



The days of Heaven on the Earth

✻ ✻ ✻ Contents ✻ ✻ ✻

Snares of the Christian Worker.....	2
God's Leading and the Result.....	2
"I Will Guide Thee with Mine Eye".....	6
Heeding the Voice of God.....	6
Light in Dark South America	7
Conversion of an Infidel.....	9
A Call to Egypt.....	9
Beauty for Ashes	11
Notes	12
Street Work in Chicago.....	12
Pentecostal Bible Schools.....	12
Campmeetings.....	13
Cutting Back the Wood	13
Necessary for Christian Usefulness.....	13
Sowing the Seed in India	18
Encouragement for Defeated Ours.....	19
"Go Tell My Disciples and Peter".....	19
Books and Tracts	24

An International Monthly Magazine

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

Snares in the Path of the Christian Worker

God's Leading and the Result

C. B. Fockler, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Convention, May 25, 1912.



I WANT to preface the few remarks I have to say by a few words from the first chapter of Hebrews: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son."

We notice God in former days spoke to people in divers ways. Some people think that unless God moves along in the groove in which they are moving, it cannot be God, it must be from some other source; but I see in this Scripture and in numerous other places that God works in divers ways, in many ways. Now, the question arises, if God speaks in different ways and manners, what condition must we be in in order to be in tune with God? What condition must we be in for God to speak to us and to manifest Himself so as to get His work done by divers operations and ways? Turn to Romans 8:10, "And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness." That is, the will of the flesh is dead, and it comes to me sometimes like this, that man, before God converts him, is wrong side up, the will of the flesh predominates, rules, controls his life. When a man is really changed, converted, he is inverted, as it were, turned right side up, and now the will of the flesh is beneath in the place of death and the spiritual part of his nature has been quickened, made alive, and should now be subject to the leadings and the directions of the Holy Spirit, and understand the operations of God. I believe one great hindrance in this Latter Rain Movement has been spiritual pride; the pouring out of the Holy Spirit has been hindered in doing the real work of God, not by worldly conditions, but by a spiritual pride that rises up in people that have miraculous experiences; a spiritual ambition begins to develop, and hence the blunders and failures; God's plan frustrated and retarded.

Just yesterday I read a letter that came from a person who left this country some time ago, supposing that he really heard the voice of God to go to the foreign field as a missionary because God gave him some supernatural experiences. He apparently felt quite convinced that he was intended for a missionary in a certain field, but the note of that letter was failure; he felt he

wasn't in his right place, nothing had been accomplished and he wished he was back in America. As I read that it filled my heart with sadness, and I said to myself, "Another one who mistook his own spiritual ambition for the voice of God," and because of that failure money wasted, time gone, nothing accomplished, and Satan rejoicing, no doubt.

Now, while we can always find this condition of people being led about by wrong voices when they are thrown open to spiritual impressions, we must remember that the voice of God does speak to His children today; but unless we have been salted by fire there may be somewhere in our anatomy some little opening that will give opportunity for voices and leadings and operations that are not of God. Demons will come and speak as angels of light. One of the signs of the times is that in last days seducing spirits will come forth. Now, what are seducing spirits? They are not spirits that come in bombast, so vile and vicious that the weakest child would discern their origin, but they are subtle, alluring, *seducing*—the very word explains it—leading us on into the mistaken path, into an unsafe attitude; the seducing spirit comes as an angel of light, not in sinful ways, but the door that opens gives them entrance in through the desire of the soul to do something great for God. That is how he gets in oftentimes. You say, "Isn't it right to have a desire to do something for God?" Ah! we must watch and pray. The desire to accomplish something is not down there at the cross, not in the place of suffering, but where we will get a name, and where we will, as we say, bring great glory to Jesus and His kingdom. Let us beware! That is the channel through which these seductive spirits enter, and when they have once entered, they are the hardest kind to expel. Those upon whom they fasten themselves are driven about by all kinds of leadings, all sorts of voices; Christ Himself, and even God the Father comes down and speaks through them at times, and I believe that the blocking of God's precious operations has been largely accomplished through the operation of seductive spirits in hearts that have had a desire to do something for God.

Now, I notice that God at sundry times and in divers ways did lead His people of old and cause them to do things, but it was usually on the lines

that to the natural man was wrong. Moses had, in a sense, good, righteous motives when he saw some of his Hebrew brethren being abused and dealt with harshly by those Egyptian taskmasters, and when he smote the Egyptian and buried him in the sand, he knew that that condition of slavery was unrighteous, it was in his spirit to do right and accomplish something for God and he did, but it didn't work. Yes, it did work to this extent: The next day it was revealed to him that it was known abroad and that it would certainly get to the ears of the king in a short time, and so Moses turns to the wilderness, and there he is hid away for forty years, back of the mountain, tending sheep, and there he is, dying, dying, dying, and one day he is sufficiently dead for God to speak to him, so that He would not be intercepted by any seductive spirit of self-righteousness or spiritual pride. God spoke to him there and you know the result. He received his anointing of power and he went forth. He pleaded that he was unlearned, slow of speech and shrank from publicity, but the Lord didn't excuse him, and then it was that the will of the Lord was accomplished.

In the New Testament we find a man filled with the Holy Ghost. The Word says Philip was *filled* with the Holy Ghost; that is a good condition to be in, to have every particle of your anatomy filled with God. God means that this organism, when it is filled with the Holy Ghost, shall run along as a well-oiled machine without any jar and move in perfect symmetry. Then the voice and organs of speech will be subject to the will of God when He wants to use them. Then all the members will be subject to the will of God and have no resistance in them. It is resistance that works detriment to the kingdom of God. It is resistance that has brought this work into disrepute in many places where it should have been a great blessing and brought forth a mighty army of men and women absolutely subdued as Moses was, every member of the body yielded, and every one seeking not in any way great things, but humble things, seeking the things that are lowly. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The Lord leads Philip down to Samaria and he has a glorious time down there. Mark you, he was filled with the Holy Ghost from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and he went down to Samaria. What did he preach? He didn't preach demonstrations; he didn't preach phenomena, he didn't preach much about Pentecost, but he preached Christ. That was all he

was seemingly called to preach, and I believe that is all any one is called to preach. So he preached Christ and the people got deeply under conviction. Whenever a man preaches in the power of the Holy Ghost there is a response in every man and woman's heart. In those that are also in the spiritual realm there is an assent, a feeling of joy and blessing; in the other class, a feeling of conviction, which causes them to cry out, "What shall we do?" So that process was working in Samaria, because Philip was full of the Holy Ghost and preached Christ. And as he continues preaching they are wonderfully saved from their sins, made new creatures and healed of all kinds of diseases; real miracles are being performed. Then Philip knew his place, and he was humble and stayed in his place. He didn't go beyond what the Lord had led him there to do, but he sent for the apostles that the people might receive the fulness, might become full-fledged children of God. The apostles came down and laid their hands on them, and you know the story of how they were baptized with the Holy Ghost. Philip is taken up out of that glorious revival and told to go down to the desert. The Word of God says he harkened and he went. He heard the voice of that Messenger that spoke to him. God at divers times and in divers ways speaks to His people. He spoke through His messenger into the inner ear of Philip and Philip heard and obeyed God. He left that glorious revival. He didn't sit down and say, "This is a good field; things are going on well here and it seems to me that must be the voice of the evil one that is trying to get me out of here." Listen! It is generally safe that it is the Lord's voice when it leads us to a crucified condition. Preachers all realize this, I am sure. We have all felt that we wished the Lord would lead us to a large audience where sinners would just fall on their faces and wonderful things would be accomplished, and thought surely that would be of God, and it would be failure to be led away into the line of sacrifice. But when the Lord speaks as He did to Philip, "Go down from this revival to the desert," He has a work for us to do there.

There was a great man down there, going home from a Convention at Jerusalem. He didn't find at the Convention what he went up for, what his soul longed for, and on his way home his eyes were scanning the scrolls of the prophecies. He read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and as he read the Spirit of God got hold of him. God works in mysterious ways, and as he was reading, riding along in his chariot, be-

hold this stranger drew near. And what does Philip hear the Lord say? "Draw nigh to the chariot." He was in tune with God and he obeyed, and said, "Do you understand what you are reading?" What happened? The chariot stopped and Philip preached Christ to him. Oh, brethren, stick to your text. Don't get talking too much about tongues or any one special issue. Philip preached Christ, the eunuch, the man of authority, believes on Him, is immersed in water and goes on his way rejoicing. He found in the desert what he didn't find in the Convention. Philip is caught away, after this errand for the Lord, and is found in some other town.

When the Lord led me up to Milwaukee a few years ago I was asked by several people to send reports to different papers concerning the work of God in that city, and as I was considering it and praying about it one night at a late hour after the Lord had blessed in a miraculous way, the Lord spoke to me. It was after midnight, and I heard the voice of the Lord just as plainly as if it had been my wife by my side. He said, "Remember David's sin." I said, "What?" And He said again, "Remember David's sin." I said, "What sin, Lord?" remembering that he had been guilty of more than one. And the Lord said, "His sin of numbering Israel." Then I refreshed my memory by turning to the Scripture and reading it, and as the Spirit of the Lord moved upon my heart I went to my knees, and I said, "Yes, Lord, I understand. I won't number the people." And I tell you frankly I don't know how many have been converted, or healed, or baptized in the Holy Spirit, or how many I have baptized in water.

God revealed to me clearly that night the force of David's sin. When David numbered the people it gave him a confidence in numbers, and they based their strength in their numbers instead of in the unseen power of God. The Lord also showed me in this connection that when we number the converts, number the healings, number the baptisms, immediately, in a subtle way, spiritual pride and self-confidence creeps in, and we begin, unconsciously at first, to rest in that. "We are getting results; we have had one hundred baptisms," and we begin to think God has chosen us in a special way, and it will react upon us as it did on David and on Israel. We become spiritually stagnant and suddenly wake up to find we are out of power with God. He doesn't answer by fire. Then there are no converts, no healings, no manifestation of the presence of God. What is to be done in a case like that? Get down be-

fore God in deep contrition and confess that we have had spiritual pride, and He will restore us.

I have been asked to tell a little incident of God's leading for His glory, and I want to do it in all humility, realizing that the power was God's and I only a very weak instrument.

First of all, a sister who lives in this city was wonderfully saved through the planting of the Word in Milwaukee. That led down here to a little branch growing out of the vine. Jesus said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," and when we get to be a branch it is wonderful how the little tendrils will reach out and take hold of others, and when the branches get life from the vine, how productive they will become. That little branch that was quickened and made alive through the Word reached out and came in contact with one who was supposed to be dying of blood-poisoning, and one day this little branch that didn't know much about theology (she knew God saved her and healed her, but that was about all), heard the voice of the Lord speaking to her, calling her by name and saying, "Marie, go over across the street to that woman who is dying with blood-poisoning and pray for her." She was about her kitchen, and drew back, and said, "Oh, no, not me. I never did anything like that," and she sought to go about her work, but the Spirit of God came to her again and said, "Go across the street and pray for that woman." Before she scarcely knew what she was doing, she threw on her wraps and was down the stairs and across the street, kneeling by the bedside of that dying woman and praying, and that woman on Ashland avenue was instantly healed. A live branch getting its life from the Vine and bearing fruit! The live branch kept on working and one day we were called down to help fight a battle for the Lord and this live branch said to me, "Brother Fockler, wouldn't you like to have a meeting at that house on Ashland avenue?" I said, "Sure, you arrange for it." I didn't know what kind of a place it was; the woman I knew had a very nice home and I rather thought this would be the same, but when I got there the Lord gave me a lesson on the crucified, the laid-down life. Instead of finding things so very pleasant and a big house full of people waiting, as I expected it would be and as I desired it to be, there was nobody but the woman that had been healed and her daughter and husband, and, I think, one other woman, beside myself and the live branch. My first thought was, "I wonder what this means?" But I was very happy in God and believed He had some purpose in it. We did what

the Lord led us to do and dismissed about ten o'clock. I supposed they would ask me to stay all night. I hadn't any place to go. Oh, children, it is the crucified life, there where you have to die whether you want to or not. The home was small and there was no bed to offer me, so I thought I would go over to my brother-in-law's and stay all night.

As I walked down the street I thought it was pretty late to go over there, they might be in bed, so I just stepped into a place that had a telephone nearby and thought I would try to get my brother-in-law by 'phone before taking that long trip. As I was looking for the 'phone number, a voice, which I afterwards found to be the Lord's, spoke to me and said, "Don't call up Frank, but call up the Brethren-in-Christ Mission over on Halsted street." I hadn't been there for over two years, and it was so late I began, like Moses, to make excuses, "Oh, it is so late. I don't want to go there and ask for a bed," and I continued looking for my brother-in-law's number. Again the voice of God said, "Call up the Brethren-in-Christ Mission." I then took it as from the Lord, and called them up. A strange voice answered the 'phone and asked who I was. I said, "I am Mr. Fockler from Milwaukee." She asked me to wait a minute and the lady in charge of the mission came to the 'phone, and said, "Are you Brother Fockler? Where are you?" I told her I was over on Ashland avenue. She said, "Come over here as quickly as you can. You are needed here." I said, "What is the matter?" "Oh, never mind, just come." I went. As I entered the place there seemed to be considerable commotion and excitement, and she told me the story of how one of their workers had gone violently insane that afternoon, and she also told me of how this dear girl had been found a number of months before in a hospital. Before that she had been operated on fourteen times. There wasn't much of her left, only a shell. These dear workers preached Christ to her, she listened to them, gave heed to the preaching, and was converted in the hospital and likewise healed. Then she became so grateful that she asked the lady in charge of the Mission whether she could not work with them in the Mission, and felt the Lord wanted her to. Her father and mother, living on the north side, were opposed to it, but she was of age and felt free to follow the Lord's leading.

After she had been there a few months, one day something spoke to her and said, "You are going blind." She thought it was the Lord who

spoke to her. I doubted it and doubt it still. I think it was a form of seducing spirit, and yet it worked out to the glory of God. From the time she heard that voice her sight began to fail, and the Sunday night previous to my coming there on Tuesday she asked the lady in charge whether she could not lead the Young People's meeting. The lady told her as she had been pretty weak in body she didn't think it would be best unless God had specially given her a message. But she felt the Lord had given her the message and was allowed opportunity to give it. When she was almost through the light began to recede and the faces of every one in front of her faded from her view and everything was dark. She became stone blind, and yet the Spirit of God was using the voice as she stood there and she finished her message. We do not need eyes to talk, you know. She continued for ten minutes, with great power, they told me, until she was through, and then, remembering where the lady in charge of the Mission sat, called her by name and told her she could not see. The lady came and took her by the hand. The next day she was totally blind, and word was sent to her people and their hearts were filled with sorrow, of course. The father went immediately to the hospital where she had been operated on before, to see the specialist, and he said he was not surprised, that her nerves had been so lacerated and destroyed that there was very little hope that she would ever see again. The mother came on Monday and visited the daughter, which moved on the young girl's nervous condition considerably. Afterwards the father came down and insisted she must go with him to the hospital, but she had promised God when He raised her up before, that she would be forever through with doctors and operations, but now the father was bringing pressure to bear and insisting she must go to the hospital, and under that strain soon after the father went away she became a raving maniac, and that day until eleven o'clock at night those five sisters were there with her. There was only one man there, the caretaker of the place, and there seemed to be no victory and they were about to send the man for help when the Lord led me to ring the telephone and they called me over. As I saw her there, fighting the doctors and the knives, I looked to the Lord, and then it all seemed very clear to me, for this purpose I was there, and for this purpose I had been to the other place earlier in the evening, and we went to prayer. In less than fifteen minutes God

gave a complete victory, the girl's mind was perfectly restored. We all retired in the course of half an hour, and she slept. In the morning when I awoke the Spirit of the Lord came to me again and said, "But that girl is blind." And I said, "Well, I can't restore her sight." Then the Lord said, "Pray for her this morning." I went down stairs, had my breakfast; they were about to have prayer in the other room and invited me there, but I said, "No, the Lord said I was to pray with the girl that was blind," and I went into the room where she was, and Jesus restored her sight. The light seemed to hurt her eyes at first, and as she shaded her eyes she said, "Oh, I see." I called one of the sisters to come up to

the bed and she at once recognized her and called her by name; she threw her arms around her neck and they rejoiced together. The light hurt her eyes, and I told her to be perfectly quiet for a few days, that the optical nerve was very weak, and just ten days from the time she went stone blind she was able to see perfectly without the light hurting her eyes.

Now, the key-note of this story is that before God can use us He often leads us down; He humiliates us; He leads us to go the way that crucifies us. He took me down when He took me over to that little meeting of three, in that humble home, before He could use me in bringing deliverance to His afflicted child.

"I Will Guide Thee with Mine Eye" Heeding the Voice of God

Mrs. Lydia M. Piper, June 16, 1912, in the Stone Church



When I read in Psalm 32:8, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with Mine eye." I am just beginning to realize what it means to be guided by the Lord. I have known what it means to be guided by people for many, many years, but it has only been of recent years that I have known anything of being guided by the Lord, and it is indeed most precious to be guided by Him.

I feel led to speak of a little instance of His guidance about six weeks before the Convention. I feel that the telling of it will inspire new hope, new courage, and new faith in God.

One day during a service in this room while some one was preaching from this platform, I seemed to have a vision which came in the way of a warning.

I looked up to the ceiling and I saw this place shaken, the pillars tumbling and the walls tottering. I seemed to be lost to all my surroundings for the time, but I aroused myself and said inwardly, "There isn't anything the matter with this church." Again as I seemed to lose myself I had the same experience, and something said to me, "At the time of the big meetings in the Convention, these things will occur." I went home and tried to shake the matter off. I said to myself, "This is Satan talking to me," and I prayed about it and asked the Lord to make it clear if this was His warning. I knew the people would naturally think because I was a woman I would be inclined to be whimsical and have all sorts of notions, and I was severely tempted. I prayed to God that if it was His warning voice

He would make it plain or if it was Satan it should be removed. It became more intensified. I spoke to some one about it, and she thought the Lord had spoken to me, and at any rate it wouldn't do any harm to have the building inspected.

Finally, as some of you know, I felt led to call a meeting with some of the men of the church, and this was a very hard thing to do. I was tempted deeply while going through this interview. I shall never forget that little meeting. It seemed to me there was an amused expression on their faces, and I felt I was utterly foolish before their wisdom. They finally consented to have the church examined by competent inspectors, and when we had the next meeting there was an entirely different look on their faces. It had been found on examination that the church was not at all safe. The walls had spread seven inches on each side, and with the constant vibration of the street cars together with the vibration from the organ there might be a collapse at any time, and with a large crowd in our upstairs auditorium the danger was very great.

We felt it was a matter not to be talked about, but the building had to be strengthened before the Convention. We got the landlord working at it with his inspector and he put in these six large pillars and the tie-rods upstairs. It didn't seem possible to get it done before the Convention, but the Lord helped us. He knew I never could have stood such a calamity as to have had this building collapse with a large crowd, and in His wonderful goodness and infinite mercy He gave me that vision, and oh, what a lesson I got

through listening to His voice. If I was ever assailed by Satan in my life, I was at that time, but when I found there was need for the warning how grateful I was that I had listened to the Lord. After the building was thoroughly repaired I felt that to be entirely secure we must have the City Inspector pass upon it, which he did just a few days before the Convention opened.

On the second Sunday of the Convention when we were in the auditorium and I saw that mass of people seated there, the gallery and floor space packed, and every available seat taken, the Lord said to me, "If you hadn't obeyed!" and in a flash I saw the whole vision over again, but I wasn't a bit afraid. I knew God had led and everything was perfectly safe. That was one of the most wonderful leadings I ever had, and as I was praying the other day the Lord impressed me to tell the incident so the people would have more faith in Him and confidence in His thought for them.

I believe if I had known a great deal He would not have given me this warning, but just because I don't know anything He wanted to give me a chance to be led by Him. If I hadn't heeded the warning of the Lord and had allowed those people to have crowded into that large room and the building had gone down under the strain I never could have survived the shock, and it has made me more determined to heed the voice of the Lord at all times.

It has made Him so near to me, and the experience was with me all through the Convention, and prepared me to lean more upon Him during those special meetings. I have thought so often, "What if I hadn't heeded the warning the Lord gave me!" Oh to be sensitive to His voice at all times! I believe He is always ready to warn us if we are in an attitude to listen. The Lord brought again to me the lesson He gave me, several years ago, of an alarm clock. I was ask-

ing Him how we could be sensitive to His voice and why after awhile we didn't seem to know the voice of the Holy Spirit as we did when we first got acquainted with Him, and He gave me this little homely illustration: He showed me when we first get an alarm clock and set it at a certain time, we could put it off in a far corner of the room and the first time it went off it sounded so loud we thought it would awaken the entire household. I remember when I was at school we had an alarm clock which had two bells and it seemed it would awaken every one in the building, but if we didn't get up when that alarm went off we had to bring it a little closer the next night. My cousin told me of her experience with an alarm clock which illustrates the point very forcefully. She first put it at the door and said, "I will never sleep through that," but the second morning she didn't get up when the bell rang. The third morning she didn't hear it. Then she put it on a chair by her bed, and after awhile she slept through that. Then she hung it with a string over the head of her bed, right above her, and by and by she slept through that.

Just so with the Holy Spirit. When He first whispers to us it is wonderful and oh how quickly we obey. After awhile we do not heed it, and by and by we do not hear it at all, and we wonder why we do not hear the voice of the Holy Spirit. We didn't heed it when we did hear it, and we became deadened to it. There were so many things in between.

I thank God that He enabled me to hear the warning bell. If the Holy Spirit speaks let us be quick to listen and quick to obey. If you listen and do not obey it won't do any good. If you do not obey when He first speaks to you, the next time He speaks you will be confused. Let us keep our spiritual sense of hearing keen so we will not fail to hear Him at all times.

Light in Dark South America

Miss Alice Wood, Gualaguaychu, E. R., Argentina

LITTLE has appeared in THE EVANGEL about South America. Probably many of its readers do not know that we have a Pentecostal Mission in the Argentine, and four missionaries. God has been supplying our needs through faith in Himself for more than two years. The seed of the full Gospel is being sown far and wide, souls are being saved, and bodies healed. Two natives have been baptized in the Holy Spirit, and many of both natives and foreigners have come to experience that thirst for the latter rain.

with much manifestation of the power of God, and are tarrying for the full outpouring. Glory to Jesus!

Fruit is gathered slowly in South America, and in small quantities, but that is not to be wondered at when one knows how neglected the field is. Roman Catholicism has held sway for some four hundred years. The result is that infidelity, immorality, idolatry, superstition and ignorance prevail. True Christianity is yet but little known among the masses. The Romish priests have

poisoned the minds of the people against us, with false teachings and traditions of men. To win a soul here a great wall of prejudice has first to be broken down. For instance: The writer has recently had a woman and her two young sons come to live with her for company in the Mission, as Sister Kely and her mother have just moved out and gone to Rosario seeking a better climate on account of ill-health. They need the prayers of God's children. This woman, Dona Camila by name, says that several years ago when she first heard the Gospel, she believed it, until others told her that it was of the devil. Then she shunned the missionaries who visited her, and withdrew from the meetings until over a year ago the present missionaries in Gualeguaychu began to visit her; then she and her sons commenced coming to the services. Last Tuesday when the three of them moved into the Mission, we began meeting every evening for family worship. God commenced to work in the mother's heart as never before. On Saturday night He gave her a dream through which He showed her she must confess a sin which hitherto she had covered. In the meeting Sunday evening she was seized with the old-time conviction, and began to cry and pray aloud to God. Before this she had prayed, but in such a low tone we could scarcely catch a word she said. Now her conviction was irresistible, and with loud crying and tears she confessed that nine years ago in a fit of anger she had driven the father of her children from her home. She had scriptural reasons, however, for making the separation. After her humble confession she accepted her pardon through Jesus and began to praise the Lord for His shed blood and for divine peace.

An image of the crucifix disappeared from her bedroom wall that same day, and the following day a gold ring disappeared from her finger, for no other reason than that the faithful Spirit of God had long been convicting her of all these things; but she had been disobedient to the still small voice until now. To see such an idolatrous image in the mission had been a great trial to the missionary of the Home, but she did nothing but pray, and, thank God, He speedily answered.

Dona Camila's mother and other relatives are so angry with her for coming to live in the "Mission Evangelica" that the mother will not come to visit her nor allow others to come. Camila is much burdened in prayer for their salvation. Let us all unite with her in asking God to save them. He is already working, for her brother and his

family who were for some months very angry with her are now coming to visit her.

We ask prayer for the people who say the Bible is a bad book and burn it. The Catholic priests will even buy it to burn. Pray for the people whose religion is in reality baptized paganism, as some one has called it. Pray for the country whose women have not a right to a place of respect and love in the home or church. Pray for the five million savage aboriginal Indians here who do not even know who God is. Pray for the millions here who, being tired of Romish teaching and of the practices of the priests themselves, have turned and swung to the other extreme of atheism and free thought.

Persistent effort on the part of the church for the past fifty years has resulted in some excellent fruit, especially in the Argentine and Chili.

The latest statistics of the Argentine tell us there are twenty-three places where public worship is held by different Protestant denominations. In the whole country there are seventy-six places of worship with six thousand members, fifty-six Sunday Schools, three hundred and five teachers and nearly four thousand children. There are sixty-nine foreign missionaries and thirty-nine native pastors.

We are praying the Lord to send a capable, Spirit-filled missionary to the missionaries of the Argentine, such as He is sending to other mission fields, and using so effectively. The geographical location of South America puts it out of the main line of travel, so that in traveling around the world it is not touched as are other mission fields. The only way to reach South America is to take a trip to this place.

A large missionary home is now being built by Brother and Sister Ick, missionaries from Germany, who are praying for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon themselves and upon others. This Home is at San Justo, a suburban town of Buenos Aires. It is to be habitable by the end of June, if the Lord permit, though not entirely completed. They offer it to new missionaries who wish a quiet place for the study of the Spanish, to tired missionaries, or to those who are tarrying for the baptism. It will make a good center for holding Pentecostal Conventions also. There is a large plot of land about the building so it will be largely self-supporting if rightly managed. A remarkably spiritual native family are already living on the place and expect to remain in charge. Brother and Sister Ick say they have felt led of God to build this home and have strong evidences of it being of Him. They

had thousands of bricks given to them, which will be nearly if not quite enough to complete the building. Ours is largely foundation work as yet, but we believe our Father is preparing to do a mighty work and pour out the "latter rain" upon the Argentine also in copious showers before Jesus comes.

Brother B. N. Johnson of this mission is now out on a trip of nearly two months' duration, sowing the good seed from town to town where missionaries have written asking him to come.

Thank God he reports having gathered souls along the way. He has been selling the Word, distributing thousands of Gospel tracts, and believers have been convinced and become hungry to receive the Holy Spirit. We are feeling keenly the need of more Spirit-baptized laborers for the great field which is white unto the harvest. Some write of being called but have not the means to come. Beloved reader, will you unite in praying for the needs of dark South America as they are now set before you?

April 12, 1912.

Conversion of an Infidel

A Call to Egypt

E. W. Doak, en route to Egypt; Convention, May 22, 1912



I HAVE much to praise God for this morning. I rejoice that I have been called to go forth as a herald of the cross. We have been called to the land of Egypt, where, as you may well know, if they dared they would place the dagger in every Christian's heart and think they do God's will, but we go forth in His name and in His strength. God saved me from infidelity and my greatest desire is to give this life to Him. I was a rank infidel. I denied the divinity of Christ. I was brought up a Christian boy, had a praying mother, and I believe my salvation is due in a large measure to the prayers of my mother. When I was a boy in my 'teens I came west to the State of Kansas, and while riding in the train the newsboy placed in my seat a book by Robert G. Ingersoll. You all know of him. I hadn't known about him up to that time, but I took up the book to read, and it was so subtle, and so plausible and well put I fell right into the trap. After reading that book I began to think upon those lines. I laid the precious Word of God aside and became a man of the world. I denied Christ and went on from year to year, and during this time I was smitten with affliction and came near losing my life. I lost all I had in this world, but the hand of God was in it all, which I can now see very plainly. I married the good wife I have with me and raised three children, moving in the meantime to Los Angeles. I was so miserable in my soul that every time I heard the bell ring from the steeple of the church I wanted to smash the steeple. I felt like putting dynamite under the church. Every time I saw this precious Book I wanted to bury it in the sands of the sea, so deep it never could be uncovered. In the course of time I left

the city of Los Angeles with one hundred and twenty other men bound for the Klondike in Alaska in search of gold. I bade my wife and children good-bye at the San Pedro wharf with two years' provisions in the hold of the ship. My wife said to me at the last moment, "Will you do something for me, Ed?" "Yes, I will," I said. I thought a great deal of my wife and children, although an infidel. I loved them, and if I hadn't I'd never have gone to the Klondike in search of gold for them. She said, "I have put something in your satchel. Will you read it?" Ah, that is where the seat of the whole problem was! Beloved, I slumbered that night on a peaceful sea, going to San Francisco, but when I awoke in the morning I remembered the vow I had made to my wife that I would read that Book. I didn't know what she had put in my satchel, and yet I did know. I hadn't seen it, but I knew what it was. In the morning I reached down under my bunk, opened my satchel and took out the Book. I opened it to the Gospel of Matthew and read Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and I said to myself, "Doak, you have been cursing and crucifying this Christ, and what for?" Tears filled my eyes and my throat closed, and I asked God to forgive me. I said in the words of Pilate, "I find no fault in Him." Peace came into my soul, wonderful peace, and after leaving San Francisco we came into one of the most terrific storms at sea I ever passed through; our boat was taken one hundred miles out to sea in spite of everything that could be done. The captain gave up. I was lying in my bunk and the water was sweeping back and forth eight to ten inches deep. I realized I was about to go to the bottom of the ocean, but with all *that* there was a peace in my soul that no man could take away. I couldn't understand then why it was,

but *since* I have understood. All the way to the Arctic circle I read this Book. I was persecuted by my companions, and criticised, but the Lord kept me steadfast and immovable, and I praise God for the Word today. There is a great deal about it that I do not understand, but I believe every word that is between the lids of this Book.

I came back home and went into business in Los Angeles, and throwing my might and strength into business and with my worldly associations I lost my salvation. I didn't realize I had lost it until one day I found myself cursing. Then I was afflicted with nervous prostration and neuralgia of the heart. I rolled in my bed in paroxysms of pain. My wife wanted me to send for Brother Post to come and pray for me. I said I had no objections. They had sent for a physician in the meantime and he left medicine, but I never took it. Brother Post came and prayed for me three days and three nights and showed me that Christ had wrought a finished work for my body as well as for my soul. I could not grasp this for a long time. You know when we go back into darkness we go seven times deeper into darkness than before. I recognized I was there, and it was a harder thing for me to say "Yes" to God then than it was in my infidelity, but I was standing upon the brink of a precipice and it seemed as though I was about to plunge into oblivion, in the blackest of darkness. When I was in this dungeon, as it were, I said "Yes" to God and asked Him to have mercy on me again. Then the doors of His mercy flew open and the most beautiful light, the sunshine of His love, shone into my soul. Since that time I have been walking on into higher heights and deeper depths in Christ Jesus. He has baptized me with the Holy Ghost and has said to me, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and gave me the precious promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." I cannot open this Book today but what I can see the call to go forth and preach the Gospel.

In our little home in Altadena we were to have a baptismal service, and it was to be in our reservoir. As I was making preparation for it I found the water a little too deep, so I went down to the orange orchard to turn on the faucets and lower the water, and while working there alone, God began speaking to me. I had contemplated selling my home for some time, because I had felt I was to be somewhere in God's service, but the voice of God spoke to me definitely while at work that day. He said, "You have been contemplat-

ing selling this property and going down to Pasadena and building bungalows for sale, haven't you?" "Yes, Lord, that is probable." "Haven't you promised me you would give your life for My service?" "Yes, Lord, I did." "Now, if I permit you to sell this property, are you willing to go to the foreign field for Me and give your entire life and all you have for My service?" "Yes, Lord." I recognized that it was His voice. Then I heard the words over my right shoulder three times, "Assiout! Assiout! Assiout!" I said, "Lord, what is this?" And the words were repeated again. I never had heard of a place called Assiout. I went to the house and asked my wife if she had a map of Africa or Europe. She said, "We have maps that the children had in high school, if that is what you want." I looked them over, but found nothing. I went down to Los Angeles and bought the latest map of Europe by Rand & McNally, but I could not find the place, and yet there was something ringing in my ear, "Assiout! Assiout! Assiout!" In just ten days from that time I received a letter from Brother A. H. Post, in which he said they were praying for a man and his wife to come to Assiout to help them. I have never since been able to get away from it.

I tried to sell my property, but I realize now that God wanted to work in me the grace of patience. He wanted me to be deeper in Him, deeper in the Word of God. Prospective buyers would come to our place, sometimes six and eight a day, but no sales made. One day a man came, apparently a visitor to California, from Madison, Wisconsin. He didn't say anything, just looked around, and I paid no particular attention to him. The next morning wife and I were preparing to go to Pasadena on some business, when this man and his wife came to the house. He asked me the price of the property and said he would think it over. I went down to Pasadena and took my wife to the Mission, and who should hail me from across the street but this individual. He came over and it wasn't ten minutes before the bargain was closed. The man whom God had sent came, paid the price and received just what he wanted. He is living there today, and has refused twice the amount he paid for it.

I praise God today for the leading of the Holy Spirit. I do not know what I will have to do when I go to Egypt. I know I have to go. I have to pray for the salvation of sinners and I believe the Mohammedan is going to hear God's message. I covet your prayers as we go. There is power in prayer. A short time ago I woke up

at 1:30 in the morning with a terrific pain around my heart. It was so terrific I couldn't pray, but my wife stood over me rebuking the enemy and pleading with God, and I was delivered. Since that time the Lord opened the word to me in the second and fourth chapters of Hebrews, revealing unto me the Christian's rest. Nothing has opened my eyes like this. I stepped out and walked over mountains and put the obstacles under my feet. There is nothing to me like Jesus and His precious blood. I praise Him that His blood cleansed even me. It seems to me that never such a man walked the face of the earth as I, crucifying that Christ who died for me. Oh, what will we do to repay Him for the life He gave for us, and for the hope we have in our souls that we shall be with Him in His Kingdom, sit on the throne with Him and reign with Him? God is preparing a people today. He is sifting the chaff from the wheat, but some are not standing the test: some are not able to say, "Lord, I will follow You all the way," but there is going to be a picked few, a people zealous of good works. I believe in the finished work of Christ and I covet the overcoming life. It is for you, it is for me, for whosoever will. While speaking of the overcomer's life and those who are being sifted and tried, God gave me a vision some time ago of the different doctrines.

Shortly after the finished work was being taught, there seemed to be much contention and strife between the first and second work of grace people. It always grieved the Spirit in me and I prayed much for them, because I loved both classes of people. God showed me in a vision one day a few people upon a platform at my left, preaching the first work of grace, and they were denouncing the second. Then I saw some people seated on my right hand preaching the second work, and denouncing one work. Between the two there was a long lane which led up to the throne of God, and a great Hand came from the one side and picked out a few souls and placed them at the end where the throne was; then that great Hand came to those who preached the second work and picked out a few souls from that class and placed them likewise among the Bride, and a voice thundered in my hearing, "This is the culmination of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians." Beloved, it might have been for you. I know it was for me. I have to be centered in God's divine love in order to become one of His Bride. I have to love those who are advocating the second work of grace; I have to love those who are teaching only one work. We

must stand the persecutions that come through difference in doctrine, we must stand the trials and glory in tribulation, that we may be made perfect in Him.

I praise God for the truth as it is in Jesus. I know we are in the latter days. In Nahum we read the fir tree shall be shaken. For the last thirty years the fir tree has been shaken and cut and shipped to all points of the globe, and in the same chapter it speaks of the chariots jostling one another in the broad way. There is hardly room for a horse and buggy in the streets today. I am glad we are living in a time when we can see the coming of the Lord drawing nigh, and it behooves us to have our garments washed and made ready that when He comes to receive His own we will not be rejected. I praise God for the assurance within my breast that I shall be one of His when He comes to receive His own.

"Beauty for Ashes"

Isa. 61:3

What gifts can I bring to Thy Storehouse, dear Lord,
To exchange for the beauty revealed in Thy Word?
No frankincense, myrrh, or treasures of gold
Can I lay at Thy feet like the wise men of old,
And were all the wealth of this whole world mine,
It never could purchase such beauty as Thine.

In much of the work I have tried hard to do,
There's been "wood, hay and stubble" all the way through;
With the silver and gold there will be much dross
That the fire must consume, and I suffer loss;
So what can I render, my Lord, unto Thee,
That Thy matchless beauty may rest upon me?

Sore failures, mistakes, shameful doubtings and fears,
Have blighted the harvests of many long years;
"Heaviness," "mourning," and "ashes" are mine,
But oh, what an offering for love so divine,
That would give in return for the rest of my days,
Thy "beauty," Thy "joy," and the "garments of praise!"

One gift I will bring, but *so worthless it seems,*
'Tis *myself*, dearest Lord, with *all that this means,*
For the fire to melt, to consume and refine,
'Till I'm changed to Thy likeness by power divine;
Down low at Thy feet, in the depths of Thy love,
I wait, blessed Lord, all Thy fulness to prove.

Oh, the joy, the delight, the comfort and rest,
To hear Thee, "Of all gifts, *this one I love best.*"
Now 'tis no more myself, my working, my zeal,
But the dear Holy Spirit, whose sweet presence I feel,
As He gently *impells me to sink into His will,*
And learn how to wait upon God and be still.

MRS. ELLEN M. WINTER.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

WE are sending out the July number with gratitude in our hearts to God that He has given us so many precious, helpful articles from the Convention that was so blessed to us. We believe our readers will find this number equal in value to the one issued in June, and we still have some good things in reserve for the August EVANGEL, which we hope to make of equal interest.

Brother W. F. Carothers of Houston, Texas, spent a few days in the city and gave us a helpful talk at the Sunday evening service, June 23. This also will appear in the August number.

Street Work in Chicago

FOR two years it had been the desire and prayer of the late pastor of the Stone Church that we might be able to secure a large auto car to hold Gospel meetings on the streets of Chicago. In answer to prayer the Lord had given us a Gospel Wagon about four years ago and every summer we held five or six street meetings each week; but our territory was limited to a narrow district owing to the fact that the horses were not able to travel far after being in the harness all day. Now we praise God that the earnest prayer of our departed leader has been answered and the desire of his heart realized. One of our brethren has given us the use of his auto truck for these street services. We hope to carry the Gospel message to many parts of this

great city. Our young people consider it a privilege to sing for the Lord in these meetings, and consecrated workers give forth the Word in power.

Our first street services for this season were held Saturday evening, June 29. Three meetings were conducted, two of them to large crowds and at the close a number held up their hands for prayer. We ask our readers to pray that there may be definite work done for lost souls at these street services and that the Lord will give us fruit that will remain.

Pentecostal Bible Schools

BROTHER MYLAND writes from Plainfield, Indiana, they are in preparation for their summer Bible School and Home, and will open for at least a three months' term for all those who desire sound scriptural teaching, healing and help in the Christian faith and life. Let all who wish to avail themselves of these special meetings and prayer write to D. Wesley Myland, Plainfield, Indiana.

* * *

A Pentecostal Missionary Training School will be opened at Union Hill, N. J., in connection with the Beulah Heights Pentecostal Assembly, on October 1, 1912. It is believed that such a school will meet a very definite and much felt need, being the only one of the kind in that section of the country. Its object will be to give a thorough knowledge of the English Bible and practical methods of missionary work; at the same time students will be encouraged to seek personal experiences of God's grace and power to meet the needs and conditions on the home and foreign fields. For information write to Mrs. Virginia E. Moss, 4741 Hudson Boulevard, Union Hill, N. J., Weehawken P. O.

* * *

A Christian eight-grade school, together with a kindergarten, has been in operation in Altadena, a suburb of Pasadena, California, during the past year. It has been patronized by parents who dread the evil influence peculiar to the ordinary public school and appreciate the spiritual atmosphere of a school under the guidance of godly teachers.

It is now proposed to increase its usefulness by opening a high school in connection with it this coming year. A dining-hall and dormitories, under the supervision of a godly matron, will be provided. All parents who are interested may secure additional information by writing W. M. Gibson, Box 252, Altadena, California.

Campmeetings

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.

* * *

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

* * *

Jordan Station, Ontario, Canada, August 8-18.

For particulars write G. A. Chambers, Vineland, Ontario.

* * *

Topeka (Garfield Park), Kan., August 15-25. For information address C. E. Foster, 1229 Central Avenue, Topeka, Kan.

* * *

Los Angeles Pentecostal Camp Meeting, June 9 to September 15, in a cool grove at city limits, five-cent fare from any part of the city. Take Melrose car, Radium Springs end of line. For information address Elder W. F. Manley, Colegrove Station, Los Angeles, Cal.

Cutting Back the Wood

Necessary for Christian Usefulness

Miss E. Sisson; Convention, May 26, 1912



AFTER reading John 15:1-7, the speaker said: There are, I am sure, a thousand, and I do not know but a million sermons in the precious, the unspeakable heights and depths of the words we have just read, but the portion God puts on my heart this morning is a message to the fruit-bearing disciples. I must let all the rest go. "Every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it," to the wonderful end "that it bring forth more fruit." My message is to the fruit-bearing branches. I really doubt if there is a person in the room this morning that is not to some extent a fruit-bearing branch in the Vine. Oh it is unspeakably blessed! We are candidates for purging just as soon as we have borne fruit. This is a message about cutting. There is a little grape-vine always before my eyes. In my home we have a tiny grape-vine in our back garden, but the second garden beyond there is a very large grape-vine. We have a kind friend that knows just how to cut the vines. He is a skillful vine-dresser, and whenever our vine bears fruit, which is once a year, he purges it, he cuts back the wood, and the consequence is that although it is little, we have a great deal of fruit and very rich fruit on that little vine. In the second garden above is that great long vine, but there is very little fruit on it, and the fruit is poor. It is not very sweet and the grapes are not large. It used to be just as rich and full as it could be, but the husbandman, the man that owned it, died, and it just takes care of itself from year to year. The

branches grow, and the new tendrils grow and there is a great deal of wood there that doesn't bear fruit. Oh, I am so glad this morning that my Husbandman will never die! Jesus said, "My Father is the Husbandman," and the big business of heaven in its relation to earth is the business of that Husbandman, cutting away the wood. Every time that the vine bears fruit it has to be cut away. Oh how solemnly precious! I lay here in the back room prostrated under the power of God two days ago and the Lord spoke to me about cutting away the wood, that purging process, and oh how sweet it rung in my ears, "My Father is the Husbandman." He is so skillful, He knows just how to do this work. He has a wonderful pruning knife in his hand. He knows just when and where to use the knife. You know there is no wood like the wood of the vine. It is very peculiar. God always chooses the right kind of a tree when He wants to illustrate. When He talks of the strength of the believer He speaks of the cedars of Lebanon. He doesn't choose an ash, it wouldn't fit. So when He talks about the vine He knows what He is talking about. The ancient Israelites used to consider themselves the vine and so they were, but they got rather proud of it; they boasted themselves of it, and in the fifteenth chapter of Ezekiel, God turns up this question, "And the word of the Lord came unto me, Son of man, what is the vine tree more than any tree, or than a branch which is among the trees of the forest? Shall wood thereof be taken to do any work?"

You couldn't do a single thing with the wood of a grape-vine. You never saw a house built

with it. You never saw any furniture made with it. You never saw beds or ships or anything constructed from it. So God says, "What is the vine tree more than any tree, or a branch that is among the trees of the forest. Shall wood be taken thereof to do any work? or will men take a pin of it to hang any vessel thereon?" You can't even make a pin of it to drive in the wall and hang a coat on. It is good for nothing. "Behold, it is cast into the fire for fuel." That is all a Christian is good for. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire." We are only good for burning and pruning.

What is the matter with the wood of the vine? You take a segment of its branch and put it under a magnifying glass, and call in the little children and ask them what kind of wood is this, and they will say, "Why, it is not wood at all, it is a tangled mass of threads," and if the microscope is of good power they will say, "Oh, isn't it funny! Every one of those threads is a little hollow tube." That is the wood of the branch, a mass of little hollow tubes to let the sap of the vine in, to let the life of the vine through. That is what the branch of the Vine is good for, emptiness, to let the sap, juice, life of the Vine flow through. Good for nothing of itself, good for nothing severed from the Vine. You cannot make even an ornament from it. No value as wood, but resting in the Vine, something wonderful happens, all the life, all the blood of the great Vine takes possession and runs through it! If you could interview the branch about its bunch of grapes as they have them in California two and one-half feet high, with their huge shoulders one foot broad, you would say, "Oh, Branch, what a magnificent bunch of grapes you have raised this season." But if it could answer you, the branch would say, "These are not my grapes." "Why, yes, they are; I see them hanging on you; you bore them." "Oh, no, they are not my grapes at all; they are the Vine's grapes. I could not bring forth grapes, but I just rested in the Vine, rested my weakness and emptiness in the Vine, and he took possession of me, he sent his wonderful life, his wonderful blood, his wonderful sap into all these empty fibres, and it floated along, budding out in green leafiness and beautiful, fragrant flowers. He kept working on as I rested in him and that life of the Vine turned to grapes; as I rested in him, his life went pouring through me." Now, that is the real story of the Branch and the Vine. If we were to talk of the apple-tree this would not apply at all. There should be solidarity to the wood of the apple-

tree, but there should be nothing but emptiness to the wood of the Vine, and if you are anything as a branch of the Vine but good-for-nothing you have to be cut down by the Husbandman. It is a fact that there is nothing on the face of the earth that makes wood so fast as the vine. God wanted to make a picture of us and so He just put this wonderful thing in His Word to show us we are good for nothing; but we don't know how good for nothing we are. We have had some severe lessons on this line, but we haven't found it out yet. Suppose a cyclone of grace and glory should strike this Convention before the day is over, and it should all come through God's use of one of these precious brethren. Everybody in the place and everybody throughout the United States, England and Africa would hear how that man moved forward and what he did and what he didn't do. "Oh, the wisdom that was in him, and even his face could not be looked at." Eyes would get upon the man instead of the God that was operating him. It was said of Evan Roberts at the time of the Welsh Revival there were occasions when he stood up there (he did not do much preaching), and they could no more look at him than at the mid-day sun. God permitted, for the time being, His power and glory so to rest upon him that there was a brilliancy that the human eye could not stand. God took a poor stick and filled it with His power and Wales trembled. He withdrew the power and it was a stick again. Supposing that measure of God's power should come upon poor Elizabeth or any one of you. All the earth would be clamoring for that one, and that soul would be in the most perilous condition that it is possible for a human soul to be in, though it would be so blessed, and I'd like to be there. But oh, the peril that is connected with it, because there is in the flesh such a tendency to make wood, to rejoice that "God used me," and the devil and all hell comes up at such a time. "Well, now, that was wonderful the way the Lord used you." "That was really poetical." "That letter that you wrote which accomplished so much was the great power of God." "How great was the healing of that sick man when you prayed," etc., etc. etc. "Don't you remember that wonderful song you sung in tongues?" etc., etc. Oh, if the Husbandman were dead we would go on then and make a lot of solid wood unto self, but it rang through me like the sweetest music, "My Father is the Husbandman; every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

It is right after the fruit-bearing season that the husbandman, the vine-dresser, has to cut away the wood, and the Lord showed me that not now and then I was to be cut back as wood, but every time the Lord used me in the secret place of prayer, every time the Lord used me publicly, every time I got a blessed new experience, I needed the purging that there might be no wood made unto self, nothing in me. If there is wood made unto self the devil has a good time, a picnic in hell, for he can move upon me. He cannot move upon Jesus Christ, but he can move upon me, and in the hour of temptation I am in great danger if there is selfhood (wood unto self), but oh, my Father is the Husbandman. He cuts back the wood. He knows the wood that is not all emptiness and He doesn't want any of that kind of wood there at all. He wants to bring forth in me and in you a self-effaced life. Jesus says, "Abide in Me." That is all you have to do. "Abide in Me and I in you." Every time you have been consciously blessed, every time you have been used, every time God has written a letter by you, every time God has allowed you to see a little piece of His plan and be a little link, that is the time to cry, "Oh, Father, use the pruning knife, use *the pruning knife*," that there may be none of self but all of Christ.

There is one other little word that fits right in here, II Cor. 4:10, 11, "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, *that the life also* of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, *that the life also* of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." And this word is the thought of our coöperation with the pruning-knife. Are we voluntarily delivering ourselves over unto death for Jesus' sake? Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus? You know there is running all the way along in the plan of salvation a divine work and a human coöperation, and when the human coöperation is checked the divine work cannot go on in the same way as it otherwise would. Are you delivering over your human life constantly to the dying of the Lord Jesus? Once God showed me this Divine and human coöperation like a pair of hands; as if my right hand were the hand of God and my left hand were the human, the natural, in me. Now the Lord draws near and by the blessed breath of His Holy Spirit He woos me (the little finger), an unsaved, a lost soul. He tells me I am a sinner. He moves by His Spirit (like the little finger of the Divine hand drawing to the little

finger of the human hand) until He inclines me to consent to that, that I am a lost sinner. Then He begins to comfort me, to show me Jesus, thus the fingers join. That is God working in conviction, drawing to conversion, enabling me to yield, and when I yield it is Christ in me, and salvation, initial salvation, then and there takes place. But oh, my! it was only initial when you and I were converted. There is so much more for us. However, the operating power of Omnipotence is engaged that all the rest of me, all the rest of what I am in my ignorance, my sin and my folly, may be united to *all the rest of Him*, if I am an obedient soul. Welcoming the light, I keep drawing nearer, finger to finger [illustrating], as He draws nearer. He teaches me what holiness has to be, how I have to be gotten rid of, and reveals that Jesus Christ is made to me sanctification. That is another big join, another finger of the Divine interlocking with the corresponding feeble finger of the human. Laid up for me is divine healing and the baptism, and tongues, and millions and millions of further gifts and graces. Each time the light comes and I yield there is a further joining of the human and Divine, thus on and on, God wants to make it like this [here the speaker illustrates, lifting both hands completely locked together], the Divine and the human is made to fit together as my weakness and His strength, my helplessness and His life and power. In order for this precious work to go on, that I may be fruitful, continually and increasingly an empty branch in the Vine, there must be that human coöperation with the Divine.

Suppose when He comes to convict me of a mixture of self in some experience or service in which I have been greatly blest, I refuse conviction and justify self. Then there is no further Divine coöperation while my spirit is in that attitude. I must yield, I must die, if I would go on. He puts around me all kinds of circumstances and providences that hurt my flesh, people lie about me and hurt me, and the Lord says, "Giving thanks for all things" and I begin to think, "Well, I can't do it in this case," then there is no human coöperation with the Divine, only delay. Now, though I don't understand how it will work, I can keep on the railroad line. If you want to go anywhere you put your car on the rails. It runs nicely while you are on the rails; these are God's rails, "giving thanks always for all things," so it is "Praise the Lord" and "Praise the Lord," and then "Praise the Lord," and you keep coöperating. "Oh, Lord, I

cannot feel to praise You, but I *will* praise You. Send the Holy Spirit down and make it real," and He coöperates by His grace. That Divine grace coming into us makes a real song in the soul, not a mere burst of song, but while our will is on the altar, though we feel the sizzling and the fire, the beautiful Divine coöperation brings forth *heavenly music*. I believe it is sweeter to the angels than what they are getting up there. Ephesians 3:10 says other worlds are to look on us and be enriched by what God does in us while there is the human coöperation with the Divine; "that now unto the principalities and powers in the heavenlies might be known *by the church*, the manifold wisdom of God." We read in I Corinthians 9:25, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." Don't you know your crown is making now, and my crown is making now, and we have as much to do with the making of those crowns as God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. In some Christian lives there is so much wood, hay and stubble—by and by they get a crown and it is a beauty; every crown is, but oh! as compared with other luminous and gem-full crowns, it is so meagre, and they are dissatisfied with it. But in earthly life they would not coöperate with Divine light against self. Paul says, "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly . . . but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." The word there has been more closely rendered "unserviceable," "unusable." Is it possible for God very much to use a vessel one time and the next time He wants to put His hand on that vessel it is unusable? Oh, yes, if there has not been coöperation with the Divine Husbandman in the cutting away of the wood. If the pruning-knife has not been used there is solid wood there and God cannot use you. A close rendering of this text has been, "I knock my body about and bring it down," and if we must do that to our bodies, we must also do it to the fleshly man, to the whole natural creature. I knock it about and keep it under. What account am I? The beautifying work goes along when the Lord is pruning.

One time when I was in California at Dr. Yoakum's Home we had a very lovely child of God there from Denver. He was there in great power of the Spirit much used and blest. I was one of twenty-five or thirty people in the house; there were a great many old women there for

healing, and I suppose this dear brother thought I was one of a row of half-idiotic, half-imbecile people. Shortly after, he went off to a Southern town, and the Doctor came to me one morning, saying, "I got a letter from this Christian and she sent her love to you and wants you to come down. I will have you go down with Brother P. of Colorado. God is going to give you a wonderful run in the Holy Ghost." Well, I liked runs in the Holy Ghost, so I went down, but not in the same train. When I got there, there was a great coldness and I could not understand it. "What was in that letter? Had she really sent for me?" We sat at the table and this precious child of God and this Christian worker were so occupied with the work, they even forget to pass me the bread and butter the second time, and I didn't get enough to eat, and I had the feeling I was in the way. Self-respect said, "Why don't you get up and go home? You know you are in the way. It would be just as easy as could be to take yourself off. Of course, the thing to do is to get up and go away." So I said, "Lord, show me. I didn't come here with any purpose of my own. You sent me here and I came in Your will, and now I want Your will about going home. Lord, show me. Am I to take this train?". I didn't get any liberty to take that train, but I tell you the wood was being cut down. We must give God a chance to cut down the wood. This was His opportunity for cutting away the wood. The next time I sat down at the table nobody spoke to me, just a bare handing out the glass of water, and sometimes that was forgotten, and just the food passed around once, but oh, it wasn't the food, 'twas the feeling I was in the way. I wasn't asked about going to the meeting, and I didn't know whether they wanted me in the meeting or not, and so it went on. I just kept asking the Lord to save me from self. There is always something blessed that God is about to work out. Oh, beloved, the Word says that "all things are of God." There is no mistake about it. It is not "she is this," or "he is that;" we get where we don't see people at all. It is all God. So I prayed, "Now show me how to resign myself; show me how to see Thee, and Thee only, and put me where my ear can hear Thee only." That is the way to go through. Then you won't be unserviceable, and God will be able to cut the wood back in new ways. The Lord gave me that kind of prayer, but didn't let me have any light, only a little trembling question as to whether I should stay or no. At last in prayer it came to me, "Why not go to her and say that you feel

there has been some mistake about your coming to this place and that you think you have been thrust upon her unwillingly and through some inadvertence, and tell her you are so sorry for it, and then take your way home." I seemed to have liberty for that, so toward the end of—to my flesh—three painful days, I said to her, "Now, there is something I do not understand. I believe I have been thrust upon you as an unwilling guest. I don't believe you have invited me, and I think it is too bad. I am so sorry for you that you should have had such trouble and annoyance when you are having these meetings, and with your building schemes going on and your cook gone, and I believe I have been an imposition on you and a real burden, and I am just as sorry as I can be, but it is not my fault," and I told her about the letter to Dr. Yoakum, but perhaps he didn't read the letter right; he thought she said she wanted me to come down and he sent me along with Brother P., but I never would have come, of course, to intrude if I had understood. By that time I was filled with such blessing in my soul, and she put her arms around my neck. "Well," she says, "to tell you the truth, it was really hard to have you come. I hadn't invited you and I wasn't intending to take care of two guests." I said, "I am sorry. You will forgive me for it, won't you? And now I will go." But she said, "You are not to blame, and while I do not want you to leave, of course, I cannot pay much attention to you now, but when Brother P. from Colorado is gone I want you to stay. I have wanted to meet you for many years. I want you to pray with me over the work." The talk woke her up a little and the situation altered, and after this dear brother left we came closer together in prayer, and God gave me three most beautiful weeks of prayer with her and service in that place, but He first had to cut back the wood. Returning to Pisgah, I felt I could go into work with so much more of God than I had before. Now, if I had gone away from that Southern town in a little pride of self-respect, saying, "Well, I never intended to be an intrusion. I never went anywhere I wasn't invited. I will go back on the next train. Good-bye, Mrs. So-and-So," and left with that thought in my heart, that would have been making wood in me, and not cutting it out, and you know if we get touchy we are unserviceable. We may have been much used in the past, but we become a measure unusable if we can be touched here and there; there are difficult places God can not put us into. But if we can not be touched anywhere, and if

God has us just to abide in Him and there is nothing flows through us but the Jesus-life, you can kick us about and He can work through the poor vessel to somebody. The heavenly Jerusalem is a cube—six-sided, not upsettable. Oh, God has such a beautiful work in purging, in cutting back the wood. The more He cuts it back the more the grapes will grow, the more abundant will be the fruitage, and the more luscious will be the taste of the fruit.

When I went to California and for the first time on those hills saw the California vineyards, what a lesson it was to me! There is the root and the sprout, and they just allow one stalk and cut off everything that won't sprout, and all the life and all the sap in the vine flows to that one branch, all through the excessive purging, the excessive cutting away of wood. Praise God if you are getting a little more cutting away of wood in you than anybody you know, the deepest trials of anybody; it may be poverty or what not, if you are in the most trying circumstances, *thank God for the pruning-knife*. You know it is declared that pruning is only to this end, "that it may bring forth more fruit."

I returned to Dr. Yoakum's enriched in God. I realized He had carried me through that testing time in victory, and He got me more empty. I had a new vision of the cutting away. I went back to service I hadn't had before; the whole experience was so blest to me.

By and by I was called to come from West to East across the continent. The Doctor sent word to this brother to stop me for work in Denver. "She will help you in meetings," he wrote. "Why, can she preach?" He thought I was some old woman who was there for healing of a sore toe, or something. He hadn't an idea that I could speak of Jesus and His love. Well, the Lord blest me and, of course, the brother learned to know me on a new plane. The Lord poured out His Spirit, and one day, the last day I was there, when I got up to speak in the evening, it was nothing but God that time, and oh, how the salvation of God poured into that place. I was amazed because God had never used me in that way before. I was more amazed than any one else.

Every place I go God generally cuts back the wood, giving me several dry messages in the beginning, and that is one of the ways He has of making people think we are of no account. They will say, "I am disappointed in her. I thought she was a better talker than that." Oh, when He knows that they are disappointed in us, how good

it is. That is when He is cutting back the wood. And so you understand it was God when I saw the Lord pour Himself out in that fashion, and then the brother got up and said how he had thought in Pisgah that I was nothing but some old woman in trouble, etc. Then followed an altar service, and they came weeping in great crowds, and it was such a remarkable thing to me to think how God put me down there first where those two workers just ignored me and I couldn't get butter enough to spread upon my bread, and here God was pouring out, and this brother recognized God in me, and the Lord showed me if I had just gotten up and gone back to Pisgah how I would have missed all the cutting down of the wood, through deep trial that made this divine experience possible. And I never would have been brought to this service because God could not let me. There are many things God won't let people do because He can't trust them, but if He can be allowed to cut down that wood He can bring us where it is all Christ and none of self. The Lord said to me that day, "Now you see what has come through

the cutting back of the wood, and oh, my child, if you remain *delighted with the pruning-knife*, I tell you there is nothing but what will count in the eternities beyond. I am fitting you for service in the millennial and after ages." Oh, what a great business God is in! We are to taste of the glories of the coming age, cooperating with powers of the Holy Ghost not seen in this age. We are in education for a long time to come. No, not for any *time* to come, for a *long eternity!* Now, I am a candidate for purging, are you? I want that the prayer shall be constant in me, "Lord, cut back the wood." It is easy for us to say it here now, but the Holy Ghost can bring us where we say it in *each* difficult place. He puts it into practice. He can keep us in place where we shall be constantly under the prayer, "Lord, cut back the wood." "O, Husbandman, cut back the wood." Every time the Lord uses me, even in the secret place, the prayer place, I need to have the wood cut back.

Cut back the wood! Cut back the wood!
Oh Christ the Lord, the knife is good.
Cut back the wood! Cut back the wood!

Sowing the Seed in India

I AM very glad indeed to tell something of our work in reply to your kind invitation to do so. We are glad of any new opportunity of getting people interested in our work so that they will pray for us.

Just at this time we are very busy preaching and distributing Gospels at the annual mela held in honor of a Mohammedan prince who died more than a thousand years ago. Both Mohammedans and Hindus come to worship at his grave, and it is estimated that a hundred thousand attend this mela every year. We invited other missionaries to come and help us enter this open door but they were so busy in their own fields that no one has come. So my husband and I are the only white Christian workers in all that vast throng of surging humanity. But I praise God that he has given us thirty of our B. C. H. native Christians to work with us for these few days. Many of these are our own Bahraich orphanage boys and girls who are excused from school for this special work. Four years ago these dear boys and girls were like that pitiable crowd of heathen, but now they are earnest, zealous workers for Jesus. All glory to His name!

The heathen about Bahraich seem honestly to want the light of the Gospel. Instead of persecution from them we meet only eager invitations

to come again and teach them more about Jesus. I honestly believe that large numbers of those who hear us preach are really saved. In addition to our regular orphanage and evangelistic work, God is now putting it into our hearts to want to open a settlement for married people and their families who want to accept Christ openly but are hindered by their family ties and caste customs. Land in India is not owned by individuals but by families, and a man who accepts Christ has everything taken from him and must literally go out penniless. Many have told us that they are ready and willing to do that for Jesus' sake, but we feel that God is laying some responsibility on us to provide partially for their temporal needs. Our thought is to build some cheap mud huts for them and permit them to live there free of charge, but to try and get outside work for them so that they can earn enough to buy their own food and clothes. However, it is all in God's hands and we await the unfolding of His plans.

He has been very gracious to us in healing the sick in our midst. One healing was a severe case of pneumonia, though we had no one to diagnose it for us. At any rate one of our young girls was very ill with a pain in her side, high fever and a bad cough. In answer to prayer God

rebuked the fever at once, and in a very few days the cough was gone, and she was entirely well.

Over and over again the enemy has come in like a flood, making several ill at the same time, and tempting us to be discouraged. But every time we have leaned more heavily on God and have seen marvelous healings accompanied by spiritual blessing.

Our work is nothing great in the eyes of the

world. Our buildings are of mud, our native people are from the exceedingly poor classes, and our men go about on foot to preach the Gospel. From a human standpoint we have nothing to be proud of, but we feel that God is very near us, and we cast all our care upon Him who cares for us. Pray for us.

MARY C. NORTON.

Bahraich, U. P., India, May 6, 1912.

Encouragement for Defeated Ones

“Go Tell My Disciples *and* Peter”

Ira E. David, Onarga, Illinois; Convention, May 26, 1912



WILL open the Word this afternoon to the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel of Luke and read a few verses, beginning at the thirty-first verse: “And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren. And he said unto Him, Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison and to death. And He said, I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me.”

Then we read how Jesus and His disciples went out to the Mount of Olives, and how He was betrayed, and taken to the house of the high priest and Peter followed “afar off,” but I want to call your attention particularly this afternoon to the sixty-first and sixty-second verses, after Peter had denied his Lord: “And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how He had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly.

Somehow there seems to be a big burden on my heart for defeated ones this afternoon. The Holy Ghost is looking for a clean temple to dwell in and if we want Pentecost we will have to go back and let the Lord go back with us, and have a time of breaking down and of genuine repentance; of godly sorrow for sin, that worketh repentance, and if we go back far enough and down low enough and pour out the thing that troubles in confession and penitence, it will be easy to have Pentecost. There is a mystery about temptation that has never been wholly explained. There are two things, however, that we can confidently affirm concerning temptation. The first

is that in God’s arrangement He has allowed temptation to come to every child in the human family from the days of Adam and Eve in the garden on to this 26th day of May, 1912, in the Stone Church. Every child of Adam that has walked this earth has been tempted. We often get our eyes on our own temptations, and we say, “Surely no one has any such struggle as I.” It may be that others are not having your particular struggle, but nevertheless, every child of Adam has been tempted and is being tempted.

Then again we may say that temptation is necessary to reveal our own weakness, our own human frailty. The Lord knows what manner of men we are, but we seldom know what manner of men we are ourselves until the ploughshare of Holy Ghost conviction has been turned deep through our lives, and that is apt to come after sore temptation and deep trial. It was a good thing that Peter found out what kind of a man he was. It was a good thing that the one hundred and twenty that met in the Upper Room before Pentecost found out what kind of a man Judas was. It was the temptation that discovered the corruption of Judas to the other disciples. It was temptation that discovered Peter to himself. Peter was saying, “Lord, some of these other disciples might fall. Here is Mary, this delicate, refined, weak woman; she might sink down under some violent provocation and some threatened arrest, and here is John the sensitive and loving young man, this man that leans on your bosom, he may stumble and fall, but Lord, You know I am a man of rugged strength, a rough and tumble, tough-grained kind of a man and I will not go down.” And the Lord said, “Peter, you don’t know yourself, and besides I got a little message from Satan and the devil has been seeking to get you that he may sift the wheat out of you, but I have prayed for you that your faith fail not, and when once thou

hast turned again stablish thy brethren." There is a big blessing in that bit of scripture. I believe the verb is in the aorist tense. It is complete. The Lord could say to Peter, "Peter, you are about to fall into the hands of the devil, and when you are there remember that I prayed you clear through. Before you got there I prayed you out and the thing is settled."

Now let us look for a little at the way of defeat. I do not like to look much for the way of defeat, but sometimes when you go along a dark street where the sewer has been opened it is a good thing to have a few red lanterns to keep you from falling in, and this afternoon as we look at Peter I'd like to hang out all the red lanterns, and every time you see one of them you say, That is not the way for me to go, there is danger for me there. In the first place Peter went down through *self-confidence*. He said, "Lord, though all men deny Thee, yet will not I." He was boastful about it. He was "balloonish" and the Lord had to stick a pin in that balloon in order to have it collapse. It didn't take long to let the gas out. The Lord cannot tolerate self-confidence in His children. "Let not the wise glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty glory in his might, nor let the rich glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me," and if we have a bit of that self-confident, boastful spirit about us, the Lord will let the devil get hold of us and pummel us until we give it up and glory in God alone. We are to glory in that we know and understand Him. How much do you understand the Lord?

Then, Peter went down through lack of watchfulness. The Lord took Peter and James and John out into the Garden of Gethsemane and told them to watch, and He came back and found them sound asleep. The Lord was craving sympathy. He does yet. The Lord was craving love. He still wants it. He picked out three of His disciples and said, "Come along. I am about to go into one of the awful struggles of My life," and you remember how Luke tells us that our Lord went forward there a little and His sweat became, as it were, drops of blood falling down upon the ground. There are hundreds of thousands of pores on the skin of the human body, and when a man begins to bleed at all the pores of his skin it will not take long for him to bleed to death. The Lord was in such a struggle that night as we perhaps are utterly unable to conceive, and He wanted somebody to watch. "Can't you stay up tonight? Can't you get up at mid-

night and spend the balance of the night on your knees?" "Oh Lord, I am heavy with sleep," and so Peter wasn't watching.

Then again, he followed "afar off." Jesus was arrested and John pressed along close after the Lord, and when the Lord was taken in through the court into one of the chambers of the house, John pressed his way through into the room where the Lord was, and the presence of the Lord held John up. But it says "Peter followed afar off." You are no match for the devil. The devil is very old and very wise. If you had lived six thousand years and learned as much every year as you have learned this last twelve months, you'd be wise too, wouldn't you? Don't think you can pitch yourself against the devil. He is too old and too wise, and if you get a little bit away from the Lord the devil will get you sure. But blessed is the one that is in the presence of the Lord, for while the devil is mighty, the Lord is Almighty, and if the Lord stands between you and Satan, between you and the terrors of hell, you will understand.

Then Peter went into the court and sat down to warm at the devil's fire, at the world's fire. You remember those soldiers and those worldlings went into the court. The houses were built in the form of an open square around the court. Christ is taken into one of the rooms in this building, and the officers and followers after the arrest went into the middle of the court, kindled a fire and sat down to warm. Peter followed afar off and sat down to warm at the world's fire, and when believers sit down to warm at the world's fire they are in grave danger.

You remember the first Psalm. Blessed is the man that didn't do three things, "walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." It is a bad thing to walk with the ungodly. It is a little worse when you come to the corner of the street and hang on until the story is finished up or the topic of conversation is brought to a close. To stand in the way of sinners is worse than walking with them, and the third thing is to sit with sinners in the seat of the scornful. When you love the world so much you go to the club or the corner grocery, the livery stable, or the poolroom, or the saloon, and sit down with the ungodly, you are dangerously near corruption.

Then Peter denied the Lord. He thought he wouldn't, but he did. He could not stand the word of a little servant girl, this man that told the Lord he'd go to prison and to death for His

sake, couldn't stand the accusing of one little housemaid, "Thou art one of them," and said, "I am not." You remember how the officers of the law spoke to him and he denied, and deliberately told that which was not true. And again, in the seventh verse we are told that he swore. Matthew in his account tells us that Peter began to curse and swear and to say "I know not the man." What an awful road to defeat that is. It is not likely that any one of us this afternoon has taken these seven steps in defeat, but it is altogether likely that there is more than one in this room that has taken some of these steps, and if perchance we have taken any, it is good for us to see the way of defeat and keep out of it. Now let us look at the way back. Peter got up from those accusations and from warping at the world's fire, and apparently passed through the room where Jesus was being held, and though Jesus was a captive, yet He turned and looked upon Peter and Peter saw the look, a look of sorrow, a look of love, a look of heartache, and that look broke Peter all up. The Lord in infinite compassion had looked upon him and he was broken—"and he went out and wept bitterly." It was tears of genuine repentance, and I do not know of anything that is any more needed today than that. Not simply tears. I have seen enough people weep because they were found out. I have known people to weep because they were disgraced in the eyes of the community; that is not the thing. The thing that counts is sorrow that heaven is offended; that God is displeased because a soul is out of fellowship with Him. That is what God is looking for. Repentance that goes deep down into the very core of a man's being. Judas said, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood," but he didn't repent. Peter had that sorrow for sin that made him hate it, and that made him determined to turn his back on it and turn to God. Blessed is the man that repents. Blessed is the believer that has had genuine, deep, heart-searching conviction for sin.

Then there was another beautiful step in Peter's restoration that occurred immediately after the resurrection of Christ. You remember that the Lord sent a message to His disciples. "Go tell My disciples, and Peter." Peter is feeling heartsick. "Will Jesus want to see me again? The last time I saw Jesus He was heartbroken over my failure and sin. Will the Lord ever want to meet such a defeated wretch as I am after all I have said and done? Ah, it is too much to believe that this infinitely pure Son of God

would ever care to meet a defeated wretch as I am." So his sorrow was breaking his heart, and he had hard work to meet the other disciples that didn't feel so, and you can imagine one of the most loving cheering him up and coaxing him on, telling him about the Christ of God, but it hadn't quite dawned upon Peter how infinite the grace of the Son of God is. So he goes on to mourn over his failure, and just then a few pressed in with a message from the risen Son of God to them "and Peter." That was the best thing Peter ever heard. "I have been down. I have been clear down, down as low as a man could get. I am a wretch, and the Son of God, fresh from glory, says, 'I want Peter; Peter and the rest.'" John was with him. He stood the buffeting of the High Priest, but Jesus didn't want to see John first. No, our Lord in infinite grace is after the one what is most broken. Now believe it, if you are sorry for sin, if the Holy Ghost has been drawing deep lines of conviction through your soul until you feel you are nothing, then remember that Jesus Christ came looking for the things and the people that *are not*. "Not many wise, not many noble, not many wealthy," but He came for the things that "*are not*," and when He finds a man that at last concludes he is nothing, then the Son of Man stoops down and gets His arms under him.

And so there came an hour when the Lord had a brief interview with Peter and they got off alone together, and you can imagine them, perhaps down beside some rock or under some tree, or out on the mountain possibly, away from the ears and eyes and attention of other people, and Peter said, "I never thought, Lord, I could ever be so bad." And the Lord takes him up in His arms and said, "Peter, it is all right. I prayed you through before you got into it. Now you know what kind of a man you are and what kind of a Savior I am." If Peter had been a Psalmist he would have written it all out, but he wasn't gifted that way. We haven't any record that Peter ever wrote any poetry, but there was another sinner that wrote a great deal of it, and that sinner's name was David. There came a time in David's life when he went down and down, and he did what most other people try to do. He covered up his sin, or tried to for awhile. He kept the thing down for about a year, and finally David's favorite preacher came to make a call. This pastor's name was Nathan, and when he got a little opportunity to talk to the king he told him a little story about the rich man that had lots of flocks and herds, and this man had a vis-

itor and he wanted to entertain him properly with roast lamb and the things that go with it, and instead of taking out of his own flock he sent to the poor neighbor and took a pet lamb and butchered it and feasted. David was under awful conviction those days, and when a man is under great conviction and won't judge himself he judges other people, and he judges other people very severely. And so when this favorite preacher told this little story about the ewe lamb, the anger of the king flamed up and he said, "This man is worthy of death," and then there came that awful text, preached to one individual sinner, "Thou art the man!" It was like a dagger thrust into the heart of the king and he staggered backward. "I am the man; God be merciful to me a sinner." And then David got down where God could do something with him, and after he kept to the floor awhile he got up and got an inkstand and a pen and he began to write the Thirty-second Psalm, "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." Then he told us a little about his experience. He said he thought he'd keep still, but "When I kept silence my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long." "I was silent on the outside and people thought I wasn't saying a word, but there was a voice on the inside and that voice was saying, 'Thou art the man! Thou art the man!'" and presently there was a roar running through his soul until he said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Oh, blessed art thou this afternoon if there is the Holy Ghost on the inside telling you that you are a sinner and that you need to break down before God and now see the way out. "I acknowledge my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." And then he is so glad he fairly shouts, "For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found." Oh, brother, you are still out of perdition, and if you have sinned God can be found today; if you take this way of brokenness, this way of penitence, this way of contrition, but, mind you, you cannot dodge it. I once went to a church as its pastor, and after I was there one dear sister said to me, "Sister So-and-So will every now and then stumble into sin and sin against a brother or sister. You needn't be surprised if she sins against you. If she does, she will send you a five-dollar bill the next day, or a book." Well, it is a great deal easier to send a

five-dollar bill or a bunch of flowers than it is to break down and confess you are a sinner, but, mind you, you can send a bushel of five-dollar bills and still be a sinner in the sight of God. There is a time when five-dollar bills don't answer. David had plenty of them. He might have sent any amount of them to the people he had sinned against, but that wouldn't have settled it. There is nothing to settle this but for you to get down low and say, in the depths of your soul, "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean. Purge out this carnality from my heart, wash off the sins of overt acts. Purge me within and wash me without."

You can get purged and washed this afternoon, for the Son of God still purges the contrite in heart. He still has a stream that flows from Calvary's mountain for sin and uncleanness, and the man and woman that gets in will get clean. The Fifty-first Psalm was written on top of the Thirty-second Psalm, to tell us how to get out, if, perchance, we have fallen in. These Psalms both tell us the way out, and if you put the two together you will have a complete record of the way David got out from under the guilty condemnation of that sin. First he wants to be purged and washed; he confesses and repents, and prays for purging and washing, and then he says, "Now let's have a little Pentecost. Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me." You see what he is thinking about. He wants to get established so he will not go through that performance again. Now, brother, that has been a miserable road you have traveled; it has been a dark, hard, old sinful way, and you do not want to go that way again. And if you have ever known God you will say, "Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Anoint this heart and touch these lips, and grip this mind, and cause me to walk in the way everlasting. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation," and then what will he be? A preacher. "I will teach transgressors Thy law and sinners shall be converted." Oh, blessed would it be if every one of us who are witnesses and preachers would go that way, being purged and washed, having the infilling of the Holy Ghost and the joy of the Lord overflowing and then begin to give the testimony, for the assurance is "Sinners shall be converted unto Thee."

Now another thought: Could I ever be used after my sin? I know how the poor, defeated one thinks and talks. "Can a woman who has done such things as I have done, ever be used of God?" A little while ago a dear one that had been in several years' defeat came to me and said,

"Well, if I do get back to the Lord, He can never use me in this city again. Never! Never!" I said to her, "It was in the City of Jerusalem that Peter preached the Pentecostal sermon, right in the city where he had suffered his great defeat." If we had been writing the second chapter of Acts we would have picked out John. We would have said, "Find the man that never fell and call on him to preach the sermon on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand people are going to be converted. Take out the best man in the crowd." But the Lord would say, "You don't know about grace. I am going to have the man that was the worst in the company, and with his heart and lips set aflame and being anointed with the Holy Ghost, who can preach like him?" And so, dear soul, I know you are thinking about going to California or Oregon; maybe you think that possibly the Lord could use you in China or Japan, but *never* in your own city, never where people know you. Well, if you think *that*, you do not know grace, because the grace of God is so infinite that it gets under the lowest man convicted and never stops and brings him up until he is a messenger for Jesus. Where did David reign? Did he go over to Samaria or across Jordan, or away from Jerusalem, and say he would never reign any more in Jerusalem? Why, David reigned where he had sinned, and though his sin was published on the housetop and all the nation knew how bad David had been, yet God picked him up and made a saint out of him, and He also made a proper king out of him. And so I am saying this afternoon as the Lord's messenger to the defeated one, the one who is down, God calls on you to reign where you have been defeated. You do not have to move to California or Texas. You have to get right with God, and if you get right with God, other people will very soon find it out.

If you get right with God and witness for Jesus there will be a ring to your testimony and an unction to your prayer that cannot be gainsaid or denied. The thing verifies itself. If Christ be in you, the hope of glory, He cannot be denied. He is supreme over the world, the flesh and the devil.

In the last place, if you get properly restored after these awful lessons, you will be established. These lessons are generally deeper than when a man is first converted. I was convicted when I was converted, but I have been convicted a great

deal more since, and that is ever true of the people that God uses. Paul said of himself that he was the chief of sinners. He never was an immoral man, but at the close of his life he said, "Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Paul was convicted until he believed he had been the worst of sinners, though now a restored saint. And so if you get this way and get out on the victory side through the grace of God, then you will get established.

There is a beautiful story that comes down to us concerning Peter, not through the Bible, but through secular history or tradition.

Peter had that conversation with the Lord and the Lord told Peter to stay in the Upper Room and wait, and he waited until he was filled. He went out over the earth an evangelist of the cross, and finally preached the Gospel at Rome, and he got into trouble because of his testimony. A great many other people have gotten into trouble because of a good testimony, but Peter was running away from Rome, one morning, so the story goes, and on the road he met the Lord. The Lord said, "Where art thou going, Peter?" And he said, "I am going away from Rome to avoid crucifixion." And then Peter asked, "Where art *Thou* going, my Lord?" And the Lord said, "I am going to Rome to be crucified in My servant Peter's stead." And he said, "Oh, Lord, forgive me, I will go back." And he turned and walked back to Rome and gave himself up. They made a cross for him and laid it down on the ground, and Peter lay down upon it and stretched out his hands, and they nailed in the spikes and fastened his feet and were about to set this cross in the ground, when Peter said, "Don't set it right side up; that would be too great an honor for me to die as He died," and they planted the cross with his head downward, and Peter proved to the universe that by the grace of God and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost he would be faithful even to death.

Now the Lord is calling us to the same kind of faithfulness, and that will be ours when we are deeply broken and when we are properly infilled. I wish I could make you feel this truth, that Jesus loves sinners, though He hates sin; that He is after the defeated one. He is saying this afternoon, "Go tell My disciples and tell the defeated one, especially, that in My presence is fullness of joy."

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