



The Tatter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

Healed of Tuberculosis When Dying

How God Taught a Soul Faith and Obedience.

Mrs. Annie Davis, 5902 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois



I WAS born a delicate child and I was very delicate all my life, never having what I could call a real well day until the Lord healed me. About twenty years ago my husband and son went to the Klondike, at the time of the gold discovery there, and as I couldn't get any word from them, it weighed upon me and I suffered greatly in body because of worrying about them. I was living in Buffalo, New York, at this time, and the first year my husband and son were away I was in bed the greater part of the time. My daughter was married and living in Chicago, and insisted on my coming here to live; she felt when spring came and the government ships went to Alaska my husband and son would not return on them and the shock would be so great I could not stand it, so they insisted on my coming on. I had not the strength to see to the packing and moving but as they were so urgent, I consented to come, and for the first time in my life, I commenced to pray that the Lord would give me strength to do what I had to do. I came here with my little family, my youngest son and daughter, and at once we felt the change in the climate. The first year my daughter took pneumonia and would have died if the Lord had not healed her. While I didn't know anything about Divine Healing, I knew how to pray. After she got better I took a severe attack of tonsillitis from which I never quite recovered, and I was very weak and miserable after that.

About this time my daughter's mother-in-law invited me out to spend the afternoon and evening with her to meet an old friend. They both came home with me and on the way I was taken with a severe coughing spell and had a hemorrhage. They were so alarmed they took me to the nearest drug store and asked the druggist to give me something to check the flow of blood, but he refused. He said, "Take that woman home and call for a doctor as quickly as possible." They took me home and gave me some salt and water while my daughter went for a doctor, but they couldn't stop the hemorrhage, and it took the doctor about thirty minutes to stop it. Then he went away but he had no sooner gotten down stairs when I was taken with another hemorrhage and he was called back. It

took longer this time to stop it. I was in bed for two or three weeks, and for a year after that I had hemorrhages with every little exertion. At the end of this year my husband came home and we rented a flat on 40th Street near the Presbyterian Church of which I was a member. The hemorrhages kept getting worse and Mr. Davis had to stay home and take care of me. My family kept bringing me all kinds of medicine; friends would continually recommend remedies, although the doctor who came often gave me only cod liver oil. When I was able I went to the doctor's office, which was just a short distance away. The last time I went, he said, "Mrs. Davis, what did you come for?" I said, "I came to be sounded. My son wants to know just how I am." He said, "Mrs. Davis, I am not going to sound you any more. You tell Frank to let you alone; take the cod liver oil, and when the weather gets fine and we get through March (it was February) you will be able to get out," but I knew from the way he spoke he never expected me to get through March. When I told that to my husband he was more disheartened about my case than he ever had been before, but I thought my time had come and I wanted to die; I had never heard of anyone being healed of tuberculosis.

One morning not very long after this I went to the kitchen where my husband was doing some work, and picking up a dress of my daughter's I hung it on a line over my head. The doctor had told me never to lift my hands above my head for fear of a hemorrhage, but because I was so well at that time I had forgotten all about this. As soon as I hung this dress up I had a terrible hemorrhage and my husband at once laid me flat on my back on the kitchen floor and got the medicine the doctor had left for the purpose of checking the hemorrhages. I was so weak I could not speak to him but I was hoping he would not lift me, because every time I was lifted after a hemorrhage like that I fainted from weakness. But he felt he could not have me lying there in the draft, so he picked me up and carried me into the bedroom and I fainted dead away, and didn't know anything for some time when I was brought to consciousness through the motion of the springs. My husband was a stout man and he had thrown himself on the bed beside me and was crying. I

heard the sound of his voice, and the motion of the springs seemed to bring me to consciousness. As soon as I could get my voice I spoke to him, and he said, "Oh Annie, are you still here. I thought you had gone, and here I am without any of the children." I was in bed three or four weeks, but that was the last hemorrhage I ever had. I was so weak that when the night sweats came on I could not raise my hand to wipe my forehead.

A friend came in to see me in this weak condition and said, "Your shades have been drawn so long I was afraid to come in when I saw them up, for fear you would be gone." I said, "Wouldn't you be glad if I was gone?" "No," she said, "I would not, and I cannot understand why you are happy in such a condition and with such an awful disease." I said to her, "You know Paul's shipwreck always comes to me when I think about myself; they all got to land, some one way and some another; it doesn't matter what kind of a disease you have so as you get to heaven." I, of course, think differently now. She took decided exception to my dying and leaving my family, and I saw afterwards that the Lord sent her to talk to me thus. After she had gone I commenced to think: "What is there about this disease that seems so dreadful to my friend?" and as I talked to the Lord about it, He talked to me, and called my attention to Exodus and Deuteronomy where He told the children of Israel if they obeyed Him He would not put the burning consumption on them but upon their enemies. As He talked to me about this, I saw why I had this disease; it was because of my disobedience, and my mind went back to a promise I had made the Lord when I was sanctified. The reason it was hard for me really to get my sanctification was because of my disobedience; I more readily obeyed my husband than the Lord, and I had promised Him by His grace I would obey Him in everything that I knew, and now after knowing His voice and having, as I believed, been sanctified, I had fallen into disobedience again. That night as I lay in my bed, the Lord brought in panoramic view before me, one incident after another just as quickly as I could understand how I had been disobeying Him; that I had really backslidden, and that He had permitted this disease to come upon me. He showed me then so plainly that He didn't put a disease on anyone, but that I had fallen into the enemy's hands, and he had afflicted me. So I promised the Lord I would do what He told me, write letters to some and ask forgiveness of others, if

He would permit me to live until morning, and that I would confess to my husband how I had wanted to please him and thereby disobeyed the Lord. In the morning my husband remarked that I had had a pretty good night, and had not had night-sweats. I told him I hadn't thought about that, but that the Lord was talking to me, and I had a number of confessions to make and would begin with him. I told him of how I had been irritable and cross and apologized to him for all the things I had said and done that the Lord had brought before me, and then I said, "Now I know I have not long to live, but after this I will obey the Lord, in whatever He tells me to do, and as soon as I get strength I will write letters to my friends to whom I owe an apology." Then he said he would get me some breakfast, but I said, "No, this is going to be a day of fasting. I feel as though the Lord is not through with me yet, and I do not want anyone to come in here, not even you, unless I ring the bell." He said, "What are you going to fast from? cod liver oil?"—that was about all I was taking. I said, "Yes, I am going to fast even from cod liver oil, and I want to be entirely alone." About nine o'clock a man came after Mr. Davis to do a little work for him. I heard Mr. Davis telling the man I was very sick and in bed and he could not go, and when I heard this I rang the bell and told him he must go; that I believed the Lord sent this man for him on purpose that I might be left entirely alone. He said he would not think of leaving me when I couldn't even get myself a drink of water. I sent for the man to come to me, he was the elder in our church and I said to him, "I believe the Lord is getting me ready for death and I want to make everything right. I know He wants my husband to go to work today, and I want you to take him." He said he needed him very badly and would take him if I insisted. So after a good deal of persuasion on our part we got Mr. Davis to go. As my husband left, he brought in the mail from the box, and in it was a card from a sick friend, which he read to me. She had rheumatism of an incurable kind, and I had been telling her for some time she looked too much to the doctors and medicine and didn't trust the Lord enough; now she wrote she had seen the third and last specialist and wanted me to pray for her, although she didn't know any more about divine healing than I did. I asked my husband for the card and said I would pray for her while I was lying there. As he gave it to me, he leaned over and kissed me, and as he did that the tears

fell on my face. I knew he was feeling so badly because I was insisting on his going. I asked him why he felt so badly and he said, "I really feel you will not be here when I get back, and what will the children and the people say if they find out how sick you were when I left home." I promised him to take the responsibility and that I would be there when he returned.

After he had gone I held this card up to the Lord and commenced praying about this friend of mine. I told the Lord I believed she thought too much about doctors and medicine, and as I was telling Him about this He turned on me and said, "That is just exactly what you are doing." I was amazed and said, "Lord, I do trust You, and I would not have a drop of medicine if I thought in any way it hindered my faith in You." He drew my eyes to my dresser which was filled with all kinds of medicine bottles, and said, "All that is an abomination in My sight." Then I said, "Well Lord, if that is an abomination in Your sight it is in mine, too, and if I had the strength I would get up and throw every bit of it into the garbage pail." He said, "According to your faith be it unto you." I answered Him, "Oh do not put the responsibility on me, but tell me You will give me the faith. I haven't the faith and it is impossible for me to get up." And back the answer came, "What is impossible with man is possible with God"; "All things are possible to him that believeth," and He kept giving me one Scripture after another, until finally I got to the place where I said I would try to get up and put the medicine away. I said, "Lord, You know I have been lying on my back all these weeks and if I stir I commence coughing and spitting blood, and after having told my husband I would be here when he came back, I am afraid, but I will trust You all I know how, and if I move, You will be responsible for it all." He showed me that He was near me and taking care of me. Finally I got courage to turn on my side and rest on my elbow, and as I did that it seemed I got more strength. I was surprised at being able to do that because I hadn't been able even to turn myself; my husband had to do that, and once or twice when the bed was changed and my husband lifted me I fainted. So I was encouraged and commenced to praise the Lord because He had given me strength to turn on my side. Gradually I lifted myself to a sitting posture, and as I sat there the enemy came to me and said, "You will fall back and have a hemorrhage and you will not be here when your husband comes home." I knew that was the enemy, and I looked to the Lord,

and as I sat there I felt something like a hand at my back, and the power of God coming into my body in strength. Gradually, by praying and praising God I got first one foot out of bed and then another, and sat on the edge of the bed. I realized I had to go to the kitchen, and first had to get my clothes on, and as I stood up, oh the agony that went through my limbs and through my whole body! It seemed the devil attacked me from head to foot, and I trembled like a leaf, but my confidence was in God and as I had promised to obey Him I determined to do it if it cost me my life. As I leaned over to put on my clothes, a voice said, "You will drop over dead and when your husband comes home you will be lying on the floor." I realized then it was not the Lord's voice but Satan's, and said, "I command you to leave this room and my presence. I am going to obey God," and as I did that I felt the strength coming into my body in such a wonderful way I got into my clothes and went to the kitchen with the medicine bottles. I made three trips to the garbage pail, with my arms full of medicine bottles. I broke the bottles so my husband or children would not get them, and said as I threw them in, "I will never take another drop of medicine." I put the garbage pail on the dumb-waiter that went to the basement and heard it dumped into the basement. The only bottle I left was one my son had brought in that morning; he thought it helped me when I got the coughing spells, but it had not been opened and I thought it could go back to the druggist; but I wanted it out of my sight so I took it to the refrigerator. It was very heavy and I was surprised that I could carry it. When I got it to the refrigerator the three lower shelves were full, and I had to lift this heavy bottle over my head to put it on a shelf.

I came back and sat on the bed thinking I was to undress and get back to bed. I had been clearing things up and was getting ready to die. As I sat there I asked the Lord what He wanted me to do, and He said, "If you believed you were healed what would you do?" "Healed? Lord do you mean to say I am healed?" And He said, "According to your faith be it unto you." It seemed such a startling thing. "Would I be healed if I had the faith for it?" And again came the answer, "According to your faith be it unto you." Then I said, "I will be healed, and I will ask for *Your* faith, for I know *You* are within me. I will go into the kitchen and cook the dinner." When I did that I had such joy I had a regular hallelujah meeting all by myself.

I got down on my knees and praised Him for hours, and as I praised the Lord I became so much stronger. I put on the rest of my clothes, and it seemed the life of God was surging through my body. I went to the kitchen and cooked a meal for five, and while I was making a pudding my husband came in. As he opened the door he looked into the kitchen and saw me standing in the middle of the floor, and could not say a word. He pulled me down on his lap and said, "Annie, who has been here?" I said, "The Lord has been here." "Did He do this?" "Yes, He did." "How did you get dressed?" I told him the Lord helped me, and he burst out crying. He held me in his arms, sobbing and crying, but it was for real joy. His heart was so happy over it. In a few minutes my daughter came in and just danced and clapped her hands though she had never known how sick I was. Then my son came in and when he saw me in the kitchen he picked me up in his arms, and said, "Mama you have to go back to bed. Why did father get you up like this?" I said, "Now Frank, the Lord has been here and He has healed me, and I will tell you all about it at the dinner table." He said, "You don't look as though you were healed. You look so white and thin." Before we got through my oldest son came in. He looked into the bed-room, and then into the kitchen, and his face grew whiter and whiter as he stood there. I said, "Harry what is the matter with you?" "Oh mother! Is it really you?" He told me afterwards he thought it was my ghost; that when he saw the empty bed-room he thought I had gone. We sat down to the table and I told them how the Lord had spoken to me and I made every one promise they would never ask me to take any more medicine or see a doctor. They said they saw it was the Lord who had healed me and promised me, and they have never asked me to take any medicine since. That has been fifteen years ago.

From that time I continued getting stronger, but for three months I was quite weak; tempted many times to stay in bed, but I felt the urgent call of the Lord on me continually to be up and doing. The very next morning I commenced to get up at six o'clock; my husband objected and insisted he would bring me breakfast in bed, but I said the Lord had healed me and I would get the breakfast. As I rose a shock went through my body; I didn't understand it then, but I knew later it was another touch from the Lord. Still I was very weak and had to look to the Lord every moment for strength. The third day after I was healed I went over to the Moody

Church for the special Bible class they were having then. My husband remonstrated with me about my going as I was still weak, and he said, "Now unless you find somebody who is coming from there I will not allow you to go that long distance, from the South Side to the North Side alone so late at night. I went that night and asked the Lord on the way over to direct me to some one who was coming home my way, but forgot all about it until about ten o'clock as the meeting was closing, when a voice said to me, "You are going home alone; you haven't anybody to go with you." I sat down again, bowed my head on the back of the seat in front of me and prayed, "Now Lord You know how hungry I am for these lessons. You have commanded us to search the Scriptures and I am doing it the very best I know how. Will you not show me somebody who goes to the South Side so my husband will not object by my going alone?" I received the assurance then that He would help me, and as I arose He showed me a woman some distance ahead of me. There were about fifty people between her and me, and I elbowed my way through the crowd until I reached her and laid my hand on her shoulder and said, "Sister, do you go to the South Side?" She said, "Yes," and when I asked her where she lived I found it was just one block from my building. She said there were a number of them going that way and we could all go together. Then she said I looked as if I had been sick and asked me what was the matter. I told her I had consumption and the Lord healed me. I told her a little about how wonderful it was and said I thought it must be for some special purpose because I never knew of anybody who was healed of such a disease. She said she knew of many who were healed, and told me of the meetings of the Christian & Missionary Alliance. My husband was quite satisfied then for me to go to the Bible Classes because I didn't need to come home alone, and I made quite a few new acquaintances within the next three months, among them a woman who was not helpful to me, and from whom the Lord told me to keep away. Every time she came near me I felt as if the enemy had some power over me, and while I didn't understand things then, I felt uncomfortable when she was around. One night she came to me and said she had a wonderful healing to tell me about and wanted me to walk part of the way home with her. I told her I could not walk very far, not being very strong, and that I did not know the way except by the Elevated as we had always gone. She said she would take me to the

car and put me on so I would not get lost. As I went with this woman I felt I was disobeying the Lord, and as I walked along I kept getting worse and worse in my body. Finally I said, "I cannot go any further with you, I am feeling so badly I will hardly be able to get home. You will have to get me to the Elevated Station." She took me to the first Elevated Station we could find and when I got to my home station I could scarcely walk from there to the house, and never slept during that entire night. An old disease I had had for nineteen years, since the birth of my eldest son, came back on me and I was very, very ill. I lay there for three days and three nights in the most terrible pain. I didn't know just then what was the matter but found out afterwards I was suffering from an abscess. It was so painful I could not stand the touch of my clothing, and the very first morning as I lay there suffering, unable to rise I thought perhaps the Lord was going to let me die because of my disobedience. I cried to Him, "I deserve this punishment, and I want You to tell me very plainly whether it is death or life." He gave me this verse, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." So then I knew it was deliverance, and I commenced to praise Him. On the fourth morning my husband came to me and said, "Now I am going out to work and if you are not better when I come back I am going to get a doctor and perhaps two of them, for you are getting worse all the time, and I cannot believe that verse was from the Lord or you would have been delivered by this time." I could not speak at all, but I motioned him away. I could not bear his heavy footsteps shaking the bed-springs. I had the room darkened and couldn't even open my eyes I suffered such intense pain, and it seemed a red-hot iron went from my throat down through my body and kept me from speaking. After my husband had gone I said, "Lord, You gave me that verse but perhaps there is something else you want me to do. Tell me what it is, and I am here to obey you." As I looked up at the chandelier it seemed as if these words stood out before me, "Is any among you sick? Let him call for the elders." That was as much as I saw. I said, "What elders shall I call? The elders of the church I attend?" They were having supplies at my church and they visited the sick, and many of them called to see me, but they all prayed, not for my healing, but for a triumphant death, and I said, "Father, is that what you want?" And I felt it was not, and He brought before me the name

of this woman with whom I came from the Moody Church, who told me about the people who believed in divine healing. So I rang the bell for my daughter and I wrote on a slate asking her to go for her and tell her I was sick. Then I felt I would have to tell this sister that I was sick because of disobedience and how I had been irritable with my husband, but I couldn't do it all on a slate, so I asked the Lord to give me my voice back again and to take away the awful pain so I could talk to her. While I was talking to the Lord this sister came in rather hurriedly and sat down and I commenced to talk to her, and as I was in the midst of my conversation I said, "Oh, He has answered prayer already. I could not speak for two days, but the awful pain is still there." She thought it was blessed what the Lord had done, and said we would pray together and if she said anything with which I did not agree I should tell her, because if I was to be healed we must agree in every particle of the prayer, so I acquiesced, and as she prayed I felt my own prayer going up with hers. As she arose from her knees she asked me to repeat the verse the Lord had given me several days before, and as I did she clapped her hands and said, "You shall be delivered," and then everything in the room, the chandelier and my bed shook with the mighty power of God, although I didn't understand what it was at that time. "Now," she said, "turn on your side and go to sleep." I had lain on my back all the time I was in bed and had had very little sleep. I fell fast asleep and didn't know anything until I was awakened by my people coming in and one of the grandchildren jumping up on the bed. Her mother came running after her, saying she would make her grandma worse, but I said I was better, though I didn't know then that I was healed. The baby was brought to me and I took that nine months old baby in my arms, and sat her on this very sore place where before I couldn't stand even the sheet or my gown to touch me. I said, "Take the baby and I will get up and dress," and as I arose I found the abscess had broken. I dressed and went to see a sick friend and read my Bible and prayed for her. The next morning my husband again protested about my getting up, but we had to move and I had to do the packing, and that was one thing I kept urging the Lord about, the fact that we had to move out of that flat. When I arose I got another touch from the Lord, and I felt His strength surging through my body. As I went out of my room a lightness came into my body and it seemed I was buoyed up from the

very earth, and I understood as never before what it would mean to be translated. I went about doing all the packing and getting ready to move and then went over to the other flat and cleaned seven rooms, and I was just as fresh at night as I was in the morning. I would often ask myself: "Am I walking on the floor or in mid-air?" Every bit of weight was taken out of my body, and to this day that lightness has stayed with me, to a great extent. I never feel the weight of my body as I did before and He has kept me stronger and better than in all my

life before. That was the last severe sickness I ever had.

One morning when I was so weak it seemed as if the Lord came along and held up His hands, and said, "This is my body. Take!" I said, "Lord, I will take Your body for all my body," and almost every time I take communion the Lord brings that before me and I take His divine health and strength. Instead of being weaker as I grow older, I feel the Lord's strength is increasing. I am able to do things now I never had strength for in my life before.

"As an Ox Goeth to the Slaughter."—Prov. 7:22

The Need of Moral Courage.

Pastor Andrew L. Fraser in The Stone Church, January 10, 1915

Scripture reading: Proverbs 5:3-6; 6:23-28; 7:4-27; Mark 6:16-29.



HE prophet of God has ever had an unwelcome message to the large mass of the people. The perverted nature of man desires fair-sounding words that flatter the ear and appeal to the heart of unregenerated man. I make no apology this afternoon for the theme of my discourse. It is no desire of mine to speak upon any subject "*blase*" in its character, but the preacher of truth and righteousness, if he is going to be true to God, must speak the message that God puts in his heart and upon his lips, and trust the results with God together with his own vindication.

The theme before us this afternoon, the incident of Herodias' daughter, Herod and John the Baptist, might well be a chapter taken out of our twentieth century civilization. It is a common occurrence; and even the church of God is not altogether guiltless, in some of its members, at least, of practical, experimental knowledge of such a sin as this.

We have read in your hearing this afternoon the incident how that John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus, without fear in his heart and without favor even in the presence of a ruler backed up by all the Roman legion, and all the Roman power and strength and glory, withstood Herod to his face and told him that he was committing sin in having taken his brother Philip's wife to be his wife. Of course, the natural result of such a declaration was that there was begotten in the heart of Herodias a deep resentment against John the Baptist, and no opportu-

nity would be allowed to go by without her striking a dart and bringing down her hated foe. She bided her time, as all wicked women can do, and when the opportunity came on the birthday of Herod, when John had been already laid by the heels in prison because of his declaration, the daughter of Herodias comes into the presence of Herod and so pleases him by her dancing, by her exhibition of immodesty, that Herod, poor, weak fellow that he was, promised her anything she might ask, even to the half of his kingdom. Having had the opportunity to make the request, the daughter true to her training, didn't make it of her own initiative or her own volition, but hastened away to the wicked and adulterous mother, and asked her what she should request. Then the opportunity offered itself of flinging back in the face of John the Baptist the venom and the spite that his words of truth had engendered in her heart. "Go, straightway, my daughter and require at the king's hand the head of John the Baptist."

This incident naturally makes us inquire what Herod lacked in his personality; what ingredient was lacking in his make-up. To my mind, it was lack of courage. He was entrapped by a silly girl. He thought he was wise when he was only a fool. Look at Herod this afternoon in the light of the motives that actuated his life, and see what were the operations going on within the man. Here we have two or three lightning flashes which disclose the hidden secrets of the man's life, presented before us as an open book, that we can read and understand what were the motives hidden away at the root, which made him a weakling in the hour when he ought to have been strongest; which made him a tool

in the hands of a girl, when he ought to have had the courage of his convictions, turned around and marched out of his temptation and won the victory.

You have been out on a stormy night and seen the lightning flashing from one end of the heavens to the other—all is darkness when suddenly the lightning flashes out and illuminates the mountainside and the valleys and the trees. And perhaps in that lightning flash you caught sight of something which riveted your attention and made a vivid impression upon you. So by the lightning flash this afternoon the first thing we see is the declaration of John the Baptist, "It is not lawful for thee to have her!" There was courage for you! to stand up and say that to a man who had his life in his hands. But what did John the Baptist reck of his life? He was the prophet of God. He had the truth to declare, and, life or no life, he must be true to his commission and speak out, regardless of consequences, the message that God impressed on his heart. It took, however, no particular message of God to impress that truth upon his heart. God's laws will always speak loudly and when He speaks you do not need anything else to lead you to declare against evil. You do not need any special message from the throne of the Most High when you see one of God's laws broken to pieces. It is always safe to declare against it. What do we see here? We see passion at the root of that man's life. We see the desire for lust and lust conceiving and presently bringing forth fruit in his life. He exhibits a contemptible defiance of all moral law; deliberately locks up the chart-house and puts the key in his pocket, thereby declaring he will be guided by no law but the caprice of his own lustful heart.

"It is not lawful for thee to have her!" But there are more than Herod to whom that applies today. There are men and women in this Pentecostal Movement of whom it might be said: "It is not lawful for thee to have her." You can go among the hotels and hell-holes in this city and you will see men and women with the stamp of ministerial profession upon them, entering these places; defying their profession, slapping God in the face and bringing disgrace upon His work. "It is not lawful for thee to have her," and whether you be minister or only a member of the congregation you have no right to forsake the wife of your bosom and go after other men's wives or strange women. I am not talking this way this afternoon because I love to do it, but because it is the truth of God and we

have to listen to it whether we like it or not. "It is not lawful for thee to have her!" May God send such a wave of righteous indignation sweeping through the Pentecostal Movement as to sweep the board,—everybody, men or women who step out and yield to a lustful passion that rages within them, and go after strange flesh. "It is not lawful for thee to have her!" May the Lord make us so afraid of His judgments that there will be no more unlawful cohabitation on the part of men and women connected with any movement that is of God.

Of course, that declaration must bring judgment upon the head of John. Nothing else for it! Herod laying hold of John put him in prison. What do we see here? Rebuke for sin and a revengeful woman driving John to prison; the rebuke being more poignant than the sense of sin itself. When a man is living in sin, secret or otherwise, he is always abnormally sensitive. You cannot touch him anywhere but what he recoils, and the deeper dyed he is the more he recoils; the more he will stand up and condemn every man. When we are morally ailing and morally diseased one cannot touch the spot without its hurting. You cry out. Herod felt the rebuke more than he felt the sin, and that, unfortunately, is the condition of affairs today. Men are not troubled about their sins. It is not the sin that is stirring them up at night and making them sleepless. It is not the sin itself. They are hugging that to themselves and rolling it as a sweet morsel under their tongues, but it is the fear that they are going to be found out. "Be sure your sin will find you out." You cannot hide these things from spiritual people. If you are living a double life you have the mark of the beast on your face that every spiritual man and woman can read.

What next? Herod, laying hold of John the Baptist put him in prison. But Herod feared the multitude. Why? He feared the multitude because the sovereignty of power was in the hands of the people. Sovereignty it was, which ruled by servility. He held the power because he catered to the people. Herod feared the multitude. The weather-vane—that is what so often controls people, both Christian and non-Christian—the weather-vane of popular feeling! A man had a weather-vane on his barn bearing the words on it, "God is love." Another man came along one day and said, "Is that the kind of a God you have, one which turns whichever way the wind blows?" "No," he replied, "that is not the kind of a God I have, but I have a God who is Love whichever way the wind

blows." If you could follow the weather-vane of the love of God you would be all right, but our weather-vane far too frequently is the weather-vane of popular feeling, and when God puts a message upon the hearts of men, even upon men in the pulpit, they fear the multitude: they don't dare give out the truth of God. They fear the people. That was the case with Herod. There was no real strength there, but a reed shaken by the wind, moving according to popular feeling.

Behold another lightning flash! When his birthday was come he promised the girl whatsoever she asked. What do we see here? A dance, delirium, sensation, unbalanced judgment, and that is what takes place in every dance-hall in the city of Chicago. Many a man who cannot afford a dollar to put a piece of lace at his wife's throat, will spend fifty dollars on a woman of the streets. *She* can have what she wants. The wife may not have a wedding ring but the woman of the streets can have her diamonds. The delirium of it! The dance, the sensation and the unbalanced judgment! He is as a drunken man, ready to give away everything he has. Take it; you are welcome to it!

A jovial ecstasy throws a man's judgment out of gear and makes him do the most foolish things. He is carried away by the excitement of the moment. The delirium of sin was perhaps never more vividly expressed than in one of Tennyson's poems entitled, "The Vision of Sin." I wish you would read it. There you get all the delirium of the dance and all the lustful and sensual sensation of the unbalanced judgment, and woman after woman throws herself away, ruined forever, into the clutches of some fiend who has deliberately planned her downfall. Read it, young women! Let it burn in upon your hearts, and forever, in the name of God, keep away from dance halls, from cabarets, and all the ways that go down to death and hell. You are not safe to step inside the door. Oh the wife of it! the blinding delusion! the delirium! She danced. "You can have whatever you like." She had stolen his heart away; she had stolen his wits away. "You can have anything you want!" Isn't that true to life? Many a wife is sitting hungry this afternoon in her poor, bare room while the woman who has stolen away her husband's affections and her husband's money is flying around in her automobile. "You can have whatever you want!" "Mother, what shall I ask? Oh child of sin what shall I ask?" "Give me John the Baptist's head. Please give me John the Baptist's head."

Many a man's head is cut off because of telling the truth; many a man's head, politically and positionally, has come off because he dared to stand out and speak the truth without fear of the multitude.

"And the king was sorry." Another flash! I wonder if he was really sorry or if we might see the crocodile tears while he asked for the head of John the Baptist. Was he really sorry? Perhaps so, and if so, that was a real spring of pure emotion gushing up. I wonder if it had a chance to survive. I fear not in so perverted and sinful a nature. Go out to Yellowstone Park and you see these great geysers throwing up their hot water into the air, one after another to a tremendous height, floods of tepid and boiling water; and right there by the side of these geysers is a little spring of cool, limpid water. That is what you see in the life of Herod at this moment—a little spring of pure emotion springing up. Will it mean anything in his life or change the destiny of the man? What do we see next? "Nevertheless for his oath's sake"—What? he could not go back on his word—deliberately checking that little spring of pure emotion. A coward would rather strike off a man's head than break his sinful word! A coward's fear of a crowd! What did he do? He sent and beheaded John. That was the end of the matter. Years ago they used to sing a song in the streets, "After the ball is over." That was after the ball, and the ball is the way to hell. Do you know anything about it? Do you know anything about the aching heads, the empty pockets, and the bleeding hearts? You've been out having a good time with some other woman while your own pure wife has been left to spend her evenings at home. Herod hadn't the courage to back out; he hadn't the courage to retreat.

Now let us for a few moments try to pick up some of the lessons here. What is the situation? Simply this, that Herod in a moment of delirium had gotten himself into a hole, and the only way out for him was to escape like a man, but he got out of it like a coward. "For his oath's sake!" God help the man that makes such oaths! It demands a false and perverted sense of honor to keep them. He ought to have broken his oath; he ought to have turned around and marched right out of it. There is a great difference between truth and veracity. A man will stand upon his word of honor and because of his perverted sense of honor allow people to go down to perdition. That kind of honor is not true to the New Testament sense of the

word. Love rejoices in the truth. Truth stands over against mere veracity. You will often have people come to you and tell you a story, possibly about somebody else, and they will hold up their hand and say, "In the name of God I am telling the truth," and that story may be a recital of some disgraceful scene; that is not truth. Veracity is correspondence in word and in fact, even though the fact itself may be unclean. The truth, is correspondence with Jesus Christ and it is always beautiful and honorable.

Herod's promise was rotten at its very center, and he ought never to have kept his word. He ought to have turned his back on it, but the coward of a man didn't have the courage for that. Courageous retreat would have been the one redeemable feature in his character. True consistency is not in holding merely to the story that you repeated yesterday; true consistency is found in the revealed will of God at this moment. That is true consistency, but the consistency of the world is an absence of change, and that is what Herod had. He said, "I have given my word and I must be consistent"; but the Christian man with an understanding of true consistency sees that the position he held yesterday is contrary to the position God wants him to take today, and although the two things may seem to collide he is following the very soul of consistency because he is moving in harmony with God. "For his oath's sake"—he ought to have said for the truth's sake, and gone back to God when the spring of pure emotion was welling up within him. He ought to have gone back on his promise and gotten back to God, but what was the trouble? He was dominated by a fear of the crowd and by what they would say, and he murdered a man of whom there was

never a greater born of woman. "What will they say?" and he went on in sin, and the end of that night was the slaying of a man of God and a murder to the credit of Herod. "The fear of man bringeth a snare." Be brave enough to march out even though they will say you are showing a white feather. Let them say it. You will be putting on the white robe of righteousness of Jesus Christ if you back out of any such promise as that. Just as sure as a man turns his back upon a condition of affairs like that and marches out, just so sure will he find the Son of God marching right along by his side. Never mind what the crowd says, never mind though you have been tripped; turn around this afternoon and go right along with God, trusting Him for the consequences. Turn to the Lord and He will have mercy upon you, and to our God for He will abundantly pardon. Oh if Herod had only made an unostentatious retreat from that awful promise who knows but there might have come into his life a pure spring of the love of God! Who knows but what both Herodias and her daughter might have turned around and gone on their way to God! Oh men! women! never be afraid to break an oath if it is an oath of that kind. Be men enough, be women enough to break it and march right out in spite of anything and everything that people may say, and trust God to take care of you.

May God help us, and may He sweep through us and create in us this afternoon an undying hatred for everything of a sensual nature, and make us a pure, noble, holy band of men and women at whom not a finger of scorn can be pointed, but whom people looking on from the outside will recognize as the true, pure people of God, without any blot or stain.

God's Emphasis on Prayer

Miss Elizabeth Sisson

"TO this end, (that he might bring everyone into God's presence, made perfect through Christ,) like an earnest wrestler, I exert all my strength in reliance upon the power of Him who is mightily at work within me. For I would have you know in how severe a struggle I am engaged on behalf of you and the brethren in Laodicea and of all who have not known me personally, in order that their hearts may be cheered, they themselves being melted together in love and enjoying all the advantages of a reasonable certainty, till at last they attain the full

knowledge of God's truth, which is Christ Himself." (Weymouth). So wrote Paul from the Roman Jail.

It was more profitable to God, and His people to have one given to prayer, than to have a mighty missionary like Paul roaming the earth; more profitable to God to hear the wail of His praying prisoner against stone walls than that the congregations in every land should hear the mighty Holy Ghost thunderings of Paul's preaching; more profitable to Christ's kingdom and righteousness that the wrestlings and soul-travail

should go forward and increase in His child, than that the seal of His apostleship should be wrought among the nations "in signs and wonders and mighty deeds." Hence God took Paul the missionary, Paul the mighty preacher, Paul the miracle worker and shut him up in a dingy Roman prison, that uninterruptedly he should pray. What an emphasis God has put upon prayer! Has it the same emphasis in your conception? "First things first!" Have you given yourself in this the Age's last hour to prayer, secondly, thirdly, fourthly to whatever God shall say?

Remember God is as willing to make a prayer

wrestler out of us as of Paul. He has no pets in this matter. "Praying always, with all prayer and supplication" is the King's highway for us all to walk in. This wonderful spirit of prayer was a gift of God to Paul through the blood of Jesus. Before he came under the blood of Jesus, he only "breathed out threatenings and slaughter." The same blood has purchased as much for you. As with Paul so God is with you "to work in you to will and to do of His good pleasure" in this wonderful matter of the prayer of the Spirit. The world and the church wait to be blest through *your prayers!!!* Will you give yourself to prayer? (Acts 6:4.)



Aspiration and Worship!

I WORSHIP Thee, O Father God,
 I worship Thee, O Christ;
 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
 Thou Paraclete most blest.
 O let me ever stay dear Lord,
 Close to Thy piercèd side;
 That 'neath its cleansing, healing stream,
 My soul might always hide.

O how my heart doth longing cry,
 That all things may be lost;
 Which in the realm of sense and sight,
 Hinder Thy worship most.
 Yea, not the things that hinder most,
 I fain would shut from view;
 But every interest of life,
 Which would Thy face exclude.

I yearning seek, O blessed Lord,
 The shining of Thy face,
 That in its constancy and light,
 My soul might ever trace,
 The highest purposes of God
 For all this life of mine,
 The thought divine, the grace benign,
 And love which sealed me Thine.

This vain, sad world has never seen,
 What God can do with man,
 In, through, and by the man who yields,
 Heart, life, and will and plan.
 That God's own power and will may be,
 Unhindered in its flow;
 That earth's dead pulse may quickened be,
 Caused with new life to glow.

That the white flag may planted be,
 Of millions now in night;
 Surrendered to the King of Kings,
 The Lord and Prince of light.

And millions more may rescued be,
 From chains of sickness' blight,
 By Him who purchased on the tree,
 Redemption, health and life.

And millions still may guided be
 Into that truth divine;
 The coming of the Holy Ghost,
 With Pentecostal sign
 Of rushing sound of mighty wind,
 Tongues of all lands and climes,
 E'en heavenly tongues and power that made
 Men drunk as with new wine.

Deep in the humble waters bathe,
 The waters of delight,
 Which issue forth with trickling sound,
 Close by the throne of might.
 The waters that shall measured be,
 With thousand cubits span;
 Ankle and knee-deep, river wide,
 And depth unlimited.

The living waters that shall flow,
 But ne'er can crossèd be;
 From out the inward parts of him,
 Who doth believe on Thee,
 And trusting, find himself endued
 With love and power divine;
 The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven,
 Even as in olden time.

'Tis this I ask, my dearest Lord,
 Take, break and make me Thine
 In every thought and word and deed,
 Until with gracious sign
 The Bride of Christ may stirrèd be,
 To fill the Gentile plan,
 And earth's new year may witness be
 Of rapture of the Lamb.

—Andrew L. Fraser.

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Notes

The Stone Church

(Pentecostal)

Lord's Day—10, 3, 7:30.

Sunday School with Bible Classes for Young Men and Women—1:30.

Adult Bible Class—2:00.

The Lord's Supper—First Sunday of each month at 3:00.

Young People's Meeting—Monday, 7:45.

Dorcas Sewing Society—Tuesdays, 10-5.

(Mrs. C. H. Bartholomee, President)

Bible Study—Selected Studies—Tuesday, 7:45.

Divine Healing Service—Wednesday, 2:30.

All Day of Prayer—Every Thursday.

Tarrying Meeting—Thursday, 7:45.

Bible Study—The Coming of the Lord—Friday, 7:45.

Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7:30.

Andrew L. Fraser, Pastor.

Hardy W. Mitchell, Asst. Pastor.

* * *

Information is frequently asked for concerning the services of the Church. To meet this need the foregoing Calendar has been printed.

* * *

Correspondents will please note that the address of the Pastor is now 3748 Forest Avenue, Chicago. Phone number is Douglas 869.

Church Notes

(By the Pastor)

In response to numerous inquiries, so urgent as almost to constitute a demand, we feel compelled to issue the following statement. The former pastor of The Stone Church—Mr. R.

L. Erickson—was dismissed from the pastoral office by the Stone Church congregation for repeated violation of the seventh commandment, for lying, and for misappropriation of funds. A public statement of details would be out of place. This general information ought to suffice, and render unnecessary all further inquiry regarding the matter.

While we fully believe that God forgives the truly penitent soul, yet in a case like this, where the violation of the moral code has been frequent and flagrant, we cannot endorse with any degree of allowance the continuance of the said brother in a ministerial capacity. Nor yet can we look with any favor upon the action of those brethren who in spite of the facts persist in calling Mr. Erickson to their assistance in religious meetings. The serious nature of the case demands not only a temporary but a permanent retirement from the ranks of the Latter Rain assemblies everywhere. Standing as we do for holiness of life we cannot permit even a semblance of compromise.

* * *

WE offer heartfelt thanks to God at this time for His manifold blessings to us as a Church. The rapid return to normal conditions has been little short of marvelous. We are acquainted with churches which have passed through a similar experience to ours, but which have never fully recovered even after the lapse of many years. But here, after only a few weeks, the people with common consent have refused to talk about the matter, and are giving themselves assiduously to seeking the face of the Lord. Mindful of the fact that the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, dwells "in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones" we are seeking the place of true humility, knowing that God's smile and blessing will rest upon us as long as we continue therein. The Lord Jesus is being exalted in the midst. Our one aim is "that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

All branches of the work are prospering. If numbers were any criterion we never have had more than now, but we look away beyond numbers. The Spirit is manifesting Himself and of late we have had great freedom in the Spirit. The Divine Healing service which had been interrupted for two or three years has now been restored. The results are most encouraging. Attendance is increasing and the number of

strangers is very noticeable. God is stretching forth His hand to heal and many wonderful things are being wrought by the Name and power of the Christ. Thursday of each week is given to fasting and prayer. The Bible Classes on Tuesday and Friday evenings have far exceeded our expectation. The people seem so hungry for the unadulterated Word and come in crowds to these classes. Freedom is given for questions and interchange of thought. The illumination of the Spirit is being given us and much spiritual blessing is accruing as we search into the deep things of God, and especially as we come to see in clearer light the truths concerning our "Bles-

sed Hope," the glorious reappearing of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Souls are being saved, many are being healed and some are entering into the baptism in the Spirit. But we long for and confidently expect the "greater things" as we move on in God. We covet the prayers of the saints everywhere that God may be greatly glorified in the midst of the congregation.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. . . . Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

* * *

The Seventh Annual Convention at The Stone Church will be held D. D.

May 16-30, 1915.

* * *

Jehovah's Messengers with Jehovah's Message will be present.

In past years these gatherings have been the scene of mighty outpouring of the Spirit. Our hope and expectation is for an even greater blessing and manifestation of power in the saving of souls, in healings, and in the baptismal experiences. We are expecting the "great and mighty things" which the Lord has promised to show us in response to our calling upon Him.

Further announcement will appear in our next issue, but in the meantime make your plans to come. Write in advance for accommodations, but do not expect a reply. You will receive your assignment upon reaching Chicago. Address all communications to the Pastor, Andrew L. Fraser, 3748 Forest Ave., Chicago.

* * *

Gleanings From the Harvest Field

Missionaries Calling for Intercessory Prayer.



OUR thoughts and prayers and interests are much in foreign lands. The weekly mail bringing news from our missionaries in every country is filled with interesting matter and burdened cries from those who are in the battle royal. Every letter from the field has in it a call to prayer. The battle in heathen lands is fierce and strong and did not our missionaries feel a continual warfare was being waged in their behalf they would faint beneath the load they carry. From India and China, from Africa and Central America come the words, "Oh how I have cried to the Lord that He might put intercessory prayer on some for this work," and He has. One of our sisters when she first attended the church objected to us because she said we prayed so much our faces were "peaked," and she didn't want to look like that, but since the Lord filled her with His Holy Spirit she con-

siders it a blessed privilege to pour out her soul in intercession, and the Lord lays precious burdens upon her for those who are in foreign lands.

Our fortnightly prayermeeting in the Evangel Home is entirely devoted to prayer for the foreign field and our coworkers there. Those who attend are deeply interested in the letters that come from over the seas, and whether they tell of victories or defeats; whether of trophies won or of having been worsted by the enemy, they are alike of consequence to us. We especially remember those in prayer who stand alone in hard fields, of whom there are several. Surely nothing but an unmistakable call from God could cause anyone to work alone in a province without an earthly arm to lean upon. We have a letter before us from Miss Edith Kirschner in Punch, Kashmir, who has been ten months without a coworker, in much loneliness

and weariness, not to speak of the anxiety and responsibility of standing in such a position alone, with the exception of an Indian helper. But the blessed Lord has made up to her what she has missed in human companionship, and she writes: "I prayed to know Him better this year, and He has answered my prayer by refining much of the dross that He saw. I don't feel the loneliness now, and while I long for coworkers, for the harvest is great and there are many open doors which ought to be entered, yet I have found in Jesus the sweetest companionship." The Lord is using this lone sister, who often lives above the clouds literally as well as spiritually, and He opened the way recently for her to enter the palace of the Rani Sahib where the chief lady in waiting was dying of valvular disease of the heart, and ministered to her. She writes: "The doctors gave no hope, so they sent for me. . . I went down at once, of course. The sick woman is sixty-five years old and was unconscious, with no pulse. The Doctor and his assistant (Hindus) were standing by and the room was packed with men and women. I told them I had no medicine but that God's Son, Jesus Christ, could heal even if the doctor gave up hope. Then I read from Mark 16 and asked them if I should pray, and the old Hindu priest in the corner said, 'Yes, Miss Sahib, do.' I knelt down and laid hands on her head and prayed, and as I did so I felt such a nearness of the presence of Jesus, and His power go through my fingers, and she fell asleep. When I had finished praying the doctor said, 'I'd like to take her pulse and examine her heart.' He did so and said her pulse was good. There was such a crowd and I was glad to be able to witness, especially to the priests, to the power of Jesus and tell them of His love, and then I came home. At 4:30 I was sent for again, and on my way met the hospital matron. She met me and said, 'There's not much hope. She's dying now; it's the end,' but I went on into the sick woman's quarters in the palace. She did look bad, but when I went to feel her pulse she pushed me away, so I knew she was not unconscious. The people were very urgent for me to pray again and I explained what I was going to do to some few who had not heard in the morning, and laying my hands on her head prayed for her again and she fell into a quiet sleep. I told them I was quite ready to help them any time I could but the prayer was nothing; it was the power of the name of Jesus. I heard one dear soul repeat again and again,

'Yisu Khrist,' 'Yisu Khrist,' and after promising to pray for her during the night I came home. I found my priest woman waiting for me, and she said, 'Yes, what you say is true. Jesus is your Medicine and Healer, but I couldn't believe He would be ours too.' This morning they sent for me again, and my heart sank for a moment and the enemy frightened me. I thought, surely, surely, Father has honored His Word; Jesus is victorious, Jesus is glorified. I said, 'Go on. I am coming,' but instead, I went to my room and knelt by my bed, and oh the assurance He gave that Jesus was glorified! I got up and went out and again met the matron, and I stopped her and asked, 'What news?' 'She's progressing favorably,' she allowed reluctantly. 'But isn't she better?' 'Yes,' she said, 'much better, only very weak.' I can't tell you the joy I felt as I went in there and found the woman sitting up in bed, with her eyes wide open, quite conscious and not so very weak considering *all* the months she has been sick, they said six. Praise my Jesus! How I did rejoice in His salvation. They offered me money but I told them I could not touch it. My Master's commands were, 'Freely ye have received, freely give,' and I urged them all to turn to Him for forgiveness of sins."

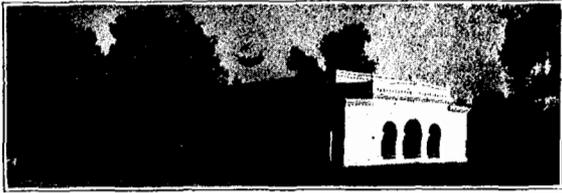
The above was not written for publication, but we know our readers will rejoice to know of God meeting this missionary in this hard field, and it will encourage others whose hearts cry out to see the power of God manifested in healing in their midst. There are "greater works" ahead for all who look to the Lord in faith and keep low at His feet.

* * *

Miss Bernice Lee writes that at last the Minnie Abrams Memorial Chapel is finished, after a long period of hard labor, painstaking effort and patience, and it is a great joy to their hearts. The building is made of mud-brick and white-washed inside and out; the floor is of mud pounded smooth and hard, over which is a covering of straw mats upon which the Indian people sit according to their custom.

On Christmas Day the Chapel and verandas were well filled as the poor gathered together and heard the sweet story of Jesus. The crowd that gathered were of the poorest, the aged and blind, feeling their way along by means of a staff or being led by others; the leprous, with their fingers nearly all eaten off by that awful disease (a kind which, however, is not contagious), and the missionaries could scarce refrain

from tears as they realized that the drawing power to this service was the little grain that was to be given them at the close of the meetings just as the people came in the days of our



THE MINNIE ABRAMS MEMORIAL CHAPEL

Lord for the "loaves and fishes." Their hearts are crying out for the time when the little chapel will be crowded with hungry hearts seeking the Bread of Life.

* * *

The following words from a worker shows the real missionary timber that is wrought in the very fibre of her being: "I have put God to the test in the last six months. I asked Him as a proof of my being in His will here, to supply our needs, just bare needs. I never asked for luxuries or comforts; I never asked for extra money. I will tell you why. Frankly, I was afraid I might not remain true and if I had extra money I might be tempted to leave this place and go; so I asked Him to give us just enough for our needs, to give us the school, to open doors which seemed made not of iron but of impregnable stone, to melt hard hearts, and to make us both so contented and happy in Him that His service, His fellowship and His love would outweigh everything else. He has done so. We've had privations, never want; we've been misunderstood, often discouraged, never forsaken. His hand has been on us for good. Oh this last month how my dear loving Father has shown me the hearts of my dear, dear people as they have wept by my bedside (in a time of illness) and risked disfavor to come and assure me of their love and sympathy. My heart has just melted and oh how I do praise Him for the privilege of feeding these dear, dear sheep and lambs. I often feel such an unworthy undershepherd, but the Great Shepherd called me and oh I dare not leave till He says go."

* * *

From Central America comes the cry for more missionaries and more prayer. Brother Schoeneich says they cannot describe the awful system of Romanism as it exists there, far worse than real Paganism, and that they have never known the worth of real prayer as now. They have labored as faithfully as they know

how, yet feel that everyone who has been brought out of that awful darkness and superstition has been *dug out* on their knees and through the prayers of those in the home land whom God has burdened for the work. But even though the conflict has been long and hard, there are some rifts in the clouds, and light is shining in the homes of more than one family where sin abounded. The following incident which Brother Schoeneich sends us will encourage all who distribute tracts:

"Just about a year ago while giving out tracts and Scripture portions we felt led to put one under a door where the people were out. It happened to be the home of a hardworking woman. She came home that night, found the book and became so enraptured with its contents that she read, wept and prayed all night. Her next door neighbor was horrified when she saw the book and told her to burn it at once for the Padre (priest) said that those who read it would be lost forever. But during the night the woman had had a taste of God's Word and said, 'No, I will not burn it.' About four months ago she came to us. We wondered how she came, but it was through that Scripture portion put under her door. She is now seeking the Lord with all her heart. When she first got the light she was living with a married man (as is the custom here) but has given him up. He is persecuting her terribly but she is going on with the Lord and is seeking all that He has for her. Thus the Lord is working, here one and there one. We could tell of others but time will not permit."



NEW MISSION AND HOME OF OUR PENTECOSTAL WORKERS IN CENTRAL AMERICA

God wonderfully answered prayer in the purchase of their home and mission. While there is still a considerable sum to be paid on it the man from whom it was purchased was so pleased with what had been done that he extended the time for another period. Our missionaries feel it has been the Lord's hand upon him that has caused him to make this concession.

Brother T. B. Smith and wife are doing a blessed work in Assiout, Egypt. At a Watch-night service on New Year's Eve the power of God was especially manifested and four were baptized in the Spirit. Their night meetings are well attended, from fifty to one hundred and fifty being present, a large number of them having the baptism in the Spirit. An afternoon meeting for boys has from fifty to one hundred in attendance. Two consecrated missionaries, Brother Brelsford and Brother Hicks, laid down their lives in Assiout, and the grains of wheat that fell into the earth and died did not abide alone. They have brought forth much fruit.

Miss Florence Bush and her mother who were in Jerusalem are now in Egypt and praising God for a safe deliverance. They are in charge of the work at Tanta and say they have splendid meetings with an increasing attendance. Brother Randall is back again in Cairo, and Brother Post writes encouragingly about their strong native workers who are spreading the Gospel of the Kingdom.

About a year ago a high-class Mohammedan was converted at one of the missions in North India, and when his people heard of it they locked him up in order to compel him to give up Christianity, but one of the Pentecostal missionaries succeeded in getting him away from home and sent him to school last year. During the holidays he was on his way to visit the place of his conversion and met his father on the train who insisted that he go home with him. He wrote about this visit as follows: "When I met my father he compelled me to come home, and seeing no evil in his face I accompanied him home where I found my mother dangerously ill. I preached to them in my home and found my father inclined toward Christianity." Through the son's being true to God the father's heart has been softened.

* * * *

We are unable to reach some of our dear missionaries with financial help on account of the war and for these we can only pray and commit them to God. One is now lying in prison; being in the war zone she was arrested as a spy and our letters to her have been returned. With several others all communications are cut off, and they are no doubt in great distress. Our prayers go up especially for the sister who writes to us from "behind the bars." God was so with Madam Guyon in the Bastille that the stones of her prison looked in her eyes like rubies," and her heart was so filled that she

sang songs of joy. God grant that an equally blessed experience may be the lot of this precious sister who is pouring out her heart in an Algerian prison in behalf of souls in that country.

* * * *

Brother Urshan writes that they are in the midst of a revival among the Assyrians and that God is working in a special and glorious way. He says the people are weeping, beating their breasts with conviction and confessing their sins. If they had been told they were not Christians they would have resented it very strongly, but with the Spirit of God convicting them, they cry out, "Oh how blind we have been; we thought we were Christians but we are not."

Brother Urshan has been bitterly persecuted, and knows what it means to bear in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, yet he rejoices that he has been counted worthy to suffer for the Gospel's sake. He writes:

"You will be glad to know that our faithful God is good unto us. He said He would be an enemy to our enemies, and so it has proved in our ministry. One of the cruel enemies of this work was a priest who was also the head of the home militia. He had great authority and he used it against us, but he came into disfavor with his superiors and was sent to Russia.

"The R. Archbishop called us into his presence and then called his servant and commanded him to beat us with a horse-whip, which he did, but God avenged us. A few days after, he had trouble with the highpriest and he was ordered to leave the country for Russia.

"An Armenian rose up against us and threatened to kill me if I would continue to preach, and even had orders to destroy my life, but a few days later he was caught in some evil doing against the Russian government and was imprisoned with chains and punished very cruelly.

"A man who used to attend our meeting and was under great conviction, turned against us, bitterly opposing us and blaspheming, and forbidding his family to attend our meetings. Suddenly he fell in a fit and screamed out, 'These men (meaning us) are from God. They preach God's message.' In this condition and in the midst of terrific excitement he died inside of twenty-four hours.

"In the face of these judgments and various punishments to others they do not repent, yet the dear Lord is with us in great power. Four winter and spring schools are now on for Pentecostal children. There are about ninety boys

and girls attending and we have good spiritual meetings. Oh that the dear saints might prevail in prayer for us!"

A. C. R.

Missionary Disbursements

MISSIONARY money received through The Evangel and The Stone Church during the last three months (December, January and February) has been dispensed as follows:

Miss Alma Doering, for Congo.....	\$231.50
Robert C. Halliday, for Central America....	150.00
Joseph Blakeney, South Africa.....	100.00
Miss Margaret Clark, India.....	88.51
Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Neeley, West Africa.....	86.50
Robert Atchison, Japan.....	75.00
Robert Cook, India.....	67.25
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa.....	65.50
Miss Martha Hisey, for West Africa.....	60.00
A. D. Urshan, Persia.....	55.25
C. W. Doney, Egypt.....	50.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	50.00
Miss C. B. Herron, India.....	49.99
Miss Edith Baugh, India.....	49.50
Mrs. Julia Richardson, B. E. Africa.....	48.89
Elmer Hammond, China.....	40.00
Nicholas Yest, China.....	40.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India.....	39.99
Miss Bertha Meyer, China.....	39.36
G. M. Kelly, China.....	39.36
Mrs. Lillian Denny, India.....	34.99
Pandita Ramabai, India.....	32.50
Miss E. G. Kirschner, Kashmir, India.....	32.00
Harry Bowley, West Africa.....	30.00
Mrs. Nettie D. Nichols, China.....	30.00
Frank Denny, for native workers, China....	28.00
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. K. Norton, India.....	17.01
Miss Mae Mayo, China.....	22.50
Albert Norton, India.....	22.50
A. H. Post, Egypt.....	20.00
Miss May Watson, Egypt.....	20.00
Miss Henrietta Dieckert, India.....	20.00
J. O. Lehman, South Africa.....	19.99
Miss Carrie Anderson, China.....	15.00
Miss Etta Costellow, India.....	15.00
David Fisher, South Africa.....	15.00
Miss Rhodema Mendenhall, for West Africa	15.00
E. F. Juergensen, Japan.....	12.80
Miss Alice Wood, South America.....	12.71
Alfred Blakeney, India.....	11.00
Miss Hattie Hacker, for India.....	10.00
Mrs. E. Bernauer, China.....	10.00
B. S. Moore, Japan.....	10.00
Miss Maude Rodkey, China.....	10.00
Miss Florence Bush, Egypt.....	10.00
Miss Emma Wick, South Africa.....	10.00
Miss Hattie Salyer, Egypt.....	10.00
Mrs. D. L. McCarty, India.....	5.01
Miss Camile Wright, Alaska.....	2.00

Total\$1,929.61

We are glad to continue to forward money at all times to worthy missionaries, and to give information concerning them to our readers.

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We have been asked to announce the following meetings at Liverpool, England, held at 114 Wood Street, off Berry Street:

Sunday—10:45 A. M., 6:30 P. M.

Tuesday—7:30 P. M.

Thursday—7:30 P. M.

Also at 3, Hackins Hey.

Wednesday—7:30 P. M.

All Pentecostal friends passing through Liverpool are asked to call on J. S. Breeze, 13 Rumford St., Liverpool, who will be glad to give them information and assistance in connection with embarking at Liverpool for other ports or returning to America.

* * *

Pentecostal friends passing through London, will find comfortable accommodations and a blessed spiritual atmosphere in the home of Mrs. Margaret Cantel, 73 New Highbury Park, London, N., England. We frequently hear of precious meetings held in this home and missionaries and others will find it a place of Christian fellowship as well as of convenience.

* * *

A Pentecostal Convention will be held at Topeka, Kansas, April 8-18, at the Pentecostal Mission, 919 East Sixth St. Take Oakland or Cemetery car and get off at corner of 6th and Branner Sts. Three services a day. Expenses met by free-will offerings. For further information address, C. E. Foster, Pastor, 219 Grattan St., Topeka, Kans.

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The Spring Inter-State Pentecostal Convention with two days Inter-State District Council will be held with the Assembly of God, at the Gospel School, Findlay, Ohio, March 26-April 4. For further information write T. K. Leonard, Findlay, Ohio.

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H. H. N. Bower of Paterson, N. J., asks us to announce that the Paterson Assembly now meets at 206 Ellison St., Paterson, New Jersey.

* * *

"Things to Come"

A sister recently told us this remarkable dream which we feel is well worth repeating.

Just before the breaking out of the European war she had a picture of a deadly warfare in the heavenlies. The scene of war started in the East and came toward the West. There were cannons and artillery, guns and cavalry, spears and swords, and war implements of every kind, moving before her in panorama from east to west, fighting as they moved along.

After the war began she had this dream: The earth was entirely desolate, a desert waste, and it rolled and heaved like ocean waves. High mountains and huge blocks of stone rolled and tumbled, and as she stood looking at the scene a large, fierce-looking lion passed before her, and

a voice spoke saying, "This is war." Then in a second a monster of a bear came along and springing upon the lion buried his teeth in his flesh, and a voice was heard saying, "This is famine." A third animal passed before her, a hyena, and the same voice said, "This is pestilence."

Then a man came running in great distress, crying out, "Oh! Oh! Oh! If I could I'd end this but I cannot. Oh if I could only end it!" He threw himself face forward on the ground, his arms outstretched, and a voice said, "This is the tribulation!" With that she awoke trembling.

Fellowship Thru' "The Evangel"

THOSE who have been sending The Evangel to their friends will probably never know the blessing and help they have been instrumental in giving them. The following words of appreciation recently written us well repay the donor for the little sacrifice made in sending this friend the paper for two years:

"A friend has been kindly sending me the paper for the last two years, for which I am more than thankful and I would not like to be without it now; it is more to us than it is to most people for my wife and I are the only Pentecostal people in this city so far as we know and we have been here three years. So the paper stands in the place of pastor and teacher, and through its pages we have fellowship with the saints. It is one of our means of grace, and reminds us month by month that we are not running this race alone for it tells us of thousands more who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

"Only those who have lived for a time out of personal touch with kindred souls know how hard it is sometimes to keep plodding on, living in business touch with the world in its struggle for wealth and power, and its deadly indifference to things concerning the coming of our Lord. It never realizes the personal reality of a risen Christ, whose second coming to this earth is so real and precious to His saints baptized in water and in the Spirit. We are constantly looking up knowing by the signs of the times that our redemption draweth nigh."

Some of our subscribers who have been on our list for years find themselves unable to renew because of stringency in money matters. It is a matter of real regret to us to drop any from our list who enjoy the paper, and we wish we might carry them free but that is impossible. When we consider spiritual values in relation to temporal needs, the outlay of a dollar is infinitesimally small and not to be compared to the blessings which result. Some have written they prefer to deprive themselves of physical needs rather than to be without the spiritual bread they receive through this medium.

A sister recently told us of a severe affliction which came upon her baby. Its face became covered with a mass of sores from which blood and corruption issued. The mother was much concerned and was sick in body herself. She read Miss Doering's article on believing for the "impossible" and she told the Lord her baby's healing was an impossibility from a natural standpoint, but it was easy for Him. Her faith was strengthened through the reading of the article and both she and her baby were healed.

God's Leading in the Practical Things of Life

Instant in Season and Out of Season.

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

Note—Just a year ago we published a few chapters from the life-story of one of God's saints. Since then our readers have been besieging the author for "more," and we are again sending out a few leaves from the book of her life. The incidents may seem trifling to some, but our lives are made up of trifles, and it is precious to see the hand of



I WAS living on Oakley Avenue in a house where I had but one room and people came to me with their troubles and sorrows. The woman in whose house I lived was very curious, and when people came to see me she would listen at the door. I told the Lord that would not do; what was told to me

God in the little things which concern us. A kind act, a word in season, seeking opportunities to do good at every turn—these count for God no matter how insignificant they may be. A rehearsal of God's dealings with us gives confidence and courage to others, and increases their trust in God.

was for Him and me alone and He had to get me another place.

One morning I started out to look for another room, and as I got to a corner a little girl stepped off the car with a washing and it fell in the snow. She began to cry but I stepped up to her and said, "Well, little girl, let me help you shake off the snow." I asked her where she was going and she told me just two and a

half blocks away. I went with her. On the way she told me her mother was taking care of her sick brother and she was compelled to bring the washing in order to get the money for some things which they needed. I helped her carry the basket and when we got to the house the servant came to the door and took in the washing. The lady called down and said she would give her the money when she came the next time, so I stepped inside the door and said, "Madam, there is no doubt you have enough money to pay for this washing; her brother is sick and they are badly in need. Would you mind giving her the money?" She complied with my request and I put the little girl on a car and proceeded to find a room.

I came to a little place where people were moving out, and the Lord spoke to me and said, "This is your place. This is where we will live." I had been living in one room and thought it would be impossible to pay rent for three, and yet all things are possible with God. He assured me this was the place and that the sign would not come off until I moved in. I asked the lady down-stairs who the landlord was. She said, "Where does your husband work?" I said, "Unfortunately for me, I am a widow; my husband has gone to be with the Lord." "Then," she said, "you cannot rent this place. This man is very rich and has a great number of places but he will not rent any rooms to widows, for if you turn a widow out some one is sure to get angry and so he will not take them in, no matter who or what they are." "Well," I said, "God told me I could have this place so I had better go to see the owner." She said it was useless but I took the address and went to his office. I introduced myself and asked concerning the rooms. He asked me where my husband was employed and I told him that unfortunately I was a widow; my husband had gone to be with the Lord but that I was in no way to blame for my being a widow, I hadn't killed him. He said he had no doubt I was a good woman and all right but he had pledged himself never to let a widow in his houses, sometimes they couldn't pay the rent and he was renting his places for the money there was in it. I said to him, "You had better waive that for this time, for God, the husband of the widow told me I was to have that flat, and when God says a thing it is so no matter how it looks." He informed me he was running his business and could attend to his own property. I told him he never would rent the rooms until he

rented them to me, but I saw there was no use to talk to him about the matter for he became a little angry. I asked him about his soul and told him I was a missionary and that while he was attending to his business it was right I should attend to mine. He said he was about as good as the rest of folks, he paid for a pew in the church of which his wife was a member, but he would not rent his rooms to a widow. After a little further conversation along the same line I went away. I said, "Lord, how about that? You said I should have that flat and he says I shall not." He said to me, "Be still and know that I am God," and assured me there was nothing too hard for Him. I waited a few days and looked around a little, but nothing seemed satisfactory to me, and if the rooms were satisfactory I was not, but the time came when I had to move as the people I was living with had by this time sold the house and had been paid fifty dollars to get out within a certain date. I asked the Lord what to do and He told me to go to the man and ask him again, which I did, with the same result as before. Then I got an urgent appeal to come to St. Joseph, Mo. at once, to help in personal work in a meeting there. I asked the Lord what I was to do; the people were to move out before I would get back, which would be three weeks. He sent me back once more to the man. I knew it would be useless and couldn't understand it, but I told the landlord I would be gone three weeks and asked him if he would allow me to put my things in the house until I came back. He laughed incredulously, said I intended to get in and would not get out, and that no widow would ever move into his houses. I said to him, "How would you feel if after your death your wife, merely because she was a widow, would not have a place to lay her head?" He laughed and putting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest said with a self-complacent air, that he didn't look like a man who would soon die, he had health and he guessed he would stay with his wife, and when he died he would leave her enough to have a home of her own. I said to him, "I have known people to go out of their houses in the morning apparently well and be taken home on a stretcher before night; however, God has declared to me that I shall have that house and you will not rent those rooms to anyone else." Bidding him good morning I went away. I went to Mr. M. who kept a storage house and said to him, "I am going away tomorrow night. What will you charge me to take in my things and keep them

until I get back and move them again?" "Well," he said, "you haven't much in the first place to amount to anything, but if you get them ready I will send a man after them and when you get back I will move you into your new rooms and charge you whatever the man charges me." That was cheap enough and I took the offer, packed my things and went away. I worked three weeks in one church, three weeks in another and four weeks in a third in the same town, came back and went to a friend to stay until I could get located, and as I passed by those rooms I saw the sign still hanging there. I went into a real estate office of a man I knew on Western Avenue, and asked him if he had anything that would suit me, but he said he hadn't, and added, "Say, it is a little strange about old man G. isn't it?" I told him I had just come from out of town and didn't know anything. He said that on last Monday he went home sick and told his office boy if he wasn't able to come down in the morning by ten o'clock, to bring him his mail. The boy took him his mail ever since, and Friday he died. I said, "Mr. C. do you see that God cannot afford to let a man stand between him and his promise to the widow? And you hold a mortgage on a widow's property out here; she had it almost paid for, and you had better do right by that widow or God will do by you as He did by Mr. G. I will go to the widow of Mr. G. and get the rooms God promised me." When I rang the bell a servant ushered me into the parlor. I asked for Mrs. G. who came in and I made my errand known. She said, "Are you the Mrs. Taylor who wanted the rooms a time back?" I said I was and that God had said I was to have them and I was resting in Him, knowing I would have them sooner or later. She said, "You can have them just this winter, no longer, for next year I want to make a little change and get a bigger rent." I thanked her, gave her the money for the first month and moved into the place where the man had vowed no widow should ever come.

I tarried there for the winter and about the middle of April I wrote her and said I had been in the house according to promise and if she would send a rent card around I would put it in the window, that I knew the neighborhood and would recommend a good tenant. She wrote me in reply that inasmuch as they had rented two three-story houses during the time I had been in there she felt she could not tell me to get out and if I wanted it another year I could stay. Suffice it to say I lived in the house sixteen years. God was faithful to the widow.

A Building Saved From Burning

I once had every convenience in life but God stripped me to show me the difference and in order to make me wholly His own. I needed a writing-desk; I kept my stationery under a table and it was an inconvenience. I had been asking God for a writing-desk and God had spoken to two people before that, but they hadn't obeyed Him. When Mr. and Mrs. S. were getting ready for China and storing their things, God spoke to them about their writing-desk that they were to give it to me. The husband came in from his business and said, "You are not to sell your writing-desk. The Lord spoke to me that it was to go to Auntie Taylor." When it came of course I was overjoyed and praised the Lord. I cleaned it up and put my stationery in it. Shortly after some one rushed up the stairs and said, "Don't you know that the school building is on fire? There are eighteen barrels of oil there; this old frame building will have to go and you will have to get out quickly. Get your things together." In an instant God said to me, "Would I hear your prayer by sending you a writing-desk today and burning it up tonight?" which gave me confidence, a surety that that house would not burn. It was an old frame and could be set off like a match. The people in the flat below tied up their clothing and moved out their things, and the people in the next house did the same; flames from the school house went right over our house but didn't set fire to it. The policeman came up and said, "Lady, you will have to get out of here or be burned. What do you want taken out first?" "Nothing," I said. "The Lord has given me a writing-desk today. Do you think that He would burn it up tonight?" "Well lady that is all right but if you do not take it out it will be in ashes, and you will have to get out if you do not want to be burned up." I insisted nothing should be taken out, that God had given me the writing-desk in answer to prayer and He would not let it be burned. Hundreds of people saw that policeman and me standing on the little porch and wondered why I didn't have sense enough to get out. The firemen threw water on the house and it was saved, though the school-house burned down and all the oil burned also. I went to bed that night restful and happy. The lady down stairs brought her things back into the house about one o'clock after having been assured it was safe because a number of firemen would stay all night, but she never undressed nor went to bed and was nervous for many days.

I went to sleep knowing that God would take care of the house. She spent the next day putting back her furniture while I was out in service to my King, because I had hearkened to His voice.

Led to the House of Mourning

One morning at eight o'clock I received a letter from a lady asking me to come to her home to meet a returned missionary from China. He would be in the city for that day only, and was on his way East. I took the Western Avenue car south and the car on Forty-Seventh Street east, intending to get off at Ellis Avenue. All at once I was spoken to, "Get off here." Thinking I was at Ellis Avenue I left the car and walked north to what I supposed was the home to which I was invited. As I got there I saw crape on the door, and the question went through my mind, "Why did they not tell me their father was dead?" I went up the steps and into the hall and a young lady walked up to me and said, "Auntie Taylor, we are so glad you came for mother needs you. You do not know me, but I heard you once at a mission and know you. Will you come in and see father?" I said yes, but I knew by this time I was not where I started for. Looking into the casket I saw a strange face; I glanced about the walls and saw I was in a strange house. The daughter took me into a room where her mother was and introduced me to her, and she arose and put her arm around me. Her daughter said that I knew what it meant to lose one's loved one as I had lost mine and could comfort her. They asked me to tarry with them, and I said, "It was God who brought me here, but if you will excuse me for two hours I will come back to you. I have an engagement for luncheon with a missionary and some friends and they will be waiting for me." I found they had waited a half hour when I got there. After having dinner and a little visit I went back to this house of mourning, tarried there five days, and during that five days the mother and the daughter were both brought to the Lord and they are now enjoying the deep things of God.

"Saved to Serve"

I had been to a meeting at Willard Hall and was walking towards State Street to take the car to visit the poor. When on the curb I saw cars coming each way and waited for them to pass, then stepped down to the street. I did not notice an auto coming around the corner, and just as I stepped down, too late for any-

thing, an auto would have struck me had God not intervened. He had a boy there who picked me up and set me back on the sidewalk. The people were astonished. I looked at the boy and saw that it was impossible for him to have done that in the natural as he was very slight in build. I said, "Your name, my boy?" "Carl Morley." "You couldn't do that again, could you?" "Why no, lady. I don't know how I did it or why, but I just did it." Immediately I looked to the Lord and said, "Lord, why have you saved me when so many are going by this route almost daily?" In an instant came the answer, "Saved to serve." I gave the boy my card and he came to see me. He said he had been thinking so much about what he did that day, it was as nothing to him, though he could not do it again, that he wanted to talk it over. To be sure it was easy to lead that boy to Christ. He weighed less than a hundred pounds, and I one hundred and sixty at that time. God has His angels of strength and gives power to lift you out of danger and His eye is ever upon us to see the need.

An Estranged Family United

I had been in Michigan among friends and was leaving on the morning train for Chicago, and inasmuch as I would reach the city about two o'clock I thought I wouldn't need a lunch, but my friends were determined I should have one, and they prepared enough for about five people. I got on the train and at the very next station after leaving Lapeer a lady came in with a little child in her arms and sat down beside me. She was in tears. I said, "Well, my dear, I suppose you are tired. Let me hold the baby a little." She wept aloud, and I asked her if she or her baby was sick, and she said, "No." I said, "Well this is too bright a morning and you have too lovely a baby to be in tears. I guess you had better tell me what is the matter." "Well, I will. I got married and we moved out on a little farm and my husband has it almost paid for, but a short time after we were married my sister came to stay with us, and she said I had no need to get up so much earlier than I was accustomed to, that I should let my husband get his own breakfast. So I stayed in bed and he got his breakfast, and sometimes he would not have time to get it, but would go out and attend to the morning work. I listened to my sister instead of my husband, and she told me I ought to leave there and go home. I have my things all in shape so I can get them, and I know he is go-

ing to town on a certain day with a load of grain and I can send and get them then. I would not dare tell him I was going to leave him because he wouldn't let me take the baby away." Then I said, "You are crying about it; that shows you have too much love for your husband and too much feeling as a wife to take such a step. Did you know that when you were united it was for life, and you could not be two anymore? that you are to be interested in his farm affairs, in his life and everything that pertains to him? A wife is to be at her husband's side. God made woman of a rib taken from a man's side; not from his head to be over him, nor from his feet to be trampled upon, but from near his heart where he could love and care for her, and this child is as much his as yours; he has to provide for it and love it, and you are to take the provision he makes and be to him a wife. The Bible says you are one and you cannot be two." After having talked with her awhile she saw she was doing wrong in going away. It was really the fault of a medler more than anything else that had made her dissatisfied. She said, "What will I do?" "You told him you were going to make a visit, did you?" "Yes, I was going to stay so many days, and in that time I thought I would get my things," I gave her a post card and told her to write a few lines to her husband and tell him she reached home safely; that she and the baby were well, and in case she wanted to come home sooner than she expected to she would write him, and that she should write him every day. She said, "I guess I will go home next Saturday. I did not know he was so good until now." I said, "You will not be happy anywhere else; your old home will never be the same again. God gave you to that man and gave him to you. Now never tell him what was in your heart, and when you get back get up and prepare his breakfast. If you are weary and tired, lie down awhile after breakfast, but have your meals on time and do your part as a wife and you will grow together. Don't ever think for one minute of leaving the husband you have and the home you have. Do everything you can to beautify it. Jesus went to a wedding and if it hadn't been right He would not have gone." She promised me she would do right and I received a letter from her after she had been from home a week, praising God for having met me on the train and for the talk we had.

I almost forgot about the lunch. When this

woman got on the train it was early in the morning and oversleeping a little together with dressing the baby made her too late to get any breakfast, and she said she was weak and faint, and that was one reason she was crying. I told her I had a nice lunch with me, chicken and everything that was good, and I insisted on her eating some of it.

At that same station where she left the train, a young lady came in and sat down beside me. It wasn't but a few minutes until she began unloading her troubles; her mother was an invalid and her sister a cripple; she had been clerking in a store but had to go home to take care of the afflicted ones, and she had started off without her breakfast, so I shared my lunch with her. As she opened her heart to me I told her how she could lay her burdens on the Lord and He would manage for her if she would only give her heart to Him. She said she had thought about it many times but didn't know anything about this heart business; she knew Jesus Christ had come to save the world, but how to get in touch with Him she did not know. I had a Gospel of John in my hand-bag and I gave that to her and asked her to read it over and over, and also gave her a tract. That little book and the tract I gave with it, brought her to the Lord, and now she and her mother and sisters are Christians. Now and then I hear from her and she is happy in the Lord.

Then there were a gentleman and his wife who got into the car along the way. They had been up all night, after having attended the funeral of her mother. They were both weary and sick, and she became faint so I helped take care of her a little. She hadn't eaten anything from the time she had gone to the funeral and now she was suffering from the lack of food. I told them I had an abundant lunch and I shared it with them. Before we got to Chicago the man himself began to inquire the way of salvation, so I had to resort to my hand-bag which held another Gospel of John. Since that they have become converted. The lunch that I tried to refuse had served all these and was the means of my talking to them of their need of spiritual food. Jesus Himself fed the people and taught them the Gospel.

A Lesson of Trust

While I was living in the widow's mansion that the Lord had given me, Miss B. brought a friend, Miss A. to see me. Miss A. had been overworked, overwrought, misunderstood, harassed and discouraged, mind and body, and she

thought she was lost. Miss B. said, "I brought a friend to see you. She just needs you." We sat down. In an instant I saw Miss A. was too tired to talk and needed a little rest. To make it easy I told her to lie down on the couch and get a little rest while I took Miss B. and went into the kitchen to prepare a little lunch. There is no way to get access into people's hearts like over a little lunch. While it was in preparation Miss B. was telling me some of the difficulties of Miss A. and I was praying that the Lord might lead me to help her. As lunch was about ready we heard Miss A. coming through the hall praising God with her hands uplifted. "Oh," she said, "I have what I came for. I am not lost. I am God's child. He loves me and is caring for me. The Lord spoke to me through that little picture on your wall. 'The Sheep and the Shepherd Dog.'" The picture was a little 7x9 affair in which several sheep were lying on the ground, but one was standing off by itself, seemingly restless. The dog didn't watch those that were quiet, but kept his eyes on the one that was restless, and God spoke to her heart through it and told her He was watching her just as that dog watched the restless sheep. She went home happy and in absolute confidence that she was not forgotten by God. From that day on she never doubted that God was watching her and loved her.

How God Paid the Rent

Last year I was taken very ill and was confined to my bed. While I lay there, trusting God and realizing His care for me, a woman came to see me and said she must tell me some of the things that were on her heart. I told her to open her heart to me, it wouldn't make me any worse. She said, "I wanted you to pray with me. I must have three dollars and I don't know how I am going to get it. I am depending on the Lord, but must get it from somewhere." The Lord said to me, "You have three dollars you do not need today, let her have it." "Lord, that is my rent money. I must have my rent and I have none to spare over and above that." "You do not need it today. Give her the money for today, and tell her you won't need it for two months." I really didn't quite like to do that, but I did what He told me. I said to her, "Give me my hand-bag." She picked it up from the table and handed it to me. I took out three dollars and gave it to her. "Oh," she said, "you are sick. I could not take it from you." I said, "It is my rent money but Father says I do not

need it now." Before my rent day came around I was up and out, and Miss R. said to me, "I have some money for you. Mr. E. J. sent it from England," and it was just three dollars. The beauty of trusting the Lord is knowing that "His eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him." God spoke to this man in England and the money came just in time to pay my rent in the place of what I had given to that needy woman.

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