



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

“He Endured as Seeing Him who Is Invisible”

Lessons from the Life of Moses

R. L. Erickson in The Stone Church, October 19, 1913.



THE eleventh chapter of the book of Hebrews contains a record of the people who went through with God. It is given up entirely to a brief description of the faith of the old saints, but if you read this chapter without reading the tenth and the twelfth you will not get the full meaning of it. The last two verses of the tenth chapter which start out with “The just shall live by faith,” and the first two in the twelfth chapter pointing to Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith, are linked up with the eleventh chapter and give these characters. “of whom the world was not worthy” their proper setting.

It would be interesting if we could speak at length of these different Bible characters; to me it is most sublime to study how God took those old saints through the valleys and mountain peaks of a godly experience and finished up in glory. But my mind has been directed particularly to one of these characters, the one that the Bible gives the greatest description of to begin with, but who, as a boy, had probably less chance than any other boy you could mention. He was born a slave; born in a country where there was a law he should be killed at birth. He was born when the children of Israel were in slavery in Egypt and all the boys were doomed to die. This boy first saw the light of day under those circumstances. Many people say, “I’d like to be a Christian but my circumstances are such I cannot.” When this boy was born Pharaoh had made an iron-clad law that he was to be murdered. I notice it says, “By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents.” The great trouble with people they do not begin their religious career with a birth. They begin it by making a lot of resolutions and no power or life back of them to carry them out. Every person ought to see to it that he begins his religious career with a *birth* and not a profession. The reason why all over the country today so many people have a name to be Christians and do not have any power or life back of it, is because they never begin right. I do not say they are hypocrites, that they mean to deceive by putting up their hand, or signing a card and joining the church; they no doubt mean well; but have never really prayed

through and gotten salvation; never were born again and knew their sins were forgiven. That is the trouble with nearly all revivals being held in these days. Great numbers are counted. In a certain city a short time ago where an evangelist held meetings they said fifteen hundred people were saved, and a brother living in that city told me it was impossible for him to find one of the fifteen hundred that could honestly testify there was a change in his heart and nature and desires, and knew he was born of God.

“By faith Moses when he was born was hid three months by his parents because they saw he was a proper child.” It is a wonderful thing to be a proper child, to have salvation when you start out. They had a hard time with him just because he was a proper child. They hid him three months and at the end of that time it was impossible to hide him any longer. He had gotten to where he shouted so much that everybody who passed by knew there was a Hebrew boy up in that house. I have seen whole congregations so quiet you would never know they were there if you didn’t see them. You never could know by the sound of the place, but it is hard to hide “proper” children. A real genuine salvation meeting will advertise itself. If you get within a block of the place it is not hard to find it. It wasn’t hard to find this little fellow because he was a proper child. Anybody within a block of the place where Moses lived could hear the boy shouting, and the Bible says they could not hide him any longer.

While Moses had a great many outward circumstances against him, he had one thing greatly in his favor; he had a praying mother, and she decided after she had prayed much, to make him a little basket and put him out on the water. That was a small ship without any sails and without any visible sailors. God Himself was the captain of that little bark and I believe the angels were the sailors; and the only occupant of that little ship was a crying babe three months old. But God’s providence was moving in that little basket and through its occupant He finally overthrew a whole kingdom and liberated two and a half million slaves. Moses had another good thing that was mightily in his favor as a boy; he had a sister that loved him. When Moses’ mother had fixed the little basket and put him on the water she sent Miriam down to

watch, and everybody knows his mother was on her knees praying and asking God to take care of him. I fancy she said, "I cannot do anything more; it is beyond me. This boy cannot be kept here any longer. Lord You look after him," and by that time things began to move. The king's daughter went down to the water with her maids, and she heard a little cry coming from that basket and said, "Go and get that basket." Ah, if she had known all that was contained in that basket she would have put it under the water, but she didn't know. That is one thing about the devil and his crowd; they don't know. She took him up and, although an Egyptian, her heart was moved with sympathy, and she said, "That is one of the Hebrew boys that is suffering from the awful consequences of the law of my father. I am going to take him out of the water and adopt him as my own child." About that time Miriam had a part to play, and she said, "Do you want me to find somebody to take care of the babe? I will try my best," and away she went and said, "Oh, mother, come quickly. A woman took up the babe and wants somebody to take care of him." I see that mother wipe the tears from her eyes as she went to meet Pharaoh's daughter who said, "Can you take care of this little babe for me?" I never thought they had any argument about the wages, like a man when he gets salvation. You don't have to hire him to preach, and so there was no dickering, but they made a bargain and she took the babe home, and all this woman that had faith and had put the little girl out to watch, had to do after that was to take care of the babe and draw her allowance from headquarters. She took care of that child until he was quite a big boy; then he was taken up to the palace and a work was begun to make him forget that he was a Hebrew, and forget his mother; but whatever else a young man may forget in this world he can never forget a praying mother.

We will have to leave him now for awhile, but forty years later, this same boy went out and attended a little prayer-meeting in Goshen. It was about the time that God began to move to have a big revival in Israel, and I just know that they were having prayer-meetings all over and that Moses' mother helped in those prayer-meetings and prayed mightily. Everybody was expecting something to happen and when people get into that attitude you may look for a revival. When folks begin to pray, and fast without form, and some one gets up in the small hours

of the night to take hold on God for a revival it is sure to break out. This boy when he was forty years old, Josephus tells us, had grown to be a mighty man, the head of the army of Egypt, which went out and conquered everything before it, and Stephen tells us he was "mighty in word and deed." The Bible says it came into his heart at this time to see how his brethren were. It didn't come into his head, but his heart. God touched his heart and he went out to see the Children of Israel. As he walked up and down in Goshen and heard the cottage prayer-meetings and the suppressed sobs of the people, he awakened to the fact that he was a Hebrew and when he went home to the palace that night he was filled and thrilled with the consciousness that he was an Israelite and no more to be recognized as an Egyptian. He stood at this time in the front of that great nation and was about to become heir to the throne. He had already accomplished great things in war, his name had gone abroad as a great man, and now it was revealed to him that he belonged to those people who were slaves, and he did something that very few people would have the courage to do. He went back and refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Just how it all happened we do not know, but I imagine it was late when he got home, as those prayer-meetings never dismissed early, but the next morning at the breakfast table I have an idea Moses said, "I want to testify this morning before we eat breakfast," and as they looked at him, he said, "I have just found out I am not an Egyptian," and turning to the old queen he said, "and you are not my mother." I can see the old king getting angry as they realized the secret that they had tried to keep for forty years was out. The next thing we hear, Moses was fleeing. He went out and saw two men fussing and killed an Egyptian, and later, when he tried to straighten out two Israelites, there was a death warrant out for him and he fled to the desert.

And the people, I suppose went about the streets and said, "Have you heard about Moses going crazy?" "Have you heard that he is the son of a slave woman?" I have always thought that when he told Pharaoh's daughter and she said, "If you are not my son, whose son are you?" it must have been a hard test to say, "That little woman that makes brick, who lives in that little hovel, is my mother." It was comparatively easy to say, "You are not my mother," but another thing to tell her that that slave woman was his mother. I have often wished

that people today would have that kind of pluck in them. I have seen people wonderfully saved in a Holy Ghost meeting and as they went among their friends and were asked, "Have you ever been to a Pentecostal meeting?" they would say, "Yes, I have been there," but they didn't say, "Yes, thank God I got saved there." You know there are some people that are blessed and never let it be known that they get their blessings through a little despised crowd.

It is now the life of Moses begins to be interesting. He was on a forced march, the sun beating down on his head and the sand ankle deep; he went off leaving his chariots and his uniforms, and all the men to whom he used to give commands, and some I suppose a little more friendly than others would say, "Just think how he has destroyed his usefulness." A woman in this city, whose husband and I have been great friends for years, said, when I came into the Pentecostal work, "Lost his usefulness!" He went over to the land of Midian and took care of sheep for forty years. There is not much inspiration in living on the "backside of the desert" when you feel you have a call to be a preacher, but there are some people going through that test now. Many think the minute they have a call they must go; Moses felt the call very strongly when he went out and slew that Egyptian; Stephen said he supposed his brethren would have understood he was to be their deliverer, but God wasn't going to do it by Moses' hand, but by His own hand. Moses' blood was altogether too hot, he couldn't do much, he was too radical, and so God put him back there behind the desert to take care of sheep, and of all creatures sheep are the most innocent and inoffensive on earth. Moses would walk around there year after year—"I surely thought I had a call to deliver my people;" and every year the devil would say, "Don't you see what a mistake you made, stepping out there? You had all Egypt at your feet. Why did you leave the court of Egypt?" But Moses believed the whole thing was going to be all right after all. Year after year rolled by until he had been out there thirty-nine years, and every year I fancy the devil would send an imp to tantalize him, but when the fortieth year was finished the Bible said the most beautiful thing I ever read about anyone—if I ever coveted anything it was that—that he was the meekest man in all the earth. God is looking for meek men today, for men who walk humbly before Him. They graduate these big fellows and give them what they call "sheep-skin," but while God kept

Moses around the sheep there is nothing said about him getting a sheep-skin diploma. He graduated by fire. All of a sudden one day while tending sheep he saw a fire burning, and as he looked it kept on burning and burning. As he drew near to see what it was, God spoke out of the heavens after four hundred years of silence and said, "I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. I have heard my people's prayers, I have seen their tears." Oh how comforting that is, to know that God hears prayer even though He remains silent in the heavens. So He told Moses He would send him back there to deliver His people. Moses had all the puff taken out of him by this time and said, "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring the children of Israel out of Egypt?" We are never ready when we feel ready. If we feel we can preach then we need to be sent to the desert.

Then God began to show him some things. He told him to put his hand in his bosom, and when he took it out it was as white as snow. He was filled with horror, but at the command to put it back and withdraw it again it was as it had been before. Moses had an old stick he had been carrying around. "What is that in thine hand?" "An old stick." "Throw it down on the ground." He threw it down and it turned into a serpent and chased him all around the place. Then God told him to get hold of its tail and it turned into a stick again. God showed Moses He could do anything He wanted. He gave him Aaron and they went back and started a protracted meeting. They went back to where the death warrant had been issued and knocked on the king's palace, and the first thing he told him was, not that he had come back to hold a union meeting between the Israelites and the Egyptians, but that he had come to get all the Israelites to leave the country, and Pharaoh didn't want to hear that kind of preaching. He said, "Who is your God?" And you remember there were ten plagues came upon that country, great darkness, flies, lice, frogs, etc., I have often thought those things must have made the Egyptians say, "If that is religion I don't want it." You hear folks say that now-a-days. The frogs got into the king's palace. I suppose about the time they passed old Pharaoh's dish of soup it didn't look very appetizing with frogs in it, and he said, "Take it away, I don't want it." Moses stretched out his rod over the streams and the brooks and they all turned to blood. Today if you handle the rod of power, the Word of God, you will find society is reeking with

blood, race-suicide and murder and wickedness such as a man cannot speak of in a pulpit without people resenting it. I will venture to say that *that* revival that Moses had brought reproach on the Israelites in the eyes of the Egyptians. The last thing they did was to kill the lamb and sprinkle the blood on the door post, and then at midnight the death angel went through the homes and slew the first-born of the Egyptians. Now if you are not yielding to God and getting salvation the death angel is coming to take you unawares. Death is coming sure to all. It must have been a terrible day when the Egyptians awakened the next morning. I fancy a man went to call his son and he didn't respond; he went to his neighbor and found the same condition, and so on all over the land. Death follows revivals in some cases when people do not obey God. They left at midnight and the next morning when they saw these bodies and found those two and a half million of people gone don't you think they would say the Israelites murdered them? You hear the most outlandish stories about God's people; it seems things are told on purpose to turn people away from God. A little Methodist woman got saved in Dallas, Texas, and her sister wrote her a letter, "Oh keep away from those people. We have them over here and a fellow goes around with a tube up his sleeve and gets people under a spell." And so it was in those days, the things that were done to the Egyptians brought great reproach upon God's children.

God is able to do things if He has to wait until midnight to do them. If they had closed that meeting at ten o'clock that night they never would have had a revival. All those people marched out a great army down to the Red Sea, and about that time the Egyptians had buried their first-born and were ready to start after them; they got into their chariots and hurried down to the Sea and there was that great army of two and a half millions. As they looked a-frighted Moses said, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." You know when things look impossible to you if you will stand still and look to God He will do something. Moses lifted his rod, the waters parted and the children of Israel passed over, the Egyptians following hard after. But when they got into the middle of the sea, Moses, at the command of God stretched forth the rod over the waters and they closed in on Pharaoh's hosts. It seemed like a hard thing to do but while the hosts were drowned the children of Israel on the other side had a wonderful praise service. That sister who was ten years old

when Moses was in the basket, was there. I suppose she might be called an "old maid" now. She was ninety years old and led the women and they sang and rejoiced at their deliverance.

It must have been a beautiful sight to see the people on the banks of the Red Sea praising God, and just about the time the praise service ended the women began to whisper around and say, "What are we going to do for something to eat? We have never considered that part of it in this whole revival; we haven't thought how we were going to get bread, and here we are in a desert." They went to Moses about it, and he had learned to pray over everything he did and he looked to God, who sent around to the head cook and said, "Divide up the angels' breakfast with them." The next morning the ground was covered with manna, and it tasted like wafers and honey. People don't have to bother about the bread question when they get saved. Many do not understand the real value of being Christians. They think they have to take care of themselves, but they don't. After a little while the sun was so hot out there in the desert and nobody but Moses had been used to anything like that, and so they went to Moses and God told him what to do, showed him the old flint rock, the driest thing you would ever think of, and told him to strike it with his rod and he did, and out came a gushing stream, and all the people of Israel drank water. Then it came night and they didn't have any electric lights so God just hung a great pillar of fire out of the clouds and left it there to show them how much He cared for them. But the next day the women said, "Oh, how the sun beats down" and they didn't have any umbrellas and so the Lord invented the first umbrella, taking a big cloud and swinging it over their heads. He held that umbrella over them for forty years and gave them their light by the pillar of fire. Then there was no tailoring establishment in that country and the Lord let them wear these same clothes for forty years without wearing out. I will confess they might have gotten out of style but I am sure nobody will have to go without garments who serves God, even though they do get a little old-fashioned sometimes. God says their shoes never wore out. Forty years before people were saying that Moses was crazy, but now he is about to support a family of two and a half million people just by faith and prayer. Do you think your family would starve if you served God? Don't you think God can take care of us today? God kept those people for forty years

and Moses walked carefully before Him. People who have great light have to walk carefully. You and I cannot do the little things we could do a few years ago. As we receive the light we have to walk in it. But Moses made a little mistake one day when the people were murmuring; he got angry at them, and said, "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" David said they tempted him at the waters of Meribah and he spoke unadvisedly with his lips, and because of this God would not let him lead the people into Canaan. Some of the people that had even threatened to stone him went into the land because they didn't have much light, but God expects the man who has great light to honor His name and never put a question mark to what He says. But though God didn't let him take the people over, Moses didn't backslide nor lose out nor refuse to obey when God gave him a last command, to go up on the mountain. He died there after having the record of being, under the hand of God, the greatest law-giver the world has ever seen. Even today, after four thousand years, the statutes and laws of every country are founded on the law God gave to Moses. So when he got up on the mountain the record says God buried him. The only time in the history of the world that God performed the service of an undertaker was in the case of Moses.

"Well," you say, "is that the last we ever hear of Moses?" No, sir. That is not the last. We hear of this man again fifteen hundred years later, when Jesus was going about on the earth preaching the Gospel, healing the sick and having wonderful meetings. One day after Jesus had worked hard all day He walked out on the Mount of Olives to have an all-night prayer meeting. There were three people, Peter, James and John, who attended every prayer meeting Jesus ever held. They never missed a meeting, so far as the record goes. So after the day's work was done, Jesus whispered to John, "We will pray all night on the Mount of Olives," and in the darkness those four people made their way up in the mountain, and when they got up there God looked down from heaven and made up His mind to send a delegation to that prayer-meeting. Jesus had with Him the three best men on earth but it seemed something more was needed, and God said, "Let us send somebody from here to that meeting." "All right. Who will go?" And the Lord said, "Send the man who refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." "Whom will we send with him?" And God said, "Send the man who loved famine

better than prosperity until he could have a revival." And presently Moses and Elijah are sent out from the court of heaven and everybody is on tip-toe, and the Bible says they came down to the Mount and spoke with Jesus about His death. We send ambassadors to foreign countries, and churches get together and send delegates to conventions and conferences and they wear a little tag on their coat to tell they are delegates, but I tell you there never were any delegates who had such honor as the men who came down from heaven and attended that prayer-meeting on the Mount of Olives. They had such a good meeting that Peter and James and John fell under the power, and never recovered until Moses and Elijah went back to heaven. As they were being carried back to the glory world I fancy Moses said to his companion, "Elijah, I never was so glad in my life as I am tonight that I refused to be called 'the son of Pharaoh's daughter,'" that I was true to God while I was on earth and bore the heat and brunt and took care of the sheep." Presently the chariot was back in heaven, and all the angels and everybody wanted to hear what Moses and Elijah had to say, and they assured the angels that Jesus was going to fulfil His mission in bringing about the redemption of the human race.

You ask, "Is that the last time we ever hear about Moses?" No, it is not. There is another mention of him in Revelation 15:2, "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God." And they said, "What shall we sing?" And they answered, "Sing the song of the man who refused to be called 'the son of Pharaoh's daughter.'" "And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." Oh when Moses hears that song in heaven he will never regret that he rather chose to suffer affliction than to sit on a throne.

The trouble with people today they do not have a correct estimate of salvation. You offer a man salvation and he says, "I cannot afford to give up my pleasures and ambitions." You can afford to give up anything in the world to be a Christian. People have dragged the standard of Christianity down so low that in the eyes of the world to be a Christian is to be miserable.

There are five decisive steps that characterized the life of Moses. The first was that he refused to be called "the son of Pharaoh's

daughter." You have to refuse the world, lay down ambition and every earthly honor to follow Jesus. The next was that he chose rather "to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." The third, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt;" the fourth distinguishing trait was that "he had respect unto the recompense of reward." I suppose he never had so much appreciation for it as he does now after these thousands of years in heaven. If you could have a little conversation with Moses and ask him if it pays to be true to God, you would find with what emphasis he would tell you of the compensation. Then we have his fifth characteristic: "he endureth as seeing Him who is invisible." If you get your eyes on Jesus you can stand anything, and these little trifles that have bothered you so much will appear very insignificant then. People profess to be converted, and when they are laughed at as they go among their workmen, they fall

away. You meet them after awhile and they say, "I did want to be a Christian but they made it so hard for me down at the shop I could not stand it." When a man really gets a glimpse of Jesus you cannot laugh it out of him. He can make us fire-proof and water-proof. If we walk with God nothing on earth will be too hard for us to go through. The people who have salvation have to endure hardship and persecution, but those who understand what it is worth and set their faces to overcome, will "stand on the sea of glass having the harps of God, and join in the song of Moses and the Lamb." The Apostle Paul for thirty years knew what it was to endure. He was stoned and whipped and starved, went without sufficient clothing and suffered perils of land and sea; yet when he talked about the whole thing he said, "These light afflictions that are but for a moment are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

The Sinfulness of Procrastination

A Sunday evening talk delivered in Dallas, Texas, March 15, 1914, by F. F. Bosworth.



WHILE asking God to show me the truth best suited to the need of this audience, almost quicker than I could think He revealed to me the awfulness of the sin of procrastination. I arose immediately from my knees and jotted down the thoughts He flashed into my mind, but will preface them with a few remarks on Sin and Repentance.

"And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but *now* commandeth *all men* everywhere to repent." Most people, when a preacher speaks about sin, will at once think that he alludes to some transgression such as stealing or cursing, or adultery or getting drunk, or some heinous crime, but the great sin that has damned the millions who have been lost, is, *resisting God*—rebellious against His holy will. All resistance to the will of God is a terrible sin because it is voluntary co-operation with the devil, giving him the throne and the sceptre which alone belong to God. When God says "Repent now" and Satan says "not now," to procrastinate is to obey Satan. To defer repentance is to resist God and co-operate with the devil. Refusing to be governed by the will of God is the awful sin of rebellion and the foundation of all wickedness. It is the vile mother of every other transgression; the

root, of which all other offenses are but the fruit. On the other hand, nothing is righteousness until it springs from the root of obedience to God. Obedience is the mother of every virtue.

Now a word about Repentance: Many think that being sorry for past transgression is repentance. If this were true then hell is full of repentant sinners. REPENTANCE IS CEASING TO RESIST GOD. If repentance does not cause a man to do the will of God heartily it will not take him to heaven, for Jesus said, "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father." Every man who has heartily repented will love to do the will of God with all his heart. That is what makes the Christian life so delightful. Real repentance will make a man a doer of the *Word* and not a doer of his feelings. When a Christian knows the will of God he has no right to consult his feelings. When Moses built the tabernacle he did not consult his feelings nor follow his own ideas, but "he did according to all the Lord commanded him." Real repentance will put a man or a woman in this same attitude toward the written Word of God. Then, oh what a joy it is to serve God who is love and has infinite treasure to bestow upon all who will not resist Him. Then faith will thrive, grace will work unhindered, and "no good thing

will He withhold" for then and only then will we walk uprightly. When God's Word says "Do this" we will obey, and when it says "Don't do this" we will not resist but will co-operate with God and receive His blessing. This is the repentance which Peter told the multitude would bring the gift of the Holy Ghost as it came to them on the Day of Pentecost. This will lead a man from "glory to glory," from "faith to faith" and "into all the fulness of God."

And now I ask your close attention while I give to you the thoughts which were given me on the sinfulness of deferring repentance, which is procrastination.

I. PROCRASTINATION IS A TERRIBLE SIN BECAUSE IT IS VOLUNTARY OBEDIENCE TO SATAN IN PREFERENCE TO GOD. Resistance to God is co-operation with the devil, for he is the author of all resistance to the holy will of God. When the character and purposes of God and Satan are contrasted, the foolishness and the wickedness of disobedience is more clearly seen. All authority belongs to the high and holy God that inhabiteth eternity. He is a God of infinite love, and is the Author of everything that is good. He has nothing but good things to give to all who will meet His conditions. Every item on His program for each person's life is infinitely better and will satisfy us better than the best thing we can choose out of His holy will. Sinner, he is your friend for time and eternity, and yearns to lavish His riches upon you and confer upon you eternal life and everlasting happiness. Satan is supremely wicked. He is a usurper. He hates God and hates your soul. He has nothing good to give you, but will transform himself into an angel of light to deceive you and rob you of everything that can satisfy your poor soul. He seeks to curse you for time and for eternity. Oh what a calamity is the damnation which he seeks to bring upon you! How terrible the sin, when you resist the holy will of God, and voluntarily obey the devil by procrastinating. Oh, you say, I am not a sinner, I am not a thief. But let me tell you that you are, for when you defer repentance, you steal from God the authority and the dominion over you which alone belongs to Him, and give it to Satan. This is infinitely worse than stealing some man's money. If it were successful it would tear God from His throne and put Satan in His place. It is anarchy. It is treason against the holy government of God. In view of the majesty, the holiness, the infinite benevolence and the supreme authority of the great God of the universe, what unmingled wicked-

ness it is for puny man to ignore His counsels, to oppose His authority and to corrupt His holy government by rebelling against His will. Surely the angels must look on in astonishment at the supreme impudence and the wicked presumption of the man who sets up his will against the will of his Maker. To the holy angels it must be impenetrable mystery why, against your own best judgment and against all your own interests, you will co-operate with him who seeks your eternal ruin. Don't say that you are not a sinner because you don't steal some man's money. Jesus says you are a "thief and a robber." May God's Holy Spirit open your eyes and show you how terribly you sin when you defer repentance. Don't let the devil bewitch you into overlooking the sin of rebellion.

II. The next point to which I call your attention is that *NOTHING IS EVER GAINED BY PROCRASTINATION*. As I have already said, God has all the good things, and Satan has nothing good to give, and I am sure that you will all agree with me that no one has ever gained anything by deferring obedience to God in the matter of repentance. Your first duty to God is to repent, and if you want to do something else first, you are like a man who upon being told that his house was on fire deliberately takes in a moving-picture show before going home. His foolishness is not worthy of a thought compared with the actions of the man who makes the salvation of his soul secondary in his plans. If there was anything to be gained by procrastination, there might then be some reason in doing it, but my sinner friend, when you know that there is nothing made by it, why do you do it? It is an abuse of your own reason. When you know that you cannot satisfy your poor soul with sin, why do you go ahead and try to realize a manifest impossibility? If I should undertake to build a ladder to reach to heaven, you would say it is impossible and that I was irrational. But you are trying a thing that is equally impossible, and know better while you are doing it. It would be better if you were irrational, for then you would not be guilty or responsible for your unwise course.

III. *EVEN IF AFTERWARDS YOU ARE FORGIVEN THE SIN OF PROCRASTINATION, YOU HAVE ROBBED YOURSELF BOTH NOW AND THROUGHOUT ETERNITY.*

The most expensive thing in the world is the sin of resisting God. Eternal things are as much more valuable than earthly things as eternity is greater than time. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen

are eternal." Besides the infinite risk and awful peril of deferring repentance, the offender, during the time of his rebellion is robbing himself of the peace and joy of salvation. He is robbing himself of the unspeakable fellowship which he might enjoy with God. During the period of his rebellion, he is robbing himself of the greatest of all privileges, that of being an instrument in God's hands of "converting a sinner from the error of his way," and conferring upon him present and eternal happiness. All other privileges are not worthy of a thought compared with the privilege of bringing such an eternal result as the salvation of a soul.

Jesus, who had the true view of the relative value of time and eternity and the worth of souls, had such an overwhelming purpose to secure their salvation that it was prophesied of Him, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up." The soul that is saved will enjoy more happiness throughout eternity, than the aggregate of all the happiness of all who have lived on the earth since creation. Because if you could put together all the happiest hours of all who have lived since Adam, they would not nearly reach through eternity. This being true, what a great thing to be saved, and what a wonderful privilege to be used in the salvation of another. If you had to live in continual torture in this life to gain eternal life, it would wonderfully pay. But praise God, you don't have to, for "godliness is profitable unto ALL things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." No wonder that Solomon said, "He that sinneth wrongeth his own soul."

To defer repentance you rob yourself throughout eternity, for you are to be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body. Get saved at once and begin to "lay up for yourself treasures in heaven" for you will enjoy them all through eternity. Don't throw away these eternal treasures.

IV. BESIDES ROBBING YOURSELF BY PROCRASTINATION YOU ROB THOSE OF ETERNAL LIFE WHOM GOD WOULD SAVE THROUGH YOUR INSTRUMENTALITY.

If everybody was to procrastinate until he was on his death-bed, God would have no one to bear the blessed message of salvation. God wants us to repent and serve Him as soon as we have the light so that we can spend our life in His service. If refusing to repent immediately would only imperil our own soul it would be bad enough. But since God never works except through human instrumentality, your delay

and your damnation will rob others of salvation, for "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." Some by yielding to God have been instrumental in saving thousands of souls, and every Christian who is faithful to God, if in no other way than by prayer, can get others saved. The salvation of one person may lead to an endless chain of conversions, which may be a happy surprise to the faithful child of God when the rewards are given. O, how terrible are the results of procrastination. It is more cruel than murder for it confers eternal instead of physical death. If I should cut my baby's throat I would only deprive it of physical life, but if through my disobedience to God, some one loses his salvation, I have robbed him of eternal life. Eternal life is so much greater than physical life that Jesus said, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Oh, sinner, don't by your neglect, co-operate with him who has the power to ruin your soul.

V. PROCRASTINATION IS VOLUNTARY CO-OPERATION WITH THE DEVIL IN HIS MASTERPIECE OF WICKEDNESS, FOR IT IS HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL MEANS IN DAMNING SOULS. How Satan has blinded the unsaved to the eternal issues and to the awfulness of the sin of procrastination! Of all the traps he sets to catch men and damn their souls, procrastination is the most successful. He does not tell men to be lost, because he knows that would not be successful, but he tells them to wait until tomorrow, or some other time and then they can be converted. He knows that later they will feel less like repenting than they do now. One hundred thousand souls are passing into eternity every twenty-four hours, and perhaps all of those who are enlightened expected to repent and be converted before dying. Oh, sinner, when it is your privilege to co-operate with God in all He is doing towards eternal blessing of your soul and the souls of others, how wicked is your sin when by procrastinating, you voluntarily co-operate with Satan in his best plan to damn your soul, and make you responsible by your example and influence for the damnation of others. Why should you, against all your own best interests, remain in such an attitude towards all that is wise and good? How terrible it will be when it is too late, to think, and to be unable to *stop* thinking, how that you threw away all the riches of eternity and co-operated with the devil in his most wicked plan of opposing God and damning souls. Such a

destiny is too horrible to think about in view of the infinitely glorious inheritance offered to all who will obey the holy will of God.

VI. EACH ACT OF PROCRASTINATION LEAVES THE OFFENDER MORE INSENSIBLE TO THE CALL OF THE SPIRIT. This is appalling to think about. If it were fully realized every sinner in this audience would be afraid to defer repentance another hour but would rush into the kingdom of God tonight. Truth resisted loses its power over the mind. You can ignore your alarm clock until it fails to arouse you. So it is with thousands of people; they have resisted the truth until it has lost its power over their minds and when the Gospel alarm is sounded it is no more to them than so many words. Their conscience has gone to sleep and is no longer aroused by the Word which is able to save their souls.

Oh how great is the danger when a person voluntarily resists the Spirit of God by procrastination! There is no danger in the world so disastrous as that of trifling with the Spirit of God. The Word says, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." You cannot tell when He will cease to strive with you. If you are saying in your heart, "I will wait until some other time," the Spirit may take His departure forever. Just as soon as God can see that you are never going to repent, the kindest and most loving thing He can do is to withdraw His Spirit from you forever and let you go over the deadline to your eternal doom. If a man is going to hell the sooner he goes the better it is for him. He will have less to answer for than if allowed to live here ten years longer to resist the Spirit and carry others to hell by his influence.

Does the consideration of these awful truths stir your soul tonight? If not, your own experience demonstrates the very point I am making. May God arouse your poor soul from the sleep of death. Sometimes people take an overdose of some opiate and are so overcome with the desire for sleep that their friends have to slap them in the face, move their arms and cause them to walk about to keep them awake. They will even become angry at those who are endeavoring to save their lives and beg to be let alone when if allowed to sleep it would be to wake no more in this world. So it is with some here tonight. We are trying to keep you from the sleep of eternal death. Many of you have turned a deaf ear to the Gospel alarm until you are now indifferent to the great truths which involve your eternal destiny. Oh the intrinsic value of the salvation of your soul! Angels are

looking on to see what you will do. If you will yield Jesus said, "there will be joy in the presence of the angels of God." They know how happy you will be forever. Oh sinner! Break with hell's awful monster—procrastination. It will damn all it can and rob all the rest. If some one should turn a thousand mad-dogs loose here tonight every citizen in Dallas would arm himself with a shot-gun or a club or anything he could get and exterminate these mad-dogs and save the people from the awful fate of hydrophobia, but right now by your side, while I am urging you to surrender to God there is that awful monster of hell, which is ten thousand times worse than a mad-dog. That would only have the power to rob you of physical life, but hell's mad-dog "procrastination" can rob you of eternal life and plunge your soul into the bottomless pit forever. Every sinner should fight procrastination worse than he would a mad-dog, for it has damned millions.

The sinner is already condemned. By your disobedience to the Gospel, God the Judge has already been forced to pass sentence upon you. You are just as much condemned as any who are already in hell. Jesus died to purchase your pardon and while your awful sentence is waiting to be executed, God, your Judge, is waiting your acceptance of the pardon secured for you by the death of His Son. Will you not gladly accept this pardon and escape the execution of your awful sentence? You can commit no sin so black as to refuse this pardon. To refuse it is to treasure up unto yourself wrath against the day of wrath. It is for this sin that the wrath of God shall be revealed in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them . . . that obey not the Gospel, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord. What would you think of a man condemned to be hung who, if offered a pardon, would add to his other crimes the insult of indifference to offered mercy? Your sentence is as much worse than hanging as eternal death is worse than physical death. God is now saying, "Repent and be saved," and Satan is saying, "Risk your salvation another day." Which one will you obey? Will you dare to obey him who "cometh not but for to steal and to kill and to destroy"? How can a person be more wicked than to obey Satan in preference to God? This is the greatest sin you can commit. The enemy of your soul is saying, "Commit this sin." God's eye is upon you and He reads your thoughts. He waits to see if you will obey Sa-

tan instead of Him. Dare you while in full possession of your voluntary powers deliberately force God's recording angel to write down against you this crime of crimes? Satan wants

you to commit this crime which has sealed the doom of millions. Don't take the awful risk of procrastinating again. Eternity is too long.

Notings from the May Convention

Our God is a supernatural God and He acts perfectly natural in the supernatural realm, and so will we if we are free in Christ Jesus. Spontaneous and instantly ready there will be nothing pumped up, nothing worked up; you don't need to split the air or crack anybody's ears. God is all around us; He presses in upon us, and if we will open the doors of our hearts He will rush in, for God cannot endure a vacuum anywhere in the universe. He has ordered things so that down here in our sphere nature abhors a vacuum; air will rush in if there is an opening and there will be a loud peal of thunder. The air entering the empty space produces thunder. Just so, there was a vacuum on the day of Pentecost in one hundred and twenty hearts, and suddenly there was a sound as of a mighty, rushing wind and it filled all the house where they were sitting, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. The blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed the hearts, but they were empty; there was a vacuum and the Holy Ghost, the breath of God rushed in. God is seeking to penetrate you and He has to get in at that little bit of an opening called "faith."—*D. W. Kerr.*

* * *

People come to a meeting and the power of God comes upon them so that they cannot contain themselves; they shout and have a blessed time, and when they go home they exclaim, "I tell you the Lord was there tonight!" The scriptures speak about the Spirit of God being like the wind, and we know the atmosphere has varying degrees of movement. We understand that there are fifteen pounds of pressure to the square inch; now there may be a draft through here, the wind blowing the doors open, but there are fifteen pounds pressure to the square inch just the same. It is the same atmosphere only in motion and likewise God is here the same when the spiritual atmosphere is quiet as when there is a cyclone of power rushing through.—*A. G. Garr.*

* * *

During our May Convention a woman told a very interesting story of the healing of a fibroid tumor. She had been contemplating an operation and had the doctor engaged, but she heard

the still small voice of the Spirit of God say, "If you trust Me I will heal you." She called mightily on God to teach her the way to trust Him; she didn't know how to do it without His help. For two weeks she struggled in a helpless state, then one day early in the morning He touched her body as quick as a flash. He had talked to her very plainly about a holy life, and one of the things He demanded of her if He should touch her body was to give to Him, above her tithes, what her operation would have cost. When she hesitated He said to her, "Would you stop there?" She said, "Lord, I don't know what my family will say." Immediately when she was willing, she saw Jesus standing by her side with a basin of hot blood. He poured it over her, and it ran through her body, inside and out, until it covered her completely, and He said, "Go, you are healed." She has not been sick from that day, three years ago, up to the present time, and her life has been changed from a life of vanity to one of usefulness.

* * *

It was blessed to hear other testimonies of those who were healed. We were particularly impressed with one case of a sister who was in our meeting last summer and practically given up to die. Living on the border of the other world for weeks, it did not seem possible that she would recover. She had leakage of the heart, gastric irritation of the stomach, kidney trouble, bronchitis, nervous prostration, and asthma, and some of those who were strong in faith found their hearts failing them as they saw her life ebbing away. But God, rich in mercy and boundless in love, in some way enabled her and her loved ones to hold to His unchanging hand until a mighty deliverance was wrought; and she came back to tell the story—wonderful story of the miracle-working power of God.

* * *

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By Anna W. Prosser

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Notes

LETTERS come to us daily telling of blessing received through The Evangel, and our hearts are melted in gratitude to God for the blessing He makes it to those who have no Christian fellowship. One of our Chicago workers has in the Providence of God found herself out in another state and somewhat shut in from active service and writes: "I never enjoyed The Evangel so much. I have read it all through and was so blessed by it." Many similar letters come to us daily.

Brother Bosworth writes that on a certain Sunday a woman in Dallas who needed healing was reading the article in the June Evangel on "Discerning the Lord's Body" and the power of God fell upon her and she was healed and blessed in her spirit. That night Jesus and an angel appeared to her and Jesus talked to her.

Another, a missionary who had been marvelously healed years ago of a serious trouble, was again suffering from the same affliction. As she read this article her soul was lifted up, her faith took new hold and she was again healed in body. When the sermon was preached a number were healed as they sat in their seats. We rejoice to hear how the signs follow the reading of this blessed article which is now in tract form.

* * *

The Stone Church Tent Meetings have been moved from 38th and Prairie to 44th and Cot-

tage Grove Avenue. Good interest is manifested in this new location and the attendance is on the increase. Brother Erickson is preaching old-fashioned Gospel sermons and nominal church members are waking up to the fact that they have never had a real definite experience of salvation.

Services are held every night in the Tent, at 7:45, excepting Monday and Saturday. Meetings in the Church, 37th and Indiana Avenue, Sundays at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M.

"Distress of Nations"

INCREASED evidence is at hand of the near coming of our Lord. The ominous war-clouds that are appearing above the horizon lead us to feel that it is really imminent, "even at the door." There seems to be no real necessity for war but the nations of Europe have been preparing for years and the great armies and navies of the world have assumed such vast proportions, to which they are adding formidable aerial fleets, that war will, sooner or later, be inevitable whether there is sufficient reason or not. There is cause for much alarm in European centers, and men of affairs are saying, "War must come for us sooner or later. Why not have it over with here and now?" For twenty or thirty years it has been predicted that the time was not far distant when all Europe would be involved in an embroglio, and now at this crisis the students of prophecy are standing on tip-toe and asking each other if this is the beginning of the end. Sir Edward Grey, the British secretary of state for foreign affairs says that failure of the nations to bring about a satisfactory settlement would lead to "the greatest catastrophe which could befall the concert of Europe, and its consequences would be incalculable."

The following extracts from *The Chicago Tribune's* leading article of July 27th depict the situation among the European powers:

Germany, it is true, has been restrained and constrained by and in conditions seldom tolerated by a conquering nation. The Germans are the new Romans minus opportunity. With their tremendous efficiency they arrived too late. Europe is organized against a conqueror, against the empire builder; organized by soldiers against soldiers. Its "balance" is too carefully guarded.

Germany, if the cost were not too great, might start on conquest. It acknowledges the pressure of population on frontiers. That ordinarily is enough to start armies marching, but the cost is great and the odds formidable. Germany has been thrown into intensive rather than extensive development.

Austria-Hungary also needs territory for trade

purposes, but it is decadent. Germany stopped its march westward and opportunity has not given it an outlet to the east. France, re-established as a military nation of the first class, has sentimental reasons in Alsace to find cause for war, but is satisfied, prosperous, and contented. Russia has the world at its doors and unless inner causes, such as the struggle for freedom, should urge it to find a counter irritant, is not impelled to war.

Great Britain has internal troubles, but none that could be cured by war, and except for its factional, industrial, and imperial problems, is a snug, smug little focal point of a great empire.

Holland is threatened but impotent; the Balkan states are threatening but exhausted; Turkey is the shadow of a power; Scandinavia is alarmed but untouched. Yet war is the phantom of every pacifist statesman's dreams. Europe and Austria's demands upon Servia excite the fear that the cataclysm at last threatens.

It is Europe's safety and Europe's danger that its balance is preserved by the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, and the triple entente of Russia, Great Britain, and France. Its safety is the certainty that war means an upheaval such as the continent has never seen. Its danger is that if the protection fails the consequences will be titanic.

Journalistic rancor has excited natural prejudices. Germans have been taught to believe that Russia merely awaits opportunity and that France, confident of renewed military ability, will assume any risk that presents itself. Germany has been a political issue in Great Britain and Great Britain has been a political issue in Germany. Austria and Italy have been near the breaking point over the eastern question. Servia and Austria nourish intense hatreds. Greece and Bulgaria and Greece and Turkey stand on the threshold of war.

The condition is essentially emotional, but none the less dangerous. When Austria threatened Servia the dangers became imminent. When a large part of Europe believes that it must have a war, there will be a resultant feeling that the war might as well come now as five years from now—a determination to meet the inevitable and have it over with.

Besides this "distress of nations," "wars and rumors of wars," there are other signs which portend the near coming of the Lord. It is said that Finnish miners have recently been startled by the appearance of a "white-robed angel" in Virginia, Minnesota. Five residents say they saw the figure so clearly that the toes of its feet were discernable as it alighted on the socialist temperance hall. The Finns believe it is a harbinger of the second coming of Christ.

"Signs in the heavens" are becoming more and more frequent. Some years ago a woman who, as an ordinary church member, had never believed in the Second Coming, first heard teaching along this line. She started to pray about it and search her Bible, and one night as she was look-

ing out of the window she saw a cross flaming against the darkness, and the Lord spoke to her and told her this was one of the signs of His coming. She called her husband and children who were unsaved and they saw it also.

Word and Work for July tells of a brother in Egypt who was sitting on his balcony recently looking towards the East and thinking on the coming of the Lord, when suddenly the sign of a cross appeared in fleecy white clouds against the blue sky. It was not roughly formed out of drifting clouds, but beautifully shaped, standing out alone, clearly defined against the blue sky.

"And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." These signs of His coming are cause for rejoicing on the part of the true child of God, but cannot be other than sad forebodings to the wicked and impenitent.

A native came to Miss Herron, in Saharanpur, India, recently, under great conviction, saying, "I am such a sinner; not fit to take the Lord's name on my lips. And oh He is coming soon and I have no oil in my vessel."

* * *

Martyred in Persia

The Lord has been giving Brother Urshan souls in Persia but the little band of Pentecostal saints that our brother has gathered around him have been plunged into deep sorrow. The preaching of the full Gospel and manifestation of the Spirit of God brought forth fruit; a large number were saved and more than thirty received the latter rain baptism, but this stirred up fierce hatred in the hearts of the Russian priests and their adherents and mobs came together with evil designs. On the night of July 4th, while a company of young sisters were on their way to the evening service, members of the Russian church came upon them and shot them. Two were seriously hurt and one fatally.

The latter, a beautiful girl of fifteen, was saved in a street meeting a few weeks previously, and on the Sunday following, while sitting at the dinner table in her own home, the Holy Spirit came upon her and baptized her, and she magnified God in other tongues. Her parents belonged to the Russian church and called the priest who tried to silence her and poured water upon her. She, being filled with the Holy Ghost, rejoiced in Jesus and called them to repentance. From that time she was daily persecuted both in her home and outside, but in spite of this she grew strong in the Lord and witnessed boldly upon the streets.

Though brought to her home in great pain after she was shot, her spirit rejoiced as she lay upon her bed, praising God both in her native and in other tongues. She entreated her people they should not weep for her but for their own souls. Within twenty-four hours after she was shot she passed on to the glory world, the first Twentieth Century martyr in Persia.

During the afternoon meeting of the day she was shot, she told the saints she felt she would go to heaven like the martyr Stephen, and it was even so. Pray for the little Pentecostal band in Persia. Their hearts are broken and bleeding. The murderous clan are raging and saying that they are guilty of this crime because of the meetings they are holding. Only those who have gone through similar experiences can realize how much these persecuted ones need prayer. God grant that this precious young life that was poured out on the soil of Persia may bring forth a hundred-fold.

* * *

Obedience Brings Healing

The *St. Paul Daily News* of July 2, 1914 tells the story of what they choose to call a Twentieth Century miracle which was something on the order of Dorothy Kerin's healing in London, inasmuch as this little girl also heard the voice of Jesus telling her to arise.

Helen Hastings, ten years old, was badly hurt last December, a few days after Christmas. Her brother pulled away the piano-stool just as she was about to sit down on it, and she fell violently to the floor, injuring her back so that she cried out in pain. Three doctors endeavored to relieve her suffering, but all in vain. About a month later, her father and mother were attempting to apply some ointment to her back to relieve the pain, but just the touch of the hand would cause her to scream. As they were endeavoring to minister to their little girl, she said, "Papa, Jesus says I must go out of doors before four o'clock. If I do, I will get well, but if I don't I will never go out again." She insisted she heard Him speak to her in an audible voice, and her father complied with her wishes, carrying her out into the yard and later taking her back again. As he lay her on the bed, she sprang up and stood on her feet. She dressed herself, ran down stairs, and leaped and ran about the house, perfectly well. She said that Jesus told her in a loud voice if she didn't obey Him, she would never walk another step. She also said, "It wasn't going out of doors that healed me. It was obeying God's command."

Prayer Meeting on a Street Car

A story comes to us of the working of the Spirit of God with one of His yielded children in a time of real crisis: A woman was sitting in a street car in Pittsburg when her attention was fixed on a crowd of men who were having a quarrel. A man came forward and endeavored to stop the quarrel but they turned vehemently on him. The conductor tried to quell the disturbance but to no avail. They brandished their knives and threatened each other and the situation became serious. This timid, unassuming woman of God felt the power of the Holy Ghost come upon her and she put up her hand and said, "Men, may I speak?" "Yes, madam, you may speak." Then the words just poured out of her and she told them how the blood of Jesus could cleanse them from all sin. Naturally she is not a speaker, but the power of God transformed her. As she spoke one man threw away his cigar, came to where she was sitting and knelt down on the floor of the car and prayed. Soon he started to praise the Lord and she knew by the light in his face something had taken place in his life. The blood of Calvary had washed away his sin. Then she asked if any one else on the car wanted prayer, and hands went up all over the car and they had a prayer-meeting then and there. The conductor with deep conviction called out: "Lady, pray for me."

In the early days of the Pentecostal outpouring there were many experiences of the Holy Spirit's leading similar to this, and it made Jesus and the Holy Spirit such a blessed reality. Might we not expect more of the leadings of His Spirit along these lines? The exercise of faith for such occasions would bring results as in instances of healing, etc. The Christian should be always on the alert to witness for God in the power of the Spirit, and if the leading comes from Him there will be fruit.

* * *

Conversion of a Persian Priest

SOME years ago a most remarkable conversion occurred among the heathen, that of a Persian priest. He was sent to Bombay as a priest for the Persians in that city; he was a highly educated man and had a fine home, everything rich and elegant. He decided after he came to Bombay that he wanted to study English and secured the services of a young man, a clerk, as teacher. After the young man had taught him for awhile he brought him a New Testament in the Persian language. The Per-

sian rose and said, "Why did you bring me that? You know I don't want to change my religion." The young man replied, "Don't read it if you don't want to," and tossing it on the table left him. The priest secreted himself and read the Testament through. Then he said, "That is the right religion, now I know the truth, but I do not know where to find anybody who believes like that." He had never seen a Christian or missionary, only read the New Testament through. He didn't even know that believers in Christ are called Christians, and he had lost sight of the young man who had taught him English who might have helped him. After he had settled it in his heart that the New Testament contained the right religion he began to cast about in his mind, "How am I going to find anybody who believes like that Book?" He didn't know what to call the people for whom he was hunting, but went out on the streets of Bombay and accosted a Hindoo policeman, showed his little book and told him what was in it and said, "Now I don't know where to find the people who believe like this Book. Can you tell me where they are?" "Oh," the policeman said, "you want to go to the missionaries; they are the people who teach about that Book." He sent him to the C. & M. A., but they were not at home, and he started off down the street, not knowing just what to do. He came across a crowd in the street and found one of Miss Orlebar's native workers addressing the people. "Well," he said, "What he teaches is the same thing I read about in that Book." So after the meeting he went to the native preacher and said, "I want you to teach me and help me." The native took him to his home and instructed him in the way of righteousness and he was soundly converted.

Then he had to give up everything, his position and place, his furniture, and even his fine clothes. He came to Miss Orlebar's Home, but didn't know how to do a bit of work. He attended the meetings and studied English, but it got to be a great test to him to have no means of a livelihood. He insisted on having some work to do, even if it was cooley work. He was well educated and a man who was worshipped in his own country, but he insisted on doing cooley work. They found him a place in a railroad shop where he had to run a little machine that was very dangerous; many had lost the use of their fingers at that work. The first day he labored there he turned off more work than any of them. He rented a little room and worked in that machine shop, going through some of the

most awful trials. One evening he went down to the beach; some of his old Mohammedan friends came along and handed him some candy. He ate some, not thinking anything of it as they were eating too. After awhile he turned deathly sick and then noticed they were eating out of a different bag. He fell down on the ground, sick enough to die, and as soon as they saw his condition they got up and left him. He lay there until ten or eleven o'clock when the people of the mission not finding him and fearing he was in danger prayed for him. God heard their prayer and he arose and made his way home. He had been poisoned but God delivered him.

* * *

Truth Stranger than Fiction

A NUMBER of years ago an infidel living in this country took his little daughter twelve years of age to a revival meeting to make fun of it. They sat in the back seat but the child was at once seized with conviction and went forward to the altar and was saved. Her father said he would take it out of her in a week. She had been in the habit of taking a whiskey-sling with her father every morning but from that time on she refused it. Her father was unable to make her renounce her Savior and she was baptized, coming out of the water shouting, at the age of fourteen. Her father took strenuous efforts to get her to forsake her religion, put her on a train with a ticket to a near-by city, gave her a dollar but forbade her to go see her uncle who was living in that same city. She prayed she would find work before her money was gone, and stood by a telegraph pole, holding some faded flowers in her hand as a sweet remembrance of her country home, and as she prayed her uncle came along and recognized her. He was a director in one of the hospitals there. He took her with him and gave her a position in the hospital.

Some years later her father became very sick and sent for her. Her health had become impaired and he sent her a pony asking her to come home. In riding the pony she had an accident. The horse reared and plunged, and threw her; her feet caught in the stirrup and she was dragged for some distance. The doctors said her vertebrae were telescoped and she was terribly injured. At times she would be nearly blind through injury to the spinal cord. She married during the time of her invalidism; she and her husband lived on a farm but she was perfectly helpless, and when she needed his help while out on his farm, she would signal him by

a flag. She underwent six operations and was preparing for the seventh when she received light on divine healing. Two weeks afterwards, while she was praying in her room she took off her glasses and asked the Lord to heal her eyes. She felt the touch of God in her body and began to dance and praise the Lord. It was some time before she realized that God had not only healed her eyes but healed her whole body. Then she went out and pumped water for the cattle. After the Lord had healed her body so marvelously she said He could take care of her teeth, so she asked Him to heal them. They were discolored and the enamel was eaten from taking medicine

and she had had them filled by the dentist. In answer to prayer the nine fillings came out and the Lord perfectly restored them.

When she and her husband heard of this Pentecostal outpouring they at once sold their farm and went to Zion City to receive it. The meetings were held in houses, and the night she received her baptism a woman said to her: "We are not in a mission now and you cannot stay too late." She said, "I have come for my baptism and you can carry me out in the street, but I am going to stay until I get it," and she did. She and her husband are now in the foreign mission field.

What Some Missionaries are Doing

FAMINE still rages in India, but God is helping our missionaries there to turn it to the account of the Gospel. Brother Albert Norton says that in answer to prayer God has given them a large building at Orai, in Jalaun District, which they are now using for famine relief purposes and expect when the famine is over to make it a Training Home for natives and a station from which missionaries and Christian workers can make extended preaching tours among the unevangelized millions of the Native States. This building was put up by the government thirty-two years ago and Brother Norton has secured it for less than one-fifth its original cost, which is much less than it takes to build the ordinary mission bungalow.

Our readers must not forget to pray for those who are giving out their last ounce of strength to carry on the famine relief work. No new territory has been taken for God except through privation and suffering and oftentimes death, and this is doubly true of pioneering in heathen lands. The work in this new station has been born in the midst of trial and physical suffering such as cannot be put in words. Brother Will Norton has had a complete breakdown owing to his long tramps and arduous duties under the tropical sun with no comforts of any kind. He has been forced to return to Bahraich and his faithful wife sends us a touching appeal for prayer in his behalf. The awful strain of these months has been almost more than any white man and few natives could endure, and he is greatly in need of rest. Alfred Blakeney with native workers has taken his place on the field. We feel there is not enough definite praying for the health of the missionaries that they may be sustained in the midst of the awful hardships and climatic conditions that beset them.

Miss Ethel King, one of the young missionaries who went to Uska Bazaar, India, last Fall writes in an interesting way of village work:

"One week I went out four afternoons with the Bible women; that means from eleven until seven, and sometimes eight in the evening. At this time of the year the work in the fields is over, consequently we had good crowds, for all were busy making rope, repairing their rope beds, and making grass roofs for their mud huts, etc. They can work at this and listen at the same time, and were glad to have us come.

"One large village we visited the entire village turned out *en masse*. One of the head men escorted us to a barn-like structure where a native rope-bed was provided for us to sit on. Our Bible women said we had come to speak especially to the women and they filed in first until at least fifty women were present, not to mention the many babies, all seated on the ground. A few men sat back of us and the wide doorway and another doorway leading into a zenana courtyard was full of listening women. God blessed the message that day to these benighted ones.

"God gave us many sick ones to pray for also. In one village a man was suffering with a sore eye. At his request we prayed, and then a woman came and asked us to go to another village and pray for one who was very ill. It was getting late, but feeling the Lord would have us go, we started. On the way a man joined us and when he found out we were going to pray for a sick woman, begged us to come to *his* village and pray for another sick woman. We however kept on toward the first village and were shown into the large house and permitted to go into the zenana where we prayed for the sick woman. Then we hastened our steps toward our gari as it was getting dark and we had a full two miles to walk before we reached it and that distance to ride in the gari. But on our way back we were again met by the man who had urged us to come to his village. He had gone back and with the help of others had carried the sick woman (his wife, no doubt) and placed her at the

road-side where we had to pass; and there they were waiting with a group of simple-hearted natives gathered around the afflicted woman. You may be sure we did not pass them by even though daylight was rapidly fading and we were a long distance from our gari. This is only one instance of the way God is leading the needy to reach out after Him. We believe God is going to reach many hearts here in India, and one of the avenues of blessing will be Divine Healing. Pray that God will give us power to pray the prayer of faith that those who are so needy in spirit as well as in body may believe on the Living One."

* * *

More and more the signs are following the preaching of the Word of God in heathen lands. Robert Cook, who went with his wife to South India, is now in the Tinnevely District and writes of the miraculous working of the Spirit of God. We quote from his letter in part:

"Three Sundays ago at our first meeting in Koilpati the Lord manifested Himself in mighty power. In this meeting some were saved, backsliders were reclaimed and four were baptized in water. Wife and I prayed for many who were sick and the Lord healed them, among them two women from a village three miles away. They went home and told what great things the Lord had done for them. The news spread throughout that whole village so that the next evening thirty-three sick came to be prayed for, some by ox-cart and some on foot. . . . One woman who suffered from severe headaches was saved and healed and became a messenger of the Lord in this village. A young man who was growing blind by a cataract on his eye, after prayer went home to his village. The next evening he returned accompanied by twenty-seven others who were sick. He was healed, the cataract was gone and he could see perfectly. Another young man, a raw heathen, was entirely blind in one eye. God touched him by His mighty power and he can see from that eye as well as the other. He gave his heart to Jesus. Within one week we prayed for nearly two hundred sick, of whom many were made well. Amongst this number there were men and women with leprosy, and we received word from a village that one of the lepers was healed, and he has now gone to work. These are happy days for us, although on the one hand the devil is roaring at us and trying to scare us off the field where God has put us.

A native brother has given us an acre of land and we have started to build a chapel thereon. Many of the natives took such interest in the building of the chapel that they gave an offering of ten dollars, which to these poor natives is quite a large sum. They only earn at the most from ten to twelve cents a day, with which they support large families. We have fifty dollars toward the building of the chapel and we are believing that our Heavenly Father will in some way send in the \$250.00 to complete it. Three

other villages have promised us land if we will build them a house of worship. The need for good, upright, earnest missionaries who know their Bible is great. I have now eight native workers. Pray for them that they may get filled with the Spirit and be on fire for Jesus, and that we may not fail God in any way."

* * *

A letter from B. S. Moore and wife who have just arrived in Japan sends forth the burden that is on their hearts for that country. Brother Moore says that every false doctrine is in Japan, Russellism, Christian Science, Seventh Dayism, and that every dead thing in America and England is represented, denouncing the Word of God, attacking the divinity of Jesus Christ and denying the punishment of the wicked. A prominent clergyman made the statement in their hearing in a Sunday service that eternal punishment was a *damnable doctrine*. The success of the greatest American revivalist, Charles G. Finney, through whom it is said five hundred thousand found their Saviour, was due to the fact in a large measure that he preached eternal punishment and judgment fires for the wicked, and because of this he led a great host into the heavenly city. We might ask what is the record of this "divine" who adds to the indifference and unbelief of the poor heathen by such teaching? Poor Japan! reeling under infidelity and false teaching! What will be her fate? What a great responsibility is upon those who bear the sacred vessels of the Lord! Oh that the Lord might have true servants in that land where there is such great need. Japan has never had a real outpouring of the Spirit, but a little nucleus of consecrated souls are interceding for a visitation from God.

Brother and Sister Moore are making preparations for a vigorous campaign but it will mean co-operation and prayer on the part of the home field to enable them to do aggressive work in Japan. A Bible woman and several native workers who are called to preach the Gospel are available if the way opens for their support. We must not send out workers and forget them when they reach the field. Brother and Sister Moore know what it means to endure hardness as good soldiers and we feel they will do effective work in Japan, but let us not forget them. The Evangel office is glad to forward offerings to them or any other missionary on the field. Their address is Tomeoki, Central P. O., Kobe, Japan.

Robert Atchison also writes from Japan and sends us the following report in which there is much for encouragement:

"A missionary to Japan, many years on the field, says, 'There are forty million Japanese who have never had a real good chance to hear the Gospel.' In one of the Bible Society reports the statement is made that the real Japan has practically been untouched by Christian effort. The Japan Independent Mission has been *touching* this *untouched* class, the villagers. We have now four stations in the Kawachii valley manned by able and efficient workers, *touching* between 75,000 and 100,000 of the *untouched* regularly. Recently we added thirty-five more villages to the list, making in all about one hundred and fifty that are being cared for by the workers. Five young men came to the place where I was stopping to inquire about Jesus, and later, two more young men came from the same village for the same purpose. I don't remember seeing such a spirit of inquiry in Japan before. People want to sit down and talk about Jesus. An hour every day is being set aside to pray for a revival in the Kawachii valley, and as a result there is now 'the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees' for which we praise God. Please pray for a revival in the Kawachii valley. God has definitely led one of our workers to pray for the sick and over ten persons have been healed during the past few weeks. Another worker reports four saved in one house."

* * *

Conversions on Ship-board

One who is truly called of God witnesses for Him wherever he goes, whether on land or sea. The following letter written by an English Pentecostal missionary, Wm. T. P. Burton, *en route* to South Africa, was sent to us by our dear friend, Mrs. Margaret Cantel of London, and surely shows the Lord's manifest approval of this young man's going forth:

"Your dear people will want to know how their prayers are being answered. How do you think? Far better than ever we expected. Every hour brings fresh developments. We rather feared asking the Captain's leave to hold meetings lest he should refuse, but the passengers are coming together in such manifest approval of our meetings that they are a natural growth rather than an organized arrangement, and if they were stopped it would be against the wish of practically all the passengers. About three hours down the Thames from Tilbury some one began playing, 'What will you do with Jesus?' so I went and sang. We soon had the Christians around. God kept me from sea-sickness entirely. I was one of four not sick out of sixty in the third class. Others were instantly delivered from sea-sickness in answer to prayer.

We started a Bible-reading on Sunday afternoon with three. In four days it has grown to thirteen. On Tuesday a young Dutchman, a

backslider, was restored. Yesterday morning a young colonel (who has been on holiday in England) knelt down on deck in full view of every one and gave his heart to Jesus. An Irishman who shares my cabin, was most sarcastic about religion in general, but on Monday evening I had a good straight talk with him, and on awakening in the night saw him kneeling beside his bunk praying. God was evidently dealing with him. Some of the rowdiest men on board sat up until two A. M. 'discussing religion.' The young convert of yesterday wanted to know, 'What have I got to do now?' So pending leave to use the bath-room for a baptismal service, we showed him that a baby should get plenty of milk. He has already read through Matthew and well into Mark. We hope to get grape juice at Los Palmas and remember the Lord's death in the breaking of bread on Sunday evenings. A dear old 'P. B.' who has been saved twenty-three years is going to South Africa for his health. I had a long talk with him on 'the Lord for the body.' He soaked in it like blotting paper and before the end of the day he had received and was *preaching* Mark 16:15-18 and James 5:14. Tell your people to keep on praying and we will have the whole ship on fire with the Gospel by Cape Town."

* * *

Gems of Truth

We shun the cross. The cross is good for you and me. We have to be tried, and God is in the trying business today. Don't think it is all of the devil. We shun the cross in telling what we stand for; instead of telling just what we believe in this Pentecostal Movement in connection with the tongues, we shrink from the reproach it brings and speak of the "deeper life." We often quote, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever;" He will never be the same yesterday, today and forever, until the Holy Ghost is allowed to have His way. I praise Him for the cross. We can shun it and save our lives, but he that saveth his life shall lose it. It has been hard for me to bear my cross. I suffered but it has been for my good. One man came to our place, and looking over the crowd said, "Well, this is the kind of a looking bunch we find everywhere." A brother said, we were the offscourings of the earth now, but we will be the scoured-off in heaven. God help us to take our place and suffer with Jesus. Let us take up our cross daily, losing our lives as far as this old world is concerned, for the Word teaches us that Jesus Christ throughout the ages to come will manifest His glory through us. I believe He will do it as we hold steady and do not shun the cross."—*M. L. Sherrard.*

The Yea and Amen of Prayer or Prayer Ministry Tested

Prayer Series No. IV

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



One line of ministry is so contested by Satan as the ministry of prevailing, intercessory prayer. It is impossible to go through in prayer, and not fail in pushing on until the last half hour of steepest climbing is done, unless we have our feet firmly planted on the promises of God, never swerving, no matter what experiences come which seem precisely contrary to what the Holy Spirit had mightily moved us to pray for.

Only very recently, the writer and her co-workers have been heavily burdened in prayer, not only for the work on the Congo amongst the natives, and the missionaries on the Field, but also for certain Missionary Committees who, it seems, should be God's appointed channel for the thrusting forth of a few of those who had volunteered during the recent years of deputation work for the large, unlimited, ripened Field in the heart of Africa. Here was another large band of Spirit-filled men and women ready to be thrust forth, and yet mountain high barriers were barring the way for the volunteers on the one hand, and on the other cutting off the necessary reinforcements for those on the Field who are breaking down under the pressure. Even before news of the sickness and testings had reached us from the Field, God had laid such prayer-burdens upon the afore-mentioned little band that the unity in prayer, and the tangible presence of God every time we entered into prayer conflict, was something we had seldom experienced before. There were times when the spirit of prayer was so upon us that it was difficult to bring the prayer-meeting to a close, and generally when we separated one from the other, it was with the mutual deep conviction that God had undertaken, and that He was beating back the enemy.

Yet note in one instance what happens. One of our prayer band is a volunteer for the Field, and she felt sure God had answered prayer in, opening a door for her, and faith bubbled over in joy and expectancy. Yet, when the long looked-for news of the Council's decision came, instead of her acceptance came a temporary rejection,* because of the physical danger involved in sending ladies to a pioneer field before good

buildings have been erected. This was not the only instance of frustration; but just because these contrary happenings have come, have we not in these very occurrences proof that our prayers are heard, and the answer of God is coming? because Satan is stirred up and the battle is begun?

Did God then not answer our prayers, when He gave us such deep conviction that the battle in the heavenlies was won though the answer seemed apparently contrary? Here it is that we need deep-spiritual discernment in order to discover the purposes of God, and the forces at the back of these seeming delays. That our prayers were in the will of God we cannot doubt, for has He not told us specifically to "Pray the Lord of the harvest, that He would thrust forth labourers into His harvest?" and did He not in answer to that prayer give us as many as forty responses? Then why, for the present, these barred doors?

We are just citing this case as one of hundreds of similar instances of apparent prayer failure, perhaps with reference to prayer for some soul's salvation, or for healing. There are times when God gives us immediate answers, followed by a sudden inflow of life as soon as prayer is made for sick ones, while at other times there is the slow, gradual, almost imperceptible answer. But nevertheless, is it not a fact that as soon as we *begin* to pray, God *begins* to work towards the ripening of His purposes? and this ripening often requires some considerable lapse of time. In other words, must not our prayers also become "grains of wheat to fall into the ground and die that they may bring forth much fruit"? God takes all we offer, whether in consecration or in prayer, and passes the sentence of death upon all. "For we have the sentence of death in ourselves (yes, even in our prayers) that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead."

Perhaps a change of figure would make it clearer; so have we not here the *Yea* and *Amen* of prayer exemplified? Between God's *Yea* and His *Amen* (which must correspond with our

*Three weeks after this article was written news comes of the acceptance of the worker mentioned. So her rejection was only a trial of her faith—a stepping-stone from the "Yea" to the "Amen."

"Amen" of faith), there must often be an interval, more or less prolonged. When Daniel began to pray for his captive countrymen, Jehovah spake His Yea, that same Divine "Let there be" which brought worlds into existence, but His Amen, "So be it," was not pronounced until some weeks later. We see Joseph with his remarkable dreams given by God, had the deep conviction that he was called of God to really become the centre of that circle of brethren. God had spoken His "Yea" into his heart; but the pathway to the "Amen" was through misunderstanding, suffering, discipline, and long years of waiting. The "Amen" was realized when he became the Prime Minister of the Egyptian Empire, and the governor of that people. It would be an interesting and profitable study to trace God's "Yea" of promise and His "Amen" of fulfillment throughout the Word. God spake His "Yea" of promised deliverance to Moses from out the burning bush, but before the Amen was pronounced, the conditions on the brickfields were aggravated, and Moses had to bear the rebuffs of Pharaoh, and the reproaches of the elders of his people, and both Moses and Israel were compelled to lean wholly on God. The Bethlehem shepherd lad received God's "Yea" or kingly calling when the holy anointing oil was poured upon his head, but the working out of God's plan into the sunlight of the "Amen" was traced through dens and caves, as he was hunted down like a deer by the treacherous, malevolent servants of Saul.

We find this lapse of time exemplified in Christ's life. He was able to say, "Thou hast put all things into My hands." Yet at the time He said it, He was poor and despised. He had God's "Yea" then; God's Amen followed after He had become a grain of wheat. Notice also what happened at the cursing of the barren fig tree, St. Mark 11:14. His disciples heard that curse, and in the mind of God that tree was given over unto death the moment the word of power had gone forth. In St. Matthew's account of the incident, it states "and presently the fig tree withered away," but the passage in St. Mark 11:20, shows that it was the next morning when they re-passed that they *saw* the fig tree dried up from the roots. They had gone by the fig tree the evening before, on their way to Bethany, but it was not until they returned to Jerusalem the next morning, they *saw*. Again a lapse of time between the fact and the *manifestation* of the fact. It seemed as if no change was seen in the fig tree at the moment Christ uttered the curse

but it began, nevertheless, to dry up from the roots deep down,—a hidden process,—and the next morning the lapse of time between the Yea and the Amen had ended.

God knows when to give us a sudden, visible answer to prayer and when to delay it for the furtherance of some Divine hidden purpose. During our first term of service on the Congo, we were sent to an abandoned mission station for a much needed change of air. Four hundred native Christians were there pastored by a native preacher, and, branching out from this church, were at least fifteen out-stations, each with its own teacher. Death had made so many inroads in the ranks of the missionaries, that it was necessary prematurely to leave this splendid work in the hands of the natives. So, when our health seemed in a very precarious condition, one fever rapidly succeeding another, we hoped to combine a change of air and surroundings with a much longed-for ministry in that missionary-abandoned native Church. We had a most blessed time, the people crowding into the dining room of the old tumbledown mission house, already practically eaten up by the ravages of the white ants. Each night these eager souls flocked in, and delayed their departure until we were obliged to send them away. The three weeks passed only too quickly, when we were recalled to help in Christmas preparations, as only one week was left before Christmas, and none of the workers at our home-station were strong. A brother and sister, however, who had accompanied us, decided to stay a week longer, to give these spiritual orphans some Christmas cheer. But scarcely had we arrived home, when a messenger came from the afore-mentioned station, to say that our co-worker was dying. She had suddenly, after our departure, been stricken with the deadly blackwater fever, which has claimed so many foreigners in Africa. Miss Kohm, our nurse, was immediately despatched to minister to the sick one, and after a trying six hours' walk through bridgeless rivers, and over high mountains, she found the patient with a most dangerously high fever. After prayer and the laying on of hands, she began to devise means of making the sufferer more comfortable. The distressed natives, desiring to help, had tried to filter the water, as that from the muddy rivers of the Congo, without being filtered, breeds malaria. But, alas! their hygienic principles were minus quantities, for it was discovered that they had resorted to "scrub rags" to filter the water for their beloved missionary! They knew no better.

Our fevered sister was so nervous and restless that there was no sleep for her, and Miss Kohm thought that if only sleep would come, the temperature might fall, but this restless condition would only drive it up more. It was the hottest time of the year, and being an abandoned mission station, there were no household effects, no water coolers, and as, of course, in Congoland we have no cows and consequently no milk, there was absolutely nothing at hand which could be given to cool the parched burning lips. We ourselves have known what it is to lie for hours in a burning fever, without a drop of anything which might quench that nameless thirst and soothe the worn-out nerves. It was in this terrible pressure, when it seemed as though the patient must succumb if help did not soon arrive, that Miss Kohm sent a note to the writer, asking for some dietary foods to be sent her, and added "Oh! for some oranges or fruit with which to quench the thirst of this sick one!"

It was not the orange season, and not a vestige of fruit had been left, to one's knowledge, on any of the trees, and should some have escaped the many gatherers, surely the months of scorching sun would have succeeded in withering the lingering fruit to uselessness. But as we read the letter, a sigh escaped our lips, and an involuntary cry went up to God,—“Oh! that we had some oranges!” Hardly had we sent the thought, when some native boys who had been playing under the bare orange trees, came running in in ecstasy, with this much desired fruit in their hands. When first they saw them, they could not believe they were oranges, but thought that they were birds of gaudy plumage. They cast stones into the trees, but the ‘birds’ did not fly away. Still sceptical, it did not take the boys long to climb the trees and examine the phenomenon. But it was a fact—there were the luscious perfect oranges. Their presence on those trees at the wrong season, their freshness, the fact that they had remained undiscovered until that hour of extreme need, were and are to this day miracles that only God can explain,—the God that foresees and supplies all needs of His own. Another phenomenon, in the mind of the missionary, was the fact that these lads were in such a hurry to hand over these luxuries, for this was indeed another happening contrary to nature; and all this a moment after she had inaudibly uttered her prayer for oranges!

A few days after, when the patient was brought to the mission station in an unconscious state, the writer watched by her bedside the first

night. When she regained consciousness, her first question was, “Where did you get those oranges?” She proceeded to relate how that terrible burning thirst seemed more than she could endure, and what a Godsend that refreshing soothing fruit-juice, pressed into her mouth, had been, and how it finally brought relief and sleep, and was the first step towards her restoration. She is still faithfully laboring amongst Congo's benighted people.

How prone we are to make stereotyped, or cast-iron laws according to which we expect God to work; but He is such a manifold God that we must allow Him to show diversity in all His operations, and leave to Him the choice of method and time for supplying our needs made known to Him in prayer, thus affording the best kind of development for our own faith. God is looking for a people who will trust Him, even when they do *not see or feel*. About two years after this incident, we were working at a new pioneer station in a district where the people had not yet become accustomed to the white man, and were hence very superstitious, looking upon us as some kind of spirits, perhaps the spirits of their departed ancestors coming back to torment them, or derive some gain out of them. It happened that year that the much longed-for rains were delayed, and it was high time to plant the gardens, for the people's scanty supply of provisions would soon be exhausted. The absence of agricultural implements in a land where weeds are prolific, because there is no cold weather to retard the growth, and where all the field work is done by women who simply scratch the soil with their primitive tools, make the harvests very small and the supply is just enough to carry them through to the next crop. It can be easily understood that after a dry season lasting six months without a drop of rain the whole time, the ground was baked and parched, and unfit for seed sowing. The native witch doctors tried everything in their power to bring down the much needed showers, putting their idols and fetishes to the most effectual use they possibly could, dancing, shoutings, shootings being accompanied by various hideous incantations in order to propitiate the angry spirits who were withholding rain. Finally, there was a rumor abroad that it must be the missionary who was holding up the clouds. For did he not speak of a great God, an omnipotent God, a God of the stars and sky, and did they not hear him relate that this God did mighty things at the request of His servants? Certainly, if this were true, the missionary needed only to

ask his God for rain, and it would come; but now that he had not done so, was not the missionary in league with an angry God, and were they not purposing together to bring destruction on the people? Occasionally, some of our boys would warn us against entering the villages, for the people were becoming very angry.

One afternoon, when touring in the outlying district, we met with several harsh rebukes, and the people refused to listen to our message; they felt we did not love them, since we would not give them rain. Having arrived in a village where a number of men were gathered, who spoke in an ominously treacherous manner, my co-worker felt it high time to ask God for rain, publicly. After having done so, we quietly wended our way home; but ah! the suggestions which came crowding upon us—"What if after all it does not rain?" The writer remembers beating back these haunting doubts by repeating to herself the promises of God referring to answering prayer, and in the evening before retiring to rest, beholding the magnificent starlit sky, the glory of a tropical night, she pulled down the shade lest the sight of the clear heavens should weaken her faith. She began to thank God for the rain, although her heart did not in the least respond. This lip-service, however, was pressed on until midnight, refusing to give place to doubt, and she fell asleep praising God. In the morning, there was a slight drizzle, but only enough to evoke sarcasm on the part of the natives, for that pretense of rain would do nothing towards refreshing a parched, fissured earth. One could plainly read on scornful faces, "Is that all your God can do?" Presently the sun blazed out as brightly as ever, and faith was put to a deeper test. It seemed as if the answer had begun to come, and had been turned back. The next day was set apart for an inter-tribal battle, fought so near the mission house, that the shots could be heard. That day's fighting had not settled the quarrel, and so it was decided to continue the warfare the next day. This was Sunday, and the planned battle-ground was in such proximity to the chapel, that it would make the possibility of a service out of the question. A little handful of children gathered to the Sunday School, but only about one-tenth of the usual number. There we appealed to the little ones, asking them to show by the raising of their hands, who would stand with us in prayer that God would send rain. Almost every one responded. We knew that this would give publicity to our prayer-battle, as there are no secrets in Africa, and these

little ones would blaze abroad that morning's deed all over the country. It was no longer the lives of the natives, who would perish with famine if help did not come, that were at stake, but God's glory.

The Sunday School was dismissed, and on our way home we stopped and spoke to a great number of warriors, who were preparing their antique blunderbusses for the fight. While we were yet talking, we noticed them glancing up at the sky with a look of concern, and almost in less time than it takes to tell, the sky became suddenly black. The natives have a terrible fear of thunderstorms, and before we knew it, these warriors who had come from a greater distance than the missionaries could reach in their itineraries, rushed into the Chapel for protection. In no other way could we have succeeded in getting these suspicious, savage, bloodthirsty warriors to an indoor service. The threatenings of the storm continued, but the clouds did not break until the missionary, who would otherwise have had an empty house, had preached the Gospel to a crowded assembly, many hearing it for the first time. The service being over, the natives had just time to reach the next village before a deluge of rain fell, which continued all that day and the succeeding night. And not the least of all the blessings of the delay, that planned battle was never fought.

Now we can easily see *why* that lapse of time was allowed between the Yea and the Amen. God was waiting to fulfill a *three-fold* purpose—not only to send down the natural showers, and to provide an opportunity by the combination of many circumstances for these hitherto untouched natives to hear the message of salvation, but to frustrate a bloody battle, which ultimately was substituted by a peaceful settlement of the fight. Had our prayers for rain been answered one day sooner, the prayer-answer harvest would have been only thirty-fold. Through the delay it was multiplied by three, making it a ninety-fold crop. We need always to thank God for what appears a most trying period of time between the Yea and the Amen. When once the "Yea" of God has been spoken, the Amen is sure to follow. But "Therefore will the LORD wait, that He may be gracious unto you. For the LORD is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for Him."

* * *

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Learning at the Master's Feet

Ellen M. Winter, Laurel, Maryland.

I was so weary in serving
And full of anxious care,
And could only see in the future
The sorrow and pain that were there;
The mistakes of my life were so many
When I thought I was trusting the Lord,
And so much of my life seemed a failure
When I measured it by His Word.

Then I heard the voice of Jesus
So tenderly calling to me,
"My child, come apart and rest awhile
I have something to say to thee."
So I sat at His feet and listened
While He told me in accents divine,
Of the rest, and the joy, and the comfort
That just through believing were mine.

For He was not only my Saviour
To save from the guilt of sin,
But was able to keep from its power,
Through His blood ever cleansing within;
And He would give me the Holy Spirit
To comfort, to fill, and control,
Until rivers of living water
Should flow from the depths of my soul.

Then He showed me how to surrender
My burden of anxious care,
For it was part of His earthly mission
Our sorrows and griefs to bear;
And He taught me the secret of taking
My life and my health from Him,
For He healeth all our diseases,
As well as to save us from sin.

I cried, "What a wonderful Saviour!"
As His life flowed into my soul,
And I felt the touch of His power,
That made me every whit whole.
Then He whispered, "O, watch and be ready,
For soon, very soon I shall come,
To make up my precious jewels,
And gather my waiting ones home."

"I have gems of beauty and price untold,
And raiment spotless and fair,
To adorn my Bride for the marriage feast,
When she meets me in the air;
The wealth of the Kingdom shall be her dower,
My glory her diadem,
When she shares my throne and blissful reign
In the New Jerusalem."

My heart—how it burned within me,
While we held communion sweet,
And I thought I could never leave that place
My place at my dear Lord's feet;
But the spirit of Martha discerning
The tasks that were left undone,
Would take me away from His presence
To go to my work alone.

"No, not alone," He answered,
"I will surely go with you,
And be your strength and your wisdom
In all the work you must do;"
So together we journey and labor,
And He maketh my toil so sweet
That my life with its service of loving
I lay at His blessed feet.

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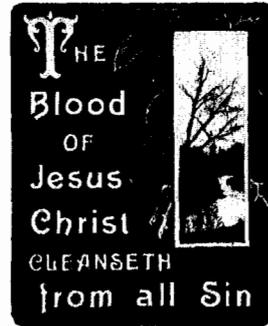
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