



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

"Not I but Christ"

Fourth Annual Convention in the Stone Church



THE BEST Convention we ever had," came from the lips of a number as the closing days drew near, but as we remembered how we had heard these same words at the close of other Conventions within the last four years, we could only lift our hearts to God in thankfulness that He had so met His people that they felt each Convention was better than the last.

The one in charge of the meetings went into them with trembling heart and great weakness, feeling, as the Lord gave her a vision of herself as a "sapling swaying in the wind," that could be tossed to and fro, but if she would let Him control her He would make of the sapling a ramrod which would be strong and not easily moved.

We had never had a Convention when God brought together so many ministers and Christian workers, and yet there was beautiful harmony and fellowship throughout. We had felt led of the Lord to invite a few of His ministering servants, but God had a blessed surprise for us and brought in many others.

Miss Elizabeth Sisson, New London, Connecticut, and Mrs. Rachel Nalder, Windsor, Nova Scotia, came a week in advance and gave us a foretaste of coming days. Then came Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Myland, Columbus, Ohio; F. A. Graves, Zion City, Illinois; Dr. F. E. Yoakum, Los Angeles, California; Daniel Awrey, Los Angeles, California; Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Flower, Indianapolis, Indiana; Ira E. David, Onarga, Illinois; Fred Bosworth, Dallas, Texas; Miss Ida Rush, Benton Harbor, Michigan; B. W. Brannen, Jasonville, Indiana; Miss Elsie Gordon, India; Dr. Rosa Lee Oxer, India; Miss Minnie Lee, Uree, North Carolina; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Doak, Pasadena, California, *en route* for Egypt; C. B. Fockler, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Mrs. Maude Delaney, Fort Worth, Texas, and, last of all, Brother Seymour of Los Angeles, California, each one bringing to the Convention a blessing, and we trust carrying away many lessons that will help them in the hard places.

Each worker had his place, and as they moved in their places everything worked smoothly, but if we were found with our eyes too much on any particular person instead of on the Lord, He had to bring us into line.

Dr. Yoakum's ministry was a blessing to many, not only in praying for the sick, but in teaching us some lessons on love and humility, and in clearing away the hindrances to spiritual and physical blessing. All through the Convention people testified to healing, some of the cases being quite marked. On the last day of Dr. Yoakum's stay the Lord especially manifested Himself and touched a number of sick bodies. The people contributed liberally toward the work at Pisgah, for the drunkards and the outcast, and God blessed them as they gave of their substance.

We beseech the prayers of our readers for the afflicted ones who went away disappointed. Our hearts have gone out in prayer for them many times, and we can only trust and believe that God will in some way meet them and glorify Himself in them.

The key-note of the Convention, "Not I but Christ," was given to Mrs. Piper by the Lord, and from the very first meeting to the close He kept this before us. When Dr. Yoakum came, not knowing what the Lord had been impressing upon us, he emphasized the thought, "We would see Jesus," and on the very last day of the Convention, Brother Seymour, of Los Angeles, came with the message, "And they saw no man save Jesus only," and so our eyes were continually kept on Him. How beautiful it was that at the beginning, in the middle and at the very close, the Lord by three different Scriptures emphasized the thought that Jesus was to be exalted. The exaltation of Christ in the hearts and lives of individuals or assemblies will put to flight all strife and contention, and is the only means by which harmony and unity can be preserved.

The following remarks were given by Mrs. Piper at the opening meeting:

AS I asked the Lord for the key-note of this Convention I seemed to see the words in front of me for three days, "Not I but Christ," and they became so vivid and so real I felt I would like to put big signs all around the church to impress it upon the minds of the speakers especially, "Not I but Christ." If the self could be so effaced, the "I" so obliterated that the people could see Jesus only, what a Convention we would have!

I have been learning some lessons down in the valley of death, and it seemed to me the Lord had to take me down that far to teach me some things. Last Monday I sat by the bedside of a dying sister and while there the Lord talked to

my heart. This sister had spent a lifetime in the service of God and had very strong convictions on what the Word of God taught as she saw it. I was trying to tell her that the end was very near and unconsciously I drew fire from her; she took exception to the way I put things and the Lord said to me, "She has not gotten down far enough yet." She still wanted to argue and maintain a doctrinal point, but after awhile when it came to the last hours there was no thought of holding her own opinion, but "How am I to meet my Lord?" "Prepare me, Lord, to meet Thee." Oh, what a lesson I got out of that.

We feel we are in the last days, the last hours, probably. We expect Jesus to come soon and what are we doing? Are we getting down to business and saying, "How am I to meet my Lord?" If you realize that the time is short you won't argue over the things in this Word, but you will take the things that are precious to you and will cling tenaciously to the promises and hold on because you are on the border-line. Oh, what a lesson I got when I was trying to prepare a soul to meet Jesus! And what are we doing? We must prepare souls to meet Jesus if we believe He is coming soon. It is just the same whether we prepare them for death or prepare them for His coming. The preparation must be the same.

What would we do if we knew for a certainty that Jesus was coming tomorrow at ten o'clock? How would we spend the remaining hours of this day and night? Would you say, "Sister Piper, doesn't this verse mean so-and-so?" No, indeed, you would not. We would gather together and there would be such unity and love. You would say, "Sister So-and-So, I have had such a feeling in my heart about you, but Christ is coming and I cannot afford to meet Jesus with this bitterness in my heart." Are these the last days? Then let us prepare souls to meet the Lord just as you prepare a dying soul to meet his Lord and know that within two hours he is going to cross the border. I have gone through this valley experience three times in the last four months, and, friends, when we go down into the last hours with a soul there is just one thing that counts and that is Jesus. If a great calamity came upon Chicago and many of the dear ones had been swept into eternity quickly, we would not say we were so glad we established them upon this or that doctrinal point, but we would rejoice greatly if we had prepared them for a more abundant entrance.

As I thought over this Convention I felt it would be largely in the hands of the speakers to arouse contention even by discussing the truth, but if they sank into the love of Jesus and came together to prepare souls for His coming, it seemed to me then we would have what God wanted.

We want the people to get something that will stand in time of trial, stand in time of trouble and sickness, and that will help them when they

are down at death's door and know that in two hours they may be in eternity. That is what we want preached from the Stone Church platform. I am not going to put the bridle on any one, but my cry to God is that we may be so abandoned in Christ and His hand will be so strong upon the speakers that their personality will be lost, and we will only feel His heart-throbs and see only Him.

May He grant that each joint in His body, each nerve, each muscle, each finger, each little toe will move into place and work in such perfect unison and harmony that the Lord will have a perfect body. God grant that the messengers that God brings here may be so yielded and abandoned to the Lord that in every meeting it may be "Not I but Christ," and just as we prepare a soul for death may we prepare these souls to meet the Lord who is coming soon.

* * *

The sweet singing by our beloved Brother Graves and his helpful talks were an inspiration to everybody. As the workers came and went we thanked God for our brother who was such a blessing and help from the beginning to the end, filling in the little places as willingly and with the same devotion and love to God as if he were opening the Word to the people.

A Convention in the Stone Church would not be complete without a representation from the foreign field, and the Lord brought us those whom He made a blessing and whom He blessed beyond words to express.

At our first missionary meeting Mrs. Rachel Nalder, Dr. Rosa Lee Ozer and Miss Elsie Gordon spoke in the interest of the foreign field. Brother Myland, who had charge of the meeting, said he believed we were nearer the heart of Christ in that meeting than we had been at any time during the Convention, according to His blessed words, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold. Them also *must* I bring." We did not forget the "other sheep" and the many under-shepherds who were out after the wandering and lost ones of earth.

Mrs. Nalder told us how, although she had never been in India, God had laid the burden of that country on her heart for over twenty years and how He had chosen her to plead for the child-widow and for oppressed womanhood of India.

Miss Elsie Gordon was born on India's soil and came with a plea in behalf of the Christians of India, that they might be kept faithful. Nine years ago she came to this country with a burden for the heathen, but on this visit the Lord led her to present the needs of the native Christians,

that they might have power in their lives to evangelize the country. She said there was just as great a lack in the lives of many of the native Christians as there is in the Christians in this country, and her present burden is that their lives might be deepened and empowered for service.

Dr. Oxer gave an account of God's leading in opening up different stations and schools, and how in these days of Pentecostal power He was calling her out from her previous associations to a life of separation and into the untried paths of faith.

At the close of the meeting we brought to the feet of Jesus our missionary offering, and then in response to a call made by Mr. Myland for all those under forty who would give themselves to the Lord to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, even to the lands of darkness and death, seventy arose to their feet and coming to the altar consecrated themselves to go, should He call, to gather the "other sheep" from the haunts of sin and desert wastes.

After the offering was made and a hymn was sung a voice from the platform said, "Somebody here has withheld from God," and so it proved, for after the meeting was dismissed up came a belated ten-dollar bill.

Another evening was given to the foreign field when Mrs. Nalder spoke particularly on the work of Pandita Ramabai in India, and how God is preparing that band of child-widows to help in the evangelization of India. The missionary offering amounted to \$135.00, the major portion of which was sent to Ramabai.

* * *

We learned many deeply spiritual lessons and others of a practical nature. There were lessons for everybody in every walk of life. The putting into practice the things that are taught under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, is after all the most important, and the lessons that are most helpful are the ones that show us how to overcome. Sometimes the most help would be gotten from a simple testimony like the following, which reminded many hearts of similar trials in their own lives and where they might have been victorious under like circumstances. It is a humbling process, but the way to victory. We give the incident in the brother's own words:

When I first took up Pentecostal work I told our people I believed in sanctification and the gift of the Holy Spirit, and a good many talked about me. One woman had grit enough to come to my wife and say these new religions caused divorce. My wife got angry

at me and scolded for three or four days. I didn't know what to do. I knew the Bible said we must love God and love our neighbors and I was in a pretty tight place. I felt I needed advice and went to a woman who used to be a missionary. I told her the situation, that my wife was angry at me because I had taken up with the Pentecostal work, and asked her advice. She said, "I'll tell you what I used to have to do when I went to the mission school. Sometimes they would order me around to do something, and I'd say, 'Do it yourself if you are in a hurry.'" She said she would always have to ask forgiveness when the other party was to blame and she told me if I tried that perhaps that would work. I said I'd do it. I went home and said to my wife, "Now, dear, let's make up. I will take all the blame on me and you won't have to bear any of it." "Well," she said, "I will make up that way." Then she said, "Well, I guess I ought to stand some of the blame." I said, "No, you won't need to." After I got her so she would talk to me I showed her that it was Satan that was causing the trouble, and she said she would try and be better, so I found it paid me to take the blame.

* * *

The very sweetest experience in the Christian life is to have the Lord speak to us, to be so in touch with Him that above all the multitude of voices, opinions and suggestions, we can hear His voice. Sometimes it is the still small voice within and sometimes it seems to drop down on us from the skies.

Mrs. Piper had been asked several times whether we would have a children's meeting, and without praying about it, said "No." But as she went home from the morning service on Friday and was asking the Lord about the meetings on Saturday, He said, "You have forgotten the children." Then He brought before her the missionary service of the night before when the seventy dear young people stood and consecrated themselves to God, and showed her that the parents had been drinking in, but had not been thinking about their offspring, the hope of the church. So according to His precious leading two services were held for the children with Mrs. Nalder in charge, and the little ones were blessed and strengthened.

Brother Bosworth, speaking of the power of intercessory prayer, told how God honored it. In the early days of his work in Texas the Lord laid great intercession upon him for a company of people that He was calling out into the Pentecostal experience. Many a time he and others would be in prayer all night. They had considerable persecution and were driven about from one place of meeting to another until they finally secured a big shed, which was often filled with a thousand and sometimes fifteen hundred people. One Sunday night after the Spirit

travailed, asking for something they didn't understand, they opened the evening meeting with a praise service. One young brother arose to testify and he heard an audible voice saying, "Look up!" As he looked up the whole audience rose to their feet and a breeze which seemed to come from heaven swept through the place. Just then the brother who heard the celestial voice saw hundreds of angels filling the rafters of the building. Not only he, but all over the audience a number of people saw them and believed them to be real angels. The power of God was so wonderful, the faces of the people were transparent. The spirit of intercession had been poured out to display God's power, and He chooses His own way of doing it. He confirms His word with signs and wonders.

* * *

Among the lessons on the "tongue" there was none so timely or pertinent as the following remarks by Miss Sisson:

I HAD a very blessed experience along the line of letting the Lord control our tongues. The Lord put me in association with a dear child of God; there was something very trying in the character of the person, I think demon possession in a certain direction, and as things were poured upon me and into my ears the Lord gave me quite a victory, so it didn't hurt me, but He showed me that the other party was to be healed by Jesus, and He gave me this word, "Whatever ye shall bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed in heaven." I began in the secret of my heart, for things were so that if I had attempted to pray for the person or with the person, it would have been fruitless, but in my own heart before God I began to bind the spirit that was crippling the spirit of my sister in the Gospel, and I began by faith in Jesus to loose her. I began to praise God that as I bound on earth He bound in heaven. I bound and loosed in the name of Jesus. That is all I or any of us have, and as I loosed on earth He loosed in heaven. After that the person was worse than ever, and the devil says, "You are taken up with some visionary, imaginary thing. This transaction you are having in your heart doesn't touch the throne at all." I went on praising God, and said, "I will praise Thee that from heaven Thou hast bound and from heaven Thou hast loosed." After about a month or six weeks there was a most marvelous change in that precious child of God right along this line. Oh, it was such a miracle. If there hadn't been a kind of seven days' march around Jericho, perhaps I would not have appreciated the greatness of the miracle, but my heart was lifted up. Then God began to lift me out for other people. My coasts began to be enlarged. After awhile the devil got in again

with this dear one, and she came back into old conditions measurably, not wholly, and a dear sister in the Lord who loved the sister also said, "Did you ever see anything like that? How she did knock you about." And we talked it over, and when I went away the Lord says, "Don't you understand that as long as you think over those things you will keep them on her?" Oh, what an instruction that was to me. "You keep them on her." I believe that we are keeping many things upon other children of God, thinking and talking them over instead of doing the mighty work of loosing and binding. We are in the wonderful priesthood of God. It is ours to bind and loose in the mighty name of Jesus. It is ours to rejoice that from heaven He binds and looses, and as we get into this we are going to see some wonderful changes amongst the children of God.

* * *

A native Armenian who called herself "Rebecca" came into a morning meeting and told a wonderful story of God's leading and how it resulted in a great awakening in her country: She and a friend were going to a graveyard to read their Bibles. They wanted a quiet place where they would be undisturbed. As they entered the cemetery they heard a great noise and commotion and upon investigation found a number of drunken men carousing there. The friend said, "Let us go home," and Rebecca said, "Yes, we had better go home," but immediately the Spirit whispered in her heart that she was to go on. She told this to her friend, but the other woman insisted they couldn't go in there where those drunken men were, as it would not be safe. They might be Turks and an Armenian woman was not safe in Turkey. Night was coming on and in the East the darkness comes on very quickly. They prayed and the woman who was with Rebecca felt they had to turn back, but Rebecca was sure the voice of God had spoken to her and that she could not disobey. Her friend left her and went back toward the city. It grew dark and, feeling the situation very keenly, fear came over her. Satan was suggesting all sorts of things, and not knowing just what to do she looked to the Lord, and He said, "I have given you a message for those men," and before she scarcely realized it she was in their midst. She held up her Bible and told them God had sent her with a message. They looked at her and laughed, with the exception of one man, who said, "Go on." She opened her Bible at the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and read it. Then she began to plead for them to come to Jesus. While she was speaking the old man began to cry out and said, "Oh,

Jesus has been after me for a long time. My cup of iniquity is full. I must surrender to the Lord." He then threw himself down on the ground and began to cry to the Lord for mercy. She went on talking and pleading in the dark in this graveyard, surrounded by these drunken men, and before she finished they were all crying for mercy and were saved, about nine in all. So she told them to go back into their homes and tell the people about Jesus. She went to her home and kept on her face before the Lord all night. It was such a wonderful thing that she, an Armenian woman, was able to talk to men and bring them to Christ; so contrary to the customs of her country. As she waited before the Lord He gave her a vision. She was burdened for souls until toward morning, finally she was exhausted and lay down for a few minutes' rest, and had this vision: It seemed this old man came to her and bowed to her three times, as they do in Turkey; then he looked in her face and said, "Teacher, you must come to my house. There is a great work for you to do, and if you want to help us you must do it quickly." Then he looked earnestly into her eyes and bowing three times disappeared. She awoke and said, "Oh, Lord, this is the Macedonian cry." She felt it was right from God. She started out into the city at once to hunt these men; went to their homes and said to them, "Now we must get together and go out and work among the people." They began. First one had her in his house and he called in the people; then another said, "Tomorrow night you must come to my house," and they called in the people, and so it went, and finally the house would not hold them. She didn't know what to do. It was a wonderful work with this little band that were converted in a graveyard. The houses wouldn't hold the people, so they thought they would build a hall. She tried to raise the money, but could not do so. She felt the Lord had called her to this work and couldn't understand why she couldn't raise the money for a hall. She came in touch

with a missionary, Mrs. Shepherd, who told her that over in America she could raise the money for these Armenians. Rebecca said, "I cannot go until I get the gold." So she waited before the Lord for several months and finally one day Mrs. Shepherd came with her hands full of gold and said, "Take this money and go to America, and you will raise the money for the work you are to do." When she got to this country she saw by the papers there had been an awful massacre of the Armenian Christians in her country, and they were going around saying, "Where is she? where is the religious teacher? We want to cut her up in pieces." But the Lord saved her by sending her to this country. Since she has been here she has received thousands and thousands of dollars and has helped to educate the children of these martyrs. She has four boys she is educating for the ministry. The Armenians died a martyr's death. They had kerosene poured on them and were set on fire because they would not deny the Lord.

When the appointed time came to close the meetings, after two weeks' sitting together with the Lord, many people were loathe to go, and "waiting meetings" were held every evening during the following week for those seeking the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, when God worked definitely in the lives and hearts of many hungry ones.

Convention fervor is still on at this writing (June 3). Brother D. W. Kerr, of Cleveland, Ohio, stopped with us on the Lord's Day and in the evening the power of God was so mightily felt in the meeting that he could scarcely speak. As he closed his talk on "Importunity" the people flocked to the altar, crying out for the "rain in the time of the latter rain." Oh, there is a "sound of abundance of rain" and our faith is reaching up to puncture the clouds that are hanging over us, big with water. We are believing for the floods! We are believing in Him who said, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."

A. C. R.

Convention Buds from Brother Myland

THE Holy Spirit is always working in providence and prayer. Providence is what the world calls circumstance, that is, the outer world, but there is no circumstance to the Christian; it is providence.

* * *

"In Him (Jesus) are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Hidden, not just lying around on the surface for the higher critics to object to, but hidden for the man and woman with the pickaxe of earnest desire and study, the spade of prayer and the microscope of faith to find and look into.

The imagination which is always exalting itself against the knowledge of God, is the thing in us that keeps us from knowing God more than anything else in the world. It ran riot in Noah's day and is running riot in these last days that are to be like the days of Noah.

* * *

"Where the Spirit is Lord, there is liberty." That is the correct translation, not "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Where the Spirit is not Lord, there is license and fanaticism. Where God is in His fullness there is freedom. That is, the freedom of heaven come down to earth. It produces results, it abides, it increases.

* * *

The only person we are to resist is the devil, and we are to resist him, not by fighting, but resist him steadfast in the faith; keep moving and living in the faith life and become a courageous, victorious overcomer.

* * *

One of the great hindrances in Christian life is that we start and stop too much. The Chris-

tian life is a continuous life. There is no need of stopping at all, of being empty and full. The word for "filled" means an active, continuous work.

* * *

Waiting meetings are not to get something from God, though that is what pervades the human mind, nine times out of ten. They are for God to empty us. The great work is to be done in us, not our getting things from God. When we get emptied we will get all that is due, the power of the Holy Ghost upon us.

* * *

There is only one thing will tame the tongue and that is the Word of God, and until you eat a good deal of the Word and get it hid in your heart, you cannot stop the tongue. The great need everywhere is a clean heart. The words of Christ make this plain, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." When anybody's tongue goes wrong there is something first wrong in the heart. The remedy is in the Word of God. "Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee."

The Necessity of Giving God the Tongue Some of the Hindrances to Divine Healing

F. E. Yoakum, Los Angeles, California; Convention, May 16, 1912



IN NUMBERS 12:1 we read, "And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married: for he had married an Ethiopian woman. And they said, Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? hath He not spoken also by us?" I can imagine how they swelled up as they said that, "Hath He not spoken also by us? And the Lord heard it." He hears every one. He heard you, brother, away up yonder. He heard how you let the enemy in through your tongue.

("Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth.) And the Lord spake suddenly unto Moses, and unto Aaron, and unto Miriam, Come out ye three unto the tabernacle of the congregation. And they three came out. And the Lord came down in the pillar of the cloud, and stood in the door of the tabernacle, and called Miriam and Aaron: and they both came forth. And He said, Hear now my words: If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make Myself known to him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a

dream. My servant Moses is not so, who is faithful in all Mine house. With him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches; and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold; wherefore then were ye not afraid to speak against My servant Moses? And the anger of the Lord was kindled against them; and He departed. And the cloud departed from off the tabernacle; and, behold, Miriam became leprous, white as snow: and Aaron looked upon Miriam, and behold, she was leprous."

Now there are four kinds of leprosy, the black leprosy, white leprosy, ulcerated leprosy and red leprosy. A white leper is one that turns perfectly milk-white. I have seen seven or eight of them. Their fingers are just as white as snow. This is the kind that Miriam was afflicted with. Naaman the Syrian had the white leprosy also. They weren't excluded at first, but finally were isolated. I have seen one healed who had the ulcerated form. He had four ulcers down to the bone. It takes off your finger without a pain. This man had no pain, but the bone was exposed, and God healed him.

I am just explaining this to show you that to sin with your lips is the most deceptive of all

sins. That of course carries unbelief at the back of it. Deceptive! The Word says your finding fault is at the back of many of your sins. Here was the sister of Moses saying, "Can't God speak to me as well as to Moses?" and when she came out from under that cloud she was leprous, as white as snow.

O brother, do you know your tongue defiles and makes sick your entire body? I do not want you to put something in my ears that might interfere with my loving my brother or loving my enemy, and I cannot do it with my little amount of human love if you prejudice me with hard sayings.

O brother, sister, keep your tongue to yourself and get a mind like Jesus, and then these dear ones will not fall by the hundreds through pride and high tempers and tumultuous feelings. We must keep our tongues and we must turn our hearts toward God. We must not fall into that class of Aaron and Miriam, condemning the high priest of God. We must be careful and speak evil of no man. Wouldn't I love to have that on my tomb-stone? Wouldn't I love to have it said, "He spake evil of no man?" We have a Japanese idol in my house. My wife wanted me to destroy it, but I said, "No, I am going to get ahead of him, and until I do I am going to leave him right there." It represents "Speak no evil, hear no evil, see no evil," but I am going to see if I cannot do better than that Japanese idol; besides these others I am going to think no evil. Then will Jesus be very near and disease will flee away from us. Then we can ask, and before we ask He will answer.

The telephone today is causing more people to backslide along this line than anything else. "Did you hear that Brother M. has run off with another man's wife?" Haven't I had to close that thing down hundreds of times to keep from hearing libellous things, even the truth, and we get to rejoicing in it. It is not the truth of God and what are we repeating the devil's trash for? I held a meeting down in Ohio, and I said, "Brethren, if any of you are hearing false tales over the telephone, and backbiting against your neighbor, come up here and get right with God and get healed." Three-fourths of the crowd came up and asked God to forgive them, and the lame ones just walked out. That was one place where they brought an insane person out of the asylum and she went out of that place in her right mind. That night we had a testimony meeting and every one of those who testified had backslid over the telephone. I said to myself,

"The telephone has made tickling ears." Twelve miles away you think that person has no chance to repeat it, and they promise they won't, but watch out. They are telling someone else. Let me tell you that Miriam and Aaron suffered the tortures of the devil because they spoke evil of Moses, and the children of Israel endured forty years of wanderings because they murmured and complained when they had angels' food to eat. Is their fault at your door? Is there pride in your heart and are you too afraid to come up here and say "I have criticised my neighbor and I must have the mind of Jesus?" I want to tell you that will precede your healing. When Aaron confessed their sin to Moses, Moses prayed for Miriam and the healing didn't take long. Not long prayers and short faith, but short prayers and long faith. You had better make your prayers a little shorter and couple on to them a little more faith and God will answer before you call. Let us capture this world for Christ. "One shall chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight." Do you know how many six could put to flight? I have never been able to find out.

God never lies. His book is not a lying fable. He is hunting for men and women whose hearts are perfect toward Him. God is going to show Himself strong toward the sick person with a heart right toward Him, and you must not have a double mind when you come to Jesus. You must have a single mind. That is the reason sinners sometimes get healed so much more quickly than Christians. The Christian says, "I have made a good profession. What would people say if I told them I had a bad mind?" A dear woman in Spokane published a paper and handed it out. It said, "Brother Yoakum stands before you and tells you the Holy Ghost spoke through him, and he tells you that three years ago God gave him a mind like Jesus, and that he hasn't had an evil thought. Now what will people think of his testimony?" What do I care what people think? I tell you I did have ruffled thoughts and God took them away the first day of January, 1909. I am going to stick to that until He shows me a better way. I want to get right so people can get healed and I want to have holy conversation. If we get the mind of Christ we won't speak evil one of another. Do you believe Jesus ever thought evil of anybody? I don't. I know there are some teachers that teach that, but I am afraid of those teachers that say Jesus had a carnal mind. I am afraid of them. Of course they look back into the flesh

but I cannot imagine that my Savior, the Savior of mankind who left heaven, could have a carnal mind.

I want to say to you that God has wider borders for us. He can broaden you out in faith so you can quit your old crutches and take a look at Jesus as I did, when thirty-two doctors gave me up and I weighed only ninety pounds. I got one little look at Jesus and I told everybody I was healed. Nobody believed me but one little white-haired woman, and she said, "I believe it, too." Jesus and I had a look at each other, and when I got just one look at Him, all the paraphernalia, all the cough drops, all the morphine, all the medicine, everything went. One look at Jesus! I have kept Him before me all the time. I had consumption so bad that my wife said, "You are going down." "Oh," I said, "I am seeing Jesus." "Well," she said, "you will die seeing Him." "Yes, I will die seeing Him." And then when I had that awful hemorrhage eight months after God healed me and took pneumonia, a doctor was sent from Denver to come all the way to Los Angeles; the next morning he found me cleaning the horse. He said, "Doctor, look at that blood." I said, "I am not looking at that, I am looking at Jesus." I had forty-two patients that day to visit and my wife said, "Dr. E., what do you think of my husband?" "I think he is the craziest man I ever saw." "Is he sick?" "I never saw a sicker man than he." The next morning the doctor came again and I was rubbing down the horse. He said, "Yoakum, we will put you in an insane asylum." I said, "I have a long drive before breakfast, and must get back by ten o'clock. Will you go with me?" "Well, I don't know." "If you can take a look at Jesus, you can go." He went with me and was converted. He said, "Yoakum, you haven't spit any blood." "No," I said, "because I saw Jesus." There is one thing that the Christian can outwit the devil in, and that is persistency. The devil is persistent with you, and if you are persistent you will conquer. Christ is right ahead of you.

An old lady at Des Moines said for twenty-six years they had never gotten her to speak an evil word against anybody, and her grandchildren said, "Grandma, we have never heard you speak against anybody." "No, children, it isn't in my heart since God gave me a mind like His." "Grandma, have you any good word for the devil?" "Oh, yes, I admire his persistency. He has been after me for twenty-six years to get me to speak evil, and I just admire his persistency."

Brother, if you can have more persistency than the devil and look at Jesus, there is power in His blood to keep the devil back.

The Word says, "Be children in malice; in understanding be men." Malice means backbiting, evil-speaking of others. Have you a neighbor you do not like to see prosper? Have you one church you want to prosper above every other church? A preacher said to me the other day, "Doctor, somehow I want my church to succeed." "What church? The church of the first born?" "No, I mean the Methodist church." We were talking about heavenly things and the Methodists are not so heavenly just now. He was up at the conference arguing because they had taken out the clause about amusements, but he wanted his church to succeed. If you go to talking about our little earthly things we get malice in. "Don't you care if they take it out of the Baptist church?" No, he didn't care about that. If we don't care about anything but "my church," that is prejudice.

Look at Miriam and Aaron, they had malice in their hearts. They said, "Don't God speak to us as well as to Moses?"

Seven years ago we started into the slums to hold a protracted meeting, and I had to put my boys who were just saved to going from house to house to get the people in. The immoral class of people had been driven to that part of town and we must have them saved. That morning I became convinced I was talking too much, and I went up to Brother Pendleton's church and laid my tongue literally upon the altar, and asked them to pray that I might be slow to speak and quick to hear. I knew I was going to sinning men and women. One of the workers found men and women in such a condition too awful to mention; he knew them and he came back and just said, "Brethren, pray for three men and three women." That was all he said. We got down and prayed, and God showed us what was the matter. God didn't want him to tell about the sin. We prayed for them and the next day he went back and those six people came to the services and four of them got converted. They said to the worker, "Will, did you tell those folks about us?" "No, I just said I had six people that needed prayer." If he had mentioned their sins, if his tongue had become unruly and he had said he found these men and women in awful condition, look what the result would have been. I literally laid my tongue upon the altar that day. I felt the necessity of giving God my tongue that day and it was the beginning of salvation coming to that neighborhood.

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Notes

To Our Subscribers

IT HAS been our custom from the beginning of the existence of our paper to discontinue it if, after due notice, the subscriber fails to renew; but as this does not meet the wishes of a number of old friends of the paper we have decided to continue sending it for a time, unless the subscriber notifies us to the contrary. Due notice will be given that the subscription has expired and bills will be sent at the proper time to those in arrears.

We trust this change will meet with the approval of our subscribers, and that they will continue to co-operate with us in welcoming the monthly visits of THE EVANGEL to their homes.

* * *

The June and July numbers of THE EVANGEL will be devoted almost exclusively to Convention reports. We are sending them out with the prayer that they will be the blessing to our readers that they have been to us.

We have felt led to give a number of personal incidents, rehearsed by the workers, of God's leadings and personal dealings with them, believing they will be an encouragement and strengthen the faith of His children elsewhere.

Would this not be a good time for you to send a trial subscription of three or six months to a friend, beginning with the June number? Three months for 25 cents, six months for 50 cents.

MRS. RACHEL NALDER, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, who has been with us at our Spring Convention, feels that God is again calling her out to speak in the interests of the child-widows of India. Her great burden is for the work of Pandita Ramabai at Mukti, but God also uses her in much blessing along other lines.

Over twenty thousand copies of her two talks given at the Stone Church four years ago, on "Pandita Ramabai" and the "Child Widows of India," have been printed and we can truly say we never heard anything on the needs of the foreign field that stirred us so deeply as these talks. It seemed we could almost hear the wail of the child-widows as we listened to the story of their suffering.

Mrs. Nalder is waiting on God to open the doors for her so that she may go forth to stir up the people of America to the needs of the oppressed women of India, and to enlist their prayers in behalf of the work of God under Pandita Ramabai.

If the Pentecostal Assemblies would like to have their people stirred and their love quickened for "the other sheep" in missionary interest, Mrs. Nalder will be glad to make them a visit and will, we are sure, be a blessing wherever she goes.

She will gladly speak wherever there is an open door, no matter of what denomination, creed or belief. Any one wishing to communicate with her can address her as follows: Mrs. Rachel Nalder, 3616 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. We commend her to God's people.

Campmeetings

Montwait, South Framingham, Mass., June 27-July 7. For information write T. Arthur Lewis, 140 Hollis St., South Framingham, Mass.

* * *

Paterson, N. J., Laurel Island Camp Ground, July 20-August 4. For information write J. P. Blackledge, 102 N. Eighth Street.

* * *

Pittsburg, Pa., Homestead Park, July 7-23. For information address T. S. Float, 1104 Belmont Street, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

* * *

Eureka Springs, Ark., Arkansas State Encampment, July 10-21. For information write H. A. Goss, Eureka Springs, Ark.

* * *

Preston, Md., August 2, to continue indefinitely. For information address J. W. Pitcher, 50 E. Montgomery Street, Baltimore, Md.

"By My Spirit Saith the Lord"

One Impression of the Convention, Henrietta E. Muzzy

THE two weeks' Convention has come to a close, but it has not ended. On and on the gracious influences will spread until they encircle the globe and bring blessing to many hearts.

To tell of all the sweet, the helpful and heart-melting seasons spent as in the very presence of God would require the pen of a more ready writer than mine.

The way had been prepared by earnest intercessory prayer for two months preceding the opening of the Convention. In the church services, at the homes, singly and by twos and threes, the Spirit-burdened ones besieged the Throne until the intercessions became real soul travail and the victory of faith was given. "When Zion travailed she brought forth." There had been some strong desires as to the kind of Convention we should have, but finally all was committed to God for Him to work as He saw the need. Given entire control the Spirit worked most blessedly and the spiritual tide ran high, increasing from the very first service. There was so little of the human and so much of the Divine in the leadership that there was no friction to mar the beautiful harmony of the Spirit. He was the Director and the results were glorious. Such spontaneity, such variety, such freedom! No two services were alike. Sometimes the meeting ran on one line of truth and sometimes on another, but all according to the Divine plan. Oh, that leaders everywhere would throw their programs to the winds and give the Holy Spirit full control!

The love and unity among the workers was well nigh perfect. No one endeavored to press his belief upon the people as essential, but all centered in Christ and held Him up above all doctrines as the one greatest need. It was a revelation of what the Spirit could and would do if each one of His workers would commit himself and his belief to Him for direction and control.

We were simply charmed with the sweet and Christ-like spirit manifested by these strong men and women of "many minds" and different shades of belief working together in such heavenly harmony. We are convinced that it is not the differences of belief among the workers, but the contention for and controversy over them that has brought dispute and division into the Pentecostal work in some places. The spirit of

love and tolerance will teach every one how to do in these differences and how not to do. At this Convention season we were thus taught and enjoyed real "days of heaven upon earth."

Each day was marked by the Spirit's power and some days were remarkable for the deep searching work that He did in many hearts. One of these days was the All Day of fasting and prayer and conviction of sin. From 8 A. M. until 5 P. M. there was one continuous service at which a large number gathered and the interest was so deep that no one seemed to get weary. There was much light given on the unruly tongue and what a fire it is, a world of iniquity among the members when they indulge in criticism, contention and argument. There were deep confessions from those who had been thus guilty and there was a going down before God which brought great blessing and uplift. Those who lived the nearest to God and were the most used in His work were the quickest to humble themselves and confess where they had erred. Can any wonder that the power and glory fell on us time after time as these confessions went on? It was heavenly. There were no dry services, all were watered abundantly; but the morning meetings for believers were particular times of power.

Sometimes in the meetings God was so manifestly present that an unearthly stillness would fall upon the people. "Be still and know that I am God," was obeyed. Every one was held in a holy hush before Him while he dealt with each one; then, softly, under the control of the Spirit, one and another would break out into song, worshipful, uplifting, carrying the listener higher into the Infinite Presence. Impossible to describe, but glorious to experience, were these sacred seasons.

There were no loud fleshly manifestations at any time. The Spirit was so in control that the flesh had little chance to obtrude itself and when a wave of joy and praise swept over the assembly the demonstrations of the Spirit were beautiful to behold.

And the messages! Unspeakably precious were the lessons learned as the different messengers took the Word "at His mouth" and gave it to the people. There were no neglected Gospel themes. Every phase of Christian life and experience was set before the people as their rightful possession. Deliverance from Satan's power

whether in spirit, soul or body, was often dwelt upon. The people hungered; they flocked to the altar and many were delivered.

One, the messenger of "white-heated love," taught us to love as Christ Himself loved and those whom He loved and died for. He taught us to give even to the last dollar sometimes and trust God for more. He made it clear that God wants our pocketbooks as well as our hearts. Another urged us to keep a supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ or we would run dry and become useless in service. Another brought forth things new and old out of the wonderful treasuries of God's Word until the whole company went on their faces before God for an enlargement and deeper things in grace. Still another, a hand-maiden of the Lord, opened up with great power

the vision of the holy waters that Ezekiel saw, and showed us how low we must go, even down to the "threshold," to drink of the life-giving waters. This was a glorious service, a great meeting. A missionary service, when scores offered themselves to God for the foreign field, was one of the events of the Convention. The work of healing went blessedly on and many were healed, among them some remarkable cases.

But who can tell it all? Not one. As the half can never be told of the great wave of sorrow and bereavement that swept over the Stone Church assembly at the beginning of the year, so now the half cannot be told of the mighty wave of blessing that God sent upon us.

All honor and glory and praise be unto Him and His Christ forever.

Blessings from Under the Threshold

The Vision of the Holy Waters

Miss E. Sisson; Convention, May 19, 1912



WANT to read a part of the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel. "Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house; and behold waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward: . . . And when the man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward, he measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters; the waters were to the ankles." Standing in God! That is what we need these days; independence of the creature; separated from everything and everybody and standing in God.

"Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through the waters; the waters were to the knees." That is providing for us! Waters to the knees! Don't you know that is what is going to bless and redeem this old world, the waters to the knees? Oh, this blessed knee-work in the Holy Ghost, it belongs to us! Water to the knees is the provision for us and it is in answer to this work that God is doing, and is going to continue to do, marvelous, increasingly marvelous things in the earth.

"Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through"—there is a great deal of talking about "going through," but I bless God He can bring me through. "What do you mean," said one man the other day, "about 'going through'?" I do not understand it." I bless God He understands about getting us through. He brought me through. "And the waters were to the

loins;" when the waters have risen to the loins—the creative powers are in the loins—then all is submerged in God. Oh, what holy life in the kitchen! What holy life in the office, on the street! What holy life in the bedchamber! What holy life at the dining table! What holy life when the waters are to the loins! That is provided for us. Everything under, all the movements of our being under the Holy Ghost.

"Afterward he measured a thousand; and it was a river that I could not pass over: for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over." There is no accounting for God's blessings. They rise so high that God Himself cannot tell them. He cannot put them in the words of our poor human languages. They are a river that cannot be passed over; they are waters to swim in, and the time comes when the child of God is lifted upon the mighty waves and floods. Oh, what is that in the mind of Christ, that purpose of God concerning you and me? Oh, how God's heart urges and urges on and on, that we may overtake Him! He cannot make us understand it. It is not understandable, but it can be experienced. He is prodding us on. Everything helps; everything is a prod in His hand as we receive all from God. Every new place I am gaining these last days and weeks I am amazed at what I see and it is helping to keep me quiet.

All that God is doing today I cannot talk about, but every time the Lord works He says to me, "This is nothing but beginnings." There

are mighty pourings of this river that cannot be passed over. We are floating along under the mighty movings of God and the man and woman is lost sight of, just a little atom floating on His ocean. Did you ever see a cork floating on the water? You do not stop much to talk about the cork, but you see the mighty ocean swelling and carrying it forward. It is what God is pushing you and me on to, the place of the little cork on the waters; inconsequence linked with Divinity; human emptiness floating on the billows of Infinite fulness. He is pushing us forward and we are bound to go forward and on. What we are going forward to no tongue can tell, no man can conceive, it is so glorious.

"And He said unto me, Son of man, hast thou *seen* this?" Oh blessed is the man, blessed is the woman, blessed is the child that has seen this, that has had "the vision of the holy waters." I remember a young man in Philadelphia coming into a little Convention like this. He was a young printer, proud, ambitious and clever, and bound he would make a name for himself. He came into the meeting that evening at the earnest solicitation of his mother. He was a Christian, but the kind of a Christian that has so much pleasure in the world. He wanted to go to the theatre that night but his mother persuaded him to come to the meeting, and a most humble, no-consequence child read this forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel and God gave the young printer a vision of the holy waters. That young man was turned upside down and inside out, and his heart went after God. God dealt with him. He let the world go but at first he couldn't quite let his business go. He expected to be on some periodical, some magazine where his name would tell, but God said, "Give up your business to me." He didn't tell him He had any other business for him, but God got the victory. He gave it all up to the Lord and said, "Lord, I will walk out of that printing office tomorrow if you want me to," and shortly after he did walk out of that office. God called him with a powerful call to the Soudan in Africa and he became a mighty child of God there. Then God started him away over in the unexplored regions of the East Coast. Some of you perhaps know I am speaking of Peter Scott and how God started under him what is known as the British East African Missions. There God wrought, and after awhile He kissed Peter Scott away to glory, but the work went on, and from that work God started other missions and the mighty work of God in the interior is going on in a marvelous way. He is

pouring out such a hungry spirit upon the thousands and tens of thousands and millions of Africa and it will never end. It is rivers that cannot be passed over, and it all came about by Peter Scott's seeing the vision of the holy waters that night, and that inconspicuous child of God getting up there and reading the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel. If you are a little seed for God you cannot tell what tree is going to grow from it.

May God give each one here a vision of the holy waters, then they will "issue out toward the east country and go down into the desert" of Chicago and down into the desert of the United States and into the desert of Africa and India and China, and go down into the sea. "And it shall come to pass that everything that liveth, which moveth whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live; and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed." Oh don't you want to be in the river and the river in you, moving on, the movement of the Holy Ghost, the Triune God by the Holy Ghost? Everything shall live where the river goes. Every one that gets the vision of the holy waters is bound to be a fisher of men. There will be a place to spread the nets and "the fish shall be according to their kinds." Oh what an inspiration there is in that, to let the Lord take us forward, because the kind of Christian workers we are, that is the kind of fish we will catch. In other words, people's children are like them, and so are the spiritual children of Christian workers. "The fish shall be according to their kind" is the greatest incentive I have ever had to get all the blessings the Lord wanted me to have; not for my sake, but for the sake of the children, the spiritual children whom God gives. But the "marshes thereof shall not be healed." What is the matter with the marshy places? They let the water in, but they do not let the water *through*. You see them in every Christian assembly, Christians who are nothing but marshes. They come to suck up something for "me" and they have no purpose of letting it go through. The only use of the holy water is to pass through us. Jesus said it should be in us a "well of water springing up into everlasting life," but He said it should be in us as rivers if we continued to believe on Him. You see we are a river bed in the salvation arrangement, something to receive God and let Him pass through. That is our legitimate use, and when we do not let the river pass through we just become a miry and marshy place. The miry and

the marshy places shall not be healed, they shall be given to salt. You know nothing can live in the Dead Sea. What is the matter with it? It is the salt. That is what will happen to us if we receive God and do not let Him pass through. Nothing can live. "And on either side of the river shall grow all trees for meat," and God says "out of him that believes on Him shall flow rivers of living water." That is not a river. Is it two rivers? or three? or five? or a hundred and five? God doesn't stop, and if the growing soul doesn't stop this thing will never stop. God doesn't limit it; rivers of living water, and upon either bank there shall be fruit; "it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months." In Italy the orange trees never cease to bring forth fruit twelve months in the year. They are always fruiting. They shall bring forth new fruit according to his months. Why? "Because the waters thereof issue out of the sanctuary;" "and the fruit thereof shall be for meat and the leaf thereof for medicine." We go through the world and we are for others, meat and medicine, wherever the soul goes that has had fully the vision of the holy waters.

But I am concerned most in this blessed chapter about a little part here in the first verse. The waters of all this glory, all this fruitfulness, all this power and all this blessing, all God's possibilities in you and in me—see how this thing begins: "The holy waters issued out from under the threshold of the house." Now who can get water that issues out from under the threshold of the house? I tell you we have to get down pretty low. Did you ever try to get water that issued out from under the threshold? You cannot get that standing up, and you cannot get it stooping down. You cannot get it on your knees. There is only one way you can get it. Down on your face. Oh it is solemn. It is low down you get this blessing, under the threshold. You cannot get your lip under the threshold if there is one part of your being that is up. You have to be prostrated. You have to get lower than the lowest, and experimentally you and I know a little about this. You know we never got a drink of water in conversion until we got our lip down to the threshold. We never got it standing up; never got it holding on to a thing, but in letting go. Christ's word to Zacchaeus rings through the centuries, "Zacchaeus, make haste and come down." Down brethren! Down sisters! Down Pentecostal Movement! Down Pisgah! Down! Down! Down! That is the cry that rings out. And if

we ever sought the Lord in sanctification we got down again. This was further down because God had given us more light. It was all down before God spoke to us and gave us the victory. These dear people that have their Pentecost and the tongues, how much of you was standing up straight when you got that? Didn't you get down? One wrote me from Los Angeles early in the outbreak, and she said, "I like the blessing these people have, but if you could come and see the way God is working on them you wouldn't want the blessing." God saw to it that they should have to get down. And do you know you never were used in your life in any service until you got down.

This is the experience of our blessed Apostle Paul in the great Corinthian epistles, the epistles that came out and blessed that church so wonderfully and have gone on blessing for centuries, blessed all this dispensation and how much more to other worlds we do not know for it will never stop, Paul said, "I started in," (quite like some little mission-worker in Chicago). "I started in to win a soul to Jesus." "And how did you feel, Paul?" "Oh, I was with you in weakness and fear and in much trembling." Ah, God saw to it that Paul was all emptied out, "but in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost." God got Paul's lips down under the threshold; the waters began to flow, and the mighty vision of the holy waters began to rise. So the power and the demonstration of the Holy Ghost was given in a little good-for-nothing, no-account child of God, for He hasn't any other kind of children. "Good-for-nothing" was Paul's name and yours and mine, and we all rejoice in it. It was the name of Jesus' humanity. "THE SON can do nothing of Himself." We are nothing and good-for-nothing. We are no-account, but oh, if we crawl down to the threshold and get a drink, something happens. Waters from under the threshold! We have all had some experience, but the thing is to keep that experience. We know what it is to get down there where we get Pentecost, get the healing, or where we are wonderfully used in testimony, or in exposition of the Word of God. We know what it is to get down there where we are mightily used in intercession, but beloved, it is our privilege to *stay there* with our lip under the threshold; and that is where we must learn to stay. If we will stay there we will have not merely "that wonderful blessing when I was in Denver," but *fresh* life ever flowing through. What a revival that was at Denver! What a mighty power of God!

I came away and said that was a Salvation Factory. We did not have time to preach, didn't have time to sing. People just came in at the door and filled the altar. I remember going to the hall one night and the people came in and knelt around that altar before we could give out the first verse of the hymn, so there was nothing to do but to go around and pray with them. When we had laid hands and they had received by simple faith, we bade them go back to their seats. We wanted to get the altar cleared so that we could start in and have some regular services--this was very irregular. We were ready to sing a hymn and pray and read the Word, so we said, "You have received?" "Yes." "Now take your seat." We wanted to vacate the altar, but ere we turned to lay hands on another, that vacant place was filled; thus the altar kept filling with new seekers, drunkards, lost women, Christians seeking healing, etc., until eleven o'clock. We were exhausted physically, but you could not stop it. The breath of God was on the people. Nobody had a chance to say anything.

"But we must read the Word of God. What would be the report outside?" So one got up with a Bible, but oh, the weeping and the crying and the praising drowned out everything.

But I can not go back and talk about that wonderful time when I was in the Salvation Factory. No, I have to get down and get my lip under the threshold *now*. If anybody asks you for a glass of water and you hand them some out of the pitcher that has been standing here over night, they don't want it; they want fresh water. Yet from this identical pitcher last night you gave your friend a most reviving drink, what is the matter that he does not relish it now? Ah, it has stood! God wants to keep us *with our lips down at the threshold*. The blessing I received, and the work I was in, and my wonderful knowledge of the Word, etc., is stale water. It is all good, but it is stale water if you and I are not down now with our lips at the threshold.

Let us keep down and keep drinking fresh water, then how the vision of the holy waters will be repeated!

A Life Consecrated to God

Result of His Sovereignty and Grace

Mrs. Rachel Nalder, Windsor, Nova Scotia; Convention, May 24, 1912



BELIEVE that God is insisting upon one thing supremely in these days. I have been thinking of it all day long and God has been talking to me about it, and that is that we might covet earnestly the more excellent way. He has been leading us step by step and

I believe that the climax of all this teaching is that you and I should be filled to overflowing with the love of Jesus. What are all these other things if you and I haven't love, the love of Jesus? What is the greatest thing in the world? Love to God and love to man. What is the greatest transforming power in any life? Love. What is it that you and I and all the world are hungering for? From our very first recollection have we not all been hungry for love? We long for it in every stage of life. We need the love of God to bathe us; we need His love to transform us. We need this love to be our motive power, to constrain us to go out and win others to Himself; the love of Christ to go and bring a lost world to His feet. Oh, Jesus is saving to you and to me tonight, "Lovest thou Me? Lovest thou Me?" And if you can just say in your heart, "Thou knowest I love Thee," you will

want to go and feed His lambs and His sheep; you will want to go out after these other sheep, to bring in as many as possible to this blessed Savior. There is nothing the world is looking for so much today as men and women who are on fire with the love of God. Other things amount to very little when compared with this divine love. If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and haven't love, what is it? Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. What power is there in a tinkling cymbal? Did you ever get touched or moved by it? You could hear them lots of times in India and it never would move you. If love is lacking all these other things are empty sounds. I'd rather hear the most humble child of God filled with divine love than the most polished orator. We used to have a dear colored brother at home, I used to call him my "Isaac," and whenever that brother would rise to pray it seemed we were lifted nearer to God. Oh, we want perfect love to God and perfect love to man. Every church is needing the love that thinketh no evil, taketh no account of evil, the love that is not easily provoked. I once lived with a lady that was very loving, but oh, so easily provoked. I suppose she has been a prod in me many a time because she got

so provoked, and I have had to pray and hold on to God for her. I often told her how I believed it was not the Spirit of Christ for her to become provoked at the slightest little thing, but that love endureth and beareth all things. "Love never faileth." As we go back to our homes let us take with us that love that will not fail when the testings come. As soon as we leave this atmosphere there will be testings; there will be a chilly blast; it won't be convention fire. Some of us will be going into refrigerators, but if we have gotten more of God's grace within that will make us sweet it will keep us so warmed up in Him that if we do run across some icebergs we won't be afraid. This warm, sweet love of Christ is what the world is hungering for. I am only in the primary class, but I do want to get into the fullness of God's love. I want the love of Christ to constrain me to lay my desires and plans down and just go where His love is leading me. Oh, it is so sweet to have Him with you in all these testings and to know that His love will never fail.

When I was a little girl my heart was so hungry for love. I was born in a little village in Lincolnshire, England, a very small village with only a few farms and most of the people worked on the farms. I went to the Church of England because we nearly all did. In those rural districts the Church of England is *the* church. If you do not belong to any church you are numbered with the Church of England people. When they take the census and you say "I do not go anywhere," they say, "Very well, you are Church of England." If you do not belong to the dissenters the Church of England counts you in. My father was the choir-master of our church choir for thirty years and I was one of his singers. I went to the church regularly, but all through my childhood days I knew nothing of a Christian home. I feel pained to say it and have never told this before, but I wasn't brought up as some of you Christians were. I had no praying mother, but only God knows how much it costs me to say that. My father went to church, but we didn't seem to know much about a practical religion. I went to the Sunday School and the teacher of my class was a very earnest woman who took a great interest in me and the love of my heart for that teacher was my first love. I almost worshiped that woman. I began to go to her class when I was five years old and you could not have offered me money enough to keep me from Sunday School. It was such a delight to be in her class, and she made us com-

mit whole chapters of the Bible to memory. I lived in that church until I was confirmed in the cathedral at Lincoln. The Bishop of Lincoln put his hands on my head and it seemed as if God awakened within me a great desire to be a true Christian and to keep the vows I then took upon me. I will never forget my first communion. It seemed as if God was so near me and giving me such a desire to be a true Christian, and I thought that I was one because I obeyed the church rules.

For a little while I stayed in that church, but I had no help from anybody. I had to live a lonely life, and as I was anxious for an education I walked six miles every day to school. About this time God led me into a Primitive Methodist Chapel. The Primitive Methodists are different from the Wesleyans; they work more along the line of evangelistic meetings and are more full of fire for souls. In those days the Primitive Methodists were very much alive. They had gotten an organ in their chapel and because I was musical they asked me to play that organ. I said I would if my father was willing. My father said yes, that would be good practice for me. That was the highest thought he had for me, but I went. Those poor farm laborers were very earnest in praying. We had been taught it was almost sacrilegious to have a noise like that and when I got in there and heard their praying I was startled, but God began to work in my soul. The earnest souls in that church from the time I took that organ determined they would pray me into the kingdom. They always called me their "young lady," and said, "Lord, save our young lady," and the Spirit of God laid hold of me and for six weeks I was in such agony I could hardly live. I didn't want to talk about anything or even to eat, I was so eager to find God. I wanted to be saved, I wanted to have a clean heart, to be entirely made over. I felt I must get the new birth. The old men used to say to me sometimes, "Oh, you are in pickle." In England that is the way they talk if they think the Spirit of the Lord is working on you, and I was in about as bad a pickle as anybody could be. I didn't like them to say that: it was distasteful to me. One night we had an old-fashioned love-feast where we each took a biscuit and drank out of a mug of water, and all gave their experience of how happy they were. I saw them get up all over the chapel and tell how the Spirit of the Lord made them so happy, and I wondered if I could ever get this blessing, if I could ever say "I know I am saved." As I

was praying one night all alone the Spirit of the Lord came upon me. I could go to the very place in my father's room where the clouds broke and the Lord just flooded my soul. We had been at a service in the chapel and the minister preached from this text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" they were all saved but me, and I felt it was all for me. So when I went home that night I gave myself to God and it seemed to me as if from that time for years and years I was walking in heaven. I didn't know anything about the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but I believe God gave me the filling of the Holy Spirit the night He saved me. He filled me with such a love for souls. We had had a very dry time in that chapel. Nobody had been converted for a long time and after I was saved God put this burning love for souls in my heart, and a friend and I used to go to the chapel three days in the week. We had a prayer meeting at three o'clock every day, and the Spirit of God would bring up certain individuals. We would pray for Mary, and in a few days Mary would be saved. Then I would say to my friend, "Now, Lizzie, we must pray for Annie," and God heard us for her. I had no doubt those days. I knew God would hear prayer. There was one young man we were interested in, and we used to carry that young man before the Lord. He was a carpenter, and he said as he was working at his bench every day between three and four o'clock he didn't know what came over him. He used to have to throw down his plane and fall on the shavings and cry out to God, and something came over him that just slew him. We told him we knew God was working, and after a few weeks that young man became saved and God called him to preach the Gospel. There were seventy converted after that. I told you we had had a very dry time, but after this every night they came to the penitent bench, and I, not knowing I was doing anything strange, would go around and say, "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" "Would you like to be saved tonight?" And the first thing they would go out with me and kneel at the penitent bench and the Lord would save them. We had two chapels in our village, the Wesleyan and the Primitive, and they didn't work very well together, but I went to both, I was so filled with love for souls, and as I went around pleading with sinners the Primitive people said, "Oh, but you mustn't do that in the Wesleyan church." But I didn't know I was working for a church. I was only fifteen, and I said, "If there are souls I must go after

them." I didn't know any difference. God gave me that beautiful union. I thought I was one with everybody who loved the Lord Jesus Christ.

Let me tell you another thing that God led me to do. He came to me in the night in those days. He did speak to me so clearly and when He told me to do a thing I would run and do it. I dared not disobey. It seemed the obedience was so swift in me. One night I began to think of our large family, and no one knows what I went through. I thought, "Here is father and mother and all these children, and I am the only one that knows the Lord Jesus. I must bring them to Christ. God is holding me responsible." We had never had family prayer and I felt we must have it, but, oh, to pray before my father! I'd rather have prayed before Queen Victoria than to open my mouth before my father. But I could not go to sleep until I made this vow to God. I said, "O God, if I am alive in the morning I will have family prayer." I had never been in a house where they had family prayer and I didn't know how they conducted it, but I said, "If I am alive in the morning I will start family prayer." In the morning as soon as I awoke I wished I was dead. "Oh," I thought, "I'd rather be dead than have that vow on me," and it came right up to me that I made a solemn vow to the Lord. I had never heard of other people making vows, but the Lord made me do it. I went and knocked on my father's bedroom door. How to speak I didn't know, but at last I stumbled out something. I cried more than I talked, and he said, "What is the matter now?" I had had some trouble before. He had wanted me to continue my singing. I used to sing a little at concerts in the village, but when the Lord saved me I said, "Father, I cannot sing at these concerts." Then he quoted that verse, "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less." It hadn't made mine less. I told him I had a hundred more pleasures now than I ever had before. And when he said I must sing I said, "I will be true to Christ first, father." So this morning he said, "Now, what is the matter?" "O father, don't you think we should have family prayer, that we should honor the Lord in this home?" I stumbled out. He turned in his bed and said, "Oh, it isn't everybody that can talk. There are books you can buy; I suppose, and get prayers in them." "But," I said, "father, I don't think that is the kind of prayer that would be best. If you would just let us have prayer—" by that time I was sobbing so I walked away and went down stairs. Then I had to tackle my mother.

Then again I wished I was dead. Oh, I don't believe I can make it half real to you. You cannot realize what it meant to me. I never had such a cross for Christ as to speak to my precious father and mother. I went to my mother and she didn't give me any encouragement, but after breakfast father said, "Rachel, go bring the Bible." O my poor feet and knees! I was just fifteen and my father was fifty-five, and all the children were there. I got the Bible and he made me read. Then I said, "Let us kneel down. Now, father, won't you pray?" He said, "If there is to be any praying done you will have to do it." I just lifted my heart to God. Oh, my heart was broken, and out of my broken heart I began to pray and I could see the very heavens opened. I never had more access to God. As I prayed my father fell and sobbed, and my mother and brothers and sisters were overcome, too. We were all on the floor and I was praying for each one by name. God accepted that hard thing I did, and for six years He made me keep up that family altar, no matter what company we had. If we had a wedding feast Rachel carried on the prayers, but nothing was ever such a blessing in our home, and when I was leaving home to come to this country, I said, "Father, will you carry on the family prayer?" He said, "I will." He lived to be ninety-five and I was in England at the time of his death. That family altar was kept up until the end.

Well, you see I was a Ranter. For six years, up to the time I was fifteen, I was a member of the Church of England, then I became a Ranter. In England they called the Primitive Methodists, Ranters. You haven't any in this country. Then I began to take the Bible class and the Lord began to speak to me on baptism. The Bible said, "Believe and be baptized." After a few years the Lord sent my cousin to me and he told me he was a Baptist minister. I had never seen a Baptist before and I said to him, "Tell me what the Baptists believe." When he told me I said, "I believe everything you believe. Will you baptize me?" I came three thousand miles to be baptized. I came across the Atlantic and he baptized me in Lake St. Thomas outside of Halifax, Nova Scotia. I had never seen a baptismal service, only I knew the Bible said, "Buried with Christ in baptism." God honored that testimony among those people and we had a revival break out.

For many years I labored in the Baptist church; then later the Lord led me to the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and after that He led me to the Stone Church and that is all I know. He is grading me right up. I do not know how much more He has for me, but I am willing to take the next step just as He shows it to me.

If only He will fill me with love I will be thankful and take the next step with Jesus.

Sad Stories of Superstition and Witchcraft

Who is Responsible for Such Darkness?

Miss Alma E. Doering of the Congo Island Mission, March 10, 1912



I WANT to read to you a word of prophecy which, like so many other prophecies, speaks of the ultimate triumph of God over the powers of darkness. "Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." Psalm 68:31.

In order to realize, beloved, the full force of this promise, I think we need to know just a little of the reign of Satan in Ethiopia and Africa. We want to contrast his reign with the reign of the King. In Psalm 74:20 we read a very true description of Africa. It says the dark places of the earth are the habitation of cruelty, and it is in these dark places that God wants to send forth His ministers to call out a people for His name.

So I want to show you how great the wicked-

ness and show the light as it is dawning in our day, and as it will dawn as the church of Christ awakens to its responsibility toward those who sit in darkness. In Central Africa, especially in Congoland through the equatorial belt, the people have no religion whatever. In India and China they have idols which they worship, but in Africa all that goes to make up a religion, such as worship, praise and prayer, is lacking. They have fetishes to protect them from evil, as they are constantly living in terror from evil spirits, and when I tell you of some of the cruel things they do to appease these evil spirits it will probably startle you. It is an honest, sincere, earnest effort on the part of the native to get rid of the evil and he doesn't know how to do it. For instance, the African believes that all misfortune is due to some evil spirit. If you are

sick, they say there is an evil spirit in your body. If there is a drought, the evil spirits are angry, and they must bring sacrifices. That is why they have their devil dances, sacrifice sheep, and pour out the blood as an offering to the devil. In order to cast out the evil spirit they use different means. If one is sick they say there must be a way made for the evil spirit to get out, so they get hot irons and puncture the flesh of the sick one. I have seen little babies tortured in the most heartless way. The people will take the only instrument they have, a knife about twelve inches long. It is their dental forceps as well as vegetable knife, and with this knife they cut deep gashes into the sick bodies and then apply the hollow horn of a goat, and through suction think to draw out the evil spirit, expectorating mouthfuls of blood. You will see the sick one sitting on the ground in a little pool of blood, and growing weaker and weaker. Perhaps the patient does not recover under this drastic treatment, then they starve the evil spirit; and, lastly, they try to drive him out by making a great deal of noise. They use drums and deafening iron rattles, and keep this up night and day, hoping that finally the evil spirit will be scared away. Oh, beloved, what a ministry we have in that land of darkness! How blessed it is to go and command these evil spirits to come out in the name of Jesus; for truly, they are evil spirits torturing these people. And finally, the fear is so great, especially among the Agrkuya, that before a person dies—when they think he is dying—they carry him out in the bush, they believe if they allow any one to die at home the whole village will be affected by the evil spirit. In order to save the village they think they must sacrifice the sick one and they take him out in the bush. If any one should die suddenly in a hut they will never enter that hut again, but open the door for the hyenas and the leopards to drag out the remains.

Let me tell you that the pain and agony with which they treat their sick is not because they are brutal or cruel; it is because they want to save the whole community from the spirit that is destroying the sick one.

We have taken up a number of babies at our station, babies we found in the bush dying, and these babies after they were brought in and properly cared for have nearly always recovered. They are growing up under the influence of the Gospel in our own mission home. But at one time a mother came to us with her baby which had a contagious disease and we could not ac-

cept it. There were four of us women living in a little mud hut, and we had already adopted about six native children. It was impossible to take in a child that had a contagious disease, so I said to the mother, "We have no place for the baby." She said, "You have no place for *my* baby? Don't you know if you don't take it the witch-doctor will come along and will send it out to the bush to save the village from the evil spirit?" I said, "I am sorry and if you will bring it daily I will take care of it, but you must take it home nights, as we have no place for it." Some people have the idea that missionaries have nothing to do but to go about with their Bibles and teach and preach. Missionaries in the foreign field live a very commonplace life. We have as monotonous a routine as any person in the homeland, with forty orphans on our hands to sew for, the school work, and the evangelistic work, and the natives crowding in from morning until night. I have never had as hard a time at home to get a quiet hour with the Lord as I have had in Africa. Well, this woman came with her baby for several days and then she stopped coming. So we went over the hills and down into the deep valleys, searching for her, and at last I found her on the ground groaning. I said to her, "Where is your baby?" She pointed to the jungle and said, "It has been eaten by the devil." That awful disease began to tighten its grip upon the baby and the witch-doctor said I must go out with it." She took a knife and took a little fire and wrapped her baby close to her heart. She went to a forsaken, woody place, and with her knife she began to clear away the dried grass and underbrush until the cleared spot was so large that no fire could get across it, and then she sat down in the very center of that bare spot which she had cleared and nursed her baby to sleep for the last time. She could not bear to turn her back on the baby while it was still conscious. Then she set all the surrounding high grass on fire and thus her baby was enclosed in a wall of fire. The fire could not reach the baby and the mother hoped it would keep back the wild beasts while her little one was still alive. When you have actually rescued babies from the very jaws of hyenas, when you have seen the scars on their bodies you know what it is. When the wild beasts come to your tent you almost feel wicked in lighting your fire and driving them away, because you are driving them to some poor, helpless form.

Some tribes do not take the people out in the bush, but they have such a dread of the evil spir-

its they try to pacify the spirit of the dead by a great deal of ceremony. Near our station a man who died was wrapped up in many grass mats, still retaining the shape of the body; an artificial head was put on this and the huge form set up inside the hut. Then the wives were obliged to keep up fires for four months about the corpse. That is the time when we get a chance to talk to the women, for at all other times the women must toil and labor. Many a time we have gone into the dark hut where the women were singing, "He's gone! He's gone! We don't know where he's gone." They have to keep that up to honor his spirit for four months. We would often sit down and tell them about the love of Christ, but the awful atmosphere would make us faint. How these women stood it was a miracle to us.

We have at our mission station a boy named Ndebu. This boy is one of the brightest in our congregation. When we were sending out our converts to preach and bring in the children, Ndebu, with lame feet, limping, volunteered to go to the farthest outposts. He got up at five o'clock in the morning and got back in time for Sunday School. They do not know when Sunday comes, so we have to announce Sunday to get them in. Ndebu came to us in a very sad way. He had a contagious disease and they were about to bury him alive, as is the custom with this tribe. They began to dig his grave. He watched them and the night before his funeral his heart failed him. Many a time he with the other people of his village had looked out to the lighthouse on the hill about six hours' journey away. They had heard about the white man coming, they had been told the white men were simply the returned spirits of their ancestors and they must beware of too close contact with them. They were told that up in the attic of our house we made all those wonderful contrivances, typewriters, clocks, etc.; they could not see how a clock could talk, and there were a great many mysterious stories about the missionaries. They had never seen artificial light, and when our house was lit up and the light beamed out, they said, "Now we know that that is heaven, because we never saw a house shine." Poor Ndebu's eyes wandered off to the lighthouse on the hill, the only lighthouse for many days' journey, and he thought, "Must I go to the land of spirits? Why not go direct instead of going through the grave?" So that night the All-seeing Eye above looked down upon a boy so weak, so sick, so forsaken, crawling up the hills and wading the rivers until the morning

light found him at our station compound, unconscious. We had a school for girls every morning from six to seven. With baskets and hoes they go from school to a day's work in the fields, and this morning as we went to that early class we stumbled over Ndebu. We thought he was dead, but, carrying him in, found there was a little life left. God gave us that life; he was healed. It is simply wonderful how God keeps us from contagious diseases. He says He will be a wall of fire about us, and there is not a better disinfectant than fire, so when we come in contact with these awful diseases in Africa, skin diseases, smallpox, sleeping diseases, we know what it is to have the keeping power of God round about us.

Then there is another evil, the practice of witchcraft. The Bapisti people say the evil spirit which was torturing the sick person has taken up his abode in some wicked person in town; so immediately upon the death of the sick one the witch-doctor calls the whole town together. Every one is obliged to come, and every one fears lest he shall be branded as a witch. No one is sure of returning from that funeral alive. Then the witch-doctor through weird incantations professes to be able to locate the evil spirit and the person indicated is branded as a witch. The whole concourse of people remain on the hill, while the witch-doctor strips the bark of the Upasa tree, puts it into water and makes the accused one drink it. He is lashed up the hill and must dance around the fire. If the poison has its deadly effect they believe he is a witch, as they say the poison will not kill an innocent person; but as the poison begins to take effect they say, "Away with him," and he is often cast into that fire alive and cut up in pieces, and the whole community rejoices to think they are rid of the witch. We knew of a woman who was accused of witchcraft and tied over an ant-hill. The third day the missionaries found her almost eaten up by the ants. We took her to the mission station and God gave us that life and saved her soul. She was the first woman in that community to find the Lord. It is so hard to win the women to God. They are so abused they think there is nothing but drudgery and slavery for them; and when a woman comes out in the broad light of the Gospel there is even greater cause for rejoicing than when a man comes, because the deliverance is greater.

Now as to the effect the Gospel has on these lives: at Matara we had a very sad case of a woman being carried out in the bush with her

little baby. We saved the baby, but the mother died and we could get no one to dig her grave. It was the first grave that was dug in that district. There were four of us women and two of the sisters were very weak, and as we tried to carry away this heavy woman to the grave, the natives gasped in horror because we were handling a corpse. Our boys knew they would be persecuted by their people if they helped us carry away this woman instead of allowing the hyenas or the leopards to get her, but after we had carried the corpse a few yards our strength gave way and we turned to our Christian boys, and you ought to have seen one after another step up and relieve us of the burden, saying they were going to trust God to keep them.

We have seen at Kingoyi many changes within a few years. When the heathen first came into the fold of Christ they still wanted to carry on these brutalities, and would go out, possibly three or four hours' journey, to do it secretly, but they became very much ashamed, and the change that has taken place, especially on the West Coast, is so great the children listen to these stories with as much horror as you do, so completely has the light of the Gospel really driven out the darkness. O beloved, after we have seen the power of God in these dark hearts we can not doubt that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.

Of course, we have just given you a little glimpse of the darkness spiritually. We must tell you a bit about the reign of Satan as it manifests itself in their treatment of the women. A woman is the slave of the man. She must cultivate the soil and has nothing to do it with but a stick or a cultivating knife. She is not allowed to eat with her husband; he would be disgraced if she should, and after she has been toiling in the hot sun all day long she has her family to attend to. Her husband has bought her for four, five or seven pigs or thirty sheep, and she never knows when he will sell her away from her children. I must give you a picture that lingers in my mind that I can never forget. I was going out in the village to take the glad message to the women. Of course, we must forget filth and vermin when we go into these little huts. We change our clothes when we get home, in Africa; we never dress up to go out. I came across a woman who was imprisoned in a slave fork, which is a beam or a log forked at one end and laid on her shoulders, so that her neck is between the two prongs of the fork tied together. She can not move forward unless some one picks up

the other end of the beam. This woman had a little baby in her arms two months old. I went to her and asked her what she could have done to deserve such punishment. She said she had been sold away from her children several months ago. Her husband had a number of wives, he got himself into debt and he had to sell one. The new owner didn't want to be bothered with her children, so she was allowed to keep only her little baby, which depended upon her for its life. Then came the pangs of homesickness and longing for her children. She begged her owner to let her go several hours' journey to visit her children. (We have no street cars or conveyances, so we always reckon distances by hours, calculating how long it would take us to walk it.) Her husband refused to let her go, and one night she could endure it no longer, she must see her children, so she ran away. But she was caught and her new owner tied her in this slave fork. I went to him and asked him how he could be so hard on the woman. This was his answer, "If you had a sheep or a goat and it tried to run away from you, wouldn't you catch it and tie it up?"

One day a dear girl came to our station in agony. Her hand was bleeding, for her thumb was gone. We said, "Wanora, where is your thumb?" "It is gone. You will find it on the rafter of my man's hut." She had been refused food because of some disobedience and after laboring in the field all day, she stole something to eat in order to satisfy her hunger. She was hung up by her thumb and the weight of her body wrested the thumb from its socket and in her agony she came to us. Oh, what do the millions do who have no place to go in their distress? No one to comfort them and give them a message of hope. Oh, the reign of the devil is an awful thing unveiled as we see it in Africa, and yet people will serve him in this country. When Wanora was taken in by us her husband came and wanted to get her away. We said, "We will not give you this girl, but we will give you the price of her." The girl was hungry for the Lord, and I know of no better way to invest money than to free some of these girls from their tyrannical masters when the girls really manifest a desire to serve the Lord. Think of the heathen girls coming to our station and after getting pure Christian ideals and becoming transformed by the power of God, being sold off to the heathen men to have in their power. We have had heart-rending stories, and when we have funds in hand we buy these girls who are hungry for

the things of God. Wanora is now the Christian wife of an evangelist, and just before I left she brought her baby to me and said, "Mama, he belongs to God. I am bringing him up to be sent out, if God will only call him, to our sisters and brothers who have not yet heard."

I want to tell you that the oppression of the devil makes itself felt very keenly in the lives of the missionaries. The moment we put our feet on African soil there seems to be an impediment in our prayer-life. We have to fight our way through the thick darkness, and if God's people only realized it, they would intercede for us more.

This reminds me of a little experience I had in Switzerland. We were in a little Pentecostal circle, and as I was telling of these things one of the dear ones became very much burdened for Africa. She began to intercede in the Spirit and prayed all day and all night. One night when we were gathered together in a little meeting she began to pray in the African language, which she had never heard. I listened, and knew she was interceding. I talked to her afterward, and asked her if she knew what she was praying. She said she didn't, but she was thinking of the darkness of Africa and God enabled her to intercede for a certain tribe in their own language. It was a blessed lesson to me. The benighted souls in Africa can not intercede for themselves at the throne of God because they do not know Him, so God puts the burden and even the language upon those who are faithful in intercession; and He alone knows what may have been accomplished and what is being accomplished through the intercessory work of that little, frail woman, hidden away in the mountains of Switzerland. So I beg of you, beloved, present your-

selves to God in this ministry of intercession as a living sacrifice for those who are living in the dark lands.

O beloved, if we do this, "Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God. Princes shall come out of Egypt."

AN IMPRESSIVE COMPARISON
THE VASTNESS OF AFRICA



The vastness of Africa is vividly suggested by this striking map. India (1,574,450 square miles), China (1,300,000 square miles), Europe (3,700,000 square miles), Great Britain (122,500 square miles), and most of Australia (2,350,000 square miles) have all been laid (drawn to the same scale) on the face of Africa and still there are many uncovered plots, equal to India in bulk. The total, 9,046,950 square miles against Africa's 12,000,000.

*Field of the Congo Inland Mission.

"The Supply of the Spirit of Jesus"

Daniel Awrey, Los Angeles, California; Convention, May 14, 1912



IN THE Gospel of St. John 16:13 we read that when the Spirit of Truth is come He will guide us into all truth, and I find as we are open to the Spirit He is continually teaching us from the Word of God. The Lord opened up the Word to me along a line that was very practical in my own life and I believe it will be to others. Paul speaks in Philippians 1:19 of "the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ," and I believe that this supply of Himself is given for the purpose of giving out to others, and as we give out what He

gives us, we must get a new supply or we will be lacking. So many today do not understand their experience. When they first receive the baptism in the Holy Ghost they get a good supply of the Spirit of Jesus and have much power in their lives, but, by and by, they find that power lacking; they need a new supply of the Spirit of God, a new anointing, a new filling of the Lord Jesus Christ. We don't use the wisdom in spiritual things that the world does in material things. Why does the storekeeper get a great amount of flour? For himself? No, for his cus-

tomers, and as he sells it out it is gone from him forever. But suppose he should get a little careless and allow his supply to run out. He might tell the customer he would have it next week, but that will not satisfy the customer. He must have bread for his family, and it is the wise storekeeper who never allows his supply to become exhausted. So in spiritual things; God wants us always to have a good supply of the Spirit of Jesus, and if we do we will have the missionary spirit, the working spirit; we will love to go about doing good like the Master, but when we use up the supply and do not get it replenished, we begin to lose that keen zeal, that fresh missionary spirit, and the only way we can get it back again is by getting a good supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. This little truth has been very helpful in my own life. I have noticed when I was waiting on the Lord and taking in much of the Word of God that when I went into a meeting all I had to do was to be a mouth-piece; God would do it all, but, by and by, other meetings were not so powerful, and after a while the people seemed so hard-hearted it didn't seem as though they wanted salvation. The trouble was our supply had run out, but when we get a new supply of the Spirit of Jesus we can have a real revival. I have noticed it on the line of healing also. When I have had a special waiting on God and studying the Word on healing I received a new supply of the Spirit of Jesus, it seemed easy for the sick to be healed, but it didn't last all the time and I wondered about it. As far as I could see I prayed just as earnestly but the supply had run out and the only thing to do was to get a new supply.

If we get a new anointing of the Spirit of Jesus Christ He gives us His name to use and His authority, and in just the measure we are filled with Him He uses us as a channel for the Spirit to overflow on others.

I have also noticed when our supply begins to run out we begin to see the defects in others. I have preached when I had a good supply what I didn't practice when the supply ran out. I have told people about the blessedness of this experience, and believed every word of it, but somehow after the supply ran out I found I was not so yielded, and found something down in my heart that wanted its own way, that wasn't as willingly yielded to God as when I was happy and filled with the Spirit. It is then the defectiveness in our nature begins to manifest itself. Our judgment is often perverted when our supply of the Spirit runs short. What is the reason

for the people passing judgment on one another? Why are they criticising each other? The supply has run out. If they had a full supply of the Spirit of Jesus, they would be filled with love. Then if they saw a fault or a failing they would not talk about it, but would pray and ask the Lord to cover it with His blood and wash it away.

Jesus knew the spirit of Judas all the time, but He never told the other disciples. He never even hinted there was anything wrong with Judas, and when He said one of them was going to betray Him each one thought it was he himself. There was no suspicion of Judas at all. So it seems we can keep from using that faculty of judgment, yet we need much grace so we will have that kindness and tenderness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Did you ever have something in your imagination that ought not be there? I know I have, and I have tried to run it out, but the best way I know is to get filled with the Spirit of Jesus. Our imagination is all right when it is filled with the Spirit of Jesus.

Many people are puzzled today. They haven't the fullness they used to have. Oh, we can talk about being filled with the Spirit, but when people are not filled we can feel it, no matter how much they talk. We can feel it very quickly when their supply is exhausted. God wants us to be channels, and as we pass on to others what He gives us we must have a new supply from Him. We must get the new supply from His Word. Oh, there is nothing like the Word and prayer. If you use only prayer alone it is like fanning the old-fashioned fireplace. The fire dies down very quickly, but if you put on the wood you will have more heat. So we must devour the Word, and have a continual supply of the Spirit of Jesus on hand to give out to others. Two years ago I was forty days on one boat, and I didn't do a thing but pray and read the Bible. I read it clear through and read the New Testament through twice, and at the end of that time I had a good supply and it seemed I never was so blessed and used in such a supernatural way in my life. I thought it was going to last all the time, but it didn't. After several weeks of teaching and preaching for hours each day, I found the supply getting low, and there came a time when I was entirely emptied out and I had to go to God for a new supply.

Let us continually look to God for a new supply of His Spirit, so we will always be able to give out to others.

A Miraculous Deliverance

FOR the glory of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost I wish to add my testimony to the many on Divine healing. I have proved Hebrews 13:8, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever," and Matthew 8:17, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." I have seen God's children healed of blindness, tumors, cancers, broken bones; paralysis, fevers, dislocated joints and many other afflictions. Mine was another kind, the healing of wounds and the staunching of the flow of blood.

I was overtaken with an accident, May 27, 1911. I was busy selling clothing in a warehouse where I was employed; I went to the elevator shaft, talked to the shipping-clerk below and dropped some goods to be sent out. As I started to withdraw my head I felt the elevator descending upon it from above and the bar of the gate on my throat under my chin. My head was pinned between the bottom of the elevator and the gate. I had no voice to give an alarm as I was strangling; the gate was tearing my scalp on my forehead, and the elevator tore a five-inch wound at the back of my head, scraping and injuring my skull. But in my dire extremity the Lord was with me and His Spirit upon me. I grasped the bars of the gate and with Divine strength I was enabled to break two hardwood bars and loosen the third before the man on the elevator stopped it and after I had been taken about three feet down through the gate. The space between the elevator and the gate is about two inches, the gate lifting automatically as the elevator descends.

My head and neck were very badly twisted but with the help of the Lord I extricated myself and walked upstairs, the blood flowing freely. I told my son who was present, that I wanted to go to the saints to have them pray for me. I rebuked the pain and the flow of blood in the power of the Spirit in tongues, and rode ten blocks on a bicycle to the mission. I found one sister there who prayed for me and together we rebuked and resisted the enemy. We were interrupted, however, in our prayer by a man next door who threatened to have a doctor or a policeman. I told him Jesus Christ was my Physician.

We left the mission and walked four blocks to her home. Her husband came and we united in prayer, they laying hands on me and anointing me with oil in the name of the Lord. (Mark 16:18, James 5:14.) I was suffering and feel-

ing the conflict, and I asked the Lord as I picked up His Word for a promise for my need at this time. As I opened the book my eyes fastened upon Hosea 6:1, 2, "Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn and He will heal us; He hath smitten and He will bind us up. After two days will He revive us: in the third day He will raise us up and we shall live in His sight." What sweet peace and rest came into my soul through this precious promise given to me in my time of need! The blood was staunching and never flowed from the wound again. I never had to resort to the help of any natural aid, no doctor nor medicine, no plaster nor liniment, and though the weather was very hot, about ninety in the shade, I was able to be at the mission after a week's rest.

I do praise God for sparing my unprofitable life. It was all through His love and mercy and grace. I glorify Him for it and pray this testimony will encourage some afflicted one to trust Him.

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