



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth.

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

4/0 BOUND

"Giving Heed to Seducing Spirits"

The Alluring Deceptions of the Day

Sermon by William Hamner Piper, in the Stone Church, September 10, 1911



OW the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils," or teaching of demons. (1 Tim. 4: 1.) That means that there will be some in the church, either saved or non-

nominal Christians, who will give heed and follow the teachings of those who are controlled and taught in the wiles of Satan—giving heed to seducing (roving) spirits—spirits that rove around, deceiving one here and another there, leading them captive, carrying them away from the sweet simplicity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ into the doctrine of demons. These people will speak lies, having their conscience seared with a hot iron (verse 2) a figure of the ancient custom of branding slaves. These however are not branded in their foreheads as the slaves were, but in their conscience; "having their *conscience* seared with a hot iron."

Sixth verse: "If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, *thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine.*" I am somewhat encouraged by these words, for this does not require that one shall be very learned or very eloquent to be a good minister, but that he shall be faithful in proclaiming sound doctrine.

But I am to speak to you especially this afternoon about the things that are suggested by the first two verses. "The Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith." It is the universal opinion, and doesn't need any special emphasis from me at this time, that we are living in the "latter times," in the last days when Satan is making every possible effort to keep people away from Jesus Christ. He is satisfied with anything that will accomplish that end, and is wise enough to see that there are many different temperaments, and many differently constituted minds, and he has therefore devised many different systems, in the hope that the aggregation of these will catch the great mass of mankind. And he is not being disappointed in that hope, for the great mass of mankind know practically nothing about God and the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and they care less.

It is a time when it is difficult, not only to get people saved, but it is especially difficult to *keep* people saved. Ten or twelve years ago I used to have some things to say by way of criticism of the Early Church, because they so soon lost the power to witness to the primitive Gospel which included, and still includes Divine Healing and other spiritual gifts. It was easy in my youthful enthusiasm to criticise them for these things, but I have learned some lessons since. I have come to see how exceedingly difficult it is to keep people up to anything like apostolic standard, and I have therefore more sympathy for the men that labored in the Gospel in the early centuries than I once had.

A good deal of our time today, not only here but elsewhere, is spent in trying to keep people who profess to be saved and who are saved, from backsliding, whereas that energy ought to be spent in getting other people saved. It takes a great deal of time and energy to keep the people up to the standard, who themselves ought to be getting other people saved, and I sometimes ask myself the question: When will this thing cease? Will we ever, this side the millennium, be saved from the painful necessity of constantly dealing with the saved and keeping them up to the standard? Will we ever come to the place where all the energies of the local body of Christian people will be combined toward the unsaved? I don't know whether it will ever come or not. I am forced to recognize that a good deal of pressure is being brought in every conceivable way by Satan, especially against those who would go on into the deep things of God, but I am not discouraged about it, for while I recognize the devil is mighty, I have not forgotten the fact that God is Almighty, and I am persuaded, with the Apostle Paul, that He is able to keep that which is committed unto Him. The great difficulty with many is that they do not *commit* it.

I am convinced that as the days go on and we move on toward the tribulation, these subtleties of Satan will increase, until it will be difficult, in fact it is now, unless one is especially enlightened by the Spirit of God, to distinguish between that which is of God and that which is of Satan. It is like a well-made counterfeit dollar; only an expert in money matters can *quickly* distinguish the counterfeit from the genuine, and Satan has

imitated so many of the good things of God, that unless you have been pretty well taught in the Book, and have had some illumination in your own heart by the Spirit of God, you will not be able to tell the difference.

I want to utter some words of warning about some of the false doctrines that are taking even the saved people away from Jesus. If you were to go into one of the Christian Science churches, for example, and make an examination, you would find that a goodly number have been members in times past of some evangelical church; you will find Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and in fact all denominations. There are at least two reasons for this; one that they have not been sufficiently trained in the Word of God, and another because the church has failed in its testimony to a present-day miraculous God, for people will be attracted by that which is miraculous, whether genuine or spurious; so it becomes us to produce the genuine.

There are many antichristian cults, chief among which may be mentioned Christian Science, New Thought, Theosophy and Spiritism. I insist that while these differ in method and in terminology, they are nevertheless *one* in their aim. Their object is the same old deception that Satan tried to foist, and succeeded, upon our first parents in Eden, when he said that if they ate of that fruit they should become as gods. New Thought, Christian Science, Spiritism and Theosophy and all the rest of these false *isms* are exactly the same in this one point, that you can believe all you like in the existence of a Supreme Being, just so you do not recognize the necessity of Jesus Christ and His blood as the only way to that Supreme Being. They all agree in a God who is the Father of us all. New Thought tells you that the way to be great and reach perfect happiness is to have proper thoughts and proper conceptions; that by *thinking* you can find out God; indeed that in one's natural self there is all one needs to make heaven; hence no need of Jesus to take us to heaven. Christian Science comes along with practically the same idea but clad in a little different garment; a somewhat different phraseology declaring that what we call sin is but the error of mortal mind, and says in Mrs. Eddy's own words, "Man is incapable of sin, sickness or any departure from holiness." Hence there can be no need of Jesus to save or heal. And, incidentally, we might remark, if this statement was true, there would be no need for Mrs. Eddy or Christian Science. Spiritism would have us reach heaven by

learning of the spirit-world through our departed friends. Theosophy tells you we must finally reach the eternal place by going through a continued series of reincarnations, first in one person and then another, and by and by after we have been reincarnated often enough—mark you, making reincarnation take the place of Jesus Christ—we have become good enough, not because of the imputed righteousness of Jesus and the power of His blood, nor because of the imparted righteousness of Jesus Christ through the power of the Holy Spirit, but after these long cycles of reincarnation, we have become good enough to enter the Nirvana state. I say again that in their fundamental principle all these *isms* are a unit. One lays special stress on the power of thought, another special emphasis on healing, and another on spirit communication, etc., but they all have this one doctrine of demons running through them, namely, THAT JESUS CHRIST AND HIS BLOOD ARE NOT ESSENTIAL TO SALVATION.

The conflict of the centuries is not whether there is a Supreme Being, but whether Jesus Christ is essential to our salvation, and I take a step further, and say that it is not simply on Jesus Christ as a man or a character, but as to whether *His blood* is essential to our salvation. This then is the very center of the fight, for Theosophists say that Jesus was the greatest reincarnation, Spiritists say He was the greatest medium, and Christian Scientists that He was the greatest Scientist, and they all in a measure undertake to imitate His example. But the very heart of the Gospel is not imitation, but life and growth. It is Christ, not outside of you as a Pattern merely, but it is "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

These *isms* are legion in number, and in these days they are multiplying with a rapidity almost equal to the lice of ancient Egypt. I have a book in my collection, given me in the hope of interesting me in it, which is nearly half the size of the unabridged Standard dictionary, and which, it is claimed, was written under inspiration on the typewriter in about ninety days. I believe it was by inspiration, but it requires neither scholarship nor Christian intuition to know the origin of the inspiration.

I say to you this afternoon, out of a heart that is deeply convinced, and out of a mind that is somewhat enlightened, that we are in grave danger unless we keep close both to the Word of God and the Spirit of God, of being swallowed up by some deception of the devil. It is not possible for Satan to deceive all of us at once, but

unless we walk humbly before our God and are willing to be taught and willing to take advice from those who have gone deep with God, he will be able to get us one at a time.

Every now and then some one says, "Isn't there something good in these various systems? some grain of truth?" Well, I might take a glass of water and pour in a few drops of strong poison and you might not see it. If you should then ask me if there wasn't something good in the glass, I would have to say yes, the water is good but it is so mixed with poison that a person inexperienced in natural chemistry would not be able to detect it, but if you swallow it, physical death will follow. And so I would not deny that these pseudo-religions have some truth in them, but one who is not versed in heavenly chemistry is liable to swallow the poison with the good, and if he does, it will be spiritual death to him.

Spiritism, which I most detest, comes to us at the darkest hour of our lives, frequently, and takes advantage of the holiest emotions of the human heart. They don't come to us and say, "Go along with me to yonder saloon and have a drink." Any sane man would see the devil's hand in that, but they come to you at a time when you have laid away in the cold earth, father or mother, a son or a daughter, husband or wife, and hold out to you the hope of your being able to commune with them. Thus they take advantage of the most tender emotions and the most sacred feelings of the human breast, and, getting what they consider an up-to-date communication from the spirit world, the Bible becomes a common-place book, and step by step you are led from God until you have lost all confidence in Jesus Christ as your Savior.

Then there is that devilry of fortune telling, which is increasing so rapidly, and which is closely allied to spiritism. You who have been foolish enough to go to a palmist or to a spiritistic medium to have your fortune told, have inquired of the devil concerning the future. The only time in the New Testament you have anything of that kind spoken of is when Paul and Silas were at Philippi, and a fortune-telling maid, possessed of an evil spirit, harrassed them day after day, until Paul cast it out of her, after which she could tell no more fortunes. Acts 16:16-18.

One thing that stirs my soul just at this time, is that the devil has had the impudence to establish a little station of fortune telling and palmistry right down here near our church. Let us pray it out;* it is an abomination that the church

of Jesus Christ is not strong enough to keep such hell-holes as that out of its vicinity.

There are men who are foolish enough to go to such places to counsel about their business, and there are women who are still more foolish who thus seek guidance in regard to marriage. Get a husband through a spiritistic medium and you will be married to the devil; you will get all you want of that sort of thing before you are married very long.

I am glad from the depths of my soul that there are some people here this afternoon who, although once in this devilish system, have been saved from it through the blood of Jesus. I will tell you the place to get a wife, young man. I will tell you the place to get a husband, young woman. The prayer-meeting. Not only that, but study a girl in her home, and find out how a young man treats his mother and sisters. This matter of matrimony is a serious thing. Some people think all there is to do is to get a license and stand up before a parson, and have a few words said. No, sir; that is only the beginning. The real test comes after marriage. The Lord have mercy on anyone who would go to such a foolish, ridiculous and wicked extreme of finding a companion in such a way.

These false religious systems are all going to head up in the tribulation, mark you, under the false prophet, who will be subservient to the Antichrist. Not only are these false religions going to unite under the Antichrist, but all secret societies will do the same thing. There is a time coming when you will either have to deny Jesus Christ or refuse to obey the dictates of your lodge. Masonry is the mother of all of them. I was quite interested the other day in a pamphlet on theosophy that was sent to me. The subject was treated in a number of paragraphs, one of which spoke of the sympathy and unity and similarity between the old East Indian philosophy of Buddhism, etc., and Masonry, and spoke of its ancient origin. The time is coming when Freemasonry at the head of all these systems will say to the other secret societies, to the Odd Fellows, to the Knights of Pythias, Elks, etc., "Fall in line and go against the religion of Jesus Christ, for we have a great chieftain; a great leader whom we must obey." I do not know what *they* will call him, but the Bible calls him Antichrist, and if you belong to his organizations, you will have to fall in line and deny Jesus Christ. Thus all false religions and all secret societies, which are taking the place of the churches, and the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ.

*This place was closed within a week.

are to become subservient to Antichrist in the great tribulation. The churches are being emptied out, and the secret societies and lodges are erecting their halls and buildings all over the land. Only the other day I read an account of where the Order of Foresters christened a baby. They are making these societies take the place of the Christian religion. I see it more clearly today than I ever did in my life. Not satisfied with Masonry and Odd Fellowship, and Elks and Red Men, and a whole lot of other societies, they have gone into the Universities and Colleges and even high schools with their Greek Letter fraternities and everywhere we turn; in the educational world, in commercial life and in the trades—everything is organized and has its secrets and its pass words.

I want to say now some other things showing the subtlety of the devil in these days. I confess it is harder in some ways for young people to be true to God than it was even when I was young; there are more things to drag them away, more things to appeal to them. I believe the greatest curse that has struck this land in the last twenty-five years, and one of the greatest that has ever come to it, is the abominable five-cent theatre. The devil knew his business when he got that up. The child comes to his father and says, "It is only five cents! There is nothing but moving pictures!" Indeed I saw a hand-bill advertising the passion play to be given in one of those places. What an abomination that they should drag into a place like that the most holy things of God! The devil appeals to your child and mine through the boy and girl they stand beside at the blackboard at school. These have been to the theatre and they tell our children about these things, and create a desire to see them. Young man, young woman, it is the gate to hell, and if you go into it enough you will find your way to hell. Much as I love my six children I'd rather bury them all this week than have them grow up to go to theatres and dances and other works of the devil. If they were to die now I would know where they had gone, but if they drift into these things I wouldn't know where to find them. Just before I came on this platform I was talking to a brother, and he told me that sometime ago he was serving on the Grand Jury, and as a result of this moving picture business, a little girl was there before the court who was a mother, and she only thirteen years of age. I tell you it is of hell.

I hope you haven't been reading it; I scarcely ever read these things, glance over the headlines

sometimes; but down in Virginia a girl that has been implicated in the Beattie murder, and who has been his paramour for years, was about to be photographed by the moving picture people, that millions in our land might see this wretched prostitute. Think of the morbid curiosity of a crowd that would go to see her picture! What diabolical thoughts a view of her would engender in the hearts of the young! But be it said to their honor and praise, the executives in three different states said by all the authority vested in them, these pictures should not be shown in their states, and because of that the moving picture people backed down.

"Well," says the young man, "if we cannot do this and that and the other thing, what is left for us?" Something infinitely better than the devil's sport. It is a trick of Satan to lead you away from God where he can down you. All of these things are combining for this one purpose: to feed these places of iniquity and sin, to rob your home and mine of our virtuous children, and heaven of its brightest jewels.

Listen to me, boys, girls! Don't go around and say your father and mother are old fogies because they warn you against these places and won't let you go to them. When you get to be where we are with some grey hair on your head and some experience in the world, you will say the same to your children. It is the gate to hell. You go in and you have no assurance of getting out with purity in your heart. Yes, you may have gone to a few where they looked all right, and where in themselves there was nothing wrong, but that is only a little snare and trick of Satan, just as for instance, the man who is working a confidence game, some wheel of fortune or shell game; he lets his innocent victim gain a number of times, until perhaps he has won a hundred or even a thousand dollars, but not once in a million has a man sense enough to stop then, even if the game would be right, but he goes on until the man has not only got back the hundred or the thousand dollars that were won, but he goes on until he has fleeced him of every dollar he had. And so the devil is shrewd enough to put in some educational features, but soon the ordinary educational pictures fail to satisfy.

Stay away, I beseech you, from these places. Go a long way around Christian Science, Theosophy, New Thought and Spiritism; secretism, theatres, the dance hall and the skating rinks. "Are you going to take everything away?" someone says. I am going to take everything away that the devil controls, and I am sorry to

say that for the most part the devil has a great big mortgage on all amusements, some of which would be perfectly proper if controlled by God.

Now my brother, my sister, let me say to you: Get back to the Bible; get back to the old style Apostolic Christianity that stands for right against all the opposition and trickery of the devil. Be a stalwart Christian, pure in heart, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Obedience to the precepts of this Book will save your feet from slipping over the brink, give you final entrance into the haven of rest. Follow the wise counsel of godly, consecrated people, and above all, follow the Word of God. You need only careful and prayerful exposition of the Word of God; you do not need a number of things that are going out, even from Pentecostal centers. The only "heavenly message" you need is the Bible; there is no need for any School of the Holy Ghost except the one Paul studied in. This Word which the Holy Ghost inspired holy men of old to write, is sufficient. You need this, and the illumination of the Spirit of God in your own heart, and a teachable spirit to give you an abundant entrance into the life beyond. These other things cannot but for the most part take you away from the plain, simple, straightforward teaching of the Word of God. Stick to the old Book. "The Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of demons, speaking lies in hypocrisy, and their conscience seared with a hot iron."

There is such a thing as influence, and if you exercise your influence in the wrong direction, you will be responsible, at least in a measure, some of these days, for sending some one to hell; if exercised in the right direction, you will have the joy of leading some one to heaven.

Look out for anything and everything that would take your attention away from the plain, ordinary Word of God. We need no occultism, or special mysticism to put some peculiar inter-

pretation on the old Book, for though our ancestors may not have had the gifts of the Spirit manifested in their lives as is the case today, they did know God, and they did work for God, and there was sanctified scholarship. They were trained in logic and theology, and their interpretation of scripture has come down to us. Let us thank God that we have inherited the result of their study and toil, and not turn away from the sanctified, godly men of the past and put ourselves on a pedestal because in these days God is doing something He didn't do twenty-five years ago, for we don't deserve any credit because we are living in the belt of the "latter rain," when these things are due.

I am glad for all the ecstasy and joy, and manifestation of the power of God, but I would not join that class who pour contempt on our Christian ancestry, for they suffered things that some of these people would flinch from if they were brought face to face with them. Let us get all the good from the past, and get all the good we can from each other and from God, but let us keep our feet in the straight and narrow path, and not allow the devil to make us believe we are missing much enjoyment because we do not go for our enjoyment in the world, for "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

God help us to be true and humble, obedient and faithful to all His Word contains, and all His Spirit reveals. God wants us to take a new step into deeper humility, into a larger place of sanctification; into a broader, sweeter place of purity of heart, in order that the people whom we meet may be saved.

There are opportunities at our hands and privileges at our door that we must measure up to, and in order to do that, the flesh, the world and the devil must be kept out and under, and we must launch out into a deeper place with God.

Our only safety, I say again, from the seducing spirits of the day is in the Word of God.

Thoughts on the Last Days

Mrs. E. Munsinger Howell, Windsor, Florida

"THE WORD was made flesh and dwelt among us." "And His Name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Separation, absolute divorce from the old man with his deeds is demanded by the Lord, because the mind of the flesh is enmity

against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

These are days of peril, counterfeit of God's best; days which Peter looked forward to and said, "We do well to take heed to prophecy, as unto a light shining in a dark place, until the day

dawn and the day star arises in your hearts; knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." II Peter, 1:19-21.

The picture of these days that are now upon us is vividly portrayed in the second and third chapters of II Peter which follows.

God has clarified my vision in typical and prophetic truth, to the establishment of my feet and the sanctification of my being with respect to the time we are in. One day I read in Revelation of the seven last plagues, and like a flash the Spirit brought to mind the ten plagues of Egypt. The language "*seven last plagues*" implies preceding plagues. After the first three plagues of Egypt, no more came upon God's people, the children of Israel. So, true to the type, God's children will suffer from the first three, but after the saints are taken at the end of this era, the *seven last plagues* will be poured out.

If we can find what these plagues typify we can know if we are now in the antitype of the first three plagues.

The first plague on Egypt was "water turned to blood"—corruption. People could not drink it and dug wells for themselves. Water typifies truth—Holy Spirit. Who of us cannot see how in our life time, false teaching has prevailed. II Thessalonians second chapter, as well as the Epistles of Peter, give clear account of the perils of the last days on this line—everyone digging wells and believing what they please.

Second plague, "frogs," which typify evil spirits. We can see how demons have come out of the putrid water (teaching) and are manifested in Spiritism, Christian Science, Theosophy, and many other cults (frogs). The frogs were in the kneading troughs, where food was prepared; so demons have taken possession of false teachers, and are feeding the people who, having "itching ears have heaped unto themselves." They prophesy smooth things—no cross, no blood, no sacrifice.

Third plague, "lice;" little tormenting things, the result of uncleanness, crop of filth, which causes torment and unrest of spirit, soul and body. People are running to and fro to find rest and ease of spirit; divers diseases, insanity, suicide, etc., are rampant. The devil laughs and thinks he has God's people cornered up in Goshen, but hallelujah! God steps in, and no more plagues

touch His people. They have light in their dwelling; in Egypt there is darkness that can be felt.

Beloved, can we not see by all these tokens of antitype plagues, that our deliverance is at hand? It is true that all things in the spiritual realm have been foreshadowed by types or pictures as exact as earth pictures can represent spiritual things. This awful plague of lice, lice, lice, little tormenting things hard to brace against, little differences even among Pentecostal people, show the results of the two preceding plagues.

Isaiah 52:8 has comforted me, "They shall see eye to eye when Jehovah returneth to Zion." Read the whole of Isa. 52, and see in verse 14 how He suffered. We know that the anointing oil flows from our Head (Jesus) to us His feet (verse 7). "*The body fills up the measure of His suffering.*" Babes, children, servants, do not understand or measure the blood-bought, thorn-crowned way of the cross, and that death to the human precedes real unity of Head and body. "For it behooved the Captain of our Salvation to be made perfect through suffering, that He might bring many sons unto glory." This mystery has been hidden for ages and generations, but now is made manifest, which is "*Christ in you the hope of glory.*" It is by beholding the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, we are transformed into the Divine likeness. My heart broke down in adoration and praise, when I saw that sanctification, cleansing, was my Father's will for me, but I did not then see the wonderful love in making me a co-worker with Him, king and priest to rule and bless the world in ages to come. Let us get down, down, down, beloved, out of sight, under the blood. The end is at hand, even at the door!

Jesus said to His disciples who were anxious to know when He would come back, giving them signs in Matt. 24, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch," and that when we see all these things fulfilled we shall know that the end is nigh, even at the door. "Verily I say unto you, This generation (that see the fig tree sign—the return of the Jews) shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled. Surely the feet of the priests are even now pressing down into the water—truth—which piles up in heaps on either side of us, from whence each one shall take a stone upon his shoulder (Josh. 4:5) in anticipation of the time when the "government shall be upon His shoulder."

That Big Black Bear

Miss E. Sisson, New London, Conn.



IT WAS the hour of morning worship in a home in Winnipeg, where the writer was a guest during the closing days of a campaign for God, in that city. Several persons knowing it was one of the last days of her stay, had, unknown to each other, come to that hour of worship. Thus, as we gathered around the Holy Word, we were surprised to find ourselves quite a company.

After singing and the Word, as we knelt together before the Lord, the power of the Holy Ghost fell upon the waiting group. Several were prostrated under the slaying might of God, among them our hostess, Mrs. D. When the power was lifted in measure from us and we rose to our feet, and the visitors were about to leave, Sister D. said, "Oh, I have had such a vision! It is something about Miss Sisson. I do not know whether it is about her personally, or in connection with her work. I saw her prostrate on the ground; in the air over her, in the act of springing upon her, in terrible rage, was Satan in the form of a big, black bear. It looked as though her time had come. While I held my breath, a bright light shone around everything. Then I lifted my eyes and saw the light proceeded from a *glorious Person* above the big black bear. It was Jesus! His arms were extended. His strong, benign countenance was beaming upon His prostrate child, and under His power and outstretched arms Satan was paralyzed; ready to pounce, but he could not touch her."

Being thus forewarned and forearmed, to walk softly before the Lord and look out for what was coming—the devil's attack and Christ's deliverance—our little company separated. The plan for the few remaining days in the city was: a young lady coming in her carriage that morning to take me to her home for meeting that night, the following day carried to another house where I might pack my trunk, etc., then to leave by train next day for the Atlantic Coast. In the mid-forenoon, in a very swift, terrific thunder storm, came my young friend, wet to the skin, and she so delicate! Bright sunshine when she started from home, the swift shower had caught her half-way, so she pressed on. To return with her just then was impossible, but in the afternoon when the sun had come out, with "clear shining after rain," we thought to go.

Now Winnipeg has a peculiar, sticky, greasy soil. Walking in its mud will rot the leather from your shoes, and it is so slippery that to put your foot upon it when wet, is to fall. It is so greasy that whatever garment it touches is ruined; therefore, ladies avoid walking in it during, or shortly after a rain, but as we were going in a carriage this objection was not thought of. In the evening my young friend, Miss G., having been seated in the trap—she had but one limb which was supplemented by a crutch—I, the writer, a bundle of loose wraps, etc., in one hand and umbrella in the other, essayed to pass by Miss G., crutch and all, and land myself on the other side of the vehicle, for she must drive and from the near side of the carriage. But as I put my foot upon its step, and threw the other limb beyond her, to take my seat, somehow my foot touched mud on the carriage step. I slipped and fell backward, and with such force that my umbrella having caught the rung of a wheel in my descent, snapped in two places. With great power I struck on a mud-covered wagon way of sharp cobble stones! I remember as I went down, feeling a delicious, soft sinking, as of going into a feather bed, my whole body was relaxed, my arms spread out, and I touched the entire length of my spine, the back of my hair and hat in the watery mud. I had no purchase on myself whatever, and felt like so much pancake batter poured out on the pan. I did not long enjoy the soft-sinking luxury, for the second thought was, "Oh, my clothes! Everything ruined by this mud and I day after tomorrow to travel East!"

Now God in my long faith-life in His service ("Freely ye have received, freely give") had always "according to the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus" supplied "all my need," but as my *need* frequently required as now but one suit of clothes at a time, there came the haunting thought, "These are ruined! What are you going to travel in?" But quicker came the Divine suggestion, "Take *joyfully* the spoiling of your goods;" thus the gutter became my closet as I cried, "Lord, I do by Thy grace. I *will* be glad that everything I've got is ruined." Busily occupied with getting this victory, and His help and joyfulness coming into me so fast, I did not realize what an ominous silence there was all about me, till at length Brother D. broke the stillness, saying in very subdued tones, "Sister Sisson, where are you hurt?" Everything was so delicious now, even

the ruining of all my wearing apparel, that laughingly I replied, "Why, I am not hurt anywhere! Hallelujah!" Oh, what suspense this relieved! for seeing the violence of my fall and the perfect stillness that followed all three of them had concluded I was dead and they feared to break the silence. Now they and I alike saw what a wonderful deliverance this had been! I was so *spread* upon the cobble-stones, it was with great difficulty my six-foot stalwart friend could turn me over on one side till I could get some purchase on myself to help him help me rise.

I was determined I would say nothing of my clothes when the Lord had saved my life, so, reeking with mud, I took my place in the carriage, and as we lingered rejoicing, Sister D. put her head in the carriage saying, "That was the big black bear that I saw."

Driving to my friend's house they soon had the bedraggled garments off me, and wiped and hung around the stove for drying. A young man of the family took away my three-piece umbrella for mending, and by the next morning all the clothes were dried, and *not a spot on them*; my black silk outer jacket a particular marvel, as that eating soil was specially hard on silk goods. My umbrella was mended stronger than at first, and

I was not allowed to know even the bill. Of all the accident, nothing was left but the rich blessing that the Lord had wrought for and in me, and upon the bystanders. "In *everything* enriched by Him." But the big black bear was henceforth to me a parable of the spiritual dealings of the Lord with me, and all His own. Jesus always stands with outspread arms in benediction over us; *always* with that smile of infinite love and infinite power. However much Satan, the big black bear, may try to play pranks with us, through the incidents, accidents (?) and providence of our lives, Jesus is right over him in His paralyzing power of deliverance for us, and the devil cannot *touch us*. Beforehand God hath told us, "All things are of God," "All things are for your sake;" to you who love God, "All things work together for good," "Giving thanks always for all things," "Behold I have given you power over all the power of the enemy;" "All things are yours . . . things present . . . things to come . . . all are yours."

It is evermore ours to raise the shout, "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory." We are "more than conquerors through Him that loved us," and who "always causeth us to triumph in Christ." Hallelujah!

Prayer Answered in North India

Miss Edith Baugh, Uska Bazar, United Provinces, India



I WANT to try to tell you a little of what we have been doing the last two weeks; the work here is going forward so fast we can hardly keep pace with it, and again and again we exclaim, "Wonderful." It is true we are learning to "endure hardness as good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ," but hallelujah!

The toils of the road are as nothing,
For He is our guide all the way.

Two weeks ago Miss Abrams and Miss Doll went to Uska Bazar expecting to stay several days, but on Saturday a notice was received from the Tahsildar in Bansi saying that Miss Abrams must appear in Bansi Monday morning concerning the Uska Bazar land. The notice was in Urdu and she could not get a satisfactory translation of it, so came back to Gorakhpur Saturday night at midnight, not knowing what difficulty the enemy might get us into. The officials are largely Mohammedans and we knew if they could keep us out of Uska Bazar they would try

to do so, but at such times we have His precious Word which says, "And they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith Jehovah, to deliver thee." Jeremiah 1:19. We prayed and decided that all she could do was to go, although it meant a very long hard trip, and traveling on Sunday, which we were so sorry to do.

Sunday afternoon Miss Abrams and I started; we had to go forty miles on the train to Basti and there get a carriage, (which was much like a country spring wagon at home) and drive thirty-two miles that night across the country. I wish you could have seen us as we started. There was no seat in the rig so we put down our bedding and lay down for the journey, but as our bed was only about four feet long, my feet hung out the door in the back, and dear Miss Abrams was only kept and carried through by the Almighty Arms underneath.

We arrived in Bansi at 3 A. M. and were taken to the Dak Bungalow, the only place in the town provided for European travelers, but found "no room in the inn" for us, so we were com-

pelled to sleep out of doors the rest of the night. The caretaker at the Dak Bungalow brought one cot for Miss Abrams, and I made a bed on the verandah beside her. There we tried to get a little rest. Monday morning we dressed behind a blanket which we hung up across one corner of the verandah and washed our faces from a small bowl from our lunch basket. We got a little breakfast and then prepared to transact our business. We found there was one record which could not be made until after a public notice of twenty days had been given. In the meantime a new Tahsildar had come into office who probably wanted to see the American "Missahibs" who had bought land, so he called Miss Abrams and all the former landowners. He questioned them each regarding their willingness to sell the land, and when he found there were no objections, he could do nothing but record the deeds, changing the names from the former owners to Miss Abrams.

At 5 P. M. we thought it cool enough to start on our long journey back. The weather here is so warm we would not dare to make such a journey in the middle of the day. We reached Basti at 11 P. M. and there met the same unfriendly heathen world; we spent the rest of that night on the floor of the railway station, and were thankful that part of the journey was over and God had delivered us from the hands of evil men.

For a long time, Miss Abrams had felt we would soon need two mission stations as we are too many for a small village work. The week before our Bansi trip, Misses Abrams, Doll and I felt led of the Lord to go to Basti to look for a house there; however, there seemed to be nothing there we could get, although we looked at everything rentable, some being only tiny mud houses, without light or air, such as I never even saw in Chicago or New York slums.

Basti is the chief city of a district of over one million seven hundred thousand, and will make a good center for us to work the entire Basti District; so this day we felt like looking further on our way back, for Miss Abrams felt the Lord was pushing her to enter this door. In a marvelous way she was led to look at some old buildings abandoned some years ago by the English Church

Missionary Society for lack of funds. These buildings consisting of a large school and several small houses for native teachers, had been rented by the Government for a High School until a few days before, but were just vacated. We secured these buildings temporarily, and Miss Doll and a native family have already gone there to live. We feel this is a great victory for God, for Basti has had no resident missionaries for years, and is a very needy field. The Methodists and others have tried to get a footing there, and we feel it is really wonderful the door opened to us so easily.

These are wonderful days to me, God seems to be working so rapidly and preparing for a harvest in this north land. We are praying much for an outpouring of the Spirit on the heathen. Miss Abrams has been very tired since this trip and needs your prayers; there is so much responsibility and work that must be done by her all the time. God wonderfully sustains her and keeps her, but she does need special prayer.

We are going to Uska Bazar tomorrow to stake out the new house which we hope to begin building very soon. The rains have come the last few days though a month later than usual and after much damage to the crop. These rains may make some delay in our work, but all are most thankful for rain as the price of food had already risen and the rice fields are yellow; much grain has never come up and all were feeling famine was near. Pray for this dark land, so cursed by many plagues. Please pray for us also that we may have wisdom and guidance in these times of peril.

Now I must close for this time praying God to greatly bless and make you a blessing every day. It is about a year now since I left you with my face set toward India, and it has truly been in every way a year of untold blessing to me and I often thank Him for all the dear friends who were so faithful in ministering to me then and have been since, and for the hosts which I know hold us up in prayer. I am glad we can meet at the throne of Grace often and may He add to you all His choicest, richest gifts in His beloved Son, Jesus Christ.

August 3, 1911.

Walking Twenty Miles for the Gospel

Mrs. MacRoberts of the China Inland Mission in describing the quality of Chinese Christianity quotes the casual words of an aged Christian woman; "I worked hard yesterday, so was very

tired this morning and overslept. When I awoke it was broad daylight. I sprang from my bed, pushed the hair from my brows, put on an extra garment, and, without taking any breakfast,

started for the church, praying all along the road that the Lord would enable me to get to church in time for the prayer meeting." At this time the old lady was sixty-seven years of age, she had been sickly a good part of that year, her feet were bound and you know what that means. She took no breakfast that morning, and, according to her own story, ran almost half way to the chapel, a distance of ten English miles on cobble-

stone roads. Before this time, she had been accustomed to coming ten miles every Sunday morning and ten miles home at night—twenty miles a day, with bound feet, over cobblestones to attend church service. Not long ago she sold two years' production of her mountain farm for fifty dollars. That money was to last her two years, yet she brought a tenth of it for the Lord's work.—*Record of Christian Work.*

A Personal Word

TO ALL those who have read our book and testimony, sung our songs, heard us "preach the Word," sing the Gospel and pray; and especially the many who have written us letters during the past four years and received no reply: We send you all greetings in the *Name of Jesus Christ*, and pray that "Grace and Peace be unto you from *God the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord by the Holy Spirit our Comforter.*"

Beloved in Christ: Since the fuller baptism of the Spirit came to us four years and eight months ago, there has also come a deeper sense of the *realness of God*, of the *life of the Word*, of the *love of the Spirit* and the *supremacy of Christ*. There has also come to us a new and larger order of "ministry," especially in intercessional prayer, making it indeed impossible to do many things in the former (and humanly) methodical and systematic ways, and thus the "unexpected" has often come to pass, as no doubt it did in the case of "Deacon" Philip, the Evangelist (Acts 8), and which was as great a surprise to him as to the people he had been ministering to.

God is doing things *His way* in these days, and is no doubt most certainly putting emphasis on the fact that if they are not done *His way He will not be found "working with us, confirming the Word with signs following"*—Mark 16:20.

And so, in our case at least, we have often been led by the *Word, Spirit and Providence of God* (commanding our clarified judgment) to do some things we had not been expected to do, and not to do some things that the dear people had expected us to do. We could not go to more than one-fourth of the places we were desired and expected, chiefly for the lack of time and more than one personality. And we have not been able or permitted to reply to more than half the letters that have come to us on various subjects and for manifold advice and help in moral, spiritual, physical and temporal things. Nearly all of these good letters have contained one or more requests for prayer; these have in every case been re-

membered and the persons have been presented to *God in the name of Jesus Christ*, trusting the cleansing *Blood*, the power of the *Spirit* and the *Love of the Father* to do according to the promise, "whatsoever ye ask in *My Name, believing* (obediently) ye shall receive." And though, we regret to say, as before, we have not been able to reply to half of these blessed letters, yet we have heard from many of them the second time with reports of the marvellous and in many cases instant deliverance. We have found, however, that the many cases (increasing in the "latter times") of "possessions" of "evil spirits" or "demons," or both, as the case often is, could not be delivered or "cast out" without a "personal" ministry, and as we could reach but a few comparatively in this way, we went to *God*, and *He* led us to *His Word*, even Acts 19:10-12., and instructed us how to use the *name of Jesus Christ in faith* (obediently). And so, since that time we have had a still more extended "ministry," and even when we cannot meet persons and minister to them personally, they may send a handkerchief which, when anointed and prayed over in the mighty *name of Jesus Christ*, does, where it is laid on in *faith* in that *Name*, cause the evil spirits and diseases "to depart" from those who need deliverance. We have many letters of accounts of those delivered, and they are not simply "light afflictions," but drunkards, gamblers, liars, unbelievers, infidels, all brought out in the power of the Spirit to a life of faith and victory. Cancers, palsies, rupture, gallstones, tuberculosis, fevers—oh, so numerous have been the cases delivered by this simple, yet much despised "ministry." We want to say to all who read this, and especially to all who have written us and received no reply, be assured you have not been "forgotten of *God*—or of us; we have remembered you all, and have rejoiced in what *God* has done for you. We wish we could write, yes, meet you all, but we love you in the *Spirit of Christ.*

D. WESLEY MYLAND.

June 15, 1911.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number and that The Evangel, in accordance with Postal regulations, will be discontinued unless we hear from you.

To open The Evangel—Enter finger in end of roll, twist tightly and draw the paper out.

Notes

"HITHERTO hath the Lord helped us." As we enter upon the fourth year of our existence as a paper, we feel more and more the need of the prayers of God's people. It is one thing to begin a paper under the guidance and inspiration of the Holy Spirit, but it takes prayer and wisdom, as well as faith, to continue it in love and power, and have each issue freighted with living truth.

We ask the sympathetic interest of all our readers that God will continue to use THE EVANGEL as He has in the past, in leading people deeper into Him.

We give liberty to our contributors and often publish articles with which we do not agree in every particular, but we feel that God's children should have love and charity one for the other and exercise grace in matters of difference. If we find ourselves differing in points of doctrine that are non-essential to Christian growth, let us exercise the *grace* of the Spirit, and not separate ourselves because we do not see "eye to eye." The Spirit unifies except in case of actual sin, and if we really have the Holy Spirit in the full measure we profess, let us show it by manifesting the fruit of love and long suffering, one toward the other.

So we beseech our readers if they find in our columns that with which they do not agree, that they will not find it a reason for condemning

either the author of the article or the paper itself, for in the many contributors who write for THE EVANGEL, they will surely find much blessed fellowship and receive help and strength for the battle.

We heartily voice the sentiments of our Brother Carothers in the September EVANGEL, when he says, "Mere honest differences of opinion will not even suggest separation to hearts filled with divine love," and that division and strife are evidences that we are still carnal, according to the Word in I Cor., 3:3.

Beloved, let us love one another, even as Christ loved us.

Pentecostal Convention

A Pentecostal Convention will be held in the Brunner Church of God, Houston, Texas, from December 20, 1911, to January 1, 1912, or longer, as the Lord directs. As far as possible bring bedding and toilet articles.

For further information apply to W. D. Gaywood, 901 Sandman Avenue, Houston, Texas, or A. J. Benson, 1206 E. 11th Street, Austin, Texas.

* * * *

We call the attention of our readers to a chapter from "Memoirs of Charles G. Finney," which is both soul-stirring and instructive.

So many people in these days are so afraid of interfering with the work of the Holy Spirit that they allow the flesh and Satan to bring into a meeting much that hinders honest, earnest seekers after the truth, and drives away those who are hungry for the deep things of God and defeats His purposes in their lives.

Finney was not afraid of quenching the power of the Holy Spirit. He did not hesitate to put his hand on a meeting when he felt it necessary, and even dismissed a meeting during one of his greatest revivals, lest it should get beyond control. Instead of this checking the revival, far more was accomplished than if the meeting had been allowed to continue under such intense feeling.

In these new experiences through which we are passing we can learn many lessons from the great men of God in the past.

Famine Threatens India

WORD comes from Pandita Ramabai's mission in India asking for prayer for their land, as they are threatened with famine. Rain has not come at the usual time, and the price of grain is rising.

In Guzarat and in the Punjab the absence of rain continues to cause great anxiety, as in some parts the crops are seriously injured, and the

opening up of Government famine relief works is being agitated. Prayer is requested for rain, as it would allow the planting of rice and sowing of winter wheat, besides filling the wells and tanks. The government is bringing grass from a distance to save the cattle in the villages, and also advancing money for the deepening of wells and tanks, which gives employment and meets the present need.

An evangelistic band that went from Mukti to Pandharpur are requesting special prayer for

protection from the plague, which is of a bad type and much on the increase. Rats are dying everywhere, lying about the streets of the town, and the people are moving out of the town to the fields round about. The band are feeling the necessity of much prayer that the swarms of rats surrounding them may move on, and that they may be kept from the plague. While they feel some anxiety, yet they realize that they are in His care, and are trusting in Him who said, "No plague shall come nigh thy dwelling."

A Lesson on Compromise

Convention May 26, 1911. Mrs. Cora Fannon, Eldora, Iowa



FOR SEVERAL days I have been impressed to tell this incident in my life. It may be that someone here is in need of the lesson. It is the story of a Methodist minister, how I was rebuked, and the healing of my horse, Dick.

We were struggling along in our little town, between twelve and fourteen years, helping with our means, our prayers, and all we could do in a personal way to bring revival meetings up to the place where sinners would really get converted.

We knew those at the head of the work did not believe as deeply along some lines as we did, but God has in all ages owned and blessed such men, and the preached Word, and just why He could not bless here was a question.

We are not going to lay all the blame to the shepherds of the various flocks, but they certainly will have to answer in a great measure for the spiritual drought and "tied up" condition of things as they exist today. A friend and myself were so tired and exasperated over conditions and our fruitless efforts, helping men largely in the flesh, trying to fill the churches with "drift wood," that we began to question the wisdom of another effort, and felt led to call on the Methodist minister, and to ask him this question. Our conversation easily led up to this point and we said, "Brother, is there any law in the Methodist church prohibiting a Holy Ghost man holding a revival meeting?" He flushed, and turned white, and then said, "N-o. Sister Fannon, I suppose I believe about as you do, I believe in the second work of grace, it came to me that way, but I never felt free to join the Holiness Association." "Well," I said, "neither have I, but that is not the question. Is there any law in the Methodist

church prohibiting a Holy Ghost man holding a revival meeting?" "Well, no, but we ministers often have to sacrifice the truth, for the sake of peace and harmony in the church."

I looked at him in utter astonishment. I could not say another word. My friend exchanged a few words with him, then we arose, shook hands, and left. It was hard for me to keep from telling that to the holiness people, but the Lord forbade it. I did tell it to one or two close friends outside of the holiness rank, but had to pray very much over the matter, and cease mentioning it even to my husband in order to keep any love or respect in my heart for that poor man. But it certainly was exasperating—sacrifice the truth for the sake of peace and harmony in the church, and we needed the truth so much!

A few months after this my horse, Dick, a very beautiful animal, which the Lord gave me, took sick with distemper. He stood for three days, shivering in spite of all we could do to warm him. We blanketed him, and kept straw around him up to his knees, and still he shivered, and would not eat a mouthful nor drink. He had the sickest look in his face. My heart ached for him.

The Lord had been my Healer for many years. Not a drop of medicine has ever touched my lips since I gave my body over into His hands. He had answered prayer for the horse before, but in a way I was not absolutely sure he would not have gotten well anyway; however, I gave the Lord the credit. The family knew my religious principles along this line, and were real good, generally speaking, in respecting the same.

The third morning I went out to see him; he looked worse than ever. The white of his eyes was so yellow and a great swelling had come out on his lip, or the side of his nose some time

in the night, three or three and a half inches deep, and covered the whole side of his nose. He looked more like some wild animal from the jungles of Africa than my horse. My heart sank within me: I had no faith; I could not pray; I felt paralyzed. Away down in my heart I *did* wish that father would slip up town and get a doctor or some medicine for him; but I hardly breathed it to myself. Father is not a Christian, he is a fiery little fellow, but under great self-control. He prides himself in being able to keep even-tempered and to control himself under all circumstances. But this was too much; his love for dumb animals—the horse especially—is more than ordinary. He came in that morning after breakfast, after rubbing the horse to get him warm, and trying to get him to eat, perfectly exasperated, for he saw we were making no move to get a doctor, and with great authority, and his voice pitched loud enough for deaf people to hear, said, "Something has got to be done for that horse; he is desperately sick. It is just wicked to let him stand there like that, without medicine or help. His throat will have to be lanced and I am going to town for a doctor." I dropped my head. I felt like a poor little waif; I had no strength to answer; I had no faith; I was helpless. He pranced out to the barn and hitched his horse, and I went to town with him; and just as we were starting home, the horse doctor handed him a little package of medicine. We rode home in silence. He went to the barn to unhitch, I went to the house. Just as I walked across the kitchen floor, the Lord spoke to me, in a clear emphatic tone of voice, saying, "You are no better than that Methodist minister; for the sake of peace and harmony in the home, you sacrifice the truth." It nearly took my breath away.

I can never tell how small I felt. Could I only sink out of sight. My face flushed hot; I was speechless. I had had so much light, but the home belonged to father, mother had just left us, and gone to heaven, and he was so lonely and unhappy. This, more than anything else, made me shrink from pressing right through to victory. I went right out to the barn. Father met me, and said, "Take this syringe in and fill it with hot water." I put my hands behind me and said, "Father, *I can not doctor that horse.*" He looked at me with the fiercest, most disgusted look I ever saw on a man's face; he was angry. He fairly ran to the barn door, and threw that syringe and medicine with all his might into the yard, saying as he did so, "The horse may die for all of me," and went to the house.

By this time my heart was housed in Him, and I did not seem to feel the weight of father's distress and anger, and with tears streaming down my face I went to the horse and laid my hand on his face, and down on the swelling and said, "Dicky, Jesus will heal you." I wept and wept, and then went to the house. Not a word passed between father and me, and I did not see the horse again that night.

The next morning father came in from the barn and said, "There is the awfullest discharge coming from that horse's nose that I ever saw, and I have seen a great many sick horses." He addressed my husband and said, "I want you to 'phone that doctor and tell him about this." I spoke right up, though I had not seen the horse that morning, and said, "Father, don't worry, he is all right." But my husband called up the doctor, and told him the circumstances. The doctor said, "That is just what I expected that medicine to do; it is working all right." Poor father looked so sheepish and ashamed for he knew he had not had a drop of medicine. I went right out to the barn and lo and behold, Dick was picking at his hay, and the swelling that was so large the night before was hardly visible. He was healed. He seemed as well as ever from that on, the discharge continuing for a short time.

This was about six years ago. From that time until last winter Dick had been healed of different things in answer to prayer, nothing, however, more serious than colic, but early in the fall he began with a lameness in one front foot, and we could not drive him at all. Father called it by some name, and said it was incurable. Again I found myself vacillating; I did not boldly press my way right up to the Throne, but just drifted. True, I prayed and thought I was believing, but in a very lazy way. Along in the winter he grew worse with rheumatism in his hind feet, this kept him from lying down to rest. He looked so tired, it worried me, but I had no faith to pray. I had forfeited that by not determinedly pressing through in the fall and at the start. I happened to step in at one of our neighbors one day, and he knowing the condition of the horse, said, "I have some medicine I believe will cure him as my horse was afflicted with the same disease, I think, and got well; take it home with you." I actually brought that medicine home with me, the first time I had had any confidence in medicine for sixteen years. I was condemned a little when I reached the door and more so when I helped father pour a little of it on the horse's feet, but I argued with myself that it was not

giving medicine, it was putting it on the outside, and besides it was not on me, or for me, a thing I would scorn to do. As I was sitting at the evening meal, a mantle of horrible fear fell all over me and a voice whispered, "How would you feel if you were going to die?" I began to sneeze as if catching cold, and kept it up for twenty-four hours. Tuesday afternoon I went to bed, and steadily grew worse, my lungs were congested, and a voice whispered, "You are going to have pneumonia." My heart that never before had failed me, now nearly stopped beating. My circulation was at a low ebb. I had to keep awake day and night to keep myself breathing and to keep up life. Death was my constant companion. I thought at times I certainly should die. I kept steadily believing God would not fail me, but along about Friday I was examining myself and praying as best I could when the Lord brought up that bottle of medicine, my trust in it, and not in Him, and the sin of using it, because of the great light He had given me along these lines. I asked forgiveness and had to claim by naked faith healing for myself and the horse. I was severely tested even after this.

My husband was nearly distracted, he had always stood with me before, but now he wrung his hands and said, "I must go for a doctor." I said, "Go for a doctor, and you will lay me over there in the cemetery, I know it. You better be

praying and believing God." In addition to all the rest, a heavy pressure came on my brain, until I could scarcely open my eyes, and a subtle voice said, "You are going to lose your mind." I began to repeat the promises and try to stand on them, but they fled from me. Then I began to plead for healing. In a second I was given to understand I had no need of healing; I was oppressed of the devil, and I cried from the depths of my soul, "O, if I might have someone to lay their hands on my head and rebuke the devil." A voice spoke and said, "Rebuke him yourself." No sooner said than done. Like a flash my eyes flew open, and my brain was relieved and clear as ever. Then I rebuked the demons from my heart and lungs. Each time the enemy was driven back, and I was free. Then my spiritual eyes were opened, and I beheld the hosts of hell like a black cloud all around my room. At His Word I commanded them to leave the house, "In the name of Jesus, on the authority of His shed blood," and the atmosphere cleared at once. The next morning I got up and dressed. Just a moment before father came up and said, "Dick is much better." He continued to improve, and as soon as the weather would permit I drove him, and have been driving him ever since. Not another drop of medicine was applied to that foot after the first application. All glory is due to His matchless Name forever.

The Great Revival at Rome, New York, in 1825

A Chapter from the Life of Charles G. Finney



AT THIS time Rev. Moses Gillett, pastor of the Congregational Church in Rome, hearing what the Lord was doing in Western, came, in company with a Miss H—, one of the prominent members of his church, to see the work that was going on. They were both greatly impressed with the work of God. I could see that the

Spirit of God was stirring them up to the deepest foundations of their minds. After a few days, Mr. Gillett and Miss H— came up again. Miss H— was a very devout and earnest Christian girl. On their second coming up, Mr. Gillett says to me, "Brother Finney, it seems to me that I have a new Bible. I never before understood the promises as I do now; I never got hold of them before; I cannot rest," said he; "my mind is full of the subject, and the promises are new to me." This conversation, protracted as it was for some time, gave me to

understand that the Lord was preparing him for a great work in his own congregation.

Soon after this, and when the revival was in its full strength at Western, Mr. Gillett persuaded me to exchange a day with him. I consented reluctantly.

On the Saturday before the day of our exchange, on my way to Rome, I greatly regretted that I had consented to the exchange. I felt that it would greatly mar the work in Western, because Mr. Gillett would preach some of his old sermons, which I knew very well could not be adapted to the state of things. However, the people were praying; and it would not stop the work, although it might retard it. I went to Rome and preached three times on the Sabbath. To me it was perfectly manifest that the word took great effect. I could see during the day that many heads were down, and that a great number of them were bowed down with deep conviction for sin. I preached in the morning on the text: "The carnal mind is enmity against

God;" and followed it up with something in the same direction, in the afternoon and evening. I waited on Monday morning, till Mr. Gillett returned from Western. I told him what my impressions were in respect to the state of the people. He did not seem to realize that the work was beginning with such power as I supposed. But he wanted to call for inquirers, if there were any in the congregation, and wished me to be present at the meeting. I have said before, that the means that I had all along used, thus far, in promoting revivals, were much prayer, secret and social, public preaching, personal conversation, and visitation from house to house; and when inquirers became multiplied, I appointed meetings for them, and invited those that were inquiring to meet for instruction suited to their necessities. These were the means and the only means, that I had thus far used, in attempting to secure the conversion of souls.

Mr. Gillett asked me to be present at the proposed meeting of inquiry. I told him I would, and that he might circulate information through the village, that there would be a meeting of inquiry, on Monday evening. I would go to Western, and return just at evening, it being understood that he was not to let the people know that he expected me to be present. The meeting was called at the house of one of his deacons. When we arrived, we found the large sitting-room crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Gillett looked around with surprise, and manifest agitation; for he found that the meeting was composed of many of the most intelligent and influential members of his congregation; and especially was largely composed of the prominent young men in the town. We spent a little while in attempting to converse with them, and I soon saw that the feeling was so deep, that there was danger of an outburst of feeling, that would be almost uncontrollable. I therefore said to Mr. Gillett, "It will not do to continue the meeting in this shape. I will make some remarks, such as they need, and then dismiss them."

Nothing had been said or done to create any excitement in the meeting. The feeling was all spontaneous. The work was with such power, that even a few words of conversation would make the stoutest men writhe in their seats, as if a sword had been thrust into their hearts. It would probably not be possible for one who had never witnessed such a scene, to realize what the force of the truth sometimes is, under the power of the Holy Ghost. It was indeed, a sword, and a two-edged sword. The pain that it produced when searchingly presented in a few words of conversation, would create a distress that seemed unendurable.

Mr. Gillett became very much agitated. He turned pale; and with a good deal of excitement he said, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" I put my hand on his shoulder, and in a whisper said, "Keep quiet, keep quiet, Brother Gillett." I then addressed them in as gentle but plain a manner as I could; calling their attention at once to their only remedy, and assuring them

that it was a present and all-sufficient remedy. I pointed them to Christ, as long as they could well endure it, which, indeed, was but a few moments.

Mr. Gillett became so agitated that I stepped up to him, and taking him by the arm I said, "Let us pray." We knelt down in the middle of the room where we had been standing. I led in prayer, in a low, unimpassioned voice; but interceded with the Saviour to interpose His blood, then and there, and to lead all these sinners to accept the salvation which He proffered, and to believe to the saving of their souls. The agitation deepened every moment; and as I could hear their sobs, and sighs, I closed my prayer and rose suddenly from my knees. They all arose, and I said, "Now please go home without speaking a word to each other. Try to keep silent, and do not break out into any boisterous manifestation of feeling; but go without saying a word, to your rooms."

At this moment a young man by the name of W—, a clerk in Mr. H—'s store, being one of the first young men in the place, so nearly fainted, that he fell upon some young man that stood near him; and they, all of them, partially swooned away, and fell together. This had well-nigh produced a loud shrieking, but I hushed them down, and said to the young men, "Please set that door wide open, and go out, and let all retire in silence." They did as I requested. They did not shriek; but they went out sobbing and sighing, and their sobs and sighs could be heard till they got out into the street.

This Mr. W—, to whom I have alluded, kept silence till he entered the door where he lived; but he could contain himself no longer. He shut the door, fell upon the floor, and burst out into a loud wailing, in view of his awful condition. This brought the family around him, and scattered conviction among the whole of them.

I afterwards learned that similar scenes occurred in other families. Several, as it was afterwards ascertained, were converted at the meeting, and went home so full of joy, that they could hardly contain themselves.

The next morning, as soon as it was fairly day, people began to call at Mr. Gillett's, to have us go and visit members of their families, whom they represented as being under the greatest conviction. We took a hasty breakfast, and started out. As soon as we were in the streets, the people ran out from many houses, and begged us to go into their homes. As we could only visit one place at a time, when we went into a house, the neighbors would rush in and fill the largest room. We would stay and give them instruction for a short time, and then go to another house, and the people would follow us.

We found a most extraordinary state of things. Convictions were so deep and universal, that we would some times go into a house, and find some in a kneeling posture, and some prostrate on the floor. We visited, and conversed, and prayed in this manner, from house to house, till noon. I then said to Mr. Gillett, "This will never do; we

must have a meeting of inquiry. We cannot go from house to house, and we are not meeting the wants of the people at all." He agreed with me; but the question arose, where shall we have the meeting?

A Mr. F——, a religious man, at that time kept a hotel, on the corner, at the center of the town. He had a large, dining-room, and Mr. Gillett said, "I will step in and see if I cannot be allowed to appoint the meeting of inquiry in his dining-room." Without difficulty he obtained consent, and then went immediately to the public schools, and gave notice that at one o'clock there would be a meeting of inquiry at Mr. F——'s dining-room. We went home, and took our dinner, and started for the meeting. We saw people hurrying, and some of them actually running to the meeting. They were coming from every direction. By the time we were there, the room, though a large one, was crammed to its utmost capacity. Men, women and children crowded the apartment.

This meeting was very much like the one we had had the night before. The feeling was overwhelming. Some men of the strongest nerves were so cut down by the remarks which were made, that they were unable to help themselves, and had to be taken home by their friends. This meeting lasted till nearly night. It resulted in a great number of hopeful conversions, and was the means of greatly extending the work on every side.

I preached that evening, and Mr. Gillett appointed a meeting for inquiry, the next morning, in the court-house. This was a much larger room than the dining hall, though it was not so central. However, at the hour, the court-house was crowded, and we spent a good part of the day in giving instruction, and the work went on with wonderful power. I preached again in the evening, and Mr. Gillett appointed a meeting of inquiry, the next morning, at the church, as no other room in the village was then large enough to hold the inquirers.

At evening, if I rightly remember the order of things, we undertook to hold a prayer and conference meeting in a large schoolhouse. But the meeting was hardly begun before the feeling deepened so much that, to prevent an undesirable outburst of overwhelming feeling, I proposed to Mr. Gillett that we should dismiss the meeting, and request the people to go in silence, and Christians to spend the evening in secret prayer, or in family prayer, as might seem most desirable. Sinners we exhorted not to sleep, until they gave their hearts to God. After this the work became so general that I preached every night, I think, for twenty nights in succession, and twice on the Sabbath. Our prayer-meetings during this time were held in the church, in the daytime. The prayer-meeting was held one part of the day, and a meeting for inquiry the other part. Every day, if I remember aright, after the work had thus commenced, we held a prayer-meeting and a meeting for inquiry, with preaching in the evening. There was a solemnity

throughout the whole place, and an awe that made everybody feel that God was there.

Ministers came in from neighboring towns, and expressed great astonishment at what they saw and heard, as well they might. Conversions multiplied so rapidly, that we had no way of learning who were converted. Therefore every evening, at the close of my sermon, I requested all who had been converted that day, to come forward and report themselves in front of the pulpit, that we might have a little conversation with them. We were every night surprised by the number and the class of persons that came forward.

At one of our morning prayer-meetings, the lower part of the church was full. I arose and was making some remarks to the people, when an unconverted man, a merchant, came into the meeting. He came along till he found a seat in front of me, and near where I stood speaking. He had sat but a few moments, when he fell from his seat as if he had been shot. He writhed and groaned in a terrible manner. I stepped to the pew door, and saw that it was altogether an agony of mind.

A sceptical physician sat near him. He stepped out of his slip, and came and examined this man who was thus distressed. He felt his pulse and examined the case for a few moments. He said nothing, but turned away, and leaned his head against a post that supported the gallery, and manifested great agitation.

He said afterward that he saw at once that it was distress of mind, and it took his scepticism entirely away. He was soon after hopefully converted. We engaged in prayer for the man who fell in the pew, and before he left the house, I believe, his anguish passed away, and he rejoiced in Christ.

Another physician, a very amiable man but a sceptic, had a little daughter and a praying wife. Little H——, a girl perhaps eight or nine years old, was strongly convicted of sin, and her mother was greatly interested in her state of mind. But her father was, at first, quite indignant. He said to his wife, "The subject of religion is too high for me. I never could understand it. And do you tell me that that little child understands it so as to be intelligently convicted of sin? I do not believe it. I know better. I cannot endure it. It is fanaticism; it is madness." Nevertheless the mother of the child held fast in prayer. The doctor made these remarks, as I learned, with a good deal of spirit. Immediately he took his horse, and went several miles to see a patient. On his way, as he afterward remarked, that subject took possession of his mind in such a manner that it was all opened to his understanding; and the whole plan of salvation by Christ was so clear to him that he saw that a child could understand it. He wondered that it had ever seemed so mysterious to him. He regretted exceedingly that he had said what he had to his wife about little H——, and felt in haste to get home that he might take it back. He soon came home, another man; told his wife what had passed in

his own mind; encouraged dear little H—— to come to Christ; and both father and daughter have since been earnest Christians, and have lived long and done much good.

But in this revival, as in others that I have known, God did some terrible things in righteousness. On the Sabbath while I was there, as we came out of the pulpit, and were about to leave the church, a man came in haste to Mr. Gillett and myself, and requested us to go to a certain place, saying that a man had fallen down dead there. I was engaged in conversing with somebody, and Mr. Gillett went along. When I was through with the conversation, I went to Mr. Gillett's house, and he soon returned and related this fact. Three men who had been opposing the work, had met that Sabbath-day, and spent the day in drinking and ridiculing the work. They went on in this way until one of them suddenly fell dead. When Mr. Gillett arrived at the house, and the circumstances were related to him, he said, "There! there is no doubt but that man has been stricken down by God, and has been sent to hell." His companions were speechless. They could say nothing; for it was evident to them that their conduct had brought upon him this awful stroke of divine indignation.

As the work proceeded, it gathered in nearly the whole population. Nearly every one of the lawyers, merchants, and physicians, and almost all the principal men, and indeed, nearly all the adult population of the village, were brought in, especially those who belonged to Mr. Gillett's congregation. He said to me before I left, "So far as my congregation is concerned, the millennium is come already. My people are all converted. Of all my past labors I have not a sermon that is suited at all to my congregation, for they are all Christians." Mr. Gillett afterward reported that, during the twenty days that I spent at Rome, there were five hundred conversions in that town.

During the progress of this work, a good deal of excitement sprung up in Utica, and some there were disposed to ridicule the work in Rome. Mr. H——, who lived at Rome, was a very prominent citizen, and was regarded as standing at the head of society there, in point of wealth and intelligence. But he was sceptical; or, perhaps I should say, he held Unitarian views. He was a very moral and respectable man, and held his peculiar views unobtrusively, saying very little to anybody about them. The first Sabbath I preached there, Mr. H—— was present; and he was so astonished, as he afterwards told me, at my preaching, that he made up his mind that he would not go again. He went home and said to his family: "That man is mad, and I should not be surprised if he set the town on fire." He stayed away from the meeting for some two weeks. In the meantime the work became so great as to confound his scepticism, and he was in a state of great perplexity.

He was president of a bank in Utica, and used to go down to attend the weekly meeting of the directors. On one of these occasions, one of

the directors began to rally him on the state of things in Rome, as if they were all running mad there. Mr. H—— remarked, "Gentlemen, say what you will, there is something very remarkable in the state of things in Rome. Certainly no human power or eloquence has produced what we see there. I cannot understand it. You say it will soon subside. No doubt the intensity of feeling that is now in Rome, must soon subside, or the people will become insane. But, gentlemen," said he, "there is no accounting for that state of feeling by any philosophy, unless there be something divine in it."

After Mr. H—— had stayed away from the meeting about two weeks, a few of us assembled one afternoon, to make him a special subject of prayer. The Lord gave us strong faith in praying for him; and we felt the conviction that the Lord was working in his soul. That evening he came to meeting. When he came into the house, Mr. Gillett whispered to me as we sat in the pulpit, "Brother Finney, Mr. H—— has come. I hope you will not say anything that will offend him." "No," said I, "but I shall not spare him." In those days I was obliged to preach altogether without premeditation; for I had not an hour in a week, which I could take to arrange my thoughts beforehand.

I chose my subject and preached. The word took a powerful hold; and, as I hoped and intended, it took a powerful hold of Mr. H—— himself. I think it was that very night, when I requested, at the close of the meeting, all those who had been converted that day and evening to come forward and report themselves, Mr. H—— was one who came deliberately, solemnly forward, and reported himself as having given his heart to God. He appeared humble and patient, and I have always supposed, was truly converted to Christ.

The state of things in the village, and in the neighborhood round about, was such that no one could come into the village, without feeling awe-stricken with the impression that God was there, in a peculiar and wonderful manner. As an illustration of this, I will relate an incident. The sheriff of the county resided in Utica. There were two court-houses in the county, one at Rome, and the other at Utica; consequently the sheriff, B—— by name, had much business at Rome. He afterwards told me that he had heard of the state of things at Rome; and he, together with others, had a good deal of laughing, in the hotel where he boarded, about what they had heard.

But one day it was necessary for him to go to Rome. He said that he was glad to have business there; for he wanted to see for himself what it was that people talked so much about, and what the state of things really was in Rome. He drove on in his one-horse sleigh, as he told me, without any particular impression upon his mind at all, until he crossed what was called the old canal, a place about a mile, I think, from the town. He said as soon as he crossed the old canal, a strange impression came over him, an awe so deep that

he could not shake it off. He felt as if God pervaded the whole atmosphere. He said that this increased the whole way, till he came to the village. He stopped at Mr. F——'s hotel, and the hostler came out and took his horse. He observed, he said, that the hostler looked just as he himself felt, as if he were afraid to speak. He went into the house, and found the gentleman there with whom he had business. He said they were manifestly all so much impressed, they could hardly attend to business. He said that several times, in the course of the short time he was there, he had to rise from the table abruptly, and go to the window and look out, and try to divert his attention, to keep from weeping. He observed, he said, that everybody else appeared to feel just as he did. Such an awe, such a solemnity, such a state of things, he had never had any conception of before. He hastened through with his business, and returned to Utica; but, as he said, never to speak lightly of the work at Rome again. A few weeks later, at Utica, he was hopefully converted; the circumstances of which I shall relate in the proper place.

It is difficult to conceive so deep and universal a state of religious feeling, with no instance of disorder, or tumult, or fanaticism, or anything that was objectionable, as was witnessed at Rome. There are many of the converts of that revival scattered all through the land, living to this day; and they can testify that in those meetings the greatest order and solemnity prevailed, and the utmost pains were taken to guard against everything that was to be deplored.

The Spirit's work was so spontaneous, so powerful and so overwhelming, as to render it necessary to exercise the greatest caution and wisdom, in conducting all the meetings, in order to prevent an undesirable outburst of feeling, that soon would have exhausted the sensibility of the people, and brought about a reaction. But no reaction followed, as everybody knows who is acquainted with the facts. They kept up a sunrise prayer-meeting for several months, and I believe for more than a year afterwards, at all seasons of the year, that was very fully attended, and was as full of interest as perhaps a prayer-meeting could well be. The moral state of the people was so greatly changed, that Mr. Gillett often remarked that it did not seem like the same place. Whatever of sin was left, was obliged to hide its head. No open immorality could be tolerated there for a moment. I have given only a very faint outline of what passed at Rome. A faithful description of all the moving incidents that were crowded into that revival, would make a volume of itself.

I should say a few words in regard to the spirit of prayer which prevailed at Rome at this time. I think it was on the Saturday that I came down from Western to exchange with Mr. Gillett, that I met the church in the afternoon in a prayer-meeting, in their house of worship. I endeavored to make them understand that God would immediately answer prayer, provided they fulfilled the conditions upon which He had promised to

answer prayer; and especially if they believed, in the sense of expecting Him to answer their requests. I observed that the church were greatly interested in my remarks, and their countenances manifested an intense desire to see an answer to their prayers. Near the close of the meeting I recollect making this remark: "I really believe, if you will unite this afternoon in the prayer of faith to God, for the immediate outpouring of His Spirit, that you will receive an answer from heaven, sooner than you would get a message from Albany, by the quickest post that could be sent."

I said this with great emphasis, and felt it; and I observed that the people were startled with my expression of earnestness and faith in respect to an immediate answer to prayer. The fact is, I had so often seen this result in answer to prayer, that I made the remark without any misgiving. Nothing was said by any of the members of the church at the time; but I learned after the work had begun, that three or four members of the church, called in at Mr. Gillett's study, and felt so impressed with what had been said about speedy answers to prayer, that they determined to take God at His word, and see whether He would answer while they were yet speaking. One of them told me afterwards that they had wonderful faith given them by the Spirit of God, to pray for an immediate answer; and he added, "The answer did come quicker than we could have got an answer from Albany, by the quickest post we could have sent."

Indeed the town was full of prayer. Go where you would, you heard the voice of prayer. Pass along the street, and if two or three Christians happened to be together, they were praying. Wherever they met they prayed. Wherever there was a sinner unconverted, especially if he manifested any opposition, you would find some two or three brethren or sisters agreeing to make him a particular subject of prayer.

There was the wife of an officer in the United States army residing at Rome, the daughter of a prominent citizen of that place. This lady manifested a good deal of opposition to the work, and, as was reported, said some strong things against it; and this led to her being made a particular subject of prayer. This had come to my knowledge but a short time before the event occurred, which I am about to relate. I believe, in this case, some of the principal women made this lady a particular subject of prayer, as she was a person of prominent influence in the place. She was an educated lady, of great force of character, and of strong will; and of course she made her opposition felt. But almost as soon as this was known, and the spirit of prayer was given for her in particular, the Spirit of God took her case in hand. One evening, almost immediately after I had heard of her case, and perhaps the evening of the very day that the facts came to my knowledge, after the meeting was dismissed, and the people had retired, Mr. Gillett and myself had remained to the very last, conversing with some persons who were deeply

bowed down with conviction. As they went away, and we were about to retire, the sexton came hurriedly to us as we were going out, and said, "There is a lady in yonder pew that cannot get out; she is helpless. Will you not come and see her?" We returned, and lo! down in the pew, was this lady of whom I have spoken, perfectly overwhelmed with conviction. The pew had been full, and she had attempted to retire with the others that went out; but as she was the last to go out, she found herself unable to stand, and sunk down upon the floor, and did so without being noticed by those that preceded her. We had some conversation with her, and found that the Lord had stricken her with unutterable conviction of sin. After praying with her, and giving her the solemn charge to give her heart immediately to Christ, I left her; and Mr. Gillett, I believe, helped her home. It was but a few rods to her house. We afterwards learned, that when she got home she went into a chamber by herself and spent the night. It was a cold winter's night. She locked herself in, and spent the night alone. The next day she expressed hope in Christ, and so far as I have known, proved to be soundly converted.

I think I should mention also the conversion of Mrs. Gillett, during this revival. She was a sister of the missionary Mills, who was one of the young men whose zeal led to the organization of the American Board. She was a beautiful woman, considerably younger than her husband, and his second wife. She had been, before Mr. Gillett married her, under conviction for several weeks, and had become almost deranged. She had the impression, if I recollect right, that she was not one of the elect, and that there was no salvation for her. Soon after the revival began in Rome, she was powerfully convicted again by the Spirit of the Lord.

She was a woman of refinement, and fond of dress; and as is very common, wore about her head and upon her person some trifling ornaments; nothing, however, that I should have thought of as being any stumbling block in her way, at all. Being her guest, I conversed repeatedly with her as her convictions increased; but it never occurred to me that her fondness for dress could stand in the way of her being converted to God. But as the work became so powerful, her distress became alarming; and Mr. Gillett, knowing what had formerly occurred in her case, felt quite alarmed lest she should get into that state of despondency, in which she had been years before. She threw herself upon me for

instruction. Every time I came into the house, almost, she would come to me and beg me to pray for her, and tell me that her distress was more than she could bear. She was evidently going fast to despair; but I could see that she was depending too much on me; therefore I tried to avoid her.

It went on thus, until one day I came into the house, and turned into the study. In a few moments, as usual, she was before me, begging me to pray for her, and complaining that there was no salvation for her. I got up abruptly and left her, without praying with her, and saying to her that it was of no use for me to pray for her, that she was depending upon my prayers. When I did so, she sunk down as if she would faint. I left her alone, notwithstanding, and went abruptly from the study to the parlor. In the course of a few moments she came rushing across the hall into the parlor, with her face all in a glow, exclaiming, "O Mr. Finney! I have found the Saviour! I have found the Saviour! Don't you think that it was the ornaments in my hair that stood in the way of my conversion? I have found when I prayed that they would come up before me; and I would be tempted, as I supposed, to give them up. But," said she, "I thought they were trifles. This was a temptation of Satan. But the ornaments that I wore, continually kept coming up before my mind, whenever I attempted to give my heart to God. When you abruptly left me," she said, "I was driven to desperation. I cast myself down, and, lo! these ornaments came up again and I said, I will not have these things come up again, I will put them away from me forever." Said she, "I renounced them, and hated them as things standing in the way of my salvation. As soon as I promised to give them up, the Lord revealed Himself to my soul; and O!" said she, "I wonder I have never understood this before. This was really the great difficulty with me before, when I was under conviction, my fondness for dress; and I did not know it."

The above is taken from Mr. Finney's autobiography, entitled, "Memoirs of Charles G. Finney." The book is filled with just such soul-stirring accounts of the working of God's Spirit in those days, and also gives an account of Mr. Finney's wonderful conversion and call to the ministry. This book can be purchased from The Evangel Publishing House. Price, by mail, bound in cloth, \$1.35 per volume.

The Gospel in Ceylon

WE have received several letters from D. E. Dias Wanigasekera, Dehiwala, Ceylon, who has been working for the Lord for a number of years in connection with the Church Missionary Society. In these days of the special pouring out of the Holy Spirit, he has been a

seeker after God's best, and for three and a half years patiently waited on the Lord for the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Last year during a convention at Fyzabad, North India, he traveled a distance of 2500 miles to seek this blessing from God, and the Lord met him there.

Under date of August 1, 1911, our brother writes as follows:

"My soul rejoices in God my Savior for the blessed privilege of preaching the Gospel in the much-neglected wilds of Anuradapura, and I feel glad to write a brief account so that the Lord's intercessors may be led to pray for the salvation of these poor people, who worship men, trees and dumb idols to obtain merit to escape hell. May the Lord give them a real burden of prayer for these ignorant heathen of Ceylon.

"Anuradapura, for about twelve hundred years the capital of the ancient Sinbalese Kingdom (B. C. 437 to A. D. 769), is the largest and most important of the famous Buried Cities in the northern part of Ceylon, and thousands of pilgrims visit it on their festival days to worship the sacred BoTree and Dagobas, which are said to contain the relics of Buddha, the founder of the great religion of the East.

"I and another worker left Colombo with three large packages of scripture portions for Anuradapura, a distance of one hundred and twenty-six miles, on July 10th, being a high day with the Buddhists, with a view to circulate Scriptures and to visit the villages in the wilds and preach the Gospel. As soon as we arrived and went to the Sacred City with scripture portions to circulate amongst the pilgrims, a warning note was given by a professing Christian gentleman to be very careful in moving amongst the thousands of excited worshippers of the Sacred BoTree. Praise God, the spirit of boldness took possession of me and I moved with liberty in circulating the scriptures amongst the pilgrims, trusting that the entrance of His Word would give them light to turn from their gross darkness. After the pilgrims left the sacred city we turned to the wilds in a bullock wagon, carrying scriptures and provisions for

food. This wagon was both our carriage and bed in villages where we could not get lodging. We had to pass thick forests infested with wild animals, such as elephants and bears, to reach these scattered villages. but it is such a delight to see men, women and children in their simplicity and curiosity gather together to hear the good tidings of great joy that we came to tell them.

"There were several cases of healing through the laying on of hands, and rebuking in the all-powerful name of Jesus. The head man of the Konewewa village whilst listening to the preaching of the Gospel was suddenly smitten by the enemy with fever and headache, and fell on his mat. The Spirit led me to preach the healing power of Jesus for the first time in this tour. I rebuked the fever in the name of Jesus, and the Lord healed him. His testimony of deliverance led another to come to the Lord for healing.

"On this tour of two weeks we circulated 1303 scripture portions and ninety Bibles.

"The wife of one of the head men in the village of Eppawela who was healed of a severe illness, gave up the charmed thread tied round her neck and hands for the purpose of seeking protection from false gods and devils. Her husband helped her remove them, and afterwards bought the scripture portions which he had at first refused.

"A Buddhist priest, who was very ill, was willing to be prayed for, even in the presence of several worshippers of Buddha. We knelt down by his bed and called on the Lord, rebuking the fever, and laying hands on his head. The fever left him, and he gladly received the four Gospels, Acts, Romans and Galatians, giving his name and address for correspondence.

"In the village of Palugaswewa four Buddhist men accepted the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord guided us every step of the way and used us in His will."

The Catastrophe of Not Knowing

THE more you think about it, the more evident it will become that the problem of the evangelisation of the world can only be solved by "knowing." The explanation of the indifference that prevails regarding the greatest of all enterprises is not that men's hearts are hard and callous so much as that their minds are unenlightened. They do not know, therefore they do not care. The old proverb, "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve over," refers equally to mental vision. Men do not grieve over the sorrows and sufferings of those who dwell in the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty, because they do not know.

The ignorance which prevails on the subject of Missionary enterprise is colossal. Yet ignorance now-a-days is inexcusable, for the opportunities of acquiring information are such as have never been enjoyed before. Satan loves that this ignorance should prevail, for he knows at any rate the truth of the prophet's lament—"My

people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Knowledge does not always awaken zeal, but zeal of a true type cannot exist without knowledge. In other words, there may be fuel without fire, but there can never be fire without fuel.

WITHOUT KNOWING THERE WILL BE NO GOING.

No name is more honored among missionaries than that of William Carey. He was only an unlettered cobbler when he began to accumulate his facts as to the condition of the non-Christian world. Those facts inspired his soul with such consuming zeal that he became a flame of fire, and the conflagration he kindled has not even yet been put out.

What a picture it is! Carey the Cobbler, making his own rude maps of the world on large pieces of sole leather, or on sheets of coarse brown paper. Andrew Fuller tells how on entering the cobbler's shop he found hanging up against the wall a huge map composed of several large pieces of paper pasted together by Carey,

on which he had drawn with a pen every known country, with memoranda of the earth's populations, how they were distributed as to territory and religions. He had made himself familiar with the awful degradation, destitution and depravity of heathen and pagan peoples.

A copy of Captain Cook's voyages falls into his hands, only to fan the flame and feed the growing impulse. When, compelled to eke out a scanty living by keeping school in later years, he rivets the attention of his pupils, as he teaches them geography, on the spiritual condition of the various lands under review. You can see him as he points to his map, his finger resting on vast areas given over to darkness and death, and you can hear him say, "These are pagans, and these, and these!" until, overcome with emotion, he weeps aloud.

This was the man who, preaching to the Ministers' Association at Nottingham, passed on to the Church the great Missionary Watchword, first uttered in May, 1792: "Expect great things from God, and attempt great things for God." This was the man who was ridiculed and satirized by Sydney Smith in the "Edinburgh Review" as the "Consecrated Cobbler" and the "Maniac." But for forty years he toiled magnificently for India's welfare, and his "going" was the result of his "knowing."

The same truth holds good of Alexander Mackay—pronounced by Stanley to be the greatest missionary since Livingstone. He became interested through stories of Missionary heroism related to him by his mother, and the map of Africa on which his father traced the journeys of Livingstone—then in progress—fired his young heart with Missionary zeal.

The time would fail us to tell of Duff and Judson, of Livingstone and Martyn, and of scores of others, all of whom owed their "going" to their "knowing." Parents will never be asked to give their children to this glorious cause if they keep them in ignorance of the world's needs. Ministers will never be under the necessity of parting with the brightest and best in the young life of their churches if they never press the claims of Christ, or urge obedience to His command, to preach the gospel to every creature.

When John G. Paton decided to become a Missionary, his parents said: "When you were given to us, we laid you upon the altar, our first-born, to be consecrated if God saw fit, as a missionary of the Cross, and it has been our constant care that you might be prepared, qualified and led to this very decision."

WITHOUT KNOWING THERE WILL BE NO PRAYING.

Prayer is the great dynamic of the spiritual world. In effectual prayer lies the power to shake the very gates of hell, and to bring all the forces of the heavenly world to bear upon the purposes of God upon the earth. But knowledge is absolutely necessary to any intelligent praying. You must know where the darkness lies the most heavily; where the world's need is the greatest. You must get a vision of the dry bones, scattered in the valley of death, "very many, and very dry," before you can intelligently pray. "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." What a privilege to be able to project yourself by prayer and sympathy to the uttermost parts of the earth, and to stand for a few moments by the side of a brave sentinel of the Cross in the midst of a darkness that may be felt! Your intercession will nerve his arm for the fight, and react in rich blessing on your own soul, for in the prayer-realm, as in all others, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

"God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea
Of boundless love, of mercy infinite.
To change their course, retard their onward way
Nor wind nor wave hath might.

Prayer is the TIDE for which the vessels wait
Ere they can come to port; and if it be
The TIDE is low, then how can'st thou expect
The TREASURE SHIPS to see."

WITHOUT KNOWING THERE WILL BE NO PAYING.

Almost every Missionary Board is in a condition of financial straitness. In one of the largest Missionary Societies, the sound of retreat has already been heard. Yet when the intelligence is enlightened and the comparison moved, the people give without hesitation and without grudging.

A poor old man at the close of a Missionary address in Deptford hobbled home and brought back an additional gift for the collection. I saw him limping up to the aisle when everyone else had gone, and I knew he wanted to see me. "When I saw those pictures," he said, "I was so sorry for the thousands who have never heard of Him, that I went home to bring you this. It is all I have," and he dropped into my hand two-pence halfpenny. It was the "Knowing" that led to the "Paying."

What a call there is in the strategic time in which we are privileged to live for a style of giving which shall be worthy of the name we bear, and of the glorious commission with which we have been entrusted. When the war-chest of

Frederick the Great was exhausted, he appealed to the women to lay their jewels on the altar of patriotism, promising to return jewels of iron for jewels of gold, bearing the inscription, "I gave gold for iron for the sake of the Fatherland." Out of this response to an appeal to German patriotism there arose the Order of the

Iron Cross. We plead, in this crusade against heathenism, superstition and cruelty for a worthy recognition of the debt which Christ has laid upon us, and for the laying upon God's altar of gifts which represent the renunciation of some of our luxuries—GOLD FOR IRON, FOR THE SAKE OF JESUS.—*The Illustrated Missionary News.*

Does God Still Answer Prayer

THE signs are multiplying that the world is out of joint on a scale that it never was before. One of the able authors of the day, in his latest book, says, "Human society the world over is stirred today as it has not been stirred since the time when it was split into separate nations, tongues and tribes; and this remarkable and simultaneous activity of all sections of the human family is easily the most notable characteristic of the day. There are now in progress conspicuous movements, which affect great masses of humanity and which present characteristics of the most striking nature. These movements are social, political, and religious. Their aims are radical, their strength is great, their speed is accelerating. In each one of them, when considered by itself, may be found indications that the affairs of humanity are approaching *a crisis of the first magnitude*. This fact of the essential identity of the several movements of the hour is in itself of sufficient importance to interest all who are living in these energetic times. But what mostly concerns them to know is, that the features which are common to these movements, and which prove their essential identity, are the very features which, according to the prophetic scriptures of the New Testament, are to characterize the period of the culmination of the career of humanity in its self-chosen path of departure from God's ways. As one has said 'Christianity in the sense of its Founder has as little in common with Europe' (and he might have added America) 'as with Asia,' and that 'if He were to appear in the flesh, He could not call Himself a Christian.' Thus we have entered the dark shadow of *the greatest national apostasy in all the history of mankind*. The Bible does not occupy the place in England and America which, until this generation, it has always occupied. Our leaders once bowed to its authority; now they reject it. They have turned away from the God of Revelations, the God and Father of the Lord Jesus, and have discarded Christianity for Pantheism, the degrading religion of the Hindoos.

"What does this portend, what can it portend, but the greatest national overthrow, ruin and disaster, that the world has ever seen. God is giving now a little space for repentance ere the storm of His well-merited wrath breaks upon us. This is the meaning of that strange hush which has fallen upon Europe, to which England's greatest living orator lately called attention in words that have been read throughout the world. But during this period of strange and ominous stillness there is proceeding a stranger and more ominous preparation for war, upon a scale hitherto unprecedented, and that at a time of profound peace. Let there be no mistake as to the meaning of this!"

I believe there is a temptation coming to many of the Lord's servants that because of this troubled condition of the world's affairs, because of our seemingly being already in the rapids of the break-up of the present dispensation, because of the disintegration of much that has been long regarded as solid and permanent, that we cannot expect God to answer prayer as He formerly did. Some affect to say that even if John Wesley, George Muller and Hudson Taylor could be resurrected and put in earth's battles again that they could not in these times receive such answers to prayer as they did in their generations. Now we do not believe this. We are sure that God never answered prayer more promptly and faithfully than He does today. But if we have compromised with the world, and pitched our tent "toward Sodom," we must not be surprised if God does not answer our prayers.

For some years past having a family of famine orphans to feed, clothe, educate and train, said family numbering now about 200, and at one time over 600, we found it good and safe to trust in the precious promises of our Lord Jesus Christ. Again and again we have found ourselves reduced to the last rupee, but always God has been pleased to answer our prayers, all unworthy as we have been ourselves. And at no period have the answers to prayer been more

marked and wonderful than during the last two and a half years. At the commencement of 1908, some of the orphanages, which had received famine orphans in 1900, were closed "because of lack of financial support." From a human standpoint there was a tendency for interest in the orphans to lessen, there being a report spread abroad that "the orphans had been supported long enough and that now they ought to earn their own living." But to throw out boys and girls ten or twelve years of age, without help or protection, in a country like India, was like committing them to a life of crime and helpless pauperism. And so we told God that we would hold on to our own dear lads, whom He had given us, and continue to trust Him for food for them and for ourselves, by His grace and mercy. Then we began to read of there being famine conditions again in North India. But the temptation came to us, "As from a human standpoint you are not likely to have money enough to care for the famine orphans which you have, why go on to receive new orphans and involve yourself in responsibility for increased expense?" But on the other hand God was saying to us, "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; If thou sayest, Behold we knew it not; doth not He, that pondereth the heart, consider it? And He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? And shall not He render to every man according to his works?" (Prov. 24: 11, 12.) And so we went to North India, and began work for the poor famine sufferers.

We have been privileged to know more or less of the faith life, trust in the promises of God for temporal as well as spiritual needs, for forty years past. But at no time have the answers to prayer, for suitable fellow-workers, and for supply of the temporal needs of orphans, widows and workers, been more marked and conspicuous than during the past two and a half years. And at the present date of writing, our heavenly Father is still giving us loving tokens of His kind remembrance and faithfulness. To God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ be all praise and glory!—
Albert Norton.

* * * *

In the village of Mallapalli near Nizamabad, India, a missionary held a little meeting on the village green recently one Sunday evening. After telling the story of Jesus, he invited all who would seal their faith in Him to come forward

when twenty-seven natives responded to the call. One old grandmother led first her children, then her grandchildren to seek that which they knew would cut them off from their old life of superstition and sin. They stood with uplifted hand vowing never to worship or bow down to idols any more, but to serve Jesus to the end of their lives. Their relatives, instead of resenting the change are welcoming them and are eagerly asking for someone to teach them the Gospel.

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This issue does not contain a lecture on "The Revelation," which series is now running through THE EVANGEL, owing to the fact that the type is now being used for the book. The book is on the press, and we will be able to fill orders for it on or before November 1st. It contains 255 pages, bound in cloth; price \$1.00, postage 10 cents (4s 7d).

A Free Tract

"How the Lord Miraculously Delivered Me from Christian Science," is the title of a *free* tract, published and sent out in any quantity, to any address, by the author, Walter Jensen, 6909 S. Robey St., Chicago, Ill.

We urge upon all our readers to send for copies and help circulate it as widely as possible. Countless souls are being entrapped in this awful delusion of the devil, and if we would stem the tide that is sweeping on into this snare of Satan, we must make some effort to save the innocent and unsuspecting. If you know of those who are in danger of being deluded by this antichristian religion, secure a number of these tracts and send them out. You may be the means of saving them from hell. Order from the author, as many as you can distribute.

How Old Art Thou?

HOW old, you say? You ask how old,
I pray you, serve me not so bold;
I am not old and shall not be,
Not in time nor eternity.

Oh, yes, 'tis true; my coat and shoes
Their shining luster soon will lose,
My eyes wax dim, my hair turn gray,
This well-wrought frame will soon decay.

But I, dear sir (please hear the truth),
Shall never lose immortal youth;
The years may come, the years may go,
But I each year will younger grow.

For I have found a secret dear
Which drives away my every fear;
My life is hid with Christ in God
Because I trust His sacred Word.

—W. A. VanGundy.

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