



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

Healing of a Man Born Blind

The Power of the Word in Dallas, Texas

Elizabeth Sisson



I AM here at Dallas in the midst of a truly great work for God. The workers are kept so busy they have preserved no record of names or numbers thus it is difficult to get at figures, but facts are before us. Three and one half years ago these two men of God, Bosworth and Birdsall, invaded the town in the name of Jesus, took possession of street corners and began to sound out the Everlasting Gospel. I hear from others—not themselves—there was great suffering, scant food, no money, but God gave grace to hold on. Today there is a tabernacle built by the converted, accommodating nine hundred persons, (packed Sunday nights with sinners). There has been constant revival all these three and a half years. Souls are saved, receive water baptism, partake of the Lord's supper and have sweet fellowship; there is no organization. Different people tell me there have been as many as twelve hundred communicants, but in this Western country there is much floating population, and some once communing, are now in other localities, many of them starting Pentecostal centers elsewhere. I was told by one of the leaders at Fort Smith, Arkansas, that these whole mid-Southwestern States are honeycombed with Pentecostal missions, and the work is ever increasing rapidly. "What hath God wrought"! In Dallas itself there are three other missions, off-shoots of this, many cottage meetings, much street preaching and other work. Meetings are held nightly and all day Sabbath. The incidental expenses and care of the many workers going and coming are all supported by the assembly, in the main a plain people, day laborers. Last year they sent several hundred dollars to the foreign mission work. The preaching of the old fashioned Gospel "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" is alone depended upon for success.

Prayer is their only resource to maintain this constant atmosphere of God in the meetings. Every Thursday is an all-day of prayer, and it is astonishing to see the large companies of men and women who will

leave business, household cares, etc., and come at 10 A. M. to spend the day in fasting and prayer. It is equally astonishing to see the spirit of prayer God pours upon them and the anointing with "joy above their fellows" that follows in its train. Truly God loves prayer! This He demonstrates. It is gladsome indeed to see the people so given up to prayer in their own homes and about their business. They have read, "pray without ceasing," and they believe that *unto this* they were saved and baptized of the Holy Ghost, that they might live a life of increasing prayer for a lost world and the interests of their Master's Kingdom. Thus they labor in prayer. It is interesting to hear it come out in their common talk. A day laborer, "I was awakened at 1:30 A. M. and God gave me one and a half hours of sweetest prayer before I returned to sleep." Another hard-working man whose Saturday night holds him in store until 9:30, yawning a bit at breakfast next morning, confessed that when he got home he fell into prayer and never stopped till 1:30 Sunday A. M. The women's common talk is full of "And I prayed all day long that day," "I prayed steady all that week," etc. Of course, some have not been so deeply gripped with the spirit of prayer, but all are holding in God for one another, and the prayer-spirit is increasing all the time. Need I add that with all this there are wonderful victories all the time? "For as concerning this sect, (Pentecost) we know that everywhere it is spoken against." Thus it happens that "a man's foes are they of his own household," and when one is converted, or turned from church formalism to seeking and receiving the Pentecostal baptism, great opposition, and sometimes minor persecutions await him or her at home, but salvation has in it great meekness, patience, sweetness, and power for those who apply for it. Living in this atmosphere of prayer the quickened Christians see their need and their resources, and soon other members of the household are brought under the all-conquering power of Jesus, and so the thing grows. Out of what began in fiercest conflict, whole families are now "walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost."

Meetings spectacular? Oh yes, sometimes very, though not yet so much so as that recorded in Acts 2:1-18, because all are not yet as fully "drunken," (verse 15). A young girl brought to the meeting the other night out of an entirely skeptical family, ignorant of the Word and ways of God, under conviction, came to the altar; as instructed, she lifted up her head, her hands and her voice to God for salvation. Quicker than a lightning bolt the power from heaven struck her, and she was lost in God, worshipping and adoring her Savior; the glory kept coming stronger and stronger, and she yielded, until lost to all but Him she was spinning around the room. As Paul said, she "was in a trance," (Acts 22:17, *Gr. extasio*—ecstasy) lost to all but God and His great glory. After meeting they led her home, still much intoxicated. She has been cut right out of a foolish gay life and wants nothing now but God, His life, His service. There are numbers of these young persons who have been thus taken out of worldly giddiness and all their thought now is God and His work, and He is blessing them. They press right through into the full baptism of Acts 2, and it is amazing to see how soon God makes of them valuable Christian workers. Some of them are being continually used as prayer-warriors, and their call is as wide as the world, others are as definitely called to go out in foreign mission work, and are softly following the leadings of God in the matter.

In divine healing God is moving on with an outstretched hand and an arm made bare. The healings of paralysis, tuberculosis, and all kind of diseases, multiply on every hand. An old man joined me on my homeward walk one night and told me how many years he walked with crutch support; as he came out of a glorious meeting the thought struck him, "Jesus will heal me now," he began to shout, "Glory, I believe it," threw away his stick and ran with all his might several blocks. The work was done. He has never been a lame man since. Night before last, while the altar service was going on, a mother brought her two-year-old baby to me, who running about the room had hit her little hand on the gas heater, (by these innumerable gas stoves they warm this great place) and she kept crying, "Hand, pray," pointing to me as I happened to be the speaker for the evening, wanting her mother

to bring her for prayer. So I prayed and they took her away. Later I found her crowing in her father's arms. She was flourishing her healed hand crying, "All dawn." Truly, they take in divine healing here with mother's milk, as baby girlie demonstrates!

Just before close of last all-day prayer a letter was read from a work among Mexicans which needed \$40.00. The Bible was laid open on a bench and the people crowded up to lay on it their offerings. They took up more than the \$40.00. It is touching to see the children so gladly bringing their little monies.

The Sabbath morning meeting is the choicest of the week after the all day of prayer. Then all the Christians of the various missions and adjoining towns come in; a large assembly, all believers. The choicest of messages from the Word and by the Spirit in tongues, etc., then go forth. The first of these meetings I was in, a sister rose to testify; her mouth was taken away, singing in tongues. It flamed brighter and brighter as she went on verse after verse, a long hymn; the whole place was under an operation of the Spirit. When she took her seat, from a distant part of the hall came a sweet voiced interpretation to the same tune singing the hymn in English. Just nothing but wrapt worship and adoration of Jesus! A seraph song it seemed. Another day one rose with message in tongues, and its interpretation came in a burst of song. Altogether worship and adoration! But tongues are not as much in evidence in these meetings as in some places I have been. The meetings are peculiarly utilitarian; for the salvation of souls and the baptizing of believers. The water baptisms are announced two weeks ahead and with the hardness of faith and courage, when there is not a new convert in sight. But they always have a goodly number to baptize. At the first baptismal service I was permitted to see, there came an aged Irish sister whose Roman Catholic husband when converted wished to delay his baptism till his wife was converted and baptized with him, then he saw that to obey Jesus without delay was the better way. The next baptism she was saved and came forward for the rite. She came out of the water intoxicated with the Spirit as most of the converts do. Glory to Jesus, who in these last days hath shed forth

His Spirit upon us abundantly. Fifty Italians, most of whom know little of the English language, have been converted and baptized in the Holy Ghost and in water, and those who can talk in their broken English give grand testimonies to Jesus' power in salvation and healing, and they can all praise God in tongues.

The book of Acts flames more and more in our reading as we recover more ground. Clearer and clearer comes the conviction that God is now ready to repeat those triumphs, not as recorded in the Acts, for that was "former rain," "moderately," but in the fulness of Latter Rain power to those whom He can *bring* and *keep* in faith for it. God does not mean that any of it shall be a dead letter any more. In last night's testimony a stranger rising said, "I was a lost sinner whom Jesus saved; a wicked blind man who got my living with a hand organ and selling a few shoe lacings. Born blind in an Idaho town thirty-one years ago! In Grand Prairie the other night God saved my soul, then gave me the baptism of the Holy Ghost with tongues, then opened my eyes," and if he did not make the welkin ring with his praises of God! We realized a little how it would feel, "Whereas I was blind, now I see." After the meeting as some of us gathered around him, one asked him "Do you see me? What is the color of my hair?" he replied, "Oh, I have not learned colors yet, there is so much I have to learn!" "Well, can you see my eyes?" "Yes, I can put my finger right into the ball of your eye." Then tenderly he laid his finger on the person's eye. He then opened his new Bible saying, "I can see all these letters if I knew how to read. I soon shall. One of the first things I did after sight came was to buy a primer and I am learning my letters. I shall soon be able to read." But he can hardly talk connectedly for shouting with glee, "Hallelujah! Glory to God!" Such *hot* gratitude is very infectious and makes the tears of sympathetic joy flow. A certain religious body in Grand Prairie immediately after this miracle started the story that he was a "rice Christian," and that it was a put up job of the Pentecostal people who had hired the organ-grinder to pretend he had been blind; but the man says, "I can give plenty of references to whoever wants them to parties who have known me all my life in

the Idaho town where I was raised." "But the chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death; because that by reason of him many of the Jews. . . . believed on Jesus." Shall we yet prove that generation is still on the earth!! Later the man of this miracle told us that in the many towns through which he had wandered "organ-grinding," he had been examined by over one hundred doctors. All told him there was no hope. All the nerves of the eyes were absolutely life-less, the orbs were perished away and far sunken in the head, now they are as big as mine, keen, bright and full of vigor. Grand Prairie mission is an off-shoot of this Dallas Pentecostal work. They have between five and six hundred Pentecostallers there. This now-seeing, once-blind man is the third in a chain of three links. A notably wicked man in Grand Prairie was converted and received his Pentecost. God gave him fruit in the salvation of another equally wicked man who also got his Pentecost. Then this second saved sinner who had heard the blind man using bad language on the street stepped up to him and began to testify of Jesus, through that testimony the blind one was led to the meeting, there to see himself lost, and be saved, to get his Pentecost, and then his sight.

Wesley said of the much-despised Methodists of his day. "They are all at it, and always at it." That fairly describes what I am seeing here. Prayer has been the key to all this outflow of salvation. These workers have literally lived on their knees. Mrs. Bosworth said to me, "After breakfast we think we will have a word of prayer together before we wash the dishes, and we get down on our knees and before we know it find it is 1 or 2 P. M. And Brother Bosworth told me he had known what it was to pray *unceasingly* for nine days and nights, and when he did fall asleep to go right on in prayer all through his sleep. So it seems God does give the grace to "pray without ceasing." Who of us, all up and down the land, who read this article, are candidates for that grace? God is no respecter of persons. They shall know "the God who answers by fire," for He is the God who delights to hear prayer. The key to the situation is with us. Who will use it? "Draw *nigh* unto Me and I will *draw nigh unto you*."

"In the Days of His Preparation"

A New Heaven and a New Earth

B. S. Moore, in the Stone Church, March 10, 1914



AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the *first* heaven and the *first* earth (this present one) were passed away; and there was no more sea." Rev. 21:1. St. John, the seer, in looking down to the consummation of the age, sees this old corrupt earth pass away. Notice, it is not patched up as some would have it appear. He sees down to the close of the millennium when the white throne judgment is in evidence, where all things that are old are *created* new; and time is changed to eternity.

To create, is "to cause to exist; to bring into being, to form." Peter states that "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness." He states further, "Nevertheless *we*, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a *new earth*, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

It does our hearts good to think of our eternal home, even while the things that were created for time are being shaken. As our Lord said, there are earthquakes in divers places, physical tremors terrorizing humanity, causing their hearts to fail. We realize prophecy is being fulfilled today, and this earth is going into a state of tremendous convulsions. John said in Rev. 16:17-20 under the seventh vial, "every island fled away, and the mountains were not found." This is a time when we need to be firmly fixed upon the true foundation, the *Rock*, Jesus Christ.

A man said recently he didn't think there would be another earthquake for several million years, but scarce had the words passed his lips ere the telegraph wires flashed the news of another seismic disturbance, and they are becoming more and more frequent.

The prophet Isaiah saw in vision the earth reeling to and fro like a drunkard and become utterly dissolved. In the twenty-fourth chapter he said he saw the earth turned upside down. So this present earth

is going to pass away. This is also confirmed by the words of Jesus in Matt. 24 and Luke 21. Heaven and earth shall pass away but not one jot or tittle of His word shall fail until all be fulfilled. So we are not expecting this earth to remain as it is. We believe it is going to be dissolved according to His Word. The scientists in Chicago and New York and all the large cities of the United States tell us this earth is rigid, but when we see the various craters and hear the rumblings in the earth, we know it is not solid, and we believe this present order of things is going to pass away with a great noise, and the elements are going to melt with fervent heat and everything will be dissolved—then we will realize complete redemption through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now it may take quite a little process to bring these things about but St. John saw all men as they were raised up and stood before the great white throne. As far as the eye could look he saw a great sea of humanity, and all of a sudden the earth they were standing on fled away; there was no foundation for their feet. They were held there in space to receive the last sentence for the deeds done in the body. That will be an awful solemn time for everyone who has not had his sins washed away by the blood of Jesus.

While the earth is soaked with blood, while the nations are rising in vengeance, while many innocent people have been slain for their faith from the blood of righteous Abel to the present day—the millions in the dark ages, the blood of those martyrs is crying out from the earth, and calling unto God to avenge their death, so we see this earth is cursed, and God has said in His Word it will pass away. I got a little vision once studying on these scriptures. I saw this earth as it will be in the consummation, a molten mass and a sea of humanity standing over it, ready to receive their last sentence, and all of a sudden they sunk away into oblivion. We have here in the 21st chapter of Revelation man's eternal destiny; one class are going toward a new heaven and a new earth, and another class are going toward their eternal doom. The judgment seat of Christ is where the rewards will be

given out to the faithful, but the great white throne judgment is where the sinner will hear that awful statement, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." That word "angels" means messengers; everyone who yields unto Satan, and their members become members for him to use as instruments of unrighteousness. That is why Jesus said to the Pharisees they were of their father, the devil.

As we are traveling down to the very end of time this old physical earth is going into convulsions in spite of the prediction of every agnostic and every infidel to the contrary. I want to tell you we are standing on an earth that is trembling, and we are frequently feeling its vibrations. God looks upon the mountains and they tremble; touches one of the great high peaks of the mountains and it bursts with fire. It is bursting out not only in one place, but everywhere. It is testifying to the fact that there is a literal lake of fire waiting to be poured out. The inhabitants of this earth would be infinitely better off if they had only their Bible. The trouble with us we have to unload a whole lot of things we have learned. We say we don't know whether this or that is figurative or to be taken literally. You take what men call symbols and you compare them with what is taking place today and you will soon call it real. God says this earth is going to pass away. Every grain of sand and every element is going to melt. The Word says that during the crash of judgments that is coming, every island is going to disappear and every mountain is going to move out of its place, and David prophesied the mountains would be cast into the midst of the sea. John saw the earth when there was no more sea, it was dried up, but after everything was passed he said, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." There won't be any adders and rattlesnakes sticking their heads out of their holes. When He melts up this old world He is going to burn every old rattle-snake up with it. There won't be any people who have stingers in their tongues; there won't be a back-biter on the face of the new earth; there won't be a hypocrite, a crooked man or woman. Every one will have to be washed white in the blood of the Lamb, will overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new. And He said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God and he shall be My son." There are some things He is going to do for us and one is to make us the inheritor of "all things." So it is going to pay us to believe what God says. We are living in an age when you can be convinced on almost any line. People's minds are easily exercised these days, but the fundamental truths of the Bible should be drilled into the heart of every believer that he may be fortified against every wile of the enemy. What the devil wants to do is to get men's minds away from believing in the strong things written in the Word and away from the highway of holiness. I believe God calls men from a life of sin into a life of holiness not in theory but in practice, into a life of development, and as they go along from day to day they will become more like their Father because they have yielded their members as instruments of righteousness. Therefore as they yield themselves they become servants of righteousness and their fruit is holiness. So we want to come the right way. I believe I can tell if a man comes in and tries to deceive us. I saw seven come to the altar at one time and I knew every one who didn't mean business. You feel there is a snake crawling all around. You cannot pray for that person any more than you can pray for a rattle-snake. There was a student of a big city university, well-dressed, came to the altar and knelt down. They said to me, "There is one of the students of the university but I could not deal with him." I said, "That man is a fake. Tell him so to his face." There is something in the heart of a convicted soul that blends with one that has salvation, and there is a sympathetic cord that reaches out and your heart goes to God for him and from you to him, and there is a wonderful something about it you cannot describe, but they cannot deceive you. If we are walking in the light,

God says we are to be able to discern between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not.

Papers have announced this present order of things in this earth and say they are going to continue as they are forever and ever because it says in the Old Testament "the earth abideth forever," but the Lord says it is the new earth that will abide forever He will melt the old one. How can He do that? How did He make the first one? The Bible says by faith He framed the world and the things that were not appeared by believing. The foundation was upon the floods, and when God created this earth, the sons of God shouted for joy and the morning stars sang together. There is going to be a great time when the old creation passes away and when He forms a new creation. There is going to be a greater shout than before. We are right on the eve of the changing of the order of things, and we will do all in our power that is possible for humanity to hasten the day of the Lord. The Gospel of the Son of God should be carried to the ends of the earth to bring about the near approach of the Lord Jesus, "for this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached unto all nations, and then shall the end come." If God has the whole divine program pictured out in His mind, He knows how long it will take, and He says that will have to take place before the end comes. So we want to see to it we get the Gospel of the kingdom in all the world. It is not a time to quibble over the little things. What we need to do is to get back to the simplicity of the Gospel and square one another up to holy living and try to get the Gospel to the ends of the earth and get away from theories that are hatched out in theological incubators. You cannot tell the tail from the head or *vice versa*. We need to stir one another up realizing the present order of things is going to be shaken under our feet whether we are ready for it or not. God is not going to put it off because you have some unsaved relative. We whine around and groan, "Lord, I'd like You to wait," like Lot. He had a class of those folks. He was hanging on to his unsaved relatives who were blaspheming God and delving in higher criticism, and the old fellow would have gotten burned up if the angels hadn't come along. So shall it be in these days, the Bible says. I believe there are stupendous things that will take place

for the children of God, so the Lord is trying to show us that the old things down in this world are not the things we are to place our affections upon. There are thousands of Christians who sing,

"A tent or a cottage, why should I care,
They're building a palace for me over there."

at the same time they are expending all the money they can on Railroad stocks and bonds and preparing themselves for the great day of slaughter, and pay no attention to the teeming millions of earth that are sitting in the valley of the shadow of death, who have not one ray of Gospel light upon their souls. And with all these signs being seen, and the bank accounts being filled up ready for the rust and the canker to witness against them in the day of judgment, it is high time for us to awake, for now is our salvation near. I'd rather live on crackers and water and have the smile of God upon me than to have all the stocks and bonds in Chicago.

I was sitting at a table one night in California eating supper at eleven o'clock, when all of a sudden the table at which I was eating took a slide and came back again. A friend at the table said, "It is an earthquake." These tremors are common today all over the world. Scientists try to prove this world is rigid and there will be no danger of a calamity for fifteen millions of years, but we know we are nearing the end.

What we need to do is to go back to what God says, that the inhabitants of the earth need the Gospel of the Son of God and the call to repentance. There are many sinners in Zion who are living at ease and don't know the Lord Jesus Christ; they never had conviction grapple their souls, stir them up and bring them down to godly sorrow and get them to where they are born again from the top of their heads clear down to their toes. I believe in a Christ that takes all the dirt and meanness and sin and everything out.

When I read the Word of God where it says that in the days of His preparation there will be chariots jostling one against another in the streets, and then the words, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" and look out upon the world and see the automobiles hurrying hither and thither, and the flying-machines speeding through the air, I believe

we are truly living in the days of His preparation, when His chariot wheels are swinging low. At the same time the earth is reeling, filled with wickedness and sin, and going from bad to worse. Nearly every pulpit in Chicago and the congregations too are declaring the world is getting better because of increase in salaries, and because of their banquets, sitting down to midnight suppers with the square and compass on their coats and sitting in the amen corner on Sundays. They write out checks for five hundred dollars if the preacher doesn't touch their sins. This class of transgressors is heavy on the earth and God is getting tired of it. I came from a place where you could not belong to the Methodist Conference unless you joined the Masons and took three degrees. You had to do that in order to belong to the Northwestern Conference at Baltimore. I just as soon join the devil because he is bishop of that order. I believe God is going to take all the weights off of us before we get into the new earth.

I do not feel like settling down and becoming attached to any one place, because the Lord called me away from that. I love to think that I have an "inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away" reserved in heaven for me. We are right up to the midnight cry when the clock is about to strike twelve. The eleventh hour workers are toiling; they are working in Tibet tonight; they are in the Fiji Islands; they have bleached their bones on the West Coast of Africa, laid down their lives in the jungles; they are going by ones and twos on the white wings of faith, expecting the power of God to go with them. It is not theology the people need, it is the power of God, the supernatural life of Jesus, and when we realize we are coming down to the very close when things are getting serious, it is high time to rouse ourselves and shake ourselves from the dust and ungodliness of the world, pay no attention to the perishing things of earth, but set our hearts on things eternal. I want to keep my faith in God. It is not so much what I was twenty years ago, because I was very wicked then, and I'd be wicked now if it wasn't for Jesus who hung on the cross—it is the power of the cross that surrounds my life tonight, and the power of the Holy Ghost that is under me, in me, around me and leading me on. I have great encouragement because I have

accepted my inheritance in Him, and that He has opened the way for me to flee from the wrath to come, for wrath is coming and we can escape it only through the blood of Jesus Christ. There must be heart repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus; then a getting rooted and firmly established in God, tarrying until He pours the Holy Ghost upon us and walking in the light, looking for our redemption. Phil. 3:20.

Moses would not indulge in the sins of the world; he took the reproach of the saints of God, He said it was better to suffer reproach with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of the world for a season. We can trifle away a great deal of our time with our Christian experience and miss a great deal of the blessing of God, and find ourselves on the very edge of calamity, without having discernment, without having the leading of the Spirit, and perhaps meeting judgment fires. Therefore it behooves us to shake ourselves from trifling things and have a deep determination to walk with God.

We ought to be as much like Elijah as possible, He was a troubler of Israel. Spiritual Israel is in an awful condition. She is blinded, but the Spirit of the Lord is speaking to many. They feel something within them; it is a divine operation of the Spirit. The fruit is in a state of maturity, and if we will just be patient, He will be permitted after awhile to pick it. The Apostle James said the Lord was patient and we should be patient. The Lord is waiting with great patience for the precious fruit of the earth. He has long patience until it receives the early and the latter rain. The children of the Lord are the fruit of the Gospel of the grace of God. The grace of God is God's favor to man, and we tonight ought to have great joy because the grace of God has appeared unto us.

Oh the nations are just trembling, and they say the thing to do is to put "To Let" over the door of The Hague because they have met and cried "Peace" and war broke out, and they are fighting yet. They are crying "Peace" and "Arbitration" and manufacturing guns and arms. On the other hand we have a great spiritual federation and the preachers are telling the people to stop playing cards until after Lent; after Lent is over play the devil. A man said, "We don't do anything wrong during Lent." If the Lord would come *then* He would get

him; afterwards the devil would get him! They abstain from meat and eat fish and eggs. That is what I call a hypocritical fast. I believe the Lord looks down upon it with disgust to see humanity doing that sort of thing. Every day should be as unto the Lord and while we live we should have the principle of holiness exemplified in our lives and this old world should feel the pulsation of the Spirit in the saints. The great federation is saying, "We will do like our Roman brethren, we will keep Lent and have a big federation of preachers and invite the "Father" up and have his benediction upon us. We cannot say our denominations are Protestant any longer when they make such concessions to Rome. It certainly shows that there has been a great declension in these last days from the primitive faith.

I like to look to where the Lord delivered me, and where the shackles fell off. I won't forget the pit from which I was digged, and what He purchased for me on the cross. It is one thing to have something done for you, and another thing to have it done in you, and if you haven't received it, come and open your heart and Jesus will bring you into your inheritance.

* * *

Nurturing the Gift

GRIEVE not the Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Eph. 4:30.

Fruit is often preserved by sealing. State papers of importance have often been kept under the royal seal. God likewise has a seal. He has an ample provision for the preservation of Christian life. It is the sealing of the Holy Spirit. He seals unto the day of redemption. We are made children of God through the redemption of Christ; but we are made to live as sons of God through the sealing of the Holy Spirit.

The Spirit may be grieved and silenced in our lives. How? The Apostle Paul tells us in the next verse. Bitterness, wrath, anger, clamour, railing are the common sins by which the Spirit is grieved. These sins are the ones that believers are most tempted to fall into.

G-R-I-E-V-E N-O-T.

* * *

"Quench not the Spirit." I Thes. 5:19.

The Holy Spirit continually prompts to loving service and sacrifice. He moves us to

pray publicly, to witness, to give, to sacrifice. We may repress the desire He puts into the heart. We may yield to the fear of man or to a desire for personal ease. The Spirit is thus quenched. Many souls have failed to hear some loving gospel message, some word of warning or comfort because believers did not respond to the Spirit's promptings. Many meetings have been greatly injured because some of the believers did not act at once upon the suggestion of the Spirit. The best meetings are the ones in which the Spirit has opportunity to act through all believers present.

Q-U-E-N-C-H N-O-T.

* * *

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee." I Tim. 4:14.

The Holy Spirit is a gift; and He in turn bestows gifts. He imparts the gifts of wisdom, faith, prophecy or preaching, etc. Paul says to Timothy: "Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Meditate on these things. Give thyself wholly to them." Some one has suggested that the Holy Spirit is typified by fire; the Word by water. Put fire and water together and you get steam or power. Put the Word with the Spirit in the heart day by day, and power is bound to be the result.

N-E-G-L-E-C-T N-O-T.

* * *

"Stir into flame the gift of God which is in thee." II Tim. 1:6 Gr.

Within a few years many have had a wondrous baptism of the Spirit. All who have had the real thing have received some gift of the Spirit. Most frequently there have been unction and liberty in testimony, and a mighty impulse to a life of intercession. Some have appreciated and constantly used these gifts. Not a few others have settled back at ease; and live much as they did before they had the baptism. To all such this message of the apostle should come afresh.

Practice the gift! Stir into flame the gift! Be a flame of divine love and energy!

S-T-I-R U-P.

I. E. D.

* * *

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1908-1910; 1910-1912

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Notes

ON March 8th Mrs. Piper bade farewell to the members and friends of the Stone Church and left for Beulah Heights, California, on the following day. There was deep regret in every heart and real sorrow in the severing of ties that had been precious bonds for seven years. We had been together through times of severe conflict and trial, and wonderful days of victory, and the memory of the storms we had weathered together and the triumphs that had been achieved in those seven years brought a flood of feeling as we met together, perhaps for the last time. But knowing that the Lord makes no mistakes, and believing that His hand is on us all in love, we cannot but feel that He has been guiding in this step. The meetings have continued with unabated interest and the crowds are even larger than they were during the winter months, nearly a thousand being present in our Sunday afternoon services. In fact God's blessing has been so signally upon the church that as one laid down the leadership and another took it up, there was no apparent change. Brother R. L. Erickson who has been assisting in the services since last Fall, took charge as Mrs. Piper stepped out. The people have all learned to love him and are giving him their hearty support. Brother Kent

White is also with us again after a brief visit to the East.

* * *

The Stone Church Convention is scheduled to begin May 17, to continue until May 31st inclusive. We are looking forward to a time of much blessing, and we have already heard that a number who attended last year are planning again to gather in the place where God so wonderfully met them. The following ministering brethren have arranged (D. V.) to be with us: F. F. Bosworth, Dallas, Texas; A. G. Garr, Los Angeles, Calif.; D. W. Kerr, Cleveland, Ohio; A. F. Johnson, Menominee, Mich., and we are expecting many others. We invite everybody who has a need whether spiritual or physical to come and meet God. Furnished rooms can be secured in the neighborhood of the church at reasonable rates. There are also restaurants nearby. It is not necessary to write ahead for rooms; we will have a list on hand from which to select. For further information write the Pastor, R. L. Erickson, 3616 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Conventions and Campmeetings

Findlay, Ohio, April 17-27. For information write T. K. Leonard.

New Rochelle, N. Y., May 1-10. For information write Thos. Thompson, 104 Webster Ave.

Berlin, Ontario, June 11-21. For particulars write G. A. Chambers, 15 Scott St.

Elim Grove, Cazadero, Calif., July 8-Aug. 8. For information write Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery, Beulah Heights, Calif.

* * *

Two Missionaries for Japan

During the month of March Brother and Sister Moore have been helping in our revival services with much blessing. These workers have their faces set toward Japan and expect to sail just as soon as God opens the way. They were both called to the mission field years ago but God has been using them in this country. Mrs. Moore tells us when she was a child on her father's farm she used to rake hay, and would go out in the field and sit on a mound of hay and weep and wonder what it was to be a missionary. No doubt God was even then planting within her that which would make her a gleaner in His harvest field.

Brother Moore was called, like Peter, from a fisher's boat. He left his nets when he was saved and became a fisher of men. He tells a wonderful story of the Lord's healing. He had five or six diseases in his body and the doctor said there was no hope for him. He took every remedy he heard of and tried every application that was named to him, but never got any relief until he came to the Lord Jesus Christ and applied His shed blood. Then he got healed, he said "as quick as you could wink your eye," from all his diseases at one time. He had lung trouble—the doctor said both lungs were gone, but the Lord gave him new ones and for ten years he has had good lungs. He has given strong evidence of a miracle of healing there. After he was healed he was arrested because he preached on the street so loud. They testified in court they could hear him twelve blocks. They locked him up for twenty-nine days, and then they complained they could hear him pray four blocks away and told him it was an awful reproach.

He was also healed of hemorrhoids, of a bony tumor in his arm which would in the natural have called for a surgical operation, and rheumatism. He went to the altar and called upon the elders to anoint him, but before they came to him, Jesus came and touched him and he was made every whit whole.

* * *

First Hardships as a Missionary

MANY of our readers will be interested in hearing from our Stone Church missionaries who have now landed on the West Coast of Africa. The following account of their landing and getting into the country is just a description of the way all the missionaries who have gone to the Pentecostal work in West Africa have entered. Mrs. Neeley describes their hardships to a friend as follows:

"It is not to be wondered at that people die so soon after they get here. From Cape Palmas to Garroway you come in an open boat, the sun beaming on you all the way. You know the water naturally draws the sun; well, you feel like fire was being held over you all the time. Mr. Johnson was quite sick all the way. It is thirty miles. Then your worst journey has just begun. The mission is twenty-seven miles from Garroway. There is no way to get there except on your feet. The boys can carry you only in some places. We left early before we had even a drink of water; we had

to do it so we could get ahead of the sun. Our first stop for breakfast was fifteen miles away at eleven o'clock. We ate rice and drank milk. At one o'clock we started the other twelve miles. I had to keep telling the Lord that He sent us, therefore He must help us through. Sometimes I would have to ride on the men's backs; sometimes the water would be knee-deep. Many places the path was too narrow for the hammock and we walked single file. Twice we walked for miles and miles through dense forests that made mid-day look like twilight. Sometimes I would feel as though I would have to give up, but God would answer when we looked to Him. One place to which we came, the chief men did not want to let me go through; Mr. Neeley and Mr. Johnson were a mile ahead of me. I was alone with the boys, but God gave victory and we passed on. When we got home my nerves were on the ragged edge and I was "all in." Mr. Neeley and Mr. Johnson were all right after a hearty dinner, but yesterday I was so weak I was scarcely able to be out of bed. Today I am improving.

Now why am I telling you all this? Am I sorry I came? Not a bit. Jesus did more than that for me. But I have something I want to lay on your heart and have you pass on to others. This station ought to have at least two donkeys or ponies. We can get either one from Sierra Leone. They are hardy little fellows, very tough and sure-footed. Remember we cannot get one thing from the Beach except as it is carried. All our stuff had to be carried on some one's head. We can't have chairs or cook-stove; we can't even have flour for bread or oil for lights except some one will carry these things all that twenty-seven miles. Much of our stuff is down there yet. I feel so sorry for the boys. People wonder why there are so many deaths among the workers here. It is only God who keeps anyone who comes all that distance.

"Some might ask, Does it pay to go so far away from everybody? We went this morning to a native village about a half mile away and held a meeting in their midst. There were four sermons and the natives hung on every word as though their lives depended on it. If a baby dared to cry it was hustled away and stuck under something to drown its voice. They had just been having their feast of new moon in worship to the devil. We had some native preachers along and God certainly spoke to the people. They knew it and many wanted to come with us. One boy ran off and came. His mother came after him but he cried so his mother brought him to Mr. Johnson and resigned all of her rights to him forever. I tell you that boy was happy! He says he is going to be "God-man." The chief men don't know what to do. They want to follow God but they are afraid of the devil. Pray for

them. There are many towns around here that would receive us just like that if we had something to carry us to them. We have to go before breakfast so we can get back before the heat of the day. Now wouldn't it be nice if the people put their Easter frock money into ponies or donkeys for the missionaries?

On Feb. 8th we are invited to a heathen town, thirty miles away to hold a Convention before Miss Mendenhall and Miss Boddy leave for the States. We can't go because traveling is bad just now.

"Our meeting this afternoon was a wonderful one. If you could see their faces! Then three young men came to us after the meeting and asked us to go to their town tonight. Shall the heathen wait for the Gospel because Mr. Johnson has no way of going to them, when if all the missions would give five dollars apiece they could have the Gospel preached and the givers would receive interest from the bank of heaven that would bring them quick returns? When Mr. Johnson finished preaching one of the chief men arose and began talking in his own language. The boy that interprets said, "Chief man wants everybody get down and thank God for Johnson come back." The man wept as he prayed, and as yet he is not even converted. Oh the hungry hearts all around us! Pray for a big revival and some ponies to carry us to the meetings."

Copy of the Chief's Prayer on Mr. Johnson's return:

God we thank Thee for Johnson to come back for this country. God we thank people at home for him coming. We thank Mr. Harrow. We thank Mr. and Mrs. Neeley for coming. God first time we cry for white man. Not this people only, but all tribes.

Then Harrow gave Johnson. He stay. Then they get sick, go home. We sorry. We have no one to teach us. Mr. Harrow send Mr. King. When Mr. King first come chief men pray for God to keep him well. After Mr. King get sick he want to go home. They say, What! Mr. Johnson belong to us. They get sick, go home. We have nobody. Mr. King get home safely. Thank God for that. Now Johnson return, it make hearts rejoice. The same thing they do for King they must do for Mr. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Neeley. What they say we must do. Ask God to make our country come up. God must touch the heart of boys of all tribes to come here to school so they can carry same word to their country. God we thank you for this thing. When we finish here we want to go to God's country.

And this from a heathen man who is not converted! If men filled with the Holy Ghost could carry the Gospel into these heathen towns that are pleading for some one to come, the Scripture, "a nation shall be born in a day" would soon be fulfilled.

We believe the time is fast approaching when whole tribes will turn to God.

Brother Johnson writes that since he has been in the States they have made roads so that donkeys can be used; he writes they will cost about \$75 each with all the equipment. If they had donkeys or ponies they could do so much more preaching in distant places. The heathen people are simply beside themselves with joy because Brother Johnson has returned.

* * *

Wife of Chinese Official Healed

MRS. H. McLEAN, from Yunnan, China, spent Lord's Day, February 1st, in the Stone Church. She and her husband are working in the province of Yunnan, near the Tibetan border. It used to be one of the hardest fields in China, the few missionaries who were there before and after the boxer trouble thought of giving up the work, but the saints prayed, and the Lord has answered prayer. During the past years there has been a wonderful revival; it started among the tribes of the aborigines. Thousands and thousands of poor people are now singing the praises of God on the hills and in the valleys round about in that province. They have seen more results in that province of Yunnan during the last year and a half than ten or fifteen years previously. The Lord has wonderfully manifested His power to save and heal in their midst. Mrs. McLean told how in the city of Yunnan Fu, the capital of the province, a Chinese lady, wife of an official, had a disease for nineteen years; for months she could not leave her bed. As soon as she heard the Gospel she got under conviction and was willing to put away her idols and ancestral worship. She saw that God was able to heal her diseases and they prayed for her, and she was instantly healed. She at once became a witness among her own people. One after another of her family have been brought into the light of the Gospel; one son, a very gifted young man, has been baptized with the mother. They are true witnesses, and nearly all the members of the family, several sons with their wives have taken a stand on the Lord's side. The official is still addicted to the opium habit but they are believing for his salvation.

There are from thirty to forty cities in the province of Yunnan, without a missionary. If any one has a call to China he can have

a large city containing thousands and even millions of people all to themselves. What an opportunity for the Spirit-filled man of God! It used to take three or four months for missionaries to go from the Coast cities to the province of Yunnan, but now with the railroad through the interior it only takes nine or ten days.

Mrs. McLean told of marvelous ways in which the Lord answered prayer for them and supplied their needs. They were formerly connected with the *China Inland Mission* but felt the Lord distinctly led them out when they received the Pentecostal baptism.

* * *

World-Wide Revival

THE days we are living in are becoming more and more marked by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon saint and sinner. The deep heart cries and groanings and travail of soul that have gone up from the toiling missionary on the battle-field have not been in vain. God is answering prayer more marvelously than ever, and as we read the missionary news that comes from every land, of miraculous conversions and wonderful healings, our faith mounts up for greater things yet to come. The same light from heaven which changed Saul into Paul is pouring forth today, smiting those who are intent on doing evil and shedding forth sovereign grace in their lives.

Brother Schoeneich of Matagalpa, Central America, writes of a remarkable conversion in their midst. They had a neighbor who drank, gambled, beat his young wife, often left her without money and without food, and was so cruel even the animals were afraid of him. On one occasion he beat his wife and fled. After two or three weeks he sent her word he would come back if she would move; he didn't want to live near the missionaries. They knew he was under conviction and continued to pray. One day he came in real humility and asked forgiveness and that God would forgive him also, and sought reconciliation with his wife. From that night he has been a new creature in Christ, a marvel of grace to himself and every one around. He said, "Why everything has changed. I even love the dog and chickens which I used to hate." Brother Schoeneich asks prayer for their converts; they go through such bitter persecution from their relatives that it is hard for them to stand.

In Dier El Jarnoos, Egypt, there is a

great revival going on. Hattie Salyer writing to a friend from Cairo, Egypt, says that people coming into the meeting with the intention to disturb and with curses on their lips, are smitten down by the power of God like Saul of Tarsus, and cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" Some go away shouting God's praises and speaking in other tongues. Some who have no knowledge of the English language have spoken whole sentences in English, glorifying God. One of the amazing features of the revival is that the meetings are being held in the home of one who, a few weeks ago, was a bitter opponent of Christianity. He has given land on which to build a church and will help to put up the building. The unbelievers are amazed and do not understand how God can work such transformations, but He is making the "wrath of man to praise Him." The church when complete will seat about four or five hundred; there are now about two hundred in attendance, with a native worker in charge. Their money has given out and they cannot finish the church, though they are sorely in need of it. The private house in which they are meeting is far too small. Two new stations have just been opened up, one at Port Said and the other in Lanta. There are now ten stations where two years ago there was only one.

* * *

Word comes from H. M. Turney, Middelburg, Transvaal, that in a special series of meetings the altar has been literally crowded with souls seeking salvation every night; often before the altar call was given, the people would come forward weeping and cry aloud for mercy; on one occasion this took place at the beginning of the service. Opposition from those who are resisting the Spirit has been severe. Prayer is requested for the new-born souls that they may follow on to be sanctified and baptized in the Holy Ghost; also for special funds. The mealie-crop upon which the natives entirely depend for food has failed, and they are face to face with famine in both their stations. They will have to help their natives buy food for at least twelve months until next year's crop is ready for harvest.

Famine Stalks Abroad

A famine is also on in India at this time and Miss Herron at Saharanpur writes that the orphans are coming to her. She has

now eight over which she has full control, and whom she will train for God. She is going through a little persecution because of her former church relationships, but the Lord is meeting her and giving her favor in the eyes of the natives through healings. They say, "Jesus is the poor man's doctor." Sister Herron needs to be upheld in prayer in many ways. She is practically alone in a city of over 65,000, has been passing through bodily affliction, and stepping out into new and untried paths of faith will need to be much upheld by the intercessors and supporters of the Pentecostal missionaries.



Famine Time in India.

Brother Will Norton in charge of the Orphanage at Bahraich, has just visited some of the famine districts and says conditions are hard to describe. The English Government has opened up relief works and is giving the poor people employment. He found in one place 4,000 working for a few cents a day; men getting from two and a half to three cents a day, women, two to two and a half, and boys and girls, one to one and a half cents. The poor people are fined every day by their native overseers, so they really do not get as much as this. Brother Norton said he met with men on the works who told him they were starving, met with women with their little daughters by their side with hopeless despair in their faces, yet the famine is only commencing. It will be nearly six months before their next crops mature. While the Government is doing all it can to give relief, many thousands prefer to starve

in their villages rather than go on the relief works. The Orphanage at Bahraich owes its beginning to a famine nearly seven years ago, and will at this time do all in its power to help the starving, not only with physical sustenance but at the same time feed them with the Bread of Life.

* * *

They have had a marked conversion in Bezaleel Mission, founded by Miss Abrams in Basti, North India, and it has brought no little persecution from the heathen round about. Miss Lillian Doll writes of their conflict:

The battle has been raging in Basti, all because a very high caste Brahmin has become a Christian. Yet it is a great joy to us to be in this battle. The people have become so stirred that we cannot allow the convert to go off the compound alone. Rewards were out for his capture and threats to kill him and us were openly made, but Jesus is keeping us in His own pavilion. Poisoning is so common in these parts that we have had to be wise and watchful as well. We had to dismiss the water boy and the cook as the enemies were using the latter especially, trying to get the convert to run away. The cook was promised R 25 (about \$8.00) if he would only coax the young man off the compound, when he would be captured. The cook worked hard. He brought letters of enchantment signed by Vakils in order to coax him off, have him made clean again and put into Hinduism again. A convert from the villages needs so much teaching. Matthew cannot read although of very high caste, so daily we are teaching him to read Hindi. At present he has to be taught from the Word for hours at a time. The Lord has been so good to us in preparing us for this time of much pressure in standing with this soul. Will you not hold on to God for this young man to be true and faithful to Jesus.

* * *

China's Unpromising Future

China's future presents a rather gloomy forecast, judging from the present outlook. When the Manchu government was overthrown, Christians all over the world had great hopes that the revolution would bring about religious liberty, and some even pictured the Christian religion as dominating the nation, but recent changes are causing anxiety and disappointment. While no doubt much has been gained for the progress and strengthening of the nation, there has been no gain to Christianity. The President, Yuan Shih Kai, is not a Christian and is not a Republican at heart as was Dr. Sun

Yat Sen, and it is stated that there is a decided backward trend since Yuan came into power. The efforts that were made in the beginning to mete out justice and put away corruption, are now a thing of the past. There was a wholesale destruction of idols last year, yet today they are being repaired and incense is being burned before the pedestals on which the idols formerly stood, although the temple goers are not so numerous as formerly. Officials were ordered to worship at the tomb of the Empress Tse Hsi who in the Boxer rebellion paid 500 taels (about \$600) for the heads of American missionaries. The heathen spirit is prominent and it is said that actual cases of cannibalism have been reported. Brother H. L. Lawler writes:

"Poor China! She has again taken a backward step. The great God of heaven alone knows the meaning and outcome. The following words from a recent paper explain the present form of government in China:

'The Administrative Council yesterday unanimously approved of the bill for the worship of heaven. The ceremony was fixed to take place in the Temple of heaven at the Winter Solstice annually. After a hot debate it was determined that the President should not wear the diadem, but that a special costume should be designed. The ceremony of the kowtow and the sacrifice of a bullock will be adopted. The Council also passed the Bill for the worship of Confucius, suggesting that it should be conducted twice yearly on the same scale as the sacrifice to Heaven.'

"Does this look good for China's new Republic? Already there has been a forming of another Boxer uprising: over eight thousand men were in the league but were discovered before a real outbreak took place. About forty of them had their heads removed as a warning. The people as a whole are in an unsettled condition and there are many rumors of war. Crimes are perpetrated upon women and girls in many places. The very air seems impregnated with demons, as well as the people, and nothing but the mighty power of God will ever bring them under control. If ever China needed prayer it is now!

"We are expecting to open up two more stations inland, and we ask your earnest prayers that God, somehow, will stem the tides of war so that His work be not hindered. We are also in need of some missionaries who are not 'fearful nor afraid' to take

up the work with these native brethren in these interior stations. They are too far inland for us to look after properly, and with the experience we have had we feel it is much better to have some missionary near to oversee the work. A man and wife or some older persons would be preferable. These native brethren are good workers and can speak some English. Who will put themselves on the altar for China?"

Brother Lawler also speaks of the great need of a Missionary Home for North China. China has two great divisions, North China in which they speak the Mandarin language, and South China with the Cantonese dialect which is the same as another language. They also need a Home for their orphanage work. They live in a Chinese house, which is more like a barn than a house because it is so open, and the climate is so damp and changeable both Mr. and Mrs. Lawler suffer greatly from the cold, which goes to their very bones. He writes of suffering even though he wears in the house two suits of woolen underwear, an over shirt, two sweaters and a coat, and sometimes an overcoat!

* * *

And so the cry comes from every land for help to spread the Gospel, Homes for Orphanage work, Homes where new missionaries can study the language, become acclimated and accustomed to the ways and customs of the people, comfortable quarters for the missionaries so their lives may be prolonged, donkeys and ox-carts for traveling in order to carry the Gospel to the heathen in the different villages and tribes, money to open up new stations, help for the famine sufferers, support for native workers and their families—every mail brings a touching cry from some missionary who sees the vision to gather in many souls from among the heathen and accomplish much for God had he workers and means. Intercessors to the front! Enlist yourselves in a prayer-warfare that will girdle the globe, loosen the purse strings and thrust men and women forth into the harvest field that is already over-ripe!

* * *

A Sight Seer Turns Missionary

A bright American College girl recently went on a visit to China. She gave up her last two years in college in order to take this trip and while there the Lord called her to be a missionary to that country. Seven

years ago, during the first Pentecostal outpouring, when she was but fourteen, the Lord let some drops of "latter rain" fall upon her, and at that time she felt called to be a missionary as so many do who receive the baptism. In the crowding in of school duties and plans for a business career the call slumbered, but when she reached China it burned within her, and she wrote to her mother: "When I see the awful idol worship and then the hundreds of people who are eager to hear the Gospel I just wish I could bring every true Christian from America out here and set him to work. I could never be content to settle down quietly at home now that I have seen all these poor, hungry people and come to love them so much. The dirt and the smells and the thieves don't seem to bother me a bit. I feel as though I were made for just such things!" She had made plans to help her mother in business and said she "could but weep a little weep" when she thought of failing her mother, but China offered so much more of an opportunity to do something for God that the pull there was strongest. It even seemed a waste of time to come home. She wanted to go to work right away but felt the need of Bible training, and wished she had never gone to college but had taken a missionary training course instead.

* * *

Insanity Healed thro' the Evangel

Scarcely a day passes that does not bring word from some one of blessing received through The Evangel. Renewals come accompanied by the words, "I could not do without the paper," "It is food to my soul," "That one article alone is worth the price of the paper," etc., etc. We most rejoice when the good news comes that its pages have brought salvation or healing to some soul; and of this we have heard a number of times.

The following letter from one who was delivered from an affliction worse than death, through reading The Evangel, shows what power there is in the printed word when accompanied by the Spirit of God. For special reasons we are not at liberty to give the name but we have had the testimony corroborated by the nurse who carried to the afflicted one the Evangel which brought deliverance:

Some years ago I got into spiritual darkness and became insane. For years before that I had walked with God and I was sure I received the Holy Spirit

although I never spoke in tongues. The memory of the two or three years previous to my commitment to this hospital four years ago is so confused that I cannot trace the subtle snares that the adversary laid for me.

For years I had belonged to the Christian and Missionary Alliance and I had accepted the healing that was mine through the precious blood of Jesus. But somehow I seemed to lose everything. I groped in darkness that could be felt.

It was sin that brought me in such a situation and yet it was two years before I realized what I had done was sin. Then it seemed to me that I had even lost salvation. I grew perfectly indifferent to spiritual things. I was mentally dead to every thing. I could not read nor follow a conversation nor talk sense long at a time. I would sit and rave and when I had been here a year they put me in an incurable ward. I know at times I was dangerous.

Most of the nurses here are Catholics, but God sent a dear girl here who knew Him. She gave me about eight Evangelicals of 1910. I could not make sense of what I read, but I prized them and kept them. I felt better if I slept with them under my pillow. After about six weeks my head began to clear and one day I read about two hours in the Evangelicals.

It was dear Mr. Piper's sermons that reached my brain. When my brain acted at all it was burdened beyond words for my boy and his salvation. He was so little to be motherless. I had not known for years where he was. (He is only eleven now.) I would try to pray for him and begin to rave. That day in February, 1912, I read what Mr. Piper had to say and it seemed as though it was God's own message to my poor impotent brain.

Suddenly it seemed as though my Lord drew near and very reverently I waited. He seemed to reach out His hand and I heard Him say, "Give your boy to Me." I looked up and answered, "Lord take him." Immediately I felt something was done for me in Heaven. Then, weeks later, I received a post card from my boy and we have corresponded ever since. From that day I began to gain. I found a footing and all hell could not prevail against the Everlasting Arms that held and sheltered me. I had not a dollar in the world and it seemed to me I must have the Evangel. My Heavenly Father saw my need and the nurse who brought me the first copies sent a two years' subscription for me.

For twenty years I prayed with all my heart for foreign missions. I definitely dedicated my oldest boy to China and he seemed in his childish way to have a definite call. God, who makes no mistakes, called my boy home. The cruel car wheels tore and mangled him beyond recognition. I fainted and did not come out of it right. For months my reason was gone but my faith did not fail me then. What came later—after I had rallied and apparently gained my reason I have referred to in the beginning of this letter.

My heart has burned within me when I read of the blessed outpouring of the Spirit and the tongues that are given these latter days. But somehow I always until recently felt it was not for me. I waited for God to speak to me and invite me to the banquet. Just a few weeks ago I felt free to ask Him for the Latter Rain.

From Our Missionary to Persia

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN CHRIST JESUS:—

The remembrance of you all cheers my heart, knowing that with all sincerity of spirit you are standing with me for the Crucified One, the Risen One, the Coming One.

I see the coming battles, yea the most terrible battles of my life for His sake facing me. Fear vanishes away when I remember that you are praying for me and that my ministry in His Loving Name is to be effectual. I am not alone for the Great Comforter is with me and you all, in your spirit and in the Holy Spirit.

Until now I could not say definitely when I should go to Persia, but now I know that in His powerful Name I will leave England on Thursday, February 26th, and will arrive in Berlin on Saturday. D. V. I will leave Berlin on Monday and arrive in Tiflis, Russia, Friday, March 6th. I may remain for ten or fifteen days for the printing of six tracts on six subjects—a few thousand of each in the Syriac language. I can then be at our appointed field by the first of April—

God helping me. If your comforting and encouraging letters ever will be needed and greatly appreciated it will be then.

I thank the dear Lord for giving me a share of suffering for His matchless name in England by fighting *through*; by prayer and by preaching the Word, surrounded by the powers of darkness in high and low places. The Lord was with us despite all hindrances, and blessed His people, baptizing a number in the blessed Holy Spirit, and saving and healing others. Hallelujah!

I will not write more now, but please do not forget that only English drafts can be cashed in Persia or cheques drawn on London Banks. All letters require a five cent stamp and no postcards are permissible. Please be sure to register all letters containing drafts, and address very plainly:—

Evangelist Andrew D. Urshan,
Abajaloo Village, Urmia, Persia.

The Lord helping me I will answer every letter I receive.

With deep Christian Love, I remain the object of your continued prayers as a servant of Christ and missionary to Persia,
ANDREW D. URSHAN.

The Faith Battles of a Young Missionary

The Triumphs of the "Death Party"

Bertha Milligan, Missionary from China, in the Stone Church, Feb. 19, 1914



DO not need an introduction to this audience any further than that given by the Prophet Joel when he spoke forth the Word of the Lord, "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy . . . and upon the hand-maids in those days will I pour out My Spirit." So the Lord found me out in the State of Washington, just a school girl; He poured out His Spirit upon me and I prophesied and spoke in tongues. This was nearly seven years ago. I have walked and talked with Jesus, and He has dwelt in me. I would not know how to live had I not Jesus with me all the time.

God sent me to China more than six years ago. Every one is interested in China these days. It seems the eyes of the whole world are upon China as she struggles for her free-

dom. Napoleon said, "There lies a sleeping giant," and he added, "let her sleep," but in spite of all the nations have done to keep China down, and in spite of her reserve, today we find her struggling for liberty, and we as Christian people are especially interested.

I praise the Lord He ever let me have a part in His work in South China. I count it a great joy for the Lord to grant me this privilege. My grandfather was a Methodist minister and my father was called to be a preacher but he didn't understand how to let the Lord have his way, and feeling he didn't have the qualifications he drew back, but he gave his children to the Lord and when I told him I would go to China he never said "no," but he thought I should go out as a Methodist.

I cannot remember the time when I didn't have a conviction down in my heart that some day I should be a missionary. As I

grew older I joined the church but didn't have the joy of salvation in my heart, but later on I received it. When I heard about the baptism in the Holy Ghost I wanted to know more about it and as I went to the meetings I hungered for it more and more all the time. One night the meeting had closed, but I lingered after many of the people had gone home, the hunger was so great. I hardly knew how to pray or testify, I just drank in the truth, and as the elder said, "Let us pray" I knelt down; but I had nothing to say. The Lord began to show me things He wanted me to do. It seemed I had done nothing as yet, for while I was working in the Sunday School and helping at socials I had a deep hunger in my heart to do definite work for God. I saw before me a large congregation and then what looked like the ocean, but I had never seen the ocean up to that time. It was very dark and muddy and the waves were dashing up and down, my heart filled with sorrow; it seemed those waves were composed of people; their hair and eyes were dark and they were dark-skinned. I looked closer and could see the people bending over in their struggles, causing the waves, and I saw that was China. I turned to Isa. 57:20 where it says "the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." And later there came before me a river with high banks, and as I looked a dark-skinned woman came up and threw a baby down over the banks. I screamed and told her to stop but she didn't pay any attention to me. There came another who did the same. I screamed, and as another came with her baby I screamed louder and she stopped. That was about three o'clock in the morning. The next day God baptized me in the Holy Spirit, and the song He laid upon me was

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
Let my lips speak forth His praise,
Let my hands perform His bidding
Let my feet run in His ways."

He showed me that while it was all right to do our daily duties, He wanted to be first in my life. I went to China with a number of people but only four remained and became missionaries. The Lord gave me the Scripture before I left, "He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not fit for the Kingdom of God." He kept me unspot-

ted from the world. He put His arms around me a young girl far from home and undertook for me.

We went through many testings; it seemed the people at home had almost forgotten us; we were struggling along the best we could thinking that to trust the Lord meant we should not let anybody know anything about ourselves, but trust Him to send supplies down like the rain. We thought if we wrote about the work, it would look as though we were writing to get money, and so because of our ignorance we suffered.

We were living by faith, though I don't like to say that. I suppose I must have been living on doubts mostly, because faith is the substance of things not seen, and I didn't have much of the substance. There never was a time when I didn't have food to eat although it wasn't always what one would enjoy. When the Lord prospered me a little more some one told me I had to be careful so I would know how to abound as well as to be abased.

The first year or two there were four of us and we had all things in common; those who had money would pay and those who had none were just as welcome, but it seemed I never had anything to put in the general fund. They began to wonder how it was, but I found out we could ask the Lord "Where?" and "How?" and "When?" but never ask Him "Why?" It seems to question God. In I. Peter 1:7 it says that the trial of our faith is much more precious than of gold that perisheth, and I wondered if the Lord was going to try my faith like that. I have heard since I came home there are two kinds of faith; one kind that bringeth an answer and another kind that will endure, so if that was what the Lord has been teaching me I thank Him.

Finally the Lord led me to Canton and those in charge of the Home said they would teach the girls how to exercise faith and that they all should pay their part toward the expense of the Home. I was almost afraid to go there because of this, but I thought the Lord would have me go and they asked me to come; however, instead of having money come in, I received nothing and to make matters worse I got sick; so at the end of the month when they handed me a slip of paper telling how much I owed, I didn't know what to do; how I could have faith. Finally the brother in charge said,

"Did you ever ask the Lord for a certain amount of money?" I never had. I knew He considered the lilies of the field, and the sparrows would not fall without His notice, but I had never done as he had said, and I decided to try. So I went out into the little summer house and walked about, wondering how I should pray. I decided I'd ask the Lord for thirty dollars, because that was what I needed to pay my debts. I knew I was the Lord's child, and to me a debt seemed a great disgrace, but I said the disgrace wasn't on me, it was on my Father. I had borne that burden so long it got pretty heavy, so I knelt down there and told Him how I was in debt and started to ask Him for thirty dollars. I hadn't gotten it out before He told Me to ask Him for three hundred dollars—and I got it, too! It pays to be definite with the Lord. Tell Him what you did if you want Him to forgive your sins. It seems the country of China brings out the very worst there is in us, and sometimes things happen that are not pleasant where so many live together, but it is not worth while to go out on the streets and preach unless you live in victory in your own home. Unless you live an overcoming life it doesn't pay very much to go out on the street and talk about the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world. It seems the Chinese know you the first day they see you. It doesn't take them long to understand you. Perhaps you will be there only a half day and the Bible woman will tell all about you. We are books written and read by the Chinese. They are quick to understand us and I find the only way we can reach them is to love them. I do not believe I cared for the Chinese any more than many of you care, but I loved Jesus and I heard a voice saying, "Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my love." And because I loved Jesus I went forth, and really you love the Chinese because you love Jesus. If we love as Jesus loves, we will consider it nothing to leave our homes and go forth through any hardships. It is the desire of my heart as I go back to China that I may be of more use to Him to go out in the country places. As we go about in the villages they say,

"Won't you come back?" And they want us to sing the songs over and over again. In the meetings when we sing, "In the middle of my heart there is no sadness," one woman will call out to another, "Did you hear that? In the middle of her heart is no sadness," and they get so noisy I don't wonder Paul said, "Let your women keep silent in the churches." I had to tell them to keep quiet. We can cover three or four villages a day, but could you be saved if you heard the Gospel only once? Could you be saved if you never heard it? There is so much to be done it seems sometimes our voices will give out as we go. I remember one time I went to the Poor House for women; it was a fourth of a mile long and perhaps two or three streets wide. I hung a song up on the wall and read it to them, and as we would read it we'd tell them about Jesus; we would stop at three or four places and get a crowd. One day I was almost through, and there came tottering after us an old woman on her little bound feet. She called out with a loud voice, "I followed you every place you went. It is so happy where you are when you sing that song," and we sang it for her again.

One day as I was reading my Bible I came to Joshua 5:13-15 and these words stood out with great prominence, "As Captain of the host of the Lord am I now come," and the thought I got was that in this great battle in which we are engaged we were to recognize the presence of our Joshua or Jehovah and keep praising Him and He would fight for us. But in the very beginning of our studying the language I was compelled to go to bed with a serious illness, and I thought, This is not much like fighting, whereupon the Scripture was brought again to my mind, how Joshua fell on his face to the earth and worshipped, and how the Captain said, "Lose thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy," and I began to understand that even though your head might be bursting and your heart aching, right then is the time to worship the Lord. He raised me up from that sick bed with the words:

"Christian gird the armour on,
There's a victory to be won,
Take the helmet, sword and shield,
Forth into the battle-field
At His word."

There is in China an Oriental party called the Death Party and they carry bombs; they throw these bombs on the ground and as they explode they die with those whom they are trying to kill. What impressed me about this Death Party was that in this last revolution the women joined it; because of their patriotism and zeal for their country they were willing to give their lives for it. In some of the parties they had two divisions; one is where they expect to die, and the other is where they intend never to come back alive. We as missionaries have joined the Death Party, but our weapons are spiritual. We carry the Sword of the Spirit, which is sharper than any two-edged sword. It cuts both ways. It cuts into our own lives as well as into the lives of those to whom we preach. It divides asunder the bone and the marrow—in other words it takes away from us the things that are as necessary to us as the marrow is to the bone, but for all this we are not discouraged for He gives grace for every need. They told me a story about this Death Party, how the regular army had gone ahead and were defeated. The enemy gained the victory and then came back. In the meantime this Death party with their bombs had come to the scene of the battle-field, and seeing the dead bodies of their countrymen, hid under them, and

when their enemies returned, the Death Party rose and threw their bombs with such effect that their side was after all victorious. So while we lost some of our best workers, we were taught to stay on the ground, and when the enemy came again, God enabled us to defeat him.

I witnessed a battle in Canton, from the house-top. The enemy were encamped in two large buildings about two miles from our house. Early in the morning we heard the sound of bullets, raining like hail, and continuing until about four o'clock. Stationed in several parts of the city were cannons, and our only relief from the sound of the bullets was the roar of the cannons. The cannons did the work; they sent the explosives that caused the buildings to burn, and I thought as I heard the cannon balls whizzing through the air, how like the cannons were our reinforcements from home. This warfare in which we are engaged requires the bombardment at the throne of heaven by the cannonading of prayer at home as well as the small bullets on the battle-field. In this battle in Canton many lives were lost; so we have lost some of our best workers but do not censure us for getting sick or even dying, for the conflict is severe, but rather help us, and when we fall in the battle send someone to take our places.

How I Found Jesus

A Soul's Struggle for Salvation

Leila M. Conway, Hurlock, Md.



FROM my earliest recollection the desire of my heart was to know God. It was my delight to go with father to the revival meetings held every Fall in the little village church. One night, walking along by father's side, my hand in his, I timidly told him that I felt something like a nail piercing me within and that perhaps I had better go to the altar. My father replied, "Well, my daughter," but the tone of his voice rather deterred than encouraged me for it was in the day when the conversion of children was but little believed in. I had a deep longing to be saved, and at the tender age of eight and for several years after, my thoughts were continually going out along that line. Ministers coming to

our home would notice me and endeavor to draw me into conversation. After they had departed I would steal away to some quiet nook, a hurt, disappointed feeling tugging at my heartstrings, and there weep because they had not spoken to me of Jesus. To my childish mind a preacher was the direct representative of God, and hence I thought it strange that no mention was made of my soul. I would often gather my brothers and sisters around me on the Sabbath and go through the form of worship as I had seen it observed at the church, but ceased if my auditors become irreverent or inattentive, for I was very sincere in the service and would not suffer anything bordering on sham or mockery.

How susceptible was my heart to divine things those early years! How easy for me

to have obtained salvation then! Passing years dissipated these good impressions though there never was a period in which I wholly forgot God. School and young companions began now to take my attention, introducing a new element into my life. To be popular, I tried to fall into line and conform to the ways of society. I left off church going. The frivolous gay young people treated lightly my religious tendencies, and it began to dawn upon me that there was a sharp dividing line between the things of God and the things of the world and that the two didn't "mix." I was not without some misgivings on joining their ungodly set, but I quieted conscience by saying that there was time enough yet; I could take my fill of pleasure and then come to God long before I was old. The Christians of our locality thought that the very young had better come to the age of maturity before seeking Christ, and as that was yet far in the distance I followed along in the wake of my worldly associates; but I had no real peace or joy. This, under God, prevented me from going to excess in sin, I am sure, but I drifted farther and farther away from the right. I ceased to read my Bible, studiously avoided coming in contact with godly people, and in fact tried to steer clear of everything which might direct my attention to the soul; for I had formed the idea that should I die in my sins the greater my ignorance of the way of salvation the lighter would be my punishment. I also conceived the thought that I had sinned away my day of grace and that the Scripture, "But if our Gospel be hid it is hid to them that are lost," must apply to me. This unhappy frame of mind was manifest in my countenance I suppose, for father one day said to me, "Leila, why do you always look so sad?" But timid girl that I was, I could not bring myself to tell him. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." Isa. 57:20. The devil succeeded in taking me into his net but thanks be unto God He delivered me out of the snare of the fowler.

I was of a very delicate constitution and had sicknesses one after the other. When stricken down I would think seriously upon my lost condition and these illnesses were a means used of God for my conversion as the sequel will show. During one of those violent attacks in which my life seemed but a

question of a few hours, I cried piteously unto God to keep me from falling into hell, for it seemed moving up to meet me, and by a hair's breadth I hung suspended over the fathomless depths. "The pains of hell gat hold upon me," (Ps. 116:3) and my suffering of soul greatly exceeded that of body. God in mercy heard my cry and stayed the destroyer. From a sense of gratitude for His preservation, and feeling that I should do something in way of return for His kindness, I started to go to church again when I had recovered. I began to look and search for God in those bearing His name, but alas! too often I failed to see any distinguishing difference between Christians and those outside the fold. I was perplexed and at a loss to account for this, yet I still believed that the Gospel wrought a transformation in the lives of men and women, and that the real must exist somewhere. The members of the little village church came to look upon me as a "hard case" because of going through revival services unmoved, as they thought, and my dear father remarked to a friend, "Leila has no inclination for spiritual things," but could they have seen into the heart of the apparently careless young girl, how different would their judgment have been. Thoughts of God and eternity filled my mind, and the unconcerned manner I sometimes assumed was but to conceal the unrest within.

Time went along without much of a variation in these matters and then there was a change, God bringing it about, I believe. At the Conference held in the Spring, a new minister was sent to Hurlock, a man all on fire for souls, with a mighty consuming passion for the lost possessing him. He did not confine his labors to the church but went into stores, public places, even pleading with men and women on the streets to give their hearts to Jesus. Because of such an unusual proceeding some few said that he was "going crazy over religion," but they too had to give way before the burning love and zeal of the minister. Like a resistless tide it swept all before it. The community was shaken from center to circumference and many were swept into the kingdom. Under the pungent preaching of this man of God I became more miserable than ever, yet I did not yield to the voice that called me for I had come to the conclusion to defer the matter of my salvation thinking I could not stand in grace

and overcome temptation until my environment was changed and also that, on coming to the age of maturity, I would be less liable to backslide, etc. However, the Spirit strove mightily with me; funeral occasions, especially those of persons I knew, made an indelible impression upon my mind, hearing as I did, the call of God to repent. At revival meetings I assumed an indifferent air, but many times at the conclusion of the services I would go immediately home, close the door of my room and throw myself on the bed, weeping far into the night. And sinner though I was, I am sure God's pitying eye looked down upon me in compassion and love. Three or four years passed by, and still I had not given myself to God. I often implored God not to take His Holy Spirit from me, for there were times when the Spirit seemed about to take His flight—"My Spirit shall not always strive with man," Gen. 6:3—and alarmed at the cold, hopeless, "left-to-myself" feeling that would come over me, I would pray God still to continue the Spirit in conviction upon me and He in mercy heard my cry. I had now reached my sixteenth birthday. A few weeks afterward the annual revival services began and I went through them as formerly, till the last night of the meeting. At the close the minister requested unsaved ones wishing to be prayed for to stand. A compunction of conscience for opportunities that I had let pass unimproved, God's great mercy, a fear of what the future might hold in store—for death was abroad in the land—swept over me, and I said within myself, "I will do that." I had never before signified my desire to know Christ by any outward act or sign. To my great astonishment when I started to rise, I seemed pinned to the seat, unable to move. I realized that it was the powers of darkness trying to keep me down. The minister was waiting, there was no time to lose. Making one last desperate effort, I arose slowly, forcing my way through those awful Satanic powers which were as weights drawing me back, and then sank into my pew weak and faint, but sweetly conscious that I had taken a step toward God. The preacher pronounced the benediction and the congregation began to disperse. I passed out with the people, thinking of the long wait that I would have ere another opportunity should come around, for I had somehow imbibed the idea that revival seasons

were the only time in which to seek salvation.

Early the following Spring I was taken ill again. Naturally frail, I was an easy prey to disease. I took quantities of medicines, pinning great faith to what they could do for me, but as the weeks passed by I found I derived little or no benefit from them. The doctor performed an operation, yet I obtained but temporary relief. The case baffled both myself and friends, but as I have seen afterwards, the hand of God was in it, (permitting the affliction to come, etc.) A month or two more and the time for camp-meeting came round. Father was particularly anxious that our family should tent on the grounds. Dear father not knowing what the outcome of my ailment might be, and deeply concerned for my soul, thought of this means as possibly proving effectual, I divined. I did not care to go, but was obliged to because of no one to remain at home with me. I reclined on the sofa and in chairs, listening to the beautiful music and the preaching. Occasionally I would go out to a service. Seeing me in the audience one night, Pastor D. came to where I was and told of how I had been on his heart night and day while he was away attending a holiness Convention at Mountain Park, and that he had prayed for me without ceasing. Through what he was saying I more beheld the love of Jesus—seeking for the poor lost lamb straying so far from the fold. The words of the invitation hymn that the workers were singing fell in soft, tender entreaty on my ears, but I said, "Not tonight." I shrank from going to an altar for I would rather have sought the Lord at a less conspicuous place. Have you noticed, how the Lord will bring us to do the things that we say we will not do. "Submit yourselves therefore to God." Jas. 4:7.

The meeting was to hold ten days, closing on Sunday. The last Friday night I went to the service again. After preaching, the altar call was given. I sat quietly in my seat not thinking in the least of responding, and with little or no feeling upon the subject. Presently my mother and cousin Mary came, and putting their arms about me began to weep. This simple act was the means under God of quick and pungent conviction to my soul. Almost before I knew, I was in tears too. Reserve and self-control commenced to slip away, I tried to regain them, but there

was no withstanding that powerful working of the Spirit. I saw my condition and the danger which I was in, both for soul and body—for I was growing weaker every day—and the dark hopeless eternity which confronted me. I trembled at the sight. O how terrible! “To be lost in the night, eternity’s night, to sink in despair and in woe!” I became aware of a Presence which through some intuitive sense given me, I recognized to be God. “This hour, decide for or against me,” I heard as clear as a bell. “Tonight, Lord?” I re-echoed in surprise. I thought of waiting for the Fall revival which would not be long. See how the habit of procrastination can get a hold upon one! Knowing the thoughts, and forestalling any intent that might form, the Lord said, “You will not live till then should you refuse to seek me tonight.” I was “cornered.” I saw that I had come to the limit of God’s forbearance—“For though He bear long yet will He not always have mercy”—and no farther would He permit me to trespass on the riches of His goodness. The fork of the road lay before me. I must choose either heaven or hell, and I must choose *now*. I felt that God, silent and imperturbable stood awaiting my decision. Shaking with sobs, I arose from the chair and fairly ran to the altar. A great calm and rest stole into my troubled breast, and if I had but known what it is to believe on Christ, I would doubtless have been saved on the spot. As it was, I thought that the way to Christ was very difficult and that probably I would have to seek long ere I found Him. I prayed earnestly, confessing every sin that I could think of which I had ever committed, and imploring God’s forgiveness. I had openly avowed myself a seeker after Christ, and there, upon my knees, I purposed never to give up. From that night the disease rapidly departed and I felt it was because I had made God my choice. I did not receive pardon then, but I went away praying and continued seeking. I went to the “mourner’s bench” during the revival the following Fall, doing what I knew to find the Savior, yet oftentimes realizing that I knew nothing or little of what to do. God’s people tried to help me, telling me “only to believe and I would be saved,” but I did not understand. I also feared lest I make a false profession—dubious, like my unsaved friend, who, when told to receive Christ by naked faith, turned

quickly on the speaker and replied testily, “Must I say I am saved when I am not?” The sinner naturally thinks he must have at least a degree of feeling, and for him to step upon the bare promise, without any emotion whatever, and confidently declare to the world that he is saved, seems to him the most preposterous and foolish thing imaginable.

I prayed as the months went by, but all was quite dark and I did not seem to come any nearer the Savior. I had seen “sky blue” conversions, accompanied with manifestations of beautiful joy and triumph, and I thought the Lord would surely bring me through in the same way. I fully believed that there should be an outward demonstration of some kind attending conversion—a sign whereby one might know that he was saved—and I looked, and waited, wondering why it did not come. Like sinners in general, I had reversed the order of things and said, “Assurance first and then faith; first to receive and then I will believe.” The Campmeeting season came round again and still I had not found Jesus. I was puzzled, and at intervals gloom and discouragement would well-nigh overwhelm me. Our family had a tent on the grounds again and I went with them. I bowed at the altar time after time, weeping, and calling upon God to save me. As a writer has expressed it, I was continually asking but never *taking*. Just as if a table with goodly viands was set before me and I were to say to my parents, “Give me to eat,” and they would reply, “Yes, *take* and eat,” but I would still keep on begging and not partake of the food. “The *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord”—I had only to take the gift extended, but my holden eyes did not see. The meeting was drawing to a close and I was on the verge of despair. Knowing my frame of mind, the minister one evening came, and kneeling by my side begun to plead with the Father. And oh, such a prayer! Rising higher and higher, till at last he seemed transported into the immediate presence of the Lord and talked face to face with Him as friend talketh with friend. The pathos and deep earnestness of the tones of his voice stirred my soul. I caught a new glimpse of the wonderful “love that bought me, the love that sought me,” and “the Lamb for sinners slain.” Jesus was willing to save me—strange that I should ever have thought that He was not—

He stood ready, and all this long while He had waited to do it. The dark shadows began to lift, and the glorious light of the Gospel to break in. The minister had now finished praying, and turning to me he repeated I. John 1:9, softly and tenderly so that it seemed to me as if coming direct from God, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." It did look reasonable, and what could be plainer? And moreover, for me to turn aside the promise and not accept it on the face of it as read, would show that I doubted God, and the assertion of His Word, so sure and positive. "Haven't you confessed your sins?" asked the minister. "Yes," I assented, my conscience all clear on that point. "Then, God is faithful and just to forgive you your sins," he continued. "Do you believe it?" "I do," said I. "And you now accept Jesus as your Savior?" I hesitated the fractional part of a second, this way of conversion was altogether different from what I had looked for, yet there must be no other, for I had waited a year for some great marvelous manifestation of converting grace but none had come. "I receive Him as my Savior" I murmured. "Openly signify it then by placing your hand in that of your father's," said the preacher. Father and a white haired saint were on the opposite side of the altar. I reached over and laid my hand in his. *I was the Lord's!* That act, simple though it was, marked my transition from death unto life. I had not a particle of feeling, but on the authority of that verse I could reckon it done. The wonderful words were my stay the following days. I would testify to salvation at every opportunity, and when the enemy would come around to tempt me, saying, "You are witnessing to something you haven't got, for you know that you don't *feel* a bit of change," I would look to God and beat him off with, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." In my ignorance I would not have known that it was the foe tempting me, but the pressure brought to bear in endeavoring to get me to doubt the promise,

made me suspect that it was the wily old adversary. Though the enemy retreated, he would return again. It was no easy thing to withstand him—the trial was severe—but God enabled me to hold my ground and to maintain my position on the Word. I had given up looking for or expecting feeling, and had settled down upon the promise as an all-sufficient assurance of my salvation and acceptance with God, content to rest on that alone to life's end. Matters went on thus for two weeks, and then, to my great surprise, the Lord one day was pleased to give the manifestation or witness—"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Rom. 8:16—in a deluge of glory to my soul. O the bliss! "the rapturous height of that holy delight which I *felt* in the life-giving blood!" Earth's pleasures were of no comparison. I yearned that "all the world might taste and see the riches of His grace," while with a heart overflowing with joy I exultingly sang,

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear.
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God."

Glory to Jesus! Many years have passed since then, but I still love to look back upon that happy time and recall to mind "the sweet comfort and peace of a soul in its earliest love." Are there any that read these lines who are yet in their sins? My heart goes out to you in love and in prayer. I know from past experience your condition and how desolate it is to be without God. Hard, trying things in life to contend with, bitter griefs, and no Savior to whom to look. You pour your troubles into the ears of man but you find that they can do little or nothing to help you. Come to Jesus, dear one, He stands with outstretched arms. Hear Him call, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will *abundantly* pardon." Isa. 55:7. Will you do it now?

Services at the Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Ave., Chicago
Sunday 10 a. m., 3 and 7:15 p. m. Every Evening at 7:45 except
Monday and Saturday. R. L. Erickson, Pastor, Kent White, Assisting