



*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

## Asleep in Jesus

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WITH torn and bleeding hearts we announce to our readers the death of our beloved brother, the publisher of THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL and pastor of The Stone Church. We have never had a harder task imposed upon us, but His grace that never fails must be sufficient for this duty, and will sustain those who read these lines.

We know it will be a heavy blow to those who have learned to love him and have looked to him for counsel and prayer, but we can only commit them to Him who in His Providence has permitted our loss.

William Hamner Piper was born June 8, 1868, at Lydia, Washington County, Maryland. At an early age he was the sole support of his mother, and was so ambitious for an education that he walked twelve miles a day to school. He was a graduate of the Millersville (Pa.) Normal, and taught school for a few years. He was ordained to the ministry in the Brethren Church at Philadelphia, in 1893.

On December 29, 1896, he was married to Lydia M. Markley, who had been miraculously healed two years before through the prayers of Dr. Dowie. At the time of his marriage he became associated with the Zion Movement under Dr. Dowie in the ministry to that church.

In 1906 he severed his connection with that organization and began an independent work, what is now known all over the world as The Stone Church. After seven months, God in His love and mercy visited The Stone Church with showers of "latter rain" and the work became identified with the Pentecostal Movement.

He was taken sick December 12, 1911, and after seventeen days of severe illness, his spirit went to God who gave it.

During his years of ministry in the West God made him a blessing to many thousands, using him in a special way in the ministry of Divine Healing. Especially during the last four years of his ministry when the Holy Spirit more completely filled his life and gave him the "anointing that abideth," was God pleased to honor his labors. He had gathered around him a company of loyal men and women who loved him with a devotion one rarely sees equalled. With him they loved to labor for the Master, and the unity and harmony between pastor and people was never greater than at this time.

The love and devotion of his people during the days of his sickness could never be put in words, and in a peculiar way, those to whom he had ministered most, were the ones who untiringly attended him day and night, and assisted in other ministrations about the house. They had great joy in this service of love to one who had so often given his strength and time to their needs.

Just one little example of the love of his people was shown in the pathetic scene at his bedside in the closing moments of his life. When it was apparent that his life was going out, one of the faithful sisters who had ministered to him during his sickness, in the deepest intensity of her soul cried to God that He might spare his life and take hers instead. And it was not merely an impulsive expression of the moment. She meant it. She had been wonderfully delivered through his prayer; he had fought for hours over her body, and she had been set free from the powers of evil through faith in Jesus' Name, and would gladly have laid down that life that his ministry might continue. But she was only one of many; a number have come to us since and said, "I have done so little for God; O, that I could have gone in his stead!"

The grief that has come to the flock that have been left without a shepherd could not be endured but for God's great grace. Scarcely had the blow fallen ere the comfort began to come from Him who said, "I will not leave you comfortless," and while we cannot understand, we will not question, but will trust in the Divine will. We can still say through our tears, "He knows best."

All through our beloved leader's sickness he cried to God to deepen his consecration and make him a weeping evangelist. He always felt the need of more tenderness in his ministry, but God had given him by nature a strong will and the fact that he had supported his mother and educated himself from the time he was fifteen years of age, had developed in him the strength and self-reliance which characterized his life.

Who shall say that his prayer shall not in some way have a fulfilment? That tenderness that he so coveted has fallen on his people. As we recall how the tears flowed from the eyes of hundreds of those who came together to pay their last tribute of respect to him whom they loved, we wonder if God was not in some way answering that prayer.

The funeral service was held on Sunday, December 31, 1911, at the church, at the same hour



William Hanner Piper  
1868-1911

he had preached in that church for the last five years. Elder John Sinclair, who among others had ministered to him in his illness, conducted the service.

On New Year's Day we laid him to rest in Lake Mound Cemetery, Zion City, Illinois. Another service was held in that city conducted by our beloved brother, Daniel Bryant, who had been for many years a personal friend of our pastor.

It was a touching scene in that city that has been so rent with division and strife, to see strong men weep over the form they all loved. Perhaps it needed an occasion like this to bring God's children in that place into fellowship and harmony. At any rate we believe that many hearts that had

grown hard and cold were melted through the sorrow and grief which found vent in tears.

With the help of God, it is the purpose of The Stone Church people to continue as a church, believing that in some way God will fill the vacant chair. From two to three hundred people have made it their church home, and they feel more bound together now than ever. His ministry has not ended with his life. God has a posthumous ministry for him as He has had for other servants of His who have gone on before. The best ministry of the apostles and holy men of old has come since they have entered into rest. How much we owe to the holy men and women of God who have passed on! Their work still lives; the

power of their prayers is still felt. The Word of God is just as true today as when our beloved brother's prayers were answered for the sick and dying, and we will continue to trust Him for every need. Several times recently in speaking from the platform, he said, "If I die tomorrow, the Word of God is still true along the line of Divine Healing," and as we look back upon it now, we feel there was something prophetic about those words.

One day during his illness, after the Lord had been wonderfully dealing with him, the Holy Spirit spoke to the sister who was caring for him, and said that he was a perfect man in Christ Jesus. In our love and zeal we put our own interpretation on those words, and decided it was an assurance for healing, but now that some of the mists have cleared away, we believe it was a comforting word coming from Him who presented him faultless before the presence of His glory. He loved to be in the will of God, and we believe if his voice could speak today we would hear the words, "Sweet will of God."

It seems almost as though it had been planned that the last service our beloved pastor held with his people was an anniversary occasion. December 10, 1911, closed the five years of his earthly ministry at The Stone Church, and his anniversary service was the last one he held.

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I feel to add a little personal word. Three years ago when God laid the paper upon our brother's heart, He called me for the second time from a business life to work for Him in connection with this paper. I have felt that it was His leading just as definite as if He had called me to His public ministry, and while I have often

realized I was a very poor instrument, the service has been a continual joy to me, and I have never grown tired even of the minute details in connection with the paper.

We have labored together for the Lord in sending out the printed message, and God's great grace was given us for every need. The strong arm upon which I have leaned so heavily is gone, but underneath are the Everlasting Arms that never fail, and these will support us as we continue the precious work that has been so dear to the heart of our departed brother.

My service has been as unto the Lord, and just as faithfully as I know how will I continue to work for Him in the niche He has given me to fill.

I ask our readers to hold me up in prayer that I may ever be in God's will, and that He will give wisdom, grace and strength for every duty, every trial, and every burden. The work is God's; we must not forget that. He can carry it on by whomsoever He wills, but for the present we will stand at our post and render to Him our best service.

As we close these lines the words of a hymn which have so often been a blessing, come to us:

Some through the water, some through the flood,  
Some through the fire, but all through the blood;  
Some through great trial, but God gives a song,  
Through the night seasons and all the day long.

He fought a good fight; he kept the faith. There is for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to him at that day, and to all those who love His appearing.

Just "a little while" and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry; and those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.- "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection."

### A Personal Word

TO THE DEAR EVANGEL FAMILY:

MY HEART is filled with sorrow as I write these few lines for the paper that my husband labored for so faithfully and so lovingly.

My dear companion was taken sick December 12, 1911, with erysipelas of the most malignant kind, and, owing to the congested condition of the blood caused from overwork, the disease rapidly went to his brain. He felt for a number of days before passing away that he was going home to Jesus, and one of his last thoughts was for THE EVANGEL readers. He expressed a great tenderness and love for those to whom he had been ministering for the past three years through this paper, and requested me twice to continue the paper, feeling that God would use the mes-

sages that were given from month to month in it, in blessing to many hundreds; also feeling that God had laid this special ministry upon him.

I am very glad to say that my husband had many precious hours of communion with the Lord during his sickness. On Christmas Day he awoke so happy, even though he was very ill, and said that Jesus was never so precious to him. The Spirit seemed to anoint him with laughter and on being told that it would not hurt him to rejoice in the Lord, he had several hours of joyful communion, ending by saying that it was the best Christmas Day of his life. The Lord wonderfully anointed him several times in the middle of the night. Often in the midst of his suffering there would come these precious anointings of

the Spirit of God, and the suffering would be lifted. He spent a number of hours talking over the work that lay nearest to his heart, of how he wanted to live close to the Lord and do better work for Him if the Lord saw fit to raise him up, but for some reason this was denied him. We cannot understand it now, but some day the Lord will make it very clear to us, I am sure. For several days before his death he was only partially conscious. Once, during these days after rallying from an irrational condition, he looked up into my face and said, "Go on with the paper."

On Friday night, December 29, on our fifteenth anniversary, he quietly slept away, after having about five sinking spells during the day.

One of the precious memories of his illness was a blessed morning that we spent together. This day as I was especially anointed in prayer the blessed Holy Spirit began to sing through me and in a few moments my husband joined me, and we sang together. Although he had been very weak during his illness, at this time his voice was so strong and penetrating that it could be heard all over the house. He then told me the Lord had given him this promise that he should sing with me in the Spirit. God had precious made us one in His ministry, often giving us the theme together for the Sunday services; at other times giving him part and me part, and this blessed union in the Lord was very sweet to both of us.

He realized that he was going home (although we did not) and was very happy in the thought, although he would have wished to have lived and done more for his Master.

Our sorrow seems to be more than we can bear, and I do ask the dear readers of THE EVANGEL to hold me and my dear fatherless babies up in prayer that we may be sustained and kept by Him. He left six children, ages ranging from seven to thirteen. The burden seems all too heavy for me, as I am not very robust, but God can sustain and supply every need according to His riches in glory.

I want to ask the dear EVANGEL readers to help me to carry out my husband's dying request, that this paper, which has been so blessed to many hundreds shall be kept up and brought before others who have not known of this blessed Gospel. We have a large supply of new books and tracts on hand, also song books, etc., and I am asking your cooperation in pushing this work forward as he wished, that his work might not cease with his death. I cannot refuse to comply with his dying request which he twice made that

the paper should continue, and I know that your hearts will be touched as you realize that his last thought was for God's children.

In days when he was well and strong his expressed wish was that when he looked upon his children for the last time, they might be dressed in white.

Just a week before he passed away I had the little ones all dressed in white to attend the Christmas exercises at the church. When they were ready he called them into his room and had them stand in a row, Irene, the eldest, at the top, with Baby Ruth at the bottom. He looked at them and said these words: "My dear children. You have never looked so beautiful to me in all your lives before. You look like little angels. What a sight for your poor sick father to look upon!" After gazing at them fondly for a few moments he called each one by name and gave them his blessing. He then had them go into an outer room and sing a little hymn for him, "Where He leads I'll follow," he joining with them in the song. This was the last time he saw his little ones. This seems a very remarkable coincidence to me, knowing that he did not think especially of leaving them at this time.

God graciously healed me of a number of troubles on December 29, 1894. We were married December 29, 1896, and on December 29, 1911, he went to be with Jesus. It was indeed a very sad anniversary day for me, but I am sure he had a joyful entrance into the kingdom of God on his anniversary day.

I do ask you to pray that God may take away the terrible grief and sorrow in my heart, and that I may be able to go on and carry out his wishes, and work for the Master as I know He would have me do. Pray especially for his little ones that are now left entirely to my care, that God will provide every need, spiritual, physical and temporal, and that they may be reared to honor God and the dear one who has gone before.

We laid him to rest on New Year's Day, 1912. I feel that you may be glad to look on his face, as many of you have not known him personally. So we are having inserted in this issue a recent and, what seems to me, a very good likeness of him.

I pray God to bless you all. With His help and the prayers of His people, I expect to do whatever is in God's will for me. Though I cannot see the way, I will place my hand in His and say with my beloved one, "Where He leads me I will follow."

LYDIA M. PIPER.

## Fifth Anniversary of The Stone Church

NOTE.—The material for *THE EVANGEL* was all ready for the printers before Mr. Piper passed away. We felt especially led to write up the three talks that were given on The Anniversary Day, and while we have had to write several additional articles, and reserve others for another issue, we are publishing the account of The Fifth Anniversary of The Stone Church just as it was prepared, with this explanation.

"A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand!"



WE thought as we closed the blessed Anniversary Day of the opening of The Stone Church.

Without any planning on our part, God met us in a very special way as we came together on the Fifth Anniversary of our existence as a church.

The morning service, an informal meeting, is usually attended by those only who are earnest seekers after God's best, and because of this there prevails at this meeting a spirit of unity and harmony above all the others.

The workings of the Spirit are very manifest at this meeting, often one after another having different parts of the same message from God's Word. This morning the exhortation came from the wife of our faithful caretaker of the church, who has been launching out into the deep, into the mighty ocean of God's mercy and love.

For weeks God had been exhorting us in that morning meeting to "seek the old paths," and in answer to the deep cry of her heart the Spirit unfolded the way. It was a narrow way she pointed out; a way from which many shrink, but God has some souls who are willing to walk therein, and those will welcome the heart-searching words. We give in another column the message the Spirit led our sister to give on "Seeking the Old Paths."

The afternoon was occupied with recounting, like Israel of old, the blessings of the past, and especially of the past year. Our hearts were filled as we thought of God's wondrous love to us in enabling us to keep the church doors open day and night, and that from His consecrated house the incense of prayer and praise rose almost continually. We trust it has been a sweet savor unto Him whose ear is continually open to the needs of His children.

After the pastor gave thanks to God and rehearsed the Lord's doings in our midst, a few of those whose lives had been touched and deepened through his ministry arose to render praise to their Heavenly Father. Grateful words fell from the lips of those whose spirits had been deepened, whose bodies had been healed and quickened, and whose psychical natures had been delivered from demon power.

There were present some who had been brought back from the gates of death through the power of prayer. One, a mother of a large family, rejoiced that God had healed her from what seemed to be blood-poisoning, brought her up from a dying bed, and afterwards when threatened with consumption, she again stepped into the fountain that was opened for uncleanness, and was made whole.

Brother Herman Peters praised God for the many victories won during the past five years, for God's healing and preservation of his five children, and especially for the blessing of the past summer. For several weeks death was very near Mrs. Peters, and the telephone wire was not only kept busy day and night, but strong crying went to the throne of God by "wireless" and brought the answer.

Some of the conflicts with the enemy have been severe and we sometimes show the scars of battle, but the true warrior even finds a lesson in defeat which is valuable in coming conflicts.

An evangelist who had been healed many years ago by the Lord, but whose testimony to the power of Jesus as her Physician had weakened and waned, glorified God that He led her a year ago into The Stone Church. She had been depressed in spirit and her spiritual life was at a low ebb, but as she again came in touch with the mighty power of God as He moved in our midst, the little flame that had almost gone out was rekindled, and she has since then been enabled to proclaim the Word with greater power and unction, and to witness with no uncertain sound of His power to heal the sick. She also testified to a recent deliverance from rheumatism through the prayers of the pastor.

Sister Henrietta Muzzy, one of God's faithful intercessors who fervently labors in prayer both for the home and foreign work, gave some kindly words of admonition and comfort. She said in part:

Out of the fulness of the heart I want to say that I was one of the one hundred and fifty happy ones in this church the first day it was opened, five years ago. O what a sense of freedom we had that day! It was dirty, but I helped to clean it up and was happy in doing it. I have received so much blessing here. God has taken the sectarianism out of my heart. I have been an awful sectarian.

Then I thought it was nice to go around to the different missions and have a good time all for myself, but I found I didn't get under the burden of the work anywhere. God brought me back here and joined me to it. He put me under the burden and I am there still. Since that time the blessing has been sweeping down on me. I do not feel that it is of so much importance to the assembly that I belong to it, but it is of great importance to me that I belong to the assembly and feel that I am in a measure responsible. Unless every toiler is doing his best, in the engine-room especially, what do you suppose would happen? We have a power-house here. There are a few faithful ones keeping up the fire, but I want every one to know if you want to receive blessing you must stand by, for better and for worse. If things do not go just right, don't run off to some other place where it is better, but get down and pray until things are righted. This is what God has written on my heart, and there I mean to stay.

I feel His glorious smile upon me. Over there in the corner of that seat I received the most wonderful revelation of Jesus. That was the day I felt I needed the tongue of an angel to praise Him. Hallelujah! He is a wonderful God! A wonderful Savior! O, it is glorious to follow Him and let Him lay the burdens on our hearts! I feel He has done great things for us.

Brother Thomas Leonard who has charge of a Pentecostal Bible school at Findlay, Ohio, and was with us for the first time, refreshed us as he told us of God's dealings with him along similar lines. He told us how our first little leaflet printed over four years ago, in which Mrs. Piper gave her experience in receiving the Pentecostal baptism, had been read and re-read, and handed from one to another with blessing, and how it had been the means of destroying prejudice in the hearts of some against the Pentecostal movement.

Brother Leonard also told us that it was just

five years ago that God led him out into a fuller consecration and more complete abandonment to His will; to dispose of all his interests and launch out into the untried paths of faith.

He had entered into cooperation with other brethren and opened a Bible school, but added light on Pentecost had made a breach and resulted in the withdrawing of those who didn't "see eye to eye" with him along the lines of the moving of the Spirit of God in these days. Consequently, he was left without any earthly support or help, but God never failed and enabled him to carry on the Bible school, helped him to meet heavy obligations and supplied their daily needs. When the burden was the heaviest and the clouds hung the darkest, God sent help from unknown sources and relieved the heavy pressure. He has enabled them not only to provide for their own family but to serve to the students of the school between twenty and twenty-five thousand meals without charge.

The life of faith opens up to the soul new avenues and leads us into new paths, and brings with it precious experiences that are wrought out in no other way.

The evening service fittingly crowned the day as Brother Joseph Lewek, a Hebrew Christian who has a mission for the Jews in this city, told the story of his wonderful conversion. As we listened to the story of the great salvation wrought in his life we were made to realize that "truth is stranger than fiction."

We give to our readers the record of this day's services trusting they will be as much blessing to them as the Spirit made them to us.

A. C. R.

## Last Public Words from God's Servant

Anniversary Talk by William Hamner Piper, Sunday Afternoon, December 10, 1911



IT WAS the custom even in early times, for the church occasionally to gather together and rehearse what the Lord had done for them, and this was especially true of the missionaries who had gone out into what then was the foreign field, and it has just been coming to me during the last few moments, what the church of Christ really ought to expect, what it ought to be, and what it ought to do.

The real church of Christ is composed of men and women who have been redeemed by the blood of Jesus. I am not talking now about the nominal church, but those who really belong to the

invisible church of the living God; those who have repented of their sins and are trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation and know that because of His atonement on Calvary their sins have been washed away: this body of redeemed people constitute the real church of the living God. Salvation is the chief work of the church; to get men saved, get sin out of their hearts and to get them established and able to witness to the power of God in their lives, not only for salvation, but also healing for the body, and the empowering work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts, and that they should look forward to the re-appearing of the Lord from heaven. They were earnest in seeking the salvation of the

lost, warning men everywhere and counting not their lives nor their properties dear to themselves. I do not understand that all of the early church were of this class, but nevertheless this was the spirit of the early church, and this ought to be the spirit of the present-day church, the spirit of service; the spirit that is expressed in the words, "He that would be greatest among you, let him be your servant;" the spirit that weeps with those who weep, and mourns with those who mourn; the spirit that lends a helping hand to the poor, a word of caution and exhortation and prayer to those who need it.

These are the things that should characterize every assembly of God's people who constitute a portion of the church of Christ. The early church was a working church; they had, at least to some extent, all the gifts of the Spirit manifested in their midst, as outlined in the twelfth chapter of first Corinthians, the word of wisdom, knowledge and faith; gifts of healings and workings of miracles, prophecy and discernings of spirits, divers kinds of tongues and interpretation of tongues, and best of all was God's divine gift of love, without which all the other gifts will never accomplish very much.

It has always been the desire of my heart that God would honor my ministry by giving me a consecrated, working church, and I believe He is going to give me this desire. I thank Him for the band of faithful helpers He has given me, and for the spirit of cooperation that is growing in our midst.

I praise Him for the five years He has kept open the doors of this church, and for the way He has owned and blessed our united efforts. The opening of this church was one of the crossroads of my life; it was at a time when it was exceedingly difficult for me to know just what step to take. When I withdrew from my former connections I never asked anyone to join me in an independent movement, and out of several scores who urged me to come, only one, so far as I remember, came with us, and she soon moved to a different state. So if I had trusted in the arm of flesh I would have leaned on a broken reed, but I believed it to be the mind of the Lord, and rented this place, trusting in Him, and His arms have upheld me all these years. All I have received from the hands of faithful supporters I have accepted as from Him, for He gave the power of brain and brawn to earn the gifts and offerings contributed to carry on the work, and put it into your hearts to work and pray and give, that He might get glory to His name among us.

I believe several hundred people have received salvation through the influence of this church; we have no written record, but their names have been written in the Lamb's book of Life. It is not a good thing, perhaps, to count Israel; there was a man in ancient days who undertook to number the people and he got into disfavor with the Lord, and perhaps the Lord would be displeased with us if we were to do the same. But I am sure if these walls could talk they could tell many a tale of sins forgiven and blotted out, of transgressions covered by the blood of Jesus, and souls made white and clean through the slain Lamb. I believe that scores and hundreds have found the blessed Savior for their spirits, around this altar and down stairs in the vestry and in the prayer room. I am also sure that many who were weak in faith or largely backslidden in spirit, have been strengthened and restored to the fulness of sonship with the Heavenly Father. We have seen some drunkards saved, and have had some disappointments along these lines, but it is not ours to look at the disappointments. It is ours to keep on working for God, with our eyes on Him. I'm thankful for what has been done, and only regret that it has not been more. But some have been delivered from a habit worse than drink, the cocaine. It is worse than whiskey, having a more overpowering effect on the appetite when once that is created. I heard a lady physician say some years ago that while she was addicted to the morphine habit, she would have murdered her own mother if necessary, to have gotten morphine, and would have literally gone through hell for it. But she was wonderfully delivered through the power of God. O, there is power in the blood to deliver from this horrible drug!

We thank God especially for the blessings of this last year; not only for saving the people, but also for healing the sick and afflicted. Only last Wednesday afternoon at our mid-week meeting, before I began to speak I felt impressed there were some unsaved ones in the audience, and three came to the altar and gave some real evidence of accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior. One who came and gave his heart to Jesus had been suffering for a considerable time with rheumatism, and God set him free; he walked up and down in front of the platform, declaring the pain all gone, and that he was healed. God has healed asthma, consumption, and several cases of appendicitis. Two or three months ago we were called to pray for a young woman living two or three blocks away. The

doctor said it was appendicitis, and nothing would do but an operation, but God healed her without an operation. Another young girl living not far away, was suffering from consumption. We found her in bed, covered with heavy covers, taking the fresh air cure, the doctors had given her up; she was healed, and has several times testified in the meeting that she was perfectly delivered.

The day before Thanksgiving a call came from a sister, the wife of a minister, living in Irving Park. She was in great pain, suffering from gall-stones. I went out early Thanksgiving morning and prayed for her, and the next Sunday night she came in to the service, to tell that God had healed her.

It is just a year ago that little baby Dudley lay very seriously ill, but there was no answer to prayer until the father came and in real penitence gave himself to God, and craved the prayers of His people for his child. Several years ago when a brother was praying for this father the Lord said to him, "A little child shall lead him," and so it was. The little one was healed while he was at the altar, crying for the life of his child, and the father's life has been given to God anew.

O, it is wonderful to be living when in the fulness of God's dispensational purpose He is again restoring what is beginning to look a little like apostolic Christianity! It is only a little, but I thank God even for the little. There are many lines we need to work along, and among others, the line of our own personal purification. We need, not only the gifts of the Spirit as outlined in the twelfth chapter of first Corinthians, all of which every local assembly needs, but that which we need even more, is that wonderful gift (though it may not be called that) of love in the thirteenth chapter, without which all our Christianity becomes of little value and accomplishes very little.

Here sits Brother Griffing who was pretty close to death not many months ago, and I think it was whispered to me that some physician had said he had cancer of the stomach. I had thought it for some time, but whatever it was, God healed him, all glory to His Name! Many of you remember how we prayed for him here one Sunday afternoon. After the service closed I went over to his home, and found that the Lord had met him, and although he was still weak as a result of a serious attack, he was rejoicing in his deliverance, and he is well today.

And now, without saying too much about it,

for I do not feel I want to do that, I believe God has given us a special ministry along the line of casting out demons. There are a number of people sitting here this afternoon who are rejoicing in the fact that God made good His Word during the past year wherein Jesus said, "In My Name ye shall cast out demons," and "Behold I give you power over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall in any wise hurt you." We have fought for hours over cases, and found that Name all-victorious; we have seen them froth at the mouth, and heard them shriek; we have heard even those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, swear and curse. We have known people when under the control of demon power absolutely unable to say they believed in the blood of Jesus. My faithful helpers and I have been down in the valley and fought with demons pretty close to headquarters, and Jesus was Conqueror. Even some who received the baptism in the Holy Ghost, and had not walked in the light of God but stepped aside, fell into sin. When they do this the spiritual avenues are open and demons enter; demons of deceit, of lying, pride, selfishness, gluttony, temper—their name is legion. When a demon enters a person, it is impossible for that person to get to God without help. Some of these demons are periodical and attack people at stated intervals like the demon of drink. The demon must be cast out before there is any real victory in the life or real communion with God. It is a real conflict we are in today; we are fighting not with flesh and blood, but with spiritual hosts of wickedness in high places; a fight against principalities and powers. I rejoice today not so much that demons have been driven out, but that the temple that has been occupied and controlled by demon power has changed tenants and Christ is now enthroned; that the Holy Spirit has taken the place that was occupied by these evil spirits. And yet I do not want to rejoice unduly in the deliverances that have been wrought in Jesus' Name, for I am constantly reminded of the command of Jesus that we shall not rejoice that demons are cast out, but to rejoice that our names are written in heaven. If we rejoice in this only, we will not become puffed up, as we will be constantly reminded of Him who wrote them there, and why He wrote them there, and of the pit from which we have been digged; that will not exalt us. The thought of His great sacrifice and our unworthiness should keep us constantly humble.

I have not been alone in these conflicts with evil powers. God has given me a faithful praying

hand, for which I am very grateful to Him. No man can accomplish much for God in these days unless he has men and women around him who know how to pray, and who are willing to pray for him, and for the advancement of the kingdom of God in his ministry.

There are things in connection with this work that I can do which you cannot; and, again, things which you can do that I cannot; and so God is fitting into the Stone Church lively stones, each in his place. I do not know how long we shall be together but as long as we stay in our places, the preacher content to preach, the prayer content to pray, the personal worker content in his sphere, and not one desiring to do another's work, we will be harmonious workers in the body of Christ, all governed by the same Spirit; each member working sympathetically with the other, with the under-shepherd, and with the great living Head. When we get fully into this condition as a church there will be no contention, and the tide of blessing will flow out to the sick and the sinful. The church of Christ has always suffered more from internal strife than from outside opposition. Persecutions from the outside will only drive us closer together and sift out those who are not true to God and are unwilling to go on with Him. Internal strife will smash up the best church that ever existed, and I thank God that we have had very little or practically none of it, and I rejoice in the spirit of love and unity that prevails in our midst.

We praise God for the deliverance He has wrought for some from spiritism, Christian Science, and Theosophy, that trinity of devils. There have been some saved from lives of sin that I cannot mention this afternoon. Jesus Christ has been able to break every fetter and set many captives free.

Some of our people have been going to the hospitals and jails, and carrying the blessed message of an uttermost salvation to the afflicted and the outcast.

Last summer a year ago, our people were holding a little street meeting; in the crowd that passed, was one who stopped to listen. She was a worldly woman, a church member in name only, but she had a heart hunger that had never been satisfied. As she listened to the simple testimony, the Holy Spirit drew her and she followed the little crowd into the church, raised her hand for prayer and stayed for an after-service, seeking salvation. The following Thursday at our all-day meeting, she received a definite witness to her salvation, was healed of serious eye-trouble,

and went sweeping through into her Pentecostal experience. She had come from the South to undergo special treatment for her eyes, and God met her, healed her eyes, filled her with His Holy Spirit, and put in her a desire to tell the glad story of an uttermost salvation to others. She is now in Texas witnessing for Jesus everywhere she goes. She writes us they have been having a wonderful revival in her home town, that many have been saved, among them her sisters and father, and that they have also been baptized in the Holy Spirit.

Our young Brother McConnell who was with us last summer, is now touring through Kansas and Oklahoma, preaching as he goes, and God is blessing his labors. Several of our workers have taken trips into the Southland and sowed the precious seed.

During the past year we have sent out from the church and through THE EVANGEL something over three thousand dollars to the foreign field and in the three years since THE EVANGEL was started God has enabled us to contribute to the work in the foreign field, over seven thousand dollars.

Our paper, which God has so greatly blessed, was started three years ago, in this room. Several hundred dollars were contributed, most of which was used up in the first issue, and God has enabled us to continue it under His favor up to the present time. This is not my paper; it is *our* paper and God's. I could never have started it without your support and prayers, and it could never have been kept up in the way it has without your help and God's.

We are exceedingly grateful to God for the blessed, deep, spiritual teaching He has enabled us to send forth through the different teachers and evangelists that have visited us from time to time, and through the missionaries as they pass through Chicago to and from the various fields of the world. Many of our articles have come from men and women who have walked and talked with God, and the reports from the foreign field have come from those who have known what it was to go out without "purse or scrip," and who counted not their lives dear unto themselves.

No one can measure the blessing that has accompanied THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL as it wings its way from city to city, and from country to country. The loving words that come to us from hundreds of readers make us to feel that its ministry is not in vain. God has used it in building up His children, strengthening them in faith and love, and establishing them by teaching what is

sound and helpful, and all the glory belongs to Him, for He called it into existence and He has kept it going.

God has also blessed our publication department by enabling us to publish some very helpful books. In these days when there is so much to read everywhere we must be very careful upon what we feed our minds. We have made the books we handle a matter of much prayer, and feel that every one that we have catalogued is written from a deep experience with God and is exceptional in its line.

We are the original publishers of four books, the first of which was "The Latter Rain Pentecost," by Brother Myland, with which most of you are familiar; the second was "Mountain Peaks of Prophecy and Sacred History," by Brother Cossum, a book which deals with the question of prophecy, past and future, and throws light on present day activities from the prophetic standpoint. Our third book was the twelve lectures on "The Book of Revelation," by Brother Myland, which is being well received by our readers, and we have recently purchased the copyright of a book entitled "From Death to Life," an autobiography by Anna W. Prosser, and

have issued a second edition of it. This contains the story of her wonderful conversion and healing, and call to service in the Lord's vineyard, also much teaching along the great fundamental truths. The last addition to our publishing house is an abridged edition of "The Life of Madam Guyon." Her life we consider most remarkable in many ways. She was a woman who endured all kinds of affliction and persecution for Jesus' sake, and through all these persecutions was wonderfully blessed of God, and perhaps reached a point of deeper self-sacrifice and crucifixion than any other person since apostolic days.

While God has given us this additional means of ministering to thousands in the world through the printed page, through the paper and tracts and books, yet we lay it all at Jesus' feet today; all the talent—time, money, intellect—all belongs to Him, and shall be used by Him as He makes it plain.

Now unto Him who has loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, for all that He hath wrought in our lives, in our spirits, in our hearts and in our bodies.

### He Sleeps!

Lines written on the "departure" of Rev. William Hamner Piper, Chicago, Ill., who "fell asleep in Christ" December 29, 1911:

He sleeps! Our loved one fell asleep,  
And hearts, too full for tears, now weep  
In anguish while the shadows creep;  
And still "Deep calleth unto deep"—  
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

He sleeps! But God shall comfort those  
Who live to mourn, for He who knows  
The human heart, this way hath chose,  
And grace and mercy still bestows—  
He sleeps! But JESUS LIVES.

He sleeps! His work on earth is done,  
The battle fought, the victory won;  
The race with patience he hath run—  
And may we who have thus begun,  
Continue on till joined in Heaven.

He sleeps! This is but *mortal* night,  
The "vital spark" of spirit-light  
Still wakes and shines, eternal, bright  
With angels who excel in might—  
He sleeps! He LIVES with CHRIST...

—D. WESLEY MYLAND.

Columbus, O., New Year's, 1912.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

Notes

GOD never permits a heavy blow to come to His people but what he meets it with an additional supply of comfort and grace.

The greatest human catastrophe that the world ever saw was the death of Jesus on the cross, and His sorrowing disciples felt that all was gone when they laid Him in the grave, but it was only a few days after that the Spirit of God was poured out upon those disciples as they waited in the upper room, and their sorrow was turned to unspeakable joy. So we can not but feel that through this awful sorrow that has come to us God is going to bring us into a larger place with Him. He knows why He permitted The Stone Church to be bereft of its pastor, and we believe that He will in some way overrule our loss and get glory unto His Name.

The church came together in conference on Wednesday night, January 3, and with a loyalty almost beyond expectation pledged their determination to stand by God's work that had been established and push forward the battle for lost souls as they had never done before.

Already God has given to some "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness," and we can trust the future in His hands.

THE EVANGEL will continue its monthly visits to our subscribers as long as God leads. In renewing or sending new subscriptions please

make all drafts, checks, money orders, etc., payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Do not send personal checks unless you add ten cents for collection.

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AS many of our readers know, we have just received from the printers a large stock of books and tracts. If you are interested in good books, send for our catalogue of inspiring literature. The collection of books which we publish and recommend are of the very best. Much prayer and thought has been given to them before they were listed, and we feel sure they will be a blessing to all who read them. We have received many letters from those who have purchased our books, expressing their pleasure and blessing in reading them, which is a source of gratitude to us.

\* \* \*

IT has always been a great joy to us that THE EVANGEL has been the means of contributing towards the needs of the workers in the lands of heathen darkness, and it is our purpose to continue this precious ministry. We are in touch with a great many Pentecostal missionaries, and will forward money to any worker on the foreign field whom our readers may designate, or if left to us we will send it where we feel the need is the greatest, and where it will do the most good. We are sending out at this time nearly three hundred dollars, and will give an itemized account of this amount later. Let us not forget to pray and work for our sisters and brothers across the seas. Their burdens are heavy, and every true Christian should have a part in their ministry, both by prayer and by contributions towards their temporal needs.

Back Again in Egypt

GREETINGS in the Name of Jesus to the saints of America from the land of the Pharaohs!

After our train left Alexandria, Egypt, and we stood looking out of the car windows, the tears began rolling down our cheeks. There is something about this old land that stirs and melts our hearts. As we continued our journey up the River Nile, the feeling within our hearts can never be described. If Egypt does not move one's heart, it must be a heart of stone. O, glory to God! How we thank Him that He ever sent us to this land of Egypt!

While there is something about this country that moves and awes and inspires, yet when we consider the awful spiritual conditions that prevail here, our hearts are stirred to the deepest depths.

If the saints in America could realize something of the awful needs of this land, we know that their hearts, too, would be moved. More than nine-tenths of the people are Mohammedans, which means that they have no hope of eternal life and are going down to endless



woe. The greater part of the remaining one-tenth have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. And God says, "From such turn away." Only a few in this land are truly saved. O what a mighty work there is to be done! We are in God's hands for all that He can do in us and through us. Pray, pray for Egypt!

We sailed from New York City, September 21st, and landed at Alexandria just three weeks later. Upon our arrival here, at Assiout, we were given a glorious welcome by our native Egyptian brothers and sisters. How this filled our hearts with joy and thanksgiving!

We at once entered upon our ministry and have been very, very busy with the services, the praying for the sick, the study of the Arabic and many other duties that crowd in upon us. But it is a labor of love and we praise Him for it.

We are having meetings every night in the week except Saturday night, and four services on Sunday; also a prayer service every morning at five o'clock. We are praying for a great revival in this land of Egypt, for a great outpouring of God's Holy Spirit, and that He will stretch forth His hand in mighty, healing power. Not only are we praying for Egypt, but also for the Egyptian

Soudan, Abyssinia, the Somalilands, British East Africa, Arabia, Persia and Turkey. These are dark, dark fields, and much neglected. We pray also for all the missionary fields of earth and for a great, world-wide revival. O that the saints in America would join with us in prayer!

God has been greatly blessing. Many precious souls have sought the Lord; a good many have been saved and backsliders have returned. We give God the praise.

Doors are open on every hand. O the need for workers, for funds, for Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, and Pentecostal literature in the Arabic! God is calling native workers, but none have wholly stepped out as yet; they seem to lack faith for support. May God increase their faith!

We held a most blessed baptismal service last Sunday. Seven were baptized. There were present at this service, eight ladies, two being Egyptian ladies of the better class. This is very unusual, owing to the seclusion of women in these Mohammedan countries. We praise God that slowly the barriers are being broken down.

We remember the friends in the homeland with love and gratitude. God bless you!

## Bearing Persecution for Jesus' Sake

### A Jew's Wonderful Conversion and Call to the Ministry

Joseph R. Lewek, of the Chicago Gospel Mission to the Jews, 1412 Blue Island Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, Evening Service, December 10, 1911



AS I was praying about this meeting a few days ago, the Lord showed me what I was to talk about. I didn't desire to talk about what He gave me, but as I want to be in the will of the Lord I submit to Him. He leads me this evening to relate to you the story

of my conversion.

Just as a motto, as it were, I want to draw your attention to II. Corinthians 5:17, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." I have experienced this in my own life. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new. As you know, I am a Jew. I have nothing to be ashamed of. I have always said if it would be permissible for a child of God, for a follower of the lowly Nazarene to be proud of anything, I would surely be tempted to be proud of my nationality. I consider a man a coward who wants to hide his nationality. I am glad I am a Jew.

I was brought up in a very orthodox way, my father having been a Rabbi in the city of Berlin. For fifty years he was a Rabbi of the orthodox class, and while at our home we were not taught to despise the name of Jesus, still it was never mentioned. It was a matter of indifference to us. My people were too well-bred to teach their chil-

dren to hold any one in contempt, but we were not taught of Him, and in the undercurrent He was hated. I remember when in the last year of High School, as you call it here, I studied Greek: they wanted us to take up the intervening language between the old classical and the modern Greek, and our teacher told us to secure a Greek New Testament. When my father heard this he took me out of school. He would not have me study the New Testament. I suppose the majority of you Gentiles wonder why it is that the Jews have such a feeling against Jesus Christ. Friends, if your fathers had experienced what our fathers have experienced through any religion, you certainly would have no use for that religion. If you look at the annals of history you will see how awfully our people have been treated by so-called Christians. Look at the Spanish Inquisition and see how much our poor people have suffered. They were driven out by Ferdinand and Isabella because they would not accept that idolatrous religion, the Roman Catholic religion. They took ship and were shipwrecked on the coast of Portugal. There they were met by priests carrying in one hand bread, and in the other a cross and they were told either to worship the cross and receive bread or they could go back into the ocean, and I am proud to say that they went back into the ocean. They would not buy bread at such a price.

Then, dear friends, what do you see today? Aren't the Jews the scapegoat of everything? Look at Russia! Look at Roumania! Even in the so-called civilized countries, England and America, the Jews are legislated against, although born and brought up there and here. In Germany the Jew is supposed to have all liberty, but it is only on paper. I prepared myself for a high-school teacher, studied philology, languages; I passed my examination, got my degree, and was waiting for an appointment. In Germany, you know, the schools are under governmental supervision. I sent in my papers and received word from the secretary of education to visit him. He received me very well and I was congratulating myself on a good position, but before I left he hinted very strongly that unless I should be baptized I could not make any career. I was very quick to talk and I said to the secretary: "I beg your pardon, your excellency, but do you think a few drops of water applied to my head would make a better teacher of me?" and, of course, my career was settled. Do you wonder I didn't think much of the Christian religion? Involuntarily there came a hatred in my heart against such a religion. I had to forsake the career for which my father had spent so much money, and I almost lost my courage. I came to this country, and here without any restraint I followed the bent of my nature. We hear it said, "There is a spark of the Divine in every human heart." I do not believe it. There is a spark of the devil in every human heart, in every natural heart, and a very big spark, and I was no exception. I did not look for the best company, and very soon I contracted habits that I could not get rid of in my own strength. I became a gambler, and all the money that I earned was spent at the card table or the race track. Through influence and the help of my father who sent me money from home, I opened a business in Youngstown, Ohio, but that soon was gambled away. Then an uncle in St. Louis wrote me to come there. He was a wealthy business man with great influence, and through him I received a very good position for a young man, in one of the best dry goods houses in that city. Although I had had experience of failing in business because of my bad habits, my experience did not help me. O, how I did try and try to get rid of that awful habit! People who know me say that I have a strong will, but I tell you against this awful thing my will was nothing. I remember one New Year's eve, I was sick and tired of myself. We were there, my two companions and I, in the

gambling den playing all evening, and about eleven o'clock we all got tired and threw our cards away, and we began to talk, and we each thought we had to stop. You know New Year's is the time of turning a new leaf, and we all said we were not going to gamble any more, and in order to make it binding we drew up a contract, as it were, that the first one who would be caught in a gambling place had to pay fifteen dollars fine to the other two. All three of us signed that agreement. We meant business, and I said I would not be caught. The next evening coming from the office, I decided I would stay at home that night, sure. After supper I tried to make myself comfortable. I drew the rocking chair before the fire, filled my pipe, and took a book and began to read. I sat there for about ten minutes, but if you had asked me one word on a page I could not have told you. My thoughts were down town, and in disgust I threw my book away and said I was going down to the theatre and spend my time there. I dressed and went to the theatre, but I could not stay there until the curtain arose for the first act. I had to get out and walk the streets, and of course, the first thing I knew I was in front of the old place, and I found my two friends there before me. That was my besetting sin. What was yours? Sin is sin, no matter what it is, and the wages of sin is death. I do not care whether it is gambling or reading yellow-back novels, or anything else of that kind. It is dangerous to dabble with sin, and it is dangerous to try to fight your own battles against the devil. You cannot succeed. O, the good time I wasted! But I did not know any better. You know better.

Time went on. I tried and tried to get rid of this awful habit, but I could not. I was long-headed enough to know that it would entirely ruin me if I did not stop. I grit my teeth over and over again, and I said to myself, "Be a man and stop the thing," and I meant business, but I could not. Then I argued that by and by I would get older and would have more power over myself, but day by day I got worse.

One Saturday afternoon the manager of our place asked me if I would not go the next day to see a customer of ours, a Jewish man, what they call a custom pedler. He would leave the city on Monday morning and return on Friday night. On Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath he would not do any business, and on Sunday we were closed so we could never have any accounting with him, and the manager asked me to go to see him, and have an accounting with him. I went, and got

through with him quicker than I thought, and time was hanging on my hands. Our fun commenced in the evening. As I walked down the street I came across the Salvation Army Slum Corps. I had seen them often, and I thought they were the most foolish of people, making the night hideous with their instruments. But that afternoon having nothing on hand and not knowing what to do I stopped to listen. To my surprise I saw these two friends of mine, of whom I have spoken, in the group, and to my greater surprise, one after the other stepped into the center and testified that through believing in the Lord Jesus Christ they were made better men. I knew these men, and I thought they had some scheme. I would not believe their testimony, and after the meeting I stepped up to them and asked them to "put me next." They said yes, they had a very good thing and they would be glad if I would join them, and I should follow them to the hall. Of course, my curiosity was aroused and I followed them. The meeting did not make any impression on me at all. I could not understand it; there was no logic in it, but after the meeting I went again to the boys, and they told me they had accepted the Lord Jesus Christ and they were different men. I remembered I missed them for some time from the old place, but I still would not believe it. In order to find out the truth of the matter I took a vacation from the office for a week, and I followed these two men step by step for a week. They boarded at one place. I was there early in the morning and followed them to work. I was there at noon when they went to dinner; I followed them to dinner. I was their shadow for a week, and I found that these two boys led an entirely different life than before. They were drinking men. I never was a drinking man, but they were, and I saw they did not drink. They had been profane men, and now their language was pure and clean. Their whole characters were changed and it was a marvel to me. I could not understand it. Of course, I would not believe that it was the power of Jesus that did it, but something drew me to those meetings. I was there every night, and they came and dealt with me. I am ashamed of myself when I think how I treated those poor officers of the Salvation Army. I insulted them; I dissected their talk, but they were patient. Finally they said, "We cannot do anything with you, you are a Jew, but you have the Old Testament. Why don't you look into the Old Testament to see if these things are so?" They made me promise I would search the Old Testament, and they gave

me a lot of so-called Messianic passages to look up. I always tried to keep my word even when I was in sin, and I took up the Hebrew Old Testament which I had brought along from the old country, and I commenced to search every passage they gave me. I had a different explanation for those passages. You know the Jews have commentaries as well as you have, and their explanations to the human reason are far more plausible than the Christian's explanation, some at least; and so I explained away almost every passage they gave me until I came to the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and friends, I didn't really recognize the chapter. If I hadn't known that it was my own Bible, the Bible which I brought from the old country, I would have sworn that some one had smuggled that chapter into the book, because every chapter of the books of Moses and of the prophets are read in the synagogues excepting that 53rd chapter of Isaiah. We skipped to the 54th chapter and father never said anything about it. I came to this glorious passage, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was beaten for our sins, the penalty of our peace was laid upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray, every one turned to his own way, but the Lord has made to meet upon Him the iniquity of us all." I do not know the English, I give it according to the original. So, after I saw these passages, I could not help but see if there ever was a Messiah promised, Jesus Christ must be the Messiah. I had to acknowledge that. My head was converted but not my heart. When I came again to the meeting they asked me if I had done as I had promised. "Yes," I said, "if ever there was a Messiah promised, Jesus Christ must be the Messiah." Then they said, "Why don't you accept Him?" I said, "You don't know what you are talking about, to ask me to accept Jesus Christ. It would mean the death of my father and mother; it would mean to be cast away from my brothers and sisters; it would mean the loss of my business. Why, I cannot do it. It is good enough for you, but as for me, I cannot." Then they commenced to pray that God would convict me of sin. I wish they had prayed that way before instead of arguing with me. While I knew that I was a gambler, and that I could not get rid of it, still I had a pretty good opinion of myself. I would compare myself with some other fellows that came to the Army Hall, but when God commenced to deal with me, when He showed me my heart, O, how I commenced to loathe myself! I had no idea what sort of a

man I was, and I commenced to get awfully miserable. Still I did not want to yield. I thought then I would be a good Jew like my father at home, and I certainly would have power over sin. So I commenced to keep my religion, and, friends, I worked very hard at it. I would get up half an hour earlier and put on my phylacteries, and repeat the morning prayer; in the afternoon I would steal away in the office and repeat the afternoon prayer, and when I came home at night I would repeat the night prayer. I would do according to ritual, very, very religiously. I put away the tenth part of my income and sent it to the Hebrew Relief Society for benevolent purposes. Friends, I tried to buy pardon from God, and it is not for sale. Ah, there is the trouble with some of us in the churches today. We try to pay God for what He wants to give us for nothing. Many people think they will get to heaven because they are Christian workers, and they work very hard, but they have no such promise. It is the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, that cleanseth us from all sin, and it is only by His grace that we will receive pardon and have eternal life. But oh, how I worked! I kept the Seventh Day in order to receive peace from God, but God would not give me peace that way. He made me more miserable every day until I was almost beside myself, and thought more than once of suicide.

It was the 28th of January, eighteen years ago; I went to the office in the morning, got out my books and commenced to figure. The figures swam before me. I could not concentrate my mind on my work at all. I saw it was no use. I excused myself and walked the streets all that day. God was dealing with me, speaking to my soul, and I steeling my heart against Him. In the evening I found myself again at the Salvation Army Hall. At the close of the meeting, the captain came to me. I wanted to get rid of her and I started to go out, but instead of going out I went to the front, to the penitent form; I was impelled to kneel down there. The lieutenant came and said, "Pray, brother." I said, "I do not know how to pray." I repeated the prayers by rote, but I never prayed. After going away, she came back again and said, "How do you feel, brother?" "I feel very bad," I said. I knelt there until my knees were sore and got up. Then they wanted me to testify, and I didn't have anything to testify to. Over and over again I had seen people going to that penitent form kneeling there, and in a little while jumping up and saying they were saved. I was honest and sincere, but there

was nothing done in my heart. I was miserable. On my way home the devil was very busy. He said to me, "You have no business to make a fool of yourself. You are a Jew, and this is not for you. You must work out your own salvation. When I got home I opened my New Testament which was lying on the table and my eyes struck John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." I said to myself, that I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, that I believed in my heart that He was the Son of God, and the logical outcome according to that verse was that if I believed on Him, I would not perish, and if I did not perish my sins must be forgiven. As soon as I acknowledged that to myself, the mighty burden I carried for three months was lifted and I positively knew God had spoken peace to my soul, that He had forgiven me and I had become His child. Eighteen years have passed since that night, and never a doubt has ever come into my mind or heart that I was a child of God. The people in the next room said I was a shouting Methodist; I commenced to shout because the glory of God came into my life.

Then my trouble commenced. You Gentiles, when you are converted, your joy commences and you have things quite easy in the natural; your people are very glad for the step you have taken and they bid you God-speed; but it was different with me, quite different. That same evening I wrote home to my old father and told him all about it. After four weeks I received an answer from him and my mother. O, how they begged me not to take this step, not to bring disgrace on our name. They counted out what family I came from, and how our people always stood nobly for our faith, and now I was bringing disgrace on them. That night I had my Gethsemane. I went again on the street where I always fought out my battles, and walked up and down all night. It was six o'clock in the morning when God again spoke peace to my soul. I could not pray before that time. When I tried to pray, my mother stood before me. I could see her just as when she bid me good-bye, when I left for this country, and she told me to be true to my God and true to my people. The devil was very cunning. You know in the Salvation Army you are taught to get rid of things piecemeal, one day you get rid of temper; another day, selfishness; and so on. The day before I got that letter I was at the altar asking God to rid me of selfishness, and the devil tormented me with, "You want to get rid of your

selfishness; you want to enjoy God and want to be happy, but you do not realize how you are making those two old people feel; they have done so much for you, and now, you selfish creature, you bring that awful misery upon them." But I praise God I could write to them the next day that, although I loved them and would have been willing to have given my last drop of blood for them, I must obey God; I must accept His salvation through Jesus Christ. The next letter I received was no longer "My dear Boy," or, as mother used to write, "My darling Boy;" the letter had no superscription, but read, "Our son Joseph is dead. We buried him," and that was about all. Ah, it was hard, but the Lord Jesus was there, and the everlasting Arms of my God were around me! He gave me joy instead of sorrow, He gave me victory. I kept writing home, but every letter for eighteen months was returned to me unopened. Friends and myself were continually in prayer for my father. After eighteen months I received a letter from him. He said, "I see I acted foolish. I cannot alter the fact you are flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. You grieved me sorely, it is true, but you are still my son, and I want to hear from you." Of course, I wrote him, and, little by little, in every letter I preached the Gospel. By and by I sent them a Hebrew New Testament, marking the parallel passages from the Old Testament. My father was a highly educated man, but he had never read the New Testament. He wrote me he had no idea it was the book it was, and didn't wonder I was captivated. About five years ago he died, and before he passed away he called mother and my eldest sister to his bedside, and took a ring from his finger and told my mother to send the ring to me, overstepping my oldest brother, and he told my sister to write me that my letters gave him comfort, that he realized I was a God-fearing man. That was the power of prayer. People blame me sometimes for wearing gold. I do not care for the intrinsic value of that ring, but every time I look at that ring I am reminded not only of the love of an earthly father, but I am reminded of the faithfulness of my God. When in times of testing and financial shortage, I only need to look at that ring to remind me that God answers prayer.

But, going back to my conversion, the next morning I went directly to my uncle and told him I had found the Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ, and accepted Him. He looked at me, and didn't know what to make of it. He said, "You go back to your work." I went, but I was so full of love

and so full of God I could not keep quiet. I spoke to the other young men in the office concerning Christ, and my uncle saw I meant business. He thought he would starve me into subjection. He knew exactly what kind of a life I was living and that I hadn't saved any money, although I had received a very good salary. So, through his machinations, I lost my position, was told my services were no longer wanted, and the way was blocked so I could not secure another position. Very soon I was in need. I used to pay ten dollars a week for room and board, but I had to move from there to a four-dollar boarding house. Very soon I did not have the four dollars, and had to go to a ten-cent lodging house, and there came a time when I didn't have the ten cents; for three nights I slept in a box-car, and it was March, and for three days I hadn't anything to eat. My uncle watched my steps, detectives followed me, and, while I was going through this trial, my uncle came to me and made me any kind of a proposition if I would only go back to Judaism and turn against Jesus, but I want to say to the honor and praise of my Master, that He gave me grace and strength to stand true and say "No" to all these offers. But that night I slept in a box-car; it was a cold night and I could not sleep, and I got up and had it out with God. I talked to Him as to a father. I told Him His Word said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you;" that I had been seeking God and His righteousness the best I knew, and that I was in a fair way of becoming a tramp. I told Him His Word said, "My God shall supply all your needs," etc., and here I was hungry, with no place to sleep. I told God He had to do something for me, and I knew when I jumped out of that box-car that morning that a change would come. I hadn't walked a block when I passed a packing-house. All at once I heard somebody hallooing, "Young fellow," and I saw a man beckoning me. He said, "Do you want a job?" I said, "Yes." "Well, jump up," he said, "and help me load these wagons." The wagon was backed up to the platform, and the meat was hanging inside in quarters. They wanted me to shoulder these quarters and load the wagon. I looked at these quarters, I was weak from hunger, and had never done any hard work, and they looked heavy, but like a flash the Word of God came into my heart, "As thy day so shall thy strength be," and I went in the name of the Lord. I wobbled a little bit but I worked for an hour and a half, and they gave me my breakfast and a

half dollar. That half dollar looked pretty good. From that moment I have not lacked any good thing. God has marvelously supplied my needs. I have been almost all the time, since then, living a life of faith, and God has supplied.

My uncle, seeing he could not starve me into subjection, tried another scheme. One day I came to my lodging house and my landlady informed me that two men were waiting for me in the parlor. I went in and they informed me I was arrested. I hadn't done anything, and when I asked them to show me the warrant, they said, "Never mind about the warrant, you come along with us." I didn't want to, but they said I had better go if I knew what was good for me. I looked at those two big Irishmen and decided to go with them. They took me to the jail where I was searched and everything I had was taken from me. I asked the jailer what I was arrested for and he told me I would find out later. He took me up two flights of stairs and when I came to the padded cell I knew what was up. My uncle had sworn out an insanity warrant. I asked the jailer if he would please give me my little New Testament I had in my pocket. He said he guessed it wouldn't hurt me and brought it to me. I found the place where Paul and Silas were in jail in Philippi and praised God, and I said if Paul could be in jail I could, too, and I praised God in that jail. I was kept there over two weeks and was brought before the court. The physicians testified I was sane, and I was discharged. You know, friends, not many people have a certificate that they are sane in mind. I have. The Lord did that much for me. He brought me out more than victorious.

I found I could not get along in St. Louis, my uncle persecuted me so much. While I was in jail he was appointed my guardian. He got my trunk and has it yet. I concluded to leave St. Louis and come to Chicago. I had just one nickel in my pocket, and that nickel I had to use to get across the bridge, but when I got to Chicago I had a new pair of shoes and eighteen dollars in my pocket. That was God again. He gave me work. I had never worked on a farm, but I got work and I walked every step of the way.

From the very beginning of my arriving in Chicago, God laid my people on my heart. He told me that He wanted me to work amongst them, but I refused. I knew what I would be up against, working for the Jewish people, and I didn't want to. God had to deal with me very strenuously before I submitted to Him. I got work with a house-wrecking company, and we

tore down houses in Blue Island. One day the roof fell on me and when they took me out I was almost gone. I was in the hospital for six weeks, and while there I promised God to do what He wanted me to do. When I came out of the hospital I made a bargain with God like Jacob. I told Him that if He saw that I got work in the mornings, in the afternoons I would go from house to house in the Jewish district. I took up jobs during the morning hours. I shoveled coal here, I scrubbed stores there, I turned the washing machine. In the afternoon I went from house to house on the West Side, preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Soon I found I was not able to bring Christ to them in an effectual way. While I knew the Old Testament pretty thoroughly, I did not know the New, and I could not deal with them as they should be dealt with. So I asked God to give me a training. One day I went on the North Side of the city and, passing along LaSalle Avenue, I saw a large sign on the Moody church about free lectures. I went there one morning and heard Dr. Torrey lecturing on the Bible, and when I heard him I knew I was in the right place. For two years I attended those lectures. In the summer I unloaded boats at the Michigan Street pier from eleven to three, earning twenty-five cents an hour. In the morning I was at the Institute taking in the lectures. In the winter I got work in a workingmen's home, making five cents an hour in tickets. I had to spend these twenty cents over the counter, but God kept me for two years.

Now, for the last fifteen years, God has used me in His work. For twelve years I was with the Chicago Hebrew Mission as its pastor, but two years ago something came into my life which made a change. God baptized me in the Holy Spirit and fire, I spoke in a new tongue, and they would not have it. Bless God, He didn't put me on the shelf. He opened a new place for me, and in a wonderful way He is keeping us. God showed me I had to incorporate. I have been long enough a Hebrew Christian to know that if I started a work without giving account to any one, they would say I was getting rich. They would make charges against me, and the Word says we are not to give offense to any, neither to the Jew nor to the Greek, nor to the church of God. So, I have five poor men like myself and have a Board of Directors, to whom I give account, but God is back of us. Every penny we receive we get on our faces, and I want to say to the honor and glory of God, up to date we have been able to pay

every bill as soon as it comes in. We owe no man anything. I have a family who are provided for. My wife and child have plenty, and the expenses of the mission are all met.

God has given us souls for our hire. He is

working among us. O, I want to praise Him for His mighty grace, for His great, great love toward me! O, God is good! He is no Respector of persons! Through Jesus Christ He will freely give us all things!

## Seeking the Old Paths

Morning Service, December 10, 1911, Mrs. Isaac Neeley, 3663 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Illinois



EVER since last Sunday morning when we had the lesson on "Seeking the old paths," God has been dealing with me along this line, and finally I said to the Lord, "How are we to seek the old paths? What is the trouble we are not getting into the old paths?

We have been seeking them." The Lord in answer took me to His Word. When He began to bring me His plan for seeking the old paths, it was that we might get back into His way, and I said, "Father, we want Thy Word for it, how to get back into the old paths; we want it so plain in our hearts that we can live it in our lives, that we Thy children may know Thy plan for us definitely," and for an answer He simply gave me this verse: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Romans 12:1.

"By the mercies of God;" His wonderful mercy, the mercy that He extends to you and me. How often has He reached out after us in mercy when we have gone into forbidden paths; when we have gone in ways not altogether pleasing to Him how His mercy has been extended to us. When justice would have said, "Cut them off;" when justice would have landed us in hell, God in His mercy has reached out and drawn us back to Himself again. Sometimes when we have been on the fringe, some have been almost over, your feet have almost slipped, God by His tender mercy put His loving arms around you, and brought you back. Justice said, "He must pay the penalty;" justice said, "What difference does it make? He sinned, cut him off," but mercy reached down and pulled him back into the path; tried him again and kept a hand upon him. Sometimes it was a bit and bridle; sometimes He had to pull and tear, but think of His mercy in pulling us; in being willing to work with us, just so He got us back.

He said, "I beseech you, therefore, by the

*mercies* of God"—if you haven't any regard for anything else, by the mercy that He has shown to you, present your body; if for no other reason, present your body. One would say, "I have presented my body," but did you ever stop to think what presenting that body really is? I never saw it before as God revealed it to me. He showed me that we were making Him a present of it. So often we say, "Lord, take my whole being for Thine own Self," but with reserve. We reserve different parts of the body; it may be the *eye*. We want to use our eyes as we please; we want to use the eye for what *we* want to see, but the eye given to God sees only as He sees. Not the faults of men and women; He sees the mercies of God extended to you, and teaches you by that mercy that inasmuch as He was merciful unto you, "be ye therefore merciful one to another." It is the mercies of God, and that is what your eye will see. It will not see faults and failures as the natural man, because you have given those eyes to God, and when you give a thing it is no longer yours; you have no claim on it, and as a spiritual man you are blind. You must crucify the natural man. There is where we begin our crucifixion. We crucify the natural man because we do not yield to him. Take a man who is blind. He doesn't see a thing. It is not that it does not exist, but he doesn't see it. He only sees with the inner man. God wants to get us to the place where we are blind; not that the things do not exist, but we see only through the eyes of Jesus. We see each other by the mercies of God. When we present our bodies we must present our eyes.

Neither must we withhold our ears. Our whole being must be presented to God. If our ears are presented, we as spiritual beings are deaf to the natural man; we fail to hear of the faults of others; we fail to hear things that are displeasing to God. We have to stop our ears from hearing the things of the world. When we are blind we are not seeing the things of the world; the beauties of the world remain just the same, the pride of the eye, to those who keep their eyes

open to those things, but God wants blind people, and deaf people; people who have given Him their eyes and ears; therefore, their members are wholly the Lord's. They are His whose beauty exceeds all earthly beauty, all natural beauty. He wants our ears attuned to His voice. So often we hear dear children of God say, "I do not know the voice of God." Why is it we do not know the voice of God? It is because our ears are filled with clatter and clamor, with things of the world, but God wants our ears yielded to Him alone. Then we will not have poured into our ears the things that are displeasing to God. There are even many things going on in the natural world that God doesn't want us to listen to. Some have given up the reading of the newspaper, but they will let someone else read it to them. You are just as bad as Saul; he wouldn't stone Stephen, but he held the clothes for others to do it. If God has spoken to you concerning your reading matter, and has asked you to give up your eyes to Him, you must give Him your ears also, for He is separating you to Himself. "Faith cometh by hearing;" not hearing as the natural man hears; no, no, but by hearing the Word of God. That is the way we get faith. We say our faith is weak. Dear ones, get strong on His Word, because He tells us in that Word that God is not as man that would lie, nor the son of man that He would repent. "Hath He not said and will He not do it? Hath He not spoken and will He not bring it to pass?" He wants us to acquaint ourselves with Him through His Word, and if we read much of Him and study much of Him, then will our faith be strong in Him, because our love will go out to Him, and we always trust those whom we love.

He wants our lips, our tongue. He wants us to be dumb, as the world calls dumb, and that is where it hurts our pride sometimes. When we go among other people we sometimes let down our standard, because we feel we must be as they are, and talk glibly as they do about little nothings. It would be far better for us to be real dummies and keep our tongues still than to be able to talk the most fluently and get out of the will of God. We have no right to use any portion of our being unless God tells us to. We have no right to open our mouths unless we open them according to the will of God. Do you realize how much that will keep us still? Why did Jesus say, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," and "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off?" He says we had better go into life eternal maimed or halt than to have our whole body and go into hell.

He is talking about bringing our whole being, each member of our body, into subjection, not reserving the right to use any portion of it. Have we a right to reserve what is God's? If we give it to God He wants to keep it. This Bible I hold in my hand was given to me by some friends here in the church, and if one would say, "I want to reserve a leaf of that Bible; I'll tear it out," and another would say, "I want to reserve a leaf," would that have been a whole Bible? That is the way some people give themselves to God, but He wants the right to use every portion of us. "Why," you say, "do you mean every time I talk I must ask the Lord about it?" "Yes." "Then I won't talk very much, will I?" "Well, no." "Well, must I ask the Lord every time I go to read anything?" "Yes." "That will cut my reading down some, won't it?" "Yes." It will confine your reading more to God's Word, and the things that please Him. That is the thought. And then if your reading is in any way offensive to Him, He can get His hand upon you and talk to you about it, but if you just pick up anything, helter-skelter, and say, "There is no harm in this," or "I can do this," your spirit will suffer. Let me tell you we have to be very watchful along that line; more so now than ever because of the truck and trash that is being slipped in for people to read. And you mothers and fathers want to be very careful about what is in your home for your children to read, because I do not care if it is high-class fiction or low-class fiction, it is lies, and if you do not want your children to learn to lie, do not give them lies to read. "Oh, but we must have a little; this kind of home journal, and another kind of journal," and what do they pick out? The very article you lay that paper on your table for them to read they won't read. God wants a clean people, and He is urging us to seek the old paths, and if we are going to seek old paths we will be called old fogies. We must be ready to stand the stigma; Jesus took the stigma for us, paid the penalty for us. Are we willing to bear it for Jesus' sake? What is God calling on you to give up? What is God asking you to do? Has God asked you to confess and you have refused to do it? Has He called on you to give up something you love and you have refused? A sister said to me not long ago that God had been dealing with her concerning a certain thing, and she said, "Somehow or other I can't give it up." If one of your children was told to stop doing something, and the child would say, "I cannot," you would say that was impertinent, and you would take that child across your knee.

"I beseech you by the mercies of God," the mercies that God has already shown you, "present your bodies"—every portion of them, your hands, your feet; you haven't a right to go hither, thither and yon, unless God tells you. I got into great trouble with God for going somewhere because people wanted me to, and the enemy just hit me good and hard. It was such a simple thing, just to see a sick person. At first I felt I was not to go, and then I allowed myself to be persuaded, and the Lord didn't want me to go. He had something He wanted to give to that person, and I got in His way. If an officer comes to arrest you and some one whom you love gets in the way, what is the officer going to do? He will arrest both of you. Well, I got arrested because I stood between the will of God and the person. Everything we do must be done in the will of God if we are going to get into the old paths. If we want the old-time power we have to take the old-time way of getting it. If there was any one who knew about the old-time way it certainly was Paul. How often does he use the body for an illustration. He tells us we must put to death the deeds of the body, and again he says we are to crucify the members of the body. He wants you absolutely to let alone the thing that would cause you to stumble. That is why we must cut off our tongue and begin dying with that. Give your tongue absolutely to the Lord and use it only when He tells you to. That is

what He means by telling you to "present your body," and your mouth is a portion of your body. So often we have gotten down before the Lord, and presented our bodies, and then gotten up and started to use those bodies as we pleased without consulting Him at all. I beseech you this morning by the mercies of God, present your bodies. Do not present them one day and take them back the next. That is what we have been doing. Why is it we just get so far and no farther? It is because after we present our bodies we take them back again. We must let every bit of His will be worked out in us, and be willing to keep still if He wants us to keep still. Begin at once to put to death the deeds of the body, the seeing of the eye, the hearing of the ear. Get blind, get deaf, get dumb; yes, get paralyzed, if necessary, just so you are dead to the world and the things of the world, and then God will do the things you ask. You won't have to plead with God; you won't have to beg Him, but you can simply turn your face up to Him with praise and thanksgiving, and see Him pour it down. Why? Because you will have presented your body a living sacrifice; you will have let go; you will have come into the place of obedience, of letting Him have His way, and the spiritual life and power will have been poured out upon every one of you, and then will you see the ransomed of the Lord return to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

### The Lord's Leading in Trial

Report of a Talk to The Stone Church People, December 3, 1911, by Lydia M. Piper, on the Death of Her Father



FELT the Lord wanted me to say just a few words this afternoon in reference to the Lord's leading in my life during the last month. Just a month ago today, November 3, I started east to my father's bedside. It has been one of the most wonderful leadings of the Lord, I think I ever had. Weeks before when father was taken ill and seemed to be sinking very fast, mother kept writing such pathetic letters, but I had no liberty to go, and when the dear friends gave me the money to go, I had no liberty from the Lord, and then when mother thought the sickness had taken a turn and father was being healed, the Lord spoke to me to go. I tested it, and when I looked at it from the human standpoint I said it was foolishness for me to go, but the more I reasoned it out, the more confused I became. Finally one night as I retired I prayed definitely to the Lord to make His will very clear to me.

I had a remarkable dream that night and the Lord woke me up to talk to me about it, but just as soon as I awoke I said, "That dream isn't from the Lord," and of course assuming that attitude, I got nothing further from Him about it. I went to sleep again and dreamed the same thing, and as I awoke I said again, "That dream isn't from God." In my dream I saw my father dying, and I saw he wanted to talk to me before he passed away. He wanted to talk to me about his soul's salvation. I saw him in the death throes, and his throat seemed to be paralyzed. He couldn't say a word but just moved his hand. I felt that wasn't of the Lord because there wasn't anything the matter with his throat, the trouble was with his stomach. The next morning I felt the Lord was leading me to go and I started off, just a month ago. But after I got on the train no one knows what turmoil I was in, and how Satan tormented me. He said, "You will be humiliated

before the people," and "This is a foolish expenditure of money," but I comforted my heart with the feeling that the Lord had spoken to me. When I reached my home my mother said, "I am glad to see you, but I don't need you. Why are you home?" I said I didn't know. When I went upstairs to my father's bedside he gave me the same greeting, "I am glad to see you, but I don't need you now." No one knows what I suffered. I didn't want my father to die, but I thought the Lord had spoken to me, and I would not have spent the money at this time if I hadn't felt he was in the last days of his life. Mother said, "If his serious condition had gone on much longer, I should have collapsed. Had you come home last week I should have been very grateful," and Satan did so torment me. A few days after that, father was humming a tune, and I thought, "How well he is! But what is the matter with my leading?" and I went to my bed and cried. I guess it was self-pity. I said, "I do not know your voice, Lord. This has all been pressure from the people; Lord, I am just distracted." I went to sleep and I dreamed the same dream over again in every detail, and the Lord woke me up and said to me, "Having done all, stand." I said, "Lord, you have brought me home for a purpose, and I am going to stay here if I am the laughing stock of Chicago." Two days after that father collapsed very seriously, and if I had not been there mother would have collapsed, because she had thought he was going to get well. Then was the time I was needed, and the Lord said, "Didn't I tell you, Having done all, stand?"

I knew my father was going home; I had no assurance he was going to get well, and felt the Lord had called me home before he passed away to talk to him. I said, "Father, I believe you are going to heaven." He said, "No, I am not; I am going to get well." I felt I must get him willing to go home, so I said again, "Father, I believe you are going home." He said, "What makes you say that? Haven't you any faith I am going to get well?" The Lord didn't seem to give me any faith to pray for his healing.

One night I had something unpleasant to do; I tried to beg off from the Lord and said, "Lord, I cannot do that thing." Finally He got me to the place where I was willing to obey Him, and He laid upon me a duty which was hard for me to do, and when I got through the Lord anointed me for song, and then something whispered to me, "Now you are going to get your reward," and it seemed to me father was put right into my arms, and I went up and up, and he got lighter

and lighter until I got to the pearly gates of heaven, and I sang to Jesus with father in my arms, and I said, "Lord, he is ready now," and when the spirit of song left me I looked at father and I said, "Father, how do you feel?" It seemed to me he must have received something from the Lord, and he said, "I received a wonderful blessing. I got lighter and lighter and lighter. Now, I do not care how soon I go." That was my reward for obedience, and it seemed to me I never could disobey God again, the blessing was so sweet to me. I said to him, "Father, I had you in my arms and you went right up to the gates of heaven. Jesus was there and I know he is going to receive you." He said, "I don't care how soon it comes now. Nothing matters now; I want to go home."

Later on, when the pain broke out with such terrific violence, I went in his room to comfort him, and I said, "Father, you will soon be at the gates now." And he said, "Pray that I go home soon." It was beautiful to see him so resigned.

Then it seemed that the management of all affairs fell on me. Mother was so distracted and so crushed, and there were so many things to attend to. I said, "Lord, I cannot go through this alone." Then the Lord just showed me in the Spirit you people at the Stone Church praying for me. It was blessed to realize that you people were holding me up in prayer, and I felt sometimes as though the Lord just put His hands right underneath me and said, "Don't try to hold yourself. Yield yourself to Me. I will hold you up." One day I said, "Lord, I can't do this. My nerves are so tired, I have been up so many nights," and He said to me, again, "Just fall into My arms. I am sustaining you."

A few nights after that when father passed away, I saw in reality my dream acted out in every particular; his throat did become paralyzed, so that he could not speak.

I went through a trial such as I had never known before, but I would not take the blessing I received, and the wonderful realization that Jesus was right there to comfort, right there to sustain, right there to uphold me, for anything in the world.

There is so much quibbling these days over doctrines and creeds and three works of grace, I said, "Lord, it wasn't doctrine that upheld me; it wasn't three works of grace, or baptism, or divine healing; it wasn't anything but Jesus. He held me up." I never thought about my wonderful healing, or my baptism; all I could think about

was Jesus Himself. If any of you have doubts about the sustaining grace of the Lord, when you get down to the gates of death and feel the necessity of something divine, something out of the ordinary, something out of the human, then you will know there is a Christ who is all-sufficient.

I don't see how I could have gotten through this trial without the realization I had of Jesus. The day of the funeral was one of the worst days outside I ever saw; the rain just came down in torrents all day. We were drenched going from the house to the cemetery. To comfort me the Lord showed me that vision again, where He was taking father up to the gates of heaven, and at

the cemetery all I could see were the gates of heaven, and Jesus standing there to receive him.

I felt when I left my mother's home I never wanted to sing again, I never wanted to play again. I went over to New York City for a few days, and I said, "Lord, take this out of me; just give me a little joy." I felt so heavy. I went into a little meeting, and the Lord put it into my heart to say a few words, but I hesitated. I said, "Lord, it isn't even proper for me to talk so soon after the funeral;" but He said, "Just get up and witness for Me," and as I did so, I received a wonderful blessing from Him. The power of God just surged through and through me, and the sorrow and the grief were all carried away.

## Reminiscences of a Faith Life—III

### Tombstones Spurting Gold

Miss E. Sisson, 17 Jay Street, New London, Connecticut



**T**HAT was a severe winter in the State of Maine. God had sent me with others into Gospel service in the backwoods where "the ways of Zion mourned" and even the schoolhouses had not been opened for Christian work for years.

God poured out His Spirit and wrought there, backsliders reclaimed, souls saved, sick ones healed. After the revival was over and workers scattering, God showed me He wanted me to stay on among the people for a while "as a nurse cherisheth her children," for they were "as sheep having no shepherd." But when the weeks passed into months and still I had no liberty to leave, and had to refuse other calls which came to me, and there was and could be no money in this thing, the devil set in with heavy temptations. "You know that mother and the little family at home are dependent on what you send them. You know these poor dear farmer-folk have no idea that you need money; if they give you food and shelter while you stay they feel they are doing uncommon well [for they never gave to the Lord 'till after they were quickened]; even did they desire to give you money, they have none. A silver dollar is as big as a cart-wheel here, they only trade in barter, etc." You understand how the devil can put a blue atmosphere around one. Day by day it was, "What has your mother and the family got to eat? For you know they will not go into debt. Why don't you get up and go somewhere? You have calls. You must consider your family. It is all non-

sense to wait here for a 'leading' to go. You may stay here all the rest of your life, etc." Day by day Satan was nagging me, yet no release from the Lord to quit the little flock, and I telling Him I would rather die than miss His will, to hold me steady in the center of it.

Thus things went on for nearly three months when came a letter from an old friend (Mrs. Green) whom I had not even thought of for many months. It must have been the Lord put me at that time in her mind and *my mother* of whom she knew little, and of whom her mother knew less. Mrs. Green did not know where I was, but the letter was forwarded. In it this Mrs. Minnie Green wrote: "The enclosed will explain itself, as I read it, there was a whisper in my heart: 'This is for Miss Sisson's mother;' to test the voice I read the letter to my own mother, Mrs. Fisher, and as I read mother said: 'Minnie, that is for Miss Sisson's mother.'"

Why should the thought of my mother come into Mrs. Fisher's mind; a party in whom she had hitherto taken no interest? It was God! Mrs. Green resumed: "I have sent the check to your home, the letter, which explains, to you." Turning to the thus introduced document I found it was from a Christian physician to Mrs. Green. He said, "Many years ago our mutual friend, Mrs. H., was kind to me as a young medical student, she saw that I was working my way through college but scantily, and was poorly nourished. She offered me money; I refused to take it seeing no way of repaying. She urged it upon me as the Lord's money, saying if in

after years the Lord gave me to pay it, good; if not, it was all right. It was given unto Him." The letter went on, "She died some fifteen years ago. I had never been able to replace the money, but in later years God has much prospered me and I have had the joy of frequent moneys put in His work, but somehow I longed that the original sum should be handed Mrs. Hughes. The next best thing was to give it to you, dear Mrs. Green, her most intimate friend, whom I have known for years as a dispenser of charities, and ask you to give it for her."

Thus came the \$40 which covered those sharp, sharp months. God had taken care! Satan was again proved a liar. I seemed to hear the Lord saying, "Will you ever doubt Me again? Do

you not see that I can cause tombstones to spurt gold if necessary to provide for My own? But I can never, never break My promises."

In writing off the circumstances to the friend who had been God's instrument at this time for my deliverance, that her faith also might be quickened in the knowledge of His faithfulness, she replied, "Can the grave praise Thee?" But it does! "Hallelujah."

"Seek ye first (every hour, every minute, in every circumstance) the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things (what ye shall eat, what ye shall drink, wherewithal ye shall be clothed) SHALL be added unto you." "For your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him."

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