



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

The Consecration of a Minister to his Ministry

Each One in his Place in the Body

T. K. Leonard, Findlay, O., Convention, May 31, 1914.



AT THIS time when God is calling men and women to preach His Gospel, I feel He is impressing me with the responsibility of the ministry and the need for a greater consecration among us. We surely appreciate the divine call of the young people to the ministry, and pray for their complete preparation and consecration to their specific calling. I feel led to talk along the line of "The Consecration of the Minister to His Ministry."

As a basis of my remarks I will read two texts. The first is in Rom. 12:1, 2, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." "And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God." This Scripture requires positively the complete consecration of the body to the service of God, and the mind to the conformity of the perfect will of God; and negatively it demands that we should not be conformed to the world.

I do believe that this latter part is even to the Pentecostal people, that we be not conformed to this world, that is, to the fashions, fads, and customs of the world. They are killing to the church, and a hindrance to the ministry. "Be not conformed to the world"; I believe the worldly fashions have marred and do cripple the spirituality of many of the saints of God. Last Spring, in Cleveland, Ohio, when the Committee on fashions met to council as to the fashions of the season, they had a fair representation from Paris, the hotbed of pride and adultery, and introduced their fads and fashions for our sisters and wives to buy the patterns and goods to make new dresses, and throw away some that were as good or better. I believe that God wants us today to abstain from the fads and fashions of the world and to dress our bodies with respect, and that the wives of the ministers especially should not cater to the fads of the street-walkers, but rather set them an example of modesty. I believe that God would have women dress so that in circumstances of fire or flood they could escape by running or swimming and not perish

by being hobbled.. Not long ago in a great Convention, a sister minister arose and said, "I am preaching salvation, full and free, also Divine Healing, and I am so afflicted in my body that it is embarrassing to me." On an invitation to come forward for prayer she came, and when she made her appearance, to my utter astonishment I didn't know whether it was rheumatism or a hobble-skirt that made her walk so unnaturally. I do not believe that God wants our Christian women to hobble themselves down so that if they are caught in a fire or a flood they cannot save their lives.

There was an occasion once for Philip, one of God's ministers, to run. He had a mighty revival at the city of Samaria and got the people converted, devils cast out and sick folks healed, and then Peter and John, two Pentecostal preachers, followed him up and they preached to and prayed for the people of that city, and everyone of them received the baptism in the Holy Ghost except Simon Magus, the preacher. He failed so far as the Scripture reveals. The last thing we hear of Simon after Peter rebuked him for thinking the gift of God could be purchased with money, and called him to repentance, saying he was "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," was his request for prayer that he might not perish. Somehow I believe the Lord may have saved him, but the Scriptures are silent concerning this. But God called Philip out of this great revival and sent him down into the desert. I expect he thought after having such a wonderful time, "Now I am ready to go up to Jerusalem," or some other big city, but the Lord told him to go down into the desert and he started. While on his journey he saw a prominent man coming down the way in his chariot; the Lord spoke to him and he ran and joined himself to the chariot. If he had been a woman with one of those hobble-skirts he would have missed his calling and the candidate in the chariot would have remained unsaved. We have one preacher on Bible record that wasn't afraid to run for God.

The only text I know of that implies that God got in a hurry was when the prodigal son came to himself and started toward his father's house. The Scripture says, "the father ran to meet him." Oh what a joy it is to know that God runs to meet us more than half way when we make the consecration for salvation!

Let us notice another text in addition to the one given above. The apostle says in this text, I. Thes. 5:19-23, "Quench not the Spirit"; I believe many have leaked out and failed by quenching the Holy Spirit and not quenching their own fleshly spirit. "Despise not prophesyings." Some are guilty of this sin. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." I believe everything will stand the test that is of God. Whenever you get the real goods from heaven hold to them in spite of self, men or devils. Hold fast to the good and precious things that come from God. There are some things in connection with this movement that do not meet our approval, but we believe that God is separating the dross from the gold and we cannot give up the gold because some of the dross manifests itself in the flesh. Next we read we are to abstain from all appearance of evil. I believe this will help us a good deal even in our conversation. It is quite often that our tongues get loose and we make reflections on some people that almost ruin them. That is not only "the appearance of evil," but it is the evil itself. Now the Lord doesn't want us to abstain from a thing that is really evil, but if a thing looks evil to other people, I believe it is best to refrain from it. Then He calls again for our complete consecration to our living ministry. He says, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your *whole spirit* and *soul* and *body* be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." In the former text He asked us to present our bodies a living sacrifice in the service of our calling; in this He includes more than the physical body, that our "*whole spirit, soul and body*" be preserved, blameless, without sin or conformity to the world in any way. How long? "Unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ"; yes, He may be ready to start now, but how will He find us when He appears, and who will be able to stand? "Faithful is He that calleth you who also will do it." Bless His Holy Name!

In Rom. 12:5 the apostle says, "So we being many, are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another. Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith," not according to somebody else's faith, but our own. The Lord doesn't want any of us to get beyond the operation of the Spirit. He doesn't want me to manifest the gift and the calling of some other brother. The place that He gave me in the body, He wants me to submit to wholly and humbly; consecrate

my soul, body and spirit to *my* calling, and let the other man's calling alone. One of the greatest difficulties that has caused havoc and destruction in the body of Christ is the lack of keen discernment of the specific calling and placing of individuals in the body or church. Satan takes the advantage of this and makes each to believe that his calling, his special equipment includes and involves the whole thing, and everybody must act like *he* does, or he doesn't belong to the body; everybody must prophesy or preach like he, everybody must have the gift and the spirit of prayer like the intercessor or he is backslidden. Take for instance an evangelist who is filled with enthusiasm and a love for souls—God has given him the gift to go out into the wicked world, get hold of an old drunk by the living spirit of God, pull him out of the gutter and lead him into the kingdom. He has his special calling; his special gift that helps him to lead a man out of darkness into the light, and when he gets out of that realm it seems as though he cannot work, because God wanted him consecrated as an evangelist. God wants each person to wait on his own calling and not try to govern those who have a different calling. We have the record of Philip getting men saved; he was a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; he could challenge devils and drive them out, heal all manner of sickness and get the people to give up their spiritualism and other isms; he baptized them with water, and they were filled with great joy. But he waited for Pentecostal preachers to follow up and lead them into the glorious experience of the baptism in the Holy Ghost. You see he was consecrated to his calling as an evangelist and made that a success. To his next congregation down in the desert we find him preaching Christ, and the Ethiopian eunuch furnished his own text. Philip preached Jesus. I wish we as evangelists could especially remember that to get souls into the kingdom filled with joy, we must preach Jesus. Down our way since there has been a little friction about one and two operations of grace, etc., the unity of the Spirit was broken, so that nobody got saved or baptized with the Holy Ghost for quite a while, but I thank God that when we keep in the unity of the Spirit and each one in his place, sinners get saved, sick folks get healed, and believers get baptized in the Holy Ghost. Some folks say, "We will drop doctrine and preach Jesus," but when you preach Jesus you preach what He taught. Philip preached Jesus. He told the eunuch the con-

ditions of salvation and the man was under mighty conviction and said, "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" The preacher knew what it took and he said, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest," and so whenever anyone believes with all his heart, the purging blood of Jesus takes the sin out and he is a candidate for baptism.

Some years ago I was pastor of a church near Findlay, Ohio. I had preached there five years and they were feeling the necessity of a change, and I felt that my work was not yet finished, so I wanted a summer meeting. Over in Ohio ten years ago we generally held a revival meeting when the folks had nothing else to do; they always insisted in holding a revival meeting when they couldn't work. When the people could work and make money they would rather work, but we cannot do much for God that way. We must seek *first* the kingdom of God, winter or summer, busy season or not busy. God wants our first services; He wants the first born, our best offering, and not the offscourings of the earth. He wants our best in order for us to get His best. Hence the text, "Present your body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." It was in hot weather, the harvest was just closing and the threshing season opening. We were in a farming community, and the elder said we could not afford to have a meeting at this time of the year as the threshers would be in the community and the people would have to work. I said there would always be some excuse; if I held a meeting in winter, the old folks would say it was too icy and too cold, and there would be sickness, etc., and I believed God could bless us in a summer meeting. I couldn't get any encouragement, but I got the privilege of holding a meeting, and although it was hot and a close building, the people came out. They didn't need to be afraid of all the little contagious diseases going about among the children in the winter. The house was crowded and in ten days twenty or more were saved, among whom was a professor of High School, who turned out to be a good preacher of the Gospel. Not only that, but the day came when we were to baptize the converts in water, and one of the elders of the church was converted to the faith of baptism by immersion. He led the others into the water and was baptized while the threshing men stood on the shore. They stopped their engine during the baptismal service; God is able to stop business and carry on His work if He has consecrated souls.

And so I would say to you dear saints, when God calls you into His special service, no odds what your gift is in the body, let us take the admonition of the apostle here, "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth let him do it with simplicity." Someone asked me what that meant about giving in simplicity, I didn't look it up to see what the Greek had reference to, but I said I believed it meant to give without a quart of ice-cream in your stomach. Some people cannot get an offering for God until they feed the donors with ice-cream. It is hard to get lukewarm people to give to the Lord, hence Jesus said, "I would that ye were cold or hot"; so if they can't get them hot, they cool them with ice-cream.

We are taught here that some have the gift of exhortation; let him be consecrated to his calling and to his gift. The teacher can set forth the word in all its solemnity, clinch every truth, dig up the heart and plant the seed where it may root down and spring up, and bring forth a crop; then along comes the exhorter full of fire, and with his zealous exhortation, if they will work harmoniously, God can bless them to the salvation of the people. But sometimes the devil takes advantage of these things, and when one whom God had called to be a teacher will with solemn meditation and his understanding opened, plant the truth that God has inspired, then the little fire-house who has the gift of exhortation will sit there and pout. He thinks the teacher is an old dry stick, and says, "Oh Lord, if he would just get through so I can get a chance," and so he will often spoil a meeting. The teacher ought not to be ashamed because he is not full of fire and doesn't exert every effort and every nerve. Let each of us stay in our calling; then God can cause us to work harmoniously. As all the organs have their functions, and the muscles and the joints work together harmoniously, so ought we without any friction. It makes a man strong, it makes a church a fire-brand in a community, and a lighthouse to those who are in darkness if we stand together according to our calling; then God can work through us to the salvation of souls and build up the body of Christ until we come into the fulness of the stature of our Lord Jesus Christ. I am glad that God has a system of His own by which he calls His people, and I am glad that He places us in the body as He wills. However,

I know He gives us a choice. If we desire the office of a bishop we have to make some consecration and line up on certain lines to be crowned. I am glad that while He leaves it open for us to choose at times, He leads us in the choice in a degree. If we will comply with His conditions, He will give to us His approval and qualify us to minister among the saints. But the conflict that comes into the body so frequently is because we get out of our places, and God's Spirit lifts. We get into someone else's place or try to regulate someone else. But the apostle exhorts us here that we present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God. He wants our bodies as temples of the Holy Ghost individually and collectively. In the new birth the life and the Spirit of Christ comes into the soul and we are made saints of God. Then we have His living, divine nature within us, but somehow God wants His Spirit to have perfect access to these physical bodies. He wants to move in the house that He owns. He wants us at times to keep silent and let Him speak and have the pre-eminence. Many times in prayer we hear the people say, "Oh Lord, let the Holy Ghost have His way." I believe we ought to change that expression and say, "Oh Lord, help me to let the Holy Ghost have His way." He will if we give Him an opportunity.

This text, Rom. 12:1, came to me as a basis of one of the first messages I ever preached in the church where I was brought up and where God saved me. The preacher lived thirty miles away and was called home in the midst of a revival for a funeral service and he called on me to take charge of the service in his absence. I told him I wasn't able. I had confessed my calling and could exhort under the power and influence of the Spirit, but I didn't want to preach in the church where I was raised. However, the Lord helped me. I thought I wanted a text to show to the sinners the folly and foolishness and vanity of serving the devil and the wisdom of serving God, and so I got my subject before I got my text; and then I got my concordance to find a text, something that would help me to carry out my subject. I came across this verse in Rom. 12:1. That sounded all right to me, so I outlined my sermon. I had my firstly and secondly and thirdly, and had it pretty well arranged in my estimation, and when I got up to preach I started to quote my text and my eyes were opened to see that the text was addressed to the brethren instead of to sinners. But I rushed over the first part and laid the emphasis on the end of the verse which said, "*which*

is your reasonable service." I only preached a little while until I began to get cold, and the colder I got the more I sweat, and the more I sweat the harder I hollered and tried to preach. I didn't know what to do, but I had my subject and I kept saying it was a reasonable thing anyhow for a man to give up his sins and come to God. At last I told them to sing and I called for sinners to come to the altar. Then I began to examine myself. I felt the Holy Ghost had left me; I had no more feeling of His presence than a dead man and I didn't know what to do. When the service was over I hurried out into the rig and started for home. I tried to sing that feeling off, knowing I had made a mistake, but could not. I tried to pray it off, I had four miles to drive, and the further I went the more desperate I became, and when I got home I could scarcely put my horses in the barn. I went into the house and tried to pray. I struggled that night, and the next day I spent some of my time behind a locked door promising God I'd *never* misapply the truth or pervert His Word again. I didn't mean any harm, but God had plenty of texts just as suitable as this, and *more* so for sinners. I made a vow that was almost like taking the blood from my own pulse and signing my name before God that I'd not pervert His word any more if He would let His Spirit rest upon me again, and bless God I got the victory. Since that time when a message seemed hard for me to give because I knew it would hit somebody, I remembered my vow to God and it kept me true to His holy Word.

A little later some light came and the teaching of holiness sprang up, and I thought now my text would work, because it said, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, that ye present your bodies, *holy*, acceptable," etc., and I preached on that text to get people through to sanctification, but I discovered after awhile that that was about as big a mistake as the first, that the apostle said that we were to present our *bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable*; that they were to be holy when we offered them; we were not to offer them to make them holy. Then after awhile Pentecost came and then I thought my text came in good play. I believe He wants the Holy Ghost to live in a holy body as well as in a holy spirit, our own spirit to be holy, and then He can do some holy work. So I preached it that way a little while and urged the saints to get rid of physical condemnations and appetites that hinder the Spirit from coming in, and it seemed to work, but the Spirit told me that wasn't the application, and I read it again, and

the last time my eyes came open wide as it dawned upon me that the apostle wanted this text for the preachers and the officers of the church and the members of the body with their wives. With the spirit after God's own nature, with the soul conformed to the image of God, with the body made pure and holy, filled with faith and the Holy Ghost, yet He calls upon us to present our bodies a *living* sacrifice, (not a dead one, a living specimen to put on the altar of service, a living sacrifice that would give up our land, our money, our families so far as God required and give our lives wholly to our calling and His cause. When I saw this point I realized that He wanted the body holy; He doesn't want it conformed to the harlot's image, He doesn't want it conformed to the world, but to be transformed by the renewing of our minds that we may come into the image of Christ to the fulness of the stature of our blessed Lord, and then He wanted the consecration to our calling. So I believe God is going to use us all to a greater usefulness in the body when we pray through and find our place. If it is the foot, let us get down underneath inside of the shoe (out of

sight) to carry the burdens. It would be a hard task to get along without a foot. It is a hard job for the church to get along without feet, but the devil is always ready to switch you off from your calling and say, "Just grab a bible and preach." God wants some people to have as much joy in giving as others will have in preaching. He gives to some the gift of giving and He wants them to do it in simplicity, hilariously and joyfully. If you have a salvation that shouts during the meeting and backslides when the offering is given, you need consecration. Now he says, "Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering." Every person that has any function or any office of any kind in the body, no difference what the gift may be, if it is consecrated to its place, it will help make a strong body that will lift great loads, carry great burdens, work harmoniously, move the world and glorify God.

In conclusion I want to quote once more: "And the very God of peace sanctify"—and in this place it means separate "you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Miracles of Healing Wrought in England



AMONG the Stone Church visitors during the month of June was a Mr. Smith Wigglesworth of Bradford, Yorkshire, England. Brother Wigglesworth is visiting Conventions and Camp-meetings in the United States and Canada. He spent a few days in the home of THE EVANGEL and told us many interesting things about the Lord's work in England. He lays no claim to learning. God took him out of one of the humbler walks of life, anointed him with a heart of love and compassion for the sick and the suffering and put His Spirit upon him. He told us of some interesting cases of healing that occurred under his ministry, which we give to our readers:

One day he and his wife received a letter from a young man asking for prayer. He had been healed about three years before of a bad foot, and they had lost all trace of him since, until this urgent cry came from a home where in the natural, death was soon to enter. When the letter came Mrs. Wigglesworth said to her husband, "If you go, God will give you this case." He telegraphed he would go, and started, riding from Grantham, nine miles away to Willsford, on his bicycle. When he reached the village he inquired where the young man, Matthew Snell,

lived. He had heart failure and had to lie perfectly still in one place. The doctor said if he moved from that place he would die, and left him, never expecting to see him alive again. When Mr. Wigglesworth reached the house, the mother of the young man stood in the doorway and said, "Oh you have come too late." "Is he alive at all?" was asked. "Yes, he is just alive." He went into the parlor where he was lying. The young man, Matthew, said in a low voice, "I cannot rise, I am too weak, and the doctor says if I turn around I shall die." Mr. Wigglesworth said this to him, "Matthew, the Lord is the strength of thy heart and thy portion altogether. Will you believe that the Lord will raise you up for His glory?" The young man answered, "Lord, if You will raise me up for Your glory I will give You my life." Hands were laid on him in the name of the Lord Jesus and instantly new life came into him. "Shall I arise?" he asked, but the ministering servant felt he should lie perfectly quiet and so advised. The night was spent in prayer and the next morning Brother Wigglesworth attended the ten o'clock meeting in the Primitive Methodist Chapel. He was asked to speak and talked of faith in God, and from that moment the unbelief seemed to clear away from the village peo-

ple. They came to him at the close of the service and said, "We believe Matthew will be raised up." He had asked the family to air Matthew's clothing for him to put on, but they didn't do it because they did not believe he would be restored. For six weeks he had been in a serious condition, becoming weaker all the time. Mr. Wigglesworth insisted on their airing Matthew's clothing and they did it, not because they believed for healing, but to satisfy him. About 2:30 he went into the room where the young man lay and said, "Now I would like this to be for the glory of God. It shall never be said that Wigglesworth raised you up." The young man answered, "For Thy glory, Lord; my life shall be for Thee." Then the servant of the Lord said, "Matthew, I believe the moment I lay hands on you the glory of God will fill this place so I shall not be able to stand." As he did this the glory of the Lord fell upon them until he fell on his face to the floor; it increased until everything in the room shook, the bed and Matthew who was on the bed, and with a strong voice the young man cried out, "For Thy glory, Lord!" "For Thy glory!" This continued for at least fifteen minutes, when it was apparent to them God would give him strength not only to rise but to dress in the glorious power which seemed like the description given of the temple being filled with the glory of God, and the young man was walking up and down, shouting and praising God and clapping his hands. He went to the door and called to his father that the Lord had raised him up. His father was a backslider and fell down before God and cried for mercy. His sister, who had been brought out of an asylum and was threatened with another attack of insanity, in the manifestation of that glory was delivered from that time. That weak body immediately became strong, eating regular food immediately. The doctor came and examined his heart and declared it was all right. Matthew declared it should be for the Lord's glory and at once began preaching in the power of the Holy Ghost. His own statement is that when he gives the story of his healing many are saved.

On Monday, after Matthew was healed, Mr. Wigglesworth started up the road with a brother, when the Lord said to him, "That woman with the apron on up the road is not saved." He mentioned to the brother the impression he had and when he neared the woman he said, "The Lord convinced me coming up the road that you do not know Him and want to be saved." Instantly she screamed out that for three weeks

she had been under conviction and wanted salvation. They went into a cottage across the way and God instantly saved her.

Going from there to Grantham to take the train he stopped to see the mother of a young woman who had been converted in their mission in Bradford. When he reached her house she said, "Don't stop here. Go with that man on his bicycle," pointing to a man some distance off. Before they reached the house they heard a voice crying out, "Oh, dear me!" "Oh, dear me!" When they got inside they found a man suffering terrible agony and distress. At first Brother Wigglesworth thought he was sent there that the man might be healed, but instead of that he asked, "Are you saved?" The sick man cried out, "I would give the world! I would die comfortable if I were." Brother Wigglesworth pointed him to the Way, rebuked the unbelief, and instantly he realized he had passed from death into life and the shout of joy took the place of the cry of distress. His wife, seeing the joy that came to her husband, fell down at his bedside and cried for salvation. He was not led to pray for the sick man's healing and in three hours he went sweeping through the gates.

* * *

A friend of his lay dying. They had been kindred spirits from their boyhood days, perfect love existed between them. When Mr. Wigglesworth reached home one evening he found his wife had gone to see his friend who was sick and he immediately started down to see him also. As he neared the house he knew something serious had happened, and as he passed up the stairway he found the wife of the sick man lying on the stairs, broken-hearted. Death had already taken place. As he entered the room where the man lay, the deep love he had always cherished overcame him and he lost control of himself and began crying out to God. His wife who was present remonstrated with him, but as his heart went out to God he was lost to all around and felt he was being drawn up by the Spirit into the heavenlies. The deep cry of his heart was, "Father, Father, in Jesus' Name bring him back." He opened his eyes to find out there were no altered conditions, but with a living faith he cried out, "He lives! He lives! Look! Look!" The dead man opened his eyes and revived, and he is living today.

* * *

The following story was the first case of Divine healing under his ministry: The wife of a dear friend who was to him as a father in the

Gospel was sick unto death. There were several doctors in attendance and they told the husband she would not live through the day. They had several small children, and knowing there was no human help, Mr. Wigglesworth asked his friend if he would not let the Lord heal her. He said no, he could not believe. There was a man in the neighborhood who was a very earnest man in prayer, and Mr. Wigglesworth went to him and said, "I want you to go with me to visit a sick woman who is dying, and I want you to pray just as God leads you to pray." When they got to the house Mr. Wigglesworth said, "Now Mr. Clark, we have come to pray with your wife," and turning to the man he brought with him, asked him to pray first. He knelt down and prayed that God would sustain Brother Clark in his bereavement and that the motherless children should be cared for. Brother Clark also prayed to the effect that he might be sustained in his loss, but neither of these prayers were indicted by the Spirit of God. As soon as they were finished Brother Wigglesworth went up to the bedside of the dying woman, in the name of Jesus rebuked death, anointed her with oil, and instantly saw Jesus standing at the bottom of the bed. He smilingly sanctioned the act of faith and vanished. The dying woman immediately rose up and was well from that time. That was fifteen years ago and she is living today.

* * *

A young woman came into his mission one night and was so impressed with what she heard that at the close she said to Mrs. Wigglesworth: "There is a young woman at Allerton who has been living there for six years and never been outside the door. Will you go up there?" Mrs.

Wigglesworth referred her to her husband and he said he would go. As he started down the road, which was filled with people traveling to and fro, the Holy Ghost fell upon him so that he stood in the street and shouted for joy, and the tears rained down his face and saturated his waistcoat. To his astonishment, nobody in the street seemed to recognize his condition; it seemed as though the Lord covered him. He dared not speak to anybody lest the presence of the Lord should leave him. The young woman who went with him was full of talk, but he said nothing. As soon as he entered the house the glory of God came more fully upon him and as he lay hands on the afflicted one the glory of God filled the house. He was so filled he rushed out of the house and the young woman after him exclaiming, "How did you get this glory? Tell me! Tell me!" He told her to go back into the house and seek the Lord.

A week after that he was in an office in Bradford and as soon as he entered the office a man said, "Wigglesworth, sit down. I want to tell you something." He sat down to listen, and the office-man said, "Last Sunday night at the chapel the preacher was in the midst of preaching when suddenly the door swung open, and in came a young woman who had been confined to her home for six years. She stood up and said that as she came out of the house the heavens were covered with the most glorious light and presence of God, and she read over the heavens. 'The Lord is coming soon.'" Mr. Wigglesworth wept and praised God, but said nothing. He realized that God wanted him to know the young lady had been healed but that he was not to talk about it.

Busy Mothers as God's Prayer Warriors

Prayer Series No. III

Alma E. Doering, Promenade 3, Brieg-Breslau, Germany.



IN our missionary travels we have felt most deeply for mothers and daughters, who were tempted to chafe under the pressure of many home duties, because they felt they were being limited in their opportunities of service. How they longed to exchange places with the missionary, and yet how little they realized that lay missionaries—in Africa at any rate—have a repetition of the home trials right out on the field. Often with a family of from twenty to one hundred native children to care and plan for, besides the responsibility of school work, the housekeeping and the much sewing

needing to be attended to, anywhere from five to one hundred patients daily coming for help,—not to mention the letters and missionary reports we are expected faithfully to send to the homeland,—one often wondered how it were possible to wedge in a half hour with the Lord. Even with the drain of the hot, unhealthy climate upon our bodies, we were many a time obliged to deprive ourselves of necessary sleep, in order to have the indispensable quiet times of communion with God in the early morning dawn, and even then could not be sure that we should be so fortunate as to have no interruptions, as the natives have no idea of systematic divisions of time, and like children, seek the comfort and

advice of the missionary at any and all hours.

It is, therefore, out of the depths of our own experiences that we speak to mothers, for the missionary also who has not received an abundant supply of grace, feels keenly that the many unavoidable secular duties on the Mission Station limit her opportunities for spiritual work to a most distressing degree. Very often, when it looked as though a leisure hour was in view, for real waiting on God or Bible study, the unexpected would happen to crowd it out. Take, for instance, what actually occurred one afternoon at our Mission Station. One had so eagerly planned that a portion of the afternoon should be free for that soul and spirit refreshing fellowship with God, when suddenly, an accident occurred, and one of our native "boys" was carried in with a broken limb. Scarcely had we sacrificed our quiet hour in the setting of the bone, when another lad was brought to us, having just received a blow, and his eye was almost out. We retired that night, hoping for better things the next day, but alas! our native helper in the kitchen unfortunately poured boiling water over himself, and thus was disabled for many a day. The writer has known many such accidents happen, so that it was impossible to abide by one's best intentions. Of course, in the Congo the natives have no hospitals or doctors, so they soon learn to run to the Mission Station at any time, day or night, with their accidents and sicknesses; and also, in the absence of artisans and skilled laborers, all the burden of housebuilding, housekeeping, getting these rude people into clothes, etc., falls upon the missionaries themselves.

We missionaries, therefore, feel a bond of sympathetic fellowship with the busy mothers and those who have many family cares; and we feel they have fellowship with us. But, oh! that all understood the value of a mother's life and prayers! In order to do this, we feel we must choose a mother as an illustration of what God can do—a mother who lived in our present time, and under our present difficulties. Her path was a thorny one from her earliest childhood days, for at the age of nine she lost her father, and at eleven, her mother. There was a small mortgage on the parental home, and the creditors, seeing their opportunity, took advantage of the helpless orphans, and seized the whole property as payment of the debt. The eleven-year-old girl was adopted into a family which was determined she must earn her own food and clothes outside of school hours, and, to do this,

she was obliged to work out in the fields every day from four o'clock till eight, until at the age of fourteen this strain had begun to tell sadly upon her health. It was during those terrible three years that this child-orphan had a revelation from God. She had had a godly mother, and had her mother not told her again and again, that God was the Father of the orphans? And her child-mind clung to the thought, as a drowning man to a straw. "As I have no earthly father, God must be my Father in a special sense," she would often reiterate into her otherwise desolate little soul; and this thought brought the first rays of light to her heart, and she formed the habit of telling everything to her Father only.

A neighbor, however, seeing her emaciated form, suggested to her the advisability of seeking service in a neighboring German city, where she would receive regular wages, and not be obliged to work beyond the limit of her still undeveloped constitution. She prayed about it, and felt that her Father would have her take that step. No one had taught her about seeking God's guidance, nor had she ever heard of the need of personal salvation, as her mother, though religious, held to the old idea that no one could possibly know they were saved this side of Heaven. When the woman who had taken her found out her intention of going into salaried service, she took from her all her decent clothing and shoes, so that the poor girl was obliged to enter into her new position in a strange city with her toes projecting out of torn shoes and in a tattered dress; but never once did she doubt the love of her Father in Heaven.

It would take too long to continue relating the drawbacks, trials and limitations of this young life, but suffice it to add that when she, the mother of the writer, would relate to her child her sufferings as an orphan girl, the tear-stained face would plead with her to stop, as her story was too pathetic to hear.

It was some years later, when this tried soul was brought into the light of personal salvation, and when God spoke peace to her soul she was so radiant with joy that at once there was but one passion in her heart, and that was to bring others into the joy which she had found. But she was only a servant girl, not, indeed, through her own fault, but by the cruelty and disloyalty of those who made merchandise of helpless orphans, and what could she do? In her day there were no Foreign Missionary Societies open to her, no Deaconess Homes, no provision made for the training of women workers; but God had a

higher ministry for this soul than she was able to conceive, and her mission work began for her, as for all, at home. She was in the employ of a very wealthy, highly cultured and religious lady, who looked upon this personal experience of salvation as rank fanaticism, and her methods of quenching her maid's testimony varied between persecutions and threats, and great kindnesses and beautiful offers of earthly advantages; but all in vain. Her mistress, in acting thus, was incited by her unconverted minister, who succeeded in having a number of the converts arrested, and their meeting-hall closed by the authorities. She even forbade her maid to resort to her attic for prayer. Day by day, she would make new attacks, and the first concern of her maid would be to get God's own message in reply. Although the cheerless bedroom was so cold that in winter she would have to break the ice in her wash-basin before washing, she would rise up early enough to enable her to receive her daily message from God for her own personal needs and an answer to her mistress' renewed attacks, and all this before her appointed hour for work in the kitchen again, where she was obliged to prepare the breakfast of the family. And did it not seem all in vain, for after four years of this daily struggle nothing seemed to have been gained, and she fled to America, in order to find a land where she could worship God unhaunted.

During the following years in America, the doors were more hopelessly barred than ever for entering into any kind of missionary work, yet God permitted her to have avenues of useful service in the way of real sacrifice in giving, for her contributions often equalled those of the richest of the congregation where she had found fellowship, and her prayer-life was ever on the increase, to which her own children can testify.

We must now draw a veil over the subsequent leadings of this mother, the family trials which came after her marriage, the death of two of her children in one year, and the failing of her own health; but twenty-five years later, we see her only daughter bidding this godly mother farewell, as she was about to leave for her work as a missionary to the Congo. Every child had been dedicated to the Lord from its earliest infancy. When the first-born was about six months old, his father returning home from a heavy day's business related to the mother how his heart had been grieved that day at hearing a fellow-workman curse God. Immediately, this mother turned towards the innocent babe

lying there in its cot, and thereupon made a covenant with God, trusting Him to take in its infancy every child given to her whom He foresaw would not live to His glory. Within a very short time her first-born became very ill, and all thought for his life was despaired of, but the mother did not take back the sacrifice for one moment. The life, however, was wonderfully restored, and to-day he is walking with God. So when her only daughter received a call to Africa, the mother, though with tears in her eyes, felt it was God's answer to her own intense desire to become a missionary, and though her frail health almost forbade her giving up her girl, she had bound the sacrifice to the horns of the altar, and nothing could induce her to take it back again.

One of her last commissions to her missionary daughter was that on her way to Africa, whilst staying in Germany for a few months' hospital training, she should call upon her mother's former mistress, who had so persistently persecuted her in former days. It was the true missionary spirit which would not give up a soul it had prayed for, even if twenty-five years had elapsed. But how that daughter dreaded the ordeal! Her work in preparation for the Field had been among lumber-jacks and the castaways in the slums, and so what message could she have for a refined gentle lady, surrounded by life's comforts? But it was her mother's parting request, and how could she escape the responsibility? Note again how God answered the mother's prayers.

The very first man entrusted to her daughter was a man in the last stages of consumption. His hemorrhages were often so severe that his missionary nurse had to tend him night and day; but during the intervals of ease and cessation from pain, she was able to speak to him of his soul's need, and he became soundly converted to Christ. When leaving the hospital as incurable, and being sent home to die, he begged his nurse, if he were alive when she had finished her course, to visit him before sailing for Africa. She could not refuse a dying man's request, so when her term was over she sought his address, but to her glad surprise, found he lived in the same city as the lady she had promised her mother, yet dreaded, to visit. She wrote, therefore, saying that she was coming to her city because of a promised sick visit, and asked for an interview. A kind letter was received in reply, with an invitation to dinner. The missionary announced after dinner that she must now make

her sick call, and on mentioning the address it was the lady's turn to express surprise, for it was the very man she had on her sick relief list to visit that day for the first time, and it seemed remarkable that out of all the thousands in that busy city, this man had been singled out for a visit from these two strangers the very same afternoon. They therefore set out together, and the conversation along the road naturally turned upon the sufferer, and his sometime nurse was able to give an account of his life, and how God had met him and saved his soul. Her companion was greatly moved, and on reaching his house, begged her to go in alone and see her former patient, as he would have some soul experiences to tell that he would wish to recount to her alone. About twenty minutes later, the lady returned to the cottage door, and said, "Now I must go in myself, and hear the story from his own lips," and as the poor dying man recounted God's mercy in saving his soul, the rich, refined lady, with her now silvery white hair, seated near the bedside, listened with profound reverence and tear-stained eyes. How warmly afterwards she grasped the missionary's hand in parting, and repeatedly thanked her for her visit, and what good news the daughter was able to write home to her praying mother, of God's answer to prayer, for that day brought to the elderly lady's heart a confirmation and realization of the truth which the mother had brought to her those many years ago, and was one of the mighty links in the chain of establishing her peace with God. We need scarcely add that the poor consumptive and his family were lovingly provided for, and another praying friend and subscriber added to The Foreign Mission Roll, for in the subsequent touch with her by correspondence there was left no doubt but what the light of God's salvation had dawned in upon her soul, and that she passed into glory trusting not in her upright life but in her own personal Savior.

We have an illustration in the prayer-life of this dear mother of two different types of answers to prayer. In the first case, just cited, there was the patient waiting for many years before seeing the grain of wheat, sown in prayer, springing up into life. The other, which we are now to relate, shows how God honors with an instantaneous answer to prayer. These various answers which God's children receive are like the different scenes which give the varied shades and colorings to our lives.

In the month of January, 1904, the writer lay sick with a deadly fever in Africa. She was

quite ready to go to the Lord, only begged so earnestly, "Lord, help my dear mother to bear it, when the tidings of the death of her only daughter reach her." Then on January 24th, a sudden change took place, and she became wonderfully better, and while others would have taken months to recover strength after such a terrible attack, with her it was miraculously quick, and seemingly unaccountable. But two months after, she received from home the news that her dear mother had gone Home on January 24th, the same day of her own healing. The whole of the last day of her life, she had spent in earnest prayer for her child in Africa, full of joy in the thought that she had given her dearest to the Lord. And while she in Chicago, already with the death dews upon her brow, continued to pray for her daughter, God gave the latter off in Africa, new strength for service; the ebb of her mother's life was hastened, while the flow into that of the sick daughter's in the lonely missionary's home, was quickened.

How many mighty accomplishments through the prayers of sainted mothers who pursued "the daily round, the common task" must be contained in the Divine Chronicles to be read from Heaven's platform, before the gathered multitudes, in that grand but awful day when all the Books are opened! And may the knowledge of their hidden yet all-prevailing service inspire us to see that the incense of prayer and praise is ever ascending from the altar of our hearts, and however incessant the whirling wheels of daily circumstances, to go (as in Ezekiel's vision, Ezek. x. 2,6) in between the wheels, and take the needed fire from between the cherubims for others, as well as for ourselves.

NEW TRACTS.

Discerning the Lord's Body, by F. F. Bosworth. A new tract on Divine Healing presenting this subject in a new phase; shows how living Faith makes disease impossible, and why many are weak and sickly. A large number of orders have already been received for this tract. 20 pages, Price, 3 for 5 cts., 12 for 15 cts., 100 for \$1.00. Add 15 cents postage on 100 lots.

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The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

"Lord, Teach Us to Pray"

THE text is not how to pray as some misquote it; but "to pray"; actually to do it, really to practice a life of intercession. No wonder the disciples made this request. They saw Jesus always in an attitude of devotion. Repeatedly they saw Him slip away from their company to spend a night in prayer. Then they saw Him come forth to meet the needs of sorrowing suffering humanity. With such a life of prayer back of Him, in public He could look up and say: "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me"; and then cry: "Lazarus, come forth!"

The sinning and suffering press upon us every day. They need supernatural help. We shall be able to help them only as we believe for them. We can believe for them only as we abide in a life of prayer. Such prayer-life demands a never-ceasing surrender to the will of God in detail.

"Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His love and grace are such
That thou canst not ask too much."

I. E. D.

* * *

For the information of our Chicago readers we wish to state that the 'Phone No. of THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE has been changed to Douglas 671, but anyone wishing to communi-

cate with THE STONE CHURCH or its pastor will continue to call Douglas 3502.

* * *

Our tent meetings continue with good interest. We have had with us during the month of June, T. K. Leonard of Findlay, Ohio, and Harry Bowley of Zion City, both of whom were used of the Lord and made a blessing.

* * *

We are glad to continue to forward missionary monies to the foreign field, and to receive offerings for outgoing missionaries. There are about five new recruits from THE STONE CHURCH expecting to leave for China in September, besides a number of returned missionaries going back to their various fields, all of whom we are hoping to help in a substantial way through the readers of THE EVANGEL. Money is needed for equipment and traveling expenses for both old and new missionaries; there has been a splendid response during the past month for the workers on the field, but we are praying now that God will send in money for those going out this Fall. Ask the Lord what He wants you to do to speed these young soldiers of the Cross across the seas to the lands of their calling. All whom we are sending out from THE STONE CHURCH have the love and confidence of our people; they are men and women of sterling character and have their faces set to go through with God.

* * *

Campmeetings

Homestead, Pa., July 10-26, under the auspices of the Wilkinsburg Assembly in conjunction with the Union Gospel Mission at Turtle Creek, Pa.

Davis City, Iowa, July 31-Aug. 9, State Encampment for Iowa and Northern Missouri. For information address John Goben, Lucas, Ia.

Seattle, Wash., July 15-Aug. 15, at Ballard Beach. For information address M. R. Tatman, 5843 W. 60th St., Seattle Wash.

Belmar, N. J., July 15-Aug. 15, two miles south of Ocean Grove. For information write Frank M. Boyd, 640 Mattison Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 1-Sept. 1, at 70th & Lansdowne Ave., Mrs. M. B. Woodworth Etter in charge. For information write Wm. Anderson, 6003 Larchwood Ave., West Philadelphia.

* * *

J. O. Lehman, South African missionary, is now in this country and writes that his permanent address while in the United States is 78 N. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

The Pentecostal Mission in Canton, South China, formerly under the supervision of Paul Bettex, has been transferred, together with the workers, to Mrs. L. M. Johnson who will have full control. Brother Bettex's health compels him to give up the work and return to America. Mrs. Johnson asks the prayer of God's people for this new responsibility. Her address is c/o British P. O., Canton, So. China.

A Consecrated Hour Respond to God's Call

Note.—During our Spring Convention the Missionary cause was strongly reinforced. Among a crowd of twenty called to the foreign field, there were four young men who came forward on the night of May 30th to tell of the burning love God put in their hearts for a lost world. Two of these young men, Arthur Slocum and Paul Van Valen,

are called to India, and the other two, Harry Bowley and Clyde Bailey, to Africa. The report of that epochal missionary meeting is in THE JUNE EVANGEL but we give below the "heart talks" of the young men, which were crowded out of the June issue. Any offerings for these new recruits or any others will be promptly turned over to them.

forsaking all for Jesus

Harry Bowley.



HERE never was a happier moment in the seven years I have known the Lord than this night because I have settled it in the depths of my soul to obey God and go to the ends of the earth. I praise God for these seven years of walking with Him. I was saved in Zion City seven years ago, in the basement of a hotel, away back in the congregation. I had fought God for a number of months, not realizing what I was doing, but in ignorance, but one night I was so sick of sin, so tired of the world, I said to mother, "If there is any Jesus Christ in that Movement I am going to find Him tonight." I went with father to the meeting, saw the shining faces, but there was a struggle with the enemy. A number of the young people with whom I had been associating for years sat around the outside scoffing and mocking, but God helped me in my heart to say "Yes." I just dropped on my knees and in less than five minutes I knew it was settled for time and eternity, and in my weakness I said, "Lord if You can use me I give myself to Thee, no matter what the cost." I didn't realize just then what it meant, but soon after that God baptized me in the Holy Ghost with twenty-four others. The Spirit came as a mighty rushing wind and filled the room, and a big ball of fire struck my head and I was lost to the world. The most wonderful of all was that I saw my Jesus. God gave me the tongues of the people that I hated. I never liked Italians very well but the first thing I knew in a vision I had my arm around an Italian and was talking to him in his own language, telling him about Jesus. Then God took me in the Spirit to a Chinaman and I told him about Jesus, speaking in the Chinese language. Then the next thing I knew I saw a crowd with a king in the middle, dark faces, bushy heads, with their implements of war in their hands. I stood before them, sang to them in their own tongue and talked to them, and they bowed their heads to what I was saying.

I had to leave school when I was thirteen years old and help take care of the family,

which I have never regretted. I praise God for that experience, it made me a man and brought me to the place where I was settled. I went on after receiving the baptism until one day while feeding the printing press and putting the sheets to the guides I was again lost to all around me. I had gotten up a new lift on the press, it was a two-colored register and we had to be very careful with it, and I was supposed to watch my work so nothing would happen. It was a rush job and I was singing and tremendously happy; so much so the pressman watched me very suspiciously, but I was lost with the Lamb of God who died for me. I saw myself standing in a long hall crowded with people. Jesus stood by my side with His hand upon my right shoulder, and as He would speak to me He told me to tell it to the congregation. I tried to get out of the call of God in every way imaginable, I tried to turn it over to others, but could not do it. Finally the Lord said to me, "What matters that to thee; follow thou Me." For a half hour my Jesus talked to me and I saw souls before me. All of a sudden when the last sheet went to the guides I shut the press off, looked at the rolls to see if I was doing the job right, and everything was as nice as could be. I put on a new lift, started up again, settled back and was off again with the Lord. Then suddenly the Spirit lifted, I threw off the switch, and looked at the press to see if everything was all right, and said "Where have I been?" and to my astonishment all was well. I walked in to my foreman and said, Mr. H. God has called me to preach the Gospel. You will have to look for a new man at the end of my week." He said, "Are you sure you are right?" "Yes, I know I am right." The boys gave me three weeks to get back, but I went on with the Lord. On the 15th of July I came home, "Mother, I have quit my job." "Are you sure you are right, son?" "Yes, I know I am right." She put her arms around me and said, "Before you were born I knelt at my bed and told God if He would give me a boy He should have that boy as a minister of the Gospel." One week after that I left home. I didn't know much Bible, but I stepped out.

Father was out of work, there wasn't a cent in the house to meet next month's rent, and I had some debts. I said, "Lord if you want me to preach you will have to help me to pay those debts," and He did it. I started out in my crude way. Four months after that in Missouri I went under the power of the Spirit and God talked to me about Africa; He showed me heaven and hell; they were tumbling head over heels into hell, and every time they'd fall I saw the flame and heard the cries. Down on the other side I saw the narrow way and the gate into the city, saw the angel with the sword in her hand bidding the pilgrims welcome home as they came one by one up the narrow path. The Spirit said to me, "Will you warn them to flee from the wrath to come and tell them about Jesus?" I looked out in front of me and between these two scenes I saw a company of black, bushy heads as far as I could see. Here was a big platform and I was there preaching to them. As I walked up and down on the platform, the mighty power of the Spirit upon me, hell was on one side and heaven on the other; in front of me as far as the eye could reach was this great mass of bushy heads, beaming eyes, coal black faces and naked bodies. Suddenly the power began to fall and they tumbled out of their seats; some started to run down the aisle and fell as dead men. I said, "Lord, I will go, but this boy has to learn something." It wasn't until two years ago there came upon me a mighty spirit of intercession and prayer and soul travail; a cry from my heart to go to Africa. I didn't know just the place He wanted me to go, but I began to read reports from Brother Johnson in *The Latter Rain Evangel*; I'd pick up the paper and before I'd get half way through I'd begin to weep. The desire to go to the field kept deepening, and in the Convention at Thayer, Mo., about this time the Lord definitely laid West Africa on my heart.

In the meantime God gave me a precious companion and brought a sweet little baby into our home. I didn't know just what it would mean to go to West Africa until I met Brother Johnson in Thayer and then he began to unburden his heart to me. He said, "The greatest thing in your way is your child; you could not take her with you." That meant something for a father, but I looked it square in the face. I said, "Brother Johnson, don't you paint this picture white; make it just as black as it is. Tell me the hardest things there are on the field, the hardest things you have to endure and don't spare me a bit. I walked and talked with that man of God

and he talked to me and that cry began to deepen until I said, "Lord, no matter what the cost may be I will go with You," but I did not finally decide until the Hot Springs Convention. That night God made me to know that now was the time for me to go, and so, by the grace of God we intend to sail with Brother and Sister Perkins and Sister Johnson for West Africa. Oh if I were only there tonight! I love those precious souls. I remember in Memphis when I was dying, heaven opened up to me and an angel came to my soul, the deep cry from my heart was, "Oh God, give me souls from Africa, darkest Africa, that land that is crying out and reaching out her hands for God," and beloved, the wild beasts, the diseases, tropical sun, everything that is against life do not bother me a bit. I have settled it in my heart, and the quicker this boy touches his foot on African soil, the better he will feel. I praise God tonight that I can give up what we must leave in this land, our little darling. Pray for me and my dear companion. I can shout over this, and if I stepped on the boat tonight tears of joy would flow because I am going in Jesus' name. I love Him tonight above everything else.

* * *

Saved for India

Paul Van Valen.

THE Lord has had His hand on my life from the day of my birth until now. I was thinking as I sat here, what a precious privilege it is to be in the midst of the saints, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, and I thought about the myriads that never heard the Gospel, and the cry from my heart was, "Father, send me quick." I long and yearn to go, and the yearning is so strong I ask myself, How could it be stronger tomorrow? But each day I long more and more to tell the lost about the living Jesus.

I am thankful tonight for a prayer-answering God and for a precious one who prayed for me when I was out in sin. My father died when I was seven years old, my mother was a deaf mute, could neither speak nor hear, and we were both poverty-stricken. I have seen the day I ate lard and salt and thought I was living fine, and I am willing to do it again if necessary.

We went to live with my grandmother in Michigan who was a saintly old lady. I can remember waking up in the night and hearing her crying and agonizing for souls. I didn't know then what it meant but I know now. I thank God for the ministry of the Holy Ghost and for those who prayed for me.

But I went away from home at thirteen years of age and cast my lot with the "hobos" and then I drifted. They are the roughest class of people and I went from town to town. I finally came to Memphis, Tennessee, where I came in touch with the Pentecostal people. I sat in their meeting night after night and longed for courage to go to the altar for prayer, and finally one night the Lord saved my soul. Then I sought for the Holy Ghost and it took seven months for me fully to yield and let Him fill me with His Holy Spirit. After that He called me to India. There never was a missionary sermon preached in my presence until after the Lord had called

me, so it wasn't a sympathetic call or one that came out of an enthusiastic meeting, but the Lord laid His hand on me and called me to service among the heathen. I am surrendered to Him and willing to do His will. I do not know just when I shall go but I find out He has our lives planned out ahead and He reveals the plan to us day by day and week by week as we walk by faith. I am not exaggerating when I say I would gladly work my way to New York and across on the boats. I do not see any reason why I should not. This grace is given unto me that I should preach the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ.

A Physician Leaves his Practice for Service in India

Arthur T. Slocum.



WHEN I was a boy nine years old I believe I was saved. When I was seventeen or eighteen years old I drifted away from God, and for about seventeen years I served the devil. In the meantime I had married a godly wife and her consecrated life showed me there was something in Christianity; there was a power in her life that I yearned to have in mine. I saw the law of sin and death working in my members, that when I would do good, evil was present with me, and for years I fed off the husks in the land of Egypt, but bless God there came a time when I said, "I will arise and go to my Father." I found Him waiting for me with outstretched hands. He came to meet me and put His arms around my neck, the ring of everlasting love upon my finger and I have been feasting on the fatted calf ever since. Four years ago I returned to the Lord and made a full surrender. I laid my spirit, soul and body on the altar, and by the grace of God Almighty I will never take it off. I was at that time practicing medicine and surgery in New York City and God wonderfully saved me down there. The night I was saved I wrestled from twelve o'clock until five in the morning. I will never forget that night as long as I live. God gave me a look into hell and I know there is a hell.

From that time on I went into partnership with the Lord in my practice and He wonderfully blessed me. I was with the "down and out" patients, the toppers of Bellevue Hospital, and while in charge of the alcoholic ward I became wonderfully interested in the poor creatures that were bound, because before God saved me I was bound by sin myself just as strongly as those men though it wasn't through alcohol-

ism. It was the greatest joy of my life to get those poor old alcoholics down behind the screen, making a pretense of examining them to see if they had consumption and telling them I had a new cure for alcoholism. It wasn't the Keeley Cure or the Gold Cure, but it was Jesus. There were about three other doctors in the same clinic with me and at first I was tempted about it and very secretive. One was a Roman Catholic and the other was the son of an Episcopalian and the other was nothing, but they were all anti-Christian. It was not long, however, until I threw all pretense to the wind and didn't hesitate to tell of my cure. They believed whatever I said and many a poor man found his way to Jesus. But God showed me he had something better for me. I made a compact with the Lord that I would give Him a certain percentage, a half of all I made in my practice, and He wonderfully blessed me that month. He gave me six times as much as I ever made before. But during that month God was talking to me and showing me He had something better than the practice of medicine and surgery, even though it be the practice of a Christian doctor. A man who is a Christian doctor and has the fire of God burning in him can be much used of the Lord. Before I knew anything about divine healing I had the Holy Ghost in me. I prayed for several young men and God wonderfully met me, but the Lord said to me one day, "Boy, I have something better for you." He showed me He could give me all the practice I could handle in New York City if I would serve Him with my whole heart and testify to every patient I had that I was a Christian doctor and believed in Jesus Christ with my whole heart, but He also

showed me I would likely become so engrossed and so interested in my work I'd get away from Him and backslide, and I was in deadly terror of backsliding. When the Lord showed me the truth of divine healing, that the prayer of faith would save the sick, and that the signs would follow them that believe, I said, "Lord, if that is the case I cannot see what chance there is for me in medicine." I went to church that night. It was a pretty cold, dead church, but the sermon was on the text, "They went and came seeing," and I saw that the thing for me to do was to take down my sign in faith and then God would meet me. So I took down the sign I had and put up a little paper sign: "The Lord has shown me through prayer and study of the Bible that Jesus Christ will heal the sick today," and from that time on God led us out. First of all we were hungry for God, and came across a little book called "The Latter Rain Pentecost" and this is the first I knew anything about the latter rain falling, but both wife and I were hungry for the same ministry the twelve apostles had. We used to read over and over again, how the Lord Jesus called His twelve apostles together and gave them power to lay hands on the sick and over demons, and we were reaching out after that real power of God in our lives.

He led us first of all into the Alliance then out amongst the Pentecostal Camp meetings at Montwait, and for the first time I heard the speaking in tongues, which I never will forget. God then led us on to the Elim Bible School in Rochester, N. Y., during which time we sought Him for the baptism in the Holy Ghost. On Feb. 27th, a year ago I received the Holy Spirit with speaking in tongues. A little group of us boys gathered together in an upper room. It was brought about in just the way the Holy Spirit does things. The boys had been having a little frolic before retiring, had been chasing one another around in their pajamas when one of the older boys suggested going into one of the rooms. There they began singing and the Holy Spirit came upon me and carried me away in vision. I seemed to be in a spiritual race; a great crowd of witnesses surrounded me, cheering and encouraging me. I was running rapidly and it seemed my feet hardly touched the ground until I crossed the goal, a victor. Then I realized the crowd of witnesses were the boys who were shouting and I was speaking in tongues, filled with the Spirit. Then the Lord began speaking definitely to us about the foreign field. Four years ago when the Lord saved me I ex-

pected to go out on the street corners and preach the Gospel. I didn't know the Bible but I knew I could tell people how I got saved. The Lord yoked me up with one who knew God and had more experience than I and she steadied me. About this time He gave me a great love for the Word. I read for days at a time and realized this Book is the manifestation of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost in writing. How could I but live it!

One morning the Lord woke my wife up at three o'clock, saying these words to her: "I have set before you an open door." We had been praying and had made up our minds we would not stir one inch until the Lord showed us where we were to work. I said, "Lord, where is this open door?" On the fifth of December He woke her up again with the Spirit on her tremendously, and she was saying over and over again, "Abbottabad," "Abbottabad," at the same time the Holy Spirit revealed to her that this was a town in the Northern part of India to which He was calling us. None of us knew anything about Abbottabad; we didn't even know we were being called to India, but had suspected it from various leadings. She woke me up and told me about it, but as it was early we went to sleep, and then when we awoke the next morning we could not remember what the name was. We went to the school-mother who had been in India ten years. She spoke of the town Allahabad in the Central Provinces and that Miss Chuckerbutty was there, but we did not feel this was the place. At noon she turned to us and said, "Why this is strange, Abbottabad is where Brother Norwood is." Immediately the Spirit leaped within my wife, and she said, "That is it." The Spirit hadn't witnessed in me before, and it was a grief to me, but now it fell on me in a regular torrent and intercession rolled out in tongues and witnessed to everyone in the dining room. So that is where we are going and we expect to sail in August.

* * *

For Christ and Africa

Clyde Bailey.

I TRULY thank God that He is all to me tonight. When I was fifteen years old Jesus Christ came and saved my soul, washed me in the blood and made me a new creature in Him. A few weeks later he laid His hand on me and called me to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But I didn't have faith to launch out and do His will fully and I drifted away for a time, but Jesus Christ brought me back and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. I launched

out leaning on His word and He began to bless me. Four years ago I was at a brother's house, and as we were praying God wonderfully poured out His Spirit in power. I felt a longing in my soul to continue in prayer, but they were sleepy and wanted to retire, so I took myself off to another room to continue in prayer, and it seemed I was caught up between the heavens and the earth. I found myself standing on my feet, but I never knew how I got there. And then I had a vision of the people on the road to hell, such yelling and weeping as I could not describe, and then I began to feel the call of Almighty God just as definitely as He called me out of sin, to go and preach the Gospel to a lost world, and since I have come here God

has shown me again it is for me either to go to Africa and declare the word to those people or drift back into the darkness of hell. As I was standing there on my feet with the mighty power of the Holy Ghost upon me I found myself speaking to the people as they rushed downward and had a vision of them falling under the power of God, and I believe I shall see it yet. My mother objected to my going to the foreign field, but another time the Lord came to me and said, "If you say 'No' I will leave you." I arose from my knees and went to my mother and said, "Whatever you do, put nothing in my way." Tonight that desire is greater than ever before, and I am determined by God's grace to obey Him at any cost.

Divine Wisdom Given the Faithful Missionary

How God Honored the Step of Faith

A. G. Garr, Los Angeles, Calif., Convention, May 31, 1914.



ANY of you have heard of the opportunities there are in the heathen fields to preach the Gospel, and of the whitened harvest fields. When I got to India I thought the Lord would let me stay there the balance of my life, and I earnestly besought Him that I might, the fields were so white, but He would not let me stay, and after I reached China I thought surely the Lord would let me stay there, the opportunities were so great, but after a time of ministry there He brought me back here. Some who go to the foreign field find it very different from what they expected when the Lord first called them. I feel led to tell those of you who are expecting to go out, of some of the experiences through which many pass in heathen lands.

When I was in India I went up to the borders of Tibet and had some meetings with Brother Kelly. Brother Kelly went out from Scotland and is working among the Tibetans. When Sunday came around for him to have his Sunday School instead of dressing up like we do here, he put on his old clothes and big boots and started to chase the boys up and down the streets, running here and there and wrestling with them. I wondered what he was doing; I couldn't see how a man wanting all the will of God as earnestly as he did would be out wrestling with the boys Sunday morning. I said, "Brother Kelly, what are you doing, chasing a boy up the stairs and dragging him out?" "Why, I am getting my Sunday School class together." "What do

you mean by that?" "Well, these Tibetans if you don't really let them know you want them, they won't come. So when you invite them you have to force them to come." He went through that every Sunday and had to in order to land them in the Sunday School room, and when they got there he taught them. I believe God calls people forth and gives them wisdom when they get on the field.

I might send you to college and teach you and send you to the foreign fields "prepared" and you would strike a Mohammedan and he would hoot at you; none of our theology will fit a Mohammedan. You will find him in India, in China, and in Africa, and you won't know what in the world to do if God doesn't give you wisdom to deal with him. The Mohammedan believes in one God, that He hasn't any Son, never did have and never could have a Son, and he is ready to kill anyone who believes any other way. Dear Sister Norton, the wife of Albert Norton, was a motherly woman, of no ability to preach, just a soft voice and very timid; she told me as I talked with her many times about the work God had given her, that there was not enough money in the world to have gotten her to have left home to go out there and spend her life as she had; there was only one thing would cause her to do it and that was the love of Jesus. She told me of a time when they were pioneering, Brother Norton had come home on account of poor health and she was left alone. There was not a white person for hundreds of miles away and there she was among the tigers and snakes. Her two boys took down with the

cholera and she looked for them to die at any time. In her extremity she cast about her to get the lumber to build the coffins; she prayed and believed God was going to see her through whether her boys died or not, and He saw her through. She used to go down to the Bazaar and preach to the Mohammedans how Jesus was the Son of the living God. They scorned at her, "How could God have a Son?" Well, she could not tell them, there is no theology that will answer that to their mind, but she said, "I do not know how he could have a Son, but it looks like he ought to have one, I have had five. He has a Son just the same," and then she would drive it to them the harder. So you see God is able to give wisdom to those who are weak and not able to help themselves.

Some people think that you ought not to go out to the foreign field after you get to be thirty-five, forty, and fifty, but some of the best work I have seen on the foreign field has been done by the old ones. Take Sister Deane, who was called more than twenty years ago; she went out to China since the latter rain fell, determined she would work for God and get hold of the Chinese. She had been a principal in a school in New York City. She opened up a Sunday School and taught them English and preached to them, and brought them in where the missionaries had an opportunity to deal with them, and many of them got the Gospel in that way. So there are many ways that God is working. There is no use in our telling the new worker what to do; I might tell you and it would be all wrong. We don't know only as God Himself shall lead. I don't believe in painting up the mission-field in such beautiful colors that people will be overjoyed when they start out, and then when they get under the hot, tropical sun and get in sore trial all the beauty will be gone. One of the big trials you run into, especially if you go among the raw heathen, is that when you talk to them they cannot understand you. You have the fire and you have the message, but they cannot understand you. So the first thing you will get awfully discouraged at the thought of having to settle down to the grind of studying the language, and it takes quite awhile, but if you have a real call you are going to stay, as Brother Massey told them. He said, "God has called me to go and I am going to spend my life in India as long as I can stand the climate," and so he went. He was an ignorant boy, hadn't much education, the Board wouldn't send him out, but God called him and He used him there.

There are different theories about studying the language; some say, "Study the books," and others say, "Go out among the people." Brother Massey and another brother were together. This brother said he would study from the book, and Brother Massey said, "I am going around to the Bazaar and see if I can learn there," and every man he met he would ask him questions, how old he was, and where he lived, and a hundred questions, and it wasn't long until he was able to talk, and he didn't study out of a book. The other brother studied the book, and he got the book pronunciation, but he didn't have it right. So this study of the language is not an easy task. Of course, one must study it to be proficient, as a rule, but God helps people in different ways and we must look to Him for guidance.

Another obstacle among the Pentecostal people is the financial question, and it is so with others, also. You know the Pentecostal people go without salary; that is the way the Lord sent me. I might give you a little of my own experience. When the Lord baptized me on the 6th of January, 1906, He called me to India. I know the Lord called me. I had an opportunity to go before and have all my expenses paid, but the Lord showed me not to go then. But after He baptized me in the Holy Spirit He sent me. When I received the baptism I was speaking in the Hindustani language. A Hindu was present and he said, "You are speaking my mother tongue," and he told me what I said, and the Lord showed me plainly I was to go to India. But I had a time about the finances. I had my wife and little girl, a lady missionary and a colored sister in our party. When we got out into the ocean I discovered the devil took passage in the same boat, and when we got into the Indian Ocean, between Aden and Ceylon, I found I had scarcely no money. The devil said, "What do you mean by going to India? You do not know anybody in India, you have no money, nobody to meet you there." "That's true," I said, I had scarcely no money, only enough to pay a month's rent and nothing to eat. He said, "You are the biggest fool in the world, going to India and taking this party out there to starve and die with famine." Of course it made me tremble to think of going into a strange country without knowing anyone. Well, I went down into the cabin and got down to pray. I said, "Lord, You have to help me out of this. I know You sent me, and if I am mistaken about it and You haven't sent me, let me starve to death as quick-

ly as You can." I prayed and wrestled in that old ship on the Indian Ocean, and I said, "Lord, I am going to trust you, money or no money."

Before we started the friends who didn't know anything about India said we must have a lot of things. They made twenty-two dresses for my little girl, and I bought myself a lot of shirts, never expected to get any there, and we had a lot of things, and when we landed the first thing that happened to us, someone stole all the clothes we had. I thought that was strange. I chased around in that hot sun to find them, but never heard of them to this day. Well the Lord wanted to show me that he could keep me in India as He could here. I had \$22.50 when I landed and I immediately paid out the most of that. It was the season of the year when all the missionaries were gathered together, and there were scores of them when we landed in Calcutta at that time. We got into this meeting where the missionaries had been holding forth for two months for the deeper spiritual life; the Lord had it all planned to have us there at the right time. We began to preach and the power came upon the people, but it wasn't long until the \$22.50 was gone and we didn't have five cents. The colored sister came to me, "We haven't a thing left in the house to eat." We had bought a few of those earthenware pots to hold meal when we had any to put in; I told her we hadn't time to stop and pray, but for her to turn all the pots upside down and God would look at them when we were gone; when the Lord visited that house he would see those pots turned upside down, and know that we needed money. Then the devil came along. He said I had the confidence of the people, there were business men, they had big stores and rode in fine carriages, and he said, "Now all you have to do is to tell these people you haven't any money and they will give you thirty or forty dollars tonight. Give them a little hint you are broke." I said I would not do it. I was an ambassador for the King and I felt I would disgrace God Almighty to let these people know I was broke. Then the devil said, "You will starve." "All right I will starve. I will die before I ask for help." We didn't have anything, and nothing came that night and the next day we fought the battle through, and the following day I was sitting in the room waiting to go to the meeting and there was a man came to see me. He said, "I am a Captain in the British Army; the Lord has sent me to you to give you some money," and he gave me four sovereigns, about twenty

dollars. That was better than taking up a collection. That man was the first one who got the baptism in India. Then the Lord filled my pockets full of money. I had money to give away. I gave away three hundred dollars besides my expenses; gave it to missionaries to go to Africa and other places. And the Lord showed me the reason He let those clothes be stolen. He wanted me to know He could give us all the clothes we needed, and we got the right kind, too; the kind we had were not the best for that country. To me this experience was wonderful!

When we reached China we landed in Hong Kong and took a little home, and a Chinese lady visited my wife and talked with her—through a book they picked out a Chinese and English word and talked that way. She sat around for quite awhile and when she got ready to go she gave my wife thirty dollars. She came back the next day and visited her again and sat around, and when she left she gave her forty dollars. She came back in a day or two and visited with her some more. She held up a scissors and would laugh for a long time over that until she was nearly convulsed, and when she got ready to go that time she gave her seventy dollars. That actually happened, and you could not understand how it could happen only that God put it in her heart. Then she would send us firecrackers, and when we dug down underneath the firecrackers there would be money, and she would send us money in other ways. We didn't get much money from the States; every once in awhile a friend would send us a little, but if I had depended on the saints at home I would have starved to death. But I was depending on God. I settled the thing down there in the bowels of that old ship when we were rolling through the Indian Ocean. I said I was going to trust God if I died, and I not only got the victory over India but I never had any trouble over finances since, and that has been more than eight years ago. God annihilated the dollar mark out of my heart until I feel just as good when I have five cents as when I have five dollars, and really don't know any difference. It seems God has lifted that burden, and I believe when we fight through and take the victory on any line we can keep it. It is the same with healing or anything else; we do not have to fight the battle over again. I prayed through on finances and got that battle settled. When I landed in Hong Kong and paid the coolies for the trunks to get them up to the house I didn't have a cent left. I stayed there

all of 1911, the missionaries were gathered together there in the home and I always had the responsibility of the rents, etc., and when I left Hong Kong the last time, coming to the States, as I paid the coolies to put the baggage on the boat, I didn't have five cents left. I spent the last cent to get me there and I spent the last cent before I left. The devil said to me, "You cannot pay your cabin steward," but the Lord knew our needs. A brother on board ship said, "I feel I ought to give you five dollars," but I said, "No I don't want any money," I put him off and how good I did feel; I didn't have to watch my trousers, could hang them up anywhere. He insisted I take it and when we got to Honolulu and were riding along on a street car with a brother, he said, "The Lord wants me to give you five dollars." Then landing at San Francisco a man said, "What are you going to do with that steamer-chair?" "I'd like to sell it," and that old steamer chair I'd have to throw away brought me some money.

All God is asking for is consecrated men and women who are willing to die rather than disgrace the Lord Jesus Christ; ready to go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus with whatever God will give them, and trust Him not only for the finances but for the mighty power of God to rest upon the people. When we landed in India we found this meeting going on in Calcutta. They had gathered in from everywhere and they had worked for two months without results; I think they had two sinners who had knelt at the altar. God helped us to witness to the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and I told them how God had baptized me in the Holy Spirit and spoke through me in other tongues. They would say, "Yes, that is a good thing. We have it." Then they'd get down and pray, "Oh God baptize me with the Holy Ghost." Then we'd have a little testimony meeting and they would get up and testify to it, and I said, "I want to know when you people are telling the truth; when you are asking God to baptize you with the Holy Ghost or testifying to it," and they looked puzzled. They finally came to the place where they said they didn't have it. Then I said, "If you people get the baptism in the Holy Ghost you will speak in tongues." They said, "If you will stop speaking that way, we will believe God has sent you, but don't say that because that condemns everybody else." I told them God sent me to India with that message; that when they received the baptism on the day of Pentecost they spake in tongues.

"Oh," they said, "that is a gift." "Well," I said, "it is strange the Lord didn't give to Peter the gift of tongues, and to John the gift of discernment but they all spake in tongues."

Then the Lord showed me Abraham was the Father of the faithful, he certainly must have had the gift of faith; Solomon certainly had the gift of wisdom. Elisha had the gift of discernment, and Daniel had the gift of interpretation; the prophets had the gift of prophecy for they prophesied, and some had the gift of healing for they healed the people and raised the dead. They had all these gifts, but when you come to the speaking in tongues you cannot find it in the Old Testament. God saved it to go along and be a pop-off valve to the mighty baptism in the Holy Ghost. There had to be a relief valve of some kind, so He chose that and it had to come in its own time.

Finally they began to seek it, and to make the story short nearly every one of these missionaries who had come from the hills got the baptism, and they went back and spread the fire all over India, and thank God, there were hundreds received the baptism in the Holy Ghost, and it has not stopped yet. In Ramabai's school there were six hundred; it went into Miss Chuckerbutty's school at Allahabad; it went into the hills and God poured out His Spirit and poured the power down. You may think it was easy sailing, but it wasn't. We had the worst opposition you ever saw. The denominational pastors would come into the meeting openly and come at us secretly, and come while we were praying and pull their people away. They'd come to my room before I was up in the morning and tell me I was hypnotizing the people, and talk just as mean as they could. I said God was going to save the people anyway. The power came down until you could not work, the people were groaning and screaming under conviction of sin, and God mightily worked there, but I believe that was only a beginning of what God is going to do in the earth. He is getting ready to do something that will make the world sit up and take notice. I am so glad He has opened the eyes of so many of His consecrated people. The Holiness Movement and the Zion Movement were just preparatory, getting people ready for this outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the only thing we can be sorry for is that many of the elders in these movements instead of crossing the Jordan when they come to it, go back into the desert and die. God is going on! I believe we are on the threshold of one of the most gigantic moves on the face of the earth. He is going to perform signs and wonders as we come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

"The Latter Rain Pentecost," cloth 55 cents, paper 35 cents, by mail.

The Seething Pot

Elizabeth Sisson.



A GAIN and again we get this figure in the prophets as God shows how He will deal with His ancient people, Israel. (Jer. 1:13, Ezek. 11:3, 4; 24:3-12, etc.) And then so solemnly we see the fulfillment in Bible history and the world's history from that time to this.

What is the figure of this seething pot, or pot for boiling? Every cook knows the difference between the boiler and the broiler in her kitchen. The tender sirloin steak may be quickly prepared for the table over the fierce coals under the broiler, but the refractory bone and muscle and gristle and tough meat will make a fine soup only after many hours in the seething pot. So God speaks of the Jewish heart as something so tough and obdurate that nothing short of judgment fires and long boiling will make it ready for His use. Thus we had the stew of seventy years of the Babylonish captivity to melt the awful tough fire of their love of idolatry, and likeness to idol worshipping nations around them. They are now going through the two thousand years of judgment fires to make the tough meat of their rejection of their Messiah fall from their bones, and this will be accomplished when God finishes up with the fierce heat of "the day of Jacob's trouble," in the coming Great Tribulation. Then they will become so tender that "they will look upon Him whom they have pierced," and "mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son." Deep and effectual repentance! The rich fruit of it, in salvation flowing from them as missionaries to all the world may be seen in the glorious eleventh chapter of Romans!

But does God use the seething pot only in operations with ancient Israel? Oh no! It is a common mode of His to put that which is tough in us, into the seething pot. And it is a beautiful sight to watch the souls that submit unquestioningly to His operations, come up, after each fresh deal of the seething pot, out of forms of selfhood into new forms of Christlikeness. Surely "our light afflictions which are but for a moment (the Divine definition of earth-periods compared with those of Eternity!) work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory while we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen."

We may be in a boiling caldron, a seething

pot of circumstances, sickness, discipline, perplexities, etc., but if we do not look at the pot, but THE HAND which has put us into it, and begin to praise God that "He only designs our dross to consume, our gold to refine" and that there was "a needs be" for the fire of this trial, "the scum will arise." Ezek. 24:11, 12.

When we begin to praise Him for the boilings and the tossings of the pot our spiritual atmosphere begins to clarify, and we see more or less clearly for what the Lord is boiling us down, viz., that we may escape the fate of poor Moab. "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore *his taste remaineth in him, and his scent is not changed.*" Self-judgment coöperates with God in the boiling-pot operation. When we are willing to judge or condemn self in ourselves, God is able the more quickly to show it to us. Then shall the *scum* (that particular part of it God is dealing with us in, for the time being) arise on the boiling pot, be skimmed off, and "her scum shall be in the fire." It was refusing to see self, refusing self-judgment that defeated this operation in ancient Israel—and has held them so long in their successive fires. As with nations, countries and periods, so with individual souls, the Divine principles work on with unchanging methods of righteousness.

Self in us is such a giant foe and has such blinding power upon our consciousness, that we often have to be in the boiling pot a long time to dissolve gristle, melt fibre, and cause flesh to drop from the bone. Oh, is it not blessed that while we are so color-blind to our own nature and unconscious of our own earth-scent, all our "things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do"! And in faithfulness He will judge us and empty us from vessel to vessel—take us into captivity all to the glorious end that our taste may not remain in us, and our scent may be changed.

Instead of the flavor of Jones or Smith, and the smell of White or Brown, the "salt" of His saltiness and the "sweet savour of Christ"—the fragrance of Jesus, may be all that is left of us. A legend of the early Church of Rome was to this effect: Some holy brethren of a cloister were visited at one time by an angel from the throne of God, commissioned to offer each of

them as a reward for their holy living "a gift" as they should choose, to be used in God's service. Some chose one gift, some another. At last he came to the lowliest, most inconspicuous of them all, a lay-brother, who declined any gift. "What! Despisest thou the goodness of God?" indignantly remonstrated the heavenly visitant. "I fear to be the bearer of a gift. My nature is so frail, so easily puffed up it might bring me vain-glory in my use of it." On being further pressed, exhorted to consider it was for the good of mankind and the glory of God the gifts were distributed, the lay-brother said if there could be a gift given which would bless mankind and he never know it, he would be so glad of it, otherwise he would rather not have it. So in the counsel court of the Most High his case was brought into consideration, and word was sent that the gift was given. He never knew what it was or when it came, but he was known henceforth in every town and hamlet through which he passed, and on every roadside in which he walked, as "John of the holy shadow," for people's experience was that on whomsoever his shadow fell, to all such came blessing. When he passed they hastened to put sick ones in his shadow; they were healed. Broken hearts were bound up, careless ones on whom the shadow fell went away thoughtful. Things of God of all sorts were wrought by that shadow, but John never knew. He went on gazing at the Sun of his righteousness, preoccupied with Him, rejoicing in Him. He wot not that wherever he went long shadows from the rays of that Brightness to which his face was ever turned, were blessing all along the way! Be it legend or what not, a beautiful conception of a self-less soul. God does not care how often He puts us in the seething pot to bring forth such a result. A soul lost in God! The "I" gone. "I live, yet not I." "For me to live . . . is Christ," and the consenting soul cries, "Lord,

let me not miss one boil up necessary to complete the work of "None of self and all of Thee."

All are not candidates for this persistent and choice work of the Master, but with those who are, He will spare no pains!!! Discipline welcomed and *praised for* as it comes, makes it possible for God to explain its meaning, and bring the soul forward in ever-deepening degrees of self-less-ness. Of such souls it may be said, "How are the things of Esau (ever a type of the flesh, the self-life) *searched* out! how are his hidden things sought up!" The veil in the temple that hung between the holy and the holiest things, was rent in Christ. We are told in Heb. 10:19, 20, the veil of His flesh was rent. If the flesh in Him was a veil necessary to be rent, how much more every atom of the veil of our flesh must have its rending, that we may pass from holy things to the holiest of all. Yes, by faith we pass boldly on through the rent veil of His flesh, but every particle of our flesh also, must be rent in fellowship with Him, as we walk the glorious but narrow way. "Joint heirs with Him" also in the rent veil of His and our flesh. Hallelujah! "Beloved, *think it not strange* concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though *some strange thing* happened unto you: but *rejoice* inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be *glad also with exceeding joy.*" Let us never make the disastrous mistake (it delays the process) of being occupied with the Pot, the trying event, the circumstance, the sickness—but THE HAND that formed the pot, kindled the fire, holds us in it. Yielding ourselves unconditionally to Him and in faith to His victory. "Now thanks be unto God, which *giveth* us the victory." Taking and praising; for when He *gives* to make it a transaction we must *take*; thus shall the issue from each seething pot be for Him and for us, glorious. Hallelujah!

Wonderful Outpouring of the Spirit in West Africa

A Repetition of the Days of Peter Cartwright



WE received a very stirring letter from Mrs. Neeley, one of our missionaries to West Africa, sometime ago, but have been unable to give it to our readers until now. Extracts from it read like a leaf from Peter Cartwright's autobiography:

"March 6th we all met at Sorica, a station six miles away. We marched into the heathen town singing and lived among the people. They had built us a beautiful tabernacle of green

bamboo, palm branches and banana leaves, in the center of the town. The chief men came and welcomed us with as much ceremony as Mayor Harrison would have welcomed the President. On Sunday morning we called a little prayer service about eight o'clock and the power of God fell upon the people. They were stricken down and held there until they praised God. We don't know how many were saved. Sunday night they knelt all around us, crying for mercy. The chief men gave us a special dinner on Monday before we left.

We walked home and found our home station begging for a meeting. Mr. Johnson sent them word to get ready and the next morning we moved to the heathen town of Blebo. Blebo and Sorica are rival towns for leadership among the heathen; the chief men in these towns have ruled the other towns for miles around, so it was jealousy that made Blebo call for a meeting, but God got glory out of it. They built a booth much larger and nicer than the one at Sorica, and at noon time we marched into the town to the booth. We began singing and praising God with a loud voice and at once the power of God began to fall. Sinners began to tremble and shake, and the more they tried to hold themselves the worse they shook, until they were thrown on the ground with mighty force. Then such crying for mercy! One man who called himself an infidel was thrown off the seat into the dust and tossed around until he acknowledged God. He was not saved but cried to God. When the power lifted he ran out of the meeting and never came back while we were there. He said God was there. Another man, a great hunter, Jack by name, knelt down as we went to prayer, and was at once thrown on his back and then on his face in the dust. He trembled like a leaf in the wind. When the power lifted he ran away. One of the other men met him and said, "Jack, you be fool." *This* man came in, was thrown on his back and held there. He had a vision. When he got up Jack said to him, "Charlie, you be fool man too?" Charlie said, "No, Jack, it be fine." We spent two days in that town and never preached a sermon. Mr. Johnson baptized forty-five.

One woman came into the meeting to look on. She began to shake. They told her to call on God. She tried to get away but could not move. When she tried to stand on her feet she was thrown down and held there until she prayed.

A man came in to look on. He was standing near the front between two seats. When he saw us he began to look around as if he wanted to run. Presently his knees began to shake, then his whole body, still he would not open his mouth. Then he was lifted and thrown violently to the ground with a force that looked as though it would break him in two. You should have heard him cry to God until he was thoroughly saved.

Of course there are always funny things happen at a time like this. There was one young fellow with whom we had been pleading ever since we came. He had been down to the coast awhile and gotten a few clothes, and you know the rest. Human nature is the same in all hearts, no matter under what kind of skin it is hidden. He came to the meeting Wednesday dressed in a beautiful long white robe. I saw him when he came in and had the impression that his time was up. When we went to prayer I felt impressed to go and kneel by him. He could understand English but could not speak it. I began to pray but was just about getting dis-

couraged when up went both his hands like a shot. Then over in the dirt went all that beautiful white robe. He rolled for about twenty minutes, perspiration and dust making a combination with the black and white. He beat his breast until the joy of the Lord filled his soul. Oh how he praised God! Presently he got up; then the funny thing happened. He looked down and saw how dirty he was; then he looked around and saw what a good time we were all having and he didn't want to miss any of it. What did he do but just reach over his head, take his shirt by the middle of the back, take it off and toss it to one side, then go on praising God. All he had on under that robe was one of those extra large bath towels folded around him.

One man is even yet so sensitive to the power of God he is afraid to kneel down. He went home and lay down and the power of God so shook him his wife sent for his brother who asked him if he was sick. He said, "No, God catch me." The natives said Johnson never had this before. He went to his country and got Neeleys and some new medicine and they sprinkle it around. They had to get some of the Christian natives to tell them what it was. Now the fear of God is upon them.

One very striking incident was the fact that the king was saved in one of the meetings soon after we came. He is on fire for God. He said he thought his people could not get salvation, but found that God could save even a heathen. He is only eighteen or nineteen years old and has had to obey the people but now when the Spirit of God comes upon him, the people fear and run. His face just shines and he tells his people to get down and "beg God." As he passed from one group to another they fell on their faces with fear. When he found we were going to have baptismal service he expressed a desire to be baptized. Brother Harrow called the chief men together and told them what it meant for their king to serve God; it meant that not only he but they must give up all devil worship. They agreed for him to be baptized and leave the rest for God and time to work out. He wore a ring of authority on his right ankle, put there by the devil-doctor with much ceremony. The king wanted to take it off but they would not agree to it. He was baptized and was very happy. Sunday afternoon while down in prayer the power of God struck him and the ring snapped in two and fell off. The king just danced for joy and says it shall never be put on again.

Another result of the meeting is that our work is so heavy we will have to begin building right away. Mr. Johnson has eight boys sleeping in the room with him and four girls are in the room next to me, with more expected. It will take on an average, one ton of rice per month. That means \$75 alone for rice. Then we are making clothes for them. Of course when they are saved they want clothes. I have already given away some of mine and will let

more go as God sends in the people. One of the girls now is wearing a white chemise and a black ribbon belt. Another put on her husband's white shirt to be baptized in. Keep praying for our meetings and that as God adds responsibility He will give needed grace.

* * *

First Fruits in Persia

Brother Andrew D. Urshan sends us good tidings from Urmia, Persia:

"It is thought that there has not been any outpouring of the Holy Spirit as on the day of Pentecost for the last fifteen hundred years, but we praise our wonderful God that on May 24th at 8 A. M. the heavens opened and the God of the 'latter rain' came down mightily upon a well-known business man and so filled him with the Holy Spirit he spoke very gloriously in other tongues for many hours with great unction. He is the first fruits of Pentecost in this dry and freezing land. Seeing this glorious baptism one said, 'It is very wonderful to me to see God bringing fire out of ice.' He meant by this that this land is so cold spiritually. Those who have been hot for God in other countries lost their fire here because it is the devil's ice-box. For God to bring fire out of ice is surely marvelous in our eyes, but it is the Lord's doings.

"On the same day I went with the newly baptized brother to his home, four miles away. A number had heard the strange news and were gathered together for a meeting. Conviction seized the people until a half dozen cried aloud with many tears and confession of sin that God would make them new creatures in Christ and fill them with the Holy Spirit. Pray for us all. The work has begun."

* * *

Missionary Healed when Dying

THOSE who have been praying for Brother Doney in Egypt will be glad to read of how the Lord's healing came to him when dying:

"The climate of Egypt as well as the unsanitary conditions have been especially trying to my health and strength since coming, and my labors have been abundant in Cairo. On April 23rd the climax came and I looked down. I tried so hard to keep up and preached Sunday morning from Mark 9:23, and told the Assembly I was very sick. I staggered while I preached but I love our assembly, they are so devoted and true and feeling it would be my last time for many days I was loath to give up. I had a powerful anointing on my soul and the message flowed from a great fountain within.

"After this I sank rapidly, had to be waited on day and night. Parched with fever and racked with pain I expected to die and others had the same expectation for me. I passed through the valley of death right up to the gate of heaven which swung widely open and heaven was mine. I met my Savior there who smiled so tenderly. I said, 'Jesus I feel my work on earth is done, I want to go home.' He seemed to swing back the portals of glory to give me an abundant entrance. Not a

doubt nor a fear, I could have swept through, washed in the blood of the Lamb. I had my choice of entering into rest or laboring on. I said, 'Jesus, I have a strong tie. How can I leave my precious, faithful wife alone in a foreign land?' Then He began to pull and pulled me back to life again.

"Yet I was dying, dying every day. My suffering was great. I couldn't move or turn in bed. Helpless, dependent, yet supported by an unseen Hand! Jesus never left my bedside. He gave me the victory over all and such wonderful peace. How the joy bells did ring in my soul!

"On May 13th our dear missionaries at my request came into my room and prayed the prayer of faith. God healed me in a moment, of typhoid fever and every trouble and pain. Heaven was let down in my room, the glory of God filled the place. Mrs. Doney lifted me up and I sat up the first time in three weeks and sat in a chair for hours. I have been up every day since and am gaining fast. The next day after my healing I began to eat and can eat anything and everything. Mrs. Doney took the fever also, but she cared for me through everything and God healed her May 3rd."

* * *

We still have a few August, 1913, Evangelists on hand which we will sell for 5 cts. a copy. This is the number containing the account of remarkable healings and other marked manifestations of the Holy Spirit when Mrs. Etter was in Chicago last summer. Send for a dollars' worth to give to your friends and those who are sick.

* * *

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