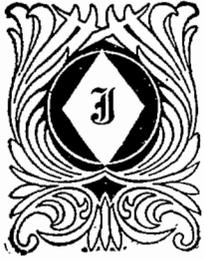
corruptible has put on incorruption, and the mortal put on immortality; and a state has been reached where not only sin has been abolished, but sickness also. “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.” No more pain—the nerves retuned at last from the discord which sin had introduced, and henceforth conveying only sensations of delight and comfort; and no more death—the wage of sin is no longer exacted, because the service of sin is no longer pursued. What is all this but God's final, perfect healing of these bodies? And what glory does it shed upon Christ's redemption! This marvelous mechanism of the human frame, so disordered by transgressions, so deranged with disease—“throw it away, as beyond the possibility of repair,” says the man of little faith; “give me happiness by effecting my release from the body of this death!” “He shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you,” is the triumphant assurance of the Scripture. What God made He can repair; what sin has marred He can restore; and while man in despair would abandon this mortal frame to the grave, He teaches us to “wait for the adoption, to-wit, the redemption of the body.” Oh, blessed hope! In a world smitten with pestilence, where death reigns over all, and “the mourners go about the streets,” we are summoned to look towards a city whose “inhabitants shall not say, I am sick, and the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity.”

And now “take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God.” I summon you to believe not what I have seen, or heard, or proved, but only what God has spoken. Do not deceive yourselves by going beyond what is written, but do not, I entreat you, defraud yourselves by coming short of what is written. God has not called you to a partial redemption, but to a full and eternal recovery, both from the curse and from the consequences of sin. If you are struggling and battling with a rebellious and evil heart, wondering if God can ever forgive and make holy such a one as you, hear what He saith: “I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.” And are you sick in body, compassed with infirmity, or burdened with some inherited malady, from which you expect no relief, except in the grave? Hear again what God saith: “I am the Lord that healeth thee.” “And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your *whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*”

## “Their Flesh Ye Shall Not Eat”

### A Pork Inquiry.

J. H. Kellogg, M. D., Battle Creek, Mich.



IN this country, pork-raising is one of the great industries, and one of the most prolific sources of wealth. Since the supply is wholly regulated by the demand, this may be taken as an index of the prodigious quantities of swine's flesh which are daily required to satisfy the gustatory demands of the American people. No other animal food is so largely used as pork in its various forms of preparation. The Yankee makes his Sunday breakfast of pork and beans, besides using the same article as a prominent constituent of at least two meals each day during the rest of the week. Pork and hominy provide almost the sole aliment of the Texan farmer; in the Western States generally, pork and potatoes constitute the most substantial portion of the farmer's bill of fare.

In the case of no other animal is so large a portion of the dead carcass utilized as food. Pork seems to be considered such a delicacy that not a particle should be wasted. The fat and lean portions are eaten fresh, or carefully preserved by salting or smoking, or both. The tail is roasted; the snout, ears, and feet are pickled and eaten as souse; the intestines and lungs are eaten as tripe or made into sausages; black pudding is made of the blood; the pancreas and other glands are considered great delicacies; the liver, spleen, and kidneys are also prized; while even the skin is made into jelly. In fact, nothing is left of the beast. Even the bristles are claimed by the shoemaker and the brush maker. Surely, it is worth while to show that an animal which is thus literally devoured, and that in such immense quantities, is not only unfit for food, but one of the prime causes of many loathsome and painful maladies. Let us examine the hog a little, and see what can be determined respecting his real nature, and his office in the economy of nature, if he has any.

Gaze over into that sty, my pork-eating friend. Have you done so before? and would you prefer to be excused? But we will show you a dozen things you did not observe before. See the contented brute quietly reposing in the augmented filth of his own ordure! Look a little sharper and scrutinize his skin. Is it smooth and healthy? Not exactly. So obscured is it by tetter and scurf and mange that you almost expect to see the rotten mass drop off, as the grunting creature rubs it against any projecting corner which may furnish him a convenient scratching place. As you glance

around the pen, you observe that all such conveniences have been utilized until they are worn so smooth as to be almost inefficient.

Stir up the beast, and make him show his gait. See how he rolls along, a mass of fat. If he were human he would be expected to drop off any day of heart disease. And so he will, unless the butcher forestalls nature by a day or two. Indeed, not long ago a stout neighbor of his was quietly taking his breakfast from his trough, and grunting his infinite satisfaction, when, without a moment's warning or a single premonitory symptom, his swinish heart ceased to beat, and he instantly expired without finishing his meal, much to the disappointment of the butcher who was anticipating the pleasure of quietly executing him a few hours later, and serving him up to his pork-loving patrons. Suppose his death had been delayed a few hours, or rather, suppose the butcher had got the start of nature a little, as he generally contrives to do!

But we have not half examined our hog yet. If you can possibly prevail upon yourself to sacrifice your scruples in the cause of science, just clamber over into the reeking sty, and take a nearer view of the animal that is destined to delight the palates of some of your friends, perhaps your own. Make him straighten out his fore legs. Now observe closely. Do you see the open sore or issue a few inches above his foot on the inner side? and do you say it is a mere accidental abrasion? Find the same on the other leg; it is a wise and wonderful provision of nature. Grasp the leg high up, and press downward. Now you see its utility, as a mass of corruption pours out. That opening is the outlet of a sewer,—yes, a scrofulous sewer; and hence the offensive matter which discharges from it. Should you fill a syringe with mercury, or some colored injecting fluid, and drive the contents into this same opening, you would be able to trace all through the body of the animal little pipes communicating with it.

What must be the condition of the body of an animal so foul as to require a regular system of drainage to convey away its teeming filth? Sometimes the outlet gets closed by the accumulation of external filth. Then the scrofulous stream ceases to flow, and the animal quickly sickens and dies unless the owner speedily cleanses the parts, and so opens anew the feculent fountain, and allows the poison to escape.

What dainty morsels those same feet and legs make! What a delicate flavor they have, as every

epicure asserts! Do you suppose the corruption with which they are saturated has any influence upon their taste and healthfulness?

Now let us look at the inside of this delicious beast!

Just under the skin we find a mass of fat from two to six inches in thickness, covering a large portion of the body. What is this? "Lard," says one; "animal oil;" "an excellent thing for consumptives;" "a very necessary kind of food in cold weather." Lard, animal oil, very truly; and, we will add, as synonyms, disease, scrofula, torpid liver. Where did all that fat come from? or how happened it to be heaped up around that poor hog so prodigiously? Surely it is not natural; for fat is deposited in large quantities only for the purpose of keeping the body warm in winter. This fat is much more than is necessary for that purpose, and is much greater in amount than ever exists upon the animal in a state of nature. It is evidently the result of disease. So gross have been the habits of the animal, so great has been the foulness of its body, that its excretory organs—its liver, lungs, kidneys, skin, and intestines—have been entirely unable to carry away the impurities which it has been all its life accumulating. And even the extensive system of sewerage, with its constant stream, which we have already described, was insufficient to the task of purging so vile a body of the debris which abounded in every organ and saturated every tissue. Consequently, this great flood of disease, which made the blood a black, turbid current, was crowded out of the veins and arteries into the tissues, and there accumulated as fat.

A few years ago there were on exhibition at a great cattle-show in England two hogs which had been stuffed with oil-cake until they were the greatest monsters of obesity ever exhibited. Of course they took the first premium; and if a premium had been awarded to the animals capable of producing the most disease, it is quite probable they would still have headed the list.

Lard, then, obtained from the flesh of the hog by heating, is nothing more than extract of a diseased carcass. Who that knows its character would dare to defile himself with this "broth of abominable things"?

Now let us take a little deeper look. Observe the glands which lie about the neck. Instead of being of their ordinary size, and composed of the usual gland structure, we find in them large masses of scrofulous tissue. Perhaps tuberculous degeneration has already taken place. If so, the soft, cheesy, infectious mass is ready to sow broadcast the seeds of consumption and premature death.

Now take a still deeper look, and examine the

lungs. If the hog is more than a few months old, you will be likely to find large numbers of tubercles. If he is much more than a year old, you will probably find a portion of the lung completely consolidated. Yet all of this filthy, diseased mass is cooked as a delicious morsel, and served up to satisfy fastidious tastes. If the animal had escaped the butcher's knife a few years, he would have died of tuberculous consumption.

Make a cut into this animal's liver. In seventy-five cases out of a hundred you will find it filled with abscesses. In a yet larger percentage will be found the same diseased products which seem to infest every organ, every tissue, and every structure. Yet these same rotten, diseased, scrofulous livers are eaten and relished by thousands of people who can not express their contempt for the Frenchman who eats a horse, or the Chinaman who dines upon fricassee puppy.

The word "scrofula" is derived from the Latin *scrofa*, which means "a sow." The ancient Romans evidently believed that scrofula originated with the hog, and hence they attached the name of the beast to the disease. Saying that a man has scrofula, then, is equivalent to saying that he has the hog disease. After we have seen that the hog is the very embodiment of scrofulous disease, can any one doubt the accuracy of the conclusions of the Romans who named the disease?

Let us look again at the diseased liver. Upon closer inspection we discover numberless little sacs, or cysts, about the size of a hemp seed. These do not present a very formidable appearance, but as soon as they are taken into the stomach by eating the flesh containing them, the gastric juice dissolves off the membranous sac, and liberates a minute animal, which had been encased there perhaps for months. This creature, although so small, is furnished with a head and four suckers. With the latter it attaches itself firmly to the wall of the intestine, and begins to grow. In a short time it produces an addition to its body, which is attached like a joint behind. Soon a duplicate of this is produced, and then another and another, until a body three or four rods in length is formed. This is a tapeworm.

Under other circumstances, the eggs of the tapeworm may find entrance into the body, when the disease is developed in another form. The embryonic worms consist of a pair of hooklets so shaped that a twisting motion will cause them to penetrate the tissues after the fashion of a corkscrew. Countless numbers of these may be taken into the system, since a single tapeworm has been found to contain more than two million eggs. By the boring motion referred to, which

seems to be spontaneous in the young worm, the parasites penetrate into every part of the body. Piercing the walls of the blood-vessels, they are swept along in the life-current, thus finding their way even to the most delicate structures of the human system. They have been found in all the organs of the body, even the brain and the delicate organs of vision not escaping the depredations of this destructive parasite. When developed in the eye, they, of course, occasion blindness. When lodged in the lungs or other organs, they interfere with their proper functions. In the liver, which is the most frequent rendezvous of these destructive creatures, serious and often fatal disease, known as hydatids, is occasioned by the extraordinary development of the cysts, which are originally not larger than a pea, but by excessive growth assume enormous proportions. The same disease may occur in any other part of the body in which the germs undergo development.

In Iceland this disease has become extremely common; it is not uncommon in this country. The poor victim who is forced to entertain this unwelcome guest suffers untold agonies, and finally dies if he can not succeed in dislodging the parasite.

Now, my friend, assist your eyesight by a good microscope, and you will be convinced that you have only just caught a glimpse of the enormous filthiness of the loathsome pig. Take a thin slice of lean flesh, place it upon the stage of your microscope, adjust the eye-piece, and look. If you are fortunate, you will find displayed before your eyes hundreds of voracious little animals, each coiled up in its little cell, waiting for an opportunity to emerge from its prison walls, and begin its destined work of devastation. A gentleman of eminence in Louisville has made very extensive researches upon the subject, and asserts that trichinæ may be found in at least one hog out of every ten. A committee appointed by the Chicago Academy of Medicine to investigate this subject reported that they found in their examinations at the various packing-houses in the city one hog in fifty infested with trichinæ. Other investigations have shown a still greater frequency of the disease.

This creature, also, is enclosed in a little cyst, or

sac, which, when taken into the stomach, is dissolved by the gastric juice. The parasite, being set at liberty, immediately penetrates the thin muscular walls of the stomach, and gradually works its way throughout the whole muscular system. It possesses the power of propagating its species with wonderful rapidity; so that a person once infected is almost certain to die a lingering death of excruciating agony.

In Helstadt, Prussia, one hundred and three persons were poisoned, and twenty of them died within a month.

It is doubtless not known how many deaths are really due to this cause; for many persons die of strange, unknown diseases, which baffle the doctor's skill both as to cure and diagnosis. Trichinosis very much resembles some other diseases in some of its stages, and is often attributed to other than its true cause. It is thought by many medical men of considerable eminence that hundreds of people die of the disease without its true nature being suspected.

Is it not proved that a hog is nothing better than an animated mass of physical defilement? How wise and sanitary was the command of God to the ancient Jews: "It is unclean unto you. Ye shall not eat of their flesh nor touch their dead carcass."

Although this law may not still be binding upon all mankind as a moral obligation, it is quite plain that the physical basis upon which it was founded is as good to-day as at any previous period. Could it be proved that the hog had kept pace with advancing civilization, and had improved his habits, we might possibly find more tolerance for him; but he is evidently just as unclean as ever, and just as unfit for food.

Adam Clarke, when requested to give thanks at a repast of which pork constituted a conspicuous part, once used the following words: "Lord, bless this bread, these vegetables, and this fruit; and if thou canst bless under the gospel what thou didst curse under the law, bless this swine's flesh."

The Mohammedans, as well as the Jews, abstain entirely from the use of pork, as do also certain tribes in Asia and Africa.

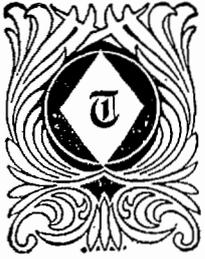


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## "I Will Show Him How Many Things He Must Suffer"

W. H. Piper, Chicago, December 4, 1908.



HE main outlines of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus are familiar to us all. We are aware of the fact that when Stephen was being stoned to death, Saul of Tarsus was standing by, holding the clothes of the young men who threw the stones. The ninth chapter of Acts opens with Saul breathing out slaughter and threatenings against the disciples of the Lord. He applied to the high priest for authority to go down to Damascus and arrest the little band of disciples in that city. He had already persecuted the disciples in Jerusalem, and hearing that the cause of Jesus was prospering in Damascus, in his blind zeal he hastens hither to stop their worship.

On the way to Damascus, a bright light, far exceeding the brightness of the noonday sun, suddenly falls upon Saul, and so blinding is the light, and tremendous the power of God, that he falls to the ground. I am very much in sympathy with that kind of falling. I should like to see the power of God so mighty in these services that the sinner would fall upon the floor, but I want God to knock him down. I do not want him to put himself there; nor do I want any to fall through the contagion of seeing others fall.

As Saul is there prostrated, he hears a voice, "Saul! Saul!" And Saul says, "Who art thou, Lord?" It is here that Jesus reveals Himself to Saul, and through that revelation he is humbled and says: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

This bitter and relentless persecutor while going to Damascus equipped with authority to arrest the Lord's disciples is himself arrested by the Lord and smitten with blindness, and has to be led into the city by the hand.

In the city of Damascus there was a certain disciple whose name was Ananias, to whom the Lord gave a vision to prepare him to minister to Saul. As the Lord appeared to Ananias he told him to go down to Straight street and inquire in the house of Judas for a man named Saul of Tarsus, for "behold he prayeth." All good things come through prayer. You may reckon Saul was doing a good deal of earnest praying during those three days. God had begun to deal with him, and almost as soon as Saul commenced to pray, God began to answer by getting Ananias ready

to go to see him. God gave Paul and Ananias a vision at the same time, and one was the complement of the other. This is also true of Cornelius and Peter. He gave Cornelius and Peter a vision, practically at the same time, and they fit each other. I do not say that this will apply in all cases, but it does apply in these two, which are among the most remarkable for practical direction in the New Testament.

Again in these days God is giving visions much as He did at that time, and in these matters we must be very careful, for mark you, God never arose to do any mighty work that Satan did not attempt to counterfeit. So when God is giving genuine visions, you may be sure Satan will try to give a spurious one, and he is doing it too. There is much need to be careful and prayerful, and for all things to be tested by the word of God and by sanctified common sense. It will not grieve God if, in honestly seeking to know God's will, you take time quietly to wait before Him that He may show *you* for yourself what is His mind, rather than to act hastily, simply because some one has what he claims to be a message or a vision from God for you. Satan always wants us to be in a hurry, but God never does. The vision must meet the demands of the principles of the Word of God, and also be revealed to *you* by His Spirit. A vision or message is not necessarily from God because someone says so. God will show you. Prove all things.

It seems strange at first thought that Jesus who thus appeared to Saul in the way, and so wonderfully revealed Himself to him, would not continue to deal with him direct—heal his eyes, and then and there endue him with power for service. There are several reasons. The mighty Saul of Tarsus must learn some lessons from humble Ananias; that is one reason, and another is that he must be taught in the very beginning of his Christian experience *the unity of the body of Christ*, and therefore Saul must be ministered unto by Ananias, at whom he so recently scoffed, but who was the servant of Jesus. The Holy Spirit had placed him in charge of the little flock in Damascus, and Saul had to recognize that fact.

But when the Lord told Ananias to go to Saul, Ananias said, "Lord, I have heard about that man; he has been hailing men and women, committing them to prison, and putting them to death. And here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that

call on Thy name." But the Lord said unto him, "Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear My name before the Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel; for *I will show him how many things he must suffer for My name's sake.*" Ah, Paul, you who were unmoved at the suffering of Stephen, will yet know what it meant to be stoned for the testimony of this same Jesus; you who hunted the followers of the despised Nazarene and cast them into prison, will realize before many days what it meant to have a garrison hunt for your life!

"For I will show him"—not how much *glory* he will have; not what a *wonderful apostle* he will become; not how many *thousands of people will hang on his words*; not how many *millions of people will read his epistles*, but "I WILL SHOW HIM HOW MUCH HE MUST SUFFER FOR MY SAKE."

Paul's life was a protracted martyrdom. He bore about in his body "the marks of the Lord Jesus." Hear his own words: "In labors more abundantly, in stripes above measure; in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes—save one; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often; in perils of water and robbers; in perils by the heathen, and mine own countrymen; perils in the city, in the wilderness, in the sea, among false brethren; in labors and travail, in watchings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, there is that which presseth upon me daily, anxiety for all the churches."

Yet in the midst of it all he says: "I am exceedingly joyful in all my tribulations for Christ's sake, for I reckon that the sufferings of this present time *are not worthy to be compared* with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

Most of us shrink from "the fellowship of His sufferings"; from that phase of Christianity, we pray for a way of escape, but you can measure the height of your spiritual life by the depths of your suffering. If you have not suffered, and are not willing to suffer, you will miss much of the blessing God has for you, and if we would look forward to reigning with Jesus, we must be willing to suffer for His sake. We may not be called upon to suffer as the warrior Paul, for his is a terrible list, but *suffering for the sake of Jesus* is the promised heritage of every Christian.

For the encouragement of Ananias, the Lord told him how Saul was to bear His Name before kings, but Ananias in his wisdom did not mention this to Saul. If he had, the plan of God might have been marred by Saul becoming exalted. We have many times seen the work of God hindered because people

have said more than God wanted them to say; they haven't stopped when God purposed for them to stop; they have become exalted when they saw God work, and *self* has come in to help God, and the plan of God in that instance has been ruined.

Ananias delivered a brief message: "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest hath sent me, that thou mightest receive they sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." That must have sounded very sweet to Saul about that time. He had been three days without anything to eat or drink, shut in with God, doing a lot of hard praying and reconstructing his ideas. What an awful shock his theology had! All Saul had studied in Moses and the prophets, in the types and shadows, he now begins to see, heads up in Jesus Christ, and so his theology has to take on a new setting. So does every other man's whom God begins to deal with, and especially is this true of those who have received the Pentecostal experience.

The Lord made it plain at the beginning of Saul's career that the enduement of power which came to him when Ananias prayed for him, was not so much for his own edification, not something that he could glory in, but it meant suffering and service. He was baptized for suffering. It meant lashings and imprisonments; mockings and cruel scourgings, perils, hunger, nakedness, and, the saddest of all, on more than one occasion, "all men forsook" him, and he stood alone. Paul suffered as his Lord. Yet Paul knew what it was to have the glory and the ecstasy; the depths of his suffering had a corresponding height in the glory experience. He was caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words, words he was not permitted to utter. But in this he was not allowed to glory; and he says, lest he should be exalted through the abundance of the revelations that were given him, Satan was permitted to buffet him, and he sums it all up in these words: "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ.*"

Ah, the baptism in the Holy Spirit means something more than glory and ecstasy; it is more than physical or psychical manifestations; it is fellowship with Christ in His humiliation and in His suffering as well as in His glory. We are made perfect through suffering, and one reason why people lose this wonderful blessing that God gives them is because they are not willing to bear the suffering. It is not only glory; it is also fire, and we don't like the fire. God showed one of our number not very long ago the work the blood is to accomplish and the work the fire is to do. The blood tenderly washes away our sins, but the *fire burns out our self-life*. Not always an inward work-

ing, either, is the fire, for the self-life is not all burned out by the fire of God at work within us, but by the testings and trials that come to us, through the hand of our brother; through our own failures and through the unseen forces of evil; but all these work out for us "more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory," if we are exercised thereby; if we seek to learn the lesson.

God in thousands of instances has given great joy and glory at the time of baptism, and many have thought this the acme of His dealings, but it is only one phase of it. He will not always work the same way for there are "diversities of operations, but the same Spirit." Individuals and assemblies upon whom He has poured out His Spirit in great power are passing through a wilderness period, and they will also be called upon to pass through the furnace. We cannot have the glory without the suffering. One is the counterpart of the other.

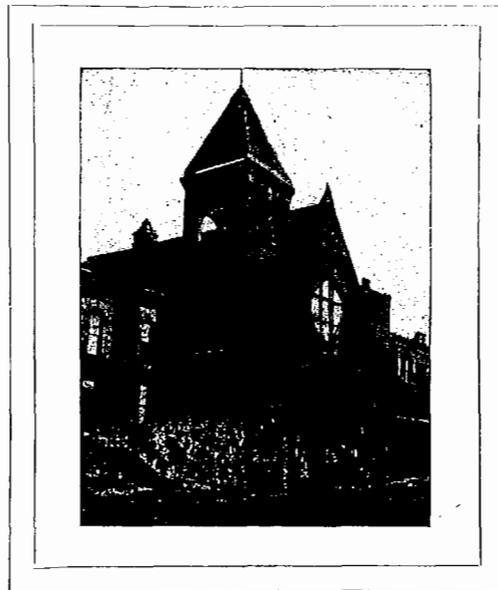
God has not endued us with power simply to sit down and enjoy ourselves in meetings, while our next door neighbor is going to ruin. We must be up and doing, and witness to a dying world the power there is in the cross of Christ. We can draw from the fountain head the power for service as we go on errands of mercy and salvation.

Paul never shrank from the arduous toils, and the hardships that came to him; his missionary journeys were always attended by perils and dangers, he was an incessant toiler, yet he never seems to have become discouraged. Even realizing his infirmities, there is a note of triumph in the words: "Pressed on every side, yet not straightened; perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the putting to death of Jesus." He lived daily the crucified life, the laid-down life, the life of self-sacrifice, self denial—Why? "The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord." The one aim and purpose of Paul's life after his conversion was to preach a crucified Christ, and even tribulation was welcomed when it brought about that end. He rejoiced in his imprisonment at Rome for thereby he was enabled to preach Christ in Cæsar's palace.

May God help us to be *real soldiers of the cross*, to endure hardness, to stand true in the hour of temptation and trial, to let the fire burn without complaint, to rejoice in tribulation, and to suffer for the sake of Jesus, so that we may be able to say with this soldier: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

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