



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

Saved for Ministry in the Mountains of Japan

A Miracle of the Grace of God

Robert Atchison, Osaka, Japan, in Chicago, August 18, 1912



I AM very glad to greet you this afternoon in the Name of Him whom we both love and serve. I have been in touch with you through THE EVANGEL for some time, and was in correspondence with your late pastor. Quite a while ago I received a letter from a man in the States with an offering for the work in Japan. He said that he didn't know to whom to send the money and wrote to Brother Piper in Chicago inquiring in regard to it, and he was advised to send it to Robert Atchison in Japan. I appreciated this very much; although a stranger to Brother Piper and separated by thousands of miles, yet the Lord in this way brings His children together and provides for them.

I feel led to give you a short sketch of my life so you will understand the wonderful grace of God and how he had His hand on me from the time He first took hold of me and saved me, and sent me to Japan, until the present time.

I am a man of little education. I ran away from home as a boy and went to Kansas, to a place where was congregated many desperadoes, outlaws, murderers, horse-thieves and people of that class. It was there, in Dodge City, Kansas, that the appetite for liquor settled upon me, and for fifteen years after that I was down and out, a tramp telegraph operator. I worked in over forty different telegraph offices, generally lasting until pay-day, and then I would be discharged. One time I went into Mexico where nobody knew me, and another time I travelled across the continent to New York City because there was a man there who knew me and didn't know my record during that fifteen years, through whom I thought I could get work. I have heard men testify, men who have been raised up from the gutter by the power of God, but I have failed to find a man who went as low as I did. I am not boasting of this, but tell it to show the wonderful grace of God. In my early career I soon passed the gutter stage; I was down in the very sewer where the rats are. I got down so low there are things in my life I would be ashamed to tell, things that only the power of God and the love of Christ could take out. I had narrow escapes from death and can now see the hand of God was over me even when I was "down and

out." In Kansas I stepped aside just in time to save a bullet from going through my body. In Wyoming I was hit with an ax, in Texas I was struck with a hatchet. In Minneapolis, Minnesota, I had my teeth knocked out and four stitches had to be put in my lip. In Brooklyn, New York, I had four stitches put in my head. In Chicago I was so bad off they would not take me to the hospital but sent me out to Dunning to live or die according to the constitution I had. There is one conclusion I have come to and that is, that the devil cannot kill a man for whom God has a work. I believe when I was down in sin many a time God has looked down at me and then looked off to Japan and had me in mind. Little I knew that after fifteen years' tramping over this country in the service of the devil I would be called to the Lord's service in the mountains of Japan. I traveled six thousand miles through those mountains and walked about twenty-five hundred, carrying the Gospel on my back where others didn't want to go. I can now see the hand of the Lord in the whole thing. I do not know anybody with the constitution I have, but if Japan is ever to be evangelized in the real true sense of the word this is the kind of work that has to be done. We must go back in the mountains and stay there. Between the mountains we find thousands of little villages, with perhaps ten, twenty or thirty houses. People are born, live and die in those mountains and they will never know about Jesus unless some one goes in there, and I have been feeling constrained by the Spirit of God that I must go in there. So time and again I took my knapsack and went in there, once for twenty-nine days, living on rice and bad fish. I can say to the glory of God that of all things I went through in Japan I have never considered for one moment I have made one sacrifice for Jesus, not one. Beloved, if that thought ever entered my heart I would take another glance at Calvary and the crucified Jesus. I love the work, I love the people. That is my home. I expect to die there. I am tired of this country already and I have only been here since May. We believe Jesus is coming soon and I want to be found over there when He comes, although today I feel I am in the very center of God's will. If God gives you a ticket across the ocean and a suit of clothes to

go, you can go. That is what He did for me. I had been at a heathen feast on one of the islands and on my return home found a ticket there to come to Toronto to attend a convention. I had been praying with a missionary in a Japanese hotel about that time, and as we got off our knees he said, "I feel like making the Lord an offering in the shape of a suit of clothes for you," and he did.

I got saved in the Pacific Garden Mission in this city eighteen years ago. I was saved through and through, and my salvation is one of the things the devil very seldom torments me about. After I got saved a man said to me down on Clark street, "If you will come up to the office I will put you to work." I went up there to the Western Union Telegraph office and worked ten years, and the Lord prospered me. Then the Lord talked to me about Japan. I listened and found out His will for me was to go, and I said, "Yes," to the Lord. I had gotten married in the meantime and had a wife and two children, but the Lord said to me, "How about those debts you owe?" I had left all kinds of debts behind me. I told the Lord if He sent me the money I'd pay them. I didn't have any money; it took all my salary then to live here in Chicago, and they say it is harder now. The Lord sent me the money. The Holy Spirit first brought to my remembrance the names and addresses of people I owed all over this country, and I tell you I had some awful things to confess. God gave me grace and I put it down in black and white. I didn't try to cover up and make any excuse. Many wrote back and said, "You surely must be saved, having the grace to confess what you have to me." Some said I didn't need to pay them, while others wanted their money. A woman in Brooklyn with whom I boarded when I worked for the Cable Company, and whom I had cheated out of forty dollars, when I sent her the money, wrote back and said she was so glad I was saved; that she was glad to get the money and wished many of her other boarders would do the same.

The next thing was to get a ticket to Japan, and I took that to the Lord. It is remarkable how soon we got our tickets. Beloved, just as soon as we get busy for God He gets busy for us. If we place ourselves in His hands with an open heart He is going to do something for us. He is sadly in need of men these days, men and women filled with faith and the Holy Ghost, who will trust Him at all times, in all places, and for all things. I do not consider I have a bit more faith than anybody else, but I do exercise what

faith I have. The least spark of faith, the least desire, God has to honor and He will fan it into a flame and do for you far above all you can ask or think. He is on the giving hand. The tickets came in and we started off. We landed in the city of Yokohama and I had twenty-five dollars to start in to work for the Lord. We went fifteen hundred miles to the big city of Tokio. I had a bicycle a man gave me in America. I never could ride it there, but when I looked around and saw the villages—forty thousand people all around in these villages, my heart went out to them. From that time these villages have been on my heart and I have done all I could to reach the people and give them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. After a few mishaps and trials I finally learned to ride the bicycle, and we got the Gospel into fifty villages. Day after day I'd go out, take a lunch and get back in the evening. After I had these villages covered, next came the mountains. I could not do anything with a bicycle in the mountains and I was wondering how we could reach the people up there. I was reading one morning where Peter filled Jerusalem with the Gospel and I thought if he did that why couldn't we do as much. We were living in the Province of Shimotsuke, and I felt, Why couldn't we fill Shimotsuke with the Gospel? We knew the Lord, and had gotten to the place where we could draw a check on the strength of Philippians 4:19, so we looked to the Lord and got six hundred dollars. We would go out in a town two by two until we covered that whole province with the Gospel. We reached one thousand villages, almost every house in that great province. We were out there three months, and during that time we distributed one hundred and twenty thousand tracts and scripture portions, walking about a thousand miles. I myself have walked eight hundred miles in this Province of Shimotsuke. On the mountain's height it is sparsely settled, but down in the valley there is just a chain of villages. You can travel all day along the road and think it is one whole village, they are so close together. It was six years ago I worked in this province and the influence of it is still going on.

We were called away from there to the city of Osaka, two years ago, but people are coming in and inquiring about the little books they got from the foreigner who went through and distributed God's word. I felt something plainer than the Gospel was needed for the people in the mountains; they are mostly illiterate. The young people can read, and they do read to the older

ones, and I was led to write a little book, the cover of which was black and red and white and on it was printed, "Sin makes the heart black, but the blood of Jesus Christ makes it white as snow." We printed two hundred and ninety thousand of these and God has wonderfully blessed that book. From the far away island of Sakhalin, near Russian Siberia, we got a letter written by a prisoner saying that God had touched his heart through that little book. After we had made these long trips I've told you of, we began to get letters from the people that had got the little book and it was beautiful to see that something in that book had found a response in their hearts. Some of them were groping for better things, and the little book had brought them light. We also sent them Japanese Testaments and other Christian literature and thus led them to their Savior.

After we moved to Osaka I had no workers. Wife and I felt led to go down there alone. It is a great city of a million and a half of people, the manufacturing center of Japan. I wanted to get the very best place for a mission I could. I stood in a store and counted how many people passed in a given time. I found a fine location, rented it, put in seats and lamps and everything that was needful. I had no workers and at that time could not preach in the language, but I used to go down, fix everything up, open the doors and pray to the Lord. I didn't know what would happen, but I knew something would be done for the glory of God. I felt I had to do my part and when that was done I could wait on the Lord. The first night a young Japanese came. He said he felt led to come over and help me in my meetings. I said, "All right, you get up and sing, and I will go to the door." We filled the hall and this young man preached, and God gave us souls. Night after night I have had from one to six men come in and offer their services. After awhile a young man came to me and said, "I'd like to join this work." I told him I could not guarantee any salary, as we had none ourselves. We had no board or organization behind us, no guarantee of a penny from anyone, although the Lord had raised up many friends who were interested in the work. The young man said, "I knew that, that is why I came." He was a young man who had read his Bible and got light. We got two or three helpers after that work was started and I was led out to the mountains again. I would find out the post office in the mountains and ship enough books ahead to cover the need for fifteen or twenty miles around.

Then I got a map which covered a stretch of two hundred and fifty miles. I aimed to go right through and take a zig-zag course from the Japan Sea to the Inland Sea. I took four trips and travelled two thousand miles, was out seventy-nine days and distributed over thirty thousand tracts. Many a night as I'd come down the mountain side looking for a place to sleep after tramping all day—and it wasn't walking along smooth roads; whenever there was a good road along the mountain side I would leave the road, for I knew if missionaries had gone through there they would follow that road, so I'd leave the road for new territory and that meant crossing over the mountains, up and down, day after day and week after week. I have climbed the mountains ten miles at a stretch continually ascending from the base to the summit. Twice I was lost in the mountains, but I looked to the Lord and He led me out into a village where I could stay all night. You cannot get the slightest idea what one of these trips means. One afternoon a very heavy snowstorm overtook me right at the foot of the mountain I had to climb. There was a copper mine at the foot of the mountain, and the manager wanted me to stay there, but I thought I had to go. He said if I was bound to go he would send a guide with me. The guide took my baggage and put it on his shoulders. The mountain was very steep and you could not see five feet in front of you because of the snow. The guide got me in front of him and putting both his hands on the small of my back, shoved me to the summit. After I had gotten up a little ways the path became so slippery it was almost impassable, but the guide had on his straw sandals and they held him. Going down the other side it was difficult, but not as hard. When I got down I came to a village and asked for a hotel. A man took me to a Buddhist Temple. I thought that was strange, but didn't say anything. Four or five priests came out and two or three little boys. I took off my shoes; one should always do that in a Japanese home as the floor is their bed and table. We passed through a large corridor into a room that was beautiful, according to the Japanese standard. The head priest sat down and told the others to bring in some fire and find a chair for my comfort. He sent a man out in the village to look for something a foreigner could eat, and what do you suppose he brought in? A can of Armour's corned beef, from Chicago. I hadn't seen corned beef for a long time. I had been living on bad rice and bad fish. Everybody

says I look so well I feel ashamed to complain, but when we consecrated all, we put our health and everything else into the hands of the Lord. My family has been well and hearty. We have seen our friends coming home on the sick list and some of them do not go back, cannot stand the climate and many things, but we praise God He has kept us.

They also brought me in some fresh eggs, and a sweet bun made Japanese style and I had a pretty nice supper. Then I gathered them around and gave them some of the little books and scripture portions to read, and told them about Jesus. They listened attentively and brought me a bed, which comprised one quilt for the floor and another to cover me; they then put a screen seven or eight feet high all around me. In the morning they brought me hot water and waited on me. I figured out about what it would cost and gave them a little over; they said it was a pleasure to wait on me. The Japanese invite you to their houses and get up a nice Japanese meal for you. The lady of the house won't allow her servants to wait on you, but does it herself, and all the time she is lamenting the fact that she has nothing to give you, although everything is as nice as possible. They have over a hundred temples there, one temple is over three hundred years old. It is a great place for tourists and curio-seekers.

I returned home from this trip, but after awhile I got the feeling I must go again. It was the love of Christ constraining me to go. My wife would notice my restlessness and know at once it meant a mountain trip. I would be useless for anything else, and I would have to say, "Well, wife, I must go to the mountains." That meant a lot for her, living amongst the Japanese alone, and not knowing the language very well; I'd generally be gone fifteen or twenty days, but every time I went back in the mountains to carry the light to that people who were living in darkness and in the shadow of death, I was especially blessed of God. I don't remember a trip where I didn't have blisters on my feet, and walking day after day I was footsore and weary; the water was so bad I couldn't drink it, but my soul was as fresh and green as it is this present moment, and I would break out in song as I trudged along. I was always a great source of interest to the Japanese on account of my size. They are so small of stature. They would gather around me in great admiration, and ask me how much I weighed, and when I would tell them they would throw up their hands. When I would

come home after one of these hard trips, wife would tell me how the Lord had blessed them in my absence. I heard the same thing from James Taylor, the South American Evangelist. God blessed him in the same way and blessed his family when he was down in South America. On one of my trips I went out on an island forty miles from the mainland. It was just thirty miles from where the great battle was fought between Japan and Russia. It was very difficult to go from beach to beach, the mountains were perpendicular on the shore; it meant up one and down the other, but it was blessed to go where nobody had gone. I have been in a home where there were three generations—grandmother, mother and daughter—and when I would ask them if at any time in their lives they had ever heard about Jesus, they would say they had not. And when we would tell them, oh how they would sit and listen, and ask what salvation was. It is a peaceful sight as we come down the mountain side, to see the villages of little thatched cottages, the young children playing around them, and the men coming in from the rice fields, but how it makes your heart ache when you think they are without Christ and without hope in the world, living in midnight darkness as far as their spiritual life is concerned. But beloved, it is not only that valley, it is not only ten valleys, it is hundreds and thousands of valleys populated with the Japanese who do not know of a Savior. I do not see a ray of hope for Japan. There are millions of dollars spent in school property and in so-called Christian schools, but thirty-five or forty million people are living in the villages and hamlets, and seventy-five per cent of the missionaries are in the large cities and give prominence to educational work. Now and then there is a little spasmodic effort made to get among the villages and preach the Gospel. The missionaries will get out and make a little trip around, something on the line of a recreation club or a picnic, and come back. There is a great need today, as I see it, of a school for the education of country evangelists. The divinity schools of Japan are turning out a class of preachers that want to wear long coats and high collars, and work in the big towns, but a school is needed to train evangelists, men and women, with the understanding their future work is to be in the villages. I have in my heart a plan that could be carried out at very little cost that would do the work. I like the village work better than that of the cities. In the cities we get the transient people, and it is hard to keep in touch with them,

but in the country you get men saved and they are there all the time; they take an interest in the work and talk about it amongst their neighbors, and in that way the work grows.

I took another trip in the mountains, four hundred and eighty-two miles, was out twenty-four days and distributed over ten thousand tracts. What we want to do is to preach the Gospel in every village, go from house to house, sell testaments and Gospel portions, distribute tracts and invite them to a meeting on the road. My workers reached three hundred and twenty-six villages this month; last month it was almost too dangerous to be out in the open on account of the intense heat. We arrange to go in the early spring. June is the rainy month, then follows the hot season until the middle of September, then we preach all through the month of October. We stand on the roadside and sing at the top of our voices to attract the people, then preach to them, and in this way reach from five to ten villages a day.

Right on the outskirts of Osaka lies the Kawachii Valley. While I was studying the language as I'd walk up and down in my room, I could look out of my window and view this valley. I paid no attention to it for months and months, but by and by the Lord began to impress me I should work there. No missionaries were working there, so I opened up three stations. I gave my workers as many villages as they could handle. There are fifty-four villages, which represent a population of forty-five thousand people, and they get the Gospel regularly once a month. The expense of one of these stations is twenty dollars a month, which includes the support of the workers. The total cost of these three stations is sixty dollars, and they reach forty-five thousand people regularly once a month. And this valley is only one; there are many others like this that need the Gospel. I feel that this is my life's work. My little boy, six years old, says that when he grows up he is going into the mountains and preach the Gospel like "daddy." Beloved, this praying and this going and this giving cannot cease; they must continue until Jesus comes and we are all called home. Here are all these lands; not Japan only; I think of Africa and India and China, we have an interest in all these countries through the tithing of the personal money that comes to us. We do not spend all the money in our own work. I have an interest in these other countries, and want that those people, too, shall get a chance to walk down the golden streets some day and see something more

than the outside of the pearly gates. Jesus Christ says, "Behold, I come quickly," and that means we must work quickly. Somebody prayed and worked for my salvation and for yours, and we must work and pray for the salvation of others.

We get from one to fifteen souls in our inquiry room after the meetings. I got two letters yesterday from the workers, telling me about the work, and one says that in every meeting God gives them converts. I was in a meeting last night on the west side side of the city and there wasn't one soul that wanted Christ, and out there you can get them—two, three, and six. We had fifteen saved one night, and I believe some of them never heard the name of Jesus before, but through the Holy Spirit's work their understanding was opened and they accepted Christ as their Savior. At the last baptismal service we baptized fifteen. We don't baptize them as soon as they profess salvation, but test them four, five, or six months. We have our trials, as we find some whose lives do not measure up to their profession. One man came into my mission and I said to him, "You had better come up to the altar." "Oh," he said, "I am baptized;" but his breath smelt of liquor. I have been struck with the number of Christians who chew and smoke. When the Lord saved me He cleaned me up. I want to tell you this: you cannot penetrate far into the spiritual realm with a chew of tobacco in your mouth. Just imagine when Jesus comes some one going up with an old pipe sticking out of his mouth to meet the Lord in the air. This is one of the things that will tie them down to go through the tribulation. I feel very strongly about this. That young man I spoke to was a young convert, and he thought it was all right to do these things because others did. I was talking to a young man about tobacco and he said he didn't think there was a thing in scripture about it. "Well," I said, "the Book says, 'Let him that is filthy be filthy still.'" But he didn't think that meant tobacco. I said to him, "You had better give it up and not wait for eternity to reveal it. We have to be clean if we want to be used of the Lord. 'Be ye clean who bear the vessels of the Lord.'" There is an awful responsibility on us who are teachers. I want you to pray with me about the Kawachii Valley, and for Japan, that when I go back there the Lord may enable me to open up that valley more fully and give those perishing souls a chance to know our Jesus and live and serve Him. You know Jesus said, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He may send

forth workers." I believe God is going to raise up workers that will carry the Gospel to these towns and villages, and live there and win those souls for eternity. Oh, this is a blessed work. I feel it so deeply I wish I could take the young people with me to this land of Japan. The night we opened that last station, there were two hundred and fifty people sitting on the floor, two hundred and fifty farmers, their hands all cracked and sore with hard work. I had six of my workers there; one after another they preached the Gospel, and those farmers just tired

out all the preachers. That audience would sit there until daylight, and keep it up right along. Every Sunday night that crowd was there, and this is one of the places that for the lack of twenty dollars a month we had to close. Pray for this place, and pray for the missionaries. Oh, this praying is the road to power. We used to think the telegraph was wonderful, then came the wireless, but prayer that reaches the throne and moves the arm of God is the most wonderful work a man can engage in. Brethren, let us pray and faint not.

The Heavenly Housekeeper "Trees of the Lord's Planting"

Miss E. Sisson



AND Moses verily was faithful in all his house, as a servant, for a testimony of those things which were to be spoken after; but Christ as a son over his own house; whose house are we *if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end.* Heb. 3:1-6.

A dear friend who lives in a very grand house, was telling me of the increasing difficulty, as the years go by, of getting servants in this age of lawlessness and insubordination, especially as she lives in a suburban town. "They will not go to the country" she said, "they want to live near to the theatres, and all the gaieties of the city." Then followed a painful description of how their housekeeper left them, and unable to secure another, she and her daughter had nearly worn their lives away trying to do the housekeeper's work.

While she was speaking my heart was dancing. O, the contrast with my Heavenly Housekeeper! And did I not also know what it was to wear my life away trying to keep house till He came; and this was the fashion of it. He drew my attention to the above precious words in Hebrews, and bade me mark the contrast between the faithful Moses, so true to God as a servant in His house, and the faithfulness to the Father of Christ—the heavenly Son over His house, "whose house are we." O, glory to God! And He was then really installed as Housekeeper over me, as God's house? And had I nothing to do but just *let* the affairs of the house go into His hands? Keep my hands off, and just delightedly watch Him manage it all? This was exactly what He showed me that glad day. He was within as Housekeeper with His retinue of underlings waiting to

do all His will. Yes, *retinue*, for He makes everything serve *Him* when He comes forth to work. "Stormy winds fulfilling His word," sunshine, and shadow alike coöperating. Even the devil and all his attacks are used by Christ to Satan's own defeat, and our great enlargement in God, when Jesus has full sway. Pledged to God faithfully to do His work, "as Son over His own house."

My part? Just to recognize that He was there to do it all, and *rejoice* in the fact. "Son over His own house, whose house are we *if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope.*" As the light of all this burst over me, I just sat down in the house and was glad, and let the Heavenly Housekeeper do all the work. "All went merry as a marriage bell." The more I rejoiced, the more I entered into rest. The more I entered into rest, the more I rejoiced. He did not need any of my help, I was just left to sing the song of His faithfulness. The Father "who appointed Him" was singing it above, and I below. What a chorus? "Faithful! Faithful! Faithful! Heavenly Housekeeper!" How clean He kept His house! what lovely pictures hung on the walls! (All pictures of Jesus in His manifold beautiful relations to us.) How in every room of spirit, soul and body, He energized and kept things harmoniously moving. How sweet to feel all the powers of one's being in leading strings to Him. How sacred the holy awe that *He* was there doing all. Thus the glad days sped on: for conscious love moves time on wings.

Then came an hour when the powers of darkness gathered thick about my soul, fierce temptations; happiness had fled and dull lifeless inertia seemed all there was of me. In the midst of it all, came a wee voice, "Am I just as faithful a

Housekeeper now?" My spirit groaned—"It does not feel that way." "But am I?" Oh! who can say that Christ is ever unfaithful? "Oh, Christ, Thou must be 'faithful as a Son over His own house,' whose house, bless God, I am. But why am I thus?" "It is the old lesson, child, of trusting Me in the dark the same as in the light." "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, *that walketh in darkness and hath no light*; let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God." "Hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope *firm to the end*." "But, Lord, when I have no spirit of prayer?" "Will you trust Me that I am in the house as Heavenly Housekeeper then?" "And there is no light on the sacred page?" "Will you trust Me that I am in the house *faithfully* keeping it then?" "When I am sent on no errands, bidden go nowhere?" "Am I still faithful? Do I understand My business, am I at it?" And I knew the Father was singing—"Faithful! Faithful! as a Son over His own house whose house Elizabeth is." I must make it a duet, so I began in the darkness singing—"Faithful! Faithful! Faithful over His *own* house, whose house I am." "He giveth songs in the night" if we yield to Him, and truly they are richer and sweeter in their outworking than the songs of the light; Hallelujah! For when the smoke of battle had cleared away, He who always understood, made me to understand this much—"I only design thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine." I was the dross, Jesus was the Gold; He would have the house empty of all but Himself. There must be the nothingness of the creature, and the All-of-God. This work proceeds most rapidly when we walk in the night of faith, *i.e.*, a dead reckoning of faith, *on His Faithfulness*. Hallelujah! Who but a God would know how to accomplish this! Therefore, does He let us be emptied from vessel to vessel, and go into captivity that the taste of self may not remain in us—and the *smell* of self pass away. (Jer. 48:11.) "This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

Much confusion arises because we fail to see that "trees of the Lord's planting"—His precious saved ones, like trees of the natural world—have a double growth, a summer and a winter growth. How delightful is springtime's wooing! Then the sap is called up from the roots and begins to flow and enlarge the trunk, and spread in the branches, and push out to the tiniest twigs and buds in all their extremities, and burst to a

beauty of green leafiness, or mayhap, a bright fragrant bloom, and proceed to set and form and mature the delicious fruit or nut or spice.

Fair, indeed, is summer's growth in nature or in grace. But what of the winter? Ah! it plays a deeper and more important part, though many observers take no note of it. It is when the sunless days and chilly winds and high storms have stripped the tree bare that the shivering sap or life slowly retreats from outmost bough through trunk to root. And then, what? Oh, now begins the winter's growth? The healthy tree is only as big above ground as it is below. *There* is where it strikes its hold in life. For every branch and bough and twig above ground there are ramifications of similar roots and rootlets. Like many mighty arms, strong hands, and tiny clutching fingers they lay hold of the soil in which they are embedded and draw their life from thence. This is done when forbidding cold has driven the life-sap from its above-ground progress to its hidden movements beneath the soil. Then it is when the tree's most important growth takes place. The roots strengthen, roots and rootlets stretch out and occupy more space in the soil beneath; more soil to feed upon, more life or sap, more feeding power, more increase of length and breadth of root.

Wildest storms find it hard to uproot the trees of many winters' growth, whose underground limbs have taken such deep and extensive hold upon the soil. After each winter's growth and feeding, with a mighty uprush, the reinvigorated sap runs into the trunk, enlarging it and pushing out each limb and bough and branch and twig; enlarging above ground with the growth of the long, dark winter underground. For the summer's growth would be top-heavy and full of danger if it were not thus prepared for by the winter's underground enlargement.

Thus in the trees of the Lord's planting. He gives us many a summer experience when the sap of His life flows through all our sensuous being, and everybody, self included, can see our growth; such an hour is the "sky blue conversion," or the glorious sanctification with the Holy Spirit's seal thereto, or divine healing, a miracle of His life in our body, or some marvelous revelation of Himself in His Word, or in His dispensational plan; some mighty Pentecost with tongues, or some marvelous fruitage in Christian service. But sooner or later, after each and all, comes the time when God robs every sensuous part of the being of its life or "experience," and by naked faith, or the winter of the soul,

God (the Christian's soil) and His faithfulness is all the soul has left. Now it burrows in that soil, and while it does not know itself growing, and all who see it make sure it is not growing, it is striking root in God as never before; preparing for a still larger summer growth.

Thus summer and winter experiences chase each other in rapid succession as God sets the seasons, for we are "God's tillage." A blood-bought property which He hath secured at such

expenditure He will not neglect to cultivate. Our coöperation, which expedites the work, is constant trust through summer and through winter. Faith in His faithfulness! Christ is faithful to Him that appointed Him, as a Son over His own house. His house! God's tree! Hallelujah! Thank God for the Heavenly Housekeeper!

"Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

Following on to Know the Lord

Heeding the Call of God to Jerusalem

Miss Helen Bush, August 11, 1912



AFTER the reading of Scripture and a few introductory remarks, the speaker said:

I am praising God tonight from the depths of my soul that He has called my precious mother and me to Jerusalem, to tell them the blessed story of Jesus. It may interest you to hear a little about my call. It is very real to me. In fact, all the Lord's dealings with me have been very real. He is a wonderful God. I first came to love the Jews through the reading of Jewish history and the study of prophecy. I was in a Deaconess Training School of the Methodist Church and in my study of prophecy I saw these wonderful promises for the Jews. The teaching I got on those promises was that they were for the church but God taught me they were for Israel and drew me out to think of the Jews and to have a love for them.

During my second year in the School a friend came back from her home in Seattle where she had fallen in with some humble mission folk, who were Alliance people. They gave her the truth about the premillennial coming of Jesus Christ and light on Divine Healing. I was a hungry soul and eagerly drank in the truth. Oh, it was so wonderful to me to know that Jesus might come any moment! Not a thousand years from now, but that we might expect him at any time.

After a time I left that school, and when with my mother I told her what I had learned about prophecy and the Jews and she became interested and began to have a love for them also. About this time the Lord laid it on our hearts to go to the Missionary Institute at Nyack, New York. We knew we would get more truth there. We went together, for we were all in all to each other: father had died when I was little. Mother had been a church worker, but was not very spir-

itual. She was growing deeper in God, and received healing for her body; we begged Him day and night to let us go to Nyack, and God answered our prayer. When the time came for us to go we had our fare and three dollars over. On the train mother said, "How are we going to get along on this?" I said, "Mother, I will go to New York City and get a position in a railroad office and you go to Nyack." The very first morning the sermon was on the text, "Commit thy way unto the Lord and He shall bring it to pass." We listened and went down to Brother B. and told him our troubles. He said, "Well, go thou and do likewise," and so we went to our room and committed it to the Lord. We learned from that sermon how to roll our way over on Him and He met us every step. I didn't go to New York City. I stayed there at Nyack. That was our first experience in trusting the Lord for money. I have found that every word in the Bible is true. We had been spiritualizing it so long, it was a little difficult at first to take it literally, but we have found He will bring His Word to pass if we trust Him. We committed our way to Him, and He kept us all through the year. When we went to Nyack one of the first questions we were asked was what missionary band we were going to join. They had seven bands in which the students met to pray for certain mission fields. Mother and I joined the Jewish band, and I received great blessing. I was praying about where the Lord wanted me to go. First he made me willing to go to China, and when I was ready for that, He took the desire away. Then I prayed about India and told the Lord I was willing to go to India, but still I was not settled. After committing the matter to God I went to sleep and the next morning as I awoke and opened my Bible the verse the Lord gave me was, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people." As I was kneeling in prayer the words came to me again.

I didn't know much about Pentecost then, but I began to laugh in the Spirit, and was filled with praise and joy. Every time that verse came to my mind I would just break forth into laughter and praise. I didn't quite know if the Lord was calling me to that people, and I wouldn't say anything to anybody because it was a secret between the Lord and me.

Just about that time I learned there was another outpouring of the Spirit. I had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit when in California but I didn't know there was an outpouring of the "latter rain," so I asked about it. I said if there was anything more for me I wanted it, so I just looked up to God continually during the lectures and at mealtime. I knew He had something for me, but they didn't have waiting meetings and I wondered if I had to seek some gift. He reminded me of the Scripture that He "chooseth our inheritance for us," so I knew it was the Lord I was to seek. On Thanksgiving Day we were preparing for a reception that is given annually on that day. When I was ready I thought I would run upstairs first to see one of the girls. She said, "Oh, I am so glad you have come. I was just going to have a little praise service." We knelt down and said we were not going to praise Him for anything He had done but just for Himself. Soon I thought I'd go, but as she didn't move I stayed a little longer, still praising Him. All at once the power of God just enveloped me and the Holy Spirit began to speak through me. I hardly knew what was happening and didn't know what I was saying. I was a little embarrassed, not knowing what the young lady who was with me would think, and I put my face down in the blankets on the bed, but the glory of the Lord became so great I could not hold my head down. I threw my head back and praised the Lord with all the power and strength there was in me, and when I didn't have words the Lord spoke through me. I looked out, on the mountains and cried for the rocks and trees to praise the Lord. I got upon the chair and praised and sang, then down again on my knees, I was so full of glory. Oh, God is so wonderful! I am so thankful that in these last days when there is so much power needed to withstand the wiles of the enemy, God is giving us the "latter rain," giving us power to resist the devil and be overcomers, so that we may be among the Bride. Praise Him for the two best gifts that God has given to man—Jesus and the Holy Spirit. I am so glad the Holy Spirit helps us out; when we cannot find words of our own to praise Him, He gives us a new tongue.

Mother was becoming hungry for this precious fullness also and she began to tarry for the baptism. There was a convention across the Hudson at New Rochelle, which mother attended and received her baptism. She was so changed when she came back to Nyack, the people noticed the difference. Her nervousness in testifying was all gone. At the close of school we began to think about the summer months and thought, of course, the Lord would lead us into Jewish work, but He knew best. He led us into the Crittendon Rescue work, and there the Lord brought us in contact with many Jews. Mother was used in the home and I worked on the streets at night and at Coney Island. I had a chance to give out tracts and talk to many Jewish girls. I will never forget the first Jewish girl who gave her heart to the Lord Jesus. My heart just overflowed. And what a light she was to the other Jewish girls! She would read to them from her Yiddish Testament, and when they would not come to the Lord she would be so sorrowful and come to me for encouragement.

About that time the Ohio State League sent for a worker and the Crittendon people sent me. Mother didn't want me to go, but I looked to the Lord and He told me to go. Then mother said she would not worry, she had committed me to the Lord. You know how mothers worry, but that had all been taken out of her at Nyack. I went to Sandusky, Ohio, where there was an Alliance branch. I found two women who were seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit, but some minister had come along and told them it was not of the Lord. But they were very hungry, and one received her baptism the first day I was there. The lady with whom I was staying also received hers. I didn't know anything about waiting meetings, and up to that time I had never had a vision or known about the wonderful things the Lord is doing, but the day after that dear sister received this wonderful outpouring of the Spirit, the Lord took me in the spirit to Jerusalem. I knew it was Jerusalem as I went among the market places, and since that time I have seen pictures of the very places I was in that day. In the vision I saw myself in a court and we had a little baby organ and a dry goods box, and we played and sang "Jesus loves me," to the same tune that we sing it here, but in different words. Then we got upon the box and began to preach, and such a sermon you never heard from any human being, for the whole thing was given by the Spirit. I saw two come out of that court at the end and give their hearts to Jesus. It was such a wonderful thing to see

the light of God break on their faces. One got through into salvation before the other, and as the second one seemed to have difficulty in getting the light into his spirit, we told the first one to tell the other how he got through, and as he did so the light broke on the seeker's face, and it was glorious. As we folded up the little baby organ and walked to the station those men followed, and the Lord told me He wanted me in Jerusalem. Up to that time I thought I was going to work among the Jews in the homeland, in San Francisco or Chicago, but that day the Lord said to me, "Jerusalem." I didn't tell anyone at the time. Those around me could see what I was doing, but they didn't know God had spoken to my heart that I was to go to Jerusalem.

About that time the Lord told me I was to go to Norwalk, Ohio, to the Missionary Home there. I wrote to Sister Wormser and asked her if I might come, and she said "Yes." The first morning after I reached there, while we were in prayer, the Lord told one of the girls I was called to Jerusalem, although I had spoken to nobody about it. As she told it the Holy Spirit gave me such intercession for the Jews as I had never had before. The Spirit kept praying through me, "My Israel, My Israel!" and I knew from that day it was no longer a secret to be kept in my heart. I stayed there that winter, and then God led me back to those people in Sandusky whom I had learned to love.

Mother, in the meantime, had been sent to Washington, but I knew God wanted her at Norwalk, and along in December the Lord laid it on her heart to come. God gave her a place there and blessed her. I didn't know how I was going to tell her I was to leave her, but one day I gently broke the news to her that I was called to Jerusalem. She wept and said, "How could I let you go away over there." I promised I wouldn't go any place until she was perfectly willing I should go. I felt I could trust the Lord to make her willing. I had given her up, and put her on the altar a long time ago. Mother had put me on the altar and taken me off again, but all the time the Lord was leading her to the place where she finally gave me up to Him. After she struggled for about two weeks and got to the place of rest, the Lord called her to Jerusalem with me. Isn't that just like Him? I remember the day she came in with the Scripture telling me the Lord had called her. He had spoken to her by the Spirit and given her the Word. There are three ways by which we can know the voice of the Spirit. If we listen to every voice we are apt to be led

astray, but if the Word agrees with our leading and Providence confirms it, we are on the right track. God gave us the Word again and again, and His providence opened the way and supplied our needs. We said if the Lord wanted us to go to Jerusalem He would have to get us there, and it wasn't any time at all until we had two hundred dollars. Just before I started out to visit some of the Pentecostal centers, Sister Wormser prayed one morning if it was time to start God would send in something that day on our outfit, and that very day many little things came in so that all were convinced it was time to start. I believe before we go out to the foreign field God wants us to become acquainted with people so as to have a praying band behind us. I know it will be hard over there, but believe God is going to give me grace to do the work to which He has called me. It is a high calling, and I am so thankful to Him for it. Have you ever been drawn into spiritual sympathy with the Lord and felt the pathos of His words as He wept over Jerusalem and cried as though His heart would break, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered you as a chicken gathers her brood under her wings and ye would not"? I have felt a little of that experience, and God has given me a love for His people that is beyond anything I had ever dreamed of.

* * *



THE above picture represents some colporteur boys from a mission at Nonpara, on the borders of Nepal, in North India, in charge of Mrs. Lillian Denny and Miss H. Hacker.

These native Christians are ready to start on a long tramp to preach Christ to people who have never heard. The bags are full of Gospels and scripture portions.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

Notes

"NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us,
But unto Thy Name give glory,
For Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake."

* * *

Deep gratitude fills our hearts as we close the fourth volume of the paper. God has given us four years of precious ministry to many thousands of His dear children, and has brought us in touch with many hungry hearts all over the world. We have been blessed in our fellowship with the saints and through our service of love.

THE EVANGEL has been used to illuminate the pathway of the "children of the day" and establish and strengthen the Lord's own in love and in the unity of the Spirit, as well as to broaden them through a knowledge of His working in all parts of the world.

We are sending out Volume 4, Number 12, as a Missionary number and, though this has been brought about almost without planning on our part, it seems a fitting close to the year and we believe the hand of the Lord has thus guided. We have learned to recognize His hand in everything and can see His leading in the little as well as the more momentous affairs of life.

We feel especially grateful to God for His help, and the strength He has bestowed upon us during the past year—a year so marked by sorrow and added responsibility. But for the fact that His "right hand planted" the little paper, our courage might have failed, but "being in the way the Lord helped us," and in our weakness we found His strength. The goodness of God is

marvelous in our eyes and we rejoice in Him anew for His enablings.

We welcome back into THE EVANGEL family many old subscribers who had dropped out for one reason or another but are again on our subscription list, and we thank God for the kind words of appreciation and encouragement that come to us from many hearts. We ask our readers to continue to pray for the paper, that God's blessing may rest upon this "stock of His planting" and that it may truly become "a branch made strong for Himself."

Conventions and Campmeetings

PLAINFIELD, Ind.—A Feast of Tabernacles, September 20-30, 1912. For information address D. Wesley Myland, Plainfield, Ind.

Thayer, Mo.—Second Annual Pentecostal Rally, September 27-Oct. 5, 1912. For information address Bennett F. Lawrence, Thayer, Mo.

Findlay, Ohio—Pentecostal Convention, September 28-October 13, 1912. For information Write T. K. Leonard, Findlay, Ohio.

Chicago, Ill.—Pentecostal Convention at the Persian Mission, corner Sheffield Avenue and Montana Street, near Fullerton Avenue, beginning October 3, 1912, and continuing fifteen days. For information address Andrew D. Urshan, 1008 Montana Street, Chicago, Ill.

Pastor Boddy

WE have received word from Pastor A. A. Boddy of Sunderland, England, now visiting the Pentecostal centers in this country, that he will be unable to meet with us at the Stone Church (37th Street and Indiana Avenue), until Lord's Day, October 13, 1912. Our readers will please notice the change in the date of these meetings, from September 22 to October 13, at 3:00 and 7 P. M. We trust we shall have a good audience to hear our brother's message from the Lord.

Pastor Boddy sends us the following suggested Resolution, which he submitted to the campmeeting at Colgrove, Los Angeles, on Sunday, September 1st, and which was warmly endorsed by the congregation:

RECOGNIZING THE GREAT NEED OF UNITY in the Body of the Lord (see Cor. 12:25 and 11:30, 31), and noting the opportunities Satan is getting through sad divisions, WE by the help and grace of our Lord do undertake individually and collectively to refrain from condemning one another on the matter of the question known on the one hand as

"THE SECOND WORK OF GRACE"

and on the other as

"THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST."

We also undertake to do all we can, in love, to dissuade our beloved Brethren and Sisters in Pentecost from giving way to a spirit of harshness in those matters, allowing each one to be fully persuaded in his own mind.

Contributions to Missionaries

WE take pleasure in submitting to our readers the amount of monies distributed among the missionaries in the foreign field during the last six months. Some of these missionaries are working in the field, some are at home for rest and recuperation, and others are on their way to the fields to which the Lord has called them.

These contributions have come in through our readers and through the Stone Church and, while we are grateful to God for the money we have been able to forward in His name, we are sorry there has been a little falling off in our missionary receipts during the past six months. The Pentecostal people must not forget that there is a large band of missionaries in the field who are not sent out by any board and have no financial backing except through the freewill offerings of God's consecrated people. Each individual who allies himself with the Pentecostal movement should feel a personal responsibility for the success of a missionary who represents the work in a foreign field and goes out without salary or allowance.

Some of the more experienced missionaries tell us that the failure on the part of the home people to respond to the needs of the field have placed the younger missionaries under great temptation to associate themselves with a Board in order to be able to study the language. Some have not had sufficient funds to secure the services of a teacher and have been under a severe test because of this.

Let us not censure the young and inexperienced if they grow faint-hearted and falter in the untried paths of faith, but let us reach out a sympathetic hand and strengthen them.

The following tabulation comprises the amount of money disbursed from March to September, 1912:

Geo. E. Berg, India.....	\$ 281.45
Pandita Ramabai, India.....	195.75
Miss Minnie F. Abrams, India.....	171.05
Wm. Johnson, West Africa.....	70.10
Robert Atchison, Japan.....	55.35
Miss Alma E. Doering, Congo.....	46.20
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	43.55
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cox, Iceland.....	36.04
China Famine.....	30.00
Miss M. A. Gerber, Turkey.....	30.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt.....	30.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America.....	29.45
H. M. Tourney, South Africa.....	25.00
J. L. Bahr, India.....	20.00
Geo. Brelsford, Egypt.....	20.00

Miss Helen Bush, Palestine.....	20.00
Chas. W. Chawner, West Africa.....	15.00
John Perkins, West Africa.....	15.00
E. M. Scurrah, South Africa.....	15.00
Miss Hattie Schoonover, Japan.....	15.00
Miss Annie Schoonover, for Japan.....	13.00
Miss Rebecca Krikorian, for Armenia.....	12.00
H. L. Faulkner, South China.....	10.00
Miss Elsie Gordon, India.....	10.00
Dr. Rosa Lee Oxer, India.....	10.00
Wm. Wallis, South Africa.....	10.00
Miss Emma Wick, South Africa.....	10.00
A. G. Garr, China.....	6.00
Mrs. J. E. Clark, returned from India.....	5.00
Miss Minnie Houck, India.....	5.00
Miss May Kely, South America.....	5.00
C. F. Snyder, China.....	5.00
Miss Edith Baugh, India.....	1.00
Total.....	\$1265.94

At the close of the first six months of our fiscal year we reported a total of \$1,932.75 received and disbursed. This with the above amount makes a grand total of \$3,198.69 for the year.

We praise God for having a little share in the evangelization of the great heathen world, but we earnestly ask our readers to pray with us that the hands of God's children in the home field may not become slack and that they may not become weary with their part in the seed-sowing. "Workers together" are we and whether at home or abroad, we must alike strive to measure up to the standard required of us by the Lord of the harvest.

* * *



A few children who don't go to school in Hong Kong, China.



Some of the girls who attend a Christian school.

A Land Ruled by Priestcraft and Superstition

The Macedonian Cry from Central America

An Address Given in The Stone Church, July 28, 1912, by B. A. Schoeneich, *en route* Somoto Grande, Nicaragua, Central America



OUR theme tonight will be the Macedonian cry from Central America, "Come over and help us." The line of thought we want to bring before you is "Light;" what light is, and what the difference is between light and darkness. How is it that you and I have the light tonight? Because somebody brought it to us. Somebody told us of this wonderful Jesus who through His precious blood saves from sin. In the first chapter of John, ninth verse, we read that He was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. And Jesus said, of Himself, "I am the light of the world. He that followeth after me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." The light that lightens every man that comes into the world is Jesus Christ, and the real need in Central America is Jesus Christ; in fact, what the whole world needs today is the light that comes through Jesus. Some people say, "Won't the heathen be judged according to their light?" Let me tell you if they are judged according to their light, you and I and others, when we come before our God, will have the blood of some of these people on our heads. Their light is great darkness—darkness so dense it is impenetrable. In our message tonight we will deal with two conditions in Central America, the effect of Romanism, and the condition of the native Indians. There is not much said of Central America; we hear of India and Africa and China, and it is true every land is in need of Jesus Christ, but while you are thinking about these dark lands that lie across the seas, do not forget that just a few thousand miles away, here on our own continent, lies a little country that has been neglected over four hundred years, and the very thing that has held that poor little nation down is creeping into our country today, and there is great danger of Romanism putting the United States where it has put Central America. Romanism is a dangerous foe, as dangerous as Mohammedanism, and as Africa is being swept by Mohammedanism, so is America being swept by Roman Catholicism.

I was born in Costa Rica, and I lived in one place and another, up and down the coast from San Jose, Costa Rica, to Cortez, Spanish Hon-

duras, and San Pedro Sula, and God has permitted me to have knowledge of the conditions there such as a stranger could not have. You can never get a right idea of the appalling condition of Central America unless you see it with your own eyes. I heard a prominent missionary who came from that country to the United States say that a Catholic going from here to Central America would abhor his own religion as he sees it there, it is so intensely degrading you cannot name it.

We are going to work in Nicaragua. In Guatemala there is a Pentecostal work at Zacapa and there is a missionary in Salvador, but I do not know of any in Honduras or Costa Rica who are out on full Gospel lines. As far as I am able to learn there are about sixty missionaries of the denominations in a population of a little over four and a half million people. Take Salvador, which is a little piece of land three hundred and thirty-three miles in length with a population of one million inhabitants, and amongst one million people there are about one thousand believers.

Our work in Nicaragua will have its headquarters at Somoto Grande. We are planning to work with Brother Barnes who is now in that country, and he tells me that in Leon, the principal city of Nicaragua, he is working in the market places, for in that country our principal work is not gathering people together in a church, but it is heart to heart work, dealing with the individual man. The people come together into the markets to sell their produce, and the missionary goes also with his Bibles, and preaches Jesus. This is as effective as talking to a congregation. The more simply you can tell them of Jesus the better they can understand it. They do not need flowery sermons, but what they need is to know the love of God in sending Jesus to a lost world. While Brother Barnes was working in the market place one day giving out Bibles, a boy grabbed a Bible out of his knapsack and running off a little way held it up and burned it, the crowd jeering and laughing. Another time when he was about the same work, a woman took a Bible from him and tore it up before his eyes, and when he was going to remonstrate, an old woman laid her hand on his arm and said, "Be patient with them, sir." He said

things had reached a climax and he had almost lost patience, but that was a voice from God quieting him and he was able to exercise more patience. In that town of Leon which has a population of forty to fifty thousand people, there is only one native believer, an old sister. About five years ago there were two missionaries stationed there, but the persecution was so great they were compelled to leave the city. Brother Barnes is the only one who has had the privilege of going over the whole city three times, and for anyone to go from house to house in a Catholic city in Central America, takes the love of Jesus. From the pulpits the priests forbid their people to sell to the Protestants, they forbid them to rent their houses to the Protestants. The Catholics want the Scriptures, but the priests emphatically forbid them to receive any from us. When the priest comes into the market the people bring back the Bibles that have been given out. But, underneath it all, there is a current of unrest and unsettledness, a desire for something better. Their need is to know Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ who saves from sin. Superstition and priestcraft are holding them down and are the cause of their not getting the light.

Brother Barnes wrote to me: "We have just gotten through holy week, and such a time as we have had! It is impossible to describe it." They tried to carry out literally what transpired in the passion and resurrection of Jesus, but instead of living persons they used images. For example, on Palm Sunday they carried an idol on a donkey and spread branches on the ground. On Good Friday they made a sepulchre and laid him to rest and on Easter they woke him up, and as they carried him back they met the idol Mary and they say there was much rejoicing as they met and a whole lot of idols were carried into the temples amid the clanging of bells. These people enjoy such things; they do not know what regeneration means. Beloved, they have overmuch religion, they are a very religious people, but as far as salvation is concerned they know nothing of it or what it is to live a moral, upright life. In the West Indies, ninety-five per cent of the population are illegitimate and in South America, three-fourths. In Central America the priest puts the price of the marriage ceremony so high the poorer class cannot afford it, but so long as they go to the church and pay their dues, nothing else matters. So they live in sin and consequently there are hundreds of children homeless. They have no father, but many of them will tell you that Father So-and-So

(meaning the priest) is their father. The priests do not hide their immorality. If you talk to them they make light of it.

They have dethroned Jesus and even God Himself and in place of them have set up the Virgin Mary. It is not Jesus who saves you, it is the Virgin Mary. If you are sick they point you to the Virgin Mary. To them, Jesus is only the child of the Virgin Mary. You hear scarcely anything of Jesus as a man. His death means to them nothing at all. They are really Mary worshippers.

In the city of San Jose, Costa Rica, you will find a Catholic church every five or six blocks. The little Protestant mission is away back in a despised end of the city, but from that place the light has shone out. When I was in the city I went to this little mission and found it packed from one end to the other with men and women who had been brought out of Romanism. These poor idolaters, when they come to Jesus, put us to shame in their worship and in their zeal.

When I was in San Jose the Roman Catholics were having a *fiesta*. At eight o'clock in the morning they started out with, first, a band, then a procession of candles, and then the idols of Jesus and Mary from the temples. They took little children, from three to ten years old, and stuck bird feathers on their backs to represent angels, and twelve men to impersonate the apostles, and then they marched all about the city until four o'clock in the afternoon. While the procession is in progress women are saying their prayers and men are carousing and swearing, and if a missionary is standing by he is watched very closely. One of the missionaries was looking on when a soldier said, "Why don't you take your hat off to the Mother God?" meaning the Virgin Mary. The missionary replied, "My trust is in the Living God." The soldier took his gun and knocked the man down. That brother could praise God that he was persecuted for Jesus' sake.

One feature of the *fiesta* was a bull fight. They have a closed arena with a grand stand and into this arena they drive a bull; then two men come in on horseback with big red blankets and tease the bull until he is mad with rage. As the result of that day's sport we saw four men ushered into eternity without salvation. While the men on horseback were fighting the bull I saw, over at the other end of the arena, a man on foot with a red blanket. Suddenly and unexpectedly the bull charged him. The man lost his head with fright and failed to get out of the way. He was

gored in the most horrible manner. They tell us in Central America that the Virgin Mary delights in bull fights and they have them in her honor. Remember, this very system of Catholicism is trying to get control in the United States today.

The priests sell little pieces of metal with a superscription stamped upon it. The price varies from twenty-five to seventy-five cents, according to the metal used, but the people are taught that this is the Holy Ghost and they reverence that bit of metal. Some of them are more loyal to it than many Christian people are to God. It is simply awful the delusions those poor Catholics have been brought under.

Now I wish to speak to you about another class of people, the Indians who have not come under the influence of Catholicism. What I have been describing to you exists all along the coast and inland for a hundred or hundred and fifty miles, but the Indians live in the interior. In Honduras alone there is an Indian population of three hundred thousand people who are groping in the darkness of heathenism. About three years ago an Indian was on his way to hire himself out for a year when he heard singing in a Gospel Mission in Guatemala and it drew him inside. There the Lord Jesus got hold of him and he gave his heart and life to God. He became a new creature in Christ Jesus and the very first words this poor, ignorant man said were, "Why haven't you told us of this wonderful Savior before?" Then this Spirit-filled man, though an Indian and knowing nothing of the Bible, turned around and, going back to his Indian village, told the story of the cross, of Jesus Christ who came to save men, and of the blessed peace and joy and wonderful experience he had in Jesus, and do you know what this meant to those people? It meant that practically the whole tribe of three thousand people was brought to the feet of Jesus. This came to me through a very reliable source. The Indians are a simple, child-like people. They believe what they are told. They have not been contaminated with Catholicism and when they come to Jesus they are as zealous as they are simple-hearted. Would to God He could bring us to the same place of simplicity where we take Him at His word.

Three years ago a man went from Somoto Grande, where our headquarters will be, to Guatemala, and while there he found the Lord Jesus. He came back to his village and started to build a church, and when he got his church

built he said, "Lord, I built You a house, now send a missionary." He prayed and prayed, but in the long time of waiting he backslid. Then he got back to God again, and again he fell away. For three long years he struggled and prayed alone, not a man within a hundred miles to give him any consolation. At the end of three years God answered that poor simple Indian's prayer and sent a missionary for the first time into that part of the country. There are other hungry hearts in that land besides his, and while people in this country are spurning the Gospel, there the people are reaching out after it.

We have large plantations in Central America, banana, coffee and sugar-cane, and the owners of these plantations are generally wealthy men. A native is always poor because he is always fighting. Nicaragua since its independence in 1821 has never known ten years of peace. From one end to the other it has been bathed in blood. The foreigners come into the country and go up into the interior and capture the natives. They bring them down to the coast and work them until there is no more strength left in their bodies; then they cast them out to die of starvation or to be torn up by beasts in the forest. There is land that has never yet been explored. Some Indians who have been rescued from these planters have told missionaries that in the interior they have never seen a white man until they came in touch with the planters. These Indians living in the interior are in the same barbarian state their ancestors were when Columbus discovered America. The country is even more degraded than when Columbus found it. When he landed he found a gentle, intelligent class of people, but Catholicism has degraded it, and you will find it a prey to bloodshed and war; yet there are those who are longing to be elevated. They have a religion; they worship a little pagan god, and even when the Indian is converted to the Catholic religion, he has his own little god under the altar. Today Central America's hand is stretched forth not only to America but to the enlightened world. Costa Rica had an election three years ago and for the first time since 1821 elected a president. Grace Eaton, a missionary, had a school for children, but the priest sent notice she was to close that school and not teach the children. Some men who heard of it telegraphed to the president about the order that had been given. The president for the first time in the history of Central America interfered with Rome in behalf of education and sent word that Grace Eaton was to be permitted to teach and should have a squad

of soldiers to protect her. This is what the missionaries call a landslide.

A brother wrote me from Costa Rica two years ago when I first got my call, "Won't you come over and help us? Costa Rica is open to the Gospel." Today the five republics of Central America have their hands outstretched calling to you and to me, calling for God's people in Christian countries to give them assistance. They are your brothers and sisters in a heathen land.

Now, how are we to conduct light to these people? There are three ways in which you and I can be lights to the heathen in Central America. You say that Romanism is not heathenism, but Romanism is nothing more than baptized paganism. The first way to reach these people is to take the Gospel to them in person, so if God is calling you to this or any other heathen land, do not close your heart against it. Do not try to substitute prayers and gifts. If He calls you He wants *you*. Many whom God calls say they will work and send the money, but God needs workers on the field, men and women filled with the Holy Ghost. When He gets men and women who are yielded and pliable He will take care of everything else. Oh brothers, sisters, the demand for Central America today is men and women filled with the Holy Ghost.

The second way to get the light into this country is through prayer, the prayer of intercession. Some will say, "I do not feel like praying." but oh, beloved, as we give ourselves to prayer, the Spirit of God helps us and it ceases to be a burden and becomes a privilege and a joy to give ourselves out in supplication and intercession. I believe that many men and women have gone into their graves in dark heathen lands because God's people in the homeland have failed to be faithful in the prayer-life. Many a soul has been lost and gone down into eternal perdition because men and women have failed to pray. Prayer has

brought revival after revival. What we need is men and women in the homeland standing with us and upholding us in prayer. The third way to send out the light is through your means, and as you pray, so will you give. May God stir up men and women to be true to Him. Just at our doorstep there are men and women who live to be sixty and seventy years of age and have never known what it is to have their hunger satisfied. You might think that could not be possible, but it is true. My stepfather and I met an old woman who had never known what it was to have enough to eat. We sit down three times a day to our meals, and sometimes we make it four, but hundreds of these poor people suffer from hunger. A missionary who returned a few months ago said that when he was ministering to these people, if he went among them about eleven o'clock—their breakfast hour—he saw them just take their tin cans from their belts and pour some black molasses in the water they drank to quench their thirst, and from half past eleven until two, which is the hottest part of the day, they would work carrying from the boat to the dock great, heavy baskets, weighing from fifty to one hundred pounds, on the top of their heads. One woman told the missionary how she had with her own hands gathered sticks to make a fire and helped kill her own offspring. That is impossible, you say. The missionary threw up his hands in horror at the tale, but the woman said, "What could we do? It came my turn. I had helped to eat others, and I had to let mine go." Brethren, cannibalism is not yet abolished. The sacrificing of human lives still continues. May God help us to carry the light into this dark, dark place. Jesus has come into our lives and transformed us, so we must let the light shine through us. May God help us to drive back the darkness with the glorious light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

An Intercessor for Central America

Mrs. Mary A. Yaege, Somoto Grande, Central America, July 28, 1912

I AM glad the Lord counted me worthy of being called to Central America. A few years before this outpouring of the Spirit, the Lord stirred me up and made me feel He wanted me to work for Him. Just at that time the church and state separated in France and it brought to my mind the great need in Catholic countries. Those living in this country cannot begin to understand what it means to live where there is nothing but Catholicism. I was brought up in a village in Switzerland, where there was but one

Protestant. As a little girl I never could bear to see anyone made fun of and there was one little man in the village whom the boys and girls would throw stones at every time he appeared on the street. I went to my mother and said, "Why is it they always throw stones at that poor man?" I found that when he was a young man he had gone into a Protestant village to work and when he came back he brought with him a Bible that he showed to his neighbors. The neighbors told the priest, and the priest ordered him to give up

the Bible. He said he could not do that, so the priest excommunicated him, and told the people from the pulpit that this man could not come to church any more. He was a young man when this happened, and when I knew him he was an old man, probably over sixty, and the boys and girls still continued to throw stones at him. In Switzerland some states are Protestant and some are Catholic, and I was born in a real Catholic village. When I was twenty-nine I found a Bible and through it came to know Jesus, but it took me five years to find Him. It takes a long time for a Catholic to find the Lord. I had wanted to go to a convent, I wasn't satisfied with myself and wanted to be real good, but my parents opposed my going to a convent. Finally, when I found the Bible I saw in that precious Word that I need not go to a convent to be kept from sin. I used to think if I could just get into a convent how good I would be, I didn't understand there is power in Jesus to keep us when we are out in the world, but when I read the Word of God and saw the words of Jesus when He said, "I pray not thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil," the Holy Ghost seemed to shine upon that verse and let me know there was something that would keep me from sin. I started out to seek after God but it was three and a half years before I dared to leave the church. It means something to cut loose from Rome, and people need to pray for these poor benighted souls in Central and South America. Oh, I have seen processions such as have just been described. I have been in them myself all dressed in white, and carrying the candle. I have seen people come from far and near bringing money to the priest. On Sunday or a feast day they go to confession and communion in the morning, but in the evening they dance and drink and fight; they visit places of sin and shame right after communing. Beloved, these people need prayer. I often wonder how it was that God was able to lift me out of my state of darkness and I believe that the prayers of God's children will avail to lift them out more than anything else can.

God has shown me the last few months what it means to be an intercessor. You may say you cannot make yourself one. No, but you can give yourself up to God that *He* may make you one. I have seen people brought straight through to God by the prayer of intercession. Have you ever seen a tug-boat pulling a big vessel along? I believe we may hold on as intercessors and pull people out of darkness.

It is three years since our Brother Schoeneich

received his baptism and call to Central America. At that time he began to write to Central America and send Pentecostal literature, and I shall never forget how we used to pray for those papers he was sending out. As the returns came back to us in the cry for help from those people our hearts were deeply touched. I remember it was just as if a dagger went through my being, it pained me so. I began to weep as though my heart would break, and I said, "Oh, Lord, I wish I could go." I had thought I was too old to go, but I shall never forget that day. Time passed on and I didn't really know I was to go to Central America, but every once in a while the longing took hold of my heart. When Mr. Schoeneich married my daughter I had no thought of going. I didn't believe very much in mothers-in-law hanging on to their children. He thought I should go with them, but I didn't. I bade them good-bye and never expected to see them again in this life. I had long since given up everything for God. I loved them but I didn't weep to have them back. I went through with God. First the Lord made my daughter willing to give me up, then He gave me back to her. After the Lord made it plain to me I was to go also, the devil tormented me. He told me they were getting along fine and would soon be able to go to the foreign field, but just as soon as I joined them they would be hindered in going. When I realized it was the devil talking to me I said, "All right, I won't go a step unless the Lord sends me." I hadn't said a word to anybody that I was going. The next morning I prayed it all out and the glory and joy came upon me and surged through me. That afternoon the Lord put it in a brother's heart to give me fifty dollars and so proved the devil to be a liar.

The Lord gave me this verse in Psalm 92, "Thou shalt be anointed with fresh oil." It is not enough to receive the baptism in the Holy Ghost. If you stop there you will lose out. Of all the dry and miserable people the worst are those who have received the Holy Ghost and lost out. We need the fresh oil. "As ye have received Christ so walk ye in Him." We must be constantly moving in the Holy Ghost. If anyone thinks it is beautiful and romantic to go to the foreign field of course he will fail, but if you realize it is a hard thing, you will find the very thing you feared will fade away. There is something bubbling up in my soul when I think of the hardships. Pray that God will keep us in the very center of His will. We want to take those poor benighted souls the Word in the power of the Spirit.

Suffering Persecution for Jesus' Sake

God's Sovereign Hand on a Life

Miss Rebecca Krikorian, Missionary in Behalf of the Armenians, August 8, 1912



ONE of the most spiritual and helpful meetings I ever attended in the city of Chicago when I was here the last of May was in this place. I well remember the time. It was the eighteenth of May during your convention. It has been a great spiritual help to my soul ever since. I feel His presence and power with us now at the very beginning of the service, as I did then.

I want to tell you a little of how I gave myself to Jesus, and bear testimony to the goodness, to the wonderful kindness and grace of my precious Savior. There is a subject in the Bible which is most important and most attractive to me in the salvatoin of our souls, as far as our Christian experience and light is concerned; that subject is Consecration, the consecration of ourselves entirely to the Lord, bodies as well as souls. It seems to me so wonderful that the great God of heaven and earth asks us to give ourselves entirely to Him and be co-workers with Him. What a condescension on His part, that He cares to have us work with Him! "Yield yourselves." He says, "unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness." "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, which is your reasonable service." Friends, it seems to me that unless we take the second step in our Christian life, we shall never be happy Christians. That has been my own experience. I was a Christian from childhood, yet I was not a happy Christian, and I didn't have the deep settled peace and joy in my heart that Jesus gives, and which the world cannot take away from us. The more I grow in this Christian life the more I am beginning to understand the bottomless depth of that love of God for us. It is unsearchable, it is fathomless! And who are we that we should be partakers of it? I want to tell you of what was one of the most remarkable instances in my whole life. I was a student in the American Girls' Seminary in Aintab, Turkey; one of my teachers said that she with others had decided to send me on a four days' journey to Beylan, a beautiful village on the Mediterranean coast, as a teacher to the children and a Bible woman. I wanted to go as I loved Jesus from my childhood, but I didn't know

whether my parents would give their consent. Turkey is not a country like this. It is very conservative, and for a girl sixteen years of age to be away from her father's family was considered an unspeakable thing. So I went home and prayed to God that if my parents would not give their consent He would change their hearts. After prayer I asked my father if he would give his consent. At first he did not answer, but very solemnly he gazed into my face and with tears in his eyes, he said, "Daughter, you are so precious to me I hate to see you go away from home, even for a few days in our own town. How much harder to see you going away for a four days' journey not knowing what will become of you? I may never see you again in this life." Then he stopped and the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he said, "Rebecca, daughter, in this case Jesus is calling you and I dare not say 'No.' Go, my child, and even if death comes between us, though I shall never see your precious face again in this life, go and die for Jesus' sake." Then he had me sit down, and I sat down on the floor at his knees and he put his hands on my head and prayed, "Oh Lord, Rebecca is not mine; she is Yours. And now I lay her on the altar of God as a burnt offering unto Thee, as a living sacrifice. Take her Lord, and use her in any way." While he was praying this prayer his tears were dropping on my head and my heart was greatly touched. I, too, burst into tears and I said in my heart, "If my father gives me entirely to God as a living sacrifice on the altar of God, why shouldn't I do the same?" and then and there I made my consecration to Jesus, and I said to Him, "Now Lord, I make a covenant between Thee and me. I am Thine forever." I said to Him an eternal "Yes," and friends, what happened? He took me, and He gave me this wonderful peace, the peace that we can never find in this world. Until then I was not a happy Christian. My Christian life was up and down before this; sometimes I was on the mountain and sometimes in the valley, sometimes in victory and sometimes in doubts and fears, but as soon as I made a full consecration I became a happy Christian. I have been beaten about by a great many storms since then, and I have more than once been at the point of death, yet each time He was with me.

A few days after my consecration I found my-

self in this place where I was sent. Oh how happy I was, though almost a child, only fifteen or sixteen years old, but the Holy Spirit worked in this humble instrument. I was timid and weak, yet with all our timidity, with all our infirmities and weaknesses, if He tells us to go, He will use us. Many children and women came to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and when I found the wonderful joy of saving souls, a great blessing came into my life. Then I said, "Oh God, use me still more for Your glory." When I got back home to Aintab I found myself working among nine hundred women and children in a large church of my father's.

Then the Lord used me among men, and it was like death to me because such an unusual step for a woman in our country, and yet when the Lord said I should speak to them of their souls, I said, "I will. I am the Lord's. I will go and die if He wants me to." Just a little obedience on my part opened a wonderful door of usefulness for me in my town, and I was engaged in a Rescue work in our city. The Lord used me two or three years in that work and more than three thousand gamblers and drunkards were visited one by one, and a large number were saved from this terrible life. Always this wonderful two-edged sword was in our hands. Then the work grew so large we needed a large mission house, and at this time the Lord brought me to this country. I had been doing my best trying to raise money for this mission house, and yet God's blessing did not seem to be on my efforts. At last I was sent by our missionary to this country for this purpose, and as soon as my foot stepped on the free soil of this country those horrible massacres broke out, and I read in the papers about the terrible butchery. Before I received a single letter from my loved ones I read in the papers that the dead bodies were piled up in the streets of the city and nobody could go out and bring them in and the dogs came along and ate them. Oh, it was horrible. The wife could see her husband lying on the street and the dogs eating him, and she not able to go out and bring him in. I did not know when I read the news whether my precious old father and my sisters were in those heaps of dead bodies or not. I read that hundreds of our beautiful young women were doomed to every kind of brutality, and after witnessing with their own eyes the slaughter of their fathers and brothers they were captured and marched away by the cruel Turks to be their wives and even to this day they are in their homes as living martyrs.

Our little children were cut into pieces and cooked in iron pots and their surviving relatives were forced to eat them. The reason for these unspeakable horrors was chiefly because we loved Jesus Christ and were not willing to deny Him. The Armenians are under Turkish government and the Turks are the ruling element and they are Mohammedans. They do not believe in Jesus. They believe in one God, but they do not believe that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the Savior of mankind. They would rather believe in Mahomet, the false prophet, and say that he is the intercessor between God and man. Paul in his blindness and ignorance was going to Damascus to persecute the Christians, and he thought he was glorifying God, and these Turks are the same. I cannot say this for the Sultan or the educated class of Turks, but the common people do not know what they are doing. They think they are glorifying God by persecuting those who will not deny Jesus Christ and many times they make it very easy for the Armenian Christians to deny Jesus. It is only necessary to raise one finger, and that is a token with them. Many of our best young men were asked to give that sign if they wanted to save their lives, but they wouldn't raise that one finger. They would say rather, "We are ready to have our fingers cut off, or our hands cut off." Although raising a finger would seem like a little act, yet it meant to deny Him who loved them and died for them. They were asked to deny Jesus with their words, but they would not open their lips. Many of our poor widowed mothers begged of the cruel Turks they should spare the lives of their only sons because they didn't have anybody in this world to take care of them in their old age. Sometimes they took pity on the widows and didn't want to kill their sons, but asked them to give the sign. In one instance a young man was asked to give the sign because of a helpless widow. She went forth and fell at the feet of the murderers and asked them to have mercy on her and not kill her boy. They said they would not if he would give the sign. He said, "What, raise my finger and deny my Master and Lord who lived and died for me? I will not." Before he was through his right arm was cut off from his shoulder, and this helpless, aged mother as she struggled and wept said, "Let him live with one arm." "All right," they said, "let him raise the index finger of the left arm." He said, "Here is my left arm, cut it from the shoulder if you want to. I consider it an honor to die for my Jesus. I will not raise my finger."

His left arm was cut off and thrown to the mother. She still begged, "Let him live without any arms." "All right. Let him deny Jesus with his tongue." He refused, and they cut out his tongue, then his eyes, and his body, piece by piece, and this mother caressed these blood-stained pieces of her only son, and looking up to heaven said, "Lord Jesus, I thank Thee that my only son, my only help on earth, was not willing to deny Thee," and she glorified God and praised the Lord, and then she turned around to many other young men and said, "Stand firm in your faith. Be loyal to your Lord and Master." Dear friends, this is nothing less than one little challenge of St. Paul in Romans 8:35, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And then he goes on to say, "neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Well, friends, perhaps you are thinking that this horrible massacre has been in the past. Yes, I am glad to say this condition is not continuing now. It could not continue or we would be wiped out of existence, but we still have the condition of the widows and orphans at this present moment. Blessed are those who have laid down their lives for Jesus' sake; they are happy now, they are in the presence of the King, but what about the living martyrs of today? That is the heart-rending question. The devastation was so complete, and the paralysis of industry was so great that our people must be helped. We have many orphans and some of these orphans were born after their fathers had been martyred. Poor, little helpless ones, who come into this world and do not have anyone to take care of them; they do not have nourishing food, and the doctors say what these little ones have suffered has affected their eyesight. Some have lost both their eyes and have become totally blind.

I am going to tell you about a letter I received a few days ago. The writer of this letter is a widow of one of our martyrs. He was a teacher in the American College, a very highly educated man, came to this country for his education, and was greatly respected while in this country. He, together with twenty-seven of our best ministers of the Gospel, was going to Adana about three

years ago for their usual conference. They stopped on their way, and the Turks found out about their being in a church and they poured in kerosene oil and set the building on fire, and these twenty-eight deeply spiritual ministers of our country were burned to ashes for their faith. None of them dreamed of denying their Lord, but these martyrs when they were in the flames raised their hands up to God and prayed exactly the same prayer that Jesus prayed on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I heard about this man's widow and I felt I should send a little help to her, and so I sent twenty-five dollars in May, while I was here at your convention. This is her letter in reply:

It is impossible to explain in words how greatly I was rejoiced to receive your letter. I wish I could express the deepest gratitude of my heart to you for the love and sympathy you have shown me. Your letter reached my hands at a time when I was in deepest sorrow, almost despair, but it comforted and strengthened me. Oh, what a comfort to know that you, my loving sister, from such a long distance should think of me and pray for me. I know and am sure that my Heavenly Father caused you to write this letter and send this much appreciated gift of twenty-five dollars. I praise Him always and for everything. I needed money for some absolute necessities of life, but didn't have any; neither did I know what to do. While in this distressed condition your loving letter reached me. Oh, how my Heavenly Father thus rebuked my unbelief in this gracious manner. You express a desire I might open my heart to you and tell you of all my sorrows. Believing you are sincere in this request and sympathetic, I will not hesitate to do so. Indeed, the loss of my husband is a heavy blow to me and to my children also. I am worn out. As the proverb says, "He that is afflicted loses his friends." How true it is, and, oh, how bitter in experience. During the last three years I passed through indescribable hardships and untold griefs, but my God knows it all, and I fully believe that all these things came upon me for my own eternal good. Through these trials and hardships the Lord took me in His hands, washed me and cleansed me. Oh thank God for great grace, for I know it is for my highest good He did it all, but my experience is like the disciples in Gethsemane; "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak."

I greatly need prayer for my temporal needs which I cannot tell to people. For the first two years after the martyrdom of my husband, a friend in Germany sent me a little help, but now this has stopped. But my trust and hope is in God. He will care for me and mine, although I do not know how.

My daughter, Mary, is teaching in a German school and getting a small salary, so she can help herself. Clara is most anxious to finish her course, but we have no means for her to do so. I wonder if you cannot find some Christian friend in America who will do this for us. I am praying and am sure if it is His will He will touch the hearts of some and provide for this need. My youngest boy also needs help for his education. Oh,

my dear sister, how I need a friend like you to whom I may pour out my heart's grief and burdens and get her sympathy and love, and above all, her effectual, fervent prayers. I do praise God for granting you to me, so, I beg of you, do pray for me.

Now, what would you do if you received such letters continually? I just asked God that He might show me the way to help this grief-stricken mother, and today I have been praying that the Lord will send me one hundred dollars to give this dear woman. Her daughter is a talented girl and wants to finish her education so that she can be a useful person in our country. I believe it is in accordance with the will of God that we should help this widowed mother in her need. We are commanded in the Bible to do good to all men, especially to those who are of the household of faith. These people are suffering just because they belong to Jesus, and if we are true members of His blessed body we will surely sympathize with them.

I want to ask your special prayers for our enemies. I want to say that there are many Christian organizations who are greatly concerned about the salvation of the Turks. As I said, they persecute us because they do not really know the living God who is love. I praise God He has given me a real love for these Turks, cruel, beastly, barbarous though they are. When I heard they killed my own brother in a most horrible way, shot him first, then disembowelled him: and after piercing him through with knives,

poured on kerosene oil and burned him to ashes, I was able by God's wonderful help to pray for the salvation of his murderers. I had the assurance my brother was saved, but what about the murderers? The things that are impossible with men are possible with God. It was impossible in the natural for me to love those cruel Turks, but I cried unto God for this love, and I am praying that He will open my way to get back to that country so that I may be able to show to some of these perishing Christless people that there is salvation only through Jesus. I am glad to say that many are thinking seriously about these things. They say, What is this that we witness? Who is this Jesus to whom they commit their spirit? And what is this book, the Bible, for which they are willing to separate from everything in this world? They have come to the missionaries and native workers and they say, "Come and tell us about your religion. You have suffered every kind of torture and yet you stand firm." And so some of the Turks have been converted.

Pray, friends, and if the Holy Spirit is speaking to some hearts today, to young men and women to take their lives in their hands and go even to that country and preach the Gospel, do not say "No." We are getting to the end of this dispensation. Soon the Bridegroom will appear in His glory to take up His bride, and He wants hundreds and thousands of these Turks to be washed and cleansed in His blood.

Lights and Shadows in India

George E. Berg, Frazertown, Bangalore, South India

I FEEL led to speak today to the EVANGEL readers about the work here in South India in which they have been interested in the past and for which some of them have made great sacrifices in order to help. We need your believing prayers as well as your offerings.

As the work stands today we have six stations and the workers, all told, number twenty persons. Our expenses for sometime past have been two hundred dollars per month. From month to month our faithful God has enabled us to meet every bill. Of course it means close management and no dainties or luxuries whatever, but, thank God, we have no longing for such. My heart is crying to God to enable us to expand the work and enlarge our borders, for there are many thousands of hungry souls in South India in villages and jungles who never heard of Jesus and His salvation and there are more openings than we can meet with our present workers and

means. Surely there must be some good workers, somewhere in the homeland, to whom God has been speaking about forsaking their "fishing nets" to follow Him to these dark places of the earth to become "fishers of men." We need at once two married couples, or four good all-around Spirit-filled men who are ready to forsake all and not count their lives dear unto themselves. We need those who can take responsibility in the work of God, one married couple or two single men to settle upon the Nilgiri hills, to take charge of the jungle work, and the other couple, or two single men, to settle down in the native state of Travancore (southwest coast) and take charge of the work in that region. This would leave me more free to tour among the various stations and answer the many urgent calls coming in from all around. The fact is, the burden of responsibility is daily becoming greater and seems heavier than I can bear. I feel sure

God must have some dear faithful workers somewhere in the homeland who have heard His call and who ought to cut loose from their moorings and come out to us by the beginning of winter. We need only those who are ready for anything the Lord may send in the way of hardship and work, not those who come with an idea of being waited on and are unwilling to do humble work themselves. We need those who can meet an emergency when it arises and who have the spirit for great things. Oh, where are the Daniels, the Joshuas and the Calebs, for this work of the Lord? Let them stand forth that the work may be pushed forward into the unoccupied districts around us.



Mr. and Mrs. George E. Berg with workers, at Conference, Bangalore, India, June, 1912.

Our work is also hampered by the need of buildings for worship and the Bible school, both in the jungle and at Travancore. The same building will be used both for meetings and the Bible school for native workers, one in each place. They will cost together not over fifteen hundred dollars. We have tried to use the native workers that the denominations turn out, but scarcely one in a dozen is worth his salt.

So, beloved friends, will you not stand with us in believing prayer for the needed men and means to push out this glorious work here in South India?

Now I wish to speak to you about some blessed victories here and also some of the trials we have to meet. We have just closed a series of special waiting meetings during a conference here in Bangalore. Most of our native workers were with us for a fortnight and God did great things for some of us which no doubt will tell here in India in the days to come. Three of our native workers received their Pentecostal baptism and a

number of others seem very near to receiving it. Please pray for them. Good reports are coming in from each of our stations, from the fishing colony, from the villages and from the jungle work, praise God. Then, in Travancore, there are calls for us to visit them again as soon as possible. Simply thousands are waiting for us to come and hold more large meetings such as we held there last February and (D. V.) I shall go on a tour again next month (August) and give out the bread of life to from three thousand to five thousand souls in each place of meeting. At the same time I am also to baptize in water about fifty souls who have come out of dark Hinduism into the light of God. Please pray for these new converts also, that they may be rooted and grounded in the Word and built up in the Lord.

This year we had much sickness here, one after another of our European workers getting down with fever and, afterwards, Mrs. Berg and two of our children. At last I was stricken also; but, thank God, we were all raised up again and at present are all well. Our German brother returned home feeling that, on account of his bodily weakness, he could not stand the Indian climate. Then, too, we have had trials because of "false brethren." A band of workers calling themselves the "Australian Pentecostal Band" have settled south of Bangalore and are teaching many wrong and foolish things. We want it understood that we have no part or lot with these people or their teaching. Even more grievous are our trials from false brethren who "went out from us because they were not of us." I had to dismiss some of our native workers because of their entire untrustworthiness and they have turned against the work and are disseminating false reports in America against us. We trust that friends who may be reached by these reports will look to the Lord for divine wisdom and guidance as to how to act.

There are other things that come into our daily life here, annoying and troubling and perplexing us often; but we look beyond the shadows and see the bright sunshine of God's love and grace upon us in Christ Jesus. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

* * *

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A Leper Healed in South Africa

E. M. Scurrah, Cape Town, South Africa

I THANK you very sincerely in Jesus' precious name for the draft contained in your kind letter of May 25th, received this week. It supplied a very great need as I had just arrived from Natal, through the Transvaal, and the great change of climate necessitated warm clothing. I had only four shillings on arrival here, but your letter came about thirty-six hours later, enabling me to buy comfortable things to wear. I do thank my loving Father for His wonderful love shown through His dear children. Unceasing prayer goes up from the altar of my heart in your behalf.

Father sends me from place to place, ministering here to Zulus and there to the Dutch, in another place to the English or some tribe of the black or brown people. The good Lord is ever with His servant in power to heal and save, for which I offer unto Him my whole heart's worship. Many marvelous healings have resulted among all classes of people, from babes at the breast to one-hundred-year-old Hottentots.

One case I will write of in this letter for I am sure you will all glorify our King with one voice. My heart had often gone out to the Leper's Island, called Robben Island, which lies outside of Cape Town harbor. Well, sometime about the first of May, some dear ones from Johannesburg went to that island and handed out a number of my tracts, without my knowledge of it. On the 13th day of May I received a letter in Dutch from a poor man on Robben Island, asking for prayer for his healing. I was nearly one thousand miles away, in Natal. Prayer went up for him and he writes me that on that day the spirit of supplication came upon him and he prayed all day and all night. He was conscious of the presence of the Lord beside him. In the morning the word of the Lord came, "Rise in Jesus' Name;" and, though he had not walked for eight long years and was rotting away by inches, he rose up in Jesus' Name and walked. He dressed himself and went to the Island Chapel. Oh, how happy the dear man was! He writes this him-

self, and now asks prayer for the healing of his son. Remember Robben Island.

Another case is that of a consumptive who had been for fourteen months confined to his room. He rose and walked in Jesus' Name—healed, praise God! yes, healed through and through. He started out the next day with new lungs, looking for employment, with a new hope and fire burning in his heart.

A dear woman came the other day asking prayer for a very bad leg and Father healed her and her baby also. I feel almost afraid to narrate more for the reason that the flesh is so easily awakened and there is such danger of our getting our eyes too much upon the wonderful works and lose the sweetest and closest sight of the Doer of the works. To Him be all the glory. My soul praises Him for His great love and power.

Our hearts bleed over the terrible sin, and covering up of sin, and fearful falsehoods going out from Johannesburg where I have just finished a five weeks' ministry. Terrible confusion reigns there. Pray for that wicked, Sodomitish city.

I praise God with you for the precious convention season you had in Chicago, and I pray Father may be enabled to reach many thousands in that wicked city "before the night cometh."

May the Lord bless His people with peace, a knowledge of His will, and with holy steadfastness.



Heathens and Christians at Chief Matlala's in Pietersburg District, South Africa, ministered to by H. M. Tourney.

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