



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

Planks in the Lord's Platform

Practical Lessons from the Sermon on the Mount

R. L. Erickson, in the Stone Church, 520 N. Ashland Ave., La Grange, Ill., December 7, 1913.



THE Sermon on the Mount is what Jesus gave to His disciples. It is what might be called His platform. To live according to this teaching of Jesus means that one must have the grace of God; we cannot do it without, but the greatest mistake people make is to believe we cannot live it *with* the grace of God. They say, "We cannot do that, it is impossible," but do you believe God would ever tell us to do an impossibility and then condemn us if we did not do it? Never! I will read some planks from the Lord's platform in the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." I am glad for the time that I mourned after God. It is one thing to join a church but another thing to mourn over your sins. The old Methodists had what they called the old mourner's bench and repented heartily and deeply and found deliverance. "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." It doesn't say that they might be filled, or that they ought to be filled, but that they *shall be* filled. "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God." A little girl went to Sunday School and when she came home, she said, "I was a peacemaker today." "How was that?" said her mother. "I didn't tell something I knew." There are some things we all know if we keep them to ourselves they won't harm anybody, but if we tell them all around there is enough weakness in people to make them feel bad about it.

Then in the twentieth verse we read, "For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." I may not be able this morning to open up this sermon to you, only to give you a few hints, but if you will take these three chapters and read them and take them as a basis of how to live, take them as a standard in your life, they will make you dig for the grace of God as you never did in all your days, because you will see the impossibility of anyone living these truths except by the grace of God. But let us not forget God never asks of us an impossibility.

"Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees"—you know what the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees was—it was an outwardly upright life. They were not a lot of men who got drunk or broke the laws. They lived as near as possible to the letter of the law, bent all their energies to serve God in outward good works, but they made the awful mistake of trying to observe legal and outward righteousness without inward illumination in their hearts. That is the hardest thing in the world to do. There is no task so irksome as to try to be good without God on the inside. I have seen people try it and they are absolutely the most unhappy people in the world who try to live outwardly a good life without God in the heart. The Lord starts out by saying the lives of His disciples must *exceed* the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees. You may ask "In what way?" We will let Him explain. He goes on to say, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment; but I say unto you, "That whosoever is *angry* with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment." The King James translators put in a little clause there they thought was very much needed. I think almost everybody in the world would be glad to throw in "without a cause"; that is letting down the bars, but just remember when Jesus made that statement He didn't put that in there. You cannot find it in the original. Jesus said, not only that they must not *kill* but whosoever is angry with his brother is in danger of the judgment. Now if you throw in that clause, "without a cause" everyone of us would have a standard of our own. We would say, "I am not going to be angry with my brother unless he irritates me, but I have a right to be angry for some things." Nobody in the world would be angry *without a cause*, according to their standpoint. The fact of the matter is Jesus told His disciples that anger was something that had to be left out of their lives. Jesus Christ has a standard here that when you preach it to people these days the average church member no more believes than I believe some things the scientists say about all the millions and billions of ages in the past. Whosoever is angry is in danger of the judgment. Do you get angry with people? Some folks get angry and excuse themselves by saying it is *righteous indignation*,

but they deceive themselves. Then Jesus goes on and makes another statement. "Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." We have to be very careful how we call names. It sometimes shocks me when I hear people call each other "fools." Will you tell me what good can come to our neighbor by calling him a fool? It is absolutely unnecessary and does not accomplish anything and Jesus gives a solemn warning against it, and that applies not only to that one word but to every kind of a name by which we would belittle or insult each other. All terms of disrespect ought not to be named among us. Did people ever help you any by calling you a fool or by ridiculing you?

Here is another plank: If you are at variance with anybody and you come to the altar, "leave thy gift at the altar and come, be reconciled to thy brother." It is a wonderful thing to seek reconciliation and it is a good thing to go to people even when we feel we have been wrongfully accused. I was to hold meetings in a certain place and there was a man there who when he heard I was going to preach said, "If Brother Erickson speaks I am going to rebuke him." He had been ordained a minister but he was backslidden and he hated me. They came to me, "So and so is going to talk against you." I said, "Oh don't worry about that. He will be the first one at the altar." I did not worry about the matter. I felt God would take care of it. When I got there his face was a picture of anger and despair and just as soon as I could I went down to where he was sitting, put my arms around him and said, "Now look here, I understand you are angry at me and are going to do so-and-so. I do not know that I have ever done you any wrong, but if I have wronged you I want you to forgive me." The fact of the matter was I never had wronged him. One whole winter that man was in dire need and distress, and God made me give all the extra change I could get hold of until I got in need myself. I wore only one suit of underwear and had to go to bed to have it washed. Every little while I'd get a few extra dollars and I thought I'd get another suit of underwear, but the Lord made me know Shofers' needed some flour, or something. So that night I asked his forgiveness and that man broke down completely. He said, "I have wronged you; you never wronged me," and he was the first man at the altar and cried and confessed his sin. Don't you think it was worth while for me to put my arm around him? I might have gotten up and delivered a tirade against him and justly so, but God would not let me do that. We ought, when

we have learned the value of men's souls, to be able to stand a few things and say, "My God if that man thinks I have wronged him, I will go to him and put my arm around and love him." The worst thing in the world is for us to say, as many do, "I will just tell him what I think about him." Friends, it is best not to tell people what we think about them. It is best to tell them what God thinks about them.

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery; but I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." God won't have us just to be legalists. God wants our very motives, our heart and intent purged and pure, and that we shall walk with Him. He wants us to live a life of holiness, an inward, holy life; then the very thoughts that well up out of our hearts and minds will be pure and the very ambition of our lives will be holy. Any man might refrain from outward sin and be inwardly wicked, but all the time God sees he is committing sin in his heart. Do you know backsliders and sinners commit an act in their hearts before they transgress outwardly? They never go into open sin in a moment. It is first conceived in the heart. God doesn't want us simply to refrain from outward sins but to be in a place where our thoughts and our motives are such that they might be put on a bulletin in heaven and not spoil the society of heaven a bit. "Oh," says one, "how can we do that?" By the grace of God and in no other way.

Now here is something that cuts a little close on some people. The Old Testament said, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth;" or, as we say, "give as good as you get." We hear people say, "I am a man of peace and never make any trouble but if anybody molests me I will give as good as I get." People today are called righteous men and New Testament Christians, but they are absolutely not according to the New Testament standard at all. Jesus says, "I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." That is the most scientific way of fighting in the world. It will win the victory every time. My oldest boy had an experience when he first went to school that made an impression on me I never forgot. I had taught him the Sermon on the Mount and that if anybody would strike him he should turn the other side. One day a boy grabbed him and another boy punched him and knocked a tooth loose. When he came home I said, "Who did this?" "What is the matter?" I forgot what I had taught him and the sight of

blood stirred me. He looked at me calmly, "Nothing is the matter, papa. Some boys hit me." "How did they do it?" "One put his arms around me and the other came up and punched me." I said, "What did you do?" "I turned the other side and said, 'Hit me there too.'" "And what did they do?" "They turned and ran away." From that day that boy never was molested. No boy in school ever laid hands on him again. Then he turned to me and said, "Now, papa, I don't want you to tell the teacher, because I am praying for those boys." I thought: There are men and ministers who say they cannot practice the Sermon on the Mount and here is a boy eight years old comes home with face shining and says he is praying for those who hit him.

I didn't know what it was in the old days to have anyone say a cross word to me and not retaliate. If a man didn't look at me in the right way I was all eager to have a fuss with him, but the time came when God so thoroughly saved me, purged my being and sanctified it that I had a man come up and bruise my face and loosen my teeth and I never resisted him. I went back on the platform and preached a sermon, wiping the blood off as I preached. Many came to the altar seeking the Lord that night, and there is a man in Boston today that said, "I got saved the night the man got struck and didn't get mad."

"And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." That is what we call a "two-mile Christian." Do you think that is according to the practice of Christians today? If you give church members such instruction these days they will denounce it and repudiate you for giving it. I think John Wesley is the brightest example of holiness of all times; of course I would except the apostles, but John Wesley, it is said, went out one day with a few dollars in his pocket, and a man met him with a false face and said, "Hold up your hands." Wesley put up his hands. Looking at his picture I think he must have looked like a high priest with hands lifted heavenward. The fellow went through his pockets, and while he was doing it Wesley said, "Friend, if you should ever feel sorry for this just remember the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin." "Isn't that a beautiful thing to say to a man stealing your money. The man took his money and went. A few months after that he came up to Wesley and said, "Mr. Wesley, do you know me? Do you remember the man who robbed you at such-and-such a place?" "Yes, I remember

that." "What you said to me has haunted me from that day to this. When you said to me, 'If you ever feel sorry remember the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin,' that entered my heart; I have given myself to God and have come here to confess that you took the right way to catch a thief." Did you ever hear of anybody giving a thief that kind of a benediction and bringing him back with the goods? Who but a holy man would have thought of preaching such a divinely inspired sermon to a man taking his money? Similar opportunities lie before you and me every day of our lives. There is always somebody ready to do you a wrong. Just pronounce a benediction on them. If you talk to men about religion they are generally closed up, but if they do you a wrong or say something hateful to you, instead of pouring in a hard speech, pour in a message from God and it will never be forgotten.

One time in Pittsburg we were opening up a mission, and a Jew had a tobacco store next door. The partition ran zigzag between the mission and his store and the man of whom we rented the place said he would straighten it up. So when we went in he sent several carpenters along to straighten it up, and the man who owned the tobacco store came in in a rage. He was just filled with anger, and said we couldn't do anything, that he had a lease, and he went on to assert his rights. I calmly looked at him and when he got all through I said, "Friend, if I could put you out of there I would not. If I could straighten that thing up and you didn't want it done, I would not have it done even if I could." He went off and sat down in his office a little while and came back and said, "I want to see you. That word that you said, 'I would not if I could,' that breaks my heart." That poor fellow repented and told us we could put that partition anyway we wanted it. He felt so wicked. I thank God a few times in my life I have hit it that way, but more times I have missed it. May God help us to make it a practice in our lives to show kindness, if they ask us to go a mile to go two miles.

Then finally comes the grand climax of what Jesus said in the whole chapter: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Do you believe that a man can live that kind of a life all his days? That is a wonderful statement and it breaks my heart when I think how low the standard is all over the world. The

words of Jesus are ringing out today, as they did then: "I say unto you, My disciples, My followers, New Testament people, love your enemies." It is one thing to say, "I am not going to do any wrong to him," but for you to *love* him goes further. I want to tell you the grace of God and the love of God poured out into a heart that has been cleansed from sin will make it possible for you to love your enemies. "Do good to them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." This is gloriously possible. Stephen did it. Was Stephen wronged by anybody? He was one of the seven deacons. He wasn't any special, chosen, great man, wasn't any college graduate, but there was a lot of poor widows around there and they needed somebody to help divide the bread among them. He did great miracles, and the people could not gainsay them, he was filled with the Holy Ghost. He would take a basket of bread and go out to a poor widow, he would lay his hands on the sick and great miracles were being performed, and God was enlightening the whole church through that deacon. He testified and told the people they were stiff-necked and preached his first and last sermon. They forced him out of the court and went to stoning him. I have often thought of that picture; they would hit him on one side and he would topple over, and by the time he would get up they would hit him on the other side and finally he got on his knees, got his hands up and looked right up to heaven, and said, "Father, lay not this sin to their charge." He seemed, if it were possible, in words to go a step farther than Jesus did on the cross when he asked forgiveness for them; "don't lay this to their charge," and then the Bible says they saw his face like the face of an angel, and he looked up and said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man *standing* on the right hand of God." What do you think caused his face to shine? because he saw the heaven opened? I have an idea there was that that was on the inside of Stephen that caused his face to shine more than what he saw; the glory of God on the inside, the overcoming spirit, and the love that burst from his heart by the baptism of the Holy Ghost made his face to shine. It looks as though when Jesus saw *that* He got up from His seat; He is always seen *sitting* on the right hand of God, but He got up from His seat and stood to receive the first New Testament martyr. Supposing Stephen had said, "I will have you arrested," or "I will have the best of you." Do you suppose he would have had the shine on his face? Oh we are living in

a day when the standard is too low; we lose sight of the will of God in these matters and live pretty much like the folks around us.

Now here is another plank. I know you will all get happy over it. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." I am not going to comment on that at all. People ask, "What does that mean?" Well, if it doesn't mean what He said He will have to tell you what it means. Most people will say, "Well, that is a blessedly high standard. If anybody can come up to it it is God's highest and best for them and a beautiful thing for those who enter in, but as for me I don't think I can." All right, let us hear the conclusion of it now: "He that heareth these sayings of mine, this Sermon on the Mount, these different planks—he that heareth these sayings of mine and keepeth them not, *has only got My second best.*" Is that right? Now consider that carefully; "he that heareth these sayings of Mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house—and it became a second best—is that it? *And it fell, and great was the fall of it!* If I were a prophet today, if I felt a prophetic spirit burning in my being, I'd want to say this: When time is over, when church services are done, when men get through preaching sermons that people want to hear, and folks get through listening to that which tickles their fancy and their ears, there are going to be millions whose houses will be found to have been built upon the sand, and when the storms come they will fall and great will be the fall thereof. Now whose house was it that fell? The man that heard the saying about going two miles and didn't go; the man who heard about turning the other cheek and didn't do it, the man that didn't love his enemies, the man that didn't pray for those who despitefully used him, and so on, all the way through. You take every plank and write underneath everyone of them, "He that heareth these sayings and keepeth them not is like a foolish man that built upon the sands, and when the storms came that house fell and great was the fall of it." I wish I could impress upon you this morning that if you are not living according to the Sermon on the Mount your house is built on the sand. If you are not in the Spirit and walking with God, your house is going to fall. "He that heareth these sayings of mine and tries to keep them"—"He that heareth these sayings and makes a stagger at keeping them"—"He

that heareth these sayings and does the best he can"—friends, there is no leaway there, but "He that heareth these sayings of mine, and *doeth them*, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock"—and there were no winds or floods. Ah, they are bound to come! The winds will blow no matter where you are. The floods will come, the great, awful trials, and things will go against you whether you are on the sand or on the rock. They will beat against the house on the rock just as on the sand, but it will not fall because it is founded upon the rock.

There is the statement over in the book of Ezekiel which says, "I will put My spirit within you," but He first says, "I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and I will give you an heart of flesh," and I will "cause you to walk in My statutes and ye shall keep My judgments and do them." People say to me, "Brother **Erickson, I do not believe people can live that.**" but God definitely spoke to me this morning on the street car and said, "The people who say that are not trying." If I went at any business in that way would I accomplish anything? Supposing I was a carpenter and here is a house to be built, and I say "I cannot build it," how much account am I to build that house? If I am to get a train in forty minutes and keep turning

around and saying "I cannot do it" am I going to get there in time? Friends, you cannot do anything you do not make up your mind you can do. **You have to have a fixed purpose in your heart, a confidence within you that you can do it or you never will accomplish anything.** If it is possible to get anyone in this condition to say "by the grace of God I can and I will live according to this standard, God will help him. I know no man could have been more filled with anger or impatience and "fight back" than I was, no man could have been meaner, but through the blood of Jesus I have found I am able to overcome. Have I always done it? No, but it was never the fault of the standard.

I have just made some faint references to the Sermon on the Mount but I hope it has been enough to get you to start reading it and searching it. Every person ought to get these truths fixed in his heart and life, and then get the grace of God to live them. Even after you get the grace of God you will find yourself making many mistakes. I am not saying you will be perfect so you will not need the grace of God to help you along a thousand lines, but, friends, our standard is too low. Let us build upon the rock of the eternal Word and keep the standard where God put it.

Five Aspects of Divine Healing

Scriptural Truths Confirmed by Personal Experiences

Max Wood Moorhead in the Stone Church, November 16, 1913.

BUT if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken (or make alive) your mortal bodies by the Spirit that dwelleth in you." There are two very essential truths that light the path of divine healing; one is *the power in the blood* and the other is *the power of the Holy Ghost*, and I believe it is well always to remember these two when looking for the manifestation of the life in our bodies. They are just like two wings. A bird with a broken wing cannot fly. So there are two truths that need to be understood before the life of the Lord can be comprehended for healing.

Many years ago the Lord in infinite mercy (because I was very slow to learn) unfolded the meaning of that wonderful verse, "Himself took our infirmities and bore our sickness." I had been called out to India to work among students and school boys and I found that the climate was very, very trying indeed. Certain months of the year it is extremely hot, and going from our cold American climate I became exhausted and could

not live comfortably for many months of the year, and used to go off to the mountains. About that time the Lord's people sent me a little tract on the Lord as the Healer, but I had been brought up to think that this was all fanaticism, and so I shut my ears to it. But I came to the place of need and saw it would not do to spend part of my time in the mountains when my brethren were standing the heat of the plains. In the providence of God I came to Bombay and was brought in contact with a little group of people who based all their expectations on the atonement of Jesus, and I frequently heard this Scripture, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses," but I could not grasp it. About this time I had an illness in my throat, but was constrained from taking the usual simple remedy. I was walking along one day in Bombay and as I walked the Lord Jesus walked along with me and said to me, "You tell the Brahmins that I am their Sin-bearer, but I have borne your sicknesses." Now that was a very gentle way of saying, "You can trust Me as a Savior from sin. Why can't you trust me with

your body? as the one who has borne your sicknesses?" I saw the point at once. I said, "Yes, Lord, but it takes too big a lift of faith." Then instantly the Spirit flashed in my mind the picture of the woman in the Gospel who pressed through the crowd and touched Him and instantly she was made whole. So I turned to the Lord and said, "Lord, I am mistaken; it is not a great lift of faith after all, it is simply a touch." Then He withdrew and I looked on the street and here were the Hindoos walking up and down and it gradually dawned on me the Spirit had wooed me into touching Jesus; I realized my sore throat was completely gone, and that this was not a complex truth at all, but the whole truth of Divine Healing was touching Jesus. You touch Jesus and His life flows into you. For fifteen years I have never taken any drugs; never had any doctor because I didn't need any. I simply knew the Lord Jesus as One who always came to me and touched me.

Out in India we cannot get doctors the way you can here. You have to be pretty well-to-do, but you can come to the Lord Jesus without money and without price. Then there is another thing. The Lord Jesus is the Great Physician and He never makes a mistake in diagnosis. I am not speaking to condemn doctors at all but they do oftentimes make serious mistakes; when you get to be very, very ill it is such a relief to know the Lord Jesus never makes mistakes. I had been accustomed to think if one needed a doctor it was better to get the best one and in my experience it so often happened the very good ones were skeptics and denied the Lord Jesus Christ, and I found myself getting into trouble. In the Psalms it tells us we are not to walk in the counsel of the ungodly. I was delivered from having to take advice of doctors who were skeptics. Oh there is such rest and such safety, such comfort and blessedness in knowing the Lord Jesus as Healer.

Now I want to say just a little word further about the truth in the eighth of Romans of the cleansing power of the Holy Ghost in the body. It is the Spirit that quickens us. It is the very same Spirit that raised up Jesus from the dead, which is applied to our mortal bodies, and of course it is life-giving; of course it is effectual and wonderful in its results. For years I lost a great deal by not recognizing the work of the Holy Spirit. The Lord let me see this truth afresh some years ago. After having been healed I found I was very, very weak and one day while out walking I found the life of the Lord poured into me like you pour water from a

pitcher into a goblet. I had seen the negative side of healing, the part of getting rid of disease, but that was only one part of it. There was needed the energizing power of the life of the Lord operating in power through the Holy Ghost to complete the work of healing.

Another blessed aspect that has been very precious to me is one that was revealed through personal experience. The Scripture says, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away, all things are become new." Among my relatives had been an aunt, an uncle and grandmother who died in consumption, and I had a continual fear that this dread disease would fasten itself upon me, because I had heard all my life it was hereditary. But I praise the Lord for that truth in II. Corinthians. "If any man be in Christ there is new heredity." Our heredity now is the life of our Lord and by the power of the blood and the power of the Holy Ghost we are cut off from that old consumption and we are delivered from fear. We have received "not the spirit of bondage again to fear but the spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba Father," and so, as redeemed we have the blessed heritage, even the life of the Lord, and since the Lord showed me *that* I never have had any fears or troubles about heredity, and those dear people of my family that used to rise before me like specters never bother me any more.

There is still another truth touching the life of the Lord that is unfolded. Job is one of those characters in the Bible who for disciplinary reasons was permitted to be sick for quite a length of time. Those instances are very, very exceptional. I believe from all the testimony we have in the Word of God we are warranted in expecting immediate deliverance, but the fact remains that there are some cases when God is definitely dealing with His children. You remember there were some things the Lord wanted to teach Job and He permitted this disease to come upon him. There came a time in Job's history when he said, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself in dust and ashes." It is very instructive to notice the sequence, "I have found an atonement." Notice the next verse, "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's." That was complete healing. He had a trouble in his blood and the very source of that thing was changed and healed and was the evidence of perfect healing. I believe the Lord would like to have all of us become advertisements of Him as the Healer. I was strongly tempted when out in India. It is

fearfully hot and you do get to look very haggard, but the Lord put it into my heart to speak of Him as the Healer, and I said to Him, "I do look so haggard I want You Lord to do such a work in my body that the people will know You are my Healer. In Holland the other day I was in a very blessed meeting conducted by Pastor Polman. There was a dear, young fellow who had been ill and testified to what the Lord had done for him. I remarked to a brother before he had said a word that God had done something special for Him. I could see it by his eye. He had received from the Lord the blessing of rejuvenation, his youth was renewed as the eagles and he had been getting blessing in body, soul and spirit. This is a very wonderful thing, and I want to show it to you in the Word of God, this health for body, soul and spirit. Speaking of the blessing of rejuvenation, when I was out in India there was a Christian woman who lived in Bengal. I remember when I first met her she had a young face but her hair was fringed with gray just a little in front. The Lord visited that young woman and baptized her with the Holy Ghost and renewed her life. Two years afterwards I saw her and I observed this little fringe of gray had disappeared and she gave this testimony: "The Lord has been made so real to me, I have known so much of the joy of the Lord that my gray hair has turned black. The hair often turns white through grief, is it any wonder that white hair could turn black through the joy of the Lord?" She had the blessing that Job had of returning to the days of his youth, she had the blessing of rejuvenation. In I. Thess. 5:23 Paul said, "I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." There is the promise of the life of the Lord for body, soul and spirit for preparation for the coming of the Lord. It is most beautiful and most instructive to notice how all through the Bible you have Divine Healing linked up with the promise of the Second Coming of the Lord. You have it in James in the instructions to the elders and in the very same chapter you have the "latter rain," the quickening power of the Holy Ghost for your body; then a little later on you have the blessed and deep truth about the translation of the body, the glorification, the coming of the Lord Jesus. It is necessary really for us spiritually to comprehend that in order to be ready for the coming of the Lord we must have His divine life in us. To be free from disease, to get rid of pain, is only a small part of Divine Healing.

Now just a word further. You know it is pos-

sible to be sick in your soul as much as it is to be sick in your body. There is a word in one of the Psalms which says, "who healeth *all* our diseases"—that is to say Jesus is the Healer of diseases of the soul as well as of the body. It is possible to be sick from grief, but praise the Lord it is gloriously possible to be delivered from the effects of grief in the mortal body. God wants us all to have that perfect quickening in body, soul and spirit which has been purchased for us.

Now there is one other aspect of the Lord as Healer I would like to touch upon, but it is a subject we need to speak about very guardedly and keep very, very close to the Word, because it is sometimes, perhaps, spoken of unwisely, not rightly dividing the Word, but this is no reason why we should refrain from looking at it. You will get a clue to what I mean in Ex. 12:13, "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood I will pass over you." Last winter I was led of the Spirit to meditate on the twelfth chapter of Exodus, and the thought that was borne upon me was this: if in the old dispensation there was power in the blood of the slain lamb to save those Israelites from the destroyer, death, so he could not touch them, is there not power in the blood of our Savior to give us victory over physical death? That was the thought before me and I wanted to see it demonstrated. The opportunity came to me. The Lord permitted me, three weeks after that, to have an attack of the heart. I lost consciousness almost entirely. They carried me into my bed-room and I was in that border-land between consciousness and unconsciousness, but I had enough sense to say, "Read to me the twelfth chapter of Exodus." It seemed it took that brother a half hour to get to those words, "When I see the blood!" I was lying on the bed and when he got to those words there was power enough there to enable me to stand up. As I stood I realized the devil was in the room and he was seeking to fasten the disease upon me. Then I remembered that word, that if we kept His commandments and walked in His statutes He would put none of these diseases upon us which He had brought upon the Egyptians, for He said, "*I am the Lord that healeth thee.*" If some one brings a parcel to your door and you do not want it you can refuse that parcel, and say, "It is not mine." That is what the Lord enabled me by His grace to say to Satan in the Name of Jesus, "I refuse this thing." I said it three times and every time I said it I seemed to get stronger, and before twenty hours had

passed every trace of that heart-disease had left, every bit of languor, every bit of fatigue, and I haven't had the most remote suggestion of heart-trouble since. But the fact I wanted to emphasize was this: I think the devil wanted to kill me. Oh I believe that is what he is trying to do today, but as we are getting nearer to the coming of the Lord Jesus, there will have to be people who will pray through for the rapture. When the Lord Jesus comes and His people meet Him in the air Satan knows he will be dethroned. No one wants to be dethroned. The King of Portugal was put off his throne and he has been trying ever since to get back.

I was very much interested within the last year and a half in reading the Journals of John Wesley. In those three or four volumes you have the history of the church of Christ for a period of about fifty years and the record of the wonderful work of God and the power of the Holy Ghost through Mr. Wesley and his conferees, and there is one thing you cannot help

but notice; there are recorded so many instances of glorious death-beds. They had visions of angels and the dying hours of the saints radiated with the presence of the Lord Jesus. God forbid that I should ever criticize John Wesley; I have no thought of that in my heart, but he was living one hundred and fifty years ago; he didn't get so close to the Second Coming of the Lord and this truth was not revealed to the church. So the saints were content when they became ill to fold their hands and lie down and have the angels with them, but praise the Lord it is different now. You find there are groups of saints in the church all over the world who have wakened up to see that promise in the Word of God that there is something better than death and they can go without dying; that there is victory over death and over the grave through the power of the blood, thanks be to God, the God of deliverances, that through Him there is the escape from death.

Gospel Light Dawning in North India

God's Sovereign Hand on the Lowest

W. S. Norwood, Abbottabad, North India.



AND He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto Him which died for them and rose again." 2 Cor. 5:15.

My thoughts turn to you in your favored land. Just at the moment I am sitting on a mountain side, nearly five thousand feet altitude, overlooking our station of Abbottabad, and I can take it in with one sweep of the eyes. It is a beautiful little place, nestling in a mountain basin. The mountains all around it drop their gently undulating sides down to its edge and join the floor of the valley in which it is built. This mountain basin is not quite round, but rather oval, and at the end to my right the mountains rise to more than thirteen thousand feet and are covered with resplendent snow; but the other hillsides, except for the dark green of a few clumps of pine, are reddish brown and straw color. They are waiting for the "former rain" to spread over them a mantle of rich green verdure. They are very thirsty and at nights the heavy hoar frost comes upon them and stiffens and sears what little of lovely nature might still exist in spite of thirst.

What a picture this is of the people in the station. There are several regiments of fine sturdy Gourkas from closed Nepal. They sum up to

the thousands. They have enlisted as mercenaries in the British army. They are an attractive and jovial race, and do not mind listening to the Gospel. We can almost say they are thirsty—indeed, we can say they are, positively—what I mean is we can almost say some feel their thirst, but the cruel frost of military regulations blights them and hinders them. We are forbidden to enter the lines and teach them. But outside the lines in the native city there are thousands to whom we preach, not only Gourkas, but Hindus and Mohammedans; people clustered as the seared, crackling grass on the mountain sides and as dead, in trespasses and sins, yet they only await the "former" and the "latter rain" of the Spirit of God to awaken them into beautiful life, beautiful because it is divine life, because its fruits are the comeliness of the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star—Hallelujah! The possibility of this sunburnt, frost bitten crumpled grass, which even cattle pass by, springing into new and beautiful life is hard to believe, but I have seen it, and I have seen its analogy in the Spirit, too. Since our return I have seen it and we came back only about a fortnight ago. Bless the dear Lord! Let me give you an account of one on whom the Lord is putting His comeliness. He is a very poor man with a wife and family. His real name is *Baru*. His occupation is the low-

est, a sweeper to a wealthy Hindu. His ancestors and he, also, worshipped according to the customs of his tribe, *Balmiq*. The temple is usually a mud hovel, in which you are not able to stand upright, and the worship is bare and unelaborate. A little *ghee* (clarified butter) is placed on the mud altar and a few butter, or mustard oil, eastern lamps are lighted; scarcely ever is anything said or repeated. This is all, yet it exerts a remarkable influence. If it stood alone it would probably have ceased to have been practiced at all, but it does not stand alone—it is supported by a degrading belief and fear of demons; this forces them—there is no love to induce them—to begrudgingly perform the rights of *Balmiq*. But they have so far as we can see absolutely no moral restraint nor an iota of elevating tradition; they remain uneducated. The Hindu and the Mohammedan boys will not tolerate them in the government schools. They remain in their ghettos a community by themselves, as dark today as they were generations ago, notwithstanding the years of British occupation. Many in recent years have been touched by the gospel and God by His blessed Spirit has brought them to light as the “treasures of darkness.” They have exemplified the wonders of His grace. But there are still millions in their natural condition of darkness—they are along with bazaar dogs, jackals, and repulsive vultures, the scavengers of India. I have not exaggerated, but have held back much that I am tempted to say, because I must not write at too great length. If I were to give you some detail of their daily life and homes, I feel sure you would scarcely credit that they could refer to people living in British India—but let me return to *Baru*. He was among this despised tribe, and had his conversation in the times past in the lusts of the flesh and of the mind, and was by nature the child of wrath, even as we ourselves. But he had a proud heart and felt keenly the oppression of the contempt of the people, he longed to escape from the obliquies of the caste. Was there no door of escape? Since the Gospel had come to India the formerly exclusive religions which despised the downtrodden outcastes have begun to open their doors to them and invite them in, so much so that now, with certain ceremonies, it is possible for one of these sweepers to sit and eat on the same carpet with a Brahmin, who would in earlier days have risen up and smitten the poor sweeper dead if so much as even his shadow touched the food. So *Baru* discovered he could become a *Sikh*. He took his family

and was initiated; his two little ones, too, were shaved and received into the new faith. *Arupee* was placed on the hair of each child, which was then taken and carefully rolled into pieces of rag and sewn into small bundles, and put into a tin and preserved with the silver offering, as a sacred relic of the family, and as the initiation certificate of the children into their new faith. And now they dropped their old name; they would shake off the disgrace of their ancestry, and their new *Sikh* name became *Bere Singh*. But *Bere Singh* had not done this because he was humbly seeking the light and way of salvation, but because his heart was proud, and he loathed his own neighbors. Notwithstanding this, these aspirations to something better were ultimately laid hold of by the God of all grace. His wife became a Christian and he one day discovered her praying. He forbade her and beat her, and when he could not stop her praying he gave her the choice of recantation or practical divorce—expulsion from her home. She chose to be afflicted and prepared to leave her home. The last night at home came. The proud husband could not sleep, about midnight he heard someone call him; he thought it was his master and left his bed; the master was sleeping. Wondering, he returned to his bed, and had not been back long when he again heard his name called, and again he answered the call, with the same result. A third time the voice came, and with it he heard himself told to arise and pray and seek cleansing for his sinful heart. He was very frightened, but determined to seek his wife's God. It was not now pride of heart. He sought help from the teachers of his adopted faith, but they could only tell him a clean heart was impossible in this life and console him with dry exhortations to work out his own salvation. **At last he found through the Lord's messengers the salvation he sought.** He stripped himself of the signs of Sikhism, and professed openly his faith in Jesus. His employers and others were enraged at him; threatened him and persecuted him, but he stood firm. For a long time, however, he kept the sacred relic of his children's hair in his house; it was proof that they did not belong to the sweepers. But the Sunday before last he brought even this along and made it an offering to the Lord, asking us to send the two *rupees* to the British and Foreign Bible Society. This is really a large sum for these poor folk, for their monthly salary only ranges from five to ten *rupees* as a rule. But *Baru's* change of heart has still another proof which I must tell. He is very

zealous for the honor of the Lord's house. We are very pleased this is so, but are often sorry that his zeal is not coupled with loving tact. He had been noticing one of the brethren who professed to believe and to have been baptized in water behaving too much like the old heathen life for a genuine Christian, so he questioned whether this brother had been baptized, and, notwithstanding his affirmation, made other inquiries and practically refused to believe the brother. This caused friction and an evil spirit of pride and envy got into *Baru's* heart and lodged there until just recently. Last Sunday we all knew it; poor *Baru* told a deliberate lie. He heatedly declared the brother had never told him he had been baptized. We could go no further. *Baru* or the other concerned was lying; we all saw who it was, but had to wait till he himself confessed it, or allowed it to be proved. Neither gave ground then, and we had to leave it where it was. Meantime we prayed for *Baru* and sought the Lord's guidance. It is so hard for a proud man to have his pride effaced, but grace can do all things. Conviction of sin also is rarer than the most precious jewels out here, but the Holy Spirit of the living God works this too. On Monday night poor *Baru* came and said, "I want to confess to God, to you, and to the church that I have sinned, I have told a lie." He had scarcely had a moment's rest since his sin. Those who know the people of this land would think such contrition for a lie incredible, and if it came—well, a miracle of divine grace and power, for lying is more common than truthfulness. Yet here it is seen in all its godly sorrow which worketh repentance in the heart of one of the despised people, Praise the Lord! Is not this "life from the dead?"

Much more it would be possible to tell, but already my letter is very long. I must close briefly. We are being very much encouraged. Earnest men, officers in the native police force, are coming to us to talk over the things of eternity. It seems so often that they are like Naaman, staggered by the simplicity and humility of grace. One said, "We must reap what we have sown. This is the inevitable law of Karma—of evil, evil; of good, good; and thus we can—oh assuredly we can—regain perfect goodness." He could not see the hopelessness of the impossible effort, and the magnitude of the love of God in Jesus.

"Grace there is my every debt to pay,
Blood to wash my every sin away,
Power to keep me spotless day by day,
For me in Thee."

You will rejoice to hear that during the past year we were joined by two new workers. Thirteen converts publicly confessed their faith in Jesus by baptism, and one Indian Christian woman has been baptized in the Holy Ghost and fire, Blessed be the Lord! And now we are expecting to receive four more new workers from Britain in the early spring—but what are these among so many? I dare not begin to write of the appalling need all around us and the lack of workers to meet it, else I shall surely not get any letter off this mail. But, dear ones, remember the Word of the Spirit at the head of this letter and pray for us. Pray that workers may come and money to enable us and them to continue the work as long as there is any left to do, or until Jesus comes—and as I look around, my heart, with real hunger and weariness, cries "Come quickly Lord Jesus." Oh; blessed be His dear name!

* * *

Malbin, a noted Rabbi, wrote a commentary on the Old Testament and on the overthrow of Persia (Turkey) in Daniel. He writes: "In the year 1913 four kingdoms will rise against it. They will not subdue it entirely, but they will put it to shame and reproach, and after twelve years, 1925, Israel will commence to build the third Temple, and three years later, 1928, will the kingdom of Zion commence." *The Jewish Express* points out that the first part of the prophecy was fulfilled in the Balkan war with Turkey.—*Tidings of Toil*.

* * *

New Song Book

Evangelist L. C. Hall has just gotten out a new song book called "Songs of Power." Brother Hall, who is quite a musician, tells us it is a great book. It contains many precious old songs as well as a number of new ones never before given to the public. The first edition is in manila binding and contains 277 hymns. Price, single copy, 15 cts. By mail, 20 cts. \$18.00 per hundred. Published in round and shaped notes. When ordering stipulate which kind wanted. If you are contemplating a new song book in your assembly send for a sample of this before ordering. Orders filled by The Evangel Publishing House.

* * *

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The Latter Rain Evangel

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

Notes

Stone Church Convention

WITH the breaking up of Winter and the bursting forth of Spring we are reminded that Stone Church Convention days are before us. We believe it to be the will of the Lord that, beginning May 17th, we hold our two weeks' Convention, closing May 31st. When we recall God's signal blessings upon these memorable gatherings we feel assured that He will again manifest His power and glory. Since last Convention days and before, we have had a continuous revival, through God's love and mercy, and we feel the Lord has great blessings for our visitors who shall assemble from all parts of the country, as well as for ourselves. We are still receiving letters which tell of blessing received last Summer in our Conventions; the Lord started fires burning in some centers that are still ablaze for Him, and we trust many others will meet with us and carry back a heart on fire for God.

While we would not boast of our blessings, we believe the sweet unity that has characterized our Conventions in the past will continue and increase as His glory rests upon us. (John 17:22).

We extend to all who can, a hearty invitation to come and feast at the Master's table. We are expecting a number of ministering brethren and evangelists, and we are full of faith for God's presence and power.

There are many rooming houses and restaurants in the neighborhood where people can find accommodations and it will not be necessary to write ahead for rooms; they can be secured in a few moments.

* * *

Conventions and Campmeetings

A General Convention will be held at Hot Springs, Arkansas, April 2-12. For information write, D. C. O. Opperman, Hot Springs, Ark.

* * *

There will be a special series of Gospel Revival services in Toronto, Canada, March 27 to April 12, in Concord Pentecostal Church, 218 Concord Ave. Spirit-filled evangelists and workers are expected. Meetings daily 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Address R. E. Sternall, 320 Montrose Ave., Toronto, Canada.

* * *

We are asked to announce a World-Wide Pentecostal Campmeeting to be held in Elim Grove, Cazadero, eighty miles north of San Francisco, California, beginning July 8th and continuing for a month. This Campmeeting will be in charge of Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery, Beulah Heights, Calif., and they are expecting that it will be a time of great spiritual blessing and mighty manifestation of the power of God. They are expecting a number of sane, able teachers and preachers who will "feed the flock of God," and asking prayer for the Campmeeting and for wisdom in arranging all the details. For further information see February number of *Triumphs of Faith* or write Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery, Beulah Heights, Calif.

* * *

Mrs. M. B. Woodworth-Etter will begin a month's meetings in Atlanta, Ga., on March 8th at Old Broughton's Tabernacle on Luckie St. For information address Charles Burge, 78 Windsor, Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

Missionary Disbursements

WE give below a list of money sent out through The Evangel and The Stone Church for the past three months, December, January and February. There is quite a dropping off from the total of the previous three months, and there are more missionaries in the field than ever. Let us not permit our hands to be slack in helping to spread the Gospel in other lands, but pray and give more zealously than ever, ere the night comes in which none can work.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richardson, E. Africa.	\$ 223.15
Wm. Johnson, West Africa.....	137.00
Mary Norton, India.....	136.50

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Neeley, West Africa.....	117.08
Lillian Thrasher, Egypt.....	102.50
Mrs. Susan Chester, India.....	100.00
George E. Berg, India.....	97.85
Chetta Ranson, China.....	97.00
So. China Home (Frank Denney).....	89.95
Margaret Clarke, India.....	66.60
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	66.20
Mrs. Addell Harrison, China.....	65.25
Pandita Ramabai, India.....	63.00
Edith Baugh, India.....	47.85
Bernice Lee, India.....	47.00
R. Mendenhall, West Africa.....	45.00
Dr. Oxer and Miss Gordon, India.....	40.00
Clyde Miller, B. E. Africa.....	41.00
J. M. Hare, Sierra Leone, Africa.....	37.87
Bertha Meyer, for China.....	36.00
Martha Hisey, West Africa.....	34.00
W. S. Norwood, India.....	30.00
Thos. Barker, Turkey.....	30.00
Phoebe Holmes, China.....	28.00
B. S. Moore, for Japan.....	25.00
Door of Hope, China.....	25.00
Alexander Paul, Egypt.....	25.00
Elmer Hammond, China.....	21.00
Miss C. B. Herron, India.....	20.00
H. M. Turney, So. Africa.....	20.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt.....	17.00
Bergen Johnston, So. America.....	17.00
May Mayo, China.....	17.00
Minnie Abrams Memorial Chapel, India.....	15.00
Josephine Planter, Tunis, No. Africa.....	15.00
Frank Moll, B. E. Africa.....	15.00
H. L. Lawler, China.....	15.00
Lillian Doll, India.....	15.00
Albert Norton, India.....	13.00
Bertha Milligan, China.....	12.00
Andrew Urshan, enroute Persia.....	11.00
T. D. Hicks, Egypt.....	10.44
Alice Wood, So. America.....	10.00
Emma Wick, So. Africa.....	10.00
Mrs. E. Bernauer, Japan.....	10.00
David Barth, China.....	10.00
Yoshio Tanimoto, Japan.....	10.00
Miss E. Krischner, No. India.....	10.00
E. W. Doak, Egypt.....	10.00
May Law, China.....	10.00
A. Juillerat, Egypt.....	10.00
J. M. Perkins, West Africa.....	8.00
Paul Bettex, China.....	5.00
Iva Hynds, China.....	5.00
H. S. James, So. Africa.....	5.00
J. Wilson Bell, Panama.....	5.00
Alma Doering, Congo.....	5.00

Total\$2,209.74

Now that The Evangel Publishing House has become quite a factor in transmitting money to the mission field we have felt it advisable to have our books examined, and therefore asked Brother Ira E. David, who has recently taken charge of the Gospel Tabernacle on the West Side, to check up our mission books the past year, and he makes the following report:

Chicago, Feb. 5, 1914.

I have made examination of all the missionary accounts of Miss A. C. Reiff for the year 1913, and find them correct.

(Signed) Ira E. David.

We thought it might perhaps be a satisfaction to our readers to furnish them with this statement. We greatly appreciate their trust and confidence in permitting us to forward their offerings of love, many of which we know repre-

sent real sacrifice and toil. We shall be glad to have them continue to entrust us with their missionary offerings, which are always forwarded promptly to those designated, or if left to us will be sent prayerfully to the most needy.

* * *

Miss Bertha Milligan from Hong Kong, China, has been spending a few weeks with us. She is on fire for China and added fuel to the missionary flame that is burning in the Stone Church, as well as refreshed us with her sweet singing. Brother Andrew Fraser of Harrisburg, Pa., spent Lord's Day, March 1st, with us and spoke to us in the power and unction of the Spirit. Brother and Sister Moore, who passed through Chicago a few weeks ago are again with us and will help us in our special meetings.

* * *

Latter Rain in South Africa

Revival fires are burning all over the world. Good tidings come from many lands of showers of blessing falling upon thirsty souls. From a letter received recently from Archibald Cooper, Pretoria, South Africa, we quote the following:

"The work here continues steadily to go forward. Hardly a week goes by without two, three or four being baptized in the Holy Spirit, besides the sick being healed and souls deciding for Christ. Last week I visited our native work at Matlala Location, which is about two hundred miles north of here, in the Pietersburg District.

God has certainly established a most precious Pentecostal assembly in this place, right among thousands of heathen, a number of whom are being convinced of their lost condition and the truth of the Gospel, by the signs and wonders that are following the preaching of the Word by our two native preachers, who are stationed there.

Quite a good company of believers gathered together for the service, which was one of the best I have been in. The power of God swept through the meeting time after time, and glory to God, before we closed, three had been mightily baptized in the Holy Ghost.

Our hearts were much saddened last week, by the loss from our ranks, of our dear sister Bowie, the wife of Pastor Bowie of Johannesburg, who laid her life down for the lost ones in South Africa. We shall miss her very much, for she has been a help to many by her ministry in the Word and in the Spirit, and also in many other ways. She fell asleep in Jesus on the fifth inst."

* * *

"These Signs Shall Follow"

THE many friends of Bernice Lee will be glad to hear from her since entering upon her life as a missionary in North India. She went out last Fall, accompanied by Ethel King of Syracuse, N. Y., and they have both joined dear Edith Baugh in one of the stations opened by

the late Minnie F. Abrams. The following are extracts from letters received from Sister Bernice:

Everything in India is just as different from America as anything one can possibly imagine. First of all one is impressed with the lack of joy in the dark faces on every hand. A white person is quite a curiosity, and they never tire of staring at us. If we go to the Post Office to buy a stamp a large crowd soon gathers around us, and oh how I long to be able to talk to them! We are the only Europeans in Uska Bazar, which is a village of 6,000 inhabitants. As we pass along the roadway we are greeted on every side, especially by the little children, with "Salaam Missahib," and their little faces light up with a bright smile. These tiny folks wear no clothes, or at the most, a loin cloth.

After we had been here a few days we drove into the Bazar (outdoor market) with two of our Bible women, who went to buy grain for their food. Oh such a crowd as gathered around us! My heart went out in such a yearning cry for their precious souls, and I could but stand and weep. I seemed to have such a burden that God would enable me quickly to learn the language.

We have some dear little children who belong to one of our native preachers. They know what it is to love and trust Jesus and their little faces are a picture. I shall never forget one little scene a few days after we arrived. Edith was in her room when four or five of them filed in and asked her to pray for some sores they had on their hands and arms. She knelt down with them all around her, their little hands clasped and such a sweet look of reverence in their faces.

Last Sunday morning a heathen man came telling us his little girl was very ill and wanted to know if some one would come and pray for her. Edith and Miss Kirkland went into the poor little home and knelt down by the bedside of the little one, who was tossing with fever, and prayed in the name of Jesus for deliverance. In a few hours the child was over to our house, smiling and well. Then an opportunity was afforded of preaching the Gospel to the father, who squatted on the doorstep and listened with much earnestness. He knows the God we worship heals, for he has seen it himself, but oh you cannot understand the terrible bondage of caste! A Hindu would rather die than break it. What his

fathers have done for centuries he must do, and even though he may want to believe in Jesus, caste forbids it, so that it means patient, persistent, prayerful effort,—"line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," and the sower in India must keep constantly before him the promise, "He that goeth forth with weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." None but God will ever know the deep waters that must be crossed in establishing a mission station, and the dear workers here have toiled oftentimes almost to the limit of their physical strength to set up the standard in Uska Bazar and the surrounding villages.

* * *

One day recently when I went out into the villages I was asking God especially to put prayer upon me and that definite things might be accomplished for Him. In the first village we visited we prayed with a sick woman who had fever and the Lord delivered her. In the next, the people were very anxious for us to see and pray with a woman who, they said, had not talked or eaten for ten days. They brought her out to us and it was very evident she was demon possessed. We knelt and prayed the best we knew how, and somehow I just felt to believe that God had done a work. We then left and went on to another village, where again we had a blessed time, the people being so desirous of having us talk and sing to them. Finally it grew so late that we had to make our way back to the ox-cart, for we were quite a ways from home. On our way we passed through this village where we had just prayed for the woman, and as soon as we entered, the women began to cluster about us to tell us with much eagerness that after we left the woman had told them she was hungry and wanted food. They seemed so happy over it and a young mother brought her little baby out asking us to pray for its hand, which had been burned.

As we walked through the fields of grain I felt a flood of glory thrill my being, and as we rode home there were moments when I really almost felt I was in heaven, with all the redeemed of earth telling the story of "how we overcame." Oh I cannot tell you how real is His presence even amidst this heathen darkness, and I pray I may be a true missionary in every sense and be well-pleasing unto the Lord.

From the Land of the Pharaohs

C. W. Doney, Cairo, Egypt.

IT IS now two and a half months since we left the shores of America to labor in the land of the Ancient Pharaohs for the downtrodden of darkest Egypt.

We find the country steeped in sin of every kind, and for the most part superstition and heathen darkness reigns. The nation is under Turkish rule and is divided chiefly between Coptic Catholics and Mohammedans; nearly 12,000,000 Mohammedans and about 1,000,000 Coptics. Both religions are not only foreign to, but are hostile towards aggressive spirituality.

While the one worships their false prophet Mahomet, the other falls down to a fallen Priestcraft, and neither worship God nor serve Jesus Christ.

Besides these giants in the land, by whom the Pentecostal missionaries appear like grasshoppers, there are many mountains of difficulties in which are entrenched customs and usages that hold multitudes down in abject slavery. Against these we must wage persistent warfare by prayer and the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. The truth shall make

men free. And if the Son therefore shall make them free, they shall be free indeed. "Therefore seeing we have received this ministry, we faint not, but by manifestation of the truth commend, not only ourselves to men's consciences in the sight of God, but Jesus Christ. For we preach not ourselves but Jesus Christ the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

The missionaries backed up by your prayers and practical encouragement are sounding out the proclamation of liberty and deliverance from all the power of the devil, and abiding victory and freedom in Jesus Christ our risen Lord. Hallelujah!

We see God honors in a special way the Gospel of the Kingdom, and gives the unction and power of the Holy Ghost to preach it in all assurance and faith. The results are manifest wherever it is thus preached and men and women who for years have grovelled in the depths of sin and depravity are gloriously saved and are raised to walk in newness of life and many become princes. "For princes shall come out of Egypt."

At our convention at Assiout in December several hundred hungry people came every day

and the different offices of the Holy Ghost were manifest in convicting sinners, and saving and healing them, and baptizing believers with the Holy Ghost and fire with signs following. An old man, nearly seventy years, with his son walked one hundred and twenty-five miles to the convention, taking three or four days to make the journey. This will give you some idea of the hunger of the people in this dark land after the light and liberty of the children of God. They were surely rewarded for the "latter rain" fell copiously and they and many more were greatly refreshed and blessed with showers of blessing and dews of heavenly grace. Several were baptized and spoke in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. One of them afterwards spoke in pure English under the power of God, knowing not the language.

Some new stations are being opened and your missionaries are pressing the battle and ever facing the foe.

Jesus said, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "And this is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith."

Pray that God will enable us to do all His will in this dark land. Then faith will follow and victory will be sure.

When a Soul is Led by God

Leaves from a Spirit-filled Life

Mrs. A. C. Taylor, 2325 W. Harrison St., Chicago.

Note.—Leaves from the book of one who walks with God are always helpful and inspiring. No blessing or experience is so precious as the one that takes us into the presence of God, where we can commune with Him and have Him talk with us... That sacred fellowship brings us into a nearness and makes Him a reality such as is foreign to many children of God, but their privilege in this dispensation of the Holy Spirit. "I'd rather have God speak to me than anything else in the world," said a hungry soul, reaching out after Him. Brother Lawrence so practiced the presence of God that his communion with Him in the kitchen

over the cook-stove was just as precious as when he was studying the Word of God.

The author of the following experiences was loath to give them to the public, but as we frequently heard of the Lord's dealings with His hand-maiden, and realized how real He was to her, we longed that others might know Him as a wonderful, prayer-answering God—equally mindful of their needs; a loving Father, interested in the smallest details of their lives. And so we send these chapters forth, detailing the Providences and dealings of God in a life filled with service for Him, for the encouragement and strengthening of the faith of others.



WAS in the Lord's work and was being led by Him and living with Him, under His direction and His alone, having nobody behind me and no friends except friends in Christ, who didn't know what I needed. One night I had been up the most of the time waiting on the sick, but along about two o'clock my patient became quiet and I lay down on the couch and made myself comfortable. After sleeping a few hours I got my mail and read it. I had two

or three letters and each one wanted me to come at once, as the writer was in sore trouble. I looked to the Lord and said, "Lord, every one of these cases are desperate; they are all sinners and I will be right among the devil's children, how can I ever do it?" I always planned to go among some Christians part of the time, to have fellowship and prayer, and I shrank from spending the day among sinners, but the Lord told me I should go and He would accompany me. It was His business to equip me and go with me.

I started out expecting to go straight north,

but instead of that I went directly west. When I got half way there I saw a sight in front of a house that had always been an eye-sore to me, it was a yard full of weeds; every time I ever saw it I'd say to myself, "If those people were not so lazy they would pull out those weeds; even if they could not beautify the yard, it would look better without anything in it than those weeds; how I would like to pull them out." This morning as I came past I stopped right in front of that yard and I looked at it with deep disgust, when the Lord spoke to my heart, "You haven't looked close enough to see what was hidden amongst the weeds." Just then a breeze waved the weeds and showed me a beautiful rose amongst those ugly weeds. That rose would have beautified any home; it was a thing of beauty. Then the Lord said to me, "That has grown there among all those weeds. You only saw the weeds. I have fed that rose, I have cared for it; the sun and the rain and the earth have nourished it, and though it lives among the weeds it will always be a rose, its nature will never change and become like the weeds. And all you have to do is what those letters asked of you, go right out amongst those weeds and be what you are, a Christian. You will not lose your nature because you have to mingle with the ungodly." It was a beautiful lesson to me. I knew a man across the street, Mr. McB., who was always discouraged, thinking he could not live a Christian with the surroundings he had down in the city. I thought it was a good time to show him the lesson the Lord had showed me. I brought him over and he was as much amazed as I was to see that beautiful rose among the weeds. The lesson the Lord gave me made him happy and he went over and got his wife and showed it to her. I went out on my errands among the "weeds" and I never had such a day of blessing and joy and peace in the Lord as I had that day. Every few minutes that beautiful rose stood before me, and as I went into the different homes sometimes I would find a woman half drunk, sometimes one with a face black from bruises received from a brutal husband, and I would think, "Here am I, a Christian among weeds; all I have to do is to send forth the fragrance the Lord gives me and go on with my duties. He was feeding, He was nourishing, He was supplying everything." I came home gratified with the way I had spent the day, and when I came home I happened to think of a dear woman who was the only Christian in the family and of the many times she had said to me, "I might just as well stop, my husband is so mean, and no one is with me excepting

my little girl and all she knows is what she gets in Sunday School;"—I thought of her, and took her over to see the rose among the weeds. "Isn't that a beauty? God told me this morning all I had to do was to be like that rose, having His nature within me." She went back to get her supper for her family, encouraged and enriched. I noticed each time I showed someone that rose there was a lady in that house peeped through the curtain to see what we were looking at. That night I went down into the city to a mission and helped in the altar service, and they seemed to come to the Lord so easily. The next morning when I went by that place there wasn't one weed. The lady had pulled them all out, but the rose was there and was a comfort as long as it lasted. That lesson has never gone from me. When I am in a straight betwixt two, and think I can never do another thing witnessing for the Lord, the picture of that rose among the weeds will come to me and comfort me.

* * *

Entertaining Angels Unawares

About nine years ago, an evangelist and his wife came to this city from England on an evangelistic tour. They were preaching at Willard Hall but rooming at Cuyler, some distance out of the city. The day was beautiful, but during the afternoon a blizzard came up and snow was coming from every direction. Neither were prepared for their journey home. After the meeting I stood on one side of the aisle and the evangelist's wife stood on the other side. He came down from the platform and said to her, "I am so sorry you are here; you are unprepared to go home in this blizzard, we have to change twice," and he wanted her to put on his muffler, but she wouldn't, as he had been preaching and was liable to take cold. I overheard them talking and the Lord said to me, "Invite them to *our* house." "Why, my Lord, I have no place for those people. My little tent would not be suitable for them." He said, "I live there. Is the servant above his Lord?" "No, Lord, but I have nothing for them when they get there." He said, "When your husband took company home he provided for them. So will I. Ask them to go." I dared not say more but walked across the aisle and said, "I have orders from Headquarters to invite you home. We have a block to walk here and we get off right at my house and you will be welcome." I stepped across the room to see a friend in order to give them a chance to counsel one another about it, and he stepped across the aisle and tapped me on the shoulder and said, "We feel led to accept your invitation.

It is a cold night." As we were coming out the door a lady said to the minister's wife, "Are you going home with Auntie Taylor?" "Yes." "When you get home give her this (putting something in her hand); she will understand it." When she got upstairs and she took off her glove, she said, "Oh, look here, a lady gave me this, saying you would understand it." I said, "Certainly I understand it." That rejoiced my heart. The Lord had promised me He would provide and there was a dollar. I had no thought they would stay longer than for breakfast. I knew ministers often ate light suppers and then ate something after they were through with the service, so, having looked out to see that the corner grocery was still open, I asked him if he would not like to have something to eat before retiring. He said he cared for nothing excepting a glass of hot lemonade. I stepped into the kitchen down the back way to the little grocery, got some lemons and crackers, came back the same way and gave them hot lemonade. Then I told them I knew how people imposed upon preachers and they needed their rest; the little bed-room off the parlor was too small to dress and undress in, so I gave them the parlor also, took two comforters and went to the kitchen; they didn't know I had given them my bed but I was comfortable on the floor. In the morning I got up early, went and got a breakfast for a sick woman, and then went to see another sick person and got her something to eat and came back and got their breakfast. While we were eating a gentleman from the Northwest Side came hurrying up the stairs and called me. He said, "Mother is very, very ill and wants you to come at once." I told him I would come as soon as I could. "No," he said, "they tell me you must come with me, I will have to make a track through the snow." So I said to my guests, "You are here and if you want to stay you can. I did not invite you. The Lord invited you and you are His guest, so I can neither say 'come' nor 'go'; He will take care of you. Here is the key and while He says tarry, you tarry." They were so glad to have a little time of quiet alone. She wanted to write letters and he, study and pray, and they were with me for three weeks. They carried the key to those rooms until they left the city, and while there was never a word exchanged about expenses, they knew I was a widow and depending upon God, but when I would come home there would always be a donation awaiting me. Sometimes they would go through trials and would tell me about them, and I'd sing,

"His yoke is easy, His burden is light,
I've found it so, I've found it so."

The evangelist was back in the city a few weeks ago and I rushed down to hear him preach, and thought I'd like to have him and his wife carry my key again, but he told me she had gone to glory. He said when passing through deep waters they could often hear Auntie Taylor sing,

"I've found it so, I've found it so."

Oh when we look to Jesus in the trial He makes the burden light!

* * *

Like the Widow's Cruise of Oil

One time the Lord was dealing with me and seeing what there was in me and whether I would trust Him wholly or whether I would fly to man. I was living on very, very small rations. I must say to the justice of those who knew me I never hinted to anyone I had a need, never let on but what I was a millionaire, and if things pinched a little I never told anyone. The Lord was dealing with me and would not let me suffer above what was for my good, I firmly believed.

One morning I was called to go away, beyond the end of the Western Avenue car line, about three and a half blocks across the prairie. When I was hurrying to get ready it came to me to fill up my stove. I had a little round stove, and when I turned to put my coal in I found I didn't have but two quarts of coal. As I put it on the fire I said to the Lord, "I have put this on, it is the last; I have done my part in fixing the stove and now if my husband were alive I would say to him, 'The last coal is on the fire,' and before I needed more he would have it here. I tell it to You because You are Husband of the widow and I am trusting You as I did him." That was in the morning about 8:30. I went out, forgetting all about my coal and my stove, and was doing business for the King. After I had ministered to this woman who sent in a call for me, and who was dying of consumption, she asked me to go and see another lady who was very sick. I went to see her, read to her from the Word and led her to the Lord. She accepted Christ and was really born of the Spirit before I left her. I gave her a little Gospel of John and told her I'd be back in a few days. I had gone from there to call upon another sick family and was there ministering when a little girl came after me and said, 'Auntie Taylor, papa wants you to come over to the house when you get through here. He is sick. As soon as my

labors there were ended the little girl and I went to her home. Her father said he had a meeting down in the Loop, wouldn't I take it? Of course I agreed to and stayed there for supper and went from there to the meeting, never thinking about my fire. I led the meeting, seven came to the altar, four of whom came through into an experience. After the meeting a gentleman took me to the car, handed the conductor a quarter and told him to give me the change. I came home thinking I could send out in the morning and get a bucket of coal, and I would be fixed again. It was storming and blowing quite a blizzard all night. When I got as far as Leavitt Street whisperings came to me, 'Your house is cold, you had better go somewhere else, you will take your death of cold in that old frame, now is the time to use your friends if you have them.' In an instant I realized it was the evil one trying to get me away from home. As I stepped into the outer hall I shivered for a moment, but when I stepped inside my room everything was as comfortable as could be, and as I walked into the kitchen the coal was just as I had left it. I said, "Father, if you can keep the fire on two quarts of coal from 8:30 in the morning until 10:30 at night you can keep the heat in there all night and I won't get any coal until the morning," and I threw off my wraps. It came to me I had left some towels out on the line and I had better get them in. I opened the door and there was a basket of hard coal, the kind I had been getting. I thanked God, took it in and fixed my fire. It was three months before I ever knew where that coal came from. A lady ordered some coal and when she ordered it she told the man it took ten baskets to make a half ton and that one basket belonged to me, if I wasn't home to set it on my porch. If she had not obeyed God I might have suffered, or He might have used somebody else.

* * *

A Child's Prayer Answered

The Lord used me once to answer the prayer of a little child. I was ministering to a family through sickness, at Crawford, a few miles out of the city. They were poor, had hard time to get along, could just eke out a bread and butter existence and the necessaries of life. The mother had been sick and of course it took everything they had and everything that was brought to them to keep the family, and it came Easter time. Eggs were high. They could not have them and I could not. The night before Easter the little boy said to his mother, "Don't you think if I would ask the Lord He would bring

me some Easter eggs? I want them. Auntie Taylor said if we wanted anything we should ask the Lord, and if it was for our good He would give it to us. Can't I ask Him for Easter eggs?" The mother, hardly knowing what to say, not being able to argue the matter and not wanting to break the child's faith, said, "Yes, you ask the Lord for Easter eggs and He will give them to you." She said it mainly to quiet him, and then she wondered what she would do; he wanted colored eggs and she had no time to do it and didn't know of anybody who would.

I was getting an Easter basket ready to take to them and I knew they were in need, but I didn't know anything about the little boy praying for Easter eggs, but in getting the basket of food ready the evening before I found I wanted another loaf of bread. It was ten o'clock at night and the stores were closed, but at one of the little bakeries near by they lived in the back of the store and I could get in the back way and get a loaf of bread at that time of the night. I asked for a loaf of bread to take to the family at Crawford and the little girl said, "Is that where the little boy lives?" "Yes." Then she said, "Why can't I send him some of my Easter eggs? Will you take them?" "Certainly I will; only be glad to take anything to that little boy. He is a very nice little boy, and as far as I know he is a Christian." So she went and got a box and put in it a yellow, blue, pink, and a mottled egg. After the meeting next day I took my basket and went to Crawford. When I got there the mother said, "Don't talk very loud. My little boy is upstairs. I have been keeping him in bed. He prayed last night for Easter eggs, and after dinner he said, 'Do you think God will send Easter eggs?' I tried to encourage him, but I told him to go upstairs and go to sleep. He is sleeping now." "Well," I said, "the Lord certainly answered his little prayer, for I have Easter eggs here in this basket." So we called him and he came down and got his Easter eggs, and it planted in his heart a faith that has been wonderful from that day to this. Nobody knew outside of the family that he was praying for Easter eggs, but God planned it that I should go at that late hour where the little girl was still up, and without a word said He put it into her heart to answer the little boy's prayer.

* * *

How the Rent Was Paid

Not such a very long time ago I lacked three dollars of having money enough to pay my rent. Cut and hew, and live close as I would, I still lacked three dollars. The Lord had told me He

never would have me confused, confounded or put to shame, and each day I somehow felt the money would come, and when it came I could pay my rent as the millionaire would do, but it came not. Every day I went along with God, doing His work. There were opportunities for me to have said to somebody, "Pray that I will get the rent," but I would not do it. When my husband lived I never would go to other people to hint that way and God was my Sufficiency and I would remind Him of His promise but no one else. The day before rent-day I said, "Lord, am I to be confused, confounded or made ashamed? One of two things: You must either give me the money or not let the rent man come. The man was prompt always, but that morning he didn't come. He didn't come that whole day, but I kept thinking he would and I would be confounded because I had trusted the Lord and now to say the Lord had failed, I could not do it; so I kept saying, "Lord, you must either keep him away or send the money." The day passed and I kept reminding Him of my need, that the gold and the silver was His, but it didn't quite seem to be mine, and yet in Christ all things were mine. Then I said, "I am going to quit asking You, Lord, for you know all about it. I have reminded you so many times you must keep the man away until I get the money." He didn't come the next day, and the following morning I got three letters; one from Atlanta, Ga., one from Winnipeg, Canada, and the other from Grand Forks, N. D., each containing a dollar. I hadn't much more than read the letters and thanked God for the money when the rent man came and said he had tried for two days to get out but it was just impossible, one person had come in after another and detained him. The Lord kept him away until He got the money to me. He spoke to somebody in Winnipeg, to another in Atlanta, Ga., and to another in North Dakota, to answer my prayer.

* * *

How the Lord Prepared a Luncheon

When Brother H. H. was home from China interesting the people in missionary work, he was preaching at one of our churches in this city and after the sermon people were flocking about him, asking him to go to their homes; one family in particular who had an elegant home were desirous of having him, they had everything very elaborate, cut glass and silver, and everything of the best, but looking over his book he said he could not accept their invitation for the next week, that every hour was full. I was a few feet away and heard the statement, but the Lord

said I should ask him to come to my house to luncheon on Tuesday noon. I could not understand why the Lord wanted him to come to my house when I had so little, and when he had refused an invitation where they had such an abundance, and I said, "Why, Lord, he cannot make room, he is busy." "Will you ask him to come to your house Tuesday noon?" "Yes, Lord." I stepped across the hall and shook hands with him and said, "I have orders to ask you to my house to luncheon, Tuesday noon." He looked at me a moment, dropped his head, and said, "What is your number? I am led to accept the invitation." Some were angry. I had hoped he would refuse because I could not entertain him as they could at the place where he might have gone.

I went home with Mr. P. and stayed for supper. As I was about to go, his wife said, "Do you mind carrying a little basket home with you tonight? When I was taking down fruit and jelly for supper the Lord certainly spoke to me telling me to give you a jar and a glass." I thanked her. Realizing that man was coming to my house to luncheon I was very glad to get the things. On the way home a lady said, "And you, after all, are to entertain the missionary?" I said, "Yes." "Well," she said, "I am going to bring some salad and some hot biscuit over, so don't you worry. About half past eleven I will be over." I felt I was being pretty well provided for. Before retiring I went to empty my basket. I found I had half a loaf of home-made bread, a glass of jelly, a jar of peaches, a quarter of a pound of rice with a half dollar in the sack. I decided I would use the half dollar to buy the meat and potatoes, so I was fairly fixed for a nice dinner. On Monday morning I was sitting reading the Word, my regular daily reading, when I looked up and saw a lady going by with a basket. She saw me and motioned for me to come down to the foot of the stairs. I had an apron on and she had me hold out my apron—she gave me some apples and sweet potatoes. I put them away thinking I would certainly have a nice dinner on Tuesday and I was thoroughly gratified. I had an abundance and God Himself, the Husband of the widow, had done everything. I went out to see a poor family on a cross street, and on the way home a lady tapped on her window and asked me to come in. She said that on Sunday when she was getting her dinner and taking out some sweet pickles and some pickled onions, if ever the Lord had spoken to her He did then and told her to give me some, and she

said, "Here they are ready for you to take home," which I did. Then I thought I certainly had a sufficiency and would not have to be ashamed of my table. The next morning when I had gotten things about ready, I thought something might happen I had better wait until he came before I stepped across to the market for meat. Just then the lady next door tapped on my back door with a broom handle. I went to see what she wanted and she said to me, "Auntie Taylor, I have just received a message and must get ready to go on the noon train to see my mother in Kansas City, who is very ill. I have my dinner all cooked; I have a fine roast with sweet and Irish potatoes, things for gravy, and a pudding, and I want to give it to you. It is just as nice as it can be and just about done. I will hand it over to you in five minutes. I took it in and put it over the steaming pot to keep it warm, arranged my table, and, of course, as you can see by looking my *menu* over I had a dinner fit for even my Lord, had He been at the table. I sat down and said, "Now, Lord, you caused me to invite him here and I thought I was going to do something, and I didn't even have to get the meal. What am I to do for my share of entertaining Brother H. H.?" He said, "You have a Bible placed in your hands. That is to be his." "That new Bible?" I cried. Why, Lord, that was a present to me, and I have wanted it for ten years and I had just gotten it." It was repeated that it was only put in my hands for another, and I was to pass it on, that he needed it. I went to take it from the shelf when a little "Every Day" book fell with it. I tossed it back on the shelf but it fell again. I tossed it back again but it

fell again. I said, "Lord, what is that for?" He told me it was for the missionary's little boy. I was sure the man didn't have any little boy, but I took the two books down, laid them on the table, feeling a little bit as though I'd like my Bible myself, but there were the two new books, unused, put into my hands and the Lord said they were for them. Brother H. H. came on time. He hadn't much more than sat down when I said to him, "Brother H., do you need a Bible?" "Well, yes. I came to this country and I some way have left my Bible on the car and I have none. I have been in to see Bibles, but the one I want I do not feel I have the money for, and cheaper ones are not what I want." So I took up the Bible and said, "Is this what you want?" Tears rolled over his face. He thanked God and praised Him for providing the very Bible that he had looked at down town, and could not afford. Then I asked him if he had a son. He said he had and his name was Ernest. I said, "Well, this little book has fallen down and is a companion to that Bible, and the Lord said you had a little boy and he must have this book. They are both yours.

We dined. Some one had told him of my slim means, but when he came to the table and returned thanks he said a banquet was spread. I told him the Lord had spread it, and I explained to him that I had *nothing of my own to give him* but the Bible and the little book, and God had told me they were not mine but put into my hands to be given to him. And not only was the missionary fed but the crumbs from the Master's table lasted a whole week.

Organization of Organism?

Elizabeth Sisson.



THE world is full of organizations. They are multiplying rapidly. It is the world's way of work. But all Christian ecclesiasticism, the church of visible form and name, is also increasing its organizations. Every effort for a new phase of work or life is organized.

We see in the Word for the expression of His life on the earth through believers God uses the figures "house," "household," "family," "body," "bride." Are any of these natural relations sustained through organization? Take the figure of the body: Do the head, the hands, the feet organize themselves together? Do you ever hear

the feet saying to the shoulders, the hips, "Under such and such rules and regulations we will hold together for such and such purposes?" Is not the body a unit held together by a common life? Yes, such is an organism. And God has provided for "the Church which is His body" to be thus held together by a common life, which life is LOVE. This love is in Christ "which is the Head" "from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying (building up) of itself in love." Such an organism was wrought on the day of Pentecost. There had been an initial move of this kind by a special operation of

Divine grace in making the historic one hundred and twenty believers all in one place, of "one accord," and suddenly a clear stream of the river of life proceeded from the throne of God, from the heart of God, and "the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost." "And all the believers kept together and had everything in common. They sold their lands and other property and distributed the proceeds among all, according to every one's necessities, and day by day, attending constantly in the Temple with one accord, and breaking bread in private houses, they took their meals with great happiness and single-heartedness, praising God and being regarded with favor by all the people. Also, day by day *the Lord added* to their number those whom He was saving." Acts 2:44-47 (Weymouth). Organization was superfluous on that happy day when God had brought forth by the Holy Ghost the new born babe whom he called "the church" (Acts 2:47) a living, healthy, growing, happy, *crowing* organism. For this rapidly growing baby recorded in a few hours 3,000 and in a few days 5,000 more added to itself, by Him who—may we say it?—had borned it. The story runs on, "Among all those who had embraced the faith, there was but *one* heart and soul, so that *none* of them claimed any of his possessions as his own but everything they had was common property; while the apostles with great force of conviction delivered their testimony as to the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all." Acts 4:32-34 (Weymouth).

What made possible the fusing of so many diverse elements? the continued unselfish, concerted action of this stupendous miracle? The same thing that in ideal marriage fuses into one, two souls who have sometimes met from the antipodes—LOVE. The same thing that will make a mother watching over the sick-bed of a tormented child, forget as it were, her own very existence in care for the tortured one—LOVE. The same thing that will make a father bankrupt himself to shield a wayward boy—LOVE. Only all these and many other beautiful forms of it, are love on the natural plane, and God in inaugurating the church of Christ, impregnated it through and through with love on the Divine plane.

Back to Pentecost! Back to the Pattern! Back to the picture of God's first warm breath upon the young child, the early Christian Church. Let us see in those early Divine movings the might of that provision "The love of God shed abroad" in the human heart "by the Holy Ghost" and seeing, rejoice! For by the

might of the same provision, *the love of God*, are we going to be returned to the life of the living organism which is still the purpose of the heart of God. Yes, and it shall come to pass through us as individuals, through "that which *every joint*" in the wondrous Christ-body "supplieth."

Somewhere early in church relations they got out of God's thought, missed God's pattern, *poisoned the new life* through individually "not holding the Head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together increaseth with the increase of God." I say poisoned the new life, for one diseased spot in a living organism is a death menace to the whole. As I write, a dead body lies in house across the way, born a healthy, fine child, but through some neglect of the care-taker, the little navel became diseased, and although when attention was called to it, the navel was healed, it was too late to save the baby, blood-poisoning in it had communicated itself through the circulation of the blood to every part, and the sweet babe died, a swollen mass of black, fetid corruption! For "if one member suffer" in an organism "all the members suffer with it, for they hold a *common* life. Wherefore saith Paul, "If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." Through *me* "shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died?" And yet precious fellow-believers, the weak brother, yea all our brothers, are languishing and liable to perish if you and I are failing to give the full supply of the life current of heaven to every other member. In the measure in which you and I fail of *full* supply of love toward any other humblest joint, in that measure do we imperil the body! What *blood* is to the natural body that *love* is to the spiritual body. In this physical body let even one member or joint fail to open up to the coursing blood—"the life is in the blood"—fail to receive it and let it flow unhindered through to the other parts, and incipient death has begun, not only to the members, the joint thus clogged, but in the whole organism. It is a unit. It is preserved by that which "*every joint* supplieth."

How many a battle is lost for God by what in the natural would seem trifles of thought and tongue! Less than three years ago I was in meetings where the tide of spiritual life was mounting higher and higher, and the brother full of holy courage in God was urging us all to take still higher ground and look for mighty power and demonstration of the Spirit. We were all on the *qui vive* from hour to hour. Faith was on

the upward wing. There came an influx of other spiritual workers who were more or less new to some phases of the work and God's methods with the leader. They set themselves to watch without fully guarding before God that all their thoughts and all their prayers must be constantly *love-loaded*, and they were not *pressing on God* to show them the utmost they could by faith and love be co-operative with him, the human leader. Insensibly in a mild way they got to looking on with natural eyes and something of criticism (very delicate form of it, among themselves only) came in. I spent some hours in their company. When again alone with God I was astonished to find how much less I was shut up to Him over the work. Faith had lost some of its grip. God distinctly pointed me to that human atmosphere in which I had plunged myself as the source of my loss. It was with *deep* repentance I got out of it. He restored me. Bless His holy name! But I do not think some of the others saw the need of repentance, and in that small circle many things were said and thought that were not entire emanations from the mind of Christ. The last week of that battle instead of being the higher of the campaign as we had all been holding, and as he the leader was pushing our faith, was slightly less than the preceding week. I mean to say, the glory mounted higher before those helpers came to the ground than the week they remained with us. I was sure *some* of the victory *which might have been ours* was lost through my inadvertence, and by the same rule there must also have been loss through them. The human leader never knew a breath about it. But oh! how solemn the showing to me that in our great wrestle "in the heavens" against principalities and powers and demons, our victory is in maintaining our *togetherness* in "the love of the Spirit." How many times have those giant spirit forces gotten a victory—or diminished ours—because LOVE has not been full enough, or stayed full enough in me! The defeat of Satan and his myriad host is in the fullness of love's supply in us to every joint.

Precious one reading this paper, is there at this moment something in any of your thoughts below a full supply of love to any other believer in the body of Christ? Do not read further but fall on your knees before God in confession of it as a monstrous, a deadly sin, threatening the life of the body of Christ as well as your own. "*Looking diligently*" lest any man fail of *this* grace of God (the full supply of the love of the Spirit to every joint and band of Christ's body) "lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you and

thereby many be defiled." Heb. 12:15. Yes, *confession*, "for if we confess our sin, He is faithful and just to forgive" and glory to God! to cleanse from the unrighteousness of not ministering in all our thoughts and feelings *the very love of Christ*, the only thing as we have been told in this Ephesians 4:16 passage that ever builds up and increases the sacred body of Christ. *Thoughts* even if they have never yet got into words and actions, which are not ministering the love of Christ the Head to each member of His body, are doing for us what the taint in the navel of that little baby was doing for the whole body, bearing on disease and death to every part. As much as in us lies, we are carrying disease to every part by *unlove* in our thoughts or feelings to any member of Christ. As much as in us lies we are carrying life to all the others by letting the love of the Head flow through us toward them. Let us indeed be looking *diligently* lest we fail of *this* grace of God!

Love is long-suffering and so kind. Love is not rash, cannot be puffed up. Love is always seeking the other party's good, *not her own*; cannot be provoked, thinketh no evil. Love rejoiceth not in iniquity, tenderly compassionate of the one who through sin has for the time gone under, ready to restore such an one in the spirit of meekness. **Love rejoiceth with the truth. Love beareth all things. Love believeth all things. LOVE NEVER faileth.** All this is a beautiful photograph of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Head of the body. He is all this in Himself, that He may be all this to you and me, and then through you and me to, not some, but every member of the body. We are *not* holding the Head (Col. 2:19) ("Ye are complete in Him. Col. 2:10) unless by faith we are *thus* holding Him, to flow by love through us to *all the joints and bands of the body*. By our thus holding, so far as we are concerned the body has nourishment ministered, and these ministering joints and bands knit it together, and thus it "increaseth with the increase of God." "Knit together." The channel of the flow of God's comfortings from heart to heart in the Christian church is this exquisite knitting work of His. The scarlet-thread of the blood-dyed love of Jesus is cast in the lives of each one of us like so many stitches upon the knitting-needles of our relations to each other, and the artist-fingers of our God knit the stitches of one life into another as each is yielded to the manipulations of the love-thread in His hands and the work grows one fair whole; each stitch, each life, has lost itself in sweet love-relationships to the other, till at last no stitch is seen, but the gracious finished

whole of "His workmanship." A body of many members! A temple of temples—the Inhabiter, God! Says St. Paul, "Great conflict" I have for all believers to *this end*—"that their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ."

Let us enter into Paul's conflict that in this our hour we, knitting together with Him—He by the works of His grace, and we by the prayer of His Spirit—He may now finish His choice knitting work "to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God" that all the "ages to come" may rejoice in His glorious workmanship. Yes, I know some even spiritual teachers think this kind of talk is Utopian and Quixotic, and such love conditions can never be fully brought to pass; but God has so revealed the pattern and made such provision, and you may be sure things will not come to His prosperity until His pattern is wrought out. It matters not what others are and do, if you or I will shut up to our work as a *joint of supply* in the body, that will be God's quickest way to bring all things to pass.

A traveler tells of going into a little country church in Wales, where they had a quartette choir. When they rose to sing he discovered it was a quartette of discord. Having some musical perception, he buried his head on the rail in front of him and thrust his fingers in his ears to keep out the din, but unstoppping for a moment an ear, he found the alto had really a pleasing voice and was singing true. He followed her with delight, amazed that she could thread her way through such a racket, and strike each note so correctly, and then—wonder of wonders! her steadiness had helped the soprano to find herself, and before the last line of the second verse, she

was on her true base. The double concord as they began on third verse jostled the tenor into conception of what he should be at, and before the verse was over he was singing in accord with the written music, and the two true voices and the three completed that strain in harmony. When the fourth and last verse was sung, the great blundering basso overborne by the three-fold cord of harmony was steadied to his relation to the sheet-music of his three fellow singers. What began a howling discord ended a perfect harmony. All because one singer was true to the written page! Oh let us be true to the pattern God has given us, and sing right on, or rather love right on, to every member of Christ's body, *in the proportion of Christ's Calvary love for them*. He thus waits to love through us. Let us not for one *instant* harbor a thought or feeling toward any, which we cannot trace directly to Christ's loving, thinking, feeling, through us.

The prize is immense! Nothing less than Christ's building up His body in the fulness of His love-life. "Holding the Head" it shall be so, for "from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered and knit together increaseth with the increase of God"—that God who is love!

"Do you hear them coming, brother,
Thronging up the steeps of light?
Clad in glorious, shining garments,
Blood-washed garments pure and white.

Do you hear the stirring anthems
Filling all the earth and sky?
'Tis a glad, victorious army
Love, its banner held on high.

Wave the banner, shout His praises,
For our victory is nigh.
Love shall bring our conquering Savior,
Love shall reign with Him on high."

First Things in British East Africa

Some of the "first things" in the work of the Lord in the hands of Brother and Sister E. Richardson, returned missionaries from British East Africa.

About nine years ago the first missionaries entered the Bunyore tribe Northeast of Victoria Nyanza (Lake) and opened the first station, called Kima (or Bunyore) Mission Station; and about two years after the first (and only, as yet) out-station was started five miles to the north, called Ebudongoi.

The first instance of conversion: While ser-

vices were still being held in a hut, one day a boy stood up in one service and said that he wanted to believe in Christ. The missionaries did not know at the time that it meant much to the boy, but still it was a joyous bit of encouragement. But that was over seven years ago and that boy has been standing true ever since and is one of the main helpers in teaching and evangelizing. He married one of the Christian girls from the out-station and upon the occasion of the birth of their little boy he stood firm for three days against the clamoring of the heathen relatives

upon both sides of the house for the performance of their old heathen ceremonies and sacrifices.

The first work among the girls: Four and a half years ago, when I joined Mr. Richardson, the first definite work was commenced among the women. Usually the girls and women among these heathen tribes in Africa are very hard to reach, and I had found this to be the case in other tribes where the work had been going on much longer. We felt that we would be very thankful if we could get a half dozen of these girls to come to a short session of sewing class and school. Imagine our surprise and pleasure when over eighty of them came the first week, and only one of these had ever worn a dress! I could only give each six blocks of calico to sew together each day and it took them three months to finish their dresses, and some longer, but upon one day we had forty of the original number decked out in their *first dresses*, made of patch-work; not a beautiful sight, but to us a pleasing one because it meant that many of these had become interested in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Before we came away, over a year ago, some of the Christian girls had married Christian boys and help to form the dozen Christian homes we have at the main station.

The first girl convert was *Atetwe*, an unusually bright and smart girl, who accepted Christ four and a half years ago. At one time she was sorely tried by her relatives wanting her to marry a heathen, but she refused, and was encouraged when we assured her that we would stand by her, and that according to the English law they could not compel her to marry against her will. Since we have been on furlough she has married one of the Christian boys from Ebudongoi, and they are living some distance from either station and *Atetwe* has started a school in her own home. This means that every session she is preaching the Gospel. They write us that she is very happy in the work.

The first Christian home: About four years ago, Mr. Richardson and I were out visiting from hut to hut, and in going along the narrow foot path, suddenly around a bend before us appeared a young native man and woman. Mr. R. said to me, "That girl came to school at one time, but has recently been taken as a wife by that man."

I said, "Oh, stop them and tell them that now is the time to accept Christ and start a Christian home!" He did so, and they both accepted Christ and built the first Christian home near the main station, and the first one in that tribe of over forty thousand. It was a joyous time when their little girl "*Gibisone*" was born, the first child of Christian parents!

Some of the needs: *Intercessors*; workers to reach another 150,000 without a witness of the gospel; funds for workers' passage money to the field and for their support upon the field, and for buildings, for homes for the missionaries and for a girls' home, etc.

(Mrs.) Julia Richardson.

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