



*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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**An International Monthly Magazine**  
 EARNESTLY CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH, ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS

## Reminiscences of a Faith Life

### First Paper

Miss E. Sisson, New London, Connecticut



IN ORDER to face the real problems of a faith life on the mission field, I cut free from my salary while in India, and voluntarily launched away on God for material supply. I was seeking then to lead some convicted Hindoos to Jesus, which meant for them a very literal forsaking *all*—caste (which involved social standing), property, wife, business prospects, etc. They were young college students; two or three of them were in an *agon*y of conviction. While I quoted to them, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you," the Holy Spirit whispered within me, "Blaze the way for them yourself." We know how that is done in untrackable American forests. Thus I cut away.

I was then a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., and God made the first stepplings of faith for finances so easy. On every hand wonderful supply. No testings. Soon after my health failed, and dwelling far, far, in the interior among the dear Indian idolators, He made it necessary for me to come to Bombay and then on to America. However, it all ran so smoothly; almost before I realized need, it was met. Thus I came to England and America with a glad shout of the faithfulness of my Jehovah-Jireh. Soon after reaching New London, Connecticut, much better in health, I met an old friend, a clergyman, who was deeply stirred for a life of entire sanctification. but who declared it could not be lived by the clergy, since to keep the experience (he had blessedly touched it once), one must preach it, and to preach it was to endanger one's safety in his charge and bring upon him a hostile attitude from his brother clergy. "What of that?" said I, "We can not give up our friendship with God for place, or for friendship of man. The price is too great to pay—a stunted and dwarfed soul for eternity." "Yes, but you do not appreciate the situation; no church, no salary, and a wife and three babes to support!" I insisted it was safe to trust God and obey, regardless of consequences. There was to be a Convention in his church in the late Autumn, "Would I come up and bring my fuller Gospel?" "Yes, God willing." So things rested. However, when the Convention dates were sent me and an invitation to Vermont—for the first time since my "faith-

life" commenced I was lacking money. I could not write my friend that God had failed me after so vigorously urging him to trust God; moreover, I was persuaded that God wanted me there and would send me. Through the few intervening days I watched every mail—no money. Then came a letter from a dear brother, G. M., in Putnam, Connecticut, which was on my line of travel to Vermont, but a very short distance on the way. "Would I come to Putnam and have meetings for several days?" This was a rich man who had a Gospel Hall. Oh yes, I saw the way out! In service in Putnam somebody would be moved to give me the money for my railroad ticket. I went with bounding steps to Putnam, though when I had bought my ticket I had only a few cents left. God opened the way to several of the churches as well as the Gospel Hall. At the close of each service people crowded around and thanked me, but *no money*. New experience to me, but God was withholding them from giving; He was teaching me something. I had a well-to-do unconverted uncle whom I called on at a stop-over en route. Frequently before this whenever I met him he put a little money in my hand, I expected it now. A pleasant call, no money. When I left God showed me that mine might be called a faith-life if my eye was upon Him *only*, but if my eye was upon man, it was little better than religious mendicancy, whatever I called it. God would save me from expecting from man, thus only could I be clean unto God.

It was Sunday night and we had returned from the last meeting. I was to start Monday at four A. M. for Vermont. It was arranged that I was to be called at three A. M., then breakfast and be driven by my host to the train. So I bade the family good-by that night; as I did so, the old lady of the family pressed a bill into my hand. "Ah," thought I, "here comes my railroad fare," but on reaching my room I found it was but \$1; very interesting, but not much to the purpose for a \$12 or \$15 journey by rail and coach.

Now for two days God had been talking to me so tenderly of "taking no thought for the morrow," "your heavenly Father knoweth," "much more value than many sparrows," etc., but as I stood in that room that night with that one cold dollar in my hand, how the devil got after me. "What are you going to do tomorrow when you go to the ticket office window?" "What will you

say to the clerk?" "A dollar and four cents for a ticket to Vermont!" "No, you will turn around and say to your brother, G. M., 'I haven't the money for my ticket.'" "Oh yes, he will give it to you, he is rich." "But what will become of your faith-life?" "Stumping the world a religious pauper." I knew it was Satan talking. I cried, "Now, Father, Thou hast said, '*Take no thought* for the morrow,' and if this command is obeyed Thou must take thoughts out of me or I shall not sleep tonight." I rose from my knees and went to my couch. Wonder of wonders! I never knew when my head touched the pillow. I was awakened from my refreshing, babe-like sleep by a sharp knock at the door; "Three o'clock, Miss Sisson." Of all the miracles that followed I count this dreamless repose the greatest. I hurriedly dressed and went to my breakfast. The devil tried to start some of the questions of the night before, but his power was broken. God had too deeply poised me in Himself for them to touch me. What a God we have! After the meal which was thoroughly enjoyed, Brother M. said, "We must have a word of prayer." On our knees a great rush of the quickening power of God (as he afterwards told me) came on him; "Lord," he said, "she does not ask for money, she asks for workers, but Lord, give her hundreds of dollars for the work." As he prayed the assurance dropped from heaven into my breast that it would be so, though I had only one dollar and four cents toward my railroad ticket. My soul was exultant, a very real God was dealing with me and I knew it. Without even any allusion whatever to money in all my public work (or private life), in the next six months I forwarded to the India field for God's work more than a thousand dollars; no doubt God's answer to that dear man's prayer.

The sleigh came to the door and we drove the mile to the train. Too early, ticket master not there. As we sat and talked of the things of the

kingdom, my friend said, "Let me see, you go through Worcester on your route, and have to wait there for an hour. I have a pass as far as Worcester, you can buy your ticket there and save a little." So it came to pass I never saw the face of that ticket-master at the little Putnam station. How the devil likes to lift up bugbears before the trusting child of God! Now he said, "You have never been in Worcester in your life before and know no one there; worse for you to be left penniless there than here." Enlargement and deliverance however had begun to arise within and without, and my soul was settled in a deep sweet peace. Brother M. stood talking with me as the train pulled out and we said our good-byes. I was *en route* to Northern Vermont with a pass to Worcester, \$1.04 in my pocket, serene peace in my soul. Hallelujah! What a Savior!

We had not run far when the train backed into the station. My friend rushed in and said breathlessly, "As the train moved out God spoke to me, 'You ought to have given my child some money.' It was just then so hard for me to get hold of ready money, and charities had been curtailed, but I cried, Lord if you want me to give, send the train back. It began to back immediately, and here is the money." No time for more, the whistle blew and he was off, but he had left in my hand a roll of bills—I counted, it was \$50.

A course in a theological seminary could not have given me the equipment for that Convention which I had in this venture on God, and the revelation of His power, bounty and love, which came to me in this strait place. God knows how to train His souls, and often thinks as man-made institutions do not.

This testimony of our delivering God when written back to my friend G. M., set him shouting and adoring Infinite Goodness.

"Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel?  
And why not every man?"

### The Signs of the Times

AS IT was in the Days of Noah." Such are the Lord's own words giving us a description of the state of things at the time of "the coming of the Son of Man." It is a terrible picture which the Word of God gives us of the days preceding the flood. The whole earth was filled with corruption and violence. "They were marrying and giving in marriage, and knew not till the flood came and took them all away."

But before the Lord poured out this dreadful judgment upon the scene, He sent them many

warnings of the fearful doom which awaited them, but they would not repent; and if we follow down through the ages we find the same thing has taken place again and again. The Word of God is full of warnings intended for the days we are living in, but men do not give any heed to them. It is said that before the destruction of San Francisco by an earthquake, weeks before it happened, there was a poor old colored woman who went about the city telling the inhabitants that God was going to send an

earthquake to destroy it. They of course thought she was only an old fool, and gave no heed to her warnings; but the earthquake came, and San Francisco was destroyed, and many lives were lost.

Before the destruction of Messina it seems there was also a warning given. F. Marion Crawford, in the *Outlook* for April, 1909, says:

"There appeared in the city one of those wandering religious fanatics whom the Italians call Nazarenes, a bare-headed, half-starved, wild-eyed man, dressed in a sort of hermit's frock. A boy of twelve or fourteen by his side carried a cow bell. The two stopped always at the busiest corners, and the boy rang the bell as the public criers still do in old Italian towns. The man lifted up his voice, shrill and clear, to utter his prophecy; his wild eyes were suddenly still, and looking upward, fixed them on the high houses opposite, and cried, 'Be warned, take heed and repent, ye of Messina. This year shall not end before your city is utterly destroyed.'"

But they who were to perish laughed and jeered at the Nazarene, and went about their business. The editor of a paper called *The Future*, published then in Messina, went so far in his mockery and daring blasphemy that he published the following fearful challenge to Almighty God, "The Almighty if you are not ————, (I cannot print the blasphemous words) send an earthquake to prove you exist." The earthquake came the next day, and about 200,000 perished in the fearful visitation.

A short time before the destruction of St. Pierre, an Evangelist passed through the city which was said to be the wickedest place on earth. He was willing to preach the gospel to them, but they did not want it. There was also a faithful Roman priest who warned them often that judgment would fall upon them unless they repented;

but to all this they turned a deaf ear. It is said that a short time before the city was destroyed, the citizens took a pig into an open square, and crucified it in derision of the Lord Jesus Christ. There was one street in that city which was a perfect hell upon earth for immorality, blasphemy and corruption of the lowest kind. One day the end of it all came. In less than thirty seconds of time, 40,000 people were launched without mercy into eternity, and their city was completely wiped off the face of the earth—all except a few smoking ruins which now lie desolate, filled with ashes and the charred bones of those who lie buried beneath.

As one looks out upon the scene, the Lord's words come home with increasing force, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." This world is literally steeped in sin and wickedness from one end to the other. It is now just as it was in Noah's day, corruption and violence covers the earth. The newspapers of to-day are filled with reports of the most dreadful crimes, which show that men have cast off almost all fear of God from before their eyes. But worse even than this are the fearful blasphemies which are now being proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land against the truth of God and against His Son our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Will God bear with this forever? No. A day is rapidly approaching when He will "arise and shake terribly the earth." From before His face the "earth and the heavens will flee away, and there will be found no place for them." What will become of these boastful blasphemers in that terrible day? They will perish forever in their sins. How solemn is all this.—*The Herald of Truth*.

## Some Practical Lessons from the Harvest Field

Stone Church, August 3, 1911, George E. Berg, Clevelandtown, Bangalore, India



AM going to read a few verses from the 12th of Isaiah: "And in that day thou shalt say"—let us put it today, we will say on this 3rd day of August, 1911—"in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation." It used to be our church, our society, but now we begin to learn that God is our salvation. "I will trust and not be afraid."

first called us to India, I went one day down into the cellar to talk to Him, and while I was praying the devil came along. You know the devil often comes along when you have a prayer-meeting, and we have to rebuke him in the name of the Lord Jesus. I remember how the devil said to me, "There are lots of wild beasts and panthers and scorpions in India. What are you going to do?" I said, "Lord, what about these panthers and tigers in India?" The Lord said to me, "My child, I will wrap you in the Ninety-first Psalm." I said, "That will do, Lord," and I say for His glory, He has kept us.

We had snakes in our bedroom, we had scor-

pions in our parlor. I have been in places where they had the bubonic plague. I used to go to the plague camp where they put those poor fellows to die, and I never felt afraid, because of the words the Lord spoke to me in the cellar that day. You can go anywhere on God's earth if you are wrapped in the Ninety-first Psalm.



MRS. GEORGE BERG AND WORKERS

In one of the places where we first went to preach the Gospel there were no houses for us to live in except native houses, and they were built of bamboo and straw; no window in the house, and only one door. I made a few holes. I remember how the rats got into the roof and the snakes got after the rats. They also crawled on the beds. We had no furniture for four weeks; we slept on the floor and ate on the floor. I ordered some furniture, but it was slow in coming, and we had to do without for a while. We had a lantern burning all night because there were so many snakes. I remember seeing the snakes go after the rats, but I felt very comfortable. I belonged to my Father and they didn't do me any harm. My little boy who is now in his eleventh year was then a little fellow about three years old. He had just learned how to sing a few little choruses. He and I used to sit out in the evening on a big pile of limestone which the natives had brought together in the last big famine, and had received some rice for this limestone. So we used to sit on the limestone and sing this song:

"Oh hallelujah, yes, 'tis heaven,  
'Tis heaven to know my sins forgiven,  
On land or sea what matters where,  
Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there."

It is one thing to sing when luxuries are all around us; quite another thing to sing it when we are facing realities. How easy it is for us to come here and shout hallelujah on Sunday, but how about Monday morning when you have a big washing on hand, and the wind is blowing hard,

and half of it falls down in the dirt, and you have to rinse it out again; then your baby falls out of the chair and cries? Do you feel like shouting then? If you cannot shout then, you had better not shout on Sunday.

"I will trust and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song. He also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." What have we been doing today? Have we been drawing water out of the wells of salvation with joy, or have we been grumbling or complaining, finding fault with our neighbors, our brothers or sisters, our husbands or wives, or even with the devil. We have no business to find fault with anybody in the universe, except ourselves, not even the devil. We know the devil is a bad fellow, but we have no business to find fault with him. If you are abiding in the secret place of the Most High, the devil with all his imps cannot touch you.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." God puts the sweet grapes of the kingdom in our hearts. Sometimes people buy grapes and they find them sour; then they have to use sugar to make them sweet, but they are never like the grapes that grow sweet. When God puts the sweet grapes of the kingdom in our hearts, we do not have to sugar them; in other words, you do not have to put on a smile, because the smile is inside; but when people haven't got the sweet, genuine article in the heart, you can see right away the smile is put on. If it comes from the very depths of your heart, the people come around and want some of the sweet grapes. O how many people in this very city are looking for the sweet grapes of God's salvation! How many do they find in your life? How many has your husband found, or your wife? Women come to me and ask me to pray for their husbands, and before I talk with them long I find they have not been sweet. Their husbands have been looking for years for sweet grapes, and they have been getting sour grapes. Ask God to give you sweet grapes. Give your husband a smile when he is cross; if he calls you names, give him a kind word in return; but if, instead, when he goes out and slams the door, you slam it a little harder, is that sweet grapes? If he says, "I am not going to speak to you for a week," and you say, "I do not care if you never speak to me," is it any wonder if he doesn't want your religion? If you have sweet grapes others are bound to want them. The Lord wants us to be practical Christians. I am sick and tired of our

theories, professing something big and having something little.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation," and that means that we shall not nag at our Heavenly Father, day and night. We start out in the morning and tell Him a lot of our troubles, and keep telling Him our troubles all day, and the last thing before we go to sleep we tell Him our troubles. How many dear people continue to nag at God about their little two-by-four troubles, and their little needs. They never talk to their Heavenly Father except they have a trouble to tell Him. If your child would speak to you only when he wanted something—if he came to you on Monday morning and said, "Papa, I want a penny," and would not look at you the whole day, then the next morning come and want another penny, what would you say? "That boy of mine only speaks to me when he wants something." If the boy comes to you and says, "I love you, papa," and doesn't want anything, that brings you joy. When will we get weaned away from our own troubles? Let us get away from Grumbling Alley and move on Hallelujah Avenue. Some people say, "Brother Berg, haven't you any troubles?" No, I haven't. I turn them all over to the Lord Jesus Christ. I say, "Lord, you take this away from me. I want to be free." O how the Holy Spirit is working with us to wean us away from our little, narrow, contracted, self-centered lives, to get us broadened out to take in the whole world with our prayer and compassion, our love and faith. Stop nagging at God about your own troubles.

Ah, how tricky the old devil is. He tries to make us to dwell on our troubles. I believe I will tell you a little incident. It was a few days before Christmas, 1904, in India; the last mail had come in from Europe and America, and not any money so far as I remember. The reason I say mail is because, you know as well as I, nearly everything that comes to the foreign missionary, comes through the mail, and I am afraid some missionaries look to the mail more than they look to God. We were low in supplies, we had some ordinary food, but Satan came and said to me, "Now Christmas is coming and, of course, you and your wife don't care whether you have anything extra or not, but your two children, what about them? You haven't any money for them." I said, "Get thee behind me, Satan. My children belong to the Lord, and if He wants them to have any Christmas presents, all right, and if He doesn't, it is all right." I arranged with a dear man of God to go out in the villages. We had

meetings all night, starting at nine o'clock in the evening until the people had to go to the fields. They work from sun-up to sun-down. They do not have eight hours a day, and go on strikes if they do not get it. If they struck they would starve. So I arranged with this brother to go twelve miles in the country, and I remember how Satan attacked me and tried to make me stay at home and suck my fingers and worry about Christmas. But I wouldn't worry about anything. I forgot all about my wife and children, and Christmas, in those meetings, the Lord so mightily blessed. A number of people got saved and some got healed. When we had finished with our meetings, on Christmas morning we went back to the town, and the devil came to torment me again. Oh, how anxious he is for your children to have Christmas presents. He stayed by me until I got home. Oh how he tried to tell me my friends in America and elsewhere didn't do their duty or they would have sent me something for Christmas; he likes to have us get dissatisfied with each other.

I reached home at ten o'clock Christmas morning. At eleven the Christmas shower began to fall, and lasted two hours, and when the shower of blessing stopped I took a pencil and noted what had been sent to us. There were four kinds of meat, and many other things, both useful and helpful, and money besides, and my children had various toys. Every one was remembered, and when I figured it up, as far as I could tell, it came to about fifty dollars in value. That was God's Christmas present. If I had stayed at home and worried about Christmas and withheld from those poor people in those villages in which more than twenty heathen souls received salvation, I do not believe He would have given us a single thing for Christmas. When the shower came it seemed there was no devil within a thousand miles. He had moved out of India entirely. He isn't there when God's blessing comes upon you and you praise God. He is only there and tries to make trouble when things look a little slim. But that is the time to shout. You have heard about the preacher in this country. When his wife had baked the last three loaves the flour barrel was empty, and she said, "Husband, I just made the last three loaves." He said, "Praise God for three loaves." And when she cut the last loaf and told him, he said, "Praise God for the last loaf," and when it was all eaten, he said, "Hallelujah!" Then he said, "I am determined to do something. Will you promise to do what I do?" She said, "If I can." So he took her by

the arm and went into the storeroom among the empty things, and among them was the empty flour barrel. He put his head into the empty flour barrel, and began to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." He finished it and then turned to her and said, "Wife, it is your turn." She wanted to be a good wife, and put her head in and began to sing, with the tears streaming down her face. Before she had finished singing, somebody wrapped at the door. There was a man with a wagon, and among other things he left a barrel of flour. Don't you think God looks at your flour barrel? The moment you scrape on the bottom of your flour barrel, you scrape God's hand. His hand is on the bottom, and when you scrape His hand He knows that you are out. We are just beginning to find resources, boundless resources in God's storehouse. O that we would take a leap a thousand miles further than we have ever done. We have just been paddling along the shore with our shoes and stockings off. Let us launch out into the deep, and rest in the divine presence of God's love. How He loves to take care of His children. He just delights in supplying our needs if we are in His will.

"And in that day (the third of August, 1911) shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon His name, declare His doings among the people, make mention that His Name is exalted." His Name is the one we are to exalt, not yours or mine. His name has been exalted among the heathen many times. A Mohammedan had a store next door to our Gospel hall, and one day he told me with a long face he had bad news from his family, his boy had fallen down stairs and hurt his head so that he was silly. The doctors in Bombay had been unable to help him. I had been talking to this man now and then, as I felt led, but it did not have any effect. Then when he told me about his child, the Holy Spirit seemed to say, "Now, here is your chance." I didn't know just what it meant, but I said to him, "Now you have been telling us all about your prophet, Mahomet, boasting how wonderful he is, and what he can do. I will give you three days to pray to your prophet to heal your boy, and you can enlist the prayers of some of your Mohammedan friends, if you like." I never felt like challenging any one like that before, but God led me to do it, I believe. They went at it. We saw them pass our house on their way to the Mohammedan mosque for prayer. An English official dedicated that mosque, by the way, and a lot of big men and preachers of the Gospel were present at the

dedication. But on the morning of the fourth day I met this Mohammedan, and he had a sorrowful face. I said, "How is the child?" "Oh, he isn't any better. I had word that he is getting worse." "Well," I said, "you have been praying three days and he is no better. Are you ready to acknowledge your prophet is no good?" He had to acknowledge the prayers did not help, but he would not acknowledge that his prophet was no account. I said, "Now we will pray to our prophet, Jesus Christ, whom you have rejected, and who you say is only a good man." Of course, he was quite willing to have me pray for his little boy's healing, so we made it a matter of prayer in our home. The next morning I passed his store going to our Gospel hall. He was standing in the door, and he motioned to me and smiled. He had received a telegram from his family in Bombay saying the boy was all right. I said, "Praise God! Who did it—your prophet or mine?" He had to acknowledge it was the Lord, and told me that he was convinced in his heart his religion was false and ours was all right, but he was afraid, like so many are, to openly confess Him, for fear he might be killed. He went away for ten days to see his family, and on his return brought the little boy with him. He is a bright little fellow, and often comes to our place, and is very fond of me. We teach him little Bible verses.

I want you to pray for the missionaries. Not only the Pentecostal missionaries; sometimes we get narrow, and if we do not look out we get into the same old rut the churches are in, that is, the Baptists will pray for the Baptists, and the Methodists for the Methodists, and we Pentecostal people are getting into the same trouble. There are dear men and women in India and every other country who haven't this light and experience, but they are God's dear children, and working the best they know for Him, and we must pray for them. Many are seeing their mistake—the Methodists went out making Methodists, the Baptists making Baptists, the Salvation Army made their kind; each did the same instead of leading men and women out of darkness into Jesus Christ, in other words, making Christians. Now the missionaries are getting together, consulting and praying together, seeing what can be done and, dispensing of much in their lines of preaching, simply working to get their people to God. O what a confusion has been wrought in heathen lands by so many denominations. The heathen says, "You have caste yourselves, and you come here and say caste is wrong. But you

have Methodist caste, and Baptist caste, etc.," and there is a lot of truth in it.

If they had only started in the beginning and preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified instead of doctrines. I want you to pray that God will mightily and speedily work so missionaries will get their denominational differences out of the way. That is the great burden on my heart. Some of these dear men and women who are getting a salary are doing a good work for God. I was once away up in the jungles, forty miles from a railway, where I came upon two Canadian missionaries, a man and his wife, who were out on a salary. They both got up at six o'clock in the morning; the wife had a Bible class with the women, and the husband had a Bible class with the men before they went out in the field. They had a real call of God and proved it. But there are all kinds of missionaries just as in any other vocation. We had a man and wife in India, who used to get two calls a day; in the morning they packed their trunks, and in the evening they opened them up. I told him he was never called to India. In the Bible we find that everyone that God called was at some legitimate business. I am afraid of a man or woman not willing to earn a day's wages and support himself if necessary, and says he is called to preach. May God help His children to get settled down, not in their own experience, but in Him, and if God calls a person to Africa or China, He generally gives him time to prove that call at home.

The atmosphere is full of voices, and we must learn to distinguish them. We need to be established. The Holy Spirit can teach everyone of us how to be established. Let us get down and get a humble, teachable spirit. O this business of running around and saying, "I know it all!" and when we get to the place where we are not ready to take a lesson even from a child, we had better go to the woods and stay there alone with God for a while. I used to tell that to the folks in California. Sometimes they would stand up and say, "Brother Berg, we are baptized in the Holy Ghost. Why do you talk to us the way you do?" Whenever you say you are baptized in the Holy Ghost and mean by that that you have learned it all, that is the time you ought to go alone with God for a while. A young lady said to me, "I have four gifts, how many have you got?" I looked at her for a little while, and said, "I have Jesus, He has all the gifts, and He exercises them as He wills." How many have made this mistake and shipwrecked right on this point? They have done just like a lot of children at

Christmas; the little girl has her doll, the little boy his toy, and before the day is over, the little girl breaks her doll, and the little boy his toy. That is how many have done with this precious baptism in the Holy Ghost; they have acted like babies. O we must not lose sight of Jesus, the Eternal, Invisible, at the right hand of the Father. No matter how wonderfully you have been blessed, you must not lose sight of Jesus. We must keep continually in touch with the Fountain Head, and then the continual, perpetual flow of God's blessing will come, even while you sleep. The people will soon find out whether you have a dry bone or a fresh meal from God every day. The Lord Jesus has a fresh supply every day.

I met a dear brother in California one morning, and he said, "Brother Berg, I feel strong this morning. I believe I could whip the devil." In the evening I saw him again, and he had a long face. I said, "What is the matter?" "Oh, I met the devil and he whipped me." Of course he will whip you every time when you start out in your own strength, but when we go forth like Paul, conscious of our own weakness, yet at the same time conscious of God's Almighty power, there are not devils enough in hell that can do us any harm. But when you say, "I have the baptism," "I am sanctified," the devil is laying for you. O we must not lose sight of Jesus.

We find people going to and fro in the world, looking for work to do for the Lord. My conviction is that if you and I are right in the will of the Lord, we will have no trouble finding work; work will be hunting us. Whenever I meet a man looking for something to do in God's vineyard, I feel there is something wrong. In India when a native comes to me and says, "I would like to have a job of preaching," I say, "What? There are 360,000,000 people in this country. Do you think I have jobs in my pocket?" What the man really wants is to be engaged for money. God has His own servants, but we have hirelings over there too. Whenever I find a man coming around and wanting me to hire him for so much a month, he is the man I let alone.

I sometimes tell the people here and there, as I go about, "If you fail God, He will find people in China and Japan and India, and put them in your place." The Holy Ghost is especially preparing a people for Jesus, and if you fail He can pick up people from the center of Africa and the jungles of India, and put them in your place. God will have a Bride for His Son. O we do not want to fail God.



A few years ago, early in 1907, after I had received the baptism, I was alone with God on one of the hills around Los Angeles, talking to the Lord, and He seemed to give me a vision. It appeared that I was above the clouds and I could look down and see beneath me all the fifteen hundred millions of people going to and fro, and I saw how the hosts of hell were beating down on these people, and as I gazed upon that scene for a little while my soul groaned within me, and I cried out, "What will the end be?" The voice of the Lord came so gently, and He said, "My child, don't you be alarmed. You put your little hand in My big hand, and you praise Me while I work." I thought I had to do some tremendous fighting, but He said, "If you walk along with Me, I will work while you shout the praise." The Lord afterwards turned my mind to some scripture in the Old Testament. If you will look through the Bible you will find God asked two things while the greatest battles were being fought. He either told His children to stand still and see His salvation, or else He told them to shout the praises of God.

O what a wonderful God we have. Let us trust Him more and more and serve Him better

than ever before. The way to serve Him better is to say, "Lord, take all there is of me, and make anything out of me or nothing out of me, just as it pleases Thee." Nearly everybody says, "Make something out of me." But God wants us to say, "Let me be nothing." That is the place where God wants us to get in order that He can really do something. The man who says from the depths of his heart, "Lord, I delight in being nothing for Thee, in being unknown and unnoticed and unrecognized by any human being," he is the one God can take up; a little worm and with it thrash a mountain. But when a person comes along and says, "Lord, I want to be used for You," what a hard time the Lord has with that person. As a rule he gets into the way of the Holy Ghost, but when we find out our proper place, at the feet of Jesus, in the dust like a little worm, He will take that little worm and use it. Ecclesiastical machinery cannot avail, but the unseen hand of high heaven will reach down and use that little worm and thrash a mountain. You can be that little worm if you want to, but if you want to be the big evangelist or the big missionary, He cannot do much with you. O let us be the little worm and put mountains of difficulty out of the way.

## How God Led Me to Pentecost

Sarah E. Keatley, 715 East Jefferson Street, Los Angeles, California



WAS born and raised near Norfolk, Va. My father and only brother died in the Southern army and my mother being left in destitute circumstances, my three sisters and myself were obliged to go out into the world to earn our own living.

After a time I became engaged to be married to a gentleman, a widower with four children. His former wife was a Catholic and he had promised her to bring the children up in that faith and as I had no religion he asked me if I would learn the Catholic religion so that I could bring them up as he had promised their mother. I respected him for being faithful to the promise he had made his wife and told him I was willing to become a Catholic.

He then proposed to send me at his own expense to a Catholic institution in Boston, where I would be free from the influence of all my friends and be instructed in the Catholic faith. I consented and he went to a Catholic priest in Norfolk and got an order from him admitting me to the institution. I now see the hand of the Lord in this as I was a young giddy girl with

no thought of God or religion but would rather dance than eat; and the Lord took this way to get me away from my young companions and turn my thoughts toward Him. I made the journey to Boston by boat and became acquainted with a Christian lady on board who invited me to come and see her at her home in Boston. I did not tell her where I was going or for what purpose. At this institution I tried to learn the Catholic religion for eight weeks. When I prayed to the Virgin it seemed like throwing a ball against a wall, it bounced back and I always finished by praying to Jesus, and it seemed as if He heard me. At the end of that time I made up my mind there was nothing in the Catholic religion for me and that I would get away from the institution, but that I would not stop seeking the Lord. When I told the Catholic sister who had charge of me that I was going to leave she said I could not get out without the permission of the priest in Norfolk. I told her if she did not let me go I would jump out the window. She then said, "Keep still, and I will see what I can do." She went to the Sister who had charge of the wash house at the rear and told her if she saw me coming out to turn her back to me and

not see me go out. She did so and I left my extra clothing and went out after sunset and found myself a stranger alone on the streets of Boston.

I remembered the lady I had met on the boat and thought I would try and find her. But I had neglected to take her address and only remembered her name and that she lived in East Boston. I saw a policeman and asked him to direct me to East Boston, and then I prayed that the Lord would lead me to this lady's house. By this time it was getting dark. I started to turn into two different houses but had the feeling "this is not the place." Then I came to a row of about twenty houses all alike. I turned into one of these houses and something seemed to say, "This is the place," and it was, for when I rang the bell the lady I had met on the boat came to the door. When she recognized me she said, "I am so glad you have come; my husband has gone on a sea voyage and I am alone." I went in and felt so thankful to find a friend I could confide in and I wept as I opened my heart and told her all that I came to Boston for. She pressed me to stay with her, but I told her I was not going to marry the man who sent me there and I would get a position. All I knew how to do was plain sewing but in two days I found a position in the family of a Baptist minister.

When his wife engaged me she asked me what church I attended. I said, "The Catholic." She said, "That is all right if you are a good Catholic." I said, "I am not a good Catholic." They were very kind to me but never invited me to their church nor said anything to me on the subject of religion, yet all this time I was praying and seeking the Lord. I believed in a change of heart and nothing else would satisfy me. Whenever I had spare time I went to my room and prayed. After a time I learned that revival meetings were being held at Mr. Pentecost's church nearby, and I went one night, and was the first who rose for prayer at the close; and I kept on seeking the Lord in my room.

About two weeks after that one evening sitting with the family in the room I became lost to every thing about me and arose and going to my room fell on my knees and told the Lord that I would never get off my knees till He had saved my soul. I asked Him to show me my sins as He saw them and when they rose up before me like a mountain, I drew back and said, "Lord, I don't want You to forgive me; my sins are so great. I do not deserve it. If I had known I was such a sinner I would not have asked You." When

I said that the burden rolled away and peace filled my soul. I arose and went down stairs where there was a room full of company, the tears streaming from my eyes and said, "Let us pray," and we all prayed one by one. When we came to the seventeen-year-old daughter she prayed, "Jesus have mercy upon me," and about two weeks from that time she was converted.

After I was converted I went back to the church where I rose for prayers and testified. Then Mr. Pentecost said, "I remember that lady. The night she stood up for prayer I was so impressed and burdened for her salvation that I went home and told my wife I had to pray for her." I went on serving the Lord about twenty years and then there came a trouble in my life, and I lost my first love; I remained in that state for about eight years, but being a Baptist I did not know I was backslidden. All these eight years I was hungry for God, but did not know that it was Himself that I wanted.

After a very severe sickness I came, upon the advice of the doctors, to Los Angeles, where I united with the Memorial Baptist church but my heart was still unsatisfied. About this time I heard of some consecrated colored people who were holding meetings on Azusa street. I knew that the colored people in the South, where I had lived, had more religion than the white people and I thought I might get help there. The first time I went in the Lord spoke to my heart and said, "This is of God." The second time I went an aged Christian in his testimony told his experience in sanctification and the power of the blood to cleanse from all sin. Then the Lord spoke to me again and said, "That is for you," and the tears rolled down my cheeks. I arose and went home and commenced to pray for sanctification. Then the Lord spoke out in an audible voice and said, "You are a backslider." These words broke me all to pieces. I said, "Lord, I did not know it, but take me back. I am no more worthy to be called Thy son but make me as one of Thy hired servants." In about two weeks the Lord did take me back and really made a feast for me and put the ring on my finger and a robe on me, and then I went to praying for sanctification.

I was to have my husband's relatives, who like himself were infidels, at a Thanksgiving dinner; and about two weeks before the time I felt that as I had backslidden once, I must have more strength, and I told the Lord if he would sanctify me before Thanksgiving I would testify before these unbelievers to what He had done for me.

The day before Thanksgiving I was in my kitchen singing, "Jesus' blood covers me," and the Lord spoke to my heart and said, "Go and pray." I said, "Yes, Lord, I am glad I have got to a place where I can pray" and I went and He sanctified me and filled me with joy and holy laughter. Next day as I had promised, I testified and prayed before my guests and when I finished they all said, "Amen."

From that time I commenced waiting on the Lord for the baptism with the Holy Ghost. My husband saw the change sanctification made in me and he said, "That's all right, but you have got enough now. Don't seek anything more or you will go crazy." After I was sanctified till I was baptized every time I went to pray I saw Jesus on the cross with the crown of thorns. In my prayer I always told the Lord I was waiting for Him to baptize me when He saw I was ready and I knew He would do it.

On the 22nd of February, 1907, I retired early, desiring to be alone with the Lord and He commenced working on my body. One of my limbs had been broken in two places and always troubled me. He took my hands and grasping my limb at each place where it had been broken shook it more violently than I am able to shake it myself. Since then I have had no pain in that limb. Then He worked on every part of my body like physical culture and made me all over new. I had kidney trouble and stomach trouble, which He perfectly healed. I said, "Lord, how long are you going to work on my body?" He answered, "Till 12 o'clock." I so feared to interrupt His work that I said, "Lord, when you have finished turn me on my right side." He did so and just then the clock struck twelve. I was so conscious of His presence and so happy I did not sleep at all, but seemed to be in heaven all night. The next day through a severe trial my joy departed and a cloud settled upon me so that

### "From Death to Life"

WE HAVE just bought the copyright of a very helpful book entitled, "FROM DEATH TO LIFE," an autobiography by Anna W. Prosser, which contains the record of a wonderful life. The gifted author who was reared in luxury, writes with a beautiful simplicity of her life; how, as she was entering into "gay society" with plans for a "butterfly" career, she is suddenly stricken in body and, going down into death, is raised up by God in life and health.

From the time of her salvation and miraculous healing, her life is filled with loving service for God and humanity, being used in the salvation and healing of many.

Woven in with the story of her life is much helpful teaching. As she portrays her own conflicts, passing through the various stages of salvation, healing, sanctification, dying to self, and her Pentecostal experience,

I thought I had lost all my blessing. I wept and mourned before the Lord all that night. I could eat no breakfast and as soon as my husband was gone I locked the door, went into my kitchen and throwing myself on my knees, I told the Lord I would follow Him whether He ever restored the joy or not and if He sent me to hell I would go there praying. When I said that the cloud lifted, the joy returned and I said, "Praise God, praise God!" Then the Holy Spirit spoke in an audible voice, saying, "Praise Jesus. He is standing right here with a perfect language for you." So I began to praise Jesus and broke out in another tongue; a clear, distinct language; I also sang. One song was made up of different passages of Scripture joined together so that they rhymed. The oft-repeated chorus was, "Jesus is coming soon." I seemed to be before a congregation and the Lord told me, "I am going to use you to bring this message to you, and you, and you," pointing my finger in three different directions. I talked and sang for about three hours. Then I went to a neighbor's and continued praising the Lord in tongues and singing for an hour and a half longer. Later I went down to Azusa mission and kept singing and talking in tongues till four o'clock.

Since then God's power has kept me; I have sown the seed and seen the fruits. First, I began to pray for my husband and God saved him. Then I went to my neighbor and prayed for her husband and the Lord saved him. He also saved several other neighbors. Later He sanctified my husband and baptized him with the Holy Spirit and he spoke in the Chinese language. I gave Him our home and He sanctified it and has sent many here for help, and has saved and sanctified and baptized many in it. I want God to have all the glory. That is the reason I write this testimony that all may know what God is able to do.

she opens up the scripture on those subjects and, with the illumination of the Holy Spirit, enables the reader to appropriate these same blessings, together with many minor lessons. We cannot speak too highly of this book. Many say it is the best book they have ever read.

A closing chapter has been added to the second edition of the book, by her foster daughter, who was left in charge of the Mission and Home founded by Miss Prosser.

Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery, an intimate friend of the author, has written an appreciative introduction to the second edition.

*Cloth, 220 pages, \$1.00; postage, 10 cts. (4s 7d).*

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**Notes**

GOD broke our years to hours and days,  
That hour by hour and day by day  
Just going on a little way,  
We might be able all along  
To keep quite strong.  
Should all the weight of life  
Be laid across our shoulders,  
And the future, rife with woe and strife  
Meet us face to face  
At just one place  
We could not go;  
Our feet would stop.  
And so God lays a little on us every day.  
And never I believe on all the way  
Will burdens bear so deep  
Or pathways lie so threatening and so steep  
But we can go  
If by God's power  
We only bear the burdens of the hour.

**Conventions**

TEN Days' Convention will be held at the Apostolic Faith Mission, Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., in charge of Pastor F. A. Sandgren of Chicago, and Thomas Float of Wilkesburg, Pa., beginning Saturday, November 18th, 1911, at 4 p. m. For further information, write to Thomas Thompson, 450 Main Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

\* \* \*

A Convention will be held at 95 S. Second Street, Memphis, Tenn, from November 24th to

December 4th. The Convention will be followed by a Bible school. Those intending to attend the Convention kindly communicate with L. P. Adams, 986 Penn Street, Memphis, Tenn., before November 20th, so as to secure accommodation.

\* \* \*

A Pentecostal Convention will be held at Wilkesburg, Pa., December 10th to 25th. For information concerning accommodations, etc., write to T. E. Float, Pastor, 1008 Coal Street, Wilkesburg, Pa.

\* \* \*

The Fifth Annual Convention will be held in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, (D. V.) commencing Nov. 26th and continuing ten days or longer as the Lord leads. For particulars address A. H. Argue, 299 St. Johns Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

**Topeka Campmeeting**

BROTHER C. A. Foster, Topeka, Kansas, sends us the following report of their Campmeeting:

The Fifth Annual Campmeeting of the Pentecostal Assembly closed Sunday night, September 3d, in great victory. We had excellent weather and about two hundred camped on the grounds; sixty-one tents were used. There were eight states represented. The Lord sent us Spirit-filled workers, and we were greatly blessed through their ministry. S. D. Kinne of St. Louis, Mo., C. A. Squire of Danville, Ill., and L. G. Thomas of Kansas City, Mo., were with us, and several other workers from different points.

Many hungry souls came in from far and near and feasted on the good things Father prepared. The Word was preached in the power of the Spirit, and so many praised the Lord for the truth and said it was just what they needed. We had many gracious manifestations of the Spirit, such as speaking in tongues, interpretation of tongues and prophecy. More people were saved than in any previous Camp, and, we think, more baptized with the Holy Ghost. Demons were cast out in the name of Jesus, and quite a number of the sick were healed. One woman who had suffered with constant pain in her back for seven years was instantly healed when hands were laid on her in the name of Jesus. Another woman who had a stiff hand and couldn't shut it, was wonderfully healed so she could use her hand freely. A good many others testified of being delivered of different ailments. Twenty obeyed the Word in the ordinance of baptism and we had a blessed service on the bank of the Kansas river.

A missionary offering was taken which will be sent to the foreign field, and a free-will offering was taken to cover the expenses of the meeting. Father bountifully supplied every need, and all the expenses of the Camp were met. We can say to the honor and glory of God that it was the most profitable Campmeeting we have had. While there were some things that happened in the meetings that were not edifying, God wonderfully overruled, and all things worked out for our good. We praise God for the many lessons He taught us and for

the way He is showing His baptized people that they are to be subject to Spirit-filled leaders that God has set over them.

We expect, God willing, to have another Camp next year.

May the Lord bless His saints everywhere and fully prepare them for the coming of Jesus.

### Healed of a Scorpion's Bite

WHEN Jesus sent out His disciples, He gave them the assurance that, trusting in His Name, the bites of serpents should not harm them. As His disciples go out today, they are protected and delivered in this same, mighty, all-powerful Name. The following extract of a letter from Brother Frank Moll, who is in Egypt, to a friend, will show how wonderfully this promise in Mark 16:18 has been verified:

There are many scorpions here, and some are very poisonous. I have killed many of them in the home, and always have my eyes open watching for them. They often get in the clothing, and we have to shake our garments before changing.

On the evening of July 14th, I was stung by a very poisonous scorpion, and at once called the brethren to pray for me. After prayer I began to praise the Lord, and continued praising Him until I was healed, eight hours later.

I want to tell you my experience during those eight hours. I felt the poison go through my veins with intense pain; then my body felt solid, and my head and face seemed very large. I broke out in a cold sweat and I felt as if I was in water charged with electricity. Twice my jaws began to set, and it seemed that death was creeping upon me. Then I felt the divine life of Christ flowing into my body, praise Him.

There was a lesson in this experience for the native brethren. They did not understand how I could praise the Lord in my condition, but I was quiet in my soul while suffering in my body. I also learned a lesson, to be willing to suffer that the Lord might get glory out of my suffering. The dear Lord manifested His power to keep, then to heal. After we had prayer I had nothing more to do but praise the Lord, for I took the healing by faith.

One native said it was impossible for me to be healed without doctor or medicine, and he was surprised to meet me on the street, every whit made whole, without doctor, or medicine, or witchcraft.

I do thank and praise my blessed Savior for healing me. I am glad I can give Him *all* the praise.

### Preston (Md.) Campmeeting

THE Eleventh Annual Campmeeting, at Bible Holiness Campground, near Preston, Md., began August 4th without limit of time as to its close, and, as we go to write our report, it is with hearts full of gratitude and praise to our triune God that we can report victory through the precious blood of Jesus.

The grounds had been nicely prepared and everything was ready. Long before the meeting opened, earnest prayer to God had been offered by the saints that only God would be exalted, the Church edified, sinners saved, believers sanctified, sick bodies healed, and blood-washed

saints baptized in the Holy Ghost. This is the second camp here conducted on Apostolic Faith lines, viz., repentance, restitution, justification, sanctification, divine healing, the baptism with the Holy Ghost, and the second coming of Jesus. The workers were, J. W. Pitcher and wife, and Miss Lydia Glatzell, of Baltimore, Md.; D. B. Hubbard and wife of Binghamton, N. Y.; J. H. McQuay and L. A. Stirk and wife of Easton, Md., with a number of lay workers from different points. The weather was very rainy at the first of the meetings, but as the clouds dispersed, the people began to come, and God began to work in convicting them of their need of Him. A full Gospel was preached and people began to kneel at the altar and seek God, some for pardon, some for purity, and some for the baptism with the Holy Ghost. No definite record was kept of either, but several received victory for each of these experiences. Some were anointed and prayed for according to James 5:14, 15. A sister from Cambridge, Md., brought her daughter a distance of twenty miles, who had been returned from the hospital as incurable. She had been suffering for three years with tuberculosis of the hip and had not walked a step for six weeks; she was anointed and prayed for and was soon walking over the ground, and has been gaining ever since.

God poured out His Spirit until, the second Sunday, the altar was filled with seekers and continued so for over a month. Then we repaired to the chapel which stands on the ground, on account of the disagreeable weather, where the services continued for two weeks longer with the altar still filled with people seeking God, for which we truly praise Him. Sixteen were baptized by immersion in the Choptank river. The preaching was in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. The singing was with the spirit and the understanding also.

The management of the camp was good. The table was well supplied by free-will offerings. The people from the vicinity brought in their gifts of fruits and vegetables, and the merchants of the town furnished provisions at wholesale prices, which was greatly appreciated. It was a camp truly run on apostolic faith lines, and, as the people went to their homes, it was with sadness that we parted. But (D. V.) many of them expect to return another year. New tents are already being arranged for in this beautiful grove with its fine shade and excellent water. The unity of spirit and the bond of peace that prevailed was truly blessed. The superintendent and owner of the grounds has been in campmeeting work for a number of years and he affirms this to have been the best one he ever was in. To God be all the glory.

Baltimore, Md.

J. W. PITCHER.

### Work Among the Jews

PHILIP SIDERSKY, Superintendent of Emmanuel Christian Mission to the Jews, Baltimore, Maryland, sends us a report of a Gospel service he held on the Jewish Day of Atonement, October 2, 1911.

On the night before, he rented a wall on one of the buildings, and by means of a Baloptican machine displayed an advertisement of the meetings on a screen. He also displayed a large number of Scripture texts in Hebrew and Yiddish,

so the large number of Jewish men and women returning home from their synagogues could read them as they passed by.

On Monday, the Jewish Day of Atonement, two meetings were held in the Yiddish and Hebrew language on the topic "The Messiah from the Old Testament." It has been estimated that over one thousand Jewish men and women attended these services, and some of the Jews said afterwards that they never knew that Christ was so plainly spoken of in types and predictions in the Old Testament. The sad fact was brought

out as a result of those meetings that very few Jews have an Old Testament in the Yiddish language.

At the close of the services they gave out Yiddish New Testaments and Yiddish tracts.

Mr. Sidersky appeals for help in purchasing Yiddish Old and New Testaments and Gospel tracts, that the many doors that have been opened up through these meetings may be visited with the Gospel. If any of our readers feel led to contribute to this work among the Jews they can send their contributions to THE EVANGEL, and we will forward them.

## The Word of God: Its Power to Heal

William Hamner Piper, September 24, 1911



HIGH over all other names on earth or in heaven towers the name "God." At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God. The greatest word the tongue of mortal can lisp is "God." Hence the command, "Thou shalt not take *His* name in vain." With this in our minds we are almost staggered to read in Ps. 138:2, "Thou hast magnified Thy WORD *above* all Thy name." Can anything be greater than God's Name? Yes, His Word is greater, for with Him as with us, His name depends upon the faithfulness of His Word. No one can long preserve a good name unless he respects his word absolutely. We read, "He sendeth His *Word* and healeth them." "He cast out the spirits with His Word," the Word of God. "He *spake* and it was done." God utters no idle words. He weighs His words. I am to speak to you today about the Power of the Word especially as related to divine healing.

One reason why people are not healed is because they are not studying the Bible on Divine Healing. Faith for anything comes through hearing the Word of God on that subject. What is it that stands between us and deliverance from our sicknesses? Unbelief. And what is it that hinders faith and causes unbelief but our disobedience. Disobedience has many applications. It is not simply an open violation of one or more of the ten commandments, you disobey both the Word and the Spirit when you do not take time to read the Word of God. Many today want God to speak to their heart direct, and that is blessed, but He expects us to give ourselves to definite study of what He has already spoken. Besides He generally speaks to our hearts through the

Word of God. I would not say the Holy Spirit is bound up so He can not speak to your heart except through the Word of God, but generally speaking, He does it that way. "He shall take of the things of Mine, and reveal them unto you; He shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." These are the promises, and you will have to honor not only the Spirit of God, but you will have to honor the Word of God, if you are to get the blessing of God.

When temptation strikes you in the way of sickness, and you haven't revived and refreshed your heart on the Gospel of healing, you are at a serious disadvantage. It is easy for the devil in a very few moments to strike you down so that you are too sick to pray for yourself, but if the Word of God is stored away in your heart, you will have something upon which to rest, for it is an anchor to your soul, an anchor that will indeed be found to hold within the veil. The Book is no weak, foolish statement of man. God sent His Son into the world to speak to us, and He sealed His words with His blood. "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and they gave their lives for the testimony of the Word, and therefore we can not treat the Word of God lightly. God hath spoken! *God hath spoken!!* GOD HATH SPOKEN!!! Whatever the omnipotent Jehovah-God hath spoken must come to pass if we will trust Him. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." You are crippled so long as the power of the Word has not gripped your heart. Your faith will be weak and your mind and heart vacillating until the certainty of God's Word takes hold of you. *God* has spoken, not man. Paul's name and James' and John's names are at the head of their epistles, because God has to use

human agencies through whom to transmit His Word, but John didn't originate it. It was conceived in Heaven and born in his soul and given to us. His heart was illuminated, his mind was clarified, his vision was purified, and the Spirit of God moved upon him to record the words of sacred testimony.

I received a letter yesterday from a friend living on the Pacific Coast, and in it was a little slip with these words, "What would happen if we all *believed* God?" Let us ask ourselves the question. Among other things, "the lame man would leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; the eyes of the blind be opened and the ears of the deaf would be unstopped." I rejoice that these in a measure are now being done, but more needs to be done. Faith grows on obedience to the Word and communion with the Spirit of God. Unbelief grows as you feed on the opposites. If you think you can trust in the congregation or in the preacher, or even in the illuminations of the Spirit alone—that these will be sufficient to carry you through the hour of temptation and trial, either in sickness or whatever it may be, you will be disappointed. "Thy *Word*," says the Psalmist, "have I hid in my heart, *that I might not sin against Thee.*"

The Word is essential, but if you give an hour to the newspaper or the magazine, and five minutes to the Bible, there is no use in complaining that your soul is lean, for it *must* be, under such treatment. Why don't you believe? Largely because you do not cultivate faith through the Word, the business cares, the desires for worldly things—these crowd out the time the Word of God ought to have, and I believe there are many people sick today because they have never let God speak to their hearts by a careful study of the Word on the subject of Divine Healing. He is a wise man who, going to California, buys a map of that state instead of one of Ohio; and if it is healing you need from God why not study the Gospel of *healing*? Faith grows by that upon which it feeds, and if you feed your mind on the trash of the day instead of going deep into the Word of God, you should not be surprised if your faith languishes, your hope departs, and your hands fall by your side. Nothing can take the place of the plain, straight study of the Word of God. I do not care how good a meeting you have had; I do not care if a hundred people have been saved or healed or baptized in the Holy Spirit and praised God in other tongues, if you leave off your own communion with God, and your own study of the Word of God, you will

become weak. Get at it the first thing in the morning. "Well, but I have to get up so early," you say. I can sympathize with you in this matter, but the fact remains there is a way if we will do it, and if there is not a way, we must make one. Martha thought she would get a special compliment from the Lord because she was getting Him a good supper, and a good supper is all right, but I read that the compliment was made to Mary, "She hath chosen that good part." Now don't you women go flying off at a tangent, and say, "I am going to read my Bible now and can not get my husband's supper." You don't have to neglect the ordinary duties to do the better, I am sure.

Faith grows upon the Word of God. If you go to a meeting where they never say a word about Divine Healing, or if they do, they talk against it, and then slip around here on Wednesday afternoon and expect to get healing, you are apt to be disappointed. Many would like to be divinely healed if they didn't have to take any reproach, and were not afraid of being called a fool or a crank. If they call you a crank, all right. Sam Jones is responsible for the statement, "It takes a crank to run the world." He tells the story of a Western farmer who ordered a piece of machinery from an Eastern factory. After it arrived the farmer telegraphed the makers, "Your machine is here but you forgot to send the *crank* and it won't go." Paul rejoiced that he was called a fool for Christ's sake. Some people will call you a fool, but if your heart is growing deeper in God, don't be afraid of being called names.

"Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." Notice please the statement, "The prayer of faith *SHALL* save the sick." Just as a room will warm up when you put heat into it, so sure will healing come when you fulfil the conditions laid down in the Word of God. There are conditions in the Word of God. It must be the *prayer of faith* that is offered. What right have you to ask anyone to pray for you if in your own heart you do not believe God will answer? Now faith ought not to be a hard thing. If we are in the right relationship to God, *as we ought to be*, faith is exceedingly natural, a perfectly normal thing. What would you think if I told my children something that had happened and they would

question it as to whether it was really a fact. The normal condition is that the children shall believe a thing because father and mother has said it. A believing heart is a normal heart, an unbelieving heart is an abnormal heart. If we had been trained as we ought to have been, it would be the most natural thing in the world to believe God, instead of having to work at it as most people think they must. Instead of chiding yourself because of a lack of faith it ought to be a very natural thing to believe God under all circumstances, for it is in His Book, and because it is in His Book that ought to be sufficient for faith. When disease strikes you or one of your household and the Word of God has not been hid away in your heart, but on the contrary, the practices of your former life still cling to you, of course, you will go to the physician instead of to God. God wants to bring you out of the wilderness of former experiences into the land of plenty, into the land of honey and milk. My God supplies all my needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. He doesn't leave any part of my nature unprovided for, He takes me all in when I make an unconditional surrender. I may have all God has for me when He has all there is of me. It is better to trust the Lord in time of sickness than to have to get out in the cold and rain and hunt for a doctor, even from the standpoint of convenience. It is also better for your pocket-book; and you sinners, if you are not paying your tithes you have no right to ask God to heal you.

"Ye have robbed Me, even this whole nation." They impudently answer back, "What have we robbed you of?" "In tithes and offerings." You are a thief and a robber if you are not paying into God's treasury one tenth of your income and also an offering. That is what the Book says. I did not write it. It was written and sealed thousands of years before I was born.

Let us measure up to the conditions if we expect the promises. What do you say? There are here and there a number of people professing to be out and out for God who are still weak in the matter of healing, and when the sickness pinches a little, they turn to the doctor.

God wants us to become established in His Word. Let us store it up in our hearts in days of prosperity, so we may be prepared should the day of adversity overtake us. Let us build up our faith by studying the Word when the heart is strong and the mind is clear, so that when sickness overtakes us we will have the eternal Word within; His Word hid in our hearts so we may not sin against Him. We are not so apt to disobey the Word if we have it hid in our hearts.

"Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." Oh, the bondage many have been in to physicians and drugs! Many, through fear of death, have been all their lives subject to bondage, but Christ has set us free, and we must stand fast in this glorious freedom bought by His precious blood.

### The Way of the Cross

Charles F. Hettiaratchy, Colombo, Ceylon

**T**HEREFORE, behold, I will allure her and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. (R. V. M., to her heart.) And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope." Hos. 2:14, 15.

Many of God's children today are going through the wilderness. Their way seems hedged in and they seem to be fenced in. "He hath led me and caused me to walk in darkness and not in light. Surely against me He turneth His hand again and again all the day. . . . He hath builded against me and compassed me with gall and travail. He hath made me to dwell in dark places as those that have been long dead. He hath fenced me about that I can not go forth; He hath made my chain heavy, yea when I cry and call for help He shutteth out my prayer. I am become a derision to all my people, and their song

all the day. . . . and I said my strength is perished." Lam. 3:2, 5, 9, 14, 18.

This seems to be the description of the experiences of many of God's children today. They sought for more of God, but they seem to have more trials and more trouble, "Thou hast removed my soul far off from peace." Fear not, loved one, this is the way of the cross. God dwells in the thick darkness. Coming to God often means coming through thick darkness, Exodus 20:21. This is the way the Master went, He went into dark Gethsemane, and it was a dark Calvary. Even His own disciples seem to have forsaken Him; His own Father seemed for a while to have turned away His face from Him. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Seemingly it was all failure and defeat and weakness. He died in weakness and as a malefactor. His enemies thought they had gotten rid of Him



and that His mission was over; but this was the biggest victory that was ever won. This is the fountain of all blessing that streamed down throughout all the ages and to the uttermost ends of the earth. "I have nothing to glory in save in the cross of Christ," Paul said. Paul's longing was that he might know the fellowship of His sufferings—the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow—this is the way that leads to glory. The valley of Achor (troubling) is the door of hope. This is a part of the baptism of the fire we prayed for. The Lord has to take away the filth of the daughters of Jerusalem by the spirit of judgment and by the spirit of burning. This is the process of refining. The Lord is bringing out the hidden remains of the self-life into light and judges them. All that old creation will have to go into death, "As we have borne the image of the earthy, so shall we also bear the image of the heavenly." We had by faith appropriated our judgment on the cross with Christ, but now the Holy Ghost has come to make it good in us.

What should be our attitude under these testings?

First: Never doubt the love and faithfulness of God. Say with Job, "Though Thou wilt slay me, yet will I trust in Thee." Rest in His love,

all this comes from your Father's loving hands. See Ps. 66:10-12. "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Second: *Rejoice*. Rejoice in hope of the glory of God. *Rejoice in the Lord alway. Rejoice in tribulations also*, for the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

Third: Be silent, never murmur, never complain. Do not talk much about your trials. "Be silent to God and let Him mould you." Do not try to defend yourself. If others misunderstand and misjudge you, do not try to defend yourself. Let the Lord be your defense; trust Him to defend you. Commit your way unto the Lord and trust also in Him. "Consider Him that endured such gainsaying of sinners against Himself, that ye wax not weary, fainting in your souls." Keep sweet and let not any bitterness creep into your soul. Pray for those who persecute and spitefully use you. When He was accused wrongly He opened not His mouth. Seek for this grace of silence.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,  
Not by the wine drank, but by the wine poured forth.  
Love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,  
He that hath suffered most hath most to give."

## Through Death to Life

### Some of the Trials of Young Missionaries

Miss Blanche Cunningham, Basti, U. P., India

**NOTE.**—God brought us in close touch, before their departure, with several of the young missionaries who went out with Miss Abrams into the North of India, and we have been greatly interested in knowing of His leadings and dealings with them, and believe our readers share an equal interest with us. We trust that they will not cease to pray for this party of "seven," who are giving

to God a willing service in that dark land, amidst many trials and hardships.

The following extracts from a letter from Sister Blanche Cunningham, who calls herself the least of those who started out in a faith life, will show how faithfully God works in the lives of those who trust Him:



FOR MANY months the Lord permitted me to go through some very severe tests of every kind possible, it seemed, but today He reigns victorious in my heart—supreme. From the first I realized I was least in every way among those to whom the Lord had joined me, and I began to cry out to Him, and God in His faithfulness began to work—to increase my hunger for Himself, which has been in my heart ever since He baptized me in the Holy Spirit.

My life and points of view, even in Christian work, were different from any of the others, since I knew almost less than nothing about the deeper faith life. A great step or plunge of faith is one thing, but there is a marked difference between that and standing in faith for all your needs, for

body, soul and spirit. Therefore, the Lord took me into His training school. It seemed everything in my past life that I felt had been done away and cleansed, came up, and I was so miserable, too, in my body, for any physical difficulty or trouble one may have will be heightened in India, and, I presume, many foreign lands.

Before I went to Almora (in the hills) I was confined to my bed because of my back. I could not bear to be on my feet, and the heat seemed to slay me. However, the Lord gave me a healing touch, or I never could have stood the trip in the "dandy" on the backs of the coolies, up the mountains. I longed so to climb and visit Miss Hill, who is the Y. W. C. A. National Secretary of India, and who had a rest cottage for Indian girls four and a half miles up the mountains from Almora; also Miss Radford from the Y. W. C. A.

of Calcutta, who had a cottage near Miss Hill, and had a dear missionary friend staying with her who was from the Wesleyans at Fyzabad; she was interested in Pentecostal truths, and Miss Radford was seeking the baptism. Miss Hill had received the baptism about a year ago, and we had meetings from time to time at their places, and also at our cottage, but I was never able to go to them since I could neither walk nor stand the jolting in a "dandy." The others would go, but I would have to remain where I was. I know now that all this was permitted, not only that I might learn the secret of faith, which was most necessary, but that I might be subdued in my mind and spirit, and that my desires, wishes, and reasonings would cease and my will become submerged into His will. I have come to believe that it is possible to die to many things, friends and loved ones, material comforts and benefits, to be willing even to be scorned and turned out from the home of your childhood for Jesus' sake, and even then not be yielded in the little commonplace things of our lives. The sum of it all seems to be that our God is endeavoring to get a people ready for Himself. "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons," and the Psalmist tells us that "the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit and a contrite heart." Peter also tells us the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is, in the sight of God, of great price."

Since our coming to India, we have had opportunities of meeting a number of Pentecostal missionaries and workers, some of which have been representative people of the work in which they were engaged. Those who are going on with God seem to realize the diverging from *this standpoint* of our Lord's, which has been throughout the ages the only recognized basis for real service. "The meek will He guide in judgment; the meek will He teach His way."

I remained on for a while after the others left Almora, and the Lord continued to send those to whom we had been ministering, as well as others. One night at a service of waiting upon God, with an Indian woman and two missionaries who were seeking the baptism, the Spirit came upon me and into my body, and all at once I realized that God was pouring life into my body. All I could say was, "*His life, life, life, His life.*" and I knew He was doing a miracle of healing. Oh, how I praise Him for it! All that night, life, resurrected life, was poured in. After that, for the next three weeks, I was able to go or do anything, walking miles into the mountains where Miss Hill lived, and where I spent my last two

weeks before coming down. I have never been so well in all my life, but in my case it was the usual order, "oil," then "wine." Since then the cross of Christ and what it means to take it up has been pictured to me afresh. It is cross-bearing He wants. Now, once more, I am in the battle for lost benighted souls of Basti.

Miss Abrams has had Basti on her heart, and about two months ago the Lord put it upon her to open up a mission station here. She and Miss Doll came here and tried to get a house to live in. Outside of one or two officials there is no one here but Indian people, and therefore nothing suitable for us to live in permanently. The people were not at all inclined toward us as they do not wish to hear the Gospel, but after a time permission was received from the C. M. S. at Gorakhpur to occupy the deserted C. M. S. mission houses. Miss Doll moved in at once, even before it was fit to live in, and slept on the floor with the rats and moles crawling around, as we felt it might slip from us, others being after it. The property consists of two small Indian houses which were formerly Boys' Boarding houses. The school building we do not use now. Miss Doll and I are to look after the work here. Miss Doll lives in one house and looks after the Mission House and the work, and I live in the other with the Indian girls, which will be my special work, going out into the villages, etc. Her house is the main house, which includes our "drawing room," her apartment and a storeroom. We eat on the veranda unless it rains too hard. My room has three small windows with wooden bars to keep out thieves. The floor is mud and I have a few bamboo mats around my bed or cot. The doors are straight pieces of wood with wooden bars. We have been warned to keep all doors barred as the thieves and robbers are very bad. These houses are very old and when it rains, it leaks in almost every room. The mats have to be taken out to keep them from moulding too badly. In fact, everything moulds in the rainy season, new shoes, purses, Bibles, books, etc. The shelves in our dish-cupboard mould underneath the paper, and food will scarcely keep but one day. This afternoon I cut the mould from the top of our gingerbread, which was made without eggs, and we had "chapaties," which are flat cakes made of the graham flour and water. This is the Indian people's bread, and as we have no way to bake bread in this place, and cannot get it, we eat this also. Limes are about the only kind of fruit we can get at this time, but later we will be able to get several varieties. Vege-

tables, too, are scarce, potatoes like walnuts in size, and very expensive. However, we can get meat and eggs. Milk is very difficult to get; ours came this morning and soured before our breakfast at eleven o'clock. The hot season is the trying one, as it is so hard to get food. The poor people live on parched grains largely, as they cannot even afford rice.

It seems rather strange to be in a heathen town, two lone women to begin a work, but our God is able, and both of us have felt that God led us to Basti, and it is a blessing to witness for Him in a hard place. The people here are Mohammedans and Brahmans who are harder to reach than some others, but our hearts go out to these people. A number have called, and some for prayer, and God has answered prayer for them. John Paul, our Indian preacher, goes out into the bazaar and villages to sell books and Gospel portions in several languages, as well as to preach. As soon as the water gets low enough on the fields so we can cross we will go to the villages to preach morning and evening.

An Indian "pandri" preacher from the Methodists came to call. He and his wife are very hungry for the baptism, and we had a prayer service in which the Holy Spirit came down in

power upon us. Praise Him for hearts who are hungry for God.

We realize it takes greater faith to open up two missions than one, and there are many difficulties in opening up a pioneer work. We need a roof over our heads. Pray much that the Lord will keep the dashing rains from bringing down the roof on us, for in some places the rain has caused great pieces of mud to drop in the middle of the floor. We also need more workers; these Indian Christians know little how to care for themselves and keep themselves in blessing, and claim victory over sickness. They have to be supported, but it is a privilege to stand in God for all our needs, though often in the midst of conflict, for the powers of darkness from the heathen are tremendous. Miss Abrams often says, "Did I magnify the difficulties when I told you on the boat about what you would have to go through?" I praise God for it all. I am so glad I am in India. I have no desire to go to the homeland to stay. I am only asking God to speed the day when we can speak and pray fluently in Hindi and Urdu so we can preach Jesus to these thousands who have never heard of Him. Hold us up in prayer. Dear Miss Abrams has borne many heavy burdens, but God has kept her.

## A Continual Crucifixion Our Greatest Need

Convention May 25, 1911, Miss Susan C. Easton, Missionary from Calcutta, India



LET US turn to Revelation 3:17. "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me"—oh, with what force these words ought to come to us—"I COUNSEL THEE"—"I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayst be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayst be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayst see." Oh, what need we have to be able to see. In the Old Testament, in speaking of the prophets of those days, it explains to us that they were called seers. How little we see of God, of His working all around and about us. How much we need continually everyone of us to apply this eyesalve that we may see. In the ninth chapter of John, after the miracle of the healing of the blind, we have these words. "And Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see, and that they which see might be made blind. And some of the Pharisees which were,

with Him heard these words, and said unto Him, Are we blind also? Jesus said unto them, If ye were blind, ye should have no sin: but now ye say, We see; therefore, your sin remaineth." You see the deception that is going on all about us, and who among us can say, I see? God is today able, if we will buy the eyesalve, to make us see. The god of this world has blinded the eyes of them which believe not. Oh, how our eyes need opening, and how, all through this Word we have illustration of the opening of blind eyes. "Buy of Me." God has His free gifts. "He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." He did for us a perfect work of salvation on the cross, and by believing in Jesus Christ and Him crucified we have everlasting life. But if we are to go on with God, we are to put down the price. If we are to see we are to pay the price and buy eyesalve. You ask, what is the price to be paid? I think if the Pentecostal work in India has taught us anything, it is this: That the same conditions on which we receive blessing, are the only conditions on which God will continue His blessing to us. Oh, how many I have seen pay the price once, and then think it was done. They have

paid it, and congratulate themselves. God in His wonderful love and grace does meet them, but they seem to forget that it is to be a continuous buying; that as we have received Christ Jesus, as we have received the Holy Spirit, so we are to go on with Him. We will pay the price right straight on to the very end, if we are going to have God's best gifts.

In the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, we find an illustration of paying the price, the 23rd verse:

"By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter;" that was the price he paid for God's using him. That was an act once done, but the next verse, "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." How long, think you, that "choosing" went on? It wasn't an act once and for all. It was a continuous attitude toward God. All those days of walking in the desert with the rebellious children, day after day, in all the difficulties of the wilderness journey, he was choosing, *choosing*, CHOOSING, rather to suffer affliction. Are we prepared for that daily choosing? Are we willing to pay the price, day after day, week after week, month after month?

The next verse, "Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." Choosing, esteeming—present conditions, not past conditions; always present, all through the life of Moses; esteeming the reproach of Christ—I find there is plenty of reproach connected with going on with God. We are prepared, perhaps, for the reproach once; we are prepared for it when some time by God's great mercy we are brought to the point where we are thirsting for God and we want the baptism in the Holy Ghost, but are we day by day willing to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt? Friends, many a man, many a woman whom God in His wondrous grace has met and blest, has been unwilling to maintain that attitude, to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than anything the world could give. Again in the life of Paul, let us turn to the epistle to the Philippians, 3:7, "But what things were gain to me, those I counted (past tense) loss for Christ," and no doubt many before me, as you look back on some point of blessing; some day when God met and blessed your soul—perhaps when God baptized you with the Holy Ghost and fire, looking on that day, you remember you said, "What things were gain to me, those

I counted loss for Christ." But that is not enough. "Yea (says Paul) doubtless, and I *count* all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count (present tense) them but refuse, that I may win Christ and be found in Him." There are none who can go on with God without that *continual counting* all things but loss. In the lives of very many there comes again the pull of the world, the pull of worldly connections. Are we prepared to turn to them and say, "I *counted*," and "I *count*"? "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord?" That attitude of heart and mind that was illustrated in the life of Moses, and illustrated so clearly in the life of Paul, is the attitude that we must hold toward God if we are going on with Him. That is the price that we must pay for God's best things. "I counsel thee to buy of Me . . . . eyesalve that thou mayst see." Oh, how we need to see, and how this daily counting of things but loss clears the vision! How esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of the world clears the vision and enables us to see the things of God!

"The pure in heart shall see God." How many of those whom God has baptized have been able to tell of some vision God granted to them, some vision of Calvary, some vision of the finished work of Christ on the cross, but the vision needs to be continual. "The pure in heart shall see God." Is it not true that many who have had the baptism are allowing things in their lives today that they were willing to give up in order to receive it? Do we see God? It has sometimes seemed to me that sin in our hearts is in layers. As we know God in measure, we have a certain measure of conviction of sin, and we put it away, but if we go on with God we have a deeper and deeper sense of sin, and God's eye will go deeper into our hearts and lives. That which would have been purity of heart for you and for me a year ago, a month ago, or even a week ago, may not be so today, because we have been learning more of God. That continual cleansing of sin in life and heart, according to the measure of our knowledge of God, clears the vision; it is the eyesalve that anoints our eyes and makes it possible for us to see God.

Do you remember how quickly Nathaniel recognized Christ as the Messiah? Do you remember what Christ said to him? "An Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile." How it would help us to understand the things of God if we

kept guileless; if we kept pure in heart. Shall we pay the price? Shall we, according to the measure of light God has given, cleanse heart and life through confession, through the recognition of the power of the precious blood of Jesus flowing so freely? Shall we let that blood flow in mighty cleansing over our souls, day by day, according to our knowledge of God? It seems to me that coming to big meetings and conventions carries with it great responsibility, a responsibility for which we must give an account to God. "The pure in heart shall see God;" "eyesalve that thou mayst see." Do we want to see? Do we choose to see? Paul speaks in the second epistle to the Corinthians of looking, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen. How ridiculous it seems to talk of looking at things not seen, but Paul is speaking of the eye of faith, "for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Oh, if we want to see the things of God we must lift our eyes to the plane on which we can see them. If we look off on the plane of things temporal, we will see the things temporal; if we lift our eyes to the things eternal and unseen, we shall see them. "Eyesalve, that thou mayst see!" How faith clears the vision, but the price must be paid. How can ye believe, Christ asks, who receive honor one from another, and seek not the honor that comes from God only? Pay the price of be-

lieving. Give up the things that make believing impossible in your life. You have heard that sin in the life makes believing impossible, but if we will repent and obey, it clears the vision and we see. Christ's word to Nathaniel was, "Believest thou this? Thou shalt see greater things;" and to Martha He said, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?" Faith clears the vision, but faith is impossible while sin is allowed. The price must be paid, and we must give up sin according to the measure of our knowledge of God and of His purity. Christ, in speaking to His disciples, said, "Blessed are your eyes, for they see." If He was here in our midst, could He say that to us? Do we see? Are we keeping step with God? And then what an eyesalve the study of the Word is! What an eyesalve prayer is! Oh, how it clears the vision and leaves us face to face with God. As we commune with Him, He opens our eyes, He opens our understanding, He opens to us the scriptures. Prayer clears the vision. Do you remember that prayer of Elisha, "Lord, open his eyes," speaking of his servant. The servant's eyes are opened and he sees the hosts of God encircling his beloved master. Oh, let us pay the price; let us buy. Let us hear Christ saying to us, "I counsel thee to buy of Me . . . . eyesalve that thou mayst see." May He anoint our eyes that we shall see God, and keep step with Him.

### Sowing the Seed

OUR young brother, J. S. McConnell, who attended our ministry for several months at the Stone Church, has responded to the call of God to sow the Gospel seed in out of the way places, and God has been blessing him. He writes as follows, under date of August 25th:

"I traded a note that I had for an auto express car and built a Gospel car on it. I asked the Lord to provide me with the means to carry the Gospel away from the railroads, and he has enabled me to fit up the car in a very handy and comfortable way, and has supplied all our needs. We travelled through Nebraska, part of Wyoming, Colorado, and into Kansas, with a small house built on a car that has only twenty horse power, and went through places where big machines got stuck. One evening we had a slight accident to the machinery and in the morning it refused to run. After I had worked with it for about two hours I came to the conclusion that I could do nothing, so we got down on our knees and asked God to make it go. We got up and it started right off and didn't bother us any more. Another time I was driving up a steep hill; there had been a heavy rain and it had washed large holes in the wagon tracks. In spite of my efforts, the wheels sank into these holes and, try as we would, we could not get

the car out. Finally, we went to God and asked Him to get it out, and as I got upon the seat and started the machine, it moved right off.

"God has been with us all along the way; generally we have just stopped on the street and preached and then started on, but God is pouring out His blessing in a wonderful way in this place (Pierceville, Kansas). There have been eight conversions up to this time, and the people are interested.

"God performed a miracle of healing a few days ago. My little nephew, five years old, who is traveling with me, fell off the car and bent his arm between the elbow and the wrist, almost double. When I picked him up I thought it was broken, but his bones were so soft that it bent the arm in an L shape. The pain was so intense that he could hardly stand it, and the first thing we did was to ask God to take away the pain, and it wasn't more than fifteen minutes until he was sound asleep. Then we asked God to straighten the arm out and heal it, and when we arose from our knees it was almost straight, but God did not straighten it perfectly then, for if He had, the people would not have believed the boy was badly hurt, but he went to the meeting that evening, and from that time, the arm has not hurt him, and is now perfectly straight. He wrote a letter with it two days ago, and he is a living witness to the loving kindness and power of God."

## A Wonderful Salvation and Call to India

### The Needs of the Foreign Missionary

R. E. Massey, Fyzabad, India



BEFORE I was converted I attended a meeting held at Popular Springs Church in St. Clair County, Alabama, for the purpose of seeing some fun, but the Lord was there in mighty convicting power. I went to the altar just because some of my friends wanted me to go, but did not expect to get saved. One of my friends was kneeling by my side and suddenly he began to shout and say that the Lord had saved me. He put his arm around me and prayed for me in a way that I never had heard anyone pray before. It took hold of me with such a grip that I prayed all night; I realized that I was praying even in my sleep.

The next day I went to work in the cornfield; I was pulling fodder, and there were many pea vines on the cornstalks. I was in such misery and under such conviction that I had to get down on my knees behind these large vines and pray with all my might. Conviction had seized me strong and deep; it seemed to me that hell was waiting for me, and if there was ever to be any change in my life it must be now. When I went to the meeting that night I walked straight up to the front and said to the people: "I am lost, and I want every one to pray for me that my sins may be taken away." Nobody had to ask me if I felt a little better, or if I wanted to meet some of my people in heaven; the thing that interested me was, would the Lord have anything to do with me at all, after I had been so mean for eighteen years. Not long after this I saw that Calvary was for me, and the only thing I had to do was to accept it. So I did accept Jesus, and the glory began to come to me in great torrents. I was born again and made a new creature in Christ. It seemed to me that the old house was lit up with the glory of heaven. The old logs shone with radiance, and the faces of the people were all aglow with the light that shone from heaven.

I received my call to India on May 27, 1903, when I was in Memphis, Tennessee. I was scrubbing the floor of a house which we expected to occupy as a Gospel Mission Hall, and suddenly I heard a voice saying, "I want you to spend your life in India, and Mollie Jones shall be your wife and she will accompany you to India." This message was all fulfilled, for two years and a half

later we were married and we are now in India with our two children.

Before coming out to India, on July 29, 1907, I received the baptism in the Holy Ghost. When the Spirit came upon me it was like rain on the mown grass, and I began to speak in a strange language magnifying God.

In blessing to my own soul and to those to whom I have ministered, the Lord has deeply confirmed His call to me to labor in this land which I love, and among this people, whom I love. It is a very great joy to me, now, to be sufficiently master of the colloquial to be able to preach and to understand what is said to me in ordinary conversation.

Of late we have been feeling very keenly the immediate need of a bungalow in Nawanbganj, as a convenient center from which to itinerate in the Basti district, and I asked the Lord for a token in the form of a donation to be sent to me within a month, if it were His will for us really to have a bungalow. Before the month had expired I received thirty pounds from a lady in England, and a part of this donation was later used for the purchase of land on which to build. Praise the Lord, a five-acre lot has been secured, and the ground is everything that could be desired; the soil is good, and the land well-drained, so that even in the rainy season it is comparatively dry. The plot contains an orchard of forty-one mango and guava trees, and some larger shade trees. The site is about eight minutes walk from the railway station of the B. & N. W. Railway, and from the metalled road leading into the Gonda and Basti districts.

After I had entered into negotiations for this land I discovered that it belonged in greater part to a wealthy Sadu, a priest and leader of Hinduism. This man, who had dedicated the choicest part of the land to a Hindu goddess, was very reluctant to sell, and the man through whom negotiations had been begun, gave us no hope whatever, at first, that we could get what we wanted, but to one and another of our household, the promise was given: "*The things that are impossible with men, are possible with God.*" We pleaded with desperate earnestness that God would do the impossible, and that is exactly what He did, for within twenty-four hours the old Sadu turned right around, and not only declared his willingness to sell, but signed the necessary

legal papers, giving me undisputed possession. People in India who understand the difficulties and delays in securing land, will appreciate the Lord's marvelous help in this matter. And to Him be unqualified thanks and praise!

The metalled road which leads right into the district is only seven miles from our new site, and the B. & N. W. Railway which traverses the district north and south, and east and west, is almost at our very door, so for purposes of itineration the site could not be better. In the second place we are very near the great thoroughfares by which literally tens of thousands of pilgrims travel every year to Ajodhya, which is in the Fyzabad district, one of the most infamous of the so-called holy places resorted to by pilgrims in the Northwest. In certain seasons of the year it will be possible to address companies of hundreds of heathen pilgrims and to sell Gospel portions and New Testaments to thousands, coming from sections where the Name of Jesus has not been proclaimed. In the third place, Nawaubganj is only about two hours' journey from Fyzabad, our present home, where we can procure food and merchandise not available in the jungles.

Basti district has upwards of 7,000 towns and villages, and in the very great majority of these no Gospel messengers have ever gone. The population of 1,785,844 are largely Hindus, only 16.23 per cent being Mohammedans. In all parts we have found the people accessible. Within a few weeks' time in the far north I have seen raw heathen converted under the preaching of the glorious Gospel, and we are encouraged to be-

lieve as never before that during this coming touring season so near at hand, many heathen will be saved, and that signs and wonders shall be done in the Name of Jesus and for His glory.

Our group of missionary workers will include, besides my wife and myself, Brother Mahaffey and Miss Montgomery, Miss Gaines, who has been in India since January and who is now studying the language, and James Harvey and Harold Harrison. The last two mentioned are soldiers in the East Yorkshire Regiment stationed at Fyzabad. Both have received the baptism in the Holy Ghost, as have all our party. Brother Harvey, who has already made good progress in Hindustani, expects to buy his discharge in April, 1912, when, D. V., he will join us as a worker in the district. Brother Harrison expects to return to England next April to attend a Bible Training School at Preston, and later hopes to join us in the work.

"As thou goest step by step the way shall open before thee." Within a fortnight gifts have been received from the United States amounting to \$24, and in a few days we hope to have a well completed and paid for. As the Lord has been graciously pleased to give us quickly and supernaturally the land and the money to pay for it, we believe He will supernaturally come to our help in the erection of the bungalow. "Therefore, we His servants will arise and build." We expect to begin building arrangements and that the bungalow will be fully ready for occupancy before the beginning of the next hot season, and to this end we ask the prayers of all God's people.

## Some Things We Shall Not Eat

### Leviticus, Eleven: Nine to Nineteen

CERTAIN animal food here ranked unclean, modern science shows to be literally so; for example, that of scavengers upon land like swine, or in water like eels and oysters. Hogs are filthy in habit and foul in food, when left to themselves; they eat rapidly and voraciously and feed on slops and refuse, and their way of sucking up such food greedily and in excess has given rise to a word, "swill," which means to surfeit one's self. In hot climates, swine's flesh has been found to produce cutaneous eruptions, scurvy and even leprosy.

Modern microscopy has revealed a new and dangerous febrile disease produced by the lodgment and migrations in the human body of a minute worm (*trichina spiralis*) from which the ailment derives its name, *trichiniasis*, or flesh-worm disease. It comes from eating pork infested with this parasite, which in the sexually mature,

stage finds its way into the small intestines, and in the larval stage in the voluntary muscles becomes encapsuled or enclosed in a cyst or sac. These trichinæ are not killed by salting or freezing pork, nor is it certain by even smoking. This disease in Germany, for instance, caused, forty-five years ago, a fearful and fatal epidemic.

The swine plague and cholera are other instances of risk attending a diet of swine flesh. The former affects primarily the lungs and then the intestines; the latter reverses the process, attacking the digestive organs first. The bacteria of both diseases are sometimes found on the same animal, causing a complication of diseases. Treatment has been usually found vain, and diseased swine are liable to infect healthy stock, and whole herds have been destroyed to prevent it.

Similarly in the fish tribe, Whitelaw tells us that the fins and scales are safeguards; by them the

excrescences and excretions of the fish are carried off, serving a somewhat similar end as in other animals the perspiratory ducts. This scientific investigator further says that fishes without fins or scales cause in hot climates most malignant disorders when eaten, which he has never traced in one instance to the eating of such fish as are permitted in the sanitary code. As all true fishes have some sort of fins which are instruments of locomotion, and in some others scales, not visible during life, are detected and detached when the skin is dead and dry, the language here used probably applies to such as have visible scales. It is also to be noticed that some species here forbidden and especially shell fish, long supposed to be innocuous have been latterly found to secrete some substances of a poisonous nature and to produce typhoid fever.

The fowls named, it may not be always easy to identify, some twenty species being prohibited, and the Hebrew names not certainly guiding to English equivalents. But birds of prey are especially accounted unclean because they feed on flesh and carrion; birds and fowls that subsist on vegetable diet are apparently allowed. Those which, like the vulture and kite, devour putrifying carcasses, and no doubt serve a good purpose in purifying the atmosphere of noxious vapors, nevertheless convey the poison to their own stomachs and blood, and so transmit it to those who feed on their flesh. Certain rodents here forbidden, are now known to be the main means of spreading the fearful bubonic plague, so that measures have been taken to secure their extermination.

From these examples of sanitary provisions, it is plain that Moses must have been guided by a wisdom higher than human, in this singularly sagacious code of laws, the full pertinency and importance of which it has taken more than three thousand years to discover. The disease already referred to, due to trichinæ, is of recent discovery. In the days of Moses no one knew of this parasite and its ravages. It was discovered in 1835, when there were given to Professor Owen at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London,

microscopic specimens of speckled muscle from a patient in the dissecting rooms, and from that date investigation began. Is it not remarkable that so many centuries before Christ, in the wilderness of Sinai, Moses should have been inspired so carefully to guard the people from this and like perils, by prohibiting swine's flesh for food? The God of Moses needed no human discovery to acquaint him with facts not then known to men, and to those who see a divine intelligence behind the Word there is no inexplicable enigma in all this.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

### Healed by the Lord

September 17, 1911.

Rev. Wm. Hamner Piper, Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Brother in Christ—To the glory of God and in obedience to Him I want to tell you how God touched me in the most wonderful way last Sunday night. Saturday morning two weeks ago, I awoke with a terrible pain at the back of my neck, but God gave victory, so I was able to work a little. Sunday morning the pain had moved to my throat and by Tuesday night it had reached my ear and formed a gathering there. It kept growing worse, and on Wednesday my ear broke and began running, the suffering growing more intense all the while. We trusted God, hoping we would not have to call for prayer, but Friday night the suffering was so severe that my husband had to hold my head a number of times. Saturday morning my husband telephoned for you to pray for me, and I was somewhat relieved for a time, then began to get worse again. What I suffered Saturday and Sunday no words can describe. I could not speak and at times could not even whisper or move my lips, the suffering would be so intense. Each time you prayed for me I would be relieved for a little while, but Sunday afternoon I began to grow weak, and that night it was with an effort that I raised my hands to take a drink. My husband determined that you must come and lay hands on me that night, and when you prayed for me and laid hands on my ear, God touched me in the most wonderful way I have ever known in all my life; I never received such a definite healing before. I realized something in my head was being removed, and that God was manifesting His power. I had a good night's rest, and awoke with but little pain in my ear, all soreness having left head, throat and tongue.

God did seem so very near and dear through my severest suffering, and even while I could not speak, He spoke to me and dealt with me. I give God all the praise and glory for His love and mercy. I am, your sister in Christ,  
MRS. SAMUEL VAUX

**Services Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Avenue, Chicago**

**Sunday 3:00 and 7:15 p. m.**

**Wednesday 2:30 p. m., Thursday 8:00**

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