



The days of Heaven on the Earth

✻ ✻ ✻ Contents ✻ ✻ ✻

Development through Trial and Hardship . . . 2
 Never Say Why to God 2
 Reminiscences of a Faith Life 5
 Paper No. Five 5
 Three Dreams 6
 Thousands Eager for the Gospel 9
 Encouraging News from Egypt 10
 A Precious Experience 11
 Notes 12
 Campmeetings 12
 Missionaries Needed for Africa 12
 God's Faithfulness 13
 The Law of Christ 13
 Some Remarks on the Finished Work 13
 Preaching at a Heathen Festival 19
 Pulling Up the Tares 21
 Christ our Example in Holiness 23
 Some Good Books 24

An International Monthly Magazine

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

Christian Development through Trial and Hardship

Never Say *Why* to Anything God Does

Ira E. David, Onarga, Illinois, in the Stone Church, March 24, 1912



FOR our Scripture lesson let us open the book to the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, reading from the thirteenth verse to the end of the chapter.

The Lord, I think, has laid it upon my heart to talk to you this afternoon about this last incident that we have read, this account of Jesus sending the disciples across the sea and tarrying in the mountain and afterward going to the disciples walking upon the waters. This is an intensely interesting bit of history. It would be profitable to us to study it entirely from that standpoint, but this afternoon it seems to be laid upon my heart to talk to you about this incident in its dispensational aspect, and there are five or six points that I'd like to have your attention riveted upon. In the first place, three Gospels contain this account, and in each one of these accounts, Matthew, Mark, and John, Jesus precedes the incident by the feeding of the multitudes. He gives them bread; five thousand men, besides women and children, are present. A lad has five loaves and two fishes, the only provision there is, naturally speaking, for that vast assembly, for a multitude of hungry men, women and children. What shall they do? The disciples are nonplussed. They say, "Send the multitude away," but Jesus never sends hungry people away. He says, "Give ye them to eat," and so the loaves were brought, and the fishes, and Jesus held them up before His Father and blessed and brake them. Think of it! One-thousandth part of a barley biscuit, a little bigger than your fist, to feed a man, and then the remainder of that one-thousandth part of barley biscuit to go to his wife and children. It looked like a very meagre provision, but our Lord held up this bread to His Father, the Father multiplied, and they fed five thousand men, besides women and children, and afterwards took up twelve baskets full.

This, as you may know, is typical and significant. Christ said, "I am the Bread of Life." "This is the Bread that cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world." A little later He went to the cross and was broken, and His life was given to the world as Bread.

Immediately after this, Jesus dispersed the Jewish multitude and gathered His separated

ones, His disciples, around Him. He constrained them to enter into a boat without His visible presence, and to cross the sea when He knew there was a violent storm coming, and this is strikingly significant. It is analogous to the fact that Jesus constrains His disciples throughout all of these centuries to enter into life's boat and cross the sea of this Christian dispensation, now about nineteen hundred years long, without His visible presence. And He constrains us to enter into life's boat and cross the sea of this dispensation when He knows we are going right into difficulties, when He is sure there will be storms and trials, and dark, hard places. That was a desperate night that His disciples spent, yet the Lord *sent* them. It meant hard rowing, it meant violent wind, it meant great rolling waves that dashed over the vessel, it meant many a backache and blistered hand and struggle, and yet out of it there came added muscle, added patience and increased faith and being put into a place where they had to look up and cry out for help.

And how sweet this lesson is! How important it is, because again and again the Lord's children, sent by Him, move right out into some of the greatest difficulties of their lives. There is a strong temptation to say, "But the Lord sent me, and if the Lord sent me why does He allow this storm to come? Why do I go this way of hardship and oppression, of trial and great difficulty, if God is in this?" I once heard Stephen Merritt say years ago: "Never say *why* to anything God does." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" But aside from all that, you cannot make men without hardship. God Himself cannot develop men of God and women of God without trial. You cannot grow oak trees in hothouses. They would never get strong there. God cannot make stalwart Christians without trials and difficulties, and so He gathers us up, a handful of disciples, and He says, "Fear not, little flock, I am going to press you into the boat and send you across the sea of this dispensation; you may expect the winds and the waves to roll, but nevertheless I am with you."

Years ago I watched a wealthy father and mother that had two sons. They shielded those boys from everything they could; the father was a hard-working man, an exceedingly successful

man who piled up his hundreds of thousands, but the boys did nothing. If their feet were cold in the winter they were sent to Texas or Florida. If they perspired in the summer they were sent to Northern Michigan. If they felt a little indisposed some other time they went to California. They had everything that money could buy, and nothing at all to do. You know how they turned out. They became putty men. Men cannot be made that way. It takes hardship, it takes difficulty. A man has to be put against something that is hard to develop him, individually and morally, and the same thing is true of spiritual life. It doesn't come easy and it doesn't come in a minute. You can be converted in a minute, but it takes years of hardship, working under the tuition and tender care of infinite God, to make godly character, real men and real women that are worth having.

Years ago in the church where I was pastor, there was a dear woman that was suddenly called upon to bury her husband, and for weeks and months afterwards she paced the floor and wrung her hands. She went to the factory as usual, refusing to give up her job in the shop, a magnificent situation, but as she went about that great factory directing men and women here and there under her control, she was continually weeping. Her hair turned from black to white in a month, and she wept until she nearly lost her eyesight. She continually said "Why?" to God. Oh never say it, no matter what the trial. Over and over some one says "Why? Why does the Lord let all this come upon me?" To make a woman of you! To make a man of you! To make a godly character out of your poor, human weaknesses! It is the only way. Then thank God that trials come. Praise Him the waves roll high. Shout for joy because you do have to pull on the oars, and sing in the midst of the storm, though it be dark.

Then the third point: A dispensational lesson comes out here, and that is, when Jesus dispersed the Jewish multitude (and by the way, they are still dispersed) He constrained the disciples to enter into a boat and He went on high, and that sweet little line is added, "He was there alone." The disciples were in the midst of the sea and Jesus was yonder alone on the mountain engaged in prayer, fellowship with heaven, intercession. So after the crucifixion, and while the disciples are constrained to cross this dispensation, Jesus has gone on high, and the writer of the Hebrews says in the first chapter, "being the effulgence of His glory and the express image of His person,"

having made provision for our sins, He "sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high." Jesus is on high in the attitude of intercession, the ninth chapter twenty-fourth verse of the same book tells us He has "entered into heaven itself now to appear in the presence of God for us."

Three years were enough for Jesus to *preach*, but it has taken nineteen hundred years for Jesus to *pray*. Three years of an earth-walk and an earth-ministry, and nineteen hundred as the Advocate of harassed and persecuted, tempted and tried disciples. An Advocate—thank God, an able Advocate—in the place of authority, the right-hand of the throne of God, defending disciples from every accusation, no matter whether true or false. We say sometimes a good lawyer can deliver a man that is falsely accused, but ah! this wonderful Jesus is such an Advocate that He can deliver a sinner that is justly accused.

"Five bleeding wounds He bears
Received on Calvary,
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me."

Oh, sometimes our hearts are wrenched as we think He has gone away and left us without His visible presence. We say, Oh, that we might see Him as Peter! that we might lean on His bosom as John! Ah! He is taking care of your case at the court of heaven, and He will not let go until you are there with Him.

Then look at the fourth point: Jesus was separated from the disciples by four or five miles, but He was above them and watching all the time. He knew how hard the storm was: He knew just how hard they were rowing and all about the difficulties, and so we have this dispensational lesson that while our Lord is absent, so far as visible presence is concerned, He has not forgotten us.

"Careless seems the Great Avenger,
History's pages but record
One death-struggle in the darkness
"Twixt old systems and the Word.
Truth forever on the scaffold;
Wrong forever on the throne;
But behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

He bends over us. He watches every beat of our pulse, every throb of our heart. He remembers the very hairs of our heads, so that not even a hair that we regard so little falls to the ground without His notice. O such infinite love and grace and compassion that would lead our Lord to watch over us that way!

Again, Jesus came at the darkest hour of the night. He came in the fourth watch, the dark hour just before the break of day, and it was dark not only in that sense, but it looked as though the disciples would go to the bottom. They got to the middle of the sea, for the account in John tells us they had rowed about twenty-five or thirty furlongs (about four miles), and the sea is about eight miles across. They got just as far away from the shore as they could get, and could go neither backward nor forward; they could do nothing but cry out for mercy. And so, dear friends, it seems to me that is about the way it is now with the Christian church. We are about as far as we can go; we have rowed hard, we have dipped water out of the boat, we have had many an aching back and an aching heart, many a trial and difficulty, and it seems as though we had reached the stage where the church of Jesus Christ *as a whole* was not making one single advance. To me the church of Jesus Christ on earth is in very sad condition. You can look over the ranks of evangelical Christianity and you will find some places where the whole thing seems to have stiffened up in formality and where the services are just a bed of formalism. They sing three hymns, they have a voluntary, a stated prayer, a stated message and a stated benediction and go home and the thing is ended. Where there is real life there is a tremendous struggle to keep the unity of the Spirit. Seemingly God's true children were never so broken up into factions as they are now. What shall we do? Well, we cannot go back. Every now and then somebody says "Back to Pentecost." Talk about going back nineteen hundred years! You cannot. It is absolutely impossible. We do not have the conditions that existed then. And we cannot go forward, what can we do? Well, we can cry out with John, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," and I believe there will be an answering echo across the stormy sea saying, "Lo, I come quickly!"

When Jesus came, He came walking on the water, and Peter wanted to try the supernatural. He is like a lot of us. Every now and then we want to try the supernatural. We want to get done with a lot of natural means, stop swimming and go to walking on the water. So Peter said, "Lord, if it be Thee, bid me come to Thee." "All right, Peter, I'll be glad to see you," and so Peter actually walked on the water, but like many other people he began to look at the waves and the storm, and circumstances and then he began to sink. But he did a wise thing, he called on the

Lord, "Lord, save me," and it was done more quickly than he thought. He did the supernatural thing; he went to Jesus in a supernatural way, as Jesus came to him in a supernatural way. Hallelujah! the dispensation will end, the clouds will open, Jesus will descend; He will come the next time not walking on the water, but walking on the air, and He will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," and when He says come, we will go, walking on air. Oh, it will be great, won't it? Some one said to Kenneth MacKenzie, "Who will go?" And Mr. MacKenzie replied, "The people that *did* go were the people who had faith for it, Enoch and Elijah." They got to the place where their feet were no longer tied to the earth; they just walked out with the Lord and finally walked right into glory. Some day this blessed Lord of ours will come back and look over all the realms of Christendom. He will look for every sincere soul that has real faith; that wants to leave the world behind and be wholly united unto Jesus. And wherever He finds a soul in Christian liberty and victory, He will say "Come," and that soul will rise. Thank God, this earth will not be able to hold us forever.

Look at the end of the journey. It is so sweet to me that John says, "Immediately they were at the land." Did you ever notice it took them nine hours to row four miles, and Jesus got in and in less than nine minutes they went the rest of the journey. And so, dear hearts, we have been nineteen hundred years seeking to cross the dispensational sea, but one day Christ will come into the boat. He will take the helm; He will speak to the waves; and immediately we will be there. They landed on a little plain three miles long, and a mile wide, down at the southwestern extremity of the lake. It was the place where Jesus spoke those wonderful parables of the sower, and where people had already assembled to hear Him. Now as He lands from the boat the message spreads, "Jesus is here!" They run to and fro throughout the whole region round about, bringing everybody that is sick, and everybody that has a hungry heart, and they all assembled before Jesus and all that come are made perfectly whole. By and by our Lord will come and the multitude will receive Him. There may be a moment of consternation as there was when Jesus came on the water to the disciples, but when He comes the millennial glory will begin and multitudes will be healed and blest.

We have foretastes of the powers of the age to come. We get healing, thank God, but oh how

different it will be then when Christ is personally present, when they carry the multitudes to Him from every direction, and He speaks the word of power and the thing is done. Beloved, are you ready for that day? Oh God grant that

every man, woman and child that hears these words may be ready for that day. He is surely coming! He is quickly coming! "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, your Lord cometh."

Reminiscences of a Faith Life—No. V

Miss E. Sisson



AT THE time of which I write we were there on the mission field in India, our comrade in the work, my sister and self. For some time this comrade and I had known that my sister's feeble health should take her off the field for our work's sake and her health's sake. But it was as death to her to contemplate leaving the work, her charge with the mission children and all the heavy burdens with us.

After a long talk with her in which it seemed impossible to make her see the necessity of going home (and one feared to push it, the brain, owing to her illness, was in such a delicate condition) I left her and turned to God in prayer. To my astonishment He showed me in a sort of vision a straight road to London, England, and made me know I was to accompany her. This seemed greatly to increase the difficulty, for if my sister was unwilling to go and leave us two to bear the burden of the work, how much worse for two of us to pull out and leave Miss W., our associate, alone! I shrank from even broaching the matter to my invalid; however, God held me to it inexorably.

I took the earliest opportunity of seeing Miss W. alone, telling her what God had shown me. She was as much shocked as I myself with the plan and, I saw, doubted that it was a revelation from God. She did not say no, dear kind friend! but simply remarked: "If this be of Him, He must do for us, for there is not money in the treasury to send you both." She was treasurer and this was a new outlook to me. I turned from her and went to my room with a full heart to kneel before my Lord. My heart so ached, I knew not what to say, or how to order my words before Him, but I had scarcely knelt till I found myself saying: "Lord, if this is really You talking to me, give a moneyed token." I could say no more, I began to be so glad that it was impossible to go unless He did. Soon the joy took me off my feet and I again sought Miss W. to rejoice with her that God had thus shut me up, when I met her half way between her room and

mine, an open letter in her hand. She said: "I was so distressed with the plan you had of leaving me I went directly to God with it and cried: 'Lord, if this be of Thee, give a moneyed token.' The words were scarcely out of my lips when hearing a step on the gravel walk outside of my window, I looked up, and there was the Collector's chaprassee.* He handed me this note." Miss W. gave me the letter. I read: "As a thank offering to God for mercies received, I enclose fifty rupees for you to use in the mission for any present need." As just then we had money beyond all other pressing needs, it said to both of us: "I am your moneyed token." When we compared notes we found God at the same moment had put the same worded prayer in both our lips, having started the answer afoot from the Collector's house about two and a half miles away, and kept it walking till it arrived at our very door while we were praying. Both of us saw it was a case of: "Before they call I will answer."

Thus we had the courage to make it known to my sister. He who had begun to work, helped her over her hard place, and we calmly went forward with preparations for our voyages, yet not without much grace could we do so. Fifty rupees (less than \$25) was only a token. I had with me money for my own passage to England, the gift of a friend, and as God had shown me only a road to London, I inferred my sister would then be so far recovered that she could make her second voyage alone (which came to pass), but for her home going every bit of money in the treasury must be scraped. A building which was proceeding for a girls' dormitory, and which with its mud walls it seemed necessary to hasten and to get the roof on before the now expected rains, must therefore be stopped. My sister was too ill to know the details. Upon me rested the onus of scraping up all the little monies of a destitute mission station and by that money running away

*The Collector of the district with us in India is equivalent to a state governor in the United States. This one resided at Basim and was a Christian man. A chaprassee is a body servant.

to a land of plenty! Oh, those were days of agony! They would not have been had I more simply rested in *His faithfulness*. Over against every trial we have it written, "Jesus Himself knew what He would do."

Miss W. rose to a sublime height of joy and courage in God as she found herself stripped, building work stopped, etc., and kept saying: "Now we shall see what God will do." But the more triumphant she grew, the more mean and vile I felt, for I was the hand that was stripping her. Thus we separated and at the appointed time left for Bombay and our steamer. But lo! there was some hitch; our steamer was delayed and again delayed so that we were detained nearly two weeks in Bombay. We were uncomfortably situated. How mean I felt! How blue the days! While thus held in Bombay the American and European weekly mail came in; ours, of course, went to Basim, but as we kept on in Bombay it was forwarded to us and reached us two days before our actual sailing. Then we understood our detention.

One letter to my sister from a New York merchant enclosed the money for the double passages to England and America, and said: "God shows me you are to come; think well before you *dare* to refuse this provision and fail to come home." We had time to return this money to Basim and restore to the depleted treasury all we had taken, and the delay in building had not been serious.

"When the Lord turned our captivity then were we like them that dreamed." So with our mouths filled with laughter and singing we sailed away. Observe—if our steamer had not been delayed those letters would have followed us to America before the check could have been cashed and returned to the mission. *That* delay would have been to the mission work a great disaster. *This* delay was to us all a great blessing. "When He putteth forth His sheep, He goeth before them."

"Let the fiery cloudy Pillar
Guide me all my journey through."

Three Dreams

By Hugh Black in April *Everybody's Magazine*

I.



IN MY dream I saw that the world was fair, that beauty was all around, that the human verdict on creation, as well as the divine verdict, was that it was very good. The whole universe chanted a pæan of praise, and there was not a discord in the harmony. The earth praised God in every fiber of it and every power—even the dragons and the deeps, fire and hail, snow and vapors, stormy wind fulfilling His word, mountains and hills, fruitful trees and cedars, beasts and cattle, creeping things and flying fowl. The sun and the moon praised Him, and the stars of light, and the heaven of heavens.

And the world of men praised the God of the living, as the world of nature praised the God of the dead.

I saw the militant church as a great army terrible with banners, coming home after its bloodless victories, and on every banner gleamed the triumphant cross, which had drawn all men to it. Every eye that saw the sacred symbol glowed with joy, and every knee was bent, and every tongue confessed that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

I saw those that had been high and those that

had been the humble, the kings and princes and rulers, the rich and the poor, united in a common service with all their talents. I learned that the service of the Son of Man was the service of man. All those who had power, or position, or wealth, or gifts of the brain or hand, had learned the same lesson.

I saw that the city—the city of my love—was as the city of God, with its towers and minarets gleaming in the radiance like the stainless peaks of the Alps. The shame of the city had been swallowed up, and the sin of it had become holiness, and the sorrow of it had disappeared. The work of the fathers was praise, and the play of the children was praise. The homes of the city, the city of my love, now the city of God, were beautiful with love and peace and sweet content—Christian homes where children were taught by example the wondrous love of God. The cross was everywhere. It gleamed high over the streets on the domes and towers of the churches. It dominated all the houses of the people, and most of all it left its mark on every heart.

I saw that it was so all over the world—not only in the city of my love. The nations of the earth had repented them of their sins of hatred and strife. They had turned their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks,

and they followed war no more. Nation vied with nation to right all wrongs and relieve all oppressed. There was no fear nor discord nor dissension; for love reigned supreme. The cross had conquered and was in every heart, and the knowledge of the love of God, with its attesting fact of the love of men, covered the whole earth as the waters cover the sea.

It had come true at last, the dream of the dreamers, the vision of the seers, the hope of the prophets, the fulfilment of the Christ. And I was glad with a great gladness that thrilled through all my being, and awoke me from my dream.

I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream. Oh, God, *it was only a dream!*

II.

A GAIN I seemed to see in a dream, this time uncolored by the wish to see anything but the truth as it is and things as they are.

I saw things as they are, in their naked reality. I saw the world without any disguise, and life without a mask. The clear, cold light of truth seemed to scatter the films of fancy from my eyes. I saw that the material was everything and there was nothing else, no reality but the outside, no meaning but the immediate and the evident, no purpose but the casual, no God but force. The heaven seemed to narrow itself down the horizon, and there was nothing beyond. I knew it for a dream—it was too clear-cut and certain for physical vision.

In my dream I saw that men lived out this Godless creed, or want of creed. Self dominated life. The cross was dislodged and dethroned. The lust of the flesh drove men in blind passion; the lust of the eye lured them unresisting; the pride of life directed their course. Man was in the toils of forces without pity or remorse. Man distrusted man, and nation feared nation. The generous instincts died out of princely hearts; for it was accepted that the only rule for a sane life was that every man should be for himself. Oppression lifted up its head, and jealousy and envy and fear kept even the well-disposed from interfering. Magnanimity was sneered at as foolish knight-errantry. No nation could be generous and risk anything for the right.

I saw that class was raised against class in bitter strife. The rich clutched their riches more closely; the poor thrust out envious hands to snatch their portion. Some devil's axioms had taken hold of the minds of men—that competition was the rule of life, that the weakest must

go to the wall. I saw that it was so. For the world seemed laid out like a great race-course, broad at the start and narrowing more and more, so that fewer and fewer could run abreast; and the course was strewn with the failures and those crushed to the wall, and other eager runners trampled over their bodies to reach the goal.

Worst of all, I saw that *there was no goal*. The motto of the race was: "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." And I saw that the devil could keep pace with the swiftest, and took not the hindmost but the foremost; for as the foremost reached what seemed the goal, he was dragged down somewhere, and I saw him no more.

In the terror of it, I said: "Where is Christ? Has He done nothing of what I dreamed before? Poor fool was I surely, living in a fool's paradise—Where is the Christ of my dream?"

For answer I saw Him, the purest and the sweetest of the sons of men—I saw Him, a blighted, blasted thing upon a cross, with heaven's lightnings playing in derision over His head, and the jeers of the crowd in His ears, "Let Him come down from the cross, if He be the King."

A whisper of hope came to my heart—"He can; He will. Let Him come down, and convince the ribald crowd."

But there was no answer. The cross stood dark against the twilight sky and the earth shook with the pity of it all. And the veil of the temple was rent in twain and I saw behind it, and there was nothing—wood and stones and rags, the hocus-pocus of priests.

I found myself back in the city, the city of my love which I once fondly dreamed was the city of God, and it was night. The smoke of it went up to heaven, and it was as the smoke of hell. The streets showed weirdly ghostlike in the flickering light. I saw the sins of the streets. I saw into the houses, the haunts of misery and the dens of shame. I saw that there were in the city hells where human hearts wore themselves out in hopeless pain.

I saw the rich fool choking his soul with gold, and the poor fool drowning his soul with drink. I saw children with the light of youth faded from their eyes, some with sly, crafty looks, some with gaunt, wolfish cheeks, with the iniquity of the fathers visited upon them to the third and fourth generations.

I saw men so filled with the rage for gain that they forgot the rights of their fellows and the ideals of liberty. It seemed as if they were

quenching the flame of the sacred torch, and defacing liberty in the lust for gold. It seemed like another crucifixion.

I said: "Thank God that it is only a dream, a hateful vision that will pass."

I saw that there was no thought of God, no praise of Him in a city of churches. I heard women cursing men and yet living, and men cursing God and yet not able to die. I comforted myself with the thought that it was only a dream—only a nightmare of the fancy. I hugged the thought to my heart that when I awoke it would all be different. Until, above the tearless sob of mourners, above the giddy revelry of the gay, above the laughter and the music and the sound of dancing, above the curses and the pathetic make-believe of joy, through the night there came a woman's shriek, as if hell had out-climaxed itself at last—a piercing shriek of pain and despair that passed through ear and heart, bones and marrow, like sharp steel. It shivered through the air and lost itself in the godless sky above. And I awoke with the agony of it.

I awoke, and, behold, it was not a dream. Oh, God of mercy and of pity, *it was no dream!*

III.

A GAIN I seemed to walk as in a vision and to see as in a dream. I was led back to the cross, and it stood clear against the sky. A hand touched my eyes, and I saw the pathos of it and the mystery of it, and, most of all, the power of it. I saw the lightnings, which before had seemed to play derisively above it, gather into a glory round the sacred head. I saw sad-eyed women and men and angels near it, but the sadness was swallowed up in love and adoration. Somehow I was drawn to it, as all men shall be drawn to it, and I said with gathering awe, "It is the Master." And I fell upon my face, and the mystery enveloped me and the glory blinded me.

In the light of the cross, I looked upon all the world and upon all life. In the light of the cross I saw the kingdom of Heaven coming in like a resistless tide, never hastening, never resting, flooding the creeks and inlets. I saw through history a power making for righteousness, not by blind chance, but as part of a great design, part of a divine purpose, and I saw it to be a purpose of love, a purpose to redeem.

I saw the world as the garment of God, woven at the loom of time, a garment without seam like that of the blessed body of His Christ. And it

was very good, with a deeper, richer, more mysterious beauty than before. The minor keys and the discords in the vocal score melted into the full harmony of the music of the spheres, and the discords were needed for the harmony. I saw into the heart of the world, and it was the heart of God; I saw into the heart of God, and it was the heart of Christ; I saw into the heart of Christ, and it almost broke my heart to see the passion of His love. Round the cross as round the cradle, there was the same circlet of praise—the old Christmas song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Back once more into the city; and I saw that it *was* the city of God, the scene of His redemptive work. I saw that amid the grossness and the slag there nestled the seed perfection, and the seed burst into a living thing, and it grew, and it had hope in its bosom. I saw the beauty of sacrifice in many a life, and even soiled characters glorified by an unselfish devotion, and love everywhere—love everywhere—bringing men to God.

I saw men and women bending their necks meekly to hard yokes for love's sake, and humble duty ennobling many a life. I saw human love being redeemed from passion by pain, and gold coming from the furnace purified by fire, and sin being washed away by blood. In the light of the cross I saw that all things, of joy and sorrow, of gain or loss, of life and death, work together for good.

Was this, too, a dream? If so, it was a deeper and a larger one than the first. It at least was not a blinding of the eyes to facts, not a whispering of peace when there was no peace, not a pretense that there was no pain and sorrow and sin and death. No, it saw these things, and yet saw them to have a meaning, to be part of the program, not an unrehearsed accident, but part of the purpose of the great World-Artist.

And I beheld, and lo, a great multitude stood before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and I said: "What are these which are arrayed in white robes. And whence came they?"

"These are they which came out of the great tribulation."

I saw some of these saints in their tribulation in the city, and they made the city the city of God. When I saw them, I seemed to see the Master Himself, giving Himself for the world anew, saving it by love, redeeming it by blood. I saw Him seeking the lost, making hearts rise with a new hope, making eyes shine with a new

light. And I follow Him that I may but touch the hem of His garment.

Is it a dream—this vision of the Christ, and the power of His Cross, and the beauty of His Love?

Is it a dream? Nay, but the lack of it a dream.
And failing it, life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

Is it a dream that He comes stilling the wild tempest of human passion, creating His eternal brotherhood, establishing His Kingdom of righteousness and peace and love and joy, lifting the world in its steep ascent to God?

From that dream I have not yet awakened,
and I pray God I may never awake.

Thousands Eager for the Gospel

George E. Berg, Frazertown, Bangalore, S. India

AS I wrote in my previous report, our meetings at Kottarakara closed in great victory February 11th. The next day we packed our few belongings and took a springless cart for Yenathi, the place for our second meeting. As we entered the village with hallelujah songs and the blowing of our trumpet, half of the people came to meet us and to conduct us to our lodgings. A doctor, the leading man of the place, vacated his good house for six days and had us occupy it, he living with his family in a smaller one.

The next day willing hands were busy putting up a large pandal made out of timber posts, bamboo and palm leaves in a nearby riverbed, which was two-thirds covered with dry sand; the pandal was large enough to cover two thousand people. At our first meeting there were only about fifty people present, but we felt the presence of God in our midst from the very beginning. From day to day the attendance of the people increased and also the power of God, so that three days after the opening there were a thousand people at the meeting listening to the message of eternal life. Oh how the people flocked from the various villages! They came distances from five to twenty-two miles, often singing their songs of deliverance as they came. One night as I was crossing the bridge on my way to the pandal, I heard singing to my left, and saw men and women walking through the water up to their loins on their way to the meeting, singing as they came. It would have done you good to have seen them sit there for hours listening to the Word and to see the hunger in their faces.

Our congregations were composed of Syrians and Hindoos; it was very hot weather and as the crowds increased it was exceedingly trying to work amongst them in the daytime. It was like we read of in the Gospels, "they stepped upon one another." At four p. m. we held a daily meeting for deeper teaching and those seeking the baptism in the Holy Ghost and for my work-

ers and interpreters, and God dealt with them very deeply.

On Sunday the 18th we had our last and best meeting, with over twenty-two hundred people present, about two hundred being on the outside of the pandal, listening with eager hearts.

We were all very tired from the heavy strain of these two weeks of meetings, and felt the need of rest before going to the third place. Our two lady workers went to rest for a few days at a little town near the Arabian Sea, but the rest of the band thought we would have a quiet little time at our lodging at Kundara before the next meeting began, but rest was out of the question, for when we arrived the people began to flock to us for prayer and help. At our first meeting there were over a thousand present, and the Gospel plow went deep. During that week they came long distances to attend the meeting, some walking forty-two miles, and bringing their sick with them. As I stood before those big crowds, numbering over two thousand as the week wore on, I said to myself, "Oh yes! it has paid me a thousand times to come all the way from America to dark India and share with others a few hardships for Christ's sake and lost souls." Praise God for the privilege! The largest meeting was on Sunday, February 25th, with more than thirty-five hundred present. The heat was intense, and with so many people sitting packed together upon the ground, it was almost unbearable for Europeans to work in their midst, but God gave grace for it all. The Spirit often fell upon the people in prayer at the close of the meetings, some smiting their breast and crying to God with a loud voice to have mercy upon them. Truly God heard their prayer and scores were swept into His Kingdom out of heathen darkness, both Hindoos and Syrians. Many sick were healed and delivered from demons. In all my life I have never witnessed a similar meeting, and I feel we are on the eve of perhaps the greatest revival

old dark India has ever seen. God used us mostly in sowing the seed, yet I am convinced there were not less than two hundred souls saved and nearly that many sick bodies healed in the Mighty Name of Jesus. Unto Him who alone is worthy be all the glory and praise forever.

I have invitations and calls to hold large meetings in at least eight central places in the states of Travancore and Conchin. God willing, I expect to go again in June and August of this year.

Thousands of souls are calling for the Word of Life on this southwest coast of India. God wonderfully helped and sustained us on our last month's tour, but we have now nineteen native workers to support and there is always more we could do for God if we had the means. It costs five dollars a month to support one of my native evangelists in this field. Some have promised to help with their means, but they have forgotten their promises. It is not enough to pray "God bless the dear missionary," but it takes something more to provide for a band of native work-

ers. I trust the people of the homeland will not forget our material needs.

We are willing for the Gospel's sake to endure hardships; our long ride of forty-eight hours in a third-class carriage, sleeping on hard boards or stones during the three weeks' meetings, eating native food until one becomes sick and faint—these sacrifices we are glad to make without murmuring when we realize what has been wrought in the lives of these people by the power of God, and we are grateful to God to be made partakers in the sufferings of Christ; but we do need help. Oh that God would give us a hundred men like the warriors of old who counted not their lives dear unto themselves; men who are burned out for God and for immortal souls. Who will come? The time is short. Please pray for my nineteen workers and the work in South India. All foreign letters should bear a five-cent stamp or we have to pay double postage to get them from the postoffice.

Encouraging News from Egypt

AND gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north and from the south."

These truly are days of gathering out. What a gathering out there has been within the last few years from every nation of earth and from the islands of the sea! Many workers have gone forth into the harvest fields, not even stopping to ask what the wages will be, but knowing that One had said, " whatsoever is right I will give you." They have gone forth in great numbers, trusting God to supply all their needs, but there is a cry for thousands more. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." O hungry Egypt, how vast her needs!

With a population of about thirteen million people, with more than six thousand cities, towns and villages, what an army of workers are needed! But God is moving in behalf of this old land. He said more than twenty-six hundred years ago, "Blessed be Egypt My people." Counting only one Christian worker to every two cities, towns and villages, more than three thousand workers are needed. Besides there are hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of Bibles needed for distribution. A few days ago five dollars were placed in our hands for this purpose. We thanked God for this beginning and purchased with it, four Bibles, nineteen Testaments and ninety-four Gospels. But what are

these among thirteen millions of people? But God is able to multiply the loaves and fishes.

Last week we were in Cairo in company with Brother H. E. Randall to make further arrangements for the publication of our paper in Arabic. It is proposed (*D. V.*) that there shall be five thousand copies of the next issue. This paper will be scattered freely among the Arab-speaking people as God provides and opens the way. We not only need missionaries but native workers, which God is raising up, but as they go forth to preach the Gospel they must be clothed and fed.

Last Saturday we held a service at one of the schools of the city. A young man stepped forward and said, "I want to consecrate my life to God for His service. Pray for me." A call was made for others and fourteen young men and boys stepped forward and knelt in consecration to God for His service. Several are just waiting the command of God to give their time entirely to His work, and they are greatly needed.

God has been blessing us lately on Pentecostal lines. Fifteen have just received the baptism in the Holy Ghost. A week ago Sunday we were awakened at three a. m. by the songs and prayers of some who had gathered at that early hour to seek Pentecost. This meeting continued without a break until five p. m., eight receiving the baptism.

Two missionaries, Brother H. E. Randall of Ottawa, Canada, and Brother Albert Juillerat of

New York City, arrived about a month ago. Brother Randall is an experienced missionary, having spent about seven years in Egypt, and understands the Arabic language. Brother Juillerat is young in God's service, but God is blessing him. Brother Charles S. Leonard and

family who joined us three or four months ago, expect to go to Cairo about the first of April and open up a mission there. May God abundantly bless their labors. Pray for us and pray for Egypt.

GEORGE S. BRELSFORD.

Assiout, Egypt.

A Precious Experience

FOR several weeks I have been under great pressure from the enemy. He has come in like a flood, and I have felt at times the responsibilities of the church, the paper, and the rearing and educating of my children have been far more than I could bear. How my heart has bled in its loneliness and awful anguish God alone knows! In my weakness I have said to Him many times, "Lord, I cannot bear these burdens alone," and I have wanted to ask THE EVANGEL readers to pray for me but hesitated. There have been times when I have felt literally torn and bruised in body and in spirit, the onslaughts of the enemy have been so severe. But the Lord of hosts has come to my rescue and has never failed me in my need.

Yesterday morning He gave me such a precious lesson from His Word. As my heart sorrowed the Book opened at Isaiah 54:4-8. I had never seen those words before and they blessedly comforted me. But it seems I need His constant upholding, and last night as I retired I again cried to the Lord to speak to His child. I slept sweetly until 4:30 this morning (April 29th) when I awakened, feeling the burdens of the week rush upon me. I immediately lifted my heart to God and He seemed to carry me away in a vision.

In spirit I found myself in a very dark part of this great city. The darkness was so dense it seemed unsafe for a woman to travel alone, but down the long, dark streets and alleys as they stretched out before me in great distances, I felt I must take my journey in life. I started out, but became very tired, and the darkness made me tremble. Finally, when nearly overpowered by fear, I looked up and said, "Jesus, I cannot go further alone." As I looked up, the atmosphere above was illuminated by a strange and wonderful light. I stood transfixed, when a voice spoke to me, and said, "Come up here. The light of the world is Jesus. Come up here in His realm and do your work." I said, "Lord, give me faith," and with my eyes on Him I arose from

the darkness, taking the same journey in His wonderful light, and with the same voice continually ringing in my ears, "The light of the world is Jesus."

How He will illuminate the dark path of life if we will only take Him with us. There is no darkness where He is.

The Spirit seemed to prompt me to write this little incident for THE EVANGEL, and ask our readers to pray that by faith I might ever walk in that light, and that Satan may not be permitted to hinder in any way the plan of God for me and for His work committed to my trust.

I also crave your prayers for THE EVANGEL, that God will continue to bless its ministry to thousands. God's people all over the land have written us of the great blessing received through the paper and we have been encouraged by their appreciative words and desire to have it continue. We ask the hearty cooperation of our readers that they will help us to "sow beside all waters." Send THE EVANGEL to your friends. It can preach where you cannot.

Do not forget to pray for The Stone Church. God gave to my husband and me a precious band of people. Their hearts often sorrow with mine, but they have bravely taken up the battle and I thank God for their loyalty and loving cooperation. We are truly grateful for the way He has kept the doors of The Stone Church open through the long winter months and for the way He has enabled us to meet our expenses, which we feel is very gracious of the Lord considering the fact that we have no organized membership and no pledges, but as a body we look to Him to supply all our needs. But we praise Him most of all for the spiritual food He has given us from His bounteous table. Pray that there may be no lessening of the zeal for God in these trying days, but that this lighthouse of the Lord's planting may shine out more and more brightly as the shadows of the coming darkness fall upon us.

April 29, 1912.

LYDIA M. PIPER.

"Expectation Corner," a blessed and inspiring book on prayer. Cloth, price 30 cts.

The Latter Rain Evangel

3616 Prairie Avenue - - - - - Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.00 (4s-2d) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD .50 (2s-1d) six months in advance

To those wholly engaged in the work of the Lord
Fifty cents (2s-1d) per year in advance

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express or postal orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House.

Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly add "LATTER RAIN EVANGEL" Chicago, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Postoffice Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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

THE whole world has been appalled at the great disaster on the Atlantic—the collision of the gigantic vessel *Titanic* with an iceberg while running at high speed on the night of April 14th. Hundreds of lives were sacrificed to satisfy the greed for competition and the lust for speed. The boat was equipped with every luxury and convenience for pleasure but insufficiently fitted with equipment for the safety of its passengers. The luxurious saloons, gymnasiums, etc., stand out in strong contrast to the great lack of proper safeguards in case of danger.

The world today has a growing reckless disregard for human life, and even a jolt like this will only arrest them for a time; it will soon be forgotten by the masses in their race for pleasure and desire for supremacy.

Man is trusting today in the security of his own handiwork and expecting it to save him in time of peril. They boasted that the ship was unsinkable, just as they are boasting today in San Francisco that they are putting up earthquake-proof buildings, but "when they say peace and safety then sudden destruction cometh upon them."

One of the signs of the last days is the multiplication of wealth. James says prophetically, "Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." It does seem as though in this awful disaster God had a rebuke for wealth and luxury. Evening dress and jewels, cards, drinking and

smoking, were little preparation for the souls that went to meet their God. Some of the wealthiest people in the world went down on that Sunday night, but little their wealth availed them in the hour of death. Nothing counts in that crucial moment but a life cleansed and redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus; clothed in His righteousness.

While this is an age of scoffers, yet in times of such dire extremity the heart of the hardest looks to His God. One of the survivors, who with others floated for hours on a raft in the icy waters, in answer to a query is reported to have said: "Did we pray? Through all that wild night there was not a moment that our prayers did not rise above the waves. Men who seemed to have forgotten long ago how to address their Creator, recalled the prayers of their childhood and murmured them over and over again. We said the Lord's prayer again and again together."

It is good to know they looked to the only source of help in their extremity, but how sad to wait until such an occasion to make preparation for an endless life.

Campmeetings

The Second "New England Campmeeting" will be held at Chautauqua Assembly Grounds, Montwait, South Framingham, Massachusetts, June 27 to July 7. Information concerning entertainment furnished by T. Arthur Lewis, 140 Hollis Street, South Framingham, Mass.

* * *

Paterson, New Jersey, Third Annual Campmeeting for New York City and vicinity, held on Laurel Island Camp Ground, July 20 to August 4. For information write J. P. Blackledge, pastor, 102 North Eighth Street.

* * *

The Third Annual Apostolic Faith Campmeeting of Pennsylvania will be held in Homestead Park, Pittsburg, July 7 to 23 inclusive. For information address, Pastor T. S. Float, 1104 Belmont Street, Wilksburg, Pennsylvania.

Missionaries Needed for Africa

A STRONG cry for more laborers for West Africa comes from William Johnson, Cape Palmas, Liberia. He has a school in which he is training boys and girls to be native evangelists, and he writes they are developing into strong men and women for God. He says:

"I have just returned from an itinerating trip of two weeks in the bush country; started with seven boys, and after walking an hour and a half came to a town named Sorroka where the people were just in the act

of giving a woman sasswood, which is a poison they give when any one is accused of being a witch or if a woman has committed adultery. They claim if the party is innocent it will not harm her. God enabled me to save the woman's life and they permitted her to go free.

"We next visited Gropaka and then pushed our way through forest and jungle, visiting twelve towns, in most of which the name of Jesus had never been heard. The travelling was exceedingly difficult, and at times we felt we could not go on, but as we knelt in the forest and laid our needs before God He gave us strength to continue our journey.

"The darkness in these places was so dense we could almost feel it, and witchcraft reigns. Our hearts bled for them but we found it very difficult to talk to them as their dialect is different from the one spoken by our boys. On this trip we had four different dialects to contend with, but we sowed the seed and God will give the increase. Pray much for this country. Just think, the coast is only one hundred miles away, and here are people who have never heard of Him who died to save them! I want to go out more to preach, but to do so I need some one to leave with the school work. Wife is not strong enough to be left alone with the work. Is there not some one whom God has called who could come and assist in this work of redeeming souls, and teach reading and writing in the school? The field is open! The harvest is white! Where are the reapers?"

God's Faithfulness

ONE of God's own children who has been a Christian worker for many years has been confined to her room during the past winter

because of illness. Over thirty years ago when she was left a widow God showed her He would be a Husband to her, and if she would be as faithful to Him as she had been to her earthly companion, in loving service, He would never leave her nor forsake her, and He never has.

When she was confined to her room she didn't see how He could care for her then, but He showed her if she would *believe* she should *see*.

One day when she had a very special financial need and feeling burdened about it she thought she must have the day for prayer and asked God not to let any one come to see her that day. This is the result:

At 8:30 a poor woman came needing comfort, advice and clothes. She had not left over twenty minutes when a girl came to ask if she ought to go to a vaudeville theatre to please her cousin from out of town who was not a Christian. Her mother thought she would be ashamed not to go with him and the show would be no worse than some she had attended in some of the churches, etc. An hour later, a boy (a babe in Christ) came for comfort and instruction. In the afternoon he came back with another who wanted to find Jesus and obey Him in water baptism.

While serving God and ministering to these needy ones she forgot her own need, but God did not, and the evening mail brought the answer to the prayer that had been in her heart all day.

The Law of Christ

Some Remarks on the Finished Work

D. Wesley Myland, 349 N. Garfield Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, in the Stone Church, February 18, 1912

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Gal. 6:2.



HAVE been speaking to you the past days about "the law of the Spirit," and this afternoon I am to talk to you on "the law of Christ," and possibly that will help to illustrate to some minds the meaning of "the law of the Spirit of life in Jesus Christ." The great

laws of the New Testament stand out so prominently and blessedly; we sometimes think that because the law is fulfilled in Christ we are without law in the New Testament, but that is a great mistake. He came to fill up the law, exalt it and make it honorable, and while we are delivered from the laws that we could not keep, it is all because we have come in touch with another set of laws which are higher, and instead of us keeping them, they keep us. That is the vast and yet

simple difference between the laws of the New Testament and the laws of the Old. In the Old Testament all the ordinances were against us; they demanded us to do things and to keep them. These New Testament laws tell us we should "cease from *our works*"—trust Christ, and they will keep us. Doesn't that look pretty good? The laws of the New Testament are set in order so that if they obtain in us we have their benefit; they will not only keep the other laws, but keep us too. You can not find a law in the Old Testament which says it makes a man free. It says, "Do this and thou shalt live." Another comes along and it says, "If you don't do this you are condemned and you will die." But when we move into the New Testament and find one of these great paramount new laws, we can read to the poor struggling soul, "I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord, *for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from*

the law of sin and death." Already the Apostle has told us in the second chapter of this Epistle to the Galatians how that mighty law nullifies sin and how it crucifies self, and how, because the Spirit has formed a new man, that He comes into him and actually makes him free in Christ Jesus, as well as nullifying the law of sin and the self-life.

Let us now read a little about this law of Christ. Passing from "the law of the Spirit," here is "*the law of Christ.*" There is the "law of life," that points back to the Father. The "law of life," the "law of Christ," and the "law of the Spirit" are what we call the *three divine laws*—persons of God; laws of the divine trinity, and if the "law of faith" operates in us we have a quartette of law that sweeps all the sin and self out of our lives and keeps us free.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Christ has fulfilled all the old law for us by making it honorable and exalting it, but there is one law He can not fulfil, and that is left for us to fill up. He has been here, He has accomplished His mission, done His work, and, bless God, He has done it so no man or devil can undo it. He has done it so it remains done for eternity. He is able to save clear through to the uttermost. Oh, hell doesn't like that! devils hate that, but it is true. All the righteousness of the law is filled up in Him. I take my place in Him, and I have His righteousness. But because He came and fulfilled all righteousness we have the law of Christ; and now we get the benefit of His fulfilment of all law for us that we can fill this up. We can do it in His righteousness, in the liberty of that law of His Spirit and in the joy of that law of the love of His Father that gave Him, and it is left for us to fill up the law of Christ.

Paul said in his Epistle to the Colossians it was left for him and for all believers "to fill up the measure of the sufferings of Christ that are lacking for the body's sake which is the church." You know He only began that, and He accomplished His mission, but it is left for us to carry it on, and it is not only given to us, he says in Philippians 1:29, "to believe on the name of the Lord Jesus, but also to suffer for His sake." Now you get a little hint of what the Lord means in Gal. 6:2, "Bear ye"—that is get under and lift, carry, endure—"one another's burdens, and so fulfil"—or fill up—"the law of Christ." Now how far have we fulfilled it? Some Christians are only busy continually going around finding somebody else to bear their burdens. May God

search our hearts this afternoon and see whether we really are self-deniers and co-workers with Christ.

I heard Mr. Moody say in the old Standard Theatre in Chicago in 1892 when we were carrying on that World's Fair Convention: "I can get a thousand people to take the blessings of Christ's Gospel where I can not get ten to go out and bear the burdens of Christ's Gospel for others." One of the most experienced and masterful evangelists this country has ever seen said that, and he knew men as he knew God. As I heard that twenty-one years ago, I said, "Lord, make me a burden-bearer for Thee." It was rather a foolish prayer which I didn't need to utter. We get plenty of burdens without praying for them. I hear people telling God to do this and that; if God answered all our prayers not one of us would be here. But I was in desperation at that time. The devil, or some of his imps, was nagging at me and saying, "You see Moody is getting queer and fanatical;" but, oh, the Holy Ghost burned in my heart and I had to get deliverance some way, so I got it through that ejaculatory prayer and God took me at my word, and from that time He made me one continuous burden-bearer. Shall I say I am sorry? No! It is the greatest joy of my life. And again He said it to me here, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

When people first came to me to pray that they might be delivered of their burdens I used to be foolish enough to do it, but I know better now. God holds me responsible. I first find out the nature of the burden, where it came from, whom it concerns and what its object is. I would not for the world have you delivered from any burden that belonged to the realm of Christ, for His sake, on His account and for His body that ye may be glorified. No, no! "But," people often say to me, "Brother Myland, these peculiar and close-fitting texts in God's Word seem to be contradictory." Yes, they do *seem* so; but when you have these paradoxes in scripture, that we call them, seeming contradictions, this is where you get the greatest illumination of truth when you have them in their right relations and look at them from their right angle. In this connection they often quote verse five of this chapter: "Every man shall bear his own burden;" of course they mean the other fellow, not themselves, and when they get rid of bearing the other's burden, they go away to get somebody to bear theirs. Let us see about that a minute. Let God take our measure and see how close we are

running to this tremendous, all-prevailing and important law of Christ, and for a moment let me give you a little exegetical help here. That seems to be the most important part of my mission, to give you scriptures rightly interpreted to your heart and life.

Galations 6:2 says, "Bear ye *one another's* burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;" fifth verse, "Every man"—that word "man" should be "one"—"shall bear his *own* burden." Now these burdens are different, that is the reason. The first "burden" is a different word in the Greek. It is *bartos* and that means weakness or weaknesses. It means infirmities, troubles, afflictions. "Bear ye one another's troubles, afflictions, etc., and so fulfil the law of Christ." How? Why? It tells us in the first verse, if a man be overtaken in a fault, if through infirmity, some awful trouble or great affliction he is overtaken, and fails in judgment and faith. God sees the pressure His children are under; He knows and understands. "In all their affliction He was afflicted and the angel of His presence saved them." So He tells us how to help the one who is overtaken in a fault, who gets into one of the devil's inventions unintentionally. His subtle devices and evil machinations come upon you unawares. Look how he followed the Pilgrim Christian; overtook him from behind, hit him square between the shoulders and down he went like Billy Bray. They said to Billy: "Why, Billy, we hear the devil knocked you down." He said, "Yes, but he overshot himself; he struck me from behind but he knocked me on my knees. I called on Jesus and when I looked around the devil was gone." It is a good thing to fall on your knees. Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees. Well, if a person is overtaken in a fault, you who are *spiritual*, you who are standing straight up and all right, you who are not so unfortunate just then, help him up, out of the filth and scum and spawn of hell. Oh, the streets of this age, spiritually, are filthy. The age is to end as Sodom. That is what it is called in the Book of Revelation, Sodom-like, and God's judgment is on it. So if any one is falling, pick him up as quickly as you can. Go right to God for him. I know it is pretty hard, but let us look away to Jesus, get bathed in the blood and go on our way. "Restore such an one," and of course, lecture him all the time. Get hold of one hand and with the other pound something into him. Is that the way? Ah, no! "Restore such an one in the spirit of *meekness*; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." If

you are run down by the devices of the devil, you don't want somebody to try to restore you with arguments and criticism, but with meekness, "for with what measure you meet, it shall be measured to you again." Now you see the setting of this verse, "Bear ye one another's burdens," infirmities, trials, afflictions; bear them, and fill up "the law of Christ," for that is what He did for us. What does it say He is touched with today up there? "The feeling of our infirmities;" not feelings, it is one big feeling, but the infirmities are many, for every kind of infirmity results in the same feeling, a feeling of weakness, so it is feeling—singular, but infirmities—plural; for God knows we never stop with one. He is touched with the feeling; remember He is not touched with the infirmities. Thank God, we have a Saviour and a High Priest who never had any infirmities. That is why He could take ours. He never had any sins; that is why He could take ours, but "He is touched with the *feeling* of our infirmities and knows how to succor them that are tempted." He is touched now as truly and easily as I am talking to you, with the feeling of every infirmity of His children. You can touch Christ like that woman in the press, and because of that relation there is virtue going out from Him and that is why you do not fail. He illustrated this principle and truth in the hint He gave His disciples though they did not comprehend it fully before He left them. He told them in that day, when He got to the Father's presence as their Intercessor and High Priest, that whatsoever they would ask the Father in His Name He would give it them, and "because He lives"—not because you ask, not because you send up a great cry and tell a great pathetic story, but just "because I live, ye shall live also." That is a greater reason why God's children are kept than because of all our praying and all our working—"because *He lives*." Oh, if you knew the secret, the impartation, diffusion of the life of Jesus because of this relation you would be more full of praise and thanksgiving to God and more confident in your life in the hard places.

Now in verse five, "Everyone shall bear his *own* burden," we have a different word, "*fortecn*," from which we get our word fortitude, and we always associate that with anybody bearing their burden self-composedly. We say they went through the trial, carried the burden with a great deal of Christian fortitude, and that is an admirable quality in any character. Christian strength and courage you can not bear for another. *There* is where every one must bear his

own burden. This is your own personality, and in the nature of the thing you must bear it in and with yourself. No one can bear that for you. Hence we tell people frankly, "We can carry your weaknesses and your infirmities for you and will do it gladly, but into the individual and personal consciousness; into the sensibilities and secret places of life which refer to the questions of internal responsibility, character and attitude, guilt and immortality, here we can not and dare not enter." Nobody could stand with Jacob. Jacob had a place of "pouring out" at the ford of the Jordan, called "Jabbok." There is a rapid and a little falls, as the Jordan pours itself out from the upper tablelands to the valley below, and this is where Jacob came, because "Jacob" was to be "poured out," and "Israel" was to be "filled in." The old man with all his graspings and all his self-seeking and self-desire was to be emptied out; and not only that, he was to be lame and weak all the rest of his life, and Israel was to be poured in, having power with God and man. I can not go with you there. That is your nature, that is your individuality, that is your personality. There you must deal with God. "There wrestled with him a man till the breaking of the day." "And He blessed him there." We do not wrestle with God, God wrestles with us. What can we do wrestling with God? The point for us is to yield to God, and we only yield after God throws us down, puts our thigh out of joint and takes all our strength away; then in our yieldedness we say, "Simply to Thy cross I cling." We say, "Do not leave me this way, you have ruined all my natural strength. I can not even get up; bless me." Do you remember the night God put your thigh out of joint, striking the sinew of the old nature, the self-life? Oh it is a blessed thing when we get through with the self-life, its passions, its propensities and say, "I am a prince now, having power with God and man." You want the preacher to help you there? He can not bear your burden there. You must die your own death. You must reckon yourself to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. I can not go into that problem and figure out that sum of mathematics between the old self-life and the new man and God; you must do it yourself. I know the answer. It is in the back of the book, just as they used to print the answer to the problems in the old arithmetics. You would like to go into the back of the book and find the answer without working the whole problem. I know some people that passed through the arith-

metic reading the answers to the solution, but they could not figure out the hard sums afterward. I know some Christians, too, that tried to do that way in spiritual things, and I always notice when they get out into real life, and these problems have to be worked out in *daily life*, these Christians are all at sea. The best way to go through the arithmetic is the way I had to do; scratch your head with one hand and figure with the other until you get through. And the best way to get through with the problems of sin and the "self-life," is to "*reckon your self dead,*" and then proceed to "*die daily.*"

Now you see the difference between burdens. The burden you should bear yourself you generally want to escape, and the church is preaching this. The church is preaching service, service, before she has died with her Lord and made the sacrifice. "Works, works, works!" Why they actually work to keep from dying, to keep from the crucified life. They work in companies, they can not go alone; they must have company and have the thing fixed up with some inducement or some pleasure to make it go easy; they call it service. The soul that has gone "through" can bid good-by to every interest and every friend, and go to the uttermost parts of the earth alone and there fulfil the will of God. There he will hear Him say, "I will be a little sanctuary to you in the presence of the heathen where I have brought you." He has a heaven there, alone with God. People like that could live alone with God forever, but they are the best people in the world to have in the association, the only people really, that are worth while. They are the ones that really make "the communion of saints," that are exuding goodness continually; radiating, diffusing the life, the joy and peace; the gladness and the blessing; helping in time of need wherever they go. You can not walk by their side without feeling blessed, like dear old Cookman when he walked the streets of Philadelphia. A little boy going to school, crossed the streets and came up beside him. "What do you want, my dear little fellow?" said the great saint as he took his hand. "Oh nothing, but will you just let me walk with you?" His mother asked the little boy, "Why did you want to walk with Mr. Cookman?" "Oh," he said, "he looks so good, he just looked as though he wanted me to walk with him." When you have this "law of Christ" in you, everybody wants to be with you.

Let us see where we find the law of Christ. We find it in the twelfth verse; in "the cross of Christ." This sixth of Galatians is what I call

the greatest chapter of the Epistle. Paul had a lot of trouble with these Galatians. They believed in Christ, they got justified and converted, but they didn't get the old "Gaul"-nature taken out of them, and so they went back, and got mixed up. But Paul says, "Oh foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you? Who turned you aside? You were running well, who did hinder you that you should not obey the truth?" They needn't find fault with outside people; it was the old "Gaul"-nature (self), just like it is in every mortal; like Paul describes himself and all others on that line in the seventh of Romans. He said, "I have travailed in birth again for you, until Christ be formed within," and he told them how he went through in the twentieth verse of the second chapter: "Once I died"—Christ died for me; that is one thing, and *that work is all finished*, but it will never be finished in me until I die with Christ. If Christ died for our sins on the cross we must die with Christ to our sin, the *sin-principle* that dwelleth in us. This can never be atoned for or forgiven, because it is a *principle*, not an act. The Holy Spirit must put that to death. Christ's finished work on the cross never could take care of the *self-life* in the *nature* of the case. No use dogmatizing about that. It is the old question that was thrashed out in the Third Century, thank God, and it ought to have been buried forever, but people that have not studied the whole history of the Gospel and the church do not know what things happened in the past. They won't take time to read the next great book of truth to the Bible, history, that never changes, and the history of the church says that it was fully thrashed out then; but every once in a while we find it cropping out again. The old self-nature is just the same, world without end, and Jesus Christ's death on the cross for our sins never settled the *self-question*; that is settled by the *death of it in us*; put to death by the Spirit, Rom. 8:13. That is the *Holy Spirit's work* by the *Word of God*, as a result of the "finished work of Christ"—the *provision* for it is in that. I have it all there in Christ's finished work on the cross, *objectively*; but if I want it *subjectively*, it is put down right in me and I have to know the death, but listen, *the old man never dies and never can be put to death until after the new man is born*; hence nobody can be sanctified until after he is regenerated. Now, I am not talking about doctrine. This is in the *nature* of the case, in the *law*, and if the "law of the Spirit" is the *infilling* and the *new life* in this new man, then the "law of Christ" is the *crucifixion* and *death* of the old

man. Then the new man can fulfil the "law of Christ" in bearing *others'* burdens, even as He did the burden of our sins. Do you know whom God is looking for today? He is looking for *burdenless* Christians. Only to the extent that we are burdenless Christians can we ever possibly be made a blessing. I am talking about the *nature* of things, the law of things, that all the talk in the world and all the theories under heaven could not change. These are inherent principles and God is looking for burdenless Christians. No wonder the songs are written that way. Our hymnology is the best theology we have, after all. People that sing all the good old hymns of the church rarely backslide. Why? Because song is in the poetic realm. It belongs to the nature of inspiration and you can not get very far away from the blessed Spirit of Truth when you are singing the good old hymnology of the church. The Methodist Hymnal is the best theology the Methodists have. The Bishop who ordained me to the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ said that. It has a lot in it that the Methodist preachers are afraid to preach. It is full of the Lord's Coming and of Divine Healing, and, oh, what songs there are about the Holy Spirit and Divine love. Who would ever want to trade off

"Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown?"

No, they don't want that kind of a dwelling. Most of them want a little more of the world, fashion, pride, card-parties, theatres and dances and all kinds of tom-foolery. The church is full of them. I have a right to speak. I was a Methodist pastor a good while.

Where is the law of Christ? It is in the "*Cross of Christ*." (Verse twelve) "As many as desire to make a fair show in the flesh"—yes, it cuts pretty close here; it just puts the clippers on—"they constrain you to be circumcised;" some outward thing, something under the law of "works," but not the law of the cross—death, it (works) didn't hurt—"only lest they should suffer *persecution* for the *cross of Christ*." This is the Christ chapter, and that cross of Christ is so important that Paul repeats it again in the fourteenth verse, and says, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Where do you find the law of Christ? In the cross of Christ. You never would have had the law of Christ in this world if you hadn't had the Son of God hanging on that bloody cross. The

world doesn't want the cross, and so the world hasn't got the law of Christ. O beloved, this old Book is never exhausted. How it talked to me the other day. And I didn't know God was going to send me here to talk to you about this, but I am His subject.

And now in the third place, if I find the "law of Christ" in the "cross of Christ," there is where I get the "new creature in Christ," because Paul says he glories in the cross of Christ. Well, I find this law of Christ, "the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." And so when you talk about the cross of Christ, and that He was crucified there for the sins of the world, bring in also this law of Christ; do not stop with your crucifixion on *Calvary*, and do not talk so glibly about the finished work on *Calvary*, on the cross where Jesus hung, until you have had a *two-fold* test of it in *yourself*; because in that cross I find the law of Christ that crucifies the world to me and me to the world. Self cries out, "I do not like that, it hurts." While they preach the "finished work on *Calvary*," that was done *for me*, and all finished, I can shout and clap my hands, and when the *Holy Spirit* comes and says, "I'd like to *crucify that old nature in you*—you die to the world," we say, "Yes, Lord, I am going through," but you let *the world crucify you*; that isn't popular because it is the "dying daily."

And when I find that "new creation in Christ," I discover a *fourth* thing. I discover the "marks of Christ." He has a mark put on His goods, and He would not have a new creation in Him and not mark it. He puts a trade mark on it. Well, what is the trade mark? How am I going to know *Him*?

"I shall know Him! I shall know Him!
As redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him! I shall know Him!
By the print of the nails in His hands."

What is the mark of Christ? His *crucifixion*—the marks of His death. What is our communion for? the greatest memorial that we have in our system and economy of faith? "As oft as you do this, ye do show forth the Lord's *death*—(to living souls)—until He comes." The mark of my Christ is death, His redeeming blood that saves and cleanses from sin. What then is the mark of *His new creature*, mark of ownership, mark of protection, mark of immunity, security? "I bear in my body marks of the *dying* of the Lord Jesus Christ." Why? How can I get them in my body? "I have been crucified with Christ." If He did it *for me*, and I take that as done *for*

me, how will I ever get it *in me*? If I am to have the same marks, I must have the same *process*, and he names it as not the marks that Christ got, because He was crucified, but "I *bear in my body* the stamp, the tattoo, the puncture of the kind of death He died—the world has been crucified to me, and I have been crucified to the world—I have been crucified with Christ, yet nevertheless I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me. The life I now live in this mortal body, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me. And herein I frustrate not the grace of God." He lives—the *new Creature*, but He has the marks of the *crucifixion*. He is a new Christ, risen from the dead. The disciples' hopes were blasted because He had gone; their expectations were dashed to the ground. They were in the upper room, the doors bolted and the windows fastened down for fear the Jews would get them and crucify them, and Jesus came in. If He is resurrected why should He not bear the marks of death to the great work He had accomplished, the redemptive power that was in Him? And if I am a new creature, why should I also bear the marks of the old? Because it is a proof that I have in me the redemptive *effects* of that work He accomplished, "I bear in my body"—with reference to this what do we find? "No man can trouble me," and you find people that get to this point in "the law of Christ," which is the Christ law, are no trouble-makers and no trouble-takers; they are not troubled, and they watch and pray continually that they make no trouble, but those that have not had this "heart-mark" and "ear-mark" and "tongue-mark;" this "hand-mark" and "foot-mark" of the "*new creature* in Christ Jesus" passed through *crucifixion*, you will find trouble-makers and trouble-takers wherever you go, and they can not help it. "But now," says this mighty apostle of the regenerating, sanctifying grace of God, "from henceforth no man can trouble me for I bear in my body the marks of the dying—(crucifixion and death)—of the Lord Jesus." He had been punctured all over, and the world, the flesh and the devil couldn't phase him. Oh, it is blessed to be able to say, "I have suffered there before. I am dead already. It doesn't hurt." If it hurts you are not dead.

When the executioners came around at the appointed time that day to take down the three that hung on those crosses and to see if they were dead, there was one whose legs they didn't break. You see they could not. It had been said of old by the Holy Spirit through the prophet, "Not a

bone of Him shall be broken," but I know that prophecy was not given just as a simple protective element, it has its spiritual setting. Why? Because the Holy Spirit knew that before the appointed time that man gives the natural heart to die, His heart would be broken by the sin of the world; it emitted not only blood but water, which proves from cardiac science that He died of a broken heart. What is it that breaks hearts? You can spell it with three letters. It tells the story of all the broken hearts the world ever knew. "Sin" is the heart-breaker. You can call it by whatever name you please, but it is sin. And what is a heart-curer? The grace of God with eternal salvation that appears unto all men. "They brake not His legs, for He was dead already," but they brake the others' legs. If your legs, and neck, and head, and feelings are being continually broken, you are not yet dead. "From henceforth no man can trouble me. I bear in my body the marks—(the stigmatti, the death)—of the Lord Jesus." Oh this is the high-water mark of the Christ-victorious life. This is the way the Holy Spirit can manifest Christ in the whole man or woman in this work. This is where He can do His work and make Christ Jesus a big Savior to you.

But I give you the *fifth* thing about Christ in

this chapter, which closes it. The *law* of Christ is in the *cross* of Christ and makes a *new* creature in Christ, which has the "*mark*" of Christ. Now this is all possible through the "*grace*" of Christ. And the new creature in Christ is free. He can not be troubled any more. He is a burden-bearer; he becomes a burdenless Christian. Oh, what a community that makes! Oh, what a church and assembly! What a home that will make! Willing to take the hard end for Jesus' sake, "the short end of the double tree." How did this all come about, and how is it going to be continued in us and we preserved in it until we meet Jesus in the air? This is it: "The *grace* of our Lord Jesus Christ is with your *spirit*." There is no benediction I like so well as that little one at the end of the Epistle to the Galatians; and it is the only benediction you have in the Bible in this setting. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ is with your spirits," your *spiritual nature*, your nature that is born of God, the nature that doesn't sin; "because it is born of God, it cannot sin." The old man, the psychical nature, has been crucified and put out with all the desires of the body, and this new creature is grown up in Christ Jesus, and all the graces of the Lord Jesus, yea, and the gifts of the Spirit are with your spirit. Amen.

Preaching the Gospel at a Heathen Festival

Minnie F. Abrams, Uska Bazar, Basti District, United Provinces, India



WE HAVE been out with the Gospel wagon and the tent the past two weeks, and the previous week Miss Yager was ill, nigh unto death, but the Lord spared her, for which we praise Him.

We started, two men evangelists, two women evangelists and myself from Uska Bazar to Basti, forty-four miles, with a small tent and simple cooking arrangement, bedding, etc., in our Gospel wagon. We had a banner flying, "Victory to Jesus," but so few people knew how to read, I do not think many read it, or if they did, some had no idea who Jesus is. We were asked many times, "What is that thing, Jesus?" The word is so new and strange that they did not know that Jesus is not a thing but a person.

The golden grain was waving in the fields, and they were full of busy reapers, for in these North Provinces there is great plenty, these parts not being subject to famine as frequently as some other portions of India. The first twelve miles, over rough roads and through

sandy river-beds, was very difficult, and we could not preach to the people very much, they were so busy. We stopped at night at Bansi, put up our tent, cooked our evening meal and enjoyed a good night's rest, the men sleeping in the wagon. The next day we preached in the town, and had a good hearing. We wanted to stay longer, for the people had never heard, but we had started for the Ajodhya mela where thousands would be congregated within a few days, to worship the idol Ram and bathe in the sacred river, hoping thus to be cleansed from their sin. We arrived at Basti Saturday morning, took on a supply of food, got our oxen shod, and started off Saturday evening with two more men and three women workers. We camped eight miles away; it was dark when we got there and when we arose Sunday morning we found ourselves surrounded by nine villages, very near to us. Our evangelist visited these villages and gave the message of salvation. Two of us sat in the shade of a tree by the roadside and sang hymns and

told the message of life and salvation to the groups of weary travelers who were going to the mela. They were very glad to sit down for a few minutes and rest.

Monday morning Miss Doll and one more Indian lady evangelist started from Basti, and overtook us in a grove where we had stopped to cook and rest during the heat of the day, under the shady mango trees, of which there are so many in this northland. We now numbered a band of twelve workers. These were all educated and trained in Pandita Ramabai's work. We praise God for these workers, who preach salvation through the precious blood, shed on Calvary, in the power of the Spirit.

We completed our journey of thirty-six miles from Basti Monday night. All day the pilgrims had been arriving in thousands. We should have been there two days earlier, but the enemy hindered us in every way. We had prepared for this trip with no visible hope of going, yet trusting the Lord, who had bidden us go, would open the way, and He did. It seemed that this trip by wagon in the heat, sleeping on the ground, would be too much for me, but the Lord ministered life, and I was as fresh and strong as the young people, save that I could not walk as far as they.

The police gave us a nice spot just by the bridge of boats on the high bank of the river. The people were resting on the sand in groups, they do not bring tents, but sleep in the open air. One and a half miles across the river the temple spires rose, a picture of beauty, giving little idea to a traveler, of the darkness and sorrow hidden underneath. A year ago a man told us of a beautiful young Brahman woman who was shut up in one of these temples who wanted to escape to the Christians. He said, "I will get her release for a certain sum of money," but he was only trying to get money, not intending to bring the woman.

We find many tender hearts in the villages. They had never heard of Jesus, but often the tears trickle down their cheeks as they listen. We believe it is the Holy Spirit preparing hearts in answer to the many prayers that are ascending for the conversion of the heathen. Yesterday a man listened very intelligently; he was talkative at first, but became interested and silent. At last he arose saying, "I see what they are setting forth, it is salvation through the blood of Jesus."

In a zenana, one of the Indian ladies was explaining to a company of purdah women that the heart is full of sin, and that bathing in the waters

of the Sarjn or the Ganges can only make the body and clothing clean, but the heart is still unclean. She told them that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. The Hindoos sacrifice goats and fowls, but she told them that only the blood shed by a sinless person can atone for sin, only One, the Son of God, is sinless. She told the story of the crucifixion, the resurrection, of heaven and hell, and exhorted the women to repent and get a new and clean heart through faith on the Son of God. A woman followed them to the next zenana and said, "Tell me just how to get a clean heart. I must have a clean heart before I leave this room." She was taught to pray and the speaker told her how she herself got a clean heart.

On our return we were told that there was a small mela off the road about three miles. We could not go, but the people crossed our road just as we came along. We unhitched the oxen and gave out the message. A man who got some books was very eager. He said, "A man in my village does not worship idols, and hopes to become a Christian." He asked many questions and finally said, "People who become Christians are persecuted. How may we escape persecution?"

On this trip we have preached to thousands of people, and thousands passed us by not caring to hear. Many opposed. One man said, "You have taken our country from us, now you are trying to take our religion."

We crossed over the river where all the people go to worship. We saw a hundred men standing in ranks in front of a temple, having bathed and holding brass dishes of water from the sacred river to bathe the idol. When the temple gate opened, they ran up the steps with great eagerness. Inside they poured the water over the idol, bowed down, paid the fee to the priest, and came out by another door. As soon as this hundred went into the temple another hundred took up their places with bared heads and bared feet, holding their brass water cups aloft, till they, in their turn, were admitted to the temple.

We saw many *so-called* holy men, who had various devices for getting money from the people. One lay on the sand, beat his chest with a stone, and entreated evil spirits to come into him. He then began to tremble. Superstitious people worship these devil-possessed men, and give them gifts.

We are back as far as Basti. There are yet forty-four miles ahead of us, and I long to preach the Gospel in these neglected parts, but Miss

Baugh writes of many trials and wants me to return by train. A big wind and hailstorm came up and was about to take the grass roof off of our little hut, where we have had so many blessings and trials. Miss Baugh, Miss Kirkland, and Miss Chatterji seized hold of the bamboo framework and kept it from blowing away entirely. Everything in the house was covered with mud and water except things in trunks. They moved into one of the preacher's houses just finished and the foundation sunk at one corner; the wall cracked in three places from the top nearly to the bottom. The man who is putting up our buildings told them they must go out into the next suite of rooms as this was not safe. They were trying to get a new thatch put on the dear little hut, for our mission house is not yet ready. In the meantime the heat from the low roof of the preachers' houses covered with tiles made Miss Baugh and Miss Kirkland ill. The Lord was giving the victory. He does not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear, but with the temptation makes a way of escape. The dif-

ficulties are so very great that it is only by the greatest effort we are able to preach the Gospel. Our young women from Mukti have a real living message, full of power, and a burning zeal to give it out. They are imposed upon if they go out without one of us European women with them. The Lord thrust the workers upon us almost before we were ready, but we are glad that already a great host has heard the message. A company of five women in one house said they heard the Gospel just once at a mela, and were trying to worship Jesus. One of these listened for more than an hour while we told them the way of salvation. With the tears streaming down her face she said, "Not one in ten cares for these things."

I am sure that it is only more prevailing prayer, the work of the home intercessors and more witnessing in the power of the Spirit, the work of those here on the field, that is needed. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send forth more laborers into the harvest field." Pray, intercede, send, come.

Pulling Up the Tares

Dr. F. E. Yoakum in the Stone Church, June 29, 1911



WILL read in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, from the first verse to the thirteenth.

Twenty-eighth verse: "The servants said unto him, Wilt thou that we shall gather up the tares? But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn."

I had a boy who was full-blooded and warm-hearted, but while wife and I slept the enemy sowed tares—tobacco and whiskey. He was the brightest boy we had of our seven, but he had commenced coming in at twelve o'clock at night, our precious Donald boy. One night wife and I were walking out on the Santa Fe road, and I said, "Wife, I do not know what to do; my heart is breaking." "Well," she said, "from your talk today about committing things to Him and the Holy Ghost, I think we had better turn Donald over to the Holy Ghost." "Oh, wife," I said, "if I take my strong hands off Donald, what would happen?" And she just looked up to me

with her loving eyes; and said, "Isn't he going to hell as fast as he can?" "Yes," I said, "with all my strong hands on him." We got down in the starlit night and said, "Father, you take Donald, tares and all. We have tried to force him to church, and tried to force him to quit tobacco and quit liquor, and yet Father, the old tares grow bigger than the good seed. Take him;" and we gave him to the Lord forever, and went back into the parlor, and for the first time in ten years we were without a burden. The care of the boy was gone. "Oh," she said, "my heart is so light. I feel Donald is in the heart of Jesus. I see now the truth of the Scriptures. We have been trying to pull up the tares, and we have pulled up the wheat, too." We sat there talking, and directly I heard a step. Wife said, "That is Donald's step. Do you reckon he has heard?" "No, no; we have turned him over to the Holy Ghost."

That great, big, blue-eyed boy came in; I will never forget how broad his shoulders were. He had made a living for us when we were all down. That boy came in there and threw his arms around his mother's neck, and said, "Mother, I have quit; Papa, I have quit," and we knew he had quit. I said, "Son, sit down between us and

tell us about it." He said, "I was going up into the clubroom about an hour ago, and as I was going up those back steps into that gambling-room, a voice said, 'Your father and mother have turned you over to the Holy Ghost,' and Papa, Mama, I want to tell you as long you were praying for me I was all right, but since you have turned me over to the Holy Ghost I knew something would happen, and I just walked up there and threw that old cigar away and said, 'Boys, good-bye!' 'Oh, Yoakum,' they said, where are you going? Are you getting weak-kneed?' 'Take my name off your books; what is my bill?' They told him \$7.50. "What are you going to do?" they said. He said, "I heard something tell me my father and mother had turned me into the hands of the Holy Ghost, and I'm going to quit you all."

Just the moment we got tired of digging up the old tares, he quit. My brother, don't you try to dig up the tares. God says right plainly the devil sows the tares and you cannot dig them up, but the Holy Ghost will burn them up. The Holy Ghost will burn them up without a smell of fire on their garments. Mother, I want you to hear me as for eternity. Our penitentiaries would not be half full, our jails would not be full, our boys would not be patronizing the saloons; you and I would not get white-headed and wrinkled if we turned our boys over to Jesus. But if we give our lives to saving other people, and give them over to the Holy Ghost, our boys will be saved. God says, "I will deliver you, and that right speedily." If you commit your way to Him, and trust Him, He will bring it to pass. Brethren, that fits into every phase of human life. Some of you have allowed the devil to sow debts in your lives. You have to put everything on the altar, and God will make you pay your debts, as sure as you live. One of my boys got into

trouble over two hundred dollars. They were going to sue him and take everything he had, and the poor boy was heartbroken. He came to me and said, "Papa, I have done awful wrong." "What is it, son? Can't you turn it over to me?" "Will you take my wrong?" he said. "Yes, I will take it." "Will you take my debt?" "Yes, I will take it." Oh, if you had seen that boy's face. I stepped to the 'phone and said, "Colonel Jones, my boy owes you some money. How much?" "Two hundred dollars." "When do you have to have the money?" "As soon as I can get it." "Colonel, this is Brother Yoakum talking. I will settle that debt." "Will you? O that lifts such a burden! How long a time do you want?" "As long as you can give me, Colonel." You can have five years if you want it." God is so good to take our debts and settle them for us. I told my son I assumed that debt, and my son became my steward and paid it off.

I was in debt three thousand dollars and didn't know what to do. I found I could put my debts, just like the rest of my sins, on Jesus, and I laid them on the altar. A man said, "Doctor, you in debt?" "No, sir." "What did you do with them?" "God took them." "Well, did you have to pay them?" "No; God pays them." "Who is God's agent?" "I am God's steward, but I am not responsible." God is. No more creditors closing in; they have to close in on God. Before six months I had the whole thing paid. The whole debt was paid because I trusted Him. I became a faithful steward. I didn't go around and root up the tares. I told everyone of my creditors I had turned them over to God, and they said He was a pretty good Master. If you have been having tares sowed in the field, don't try to dig them up any more, but let the Holy Ghost attend to them.

* * *

Volumes have been written on the doctrine of sanctification, crucifixion of the self-life, and the "dying daily," but nothing will give you a more practical understanding of this most important subject, and a deeper hunger for this great work of the Spirit in your life, than a study of the "LIFE OF MADAM GUYON." The chapter on "Visions and Gifts" will be especially helpful to Pentecostal people. In it the writer makes some startling statements which in the light of present day conditions it will be well to consider.

Abridged edition, cloth, 270 pages, 70 cts. by mail.

"THE GREAT AWAKENING"

By F. L. Chapell

Deeply soul-stirring. Contents: The Great Awakening of 1740; John Wesley and the Movement in Great Britain; Jonathan Edwards and the Movement in New England; Gilbert Tennent and the Movement in the Middle Colonies; George Whitfield, the Cosmopolitan Evangelist; James Davenport and the Disorders; Results and Lessons of the Great Awakening.

One chapter is worth the price of the book. *Cloth, 144 pages, 55 cts.*

Christ Our Example in Holiness

Mrs. Ira E. David, Onarga, Ill.

IN I Peter 2:21 we are told that Christ "left us an example, that we should follow in his steps." Let us, therefore, study Him as our example in holy living, remembering as we do so, that while His earthly life is our example, it is only through His Spirit indwelling us that we are able to follow His steps. As He emptied Himself and lived by the Father, so the believer is to empty himself and live by the Son.

Holiness bears the two-fold aspect of *separation from sin and separation unto God*. So in the passage cited above, the next clause tells us concerning our Saviour that "He did no sin," but He did always those things that pleased the Father.

The man Christ Jesus differed from us in that He came into this world holy. That "*holy* thing that shall be born of thee" said the heavenly messenger, but we must say with the Psalmist, "I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." We must be born from above, being begotten of the same Spirit that begot Him, thus being "born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible by the Word of God."

This new creation, cleansed from all sin by the blood of the Lamb, must grow into full manhood in *holiness*, having its spiritual senses exercised to discern between good and evil through feeding on the *Holy* Scriptures and through prayer and communion with a holy God. In this way we go on "*perfecting holiness* in the fear of God," "purifying ourselves even as He is pure." There should be no room for conscious or known sin in the life anywhere, but there is room for light, and the necessity of walking in it so long as life shall last. When nearing the end of his earthly career, Paul said: "I count not myself to have apprehended, but I follow after."

Christ's holiness was never marred by sin. He could boldly challenge His adversaries, asking them for which of His good works they were persecuting Him, and inquiring, "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?"

In the case of the believer, how frequently is his holy walk defiled and his fellowship marred by inadvertence or ignorance. When this is shown him by the faithful Holy Spirit, he must seek full cleansing in the blood of Him who was "offered once for all." The importance of this step was shown by our Lord Himself when He washed the disciples' feet. After He had declared that they were "clean through the Word" which

He had spoken unto them, He insisted that they had "no part" with Him except He had washed away the last defilement. These are most solemn and important words that should lead us to submit daily to the holy searchings that will reveal the secret thoughts and intents of the heart.

In seasons of spiritual refreshing under the convicting power of the Spirit, believers have been led to see and lay aside inconsistencies in their outward walk, but later *have returned to them*. Concerning such the Scriptures say: "If I build again the things that I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor." Such persons will lose their testimony, and their lives will become barren and unctious. Unless they truly repent, putting away forever those sins, they will hear the words of Jesus, "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Wherefore "let him that nameth the name of the Lord depart from iniquity."

Christ's holiness was such that evil spirits recognized and testified to it saying: "What have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee who Thou art, the *Holy One* of God." They knew that He and they had no ground in common; they knew that He could vanquish them then, and finally destroy them, because His holy life put the power of God at His disposal. When closing His ministry our Lord could say: "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me." Satan knows if He has any hold upon us. He knows, and we should know, that the secret of a powerless church lies in failure on the line of holiness. *We*, God's people, should be doing the works of God, if the Holy One of Israel were having His way in our lives. "He that committeth sin is the servant of sin;" but "if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Confession, cleansing in the blood, and a daily walk in the Spirit are God's way to victory over sin, and these will bring us to victory over Satan and his forces. Christ always had victory over Satan because He always had victory over sin. Until we do have victory over sin, the evil spirits may jeer at us as at some of old, and say, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" Acts 19:15. It might be remarked in passing that while evil spirits and sinful men testified to Christ's holiness, He never called Himself holy. In this we may well copy His example.

Finally, Christ's resurrection vindicated His

holiness. Why did not God leave His soul in Sheol, or suffer His flesh to see corruption? The very use of the term employed shows why. "Neither wilt Thou suffer Thine *Holy One* to see corruption." It was not possible that He should continue to be holden of death. The work of redemption on the cross was finished. Satan had no hold upon Him through His own sin. Therefore the Father could do no less than raise Him, delivering from "him that hath the power

of death, that is the devil." Now exalted at the right hand of the Father, far above all the powers of darkness, He has shed forth the Holy Spirit. Thereby He brings believers into vital union with Himself, and enables them to lead holy lives. Thus He finally enables them to be partakers in that resurrection concerning which it is written: "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection. On *such* the second death hath *no power*." Rev. 20:6.

Some Good Books

THE *Ideal Christian Home* by Helen S. Dyer, is a book for all on the threshold of life's duties. It gives many illustrations of how the consecration of dedicated lives has worked out in the salvation of their families. Father, mother, if you are perplexed and harassed with the burden of training your family and know not which way to turn, this book will help you. Young men, young women, if you are starting out as partners in life, it will be an untold blessing to you.

To read of the praying fathers and mothers who trained their children in the fear of God and the mighty results therefrom, will inspire and encourage every one who has the responsibility of children.

All who have been blessed through the writings of Andrew Murray will be interested in the following account of the Murray family given in this book under the chapter "The Mother in the Home:"

The father of the family, Andrew Murray the first, was a young Scotch missionary. He wooed and won a Dutch girl of Huguenot extraction, and carried her off, a bride of sixteen years, to his parsonage at Graaf Reinet. She became the mother of seventeen children, twelve of whom lived to grow up and bless the world. From them three hundred and four descendants have sprung (including those who have married into the family). The total number of ministers in the family, either directly or by marriage, is forty-two. Three are now studying for the ministry, six are missionaries in Central Africa, four others are in Mashonaland and the Transvaal, and three in Nyassaland. Three grandsons are in the South African Parliament.

Of the original family, five sons were ministers, and the daughters wives of pastors and heads of educational establishments; the most well-known, outside of South Africa, by his writings, being the beloved Andrew Murray, his father's namesake. The influence of the whole family in South Africa is incalculable.

Never were children more fortunate in their mother. Hers was one of those sweet, persuasive natures which mould and guide and bless, without seeming to know it themselves, certainly without conscious effort. When asked, "How did you bring up such a wonderful family?" she replied, "Oh I do not know; *I didn't do anything*." But every one else knew if she did not. She just lived herself the life she wanted her boys and girls to live. Her life was hid with Christ in God; and they, through her, saw the beauty of holiness. "Her chief characteristic," said one of her children, "was a happy contentment with her lot. She was always exactly where she wished to be, because she was where her Father in heaven had placed her." She outlived her husband by many years. It was felt that her serenity and gentleness and loveliness of character came not a little from the hours of long communion when she looked into the Face of the Invisible, and thus learned to endure as seeing Him.

The Ideal Christian Home, beautifully bound in white and gold, price \$1.00. Nothing more suitable for a birthday or wedding gift.

THE BOOK OF REVELATION

By D. Wesley Myland

A blessed book containing twelve lectures on The Revelation of Jesus Christ; deeply inspiring and helpful. *Cloth, 255 pages, \$1.00; postage, 10 cts. (4s 7d).*

FROM DEATH TO LIFE

An Autobiography by Anna W. Prosser

A wonderful story of a wonderful life. Miraculously saved and healed, and used in God's service. *Cloth, 220 pages, \$1.00; postage, 10 cts. (4s 7d).*

SONGS FOR THE KING'S BUSINESS

A hymn book containing 400 hymns, words and music. Nearly 200,000 copies have been sold and it is only thirty months old. No hymn book for the price contains as many splendid hymns. Send for copy for examination before ordering elsewhere.

Cloth, 30 cts.; \$25.00 per hundred. Express not prepaid on 100 lots.

All of the above publications for sale by THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 3616 Prairie Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

We can get any book for you that is in print at the listed price; any Bible at any price. Send for our Catalogue.