



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

raptured with Jesus and His love was manifested in her for the degraded.

Now, real love produces tact and tact results in meeting people right. A tactful, loving heart is always on the lookout for an opportunity to speak for Jesus, to win souls for Jesus, and so Paul said when he got with the Jews he was a Jew. He was familiar with the Old Testament. He talked about Moses. He quoted the Pentateuch and the Psalms; he talked about Isaiah; he led on through these Old Testament Scriptures and by and by he presented Jesus in the Scriptures to the Jew. If he got with the Gentiles who didn't know anything about Moses or David or Samuel or Isaiah, he didn't talk about something that was unknown to them. Perhaps he said, "The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament showeth His handiwork," and by and by when he gained the attention of the Gentile he presented Jesus. He walked along the street and came to an old man or an old woman sitting on some doorstep lamenting the fact that they who had once been strong and vigorous in mind and body were now in a helpless condition, and Paul sat down on the stone doorstep and in terms so simple that a child could understand them, he told the feeble old man or the feeble old woman of Jesus. Oh, don't you marvel at it? the brainiest man of his century, the best informed man in all the generation in which he lived, a man that could talk statecraft with statesmen, becoming so simple and so humble that he is ready to sit down with the feeble-minded on some doorstep and tell the story of Jesus? And he arises from that place of prayer and testimony and says, "Why, children, I am ready to become all things to all men if by all means I may save some." Now, Paul went on to deny himself that he might win souls. You know we are accustomed to exhort one another to put away every hindrance by grace divine in order that we may have heavenly fellowship with the Lord, and we exhort one another from time to time to do this in order that we may win heaven and be found with the redeemed at last, and it is well; but Paul had another motive for laying aside every weight. What was it? That he might win souls.

A few months ago a dear brother told me a chapter of his life's story. He said when he was converted he was an inveterate smoker, and a few days after he was converted he was talking with some of his relatives and they made

it known to him that they didn't have confidence in the religion of a man that used tobacco (by the way, there are lots of folks that do not have confidence in the Christianity of a man that uses tobacco), and this new convert said, "I saw that minute if I was to be effective in getting my brothers and brothers-in-law and sisters and sisters-in-law to receive Jesus Christ I'd have to leave tobacco alone, and so I laid down the cigar and for fifteen years I have never taken it." Not that he thought he might be lost if he used it, but because he thought somebody else might be lost. They might stumble over his cigar into ruin and darkness, and so he laid aside that thing in order that he might be a soul-winner, but Paul says he does more than that. He says, "I buffet my body; I hold my body in bondage that I may continue to be a soul-winner."

He was familiar with the Grecian games and by the way he was writing to Corinth, and Corinth was only a little way from Athens, so the Corinthians knew of these games. He says, "A man that striveth for the mastery in the games is temperate in all things and he does it that he may receive a corruptible crown." Now, what was the crown? A handful of ivy leaves sewed together with a golden thread and placed upon the brow of the winner of the game and then he was proclaimed in the streets of the city as a victor in such a race or game. A man even denied himself for months and months in order that he might win a crown of ivy leaves. But what is a crown of ivy leaves? Hang it up and it will be dry in a week; look at it in a year and the leaves will be so dry you can hardly touch them without their crumbling into dust. Surely it was a corruptible crown, it was gone in a few days, but Paul says, "I keep my body under not that I may win ivy leaves but that I may win an incorruptible crown." Some of us have passed through college dining-halls, and have seen a table where there were no young women eating, and to our question, "What table is this?" someone has replied, "This is the athletes' table," and when we inquired about the diet, "Oh, they have meat there and potatoes and shredded wheat biscuit." They didn't have any pie nor angel cake nor plum-pudding, but just the very simplest and plainest of diet, and as we have looked around the room and seen several hundred students eating pie and cake and half a dozen fellows eating bread and potatoes and shredded wheat biscuit, we have

said, "Please excuse us from the athletes' table." They live on the plainest of fare month in and month out. What for? That they might win in a baseball game; that they might be victors in a football team or pronounced the best runners in the college team—for this they practice months and months of self-denial. Paul looked at all that and said, "Brethren, if they can do it for a thread of gold and a handful of ivy leaves I can do it to win souls. I buffet my body and bring it under that I may win souls." How did he buffet his body? He went on long missionary journeys through the wilderness. He went afoot a great many times over miles and miles of stony road and thorny path, toiling up hills, wading through rivers, plunging through the tangle. What for? That he might get to somebody that had not yet heard about Jesus. He took long missionary journeys in a sail-boat and not infrequently was wrecked; he spent a night and a day in the deep; he constantly lived a life of self-denial. And added to all that he spent days and nights of fasting and prayer that he might win souls.

Over and over I think in this connection about David Brainerd, a delicate consumptive, going into the wilderness, having the very simplest of fare, sometimes eating bread that was three months old, and once in ten days or thereabouts going twenty-four hours without tasting food. Why? Because he was so oppressed in spirit and burdened in prayer for the salvation of the stealing, drunken Indians among whom he lived. In this he continued month in and month out, year in and year out, under the most discouraging circumstances. David Brainerd prayed on and on, and by and by the Spirit of Almighty God came into the camp and mowed those Indians down under awful conviction until they couldn't listen to anybody that spoke to them, until they didn't want anybody to pray with them; they were so agonized before God that they lay prostrate on their faces until God Himself spoke to their souls and the passion for drink was taken out; the love of tobacco was taken out, the profanity was gone, the propensity for stealing went out, and they were new men in Christ Jesus; they were saved to stay saved. But one must buffet his body if he would win souls. Oh, for such love, such passion, such tact, such denial even of legitimate pleasures!

A little while ago an old Chinese woman was taken to a Presbyterian hospital in China

and most tenderly ministered unto in a clean, wholesome place; after she had been there a little time and she, herself, was happily saved, she said to the physician, "How long can I live?" The reply was, "You can live four months in this place." Then she said, "How long will I live if I go back home?" The answer was, "Two months." Then she said, "I will go home." The friends expressed astonishment, "Why, wouldn't you rather live four months than two?" "Yes, but if I live here four months my people will not know about Jesus. I would rather go home and live two months telling them about Jesus than to live four months without opportunity to tell of Jesus."

I often think of the days of early Methodism in this country. There was a circuit-rider before the time of the Revolutionary War in Maryland and Virginia that was marvelously blessed. He received for his support only sixty-four dollars a year, but he rode his horse in every direction, telling the story of Jesus far and near. Many people heard the message and received the Christ, but some sinners were so incensed at the message and at the effectiveness of the circuit-rider's work that they formed a mob and tarred and feathered the poor preacher. They caught him on the road as he was going to preach in a certain school-house, and pulling him off the horse, tarred and feathered him. In the struggle the leader of the band struck him on the ball of the eye with a paddle covered with tar. The circuit-rider suffered keenly but he didn't lose his zeal or courage. He went on his way praying and praising, and when he got to the schoolhouse as best he could, he told again of Jesus, and the leader of the mob that had tarred and feathered the preacher was the first man that went to the altar and cried out, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." That wasn't enough; those that were incensed at the Gospel had this dear man arrested and put in the county jail. There he got the window open and told the story of Jesus' love out through the bars of the window. By and by the courtyard filled up and day by day people came to listen to the prisoner preaching the Gospel through the jail window, and one after another they found Christ. Finally the people that had locked him up said, "We had better turn him loose for he makes more converts in jail than he made when we allowed him to go free," and

they set him free. Now, a most beautiful climax to this story is that when the Judge who had ordered the arrest and imprisonment of this man was on his death-bed, he said: "I desire to have the circuit-rider whom I imprisoned preach my funeral sermon, and that he shall become the spiritual adviser of my wife and family," and so the man who was so filled with the passionate love for the Savior and a passionate desire to reach the lost, rose above the fury of the mob, rose above his imprisonment, above the enmity of the Judge,

until men feared and trembled and sought Jesus.

But where do we see today such passion for souls, such a consuming love for sinners, that hardship and persecution only make men more earnest to seek and save the lost? Oh, that we would open our hearts to God to receive from Him His own passion of love for lost souls, His own spirit of self sacrifice; that, like Paul, we may be enabled to keep our bodies under and "be all things to all men that we may by all means save some."

Praying in the Holy Ghost

Miss E. Sisson



IN Holy Scripture we read of God "despising their prayer." We read of prayer which is "an abomination," prayer "that will not pass through," prayer "that is shut out," prayer that is "become a sin." Most of these doubtless are prayers of those who *think* they are God's people, for mere worldlings do not even pray at all. So we see it is a solemn thing to pray! It is also a very solemn thing not to pray! How far from all the above utterances of God about prayer is this one at the head of this article, "Praying in the Holy Ghost"? So then there is a praying that is not the man praying, but God the Holy Ghost taking possession of the man's faculties and praying through them! This is great. For when God prays things move.

What then, are the conditions of praying in the Holy Ghost? I. A sinless, holy place in which to pray. Well does David say under Divine illumination, "If I regard iniquity in *my heart*, the Lord will not hear me." The Holy Spirit, the gentle Dove of God, abides in the still place, all noises or fret, or worry, or complaint, or contention, make an atmosphere from which He must withdraw. II. Inward victory, inward serenity, attracts the Dove to nestle. A heart filled with the praises of God is home-like to Him, hence God's order in salvation, "kings and priests." We must have the kingship of victory and triumph before we can know much of the deep things of the priesthood of prayer. But if Christ is in our life, then we are kings unto God, and priests also. III. Then in this priesthood we are in what we ask occupied only with the will of God, for "We know if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us." Our own, and the will of others, is laid down. We come in

one only name, that of Jesus. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name that will I do." We come in faith, "For he that cometh to God must believe that He is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." IV. *While* we are praying we believe that we *take* what we are asking for, because He says, "When ye pray (not five days or five minutes after) believe that ye *receive* (Gr. that ye *have taken*) and ye shall have." Oh, what a picture this last text is of our bountiful God! For what must a friend be doing, if I go to him asking for "peaches and peaches," and he crying all the time, "Take! Take!" Why, of course, he is holding out the dish, or the basketful, or he is mocking me. God never mocks us. He is on the giving hand. He comes with His arms loaded with the gifts, which we are asking for, in the above conditions of prayer. And He is so eagerly watching for the hand of faith, to obey His command to "take," and when He finds it not, how sorrowfully He turns back with His load of gifts! "Yes, that is it," says the devil, "for all this *you* must have faith." The devil drives. The Lord draws. The Lord never says "must" but "may." "For all this *you may* have faith." Jesus is as much for us in the matter of giving us faith as in the matter of giving us the Holy Ghost, or the answer to our prayers. "Looking unto (Gr. off unto) Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith." Never let the devil get your eyes on your faith, but keep them off on Jesus, and He will work the faith as you thus look. "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." How quick the response of Jesus in the Bible narrative! and it is always so when the soul's expectation is only unto Him. The sum and substance of this is, that a bleeding world, sin-sick and filled with loathsome sores, is wait-

ing the intercession of God's people in its behalf that, in these last days, the Spirit may be poured out "upon all flesh." Acts 2:17. There is given us the Holy Ghost to make this intercession through us. He waits to take up into Himself all our human faculties, to love through them, desire through them, compassionate through them, pray through them, believe through them, and thus bring the asked-for blessing with all its variety of details down.

Are you for it? "Ye, beloved, . . . praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God." Keep in grace! keep in

grace! The devil would drive into legality, for he knows we unlink from the powers to be or do whenever we touch law. "Our sufficiency is of *God*." "Ye are not under the law but under grace." "Let Jesus do it all," and all will be done, and you will be powers for God in the prayer life. Paul let Him do it all. Paul let Jesus be, by the Holy Ghost, his power in the prayer life. "I live, yet not I but Christ," meant also, "I pray, yet not I but Christ." Paul spoke of his "striving in prayer" according to "His working which worketh in me mightily." Col. 1:23. The same Jesus waits to pray through you and me, by the same Holy Ghost.

Do Foreign Missions Pay? The Transition of India

Miss Agnes Hill in The Stone Church, November 10, 1912



IT WAS the plan of the Lord Jesus that His people who had come to know Him, should tell everybody else about Him. Some of you have heard that story of how, after going back into the heavens, the Lord Jesus was supposed to have been walking on the streets of heaven with Gabriel, and as they talked together Gabriel said, "Master, we know up here that Thou didst die for the sins of the whole world. What plan have you made that the world should hear about it?" And as Jesus thought of those whom He had left behind, He said, "Gabriel, I'm counting on them." Gabriel was rather incredulous. He knew we were not very much to be counted upon, but the Lord Jesus said, "I have made no other plan." So we needn't be surprised when we read in the eighth chapter of Acts the important little word said about Philip, "And he opened his mouth and preached unto him *Jesus*." It is that one word "Jesus" that I want to bring before you tonight, with the application that stands behind it. "And he opened his mouth." Would to God every time we opened our mouths we would preach Jesus. I know of instances in which simply repeating the name of Jesus has wrought wonders.

There comes to my mind now a story about a circumstance in Morocco among the Mohammedans. A Mohammedan believes if he kills a Christian he is doing God's service and will go straight to heaven. That accounts for the feeling that is on in Turkey just now. I read

in the paper last night that there had been two hundred Christian families massacred in one town, and in one part of Constantinople the Mohammedans sent there to protect the Christians turned on them and killed them. Those who have given themselves to Jesus as a result of mission work in the land have laid down their lives for Jesus' sake.

This little woman in North Africa was given poison by her own father and mother because she had become a Christian. She knew she had been given poison; she had known beforehand in the councils of Mohammedanism what they did to those who denied the faith, and she felt the terrible effect of the poison working in her system. In her great need she flew for refuge to this text, "If they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." So she began saying, "Jesus," "Jesus," and her own testimony is, that as the poison began to operate and give her pain she kept repeating the name of Jesus until the pain left and the poison had no effect upon her. Her family marvelled that she didn't die, but she is alive today.

Oh, there is power in the Name of Jesus, and our business is just what Philip's was—to "preach unto them Jesus;" unto the people of Chicago who don't believe on Him, and unto our brothers and sisters in the uttermost parts of the earth who don't know of Him. I wish I could make you feel them as near to you as they are to me, but I have seen them and that is the difference. But have you not cousins whom you have never seen? or some friends of the family? and you don't feel a long way

off from them. I want that you should feel as near to the people on the other side of the water as you do to those in this country because after all the body of Jesus is made up of people all over the world. There are great numbers on the other side, from this nation and from that nation, and all are a part of you if you are a member of the body of Jesus. I wonder how many of you can weep over those two hundred families that were slain yesterday. I'd like to see some Christians weeping because of what is going on in the world just now.

But I have come before you really to answer one question. Do Foreign Missions pay? I know you love missions and you love to hear about what is going on in the foreign land, and I feel I can answer this question to your satisfaction by telling you of some things that have been accomplished.

One time when ex-President Benjamin Harrison was presiding at a missionary meeting, on the platform was an Indian lady, Lillivati Singh, one of the first to receive the degree of M. A. in India. She was at Lucknow and had been chosen to attend the World's Christian Federation of Students as India's representative. After she had spoken at this meeting at which ex-President Harrison presided, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, if I had never believed in foreign missions before, I would have to now. If all the money that has ever been given by the Christian church had made only one such Christian as we have heard tonight I would say that missions paid." Such was the exalted character of that woman, Lillivati Singh, but she was only one of hundreds. She died last year, I believe, and was buried at Evanston.

I want to tell you about another Christian I saw last winter in India. It was in Lucknow I met this little girl named Krishnabai. She is the niece of Ramabai, and had come to Lucknow City to the Isabella Thoburn College for her B. A. degree. They asked me to come to see Krishnabai, and I found her in the first throes of homesickness, because at Ramabai's High School, where they had had such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit she found great joy and fellowship, but when she came up to the Woman's College where more time was given to intellectual than spiritual development, she suffered because of having to give so much time to study. In that little girl, Krishnabai, there is the making of a

strong, Christian woman, and I for one would be willing to give all the money I have ever given, or even my life, for the making of one such Christian leader for India's women as I believe Krishnabai is going to be. Praise the Lord Jesus for what He is going to accomplish in such a life as that.

I want to tell you some of the general effects that Christian teaching is having upon India. Many people make the mistake of thinking that Christian missions should be measured by the number of converts that come into a church, although when you think of that it is not a bad record. There are in India 315,000,000 people, a little less than four times as many people as in the United States, and out of this number nearly four million are Christians by the last census. Now I have this to say about the number of converts. It took the first hundred years to make the first million converts to Christianity; the second million was made in twelve years instead of one hundred, the third million converts was made in six years, and I am believing to see the time when a million converts will be made in India, not in a hundred years, not in twelve nor six, but in one year. I believe the day is coming, because greater power is coming into the church for this very thing. But I want to speak more particularly along lines not reckoned in figures. Take this awful subject of caste. You never heard a missionary speak of India but what he mentioned caste; that every man is born in a certain caste and he cannot leave that caste nor marry out of it in any possible way. He is born a high-caste man, a Brahman, or one of the two hundred and thirty-three castes, although there are more than that now. In the old days if a Brahman, who is lord of all, so to speak, was walking down the street, and a poor man, a man of low caste or no caste, was walking on that same street, the man of lower caste must get off the street to allow the Brahman the use of the whole road while he was passing; and if the low-caste man had his umbrella up he must put it down. If he was on a horse he must get off and take the horse off the road until the Brahman passed by. That was an unalterable decree, the distinction between the high-caste man and the low-caste man, but the entrance of Christian civilization has done much to break down this system. The improvements put in by the English government have accomplished much toward the destruc-

tion of caste, and I believe also it has come about in answer to prayer. The English Government put in railroads throughout India. Brahmans said, "We must have separate coaches for Brahmans." But the English government said, "No, there is the railway; if you want to, use it, but you must use the same coaches as others." Well, of course, Brahmans didn't want to go afoot fifteen hundred miles when they could take a train, so they held a secret meeting and decided it must not be proximity that would break a person's caste, it must not be that the shadow of the Pariah will make a man go home and take a bath, and now all over India, you will see in the same compartments a Brahman, a low-caste and a no-caste man all sitting down together. It is a wonderful change. Another improvement was putting in water works. Before this the wells were in charge of Brahmans. When I went to the Y. W. C. A. we had to hire a high-caste boy to bring the water from the well. No one was allowed to touch the water in that well but the priest, a dirty old man, but a Brahman. He was the only one permitted to draw the water; you could put the waterpot down for him to fill and take the water away with you, but you could not touch the water in that well even if you were the governor of India because you are not a Brahman and you would have defiled the water. Now the Government of India put in water works and fountains with taps such as you have in the streets here. In India people wash their feet as frequently as you in this country wash your hands for, of course, walking barefoot through the dusty roads in hot weather, there is nothing so necessary or soothing as to put their feet into the fountain. The Brahmans said, "We must have special fountains." "No," said the Government, "if you want to use those you can, but we will not provide separate ones." So the Brahmans had another secret conclave and they decided after all it wasn't water that broke your caste and it would be all right to use the water. So you will see the Brahman bathing his feet under one spigot, a woman under another, and a coolie under another. That is a wonderful change to anybody who knows India. Now they say it isn't water, it is food, so the result is that these poor people will travel in the trains for two or three days without food rather than eat food prepared by any other than a Brahman. If I were to

go into a caste home and by any chance saw some one cooking, I must at once look in the other direction so my evil eye would not fall upon the food after it was cooked. They would throw it all away if I looked at it a moment. Even at the time of the famine when those car-loads of corn came out from America and other countries, to keep people from starving, some of those silly Brahmans would rather die than eat the food we had prepared for them. The low caste men would eat it and thank you, but the Brahmans would die by the score rather than touch food that had come to them that way. It wasn't prepared by a Brahman. But wonderful changes are being wrought and they have come through contact with civilization and the refining processes of Christianity.

Take for instance the subject of going across the water: If you cross the ocean you lose your caste, which shows that Hinduism could never be the universal religion. Their young men want to come to England and America and study. There are now a good many studying engineering and similar trades. In olden days everyone of those young men would lose his caste and could not go back, and that to an Indian is just as bad as being disowned by his father and mother and all his relatives; but again the Brahmans changed their ideas of caste. "Oh yes, we must keep up with the times. If our boys go to England or America we must arrange our caste so they can come back to us." So they have made arrangements whereby they can get back into caste, but what this arrangement was is too filthy to speak about.

All of these changes have been, in one sense, apart from definite mission work, yet they are the result of Christian civilization in India, and other religions fall into the background as the Christian religion goes forward.

I just heard a missionary home from China tell about the rapid change going on there. In this new Chinese Republic a Christian man, Dr. Sun Yat Sen was the first President, but he of his own free will stepped out because he felt the time was not yet ripe for a Christian to hold the office of what we call President. When they were having their Cabinet meeting, men from each side were present and they were talking of what they should do with people who had been the political enemies of this dynasty. The Chinese idea, the non-Christian idea, was to chop off the

heads of those who had been their foes. As they were talking, one man got up and said, "Brethren, I am a Christian. I can never vote for my enemies' heads to be chopped off and remain a Christian. I know there are other men in the room, some Christians and some not, but all want to be ruled in this new Republic by Christian principles. Now let me ask for a show of hands of those in this room (there were perhaps a hundred there) who are in favor of treating our enemies according to Christian principles. Will you hold up your hands?" Sixty of that Congress held up their hands that China should be ruled by Christian principles, and the men of the defeated dynasty were simply sent into exile; their lives were spared.

It is something to be full of hope about, that a Chinaman can become a Christian without taking his life in his hands. A Mohammedan cannot become a Christian without endangering his life, but in China there is now Christian liberty. We as the church of the living God ought to take heart and go forward, rejoicing in the wonders that have been accomplished in a few years with the little money we have given. People drink and smoke many, many times the number of millions of dollars that is spent in evangelization. More money goes up in smoke every year than is paid by the whole Christian church for the evangelization of the world, and yet there are fruits of Christianity in the foreign field.

Let me take you on a little tour through India to look with me into the faces of the Christians. There is not a tourist in India who cannot at once distinguish in a body of people those who are Christians from those who are not. I must confess when I come to America I have difficulty in telling who are Christians and who are not because we civilized people look so nearly alike. But in India you can tell by looking into the eye of a woman if she is a Christian. Are you surprised? It simply means that He who said, "I am the light of the world" has come down into the heathen woman's heart. There is a light in the eye of a Christian native that cannot be found in the non-Christian. It is spiritual and intellectual light. You know something of it; you have seen it on people's faces when they receive the baptism in the Holy Ghost. Something like that takes place when a person passes from heathen darkness into Christian light. There is a soul that looks

out of the eye. We are not dependent on clothes to tell the difference; it is the awakening of a soul that lights up a woman's face.

Some years ago when Dr. Duff, that celebrated man, went out to Calcutta and started that great Duff College, he thought he would also like to start some Woman's Educational work, and he talked to those high-class Bengalis. "I'd like to get your wives and your children into some little school and teach them to read; my wife could teach them." And one of them said to him, "Doctor, can you teach a horse to read?" Of course, the Doctor didn't know what he was driving at, and the Bengali explained, "When my horse can learn to read, then can my wife." In those days—about a hundred years ago—they had no idea women had any sense at all, and thought that man was the only created animal able to read. When they saw those Bengali girls get their M. A.'s and B. A.'s and Ph. D.'s they could hardly believe their eyes, but now they have forgotten what they said one hundred years ago, and girls who have been educated in Christian schools, are in such demand as teachers that the government sends to the mission schools continually asking for more teachers. The government pays to the Isabella Thoburn College as many scholarships as they can find women to take them, to give them normal training so they may become teachers in the dark places of India. The Christian women of India today have a tremendous influence.

I want to tell you of one girl who after she finished her education went back to her country village home. Her father and mother were not able to read, but they had their children educated. She had been only a low-caste girl before she became a Christian and when the natives become Christians they lose their caste entirely, but when the head man of this village received a government document from the governor of his province, he had to bring it to this Christian girl to find out what the Sircar, (governor) had to say. That little girl was the only one in the whole village who could read it. Even the highest officer in the place had to come to her to get his orders. Isn't it wonderful the position of influence an educated girl can have in a community? She is a light set on a hill. And how was she made into a light? Simply because she and her father before her accepted the light of Jesus Christ, and education and these other things

that come with the religion of Jesus, came to her and she was able to take an important place in that village. This is only one of many similar instances.

Last year I attended the Fyzabad Pentecostal Convention. That is like the Sunderland Convention in England. At that Convention I saw a little Brahman woman come up to the missionaries and ask to be baptized. I wish you to understand it is seldom a missionary gets a Brahman baptized. This little woman came with her husband, Dr. Goswamy, and she was the leading spirit of the two. Though the women are very ignorant, yet they are the leading spirits in the home. This woman and her husband were baptized, and afterwards she told me that while she was being baptized and we were singing Hindustani and English hymns she saw the heavens opened and a glorious light came down upon her. The next day she was baptized in the Holy Spirit, and had a wonderful experience. Her mouth was filled with laughter and her tongue with singing. I asked her husband, "Where did you learn about Christ?" "From my wife," he said. And in response to my question where his wife learned about Christ they told me their story: Years ago, a Miss Matthews, living in Lucknow, had called on Mrs. Goswamy's mother in the zenanas and taught her about Christ. But this woman, Mrs. Chatterjee, because of her unbelieving husband, felt she wasn't able to come out and be baptized openly; however, she brought up her eight or nine children as Christians right in her Hindoo home. She taught them that Christ was their Savior, taught them to pray, and read the Bible, and one after the other, those children, as soon as they came to maturity, openly confessed Christ and were baptized. That Hindoo woman, the mother of a large family, living with a heathen Hindoo husband brought up her children in the fear of the Lord. After her children were all away from home, the mother herself came out and was baptized. I wish you would pray for that father. I think that old Brahman ought to come in too. All of his family have become Christians and he is still in Hinduism. They have been living with Sister Chuckerbutty at Allahabad. This is a place where a great many receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I myself received it there. The time has come when those from Christian nations going to that country can receive spiritual blessings

from the Indians. There is no monopoly of the grace of God, and I am so glad that God baptized Sister Chuckerbutty first. Both Miss Luce, who is in the C. M. S., and I, went to Sister Chuckerbutty's and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit through the prayers of an Indian woman, glory to God for the great sisterhood there is! As a result of that Indian woman's baptism in the Spirit, I believe nine Brahmans have come to Christ, been baptized in water and in the Holy Spirit as well. They went out at once and brought in their kinsmen and acquaintances and they too came out for Christ. That is a marvelous record.

I myself am filled with a great hope as to what is going to happen if we preach the full Gospel in India in the power of the Holy Spirit. But we cannot preach with a full allowance of power unless the people at home have a full allowance of power, for the water cannot go higher than its source, and if the people here do not keep up to their best, we in the field cannot keep up to our best.

A Mohammedan told his son there was no truth in the Christian religion. Another Mohammedan asked him what he meant, and he said, "Their book isn't true." The other Mohammedan questioned him further and he took up the sixteenth of Mark, and read those verses, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." He said, "That is not true." You see they have us there. If the signs don't follow them that believe there is something wrong, and our Book gets the blame. I'd rather the blame would be on us. Since the missionaries and others have been stepping out into the fuller light of Pentecost some of the signs are following. I won't say previously to this time we were not walking in the light for I believe we were. I had three wonderful baptisms before I received this last one, but I believe they were all part of the same thing.

I want to tell you of another instance of the heathen getting ahead of us in their faith to receive great things from God. When a missionary who has a number of workers under her was in the North of India one of her men, a colporteur, out on the street one morning was bitten by a mad dog on his ankle. A bullock was bitten at the same time by this same dog. The Indians said the bullock would die at once, and he did, showing that the dog which was afterwards shot, was really mad.

The workers gathered around this boy that had been bitten, and the dear missionary told me that even her faith failed in it; the flesh around the wound had all turned black and she knew what that meant, but the Indian Christians said, "Do you see that black place? That is where God is working!" The boy is alive and preaching the Gospel today. Glory to God!

Do foreign missions pay? Does it pay to pick up, as Kipling says, "the white man's burden?" I like better to pick up the burden of Jesus Christ. These things Jesus began to do, but He left us something to finish, and it is His work that is put upon us. I haven't much use for people who talk glibly about their having the baptism in the Holy Ghost and who are letting men and women go down to hell without even raising their hands. What is the spirit that works through me? Is it the spirit of love, the spirit that takes up this burden of sending light to the ends of the earth? If we are filled with His Spirit, we will be burdened for the salvation of the lost.

Souls Saved in Japan

WE ARE receiving good reports from the native workers at Bethel Gospel Mission in the city of Osaka, Japan, where they are faithfully holding the fort during our absence. Our native pastor writes as follows:

"From the first to the fifteenth of this month (October) we held special evangelistic meetings and at every meeting the hall was filled with people. We had many inquirers and twenty-nine of them have been soundly saved, we do believe."

To us this is very encouraging. We are glad to learn that our Japanese brethren have not settled down to taking things easy, now that we are not there to encourage and help, but that they are pressing the battle and winning souls for Christ. We have also received a card from a missionary on the field who spent a night at Bethel Gospel Mission during the evangelistic meetings. He writes: "Stayed at Bethel last night. The work is going on nicely, special meetings every night. One young brother, a convert, spoke with liberty for an hour, giving his experience, and three souls cried out for God at the after meeting." These same workers wrote to me sometime ago that their hearts were led out to try to reach the 800,000 outcasts among their own brothers and sisters. These outcasts are a people looked down upon and greatly despised by all. They are of the lowest class,

the skimmers of dead animals, etc. Our Pastor further says: "I strongly feel that this must be the God-given ministry to our Mission . . . to glorify God amongst these 800,000 outcasts."

Another letter speaks about the people in the Kawachii valley where, for the lack of sixty dollars per month we had to close three fully equipped gospel missions where fifty-four villages—about 45,000 people—were getting the gospel regularly once a month. The letter says: "The Kawachii people seem to be thinking that our work there is only for the time being and will not continue. They seem to hesitate about coming out for Christ until they see by our preparations for the future that we are intending to have a permanent work among them."

Another burden on the hearts of the workers is the necessity of women missionaries. The Pastor writes: "I wish you would think and pray about our need of women missionaries. It is easy for women to talk to women but we men find it rather difficult." This is a thing for some of the women readers of THE EVANGEL to pray about and then rise up and say, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

The following is a testimony from one of our converts of four years ago. Praise God for the blood-washed!

"God saved me from sin. He destroyed my bad habits of drinking and smoking, and I no longer suffer with a cough. He has given me good health and helped me to save 300 yen a year. This is the amount I used to spend in drinking and smoking in one year. God took away my anxiety of heart and gave me peace. I believe God knows everything, because when my wife was sick last year and had to go to the hospital we needed money, and a person to whom I had lent money twenty years ago and from whom I had given up all hope of receiving it, brought it back, asking forgiveness for the delay. Then I was able to send my wife to the hospital, where she had good treatment. Indeed, God is always good to us."

We pray that the Lord will lay the work among the outcasts on your hearts, and that the three stations may be again opened up in the Kawachii valley. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due (the Japanese) when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Say not unto thine neighbor (Japan), Go and come again (for whilst going and coming thousands may be lost) and tomorrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee."

ROBERT ATCHISON,

6313 Meridian St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Great Distress in Turkey

WHILE traveling on the steamer "Austria" through the Mediterranean Sea to Europe I have just been reading the September number of THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL, including the article by Miss Rebecca Krikorian. I feel led to add my testimony to hers in behalf of the sufferers in Armenia, Turkey. Miss Krikorian is very well known to me. I also know her relatives in Turkey. Her deep spiritual life and zeal have been a means of blessing to many. To her sad story I might add many pages, having been working in Turkey and for Turkey these sixteen years past, but I will give only a few thoughts on the present condition of this Land of Blood. It is only too true that many who were made widows and orphans in the last massacre are uncared for and in deep need. Added to this is the present sad war with its attendant massacres which takes away many heads of families so that the distress is daily increasing. Our Orphan Family, numbering over two hundred, is already known to the dear readers of THE EVANGEL, as our name is in the donation list of this September number, for which we are praising the Lord. For a long time past the pleading orphans and widows have been daily coming in increasing numbers to our Orphan Home and now that thousands of fathers—Christians as well as Moslems—are being carried to the battle front like sheep to the slaughter, the condition of distress is increasing frightfully. Four European ladies, with our native workers in the Orphan Home, agreed with me that I should take a trip to Europe to get Christians awakened to the situation, that they might help by prayers and with their means. In this we have the example of the Apostle Paul as he traveled bringing the needs before the churches.

Our Orphanage is a Faith Home and we do need the prayers of the saints. Last summer the Lord enabled us to build an addition to our former building and we are now able to receive more destitute orphans, if their support is forthcoming. The safest way to send money is either by postal order or a draft to our bank in Kaiseria, Asia Minor, Turkey, made payable to Miss Gerber for the Orphans' Home in Zinjedere, near Kaiseria. I have a representative in the Home to sign my name during my absence. The need is greater than can be expressed and my heart is sore for that land of suffering.

M. A. GERBER.

The Gospel in South Africa

WE PRAISE God for his wonder-working power which is manifestly working in our midst. Numbers of the natives are seeking forgiveness of sin and heart-purity, notably the young girls. Often even in their school compositions they will append requests for prayer or a few words expressing their desire for purity and to be ready when Jesus comes. The men are slower to receive the truth. We have made it clear from the commencement of our ministry here that the Lord Jesus does not save men *in* their sins but *from* them, and the habits of beer-drinking and smoking have a very strong hold upon them and they are very loath to give them up. Nevertheless, we praise God for a few who are willing to surrender all for Christ.

One of our girls was baptized last August. It created quite a stir among the heathen around, for her mother was bitterly opposed to her taking this step. Some months before the girl had told her mother that she was a Christian and that she wanted to confess Christ in baptism, but they were furiously angry and after vainly trying by persuasion to induce her to deny her Lord they beat her almost to death. So when she came to ask us to baptize her we asked her whether her parents had consented. "No," she said, her father was away, but she wanted to obey Jesus. On the appointed day a great crowd gathered to witness the ceremony, the majority of whom (although most of them were heathen) sympathized with the girl. A few sided with the mother and tried to incite her to make a disturbance. Indeed, she did actually try to drag her daughter away by force, but we interfered and rescued the girl from her clutches, warning the mother that any violence either then or afterward would mean arrest and imprisonment. Hearing this, her friends in the crowd flung themselves upon her and securely held her until the services were concluded. We could hear her raging at a little distance, and even after her release she kept shouting out threats and curses for a long time. The girl looks very happy and bright, and so far has not been molested. She is not living at home but is staying with her Christian grandfather.

H. M. TURNEY.

Box 74, Middelburg, Transvaal, S. A.

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Notes

Entered Into Rest

NEWS has reached us through a cablegram of the death of Miss Minnie F. Abrams of North India, on December 2, 1912.

Miss Abrams, who had been with Pandita Ramabai in her work at Mukti for many years, visited Pentecostal centers and other missions in this country two years ago, and on her return to India took with her six new recruits to the mission-field. She felt called with her band to unevangelized parts of North India and there opened up two stations, one at Uska Bazar and the other at Basti. Pandita Ramabai gave her a number of her best native workers to assist in evangelizing, and they have been doing excellent work.

When opening up her work in North India, Miss Abrams seemed to feel that her time was short, and had a premonition that after two years there her labors would be ended, and so it has proved. Her death was caused by an Indian fever contracted while passing through a fever district about four months ago. Her body, weakened by the strain of arduous missionary labors, was not able to survive the ravages of the fever.

Several years ago, when in intercession, she had a vision of the Spirit of God being poured out upon the native Christians, and upon the heathen, and thousands and thousands of them turning to God. She lived to see the first part of her vision fulfilled and the Spirit poured out

upon the native Christians, but the latter was never realized in her life time. Perhaps from the Battlements of Glory she will be able to look down on the heathen turning by thousands unto God in answer to her Spirit-given prayer. That Spirit-filled man, John MacNeil, prayed earnestly many years for a world-wide revival and went to his heavenly home without seeing it; yet on the eve of his departure the Pentecostal fire was kindled all over the world. Perhaps more was accomplished after his death than during his life. The intercession stored up in the golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints, have been poured out over all the earth, and saints and sinners alike have been quickened and made alive to the things of God.

Miss Abrams was burdened in prayer for a revival among the heathen at the time she was taken ill, and we cannot but feel that these precious Spirit-filled intercessors whose souls burned with consuming, heavenly zeal for the lost ones of earth will yet see of the travail of their souls and be satisfied, even though they did not live to see their prayers answered on earth, and fell, as it were, in the midst of the conflict.

And not alone does India suffer loss through the death of Minnie Abrams. Her deep, spiritual writings have been widely read, and through them she has touched many lives. Our hearts are heavy when we think of the valuable worker who has been taken from us, but we know that God is over all and in all, and He can raise up others for His work. Other shoulders will bear the burdens that have been dropped by the weary shoulders laid to rest. Other hearts will burn with the message of love that consumed her life on the altar of sacrifice. Her labors are over. "Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

* * *

Edith Baugh, one of Miss Abrams' workers, writing in the midst of the severest conflict of her life, says: "There is nothing so precious to me as the work here. I dreamed only last night that God had told me I must go to America and work there, and I woke up praying as though my heart would break. Oh, I am so happy here, and nothing would make me so sad as to have to return to America to stay. I am so glad it was only a dream."

She also writes: "The young women (natives) are doing splendid work in the vil-

lages, they go out every day and often walk ten and twelve miles preaching. Last night they were telling me of a woman whom they met yesterday that had been worshipping Jesus for several months and been greatly tried by the enmity of her fellow villagers. During the hot weather a number of people had died of cholera and when the neighbors asked why her family did not get sick she said it was because she trusted the one true God. They then took a dead body and laid it before her door to try to give her family the disease, but she knelt down and prayed to God to keep her and her husband and children and none of them were sick. While the girls were there talking with her a Brahman priest came and asked her to give him some gift, then he would bless her. She told him she did not give to or worship the Brahmans' gods any more, so he cursed her. But in spite of persecution many in the villages are turning to Jesus.

* * *

Since the above notes have gone to the printer we received the following from Edith Baugh, dated December 4th:

Our hearts are so heavy today as we must send out the word of dear Miss Abrams' home going. She left us Monday morning to be with Jesus. I know you understand how our hearts are aching, and feel for us in our loneliness, with the burden that has come to us in the work that she laid down. But through our tears, with all our heart we say, "Thy will be done," "Thou doest all things well." We cannot understand why it should be thus. But we do not need to see, since we know His ways are best.

We are so unable to take up the work, and naturally feel that she will come back after a few days as she usually did; but the little mound across the road speaks to us of her being gone forever. We loved her deeply and I feel that I have lost a mother, counsellor and friend whose place cannot be filled. She was a wise, sane leader, and we feel it has been a great privilege to have labored under her these two years.

Just two years ago (December 2, 1910), we arrived in Fyzabad, and she took up her first work for North India, and it seems very remarkable that in just two years (December 2, 1912), she took her departure. She often told us how God said to her in Chicago, when He gave her the call and plan for North India, that she must do her work quickly for her time was short.

God has given me a very blessed and comforting vision of the army of His saints marching in battle against the enemy, and He said that it was as in war, some must fall by the enemy's hand; but that those who are alive and remain till His appearing, shall in no wise precede those that have fallen asleep. I seemed to see Miss Abrams and dear Mr. Piper among the slain who were with Him at His coming.

Hallelujah! It will not be long. I know you will pray for us. Miss Gager, Miss Kirkland and I, are much united here in the Spirit, and I believe God will bless us as we go on. Also pray for dear Miss Doll and those at Basti. Their work there is hardly begun. They must have a mission home and are hoping to be able to buy soon. It has taken many precious lives to open these dark heathen lands to the Gospel, and may take many more. But we are followers of Him who laid down His life to save ours, and could we ask for a higher calling?

Miss Baugh assumes the responsibility of the work in Uska Bazaar, Miss Gager and Miss Kirkland associated with her. The work in Basti Mission, together with the getting of a bungalow, will devolve upon Miss Lillian Doll, Miss Cunningham standing with her. Miss Houck is expecting to locate in Mukti. We trust our readers will take these young workers on their hearts and help them by their prayers and gifts.

A Trial of Faith Rewarded

THAT God is answering prayer for the missionaries in getting them housed, and overruling seeming impossibilities will be seen by the following from Mrs. Lillian Denny, Nanpara, U. P., India:

"About a year ago I felt led to go to the borders to select some land on which to start a new Mission station. While walking over a piece of land which I thought the Lord showed me would be a suitable location, the Spirit so sweetly gave me this Scripture: "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you." Josh. 1:3. I praised the Lord and wrote at once to the manager of this estate. This land is all owned by a very wealthy Hindu Rajah. The manager wrote to the tahsildar (officer in charge of the land), to mark off the land for me. Now this tahsildar is a real orthodox Hindu with an antipathy to Christians. He proceeded to fix the price of the land so high that he evidently thought I would not take it, asking at the rate of one hundred rupees or thirty-three and one-third dollars per acre rent for one year. I thought this enormous so hesitated and prayed over it. A still, small voice whispered: "If God wants you to have this land He will give it to you cheaper than that." So I waited on God. In the meantime this officer wrote to the Rajah influencing him not to lease land to Christians. We then received a letter, saying we could not have the land at all. I praised God He had given me a faith that wavered not, so I replied, "It doesn't matter what the Rajah says, God has shown His will and we have only to wait His time, for 'He holdeth the king's heart in His hand.' I now see God in it all and am so glad He withheld the land."

We then rented a native mud house and worked for two months on the borders. During that time God taught us many precious lessons; one was that no proper food could be obtained at little outstations, nothing but the coarsest kind of native food and mis-

sionaries cannot live long on that kind of food. It was then that the Lord taught me the necessity of headquarters where supplies could be obtained, vegetables, fruit, etc., raised to supply outstations. This also could be a home where new missionaries could come and study the language before going out to the borders.

Now, beloved, had I obtained the land at once, I would probably have run ahead of God, put a Mission station there, workers would have gone out, only to suffer for proper food. It was then that God confirmed His will to have "El Shaddai Ghar" as a Missionary Home and headquarters, with its many fruit trees and land all ready for cultivation. How precious to know that He does truly "lead and guide us continually," and so sweet to obey His voice. So we walked on with Him, step by step, purchased this home of two and a half acres and leased that much more, to make this as near self-supporting as possible, as well as to supply outstations, that other money which the Lord sends might be used for opening up more stations and for Evangelistic work. It takes time and money to build homes, but it is really necessary, for as I have stated before, this is pioneer work and no houses are available. Ten years ago this was all a wild jungle, with no missionaries to preach Jesus.

When "El Shaddai Ghar" was nearing completion I felt led again to apply for the land about the first of June, (first having received a letter of recommendation from the English officer through whose influence we had secured this home), I personally called on the manager and Rajah to apply again for land on the Nepal borders. They seemed so kind and obliging, I came home thinking I was going to get the land right away, but after waiting six months, (a long trial of faith), we received a letter from the manager, begging pardon for the long delay and stating that my request was sanctioned by the Rajah! Just in God's *own time!* We now have one acre, only about one hundred feet from the Nepal border line, leased for twenty years and subject to release, and only have to pay four dollars a year. Isn't that just like Jesus? God has already given us the earnest money which has started a fund to erect a small Mission House on the very borders of Nepal. Hallelujah!

Dear ones, we earnestly request you to continue to stand with us in prayer that God may work on unhindered, until the Gospel is spread clear into dark Nepal and His chosen ones are gathered out before Jesus comes.

* * *

BROTHER George E. Berg, writing under date of October 26, 1912, says:

"I have only a few days ago returned from a twelve days' tour among our mission stations. I found all of our workers well and God is blessing the efforts put forth in Jesus' name. Especially in the Native States of Travancore and Cochin on the Southwest Coast, there is a mighty stir among both Syrians and Hindus. I have published over a half million pages of good, Gospel tracts since last February and my men are taking the plain Gospel message far and wide all over that country. Oh what an open door! What a host of hungry souls for the Bread of Life! In

four villages alone, more than one hundred souls have recently come out of Hinduism into the light of the Son of God, waiting to be baptized in water. Four of our native workers now have their Pentecostal baptism and others are seeking. I have now fourteen native men and three women workers and we are five Europeans in the work. Please remember not only our workers, but also the new converts, in your prayers. We are all well at present but the climate is pressing more and more upon us and God only knows how awfully tired I get at times. We are looking to God for a few more good workers to come out during this cold season to take upon them some of the responsible burdens of the work."

* * *

Mrs. Rachel Nalder, Ramabai's representative in this country, is about to start for the Pacific Coast, where she expects to spend several months at least, and will be glad of openings in churches and missions to speak in the interest of Ramabai's work in India. Mrs. Nalder's address will be Beulah Heights, Oakland, Calif., care of Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery. Mail will always be forwarded from there.

A Plea for Mexicans

AN earnest request comes from Mr. John Preston, Falfurrias, Texas, in behalf of the Mexicans on the border line who are hungry for salvation and need some one to teach them the truths of the Gospel.

He says that, owing to the martial and famine conditions in Mexico which result from the present upheaval, many Mexicans are flocking to the border towns and missionaries who feel a call to work in Spanish speaking countries among Catholics will find this a good training school to acquire experience and the language.

Pastor G. W. Miller, thirty-five years a Methodist preacher and missionary to the Mexicans, received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in Dallas during the recent outpouring there and is now back among these people, laboring for their salvation. Brother Preston sends a stirring appeal for workers who will count it all joy to labor for Jesus in this needy field, and pleads for intercessors with calloused knees and melted hearts to suffer in the prayer chamber, and men with calloused hands and a spirit of self-denial to furnish the means for Spanish tracts to spread abroad the news of the wonderful works of God and the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. These benighted people are sunk in the superstitious and idolatrous practices of Rome, which have been the religion of their forefathers for centuries, and

they are as ignorant of the saving truths of Christianity as are the heathen nations who never heard of God.

We have not room for the article in full, but

have given a résumé of it in the above note. Those whose hearts respond to the call are invited to correspond with John A. Preston, Box 134, Falfurrias, Texas.

Missionary Problems That Confront Us What is Our Responsibility?

FROM the very beginning of our receiving and dispensing missionary moneys we have felt a heavy responsibility upon us and have often prayed that we might be shown where the need was the greatest and that none should suffer lack through our not disbursing to the best advantage the moneys entrusted to us. But our information as to existing condition has depended, for the most part, on what the missionaries chose to write us of their work and needs, and we feel that our limited knowledge of the field has restricted our giving to certain quarters. Not that any have ever received too much, but some of God's worthy servants have received far too little, and for this we grieve.

The following excerpts from a letter from Paul Bettex, written to a friend on the death of his wife, Nellie Clark Bettex, bring this matter up afresh and cause us to feel deeply the great lack there is in the Pentecostal movement in not knowing the exact needs of the field.

By the time this reaches you, you will doubtless have heard through what deep waters the Lord has led me. We (myself and wife), went to the Island, as my dear one needed a rest—the first real rest she ever got since putting foot on Chinese soil ten years ago.

But all summer, for about three months, we had very severe financial tests. They drove us deeper into God; we prayed more earnestly, but the tests continued, yea, increased. We prayed agonizingly, not for luxuries but for sustenance; the Lord kept us day by day with just enough to keep alive, the gifts coming mostly from our immediate surroundings. *I am glad we were kept in perfect victory.*

My dear one came home in a heavenly frame of mind, but rather weak in body, to find that our long absence of seven weeks had rather tried the work, though not so badly as we anticipated. But one of the missionaries who had just reached home a few days before us, was at the point of death from dysentery. Two native workers were also very sick.

My precious wife must needs take her lion's share in nursing the sick, whilst not abating one jot from her work in three daily meetings and taking care of a big house. I could not make her stop. Another heavy burden fell upon us; our eight colporteurs from the American Bible Society, all solid, tried men, were dismissed without notice for lack of funds, though they had been breaking the record for sales. We were short of funds and had eight men on our hands!

But that was not all. Our best friend in Hong Kong was Mr. Moore, an officer in the Civil Service in Hong Kong, lately head master of a big government school with four hundred and fifty pupils in Hong Kong. He was by far the foremost Christian worker in the colony, working hard by day and preaching nearly every night to Cantonese, English and other audiences. He spoke three or four Chinese dialects like a native. He put himself on record as a seeker for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He suddenly broke down and the doctors pronounced him a "hopeless religious maniac." He had spend his large salary in helping missionaries of all denominations and was as a brother to me—his home our home. Nellie and his wife were nearer than sisters. The reproach, of course, fell upon us as the real authors of the catastrophe. Will you all earnestly pray for him? He is still in the asylum.

Now see with what diabolical power and fury the enemy attacked us—all this while living on short rations. But my dear Nellie never flinched once. In fact, in two and one-half years of married life I have only seen her lose victory—fullest victory—once for five minutes, when in the throes of extreme pain, also after another spell of three months' prolonged fasting.

She was rapidly ripening for heaven. I looked on in wonder at the changes and transformations that she was undergoing, wondering what it would lead to. Of course "the coming revival" in China was our daily food and drink. On the night of the national holiday of the Republic, Oct. 10-11, I awoke at two o'clock to find her in awful suffering. I called the sisters to prayer but she was fast passing into unconsciousness from severe hemorrhage of the brain. For ten hours, terrible convulsions shook her frame; the sisters could not endure the sight, so I was left alone. By twelve o'clock she was in Glory. We buried her Oct. 12th as the sun was setting. She just burned out in her consuming love for God, souls and China. She died a martyr, not to a Chinese mob, as we had often hoped might be our privilege, but to the callousness of the home saints.

When weak and faint for lack of food for days, I saw my earthly treasure coming to an end of her strength, I prayed agonizingly day by day for means to provide the much needed milk and cheap fruit she craved. I prayed and wrestled in agony with God because I knew and felt that five dollars might mean life or death to my dearest—but no help came. In those hours of spiritual conflict, I seemed to see the home saints in their comfortable homes looking on to see how long we could hold out without breaking. We had covenanted to fight it out to the death and she did.

But then, I am glad that He knows, and when He deals most abnormally with His dearest it is because He is too lovingly wise, deep, tender, and because the results when viewed in the light of eternity will be

especially and proportionately glorious. We shall know in the day when the crowns and rewards are given to each "according to his works." I would not have it otherwise. We had long ago covenanted not to recognize second causes, but to take it all from the wounded hands of Jesus. Lord, help my faith!

I am glad I have full victory. Glory! Glory! Glory! My happy soul rejoices to know my dear one is in glory. She had consumed herself in her burning zeal for souls. I am so glad of the record and my whole being says "Amen" to God. He has given me an anointing according to my needs. My soul is rising as on eagle wings. This is supernatural victory and I praise Him for it. *He is a Rock*. His way is perfect. To-night I feel as happy as on my marriage day.

It is quite true that there are those who are out on what is termed "faith lines" who have not had a "George Mueller call"; but they have had a call to the heathen, and because they have been brave enough to go "without purse or scrip" we must not let them suffer if they lack the gift of faith.

We believe many are attempting to live a "faith life" who have not been definitely called to it, and they suffer the consequence of imitating others, but the position of the Pentecostal people in general has forced this attitude of faith upon them even when God may not have required it of them.

Every consecrated Pentecostal missionary who has had a real call to the heathen and is doing good effective work should have the hearty support of the people at home, and there is deep need of a system in missionary giving. If we supported our home work in the systemless, spasmodic way we give to extend our Lord's work beyond the seas, we fear our home workers would sometimes suffer from hunger as our brothers and sisters in heathen lands have done.

Every year sees some missionaries who have gone out in the first flush of enthusiasm coming back to get in touch with the people in the homeland and lay the need of their field before them. This seems to be a necessity, but it involves a considerable expenditure of money and time and makes us one-sided in our giving. We contribute generously to the last person on the ground, but frequently this only meets his traveling expenses, and when he gets on his field he is again forgotten.

We realize keenly that people are moved by stirring appeals and give impulsively to the missionary who is able to picture graphically the need of his particular field, and we are painfully aware that there must be many faithful workers in heathen lands who can neither

present their work in person to the homeland or write stirring appeals and tell of great things accomplished among the heathen, but who are doing good work and should be loyally supported. It is hard for us to realize that the one who is hidden away from the public eye and whose work is but little known, is doing as much for God as those who are able to demonstrate their usefulness, but such is often the case.

We have been greatly moved by reading letters from missionaries who are suffering for the necessities of life when we know the church at home has an abundance, and we have thought and prayed much over the question of missionary support. Can there be no better arrangement among us than *no arrangement?* Could not the energy some missionaries spend in agonizing for daily bread be better spent in evangelistic work?

We have heard missionaries lay stress on the fact that they had no Board behind them as though that was equivalent to having their eyes on God. But while they are looking for help from friends, a Mission, or a paper, there is no practical difference from being supported by a Board—except that they do not always get the support! We must not boast of a higher standard than the churches and then fail in living up to the standard. The Boards do take care of their missionaries, so they do not have to spend valuable time praying and agonizing for physical sustenance, but can give that time to sowing the seed and gathering in the precious fruit from among the heathen. We, as a Pentecostal people, are grossly neglectful of our missionaries when they have not sufficient food to eat. Through the indifference and lack of system in our giving, some of the missionaries who have started out expecting the Pentecostal Movement to stand behind them have been compelled to connect themselves with some missionary society in order to stay on the field.

Some years ago there was a movement started in the Pentecostal ranks to have some systematic arrangement by which we could take care of our missionaries on the field, but the movement met with such opposition it was dropped. We fear the "opposition" were not as mindful of the missionary's need as they should have been or they would have tried to suggest something better than the plans they opposed. As matters stand today the situation is this: some missionaries who in one way and

another keep their needs before the home field, are supported, while others, just as worthy but less known, are handicapped in their work and suffer for the common necessities of life. We wish there might be some system evolved by which no worthy person would be neglected. There are a few who are living a real life of faith, making their needs known to God alone, and we are in hearty accord with this when there has been a real call to it, and consider it ideal, but this number is a very small one, and those who cannot reach this ideal have our deep sympathy.

Let none who read these lines infer that we are depreciating the faith life—not at all! We are simply stating the condition of affairs as they exist. A call to the foreign field, coupled with a spirit of self-sacrifice that prompts the workers to go out without financial backing, does not necessarily imply a call to a life of faith. To go attempting to trust God while really having their eyes on people who fail them furnishes an illustration of the familiar adage of "falling between two stools," and consecrated workers who might have done good work under favorable conditions may go down under the pressure or be forced to abandon the field.

It is a difficult problem, but we must face it. The Boards have put the missionary in bondage by insisting upon certain requirements, both before and after he reaches the field. To be released from these he has swung out without promised support and said he would trust God. He may have had no previous training

in the faith life, and under the exceptionally trying conditions of the foreign field finds his faith unequal to the strain put upon it. Is there no middle ground where the missionary will have full liberty to work as God leads, and an exercise for his faith, without being compelled to take a stand beyond that to which God has called him?

Let us earnestly pray that in some way God will enable us more effectually to help our brothers and sisters who are toiling in the darkness of heathenism. We feel the leaders of the Pentecostal Movement should realize the need of an effective systematic arrangement so that faithful, tried missionaries will not suffer for the common necessities of life.

Nellie Clark Bettex was a noble woman who had left a position of honor and given up a salary that put her beyond any need of help. She was an able, consecrated worker that the foreign field could not afford to lose, and the thought of her untimely death in the prime of life, because her constitution was undermined by prolonged lack of food, is touching in the extreme. It deeply stirs our hearts, and we can only hope that she has not died in vain. Whether or not she has been a martyr to our lack of system in supporting our missionaries, let us earnestly pray that it may be a trumpet call to us all to "keep not silence and give Him no rest" until we establish some method for the adequate support of the members of our Lord's body in heathen lands.

A. C. R.

The Spirit and the Bride

Gerard A. Bailey, Caracas, Venezuela, November 11, 1912



IN THE presence of these two Personalities and Factors in the earth are involved all the principles and aims of missionary labor and evangelization. Failing to identify these in the supreme object and labor of missions, is to miss God's plan and chief purpose

for the present age and to confound our methods for the close of this dispensation with those of the Millenium.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, come." This mutual, united cry is the consummation of Calvary's victory and the work of the Holy Spirit, now culminating in the bringing of the Bride of Christ into conscious unity with

Himself, and to completeness in Himself, and furthermore into such harmony with the Spirit's operation that nothing may prevent the breathing forth of this united prayer, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Nothing now remains but the climax hour, the presentation of the spotless Bride, perfect and complete.

This fact, as a light in a dark place midst much confusion and failure has shined in our hearts and horizon through the fifteen years of our missionary career, and if there has been any temptation to swerve, we have been brought back by every fresh crisis in our experience, emphasizing this blessed hope and vital reality.

Perhaps at no time in my life was it so profoundly, so powerfully and permanently renewed as in the summer of 1907 in Los Angeles, California, when in company with two Watchers in Zion of the Aquila and Priscilla type, the Holy Spirit Himself flooded my being with the overpowering consciousness of the Presence of the living, loving Christ, that no previous or even subsequent experience has equalled.

For nearly three hours I seemed to be in a mighty embrace and my soul revelled in heavenly realities, eclipsing for a time sensations of earth, and engrossing spirit and soul in the intense delight and thrilling ecstasy of the inbreathed love of Christ.

As an evidence that it was not a mere emotion, my organ of speech was supernaturally controlled, and I learned for the first time the most literal meaning of worshiping in the Spirit, praying in the Holy Ghost, and speaking as the Spirit gives utterance.

Upon rising with these seals upon me and returning to the duties suspended for a season, the first question suggested was, Why has this come to me? The immediate, almost audible response was, This is equipment for priestly functions and for Bride realities, in the preparation of the Lord's coming, and during these five years up to our recent anniversary of the event, June 28th, I can humbly affirm in the face of all cavilling that, in the measure that I have lived in the consciousness of this inner realm of eternal realities and the mysteries of the Kingdom, the meaning of the Cross and the potency of faith have been the most transparent revelations to thought and experience, and the most practical factors in the sphere of action, bringing every fibre of my being and detail of my life into relation to the Word of God, applying the Truth in ways hitherto impossible.

Shall we fail to hear in all this the Spirit's voice and do we not sense the response of the Bride saying, "Come, even so, come Lord Jesus?"

The "Come" is being heard in this republic of Venezuela, "Not by might, or power, but by" the diverse and secret workings of the Holy Spirit. In a town nearly thirty miles away from Caracas, our center, a Bible found its way into a humble home of an honest carpenter. His wife had discovered it concealed in a neighbor's house. It was secretly read by them, and the Spirit illuminating their

understanding, led them to abandon their idols for Christ.

They heard of a Gospel mission and pastor in Caracas and wrote to us. Not until the following year, however, and at their earnest invitation were we able to reach them. My fellow-missionary Brother Bullen, and myself, guided by an old German settler, who was also deeply interested and came all the way to Caracas to seek us, from thence led us over a rough horseback journey to the door of the carpenter shop, where we were greeted by this family with hymns of welcome as we dismounted—songs which they had learned from a colporteur whom we had previously sent to them.

God had wonderfully enlightened them in the Word, and as we recognized this mysterious manifestation of the Holy Spirit, working in these souls, our hearts were thrilled. Some crude things remained from their former customs, but their hearts were burning for Gospel truth. What an indescribable privilege to stand amidst a crowd of villagers and friends in that carpenter shop and minister the Word of Life, where the Gospel had never been preached, and to a people who had never heard!

The enemy was present also, for a time concealed, but in awful power. The first night's salutation by the villagers was limited to tomatoes and a stone or two, and some interruptions from the outside. The next day we advised the authorities of our household gathering, but we little realized the conspiracy the devil had been devising between priest and authorities against us. Our host, who requested the chief of police to interest himself in our behalf, came back telling us that the chief's secretary had accused us of preaching against the "cura" (the parochial priest) and that, as he was his personal friend, he could not guarantee us protection; we might, however, continue our meetings with doors closed.

According to this, we gathered together that night a goodly company, and so did the crowd also, but so rapidly that it was impossible to close the door. On opening the meeting some insults began with further signs of disturbance and with considerable effort the door was closed.

The plot against us was soon evident and a mob quickly surrounded the house, attacking violently with stones and other destructive missiles, thundering menacingly against the

barred doors, with loud cries of "Death to the Protestants."

We devoted a half hour to an informal service in spite of the tumult, and then the doors were opened that those in attendance might leave the building.

What an alarming scene met our gaze! In the semi-darkness without could be distinguished a sea of dusky faces, and there poured forth a roar of furious cries for our lynching from hundreds of throats. A little Italian who attended the meeting remonstrated with the crowd, but was hustled by the very police and delivered to the tender mercies of the mob, who half drowned him in an aqueduct nearby.

This whetted their appetite for a more determined attack upon the two foreigners. The carpenter and his wife and two girls with heavenly prudence quietly occupied their workshop while the multitude raged at the open door and window, demanding first our entire stock of Scriptures. They had already carried off all we had in use during the service, and our host responded to their demands endeavoring to pacify them with more books.

The priest in attendance congratulated them on their trophies and the books were publicly destroyed. Our house was kept in darkness and we in a rear room separated only by a curtain, seeing and fearing the threats of death or mutilation. "But God!" At one awful moment it seemed that the horrible fact was upon us, i. e., lynching by a fanatical mob. What thoughts and sensations swept over us! Would we be heroic? Would our testimony be worthy of our Lord? How would we meet these monsters and their machetes? Our host was in the grip of a giant negro, the mother and girls gave a desperate cry, one step more and they must find us out. Lord save!

Suddenly, a shrill voice was heard above the roar, commanding the mob. It was the secretary of the police, the accomplice of the priest who entered the room. Releasing our friend from the would-be lynchers, he upbraided him grossly for admitting those "Cursed sons of Luther" into his house and forsaking the "Holy Mother Church" and the religion of his fathers. He cursed the believing wife and us before the wild crowd with most fierce denunciations. We were not in sight and he was ignorant of our whereabouts. He commanded and controlled the mob which he himself had instigated, and simply for the sake of former

associations with our friend, intervened at this critical moment.

God's weapons are mighty against the machinations of Satan. Toward midnight the crowd quieted and dispersed. A few friends reconnoitred the streets and at two o'clock a. m. we were led secretly out of the town, mounted our horses in the darkness and falling mist, one stalwart son of the old German acting as guide. By daybreak we were miles away on the road to Caracas. The authorities we understand had given license to the crowd to attack us or waylay us upon our leaving in the morning, but as of old, the God of Daniel was able to deliver.

Three years have passed since this event. We have visited several times that precious family. A whole year elapsed without returning subsequent to the outrage. The Venezuelan and United States Governments took the matter in hand and the culprits were punished after many months' delay.

Meanwhile the little family continued worshipping at their humble home. Threats, persecutions, ostracism could not move them. They are God's elect; unaided by pastor or preaching, but taught of the Holy Ghost and blessed of Him.

The circle has enlarged a little, a notable conversion being added this year in the case of an influential merchant. The little handful have without any instruction met each week, obeying the Scripture exhortation to lay by their offering, to present to the pastor opportunely.

At our last visit these humble saints brought out their rich offering toward God of twenty dollars, a sacrifice and sweet savor unto the Lord out of what we might call their poverty. The new convert a few months ago bought an old house to dedicate to the Lord and they have labored together to prepare a place for public worship, all on their own initiative.

A letter from this dear brother just at hand reads, "They call me mad, but I have determined to have my testimony clean, my business is now closed on Sunday." A great victory and glorious testimony in this Roman Catholic land, especially as this man's business corresponds to a corner grocery in United States. Liquors thrown out, store closed on Sunday and he but a few months converted! His letter breathes zeal for the Lord and joy in the Holy Ghost. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come."

The Holy Spirit is working in the out-of-way dark corners of the earth. The town where the foregoing occurred is considered one of the toughest of that region. We have related this incident not as a common sample, but rather that it might set forth and magnify the work of the Word and the Holy Spirit in the gathering out of the members of the Bride. In several other towns in more remote parts of the republic there are similar instances of whole families who have found the Light through the printed Word and are begging for a preacher or teacher.

The answer to these cries must come through the Holy Spirit's raising up from among the natives of these Spanish speaking republics, evangelists and teachers.

With the imminence of the Lord's coming and in view of the activities of the Spirit, the expectation and urgent call is for a properly equipped native ministry.

This light upon God's plan led us twelve years ago to believe and prepare for such a provision. This has inspired and moulded all our ministry and enabled us to obtain by faith a suitable site and through the slower process of this school of God see realized after nine years of toil and consecrated co-operation of a few native believers, the inauguration of a native Bible institute, situated in a most beautiful mountain location, surrounded by considerable land, the Lord's direct gift. A suitable and solid structure for present requirements has been erected through insistent prayer, steadfast faith and diligent toil.

At the present time seven young men are installed, all trusting God for their personal needs, each one by manual labor contributing his part and working his way through the term of Bible studies.

Every way he may look is in evidence this object lesson. Everything he does has the one end in view, namely, to contribute to this work of faith and labor of love, to learn practical lessons of simple reliance upon God and rejoice in the corresponding equipment of the Holy Spirit as a vanguard, and as heralds of the coming King. "The Spirit and the Bride say, come," "Even so."

This beautiful mountain site and training home we call, "Hebron." It has no denomination distinctions. It receives any Spanish-speaking believer called to service. Four of the present number are from Porto Rico and the rest from different parts of the republic

and more candidates are applying. No fees are charged, but the expectation from the students is for co-operation in faith, prayer, industry and economy.

Our claim upon God's children everywhere for prayerful sympathy and their practical support is, the apostolicity of its principles, the scripturalness of its plans and the holy stimulus of its economy.

In *principle* it stands for faithfulness to the Word of the Cross and submission to the Work of the Cross, and an expectancy of the Power of the Cross revealed in the risen, glorified Christ through a manifestation of the Holy Spirit, nothing short of Pentecost.

Its *plan* is to evangelize the now unevangelized Latin people so long neglected in this continent and to hasten the coming of the Lord.

Its *economy* is to look to God alone for the necessary resources for the development of the enterprise materially and the support of every soul the Lord may send. It stands for a proper discipline of economy in the use of time, talents, labor, land and every pecuniary gift, and encourages the co-operation of every student in the development of its industry, its work of faith, love and self-denial.

Our argument is that there is a work to be accomplished in this generation that may hasten the rapture of the Church and usher in the tribulation of the world, a precursor of the glorious Millenium. Also that the present elaborate preparation in the home Bible colleges and institutes have a tendency to educate away from the mission field rather than toward it. Furthermore, the amount of time and money spent in the equipment and final reaching of the fields with the necessary stage of adaptation to language, people and climate is a serious drain on missionary funds and a great reduction in the quantity and utility of men and women on the field.

The principal solution to the problem is the properly equipped native, and the fulcrum of our plea is the characteristic mission of Hebron and its principles, as supplying just the requisites for this imperative need.

Our prayer is that as fellow-members of the expectant Bride, this call may find echo and response in the hearts of those who as fellow-laborers may be "Helpers together by prayer," and co-operate with the Holy Ghost in the longing cry, "Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Faith

E. M. Scurrah, Cape Town, South Africa

FAITH cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God." God knows His Infinity and that His Word cannot fail. Faith in His Word brought the world into existence and sustains it. "He spake and it was done, He commanded and it stood fast." Ps. 33:9. Not only did faith create us but faith is the wireless system by which God's children open His storehouse of blessing.

Men of the world conduct much of their business by faith in one another but as soon as that faith is turned Godward the devil pounces upon it and tries to sow doubt in the heart. The devil knows the power of faith, its potency against his kingdom, its infinite possibilities, and all his deadliest darts are hurled at every attempt to exercise faith in God. Faith is an infinite quality and God has graciously granted man the high and holy privilege of using that infinite quality as a sword and shield. Is it any wonder His Word says, "Without faith it is impossible to please God?" since faith is the key to his heart of love and treasure.

Jesus said, "No man can do a miracle in my name and lightly speak evil of Me," for faith is of God and God is not divided against Himself. There will be numbers in hell, however, who have done mighty works through faith but went back, and their great deeds are not remembered. Without faith there is very little God-likeness.

Israel's redemption was by faith, ours through faith, Rom. 3:30. The miracles before Pharaoh were of faith and the magicians assaying to do the same things soon found their sensual and devilish system limited. Faith is unlimited. It has pleased Father to make faith a stumbling block to hypocrites and a weapon and a key in the hands of saints. Faith brought fire down upon the sacrifices and confounded Baal's priests and followers. Faith always brings an answer. It proclaims the power of God and without it there is little else but words. The disciples were commanded to preach the Gospel and heal the sick, etc. They obeyed and the signs followed. "I will continue to work with you after I am gone to My Father" said Jesus just before He ascended, and the signs proved that He meant what He said. Mark 16:20.

Is not Jesus still at the right hand of God? Has He withdrawn that promise? No, praise God! He still cooperates with all who *believe*.

It is refreshing to see how the heathen lay

hold upon the promises of God when they hear for the first time of the power of God. For instance: a native here in Africa, hearing for the first time of God's healing power, went home and loaded his paralyzed and helpless brother into a wheelbarrow and wheeled him for miles to where the man of God was. Arriving there he dumped the poor fellow on the grass like a load of wood and started away with the barrow. "Where are you going with the barrow? What will your brother do?" said one in the Zulu tongue. He looked at the speaker with surprise but kept on his way saying as he went, "He'll walk home"—and he did! Could Father turn away from such faith in the heart of a poor heathen Zulu? Not a bit of it! The man of God prayed a few words in faith and a shiver passed through the frame of the helpless heap on the grass, and a perfectly sound man stood upon his feet. Hallelujah! Did not that miracle preach? Did it not stir up the honest hearts and make people stare? Those black men were not preached to death, they had seen the work of the white man's God and His Word was enough for them to lean hard upon at first introduction. So faith cometh by hearing and believing in simple, childlike, untrammelled simplicity. It is so simple that the heady and highminded pass it over utterly and keep on delving for the secret. It "cometh" as you believe and act upon it without a doubt. It is only believing God. The simpler we are the more does faith spring up. A hint is enough right here. A life of purity and perfect dependence upon Him will soon generate that precious quality which will come to its own level.

The Zulu's faith was natural faith, but children of God have the faith of Christ if they will but shrink out of the natural and let Him exercise it. Gal. 2:20. If there ever was a time when the power of God needed to be manifested in ministry it is today to distinguish the false from the true, and I believe we are entering upon the days now when Father shall so clothe a prepared people with power that this old world shall stare. The "greater" works have yet to be realized and not a word of His shall fail. This wonderful capstone will not be put upon a load of flesh, malice, hatred, jealousy, fornication, adultery, backbiting and so on, but it will be the finishing course to a life

perfectly in tune with God and is for those who are deaf, dumb and blind to all but the will and interest of God. Isaiah 42: 19, 20.

Whatever is not of the Spirit is bondage and what is not of faith is sin to the one who is professedly a child of faith. The way grows narrower, doesn't it? Amen.

Another Call from India

AS MOST of the missionaries visit your mission and you are in touch with those who feel called to the field we write asking that you will make our need of workers known.

I felt led to go out and open up a little work in the village districts, so a year ago I came with a native couple to this little village of Bhagalpur, two miles from the railroad, on the bank of a beautiful river. The people are simple-hearted country folk, kind and good to us, but the spiritual darkness is intense. The people's hearts are tender and many have come to believe in our God and Jesus our Savior, but on account of the caste system it is very hard for them to step out and confess Christ. Only one man has openly accepted Christ. He has a good English education and a good position. He is seeking his baptism and reads everything that tells of it so eagerly. He weeps before the Lord in his seeking and pleads, "Lord, You brought me thus far and I am so hungry. You must do more for me." There are a number of natives studying the Bible with us and yesterday two more men asked leave to join our Bible class.

We have a nice day school and give one hour's Bible instruction, with singing and prayer. Many parents tell us their children will no longer worship with them. Some have taken their children out of school on this account.

We have many calls from nearby villages that are within walking distance. I have been to quite a number, but the work is getting so heavy that I am asking the Lord to send forth reapers unto this harvest. I will be glad to correspond with anyone who feels called to village work. There are few comforts and no luxuries but I have a five-room house opening on an inner court and a large veranda. I have not been to the hills since I came to India about three years ago, but it is not far to a cooler place, if health demands a change. Foreign food can be bought in the large cities but I have not felt the need of it; neither does it pay to bother to get it for one person. The people around here sometimes bring me fruit when they go to the city.

I am looking to the Lord for guidance about building a mission room in the Bazaar where I could reach many who come from other places on market days. This could also be used as our school room.

God has been with us in healing power and the people are stirred, some for us and some against us. I know we are in God's will, so we fear no man.

I hope that you will remember us in your prayers and that God will direct who shall come to help in this needy field.

(MISS) D. S. McCARTY.

Bhagalpur, Dist. Gorakhpur, U. P. India.

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