



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

“At This Time as at First”

What the Baptism in the Holy Spirit Meant Upon the Life of a Missionary

W. W. Simpson, Missionary from China, in the Stone Church, Oct. 19, 1915



WENT to China twenty-three years ago last April, and I thought at that time I was all right as a missionary, that I had the equipment which the Lord had provided for me and for all missionaries. I thought I had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and therefore God was pledged to fulfill His Word to me as I went forth in obedience to His command to preach the Gospel in China and Tibet. You all know the commission in Mark, how the Lord said to His disciples, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In My Name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.” Then the record says the disciples went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the Word with signs following.

I went forth believing that the Lord would stand by me in China and confirm the Word that I should preach with signs following, and that I would do a great work in China. That was in 1892, and I labored there for nearly eight years. I came back to America at the end of 1899 and met a number of missionaries at the Christian and Missionary Alliance in the Gospel Tabernacle, New York City, and made my report on nearly eight years’ work in China. I came right out plainly and said, “I am a failure as a missionary.” Judging by the Word of God I felt I was a failure; judging by modern missionary standards I suppose I was equal to the average missionary, but according to my own conscience I was a failure because I couldn’t point to a single case in which the Lord had worked with me and confirmed the Word with signs following. Now some people want to cut out the last part of Mark 16. There was a time when it would have pleased me very much if it could have been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that this didn’t belong to the original Gospel of Mark, and there are people in America and in China too, who say in regard to the

latter part of this chapter, “I cannot believe this is the Word of God.” It is not fulfilled in the lives of believers. Many of you people believe but we do not see the signs following. It was that way in my mission in China. Soon after we reached the border of Tibet, Chinese and Tibetans began to come around and, of course, we had the Scriptures in their language, and they would read such passages as this, and John 12:14, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.” When they read that they would say, “Oh yes, you are just like we are. Your book is all right but you do not live up to it. In their Confucian classics the Chinese have many excellent moral precepts, and so with the Mohammedan Koran, but they say, “Our priests and our teachers read the classics and lay them down. The book is the book, and the man is the man,” and they apply the same proverb to us. “Your book is all right, but you lay it aside. The Book is the Book and the man is the man. There is a great difference between the man and the book.” And so, to judge by this Book my life in China as a missionary was a failure.

I went back to China in 1902, up to the Tibetan border again and began work, and I wondered, and wondered, and wondered for sixteen years of my life why it was that the Lord didn’t work with me and confirm the Word with signs following, but in 1908, I found out the reason why. It was simply this: I had not received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I had received what people labeled the baptism, but it wasn’t. My attention was called to the Word of God on this subject by a paper published in India, entitled “A Cloud of Witnesses to Pentecost in India.” That paper contained an article on what the Word of God calls the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and I found out I hadn’t received that. Immediately I sat down and wrote to my home Board, recounting my past failures and holding nothing back; taking a humble place, and stating that I now saw from the Word of God I had not received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. And I added, “I am no longer a missionary. I am a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, seeking the baptism in the Holy Ghost.” They didn’t agree very heartily with the position I took and

they would not even publish my letter. I had asked that it be published and asked other papers, religious and secular, all over the world, to publish that letter, but it never got published. From that time, one thing after another came up to try to hinder and turn me aside. Friends would say, "Oh you have the Holy Spirit," "Your work as a missionary is all right," "You are a successful missionary," etc., but my own heart knew better. By this time a small church had been formed on the borders of Tibet, but they were very much like the twelve disciples that Paul found at Ephesus after Apollos left there. Efforts were made to persuade me that things were different today, and that the baptism of the Holy Spirit was given without any manifestation, but I could not see it in the Word. I searched it carefully to find out if there was any record that God would change His methods of mission work during this dispensation, and I came to the conclusion that there would be no change until this Gospel is preached to the whole world. Then we may expect some change in God's plans, but not until then. So in spite of all persuasions to the contrary, the Lord held me right to this position, and for four years and three months I sought this baptism. During a part of that time I received *The Latter Rain Evangel* from Chicago, and I was very much cheered and helped by reading that paper, as well as other papers that came into my hands. The Lord encouraged me very much. Oh those hours spent in waiting at the feet of Jesus were not lost! Nearly every evening in the four years and three months my wife and I and a missionary sister living on the same station with us, waited at the feet of Jesus for the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and I have never regretted it. Some will ask, Why was it the Lord kept me so long? There was something else that must precede the baptism and I am so glad the Lord kept me waiting until this necessary work had been accomplished before He poured out the Holy Spirit upon me. I regard it as more indispensable even than the baptism. The Lord has made it so in my life, in my own experience and in my own work. It is this utter crucifixion of self. When self is crucified it will not take two seconds to baptize a man in the Holy Spirit. You know how in the ceremony of the cleansing of the leper they first put the blood on the tip of the right ear, on the thumb of the right hand, and on the great toe of the right foot. After the blood had been applied they put the oil on the blood; not on the flesh. It must go on the blood and nowhere else. The Lord

proved it to me in this way: In April I opened three days' meeting in my station, right on the Tibetan border, and I asked Brother Christie, my colleague for nearly twenty years, to come and be with me during these three days' meetings. Whether he or I preached, it was always "the cross" and the Lord applied the teaching to myself. By the end of three days I was just ready for crucifixion. A few of the missionaries, some ten or eleven of us got down on our knees in our little sitting-room, and it just seemed as though the Lord took up my whole life of more than forty years, and I saw myself as God sees me. People had called me a good boy. My school teacher and my Sunday School teacher said I was a good boy, and everybody seemed to think I was a good boy, and I got to believing it, but when I got to dealing with God I found that I wasn't a good boy, never had been good and never could be. The Lord Jesus seemed to take this man who had been twenty years a missionary in China and show him to me.

There was once a Tibetan who had never seen a mirror, and so he had never seen his own face, and didn't know how he looked. He saw other people, that some had handsome countenances and others hadn't, and he had always supposed that he was a very handsome man, though he had never seen himself; that is the way with most of us. But there came along somebody that had one of these foreign looking-glasses, and he thought it would please the old fellow to let him look at his face in the glass. He handed it to the old Tibetan and told him, "Now look at yourself." The native had heard about this wonderful arrangement the foreigners had so you could see your own face, and in his pride he thought he was perhaps the handsomest man around. He took it and looked at it and struck it as hard as he could and smashed it. Why? It showed him how ugly he was. And that is why so many people do not like the Bible. It tells us there is none good, no not one. We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. Well I got a glimpse of myself that evening and I found myself where Job was. Job was a good man, and even God Himself said of Job, he was a perfect man and upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil, but there was a time when God came to Job and spoke to him out of the whirlwind, and what was the result? Job said: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eyes seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." That is one hundred per cent repentance. It is not repentance of conduct but it is

repentance of nature. We think our conduct is pretty bad but we are good at heart. It is not true. Repentance doesn't mean change of conduct; it means to change your mind about yourself before God, and Job got there. Paul in the New Testament got there too. Paul said, "If any man might have confidence in the flesh, I more, because my flesh was wonderful flesh. I was circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, as touching the law a Pharisee, as concerning Israel, persecuting the church, as touching righteousness which is in the law, blameless." A wonderful man! I doubt if any man in Chicago would dare to stand up and say, "I am better than Paul," and yet Paul came to the place where he said, "For I know that in me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth *no good thing.*" He just took those words, "no good" and put them all over Saul of Tarsus, and that evening on the fifth day of May, 1912, the Lord brought me to the same place, and I wrote all over myself, "No good! No good!! No good!!!" I just abhorred myself and said, "Lord, isn't there some way of getting rid of this soul who is no good and cannot be made any better? He must be gotten rid of." And the Lord whispered in my ear, "The cross is just for such as you." I saw it in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and said, "Lord, nail me to the cross," and I realized that evening as never before that when the Lord Jesus hung on the cross He took my place. He had to be nailed to the cross in all that ignominy and shame, and poured out His blood for me. I realized that evening that if you could draw the nails from the hands and feet of one of those thieves who were nailed there and let him go free, and take me, this man who had been twenty years a missionary in China, strip me naked and drive the nails into my hands and feet and hang me there to suffer in shame and die in agony, it would be only what I deserve and nothing else. That is what the cross of Christ means. We often speak about the preaching of the cross. When we preach that Christ died for us according to the scriptures, we preach only a half cross. The other half is also true; I died in Christ because I deserved to die. Well I took my place and said, "Lord, nail me to the cross." I was kneeling by a chair and I fell back on the floor in the shape of a cross, but before my head struck the floor, the same voice that had spoken to me before, said, "Even though you richly deserve to be nailed to the cross, I love you still." Oh praise the Lord that He can still love such worthless,

vile wretches as we are! And that is why He was nailed to the cross for us, because He loves us. Now our hands and feet do not need to be pierced with those nails, because He was nailed to the cross for us. He was made a curse for us that He might redeem us from the curse of the law. And you know that assurance from the Lord, "I love you still," filled me with such joy I could not express it. My heart wanted to express it but my tongue was unable to. My mouth was filled with laughter, and then I found the laughter changed into articulate sounds, and I found myself speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. As soon as I consented to utter crucifixion the blood was applied. I know for Mark 16 to be fulfilled to the missionary these two things must occur. First, the missionary must himself be crucified with Christ, he must be nailed to the cross too; not in his body, but in the body of our Lord Jesus Christ. The reason we are not crucified today is because we think there is a little bit of us that is too good to be crucified; it would be a shame, a pity to nail me to the cross because there is a little bit of good in me, and just as much as you think is too good to be nailed to the cross, just as the thief was, that much isn't under the blood, and just that much cannot be covered with the oil. I know this is true. First is utter crucifixion and second is the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

I have proved it in my own life. Since the evening of May 5, 1912, the sixteenth of Mark has been realized in my life and in my service as a missionary in China. I could not tell if I stood here a whole week, what the baptism in the Spirit means to me as a missionary. From the time I received this baptism, May, 1912, until the end of June, 1915, three years and two months, I have preached in at least twenty places in China, ten places in the province of Kansu on the border of Tibet, and ten places in four other provinces in China, and every place the Lord has worked with me and confirmed His Word with signs following. As soon as He got me out of the way so I would not take the glory to myself, and put the Holy Spirit within me, the signs and wonders followed.

In our own mission station I myself received first. My second daughter received the baptism the same evening, and my eldest daughter one or two evenings later, and my wife also. The following Monday morning after I had received the Chinese pastor of the church came in, and I began to tell him how I had received the Holy

Spirit according to Acts 2:4. I thought he would be glad, but the more I talked with him the longer his face became and the sadder the expression of his countenance grew. After talking a little while we got down on our knees. We hadn't been there two minutes before the Holy Spirit fell on us, and in less than ten minutes he was speaking in tongues. We had a Chinese Girls' School and they heard about it and came to our sitting-room. We knelt in prayer and my eldest daughter Margaret came to me, "Papa, the Lord tells me to lay hands on one of these girls." I told her to do what the Lord commanded her. She did, and the Holy Spirit fell on this school girl immediately. The next evening everybody at that station was hungering and thirsting for the living water. There were so many of us we had to put the girls and women in one room and the men in another. We were on our faces, and my second daughter, Louise, then twelve years of age, laid hands on a Chinese girl ten years old and the Holy Spirit fell on her and she burst forth in tongues. After speaking awhile in tongues she began to speak another language. You know in Acts 2:4 it is speaking in tongues; in Acts 2:6 it is speaking in a language. That was on the day of Pentecost. They began to speak in tongues and when the crowd came together they began to speak in languages. That is the sense of the word "began." My daughter called to her mother to come and hear the young Chinese girl, and she was speaking in English. They called me and when I came near she had her face down on the floor thoroughly oblivious of all around her. I drew near and she burst out into the clearest English. Oh I know without a shadow of a doubt that the baptism of the Holy Spirit is just the same today.

Once after having received the Pentecostal baptism, I was perplexed because of the attitude of the C. & M. A. to this teaching, and I was willing to tone down a bit and grant that the baptism in the Holy Spirit is not always accompanied by the speaking in tongues, that there might be other evidences. I was conducting meetings at this time in Brother Lawler's work in a market town near the city of Nanking. One day there was great power in the meeting. We had gone according to the New Testament teaching that when people are baptized in water we should at once lay hands on them that they might receive the Holy Spirit, and after a baptismal service in water we laid hands on them and the Spirit fell. There were at least seventeen under the power of the Spirit. They

were slain before the Lord so that you could not get from one room to another, and I wondered whether this was the baptism or must we still tarry until they spoke in tongues as on the Day of Pentecost. I got down before the Lord and told Him we didn't want anything short of what they had on the day of Pentecost, and the Lord showed me we were to continue the meetings. The people were very busy; it was the month of June and the wheat harvest was at hand, the rice also. We could not come in the day time but I asked them to come every evening. The next evening they came and the Spirit fell again. One young man fell under the power and had a vision. He did not realize anything was going on around him but was wholly taken up with what he saw in the Spirit and was unconsciously talking it out. He said, "Oh you are taking me to a very beautiful place! Oh isn't this lovely! Here is the city and here is the gate, and over the gate there is a great light shining. It is so bright it dazzles my eyes; I can hardly look at it. Why there are Chinese letters made of precious stones over the gate. What does it say? '*At this time as at first.*'" We continued those meetings until fourteen of those under the power of the Spirit had spoken in tongues, and after we had gone others received. The Lord is no respecter of persons. Some have complained to me, "Oh these Pentecostal people if they all stood true, we would believe in the teaching, but so many of them backslide, go off into flesh and into the devil." I have said in reply, "It makes no difference if everyone who has spoken in tongues during the last ten years, goes wrong, it doesn't change the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of a "t"; the baptism in the Holy Spirit remains the same. In the Old Testament times the Lord sent Samuel to anoint Saul, king over Israel. He took along with him the holy oil from the sanctuary and poured it on Saul's head. The Holy Spirit came upon Saul sometime after that and he prophesied. All very good. Everybody says that was the work of God, but after a few years God told Saul to do something and he did only a part of it, and left a part undone. He disobeyed God and the Spirit left him, and another spirit came and troubled him. Then God rejected Saul from being King over Israel and told Samuel to select another. And how did He tell Samuel to do it? Did He say, "Now the way you anointed Saul, the oil and the manner in which you did it, was a mistake, and we will change it and do it a new way?" Is that the way He told him? No. The same old oil in the same old way was poured on

David's head, and the Holy Spirit came on David in the same way. Saul's failure didn't make God change, neither does the failure of the church in Corinth and the failure of the church in Galatia. These failures do not change God's way of doing things in this dispensation; nor do the failures of the present "latter rain" change God's way of doing things. Oh it is true! This outpouring of the Holy Spirit is true "at this time as at first." God wants to bring us back on to this New Testament platform and that we shall measure up to this New Testament standard. We must get back there not only in the matter of this baptism but in fruit-bearing, in service, in missionary enthusiasm and enterprise, and that was the great problem with me. But thank God since I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit the Lord has solved this problem for me. I was foolish enough to believe this was the same baptism, as in the days of the apostles, and like them, when I found believers I asked them, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" And when they said "No" I laid hands on them that they might receive the Holy Ghost, and they did. These insignificant hands that ought to have been nailed on the cross, but because Jesus' hands were nailed there instead of mine, they do not belong to me any more. They belong to Jesus, and in the name of Jesus they have been laid on between two and three hundred Chinese since I received the baptism, and on at least two hundred of them the Holy Spirit has fallen, though not all of these have spoken in tongues. I say this to the glory of Jesus, to vindicate His Word.

There was a young woman came to our meetings for the first time; she had never heard the Gospel before and never professed faith in Jesus Christ, but she attended five meetings, and during the fifth meeting, as we were praying I

laid hands upon her head, and the Holy Spirit fell upon her. She was shaken and prostrated with the power of God. Some of the brethren could hardly believe it was God and began to doubt and question, as they knew she had not been saved, but soon she began singing a Gospel song in Chinese. She didn't know a word of the song, didn't know the tune, but the Holy Spirit took that woman's mouth and she sang with me, word for word, two verses and the chorus. The next morning I questioned her and she was perfectly clear as to her faith in the Lord Jesus. I have seen things in China that I hardly dare to tell at home for fear people will think I am exaggerating. I met a missionary in China who told me he believed Acts 2:4 was an exaggeration; that the writer of the Acts of the Apostles wanted to make just as big a thing out of it as he could, and he exaggerated and said they were speaking in other tongues, but I am not exaggerating, and Acts 2:4 is not an exaggeration. I have seen it enacted again and again in China. I would not give my place as a co-laborer with the Lord Jesus in saving souls in the uttermost parts of the earth, for the whole world with all its power and glory and splendor.

Oh I wish I could make you feel as I feel about this wonderful calling! preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, and ministering Christ; to know that my Jesus who died on the cross for me by His Spirit is living in me! I am not my own. I have been bought with a price. This body is not my own; it is the temple of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is using these hands and these feet. He uses this body to accomplish His work here on earth. Oh that we might keep out of the way and that He might have the pre-eminence!

Fruits of the Self-Life

In the work of God there is nothing we need so to guard against as vanity. That was Jonah's curse. The seraphim covered their faces with their wings, they covered their feet with their wings. They covered their faces because they did not want to see their beauty, and their feet because they did not want to see their service, nor have anyone else see them. They used only two to fly. Take care how you put temptation in another's way. It is all right to encourage workers with a "God bless you." But don't praise. God does not say, How beautiful, how eloquent, how lovely, how splendid! That is

putting on a human head the crown that belongs to Jesus. I want the Holy Ghost to enable me simply to do you good, but I do not want power to bring me the honor of the world. If I had it I should feel it the greatest peril of my life. We have no more right to take Christ's honors here than we have to sit on Jesus' throne and let angels worship us. We have to be so careful when God uses us to bless human souls. There is a sweetness which is not of God. God save us from all these snares woven by the tempter.

Philip, as soon as he had lead the eunuch to

Jesus, got out of the eunuch's way. Beloved, there are subtle spells that come between man and man, and between woman and woman, and between man and woman. They seem sweet and right, but you need much of the Holy Ghost to keep your spirit pure. I am not talking here of sinful love. Surely it is not needful to speak of that. I am thinking of a far more subtle and refined and spotless spell which is more dishonoring to God and more dangerous to you because it is so pure. God keep us from every service, and every friendship, and every thought that is not in the Holy Ghost and not to the honor of Jesus alone.

Then there is self-confidence, that which feels its strength, spiritual or mental self-righteousness, power to be good or do good. God has to lead us to lay all that aside and realize our utter nothingness.

Time will not permit me to speak of the self-life of sensitiveness, that fine susceptibility of your feelings to be wounded, and of selfish affection, wanting people to love you because you like to be loved. Divine love loves that it may bless and do good. You ought to love not because it pleases you, but because it blesses them. Paul could say, "I am glad to spend and be spent for your sakes, notwithstanding the more earnestly I love you the less I be loved." He does not say, "I will help you as long as you love me." No: "I gladly spend my last drop of blood to bless you at any cost even when I know you don't appreciate me the least bit." That is what

is the matter with you. People hurt you. Well, spend and be spent all the more when you are the less loved.

Time would fail to tell of selfish desires, covetousness, selfish motives, selfish possessions, our property, our children, our own, and they give us loads of trouble, and care, and worry, just because we insist on owning them.

These are selfish sorrows. I know nothing more selfish than the tears we shed for our own sorrows. When God saw Israel weeping He was angry and said, "You have polluted my altar with your tears." You are weeping because you have not better bread. You are weeping because something else is dearer to you than Christ. You are weeping because you are not altogether pleased or gratified.

Even our sacrifices and self-denials may be selfish. Self can get up and pray, and sit down and say, "What a lovely prayer!" Self can preach a sermon and save souls and go home, pat itself on the back and say, or let the devil say through him, "You did splendidly: what a useful man you are!" Self can be burned to death and be proud of its fortitude. Yes, we can have religious selfishness as well as carnal selfishness.

How can we get rid of this? Well, I think above everything else, we must see the reality of the thing; we must see the danger of the thing; we must see that it is our sin. We must look at it frankly and choose that it shall go.

—Selected.

New Eyes in Answer to Prayer

Remarkable Story of George Evison

Note—The following account of one of the most remarkable cases of Divine Healing on record, has been given to us by a brother who was personally acquainted with Pastor John Gibson, Sussex, Eng-



Y sight was deficient from birth, and I could never see clearly more than two yards before me; a thickness always seemed to be over the eyes when I was young. This was a great hindrance to my learning at school. When I was about seven years of age, I was taken to a doctor at Spilsby, who treated me for cataract; but this was a failure, for at this time, for twelve days, I became quite blind. From the age of fourteen to nineteen my eyes were at the best; that is to say, the pain in them

land, who attests to its authenticity. It is not known whether the author of the testimony is still living, but it is none the less true, and proves to an unbelieving world the mighty power of God and the possibilities of faith.

was less than at any previous time, but the sight was no clearer, nor was I able to see any better. Between nineteen and twenty-one my eyes became much worse, and on the day I was twenty-one I suddenly became quite blind for about half an hour, and when sight returned I could not see more than an inch before me, and from that time the sight gradually left me.

At that time I was advised by a friend to go and see Dr. Taylor, of Nottingham. I did see him twice in November and once in December of 1888. The third time I saw this doctor he told me the eyes were wasting away and that he

could do no more for me. A few days later I was quite blind. After this my eyes began to gather and break, owing to abscesses, and the pain became so intense that I could not sleep and could not really say I had what might be called a sound sleep for over eighteen months, the pain being so great. While walking out with a friend one day I put my hand in my pocket for something and dropped it on the ground; on stooping down to pick it up the remaining pieces of my eyes dropped out of their sockets upon the ground—they were about the size of the kernel of a nut. My young friend was so frightened that he ran away leaving me in the middle of a field, but I called after him and told him not to leave me as I could not find my way home by myself. He then took me to the corner of the street where I lived and left me there to find my way home alone. The next time I saw him, some months afterwards, I had my new eyes, and was blessed of God to his salvation, and later he went into mission work abroad.

By January, 1890, the eye-balls were quite gone and the sockets empty; I could lift the lids up and place my finger in the sockets. I felt very miserable, for I thought I should now have to depend upon my parents to keep me for the rest of my life. I wished I were dead. My father and his two brothers, who lived in the house with him, were infidels and read the Bible only to mock and ridicule it. My home life was very unhappy but I now seemed doomed to remain therein for the rest of my life.

A few days after my eyes fell out all the use went out of my right hand and arm; then I felt worse than ever, not knowing what might happen next. But a few days later a power thrilled through my arm into my hand and down to the tips of my fingers, and at the same time came the conviction of what it was for—it was given me in place of my sight. After this power was imparted I could tell any color I touched. I was able also to sew in the night, for I needed no light, and could not sleep; and thus were nights spent whilst others slept. During this time I made a large bed-quilt of many colors and of small pieces, well assorted, which on one occasion was sent to a family, I not being able to go myself, and it was used of God to the conversion of some of them, for they believed and were blessed, praise God! I have been sent for in various places and asked to put my hands behind me, when a white handkerchief would be put into my hands to tell how many colors, and what colors, were in it. This was done by way of test, but I was never deceived.

Some time after I lost my eyes I was staying with my aunt at Spilsby where an old gentleman, who had been holding special services in that place, was visiting. He talked about the horrible pit and the doom awaiting the impenitent, but my aunt and I wished him gone, for we did not like to hear such talk. This was on Friday. The next day, Saturday, I went down the road and fell into a dyke (ditch). I had never before fallen into danger of this kind, and at once came the thought, "I can get out of this pit, but if I once fall into the horrible pit the old gentleman spoke about, I shall never be able to get out of that," and I told the Lord that if He would help me out I would go to the chapel the next morning and give myself to Him. I got out all right and according to my promise went the next morning to the early prayer meeting in the Wesleyan chapel, repented, and gave myself to God, and went home a saved and happy man. During the time my sockets were empty I believe over two hundred put their fingers into them, and I also believe God wanted that number of witnesses so that such an amount of testimony ought to put the matter beyond doubt.

On the 19th day of March, 1890, I was asked by one of the members of the Divine Healing home at Marsh Street, Great Grimsby, how I lost my sight. I told him. He then asked me if I would go to the home. I really thought he was making fun of me so I laughed and said, "What good is it, as I have no eyes?" He replied, "Is it not as easy for the Lord to make new eyes as it is for a watchmaker to make a new wheel?" This was a message from God through him and it went right down to the bottom of my heart, and I promised to go on Friday night. I then returned home to pray. I had often prayed about my sight before, but never with a believing heart. For about two months, i. e., since my conversion, I had prayed, but never with that assurance and confidence that I should have done. This was on Monday that I went home and fell on my knees, and prayed earnestly from my heart that God would give me new eyes. When I had been praying for about an hour, with great power, these words came to me: "The work is finished," and I felt sure my request was heard. I had the assurance, and I said I would not pray any more, but praise God that the work was done.

From that time I never doubted; I kept my promise, and went to the Divine Healing Home on March 21st, and was anointed with oil in the Name of the Lord. I did not, however, feel

any benefit as regards physical sight until March 31st, but I thank God my spiritual eyes were opened wide, and I felt that I was "born again" of the Holy Spirit. That morning, March 31st, I had placed my finger as usual in the empty sockets as I went down to breakfast. After breakfast, I returned to my bedroom to give praise to God, and whilst on my knees, at about half-past ten, I felt two warm fingers touch my empty sockets, and they became warm—they were always cold before. I sprang to my feet and said, "Praise God! I won't feel, for I know my eyes are growing"; and then they continued to grow all day.

The next night I went to the meeting, and I could see the gas light, just a shade of light, and on Wednesday the eye-balls felt much larger. If I had lifted the eyelids I should have been able to see, but I felt I dare not meddle with God's work. On Thursday, my father came home and asked my mother where George was? She told him I was upstairs in my bedroom praying. This made him very angry, and he came to the bottom of the stairs and called me, and said he would fetch me down sharp if I did not come. I arose quickly, and went down; angry words followed (I had not lost my old temper), and there was a fearful disturbance. I said, "See here I have asked God to give me new eyes to see, and He has given me them, and now I don't care if He takes them away, and I will never ask Him for them again." Instantly I felt as though a sharp knife pierced through them, and the eyes began to gather fast and to recede again. They gathered and broke all day, so that by 12 o'clock that night my sockets were again quite empty and cold as before.

It was an awful day of despair to me. I was plunged into darkness two-fold; my joy and peace were gone; fear and dread took hold of me, and I felt as if I was made a lost soul. So terrible was the anguish and darkness of soul, that I believe if I could have gotten something wherewith to take my life away I should surely have done so, and the very thought of it even now makes me tremble. About 8 o'clock the next morning, I threw myself across the bed, and wept bitterly. I can never fully describe what my feelings were at that time, they were truly indescribable: but just then a sweet thought came into my mind, as though a voice spake to me and said, "But the Lord will forgive." I then went downstairs to my mother, who was still crying bitterly because of what had happened to me in consequence of the disturbance. I said to her, "This (the loss of my new eyes) is the result of the disturbance last

night," and asked her to place her fingers in the empty sockets. She said, "No; I don't want to, what we are going to do I don't know." I said, "I do, and that before 12 o'clock tonight I am going to see!" "You look like it," she replied.

Then I went upstairs to my bedroom and falling on my knees, confessed my sin and wickedness, asked for forgiveness and prayed earnestly that God would graciously restore the eyes which He had taken away. I had remained on my knees for about three-quarters of an hour, when I felt again as if two fingers touched my empty sockets, and they became warm as before; joy of soul also returned to me, and I am sure if you could have seen them growing all that day, you would have seen them growing faster than anything in nature.

I went to the Divine Healing meeting at about 7 p. m., and could see a glimmer of gas light—just a shadow. I do not know who was speaking, or what was said: but about a quarter to ten, I heard a voice say to me, "It is finished!" Thank God it was finished, for my eyes came wide open, and I sprang to my feet and shouted aloud, "Thank God, I can see; for I can see everybody and everything here!" The meeting was turned into a praise meeting, and we were not particular about going home until morning. When I did start for home I put my stick under my arm, and felt like a man for the first time in my life. When I reached home, all were in bed. The lamp was burning on the table; it had always been my enemy, for I used to be afraid of knocking it over and setting fire to the place; but now it was like a friend to me, for I took it and had a good look all round the room. On the kitchen table lay my father's Bible, to my great surprise. This had been in a drawer covered up with several other books for about two years, and was never used or read but for the purpose of ridiculing it.

I was led to open it, and the portion I marked, which I could not read, was Psalm 146:8, "The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind." I had it read to me later in the morning. I then went upstairs and asked my mother if I could come into the bedroom. She said, "Yes." I said, "I am going to Spilsby today" (36 miles). She asked, "How are you going?" And I answered, "I am going to walk, for I promised to testify at the Divine Healing meeting on Easter Sunday if I got to see." She said, "You will never get there." I replied, "You were laughing at me last night because I could not see, but now I praise God I can see everything." She very soon got up and put me to the test, to see if I could really see, and got me some breakfast.

Then I started on my journey to Spilsby. When I got through the first grass field, and into the middle of the second, I was obliged to fall down on my knees and thank God for permitting me to look upon and see clearly the beauties of nature. I had never beheld such a sight; to me it was truly, wonderfully grand, and the joy and pleasure it gave me made me shout aloud the praises of God in the open field. Then I went on.

Next day being Easter Sunday, I gave my testimony at the meeting. The following day, Easter Monday, I went into a chemist's shop, where I had frequently been before, and was known to the proprietor before I had my new eyes. He stared very hard at me, but evidently did not recognize me. He said, "Young man, what is the matter with your eyes?" I said, "Nothing; why?" He said, "They look so bright; like babies' eyes," to which I replied, "They are only three days old"; and I told him what God had done for me.

My eyes are now as good as anyone's, I believe; yes, eyeballs and sight. On examination, one doctor said he believed the eyes denoted unusual strength. It is now my good pleasure to tell abroad God's wonderful work; how He is

able to restore and make new both soul and body.

* * *

On Wednesday, April 6th, 1892, Mr. Evison paid Dr. Moon a visit at Brighton, when his eyes were examined, and his sight was found to be perfect. He was tested in reading, with three books of small print, the Revised Version of the Bible, Ben Hur, and Sankey's Hymns, all of which he could see perfectly.

I may add, that from the morning of the disturbance when our brother lost his newly created eyes, afterwards so wonderfully created again, his father was taken ill, and was never able to work again, but we believe he died a pardoned man. This is a striking instance of how dangerous it is to oppose the working of God.

The above is only a brief testimony, and a much more detailed account might be given. We have great pleasure in sending it forth, for the encouragement of God's afflicted and suffering ones, and for the shaming of the adversaries of His Truth.

Mr. Evison was our guest for more than six months and we had every opportunity of testing the case, and can vouch for the correctness of the narrative. When this testimony was given by Mr. Evison there were fifty-seven cases of blindness restored in answer to prayer.

JOHN GIBSON.

Crucifixion of Self

WHEN the soul has been sanctified it not only experiences a death to sin, but has furthermore to go through a deeper death to self, a crucifixion in the minutest circumstances in life. This deeper crucifixion of self consists in applying the principles of self-denial to which the soul consented at the moment of its full surrender to God.

Job was a perfect man and dead to all sin, but through his great suffering and trial he died to *his own religious life*; he died to *his love of the comforts of home*, he died to *his theology* and to all *his own views* concerning the providence of God. He died to a multitude of things that in themselves were not sinful, but still were a *hindrance* to a closer union with God. After Peter had been sanctified and filled with the Holy Spirit, he still needed a special revelation from heaven, in order that he might die to his inherited theology and his Jewish ideas. The highest grade of self-denial, of crucifixion and surrender to God takes place after the heart has been cleansed.

There are many things that are not sinful, but still are of such a nature that our love and

affection for them hinder us from receiving the fulness of the Holy Spirit. They also hinder to a large extent our working in full harmony with God. The infinite Wisdom takes us in hand for this purpose, to lead us through an inner crucifixion of all our finer parts, our great talents, our brightest prospects, our most precious inclinations, our religious views, our dearest friendships, our highest zeal, our thorough education, our creed and our church relationships, our successes, our religious experiences and our spiritual comforts. The crucifixion continues until we are dead and separated from all created beings, from all the saints, from all our own thoughts, from all expectations, all pains, all longings, and all privileges; dead to all trouble, all sorrow and grief and disappointment; dead to all praise or criticism, success or failure, comforts or sacrifices; dead to all climates and all nationalities, and dead to all desires except to desire the *Lord Himself*.

There are many *grades* of inner crucifixion along these different lines. Contrary to the purification of the heart which is instantaneous, this deeper crucifixion of self is a process that re-

quires months or years. We are humiliated in the same manner time and time again until we reach a stage of Divine stillness and calm no matter what may befall us. A great number of believers have received a clean heart, and yet for a long time have had to go through all kinds of dying to self, before they have reached that tranquil, steady union with the Holy Spirit, which state is the goal to which the children of God should ever be aspiring. Contrary to the cleansing of the heart which is done through faith, this deeper death to self is brought about through *suffering*. Scripture teaches this in many places, and with this corresponds the experience of thousands who have suffered. Joseph was a sanctified man before he was thrown into prison, but there "his soul came into iron" (Ps. 105:18. marg.). There are scores of references in Scripture which in accordance with Psalm 71:19-21 teach us that the highest claims of the sanctified life have been reached only through suffering. Perhaps the most remarkable place in Scripture in this connection is Romans the fifth chapter. The first verse speaks of justification *through faith*, the second verse speaks of full salvation *through faith*, while verses 3-5 speak of a deeper death

and more spiritual life *through suffering*. When the soul passes through this deeper death to self it enters a state of great spiritual understanding and comprehension; a state of almost incessant prayer, and of unlimited love toward all mankind; a state of indescribable compassion and wide-hearted sympathy; a state of deep calm cautiousness, of great simplicity of life and habits, and a deep insight into the things of God and concerning the future.

In this state of utter self-denial and crucifixion and death to self, one looks upon suffering, sorrow, pain and all kinds of humiliation with a quiet satisfaction. Such a soul looks back upon the heart-breaking trials, the hot tears, the strange afflictions, with a humble subjection void of complaint, for now he sees God in every step of the way. Into such a soul the Holy Spirit pours His own life as a river that flows from a mighty ocean.

The business of that soul is now to give heed to the promptings and leadings of the Holy Spirit, the indwelling Comforter; and with alacrity, lovingly, and without questioning, work together with Him. That soul has at last reached the place when self is nothing and Christ is all.

"Wort und Zeugnis" (Word and Witness) is the name of a new monthly German Pentecostal paper published in Milwaukee, Wis., by H. A. Ulrich, Pastor of the German Pentecostal Assembly there. It contains blessed teaching for the German-speaking people, and is, so far as we know, the only German Pentecostal paper published in this country. It ought to be well supported by the German people. Price 10 cts. per copy, \$1.00 a year. Send for sample copy. Send all orders to H. A. Ulrich, 672 10th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

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Notes

REVIVAL services are now on in the Stone Church and the Lord is blessing. Pastor George E. Smith from Youngstown, Ohio, has been with us and we are expecting other workers. The first Sunday a man came fifty miles to get saved. He was both saved and healed at the close of the afternoon service. He had not been able to talk for some time, and was healed of a dumb spirit.

Almost every night some have been saved and the spiritual tide is rising. Backsliders are being reclaimed and five received the baptism of the Holy Spirit on a recent Sunday, one having a similar experience to the members of Cornelius' household. The Holy Spirit just dropped upon him during the evening service. He had been saved only a few days previously and was turned out of his home because he had found this great salvation. It is a time of turning to God and we ask our readers to pray that many souls may be gathered in and filled with the Holy Spirit.

Special blessing have attended the Wednesday afternoon Divine Healing meetings. The attendance recently has been more than trebled, and a number of miraculous healings have been wrought in the name of Jesus.

* * *

The Lord has laid it on the heart of the Pastor to open a Bible Training School in connection with the Stone Church. A number of our young people have been called to God's work both in the home and foreign field and greatly

feel the need of training. Requests for such a school have also come from the outside and while the Pastor has felt it a calling for the future, providential leadings and circumstances have paved the way for an immediate opening of the School. See special announcement on page eleven.

* * *

Visiting Missionaries

WE have recently had with us a number of missionaries from the field and have been encouraged and stirred by hearing of God working in foreign lands. Brother H. L. Lawler and Mrs. Lawler, with their son and daughter, spent a few weeks in Chicago visiting the assemblies and making preparations for their return to China in the early spring (D. V.). They have been called as a family to China. Mrs. Lawler was called when she was sixteen but was never able to go to the field until her daughter was sixteen. The son and daughter both received their call on the same day, one in the barn and the other in her room at a very early age. God has given them a deep love for the work to which He has called them. They can be addressed at 3616 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., while in the homeland.

Brother W. W. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson who spent twenty-three years in West China were with us a week and greatly stirred our hearts by recounting the blessing that followed the preaching of the Word and the possibilities for God in that vast Empire.

Brother A. H. Post and Mrs. Post, Miss Florence Bush and her mother and Miss Smithson, all from Egypt, spent a few days in the Evangel home. Miss Bush and her mother spent several years in Jerusalem but were compelled to leave on account of the war. God used them in Egypt later, and they are expecting to go back there in the spring and work among the Egyptians.

We will gladly forward offerings to these and other missionaries for the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands. If you want your home work to prosper, remember the work in the foreign field.

* * *

Two more Pentecostal missionaries have laid down their lives for the Gospel in Africa. Harry Ulyate in Johannesburg, on July 23rd, and Brother Armstrong in the Belgian Congo. He was one of a party of four who left Johannesburg for the Congo early in July. Joseph Blake-ney has also been quite ill with fever but has recovered. At last reports, another of the party,

Brother Salter, was dangerously ill. Mrs. Julia Richardson, whose husband died several years ago while seeking a site for a new station in the Congo, has with Miss Hodges gone to join this Congo party, and we earnestly beseech the prayers of our readers in behalf of these faithful missionaries as they face the dangers in that great fever zone.

* * *

Our missionaries in Liberia have had a four-days' Convention accompanied by much blessing and real results. There were present besides fourteen missionaries, a number of native preachers and native Christians from all the different stations. Some who had failed in the testing time because of hunger, manifested a very penitent spirit and came back to God. They announced a day for praying for the sick but it never came. God began healing the people immediately and all were well pleased. The power of God came upon the natives. Mrs. Neeley writes that it was very precious to have their hammock boys shouting and praising God as they returned over a very bad road. It was so dangerous at one place that if the foot of one of the boys had slipped they would have gone down into a deep river where many had lost

their lives. But God gave them the promise "He keepeth the feet of His saints and none of their steps shall slide." They say the promises of God never were so precious as now that they have to be made real.

There is much need of a new house at Seglika Mission where the Neeleys are stationed. They tell us that the older missionaries are concerned for them. Their station is on a high hill, and as the insects have eaten away the supports from under the house, a hard wind is likely to make them homeless. The floors are also dangerous. All of the missionaries in Liberia are much in need of prayer for bodily and temporal needs. We doubt if many on the mission fields have passed through greater trials and testings than the faithful soldiers of the cross in Liberia, but their reward will be equal to their sufferings, and they will never have cause to regret the privations they endured for the Gospel's sake.

* * *

The Annual Fall Convention of the Apostolic Faith Assembly, located at 228 King St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, will be held from December 3-12, inclusive. Special workers will be on hand to assist. For further particulars address Pastor W. E. Moody, 72 Fawcett Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

Is this the Worst Martyrdom of Christian History?

Hundreds of Thousands Perish by Turkey's Fiendish Plan to Exterminate the Armenians

Note—For some months the secular papers have been giving accounts of incredible atrocities which are being committed by the Turkish government upon the Armenian Christians. Appalling stories of torture, outrage, persecution and massacre are told by eye-witnesses. One account given officially tells how the Bishop of Sivas was shod with shoes of red-hot iron by a village blacksmith, by order of the Turks, how men of Tokat were tied together in



INCE last the violets bloomed in our American woodlands approximately five hundred thousand Armenians have been slain or deported into a fate often worse than death, by the Moslem government, simply because they are Christians. The program avowedly is to continue this holocaust of blood until all the Armenians in Turkey, numbering about a million and a half, have been exterminated.

Nero at his worst was lenient to the Christians as compared with what the Moslems of Turkey are now doing to the Armenian Christians.

So far as a careful investigation reveals, the martyrdoms under Diocletian, which were the high-water mark of persecution of Christians in the Roman Empire, were not nearly so numer-

ous as those which have been enacted within the marshy districts for massacre, how women were tied to the tails of ox-carts and exposed to hunger and rough weather until they accepted Islam or death, and how mothers were bayoneted before their own children. We give below an article by Wm. T. Ellis who has traveled extensively in Turkey and is in touch with conditions through letters, republished from The Sunday School Times:

ous as those which have been enacted within the past six months, and which are still continuing. The Duke of Alva is accused of having slain from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand Protestants in the Netherlands. During eighteen years of the Spanish Inquisition there were but one hundred and five thousand persecutions.

A new and unprecedented era of martyrdom has overtaken the Christian Church in the land which we call "Holy" because it was trodden by the blessed feet of Christ and His apostles. These are not political persecutions, but religious martyrdoms, as is seen by the fact that there is always deliverance by accepting Islam.

One's pen is palsied in the presence of the detailed facts of the incredible atrocities which are

at this very hour in process. An American, who has spent a lifetime in Turkey, wrote me in a letter received yesterday (October 7), "Take five hundred Lusitania horrors and roll them into one, and still they cannot match what is now taking place." This friend reminds me of the fact that the Armenian massacres of 1895-96, which shook civilization, cost a hundred thousand lives. The Adana massacres, in 1908, took toll of twenty-five thousand Christians. These are now eclipsed by the present harvest of death, both in extent and in refinement of cruelty.

A few lines from this friend's letter will make clear that these deaths and sufferings are true martyrdoms, the "witness" which the New Testament exalts (Acts 22:20; Rev. 2:1-13); which the early Church revered, and which led to the Crusades of the Middle Ages: "At Marsovan a school of more than one hundred girls were routed from the buildings, loaded on ox-carts, and driven eastward. At the edge of the town they were halted, and each one was asked separately if she wished to embrace Islam, and again a second time. Both times they all refused. Two heroic American women begged to be allowed to accompany these girls into exile, but were refused. . . . The last heard of these girls was their arrival at Tokat"—the scene of Henry Martyn's death.

The general plan of the Turkish government is as simple as it is fiendish. "Deportation" is the word that covers the main process. Most of the Armenian men are in the Turkish army, by process of conscription: in all other lands that insures attention and care and honor for the families left behind. Not so in Turkey. Making an excuse of the fact that some Armenians in the Caucasus joined the Russian army, the Turks are endeavoring to exterminate the whole Armenian people, who are now a church, rather than a nation.

In the days of Constantine the Great, in the early part of the fourth century, Armenia, then a nation, accepted Christianity as the state religion, under the leadership of Gregory the Illuminator. Almost continuously from that time until the present the Armenian Church has been a martyr church. Surrounded and outnumbered by the Moslems—Kurds, Turks, and Arabs—they have been the first to feel the edge of the sword of the Prophet. Now that a "holy war" has been declared by Turkey, the Armenian Christians are the nearest and easiest victims, especially since the Armenian communities are made up chiefly of women and children. It is

relatively easy to "deport" the latter from their homes.

The maps in the back of a Bible best portray the scene of the deportations. Among the spots showing the deepest stains of blood are the shores of Asia Minor, where Paul stood when he had his vision of the Macedonian call. Iconium (now called Konia), the city where he was mobbed, is a center of the present misery, as is also Caesarea, and Paul's own city of Tarsus. The region of ancient Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, is vocal with the cries of the dying and the suffering. Far-off Urfa (Ancient Edessa, just a few miles above Abraham's and Rebecca's city of Harran), which was the outpost of the Crusaders' Kingdom of Jerusalem, is a high point in the tragic narrative. It was from Edessa that King Abgar, the leper, sent a letter to Christ and had from him a promise of salvation and peace, according to an interesting legend that has come down from the early Church. Damascus and Syria and Palestine proper are sharing in the present persecutions.

Generally speaking, the route of the deportations is the same as that of the Hebrew exiles—across upper Mesopotamia and down the Tigris-Euphrates Valley to Nineveh and Babylon. For Nineveh and Babylon we substitute the names of modern cities on the same sites, Mosul and Bagdad. The woes of the ancient Jewish captives were not comparable to those of these later victims of oppression. Both deportations cover, roughly speaking, the route that Abraham followed in traveling to Canaan, but in reverse direction.

Where men have escaped conscription in the army, through paying the exemption fee or otherwise, they are summarily disposed of. In one town twelve hundred men were herded together an hour's distance away from their homes and literally hacked to pieces with axes, being denied the dignity of death by shooting. Another revealing instance shows an aged father and his sons being stood up together in a row, and all killed with the same bullet.

Most fortunate of all are those who die by swift death. The women and children meet a worse fate—disease, starvation, or slow death under fiendish brutality. A few quotations from the letters of eyewitnesses are more revealing than any comments or generalizations:

He has orders to exile the entire Armenian population of —, as they did the people of —. We know how the latter were treated, for hundreds of

them have been dragged through here on their way to the desert, whither they have been exiled. These poor exiles were mostly women, children, and old men and they were clubbed and beaten and lashed along as though they had been wild animals, and their women and girls were daily criminally outraged, both by their guards and the ruffians of every village through which they passed, as the former allowed the latter to enter the camp of the exiles at night. . . . These poor victims of their oppressors' lust and hate might better have died by the bullet in their mountain home than be dragged about the country in this way. About two thousand of them have passed through —, all more dead than alive; many hundreds have died from starvation and abuse along the roadside, and nearly all are dying of starvation, thirst, or are being kidnaped by the Anaza Arabs in the desert where they have been taken. We know how they are being treated, because our — exiles are in the same place, and one young Armenian doctor, who was there making medical examinations of soldiers for the government, has returned and told us.

Some carried picks and shovels to bury those they knew would die by the wayside. During this reign of terror notice was given that escape was easy; that any one who accepted Islam would be allowed to remain safely at home. The offices of the lawyers who recorded applications were crowded with people petitioning to become Mohammedans. Many did it for the sake of their women and children, feeling that it would be a matter of only a few weeks before relief would come.

Even the pastors and leaders could offer no word of encouragement or hope. Many began to doubt even the existence of God. Under the severe strain many individuals became demented, some of them permanently. There were also some examples of the greatest heroism and faith, and some started out on the journey courageously and calmly, saying in farewell: "Pray for us. We will not see you again in this world, but some time we will meet again."

A wealthy widow, with an eight-year-old daughter and an aged mother, tells how they set out with the third batch of exiles from their town.

I took three horses with me, loaded with provisions. My daughter had some five-lira pieces around her neck, and I carried some twenty liras and four diamond rings on my person. All else that we had was left behind. The party numbered four or five hundred persons. We had gotten only two hours away from home when bands of villagers and brigands in large numbers, with rifles, guns, axes, etc., surrounded us on the road, and robbed us of all we had. The gendarmes took my three horses and sold them to Turkish mouhadjirs, pocketing the money. They took my money and that from my daughter's neck, also all our food. After this they separated the men, one by one, and shot them all within six or seven days—every male above fifteen years old. By my side were killed two priests, one of them over ninety years of age.

These bandsmen took all the good-looking women and carried them off on their horses. Very many

women and girls were thus carried off to the mountains, among them my sister, whose one-year-old baby they threw away; a Turk picked it up and carried it off, I know not where. My mother walked until she could walk no farther, and dropped by the roadside on a mountain-top. We found on the road many of those who had been in the previous sections carried from —; some women were among the killed, with their husbands and sons. We came across some old people and little infants still alive, but in a pitiful condition, having shouted their voices away. We were not allowed to sleep at night in the villages, but lay down outside. Under cover of the night indescribable deeds were committed by the gendarmes, bandsmen, and villagers. Many of us died from hunger and strokes of apoplexy. Others were left by the roadside, too feeble to go on.

One morning we saw fifty to sixty wagons with about thirty Turkish widows, whose husbands had been killed in the war; and these were going to Constantinople. One of these women made a sign to one of the gendarmes to kill a certain Armenian whom she pointed out. The gendarmes asked her if she did not wish to kill him herself, at which she said, "Why not?" and, drawing a revolver from her pocket, shot and killed him. Each one of these Turkish hanums had five or six Armenian girls of ten or under with her. Boys the Turks never wish to take; they killed all, of whatever age. These women wanted to take my daughter, too, but she would not be separated from me. Finally we were both taken into their wagons on our promising to become Moslems. As soon as we entered the araba, they began to teach us how to be Moslems, and changed our names, calling me — and her —.

The worst and most unimaginable horrors were reserved for us at the banks of the Euphrates and in the Erzingian plain. The mutilated bodies of women, girls, and little children made everybody shudder. The bandsmen were doing all sorts of awful deeds to the women and girls that were with us, whose cries went up to heaven. At the Euphrates, the bandsmen and gendarmes threw into the river all the remaining children under fifteen years old. Those that could swim were shot down as they struggled in the water.

After seven days we reached —. Not an Armenian was left alive there. The Turkish women took my daughter and me to the bath, and there showed us many other women and girls that had accepted Islam. Between there and —, the fields and hillsides were dotted with swollen and blackened corpses that filled and fouled the air with their stench. On this road we met six women wearing the ferajde and with children in their arms. But when the gendarmes lifted their veils, they found that they were men in disguise, so they shot them. After thirty-two days' journey we reached —.

* * *

The more deeply one considers the case, the more awful it appears. It is the worst of this war's woes. Belgium's plight is comfort along-

side of the frightfulness with which this Christian people is being exterminated.

* * *

The American Government has issued a vigorous protest in Turkey, but of what avail? To intervene by force would mean to participate in the present world-war on the side of the Allies. Never have American citizens been treated so

high-handedly in Turkey as now. The project to transport Armenians to this country is admittedly impracticable. Ambassador Morgenthau, who has indeed been heaven's own "morning dew," to Christian and Jew, American and foreigner, in the Ottoman Empire, is doing heroic service: but blood-lust and bigotry have maddened the Young Turk leaders beyond reason or control.

Convicted in a Ball Room; Called to China

H. L. Lawler in the Stone Church, Oct. 17, 1915



I feel tonight I should tell you a little about our work. We have much to praise and thank God for, that He has saved us as a family to carry this blessed Gospel to the dark heathen land of China. At times I have asked God to let me come back because I thought there were others more worthy to carry the Gospel, and the Lord has had a hard time with me, but even before I was saved I realize God had His hand on me for His work.

I was raised on a farm in the state of Washington which in the early days they called the "wild west"; when the country was all prairie and dotted with Indian settlements. I was but a mere boy in those days. I grew up wild and ran away from home against my parents' wishes. They were Baptist people, but I left my home for the ball-room and led my brother and sisters in the same path. When I was twenty-two years of age, God, through mother's prayers found me in the ball-room. While I was lost in the whirl of the dance and mother upon her knees praying for her boy, God convicted me, and in a week or ten days from that time I was saved in the wood-shed, alone with God. He is no respecter of persons or places; convicted in a ball-room, saved in a wood-shed. I will never forget the day nor the hour when, twenty-two years ago I was made a new creature, and old things had passed away. I was there when it happened. A light above the noon-day sun shone in that wood-shed about the midnight hour. Oh it was real! God at that time showed me multitudes of people going to hell and laid it upon me that I should go and help rescue these dying souls. But I rebelled against God. I was nothing but a poor, ignorant boy, and had never taken a college course as I thought I ought to have done, but as I drew back God began to deal with us. I

had gotten married in the meantime and we began to prosper in a small way, but the Lord began to deal with us in order to get our hearts. My wife and two children were taken to the hospital, and one thing after another slipped away until we were stripped, penniless; I backslid from God and our property was swept away. One day a horse came running up the street. I was thrown to the ground, the horse fell upon me and nearly crushed me. Several of my ribs were broken, great gashes were cut over my eyes, and I was bruised from head to foot. They picked me up for dead. The next night in the hospital a voice out of heaven said, "Will you go now?" All was quiet, everybody asleep in the place, just this voice from heaven broke the stillness, "Will you go?" "Yes, Lord, I will go." He had to bring me down to death's door before I was willing to go. I hadn't even told my wife of my call, and this is the first time I said "Yes" to God. Jesus raised me up and healed my body marvelously, and when I went home and told my wife God began to deal with her.

The Lord prospered us again and enabled us to accumulate a little, and we decided we would sell out, if that was the will of the Lord. But not a soul came to buy, so we thought perhaps the Lord was just making us willing to go, and we settled down in our easy corner again. Several years after this, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit came in Los Angeles and the first papers that came into our hands found us hungry for God. We were walking in all the light we had up to that time; we were willing to obey God, but we felt He had closed up the way to our going to the field and were making plans to build a nice house; the architect had drawn the plans for a home, but when the Holy Spirit fell God smashed our plans. I had a good position with a wholesale dry goods firm, but as soon as we received the baptism in the Holy Spirit the

Lord said to me, "If you are ever going, it is now." And this was God's call and preparation to go forth with this blessed Gospel. I passed through Chicago on my way, and my wife and son and daughter went direct from the coast, so they were there about a year ahead of me. I was engaged in revival work here until God made it clear for me to go to China.

The Lord has blessed the work there under our ministry. It is His work. We now have five stations which we were able to open in four years; three are in the interior. One of the first stations opened is about twenty-five miles from Nanking with a dear native pastor and his wife in charge. We opened this station two years ago and God began to work and confirm His Word from the very beginning. God led us to China to minister to the body as well as to the soul, and the heathen are convinced more by seeing the signs follow than by any other way. When we went to this place they were nothing but heathen and but few had ever heard about Jesus. The first object that met our eyes was a poor man lying helpless outside of the wall. They had carried him out there to die. The Chinese are very superstitious and believe if a man dies in their midst some calamity will befall them, so this poor man lay there, nothing but skin and bone, and the few rags on his body barely covered him. We were surely moved with compassion at the sight of that poor soul in that condition, and this is only one in thousands in China. We told him about Jesus the best we could. Another brother was with me and we took him by the hand and in the name of Jesus commanded him to walk. He arose and went with us. The Chinese knowing his condition just swarmed about us to see what had taken place.

We found here an old building that hadn't been used for years and began to get it ready for a station, and while our native pastor was cleaning it out, a centipede fell from the ceiling and fastened itself upon the arm of a child playing in the room. The blood ran from the arm of the child, the centipede's bite you know is very poisonous, but the native pastor and his brother fell on their knees and rebuked the poison and the child ran home as though nothing had happened. So the Lord began to work from the very beginning. The next day they came in. We didn't have any seats, but we made a little platform about a foot high out of bricks and mud. I said, "Oh Lord, what shall I tell this people?" They could neither read nor write. I could not speak the language, but

through an interpreter I told them that Jesus was just the same today, and that was the first message God enabled me to deliver. The Lord healed a number of people and the news spread, so that they began to come for healing for miles around. We then returned to Shanghai, leaving in charge our native pastor and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Yang, who were kept busy almost night and day. Two were carried in on cots; one had been afflicted for seven years and in answer to prayer God healed that poor soul, and she went away walking. We didn't have to preach long sermons to those poor souls who could neither read nor write, but demonstrated to them that we have a living God. This is the Gospel that I believe should be preached to the heathen, and if it had been carried many years ago, the most of the heathen lands would have been evangelized before this.

Later, Brother Simpson went with another of our native workers to the same place, Singchih, near Nanking. A number had been saved there and baptized in water and were just ready to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit so I asked Brother Simpson to go there, and fourteen received the baptism in the Spirit. From here they went to Nanking and opened another station. The native pastor and his wife have taken in the poor girls at this place and are teaching them the Bible and how to read and write; also industrial work, and many of them have been saved.

Since we have come home, the Lord has enabled us to open up a station in Yuh-Shan, the first Pentecostal work in Kiang Si province. In Shanghai we have a home and orphanage work, and in Woo-sung, just a few miles out, we have a blessed work. Our dear Brother Dalstein has opened a station in the old native city of Shanghai. The missionaries have been going through some testing places in China but God has blessed the work, and we believe He has sent us home at this time to bring before you the needs of our orphanage work. If you could see our cramped quarters and how much we need a larger place to take in these helpless, dying children, you would understand the burden that is on our hearts. If you could see our Chinese quarters you would surely realize we need a better place in which to live. Many of the missionaries on the field have laid down their lives too soon. The Boards have found by experience that buildings are cheaper than missionaries. It is sad and deploring that after missionaries learn the language and come to a place of usefulness they lay down their lives because they are improperly housed, but this

is too often the case. Oh beloved, if you could see the whitened harvest fields and how the dear Chinese are hungry for the bread of life and so few to carry it to them, you would pray more that laborers might be sent forth. We cannot say, "There are yet four months and then cometh the harvest." When the harvest is ripe and you wait four months before you gather it, what happens? It falls to the ground and is lost. Surely the grain is ripe today, but the laborers are few, and it is not gathered.

We are much handicapped by not having a suitable home for our orphans. Inside the city of Shanghai there are certain laws which govern public institutions concerning disease, etc., but outside the city limits we would be free from that law. So if we had a piece of ground from three to five acres to put up a building,

we believe we could make the work largely self-supporting. We feel God has a place for us somewhere, and we want you to join us in prayer that He may enable us to take in the poor homeless, suffering and dying ones and train them for God. He has laid this work on our hearts and given us consecrated helpers. Brother Herman Mader and Brother George Slager and Mrs. Slager are in charge of the work during our absence and God is blessing them.

We have seen the power of God coming upon the people in China in a mighty way. In three weeks in Shanghai over twenty have received the baptism in the Holy Ghost, and Brother Steinberg writes us that in Shansi province seven Scandinavian missionaries have received the outpouring of the Spirit as on the day of Pentecost. Pray for the work in China.

The Power of God to Heal in China

Mrs. H. L. Lawler



I WANT to praise God tonight for this opportunity He has given us of meeting you dear ones at the Stone Church. There has been such a longing in my soul since I have read the paper and heard about the working of the Lord in this place, to have the privilege of meeting you face to face. As I think how precious this has been my mind carries me on to think of our meeting with Jesus and the dear saints of all the ages. Just as we look into your faces we look into His. The faith walks are all going to be finished, the toils and the battles are going to be ended, and we are going to behold our King face to face and tell the story saved by grace. Then we will sing the song the angels cannot sing because we have been redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb. We have everything to look forward to and nothing to turn us backward. But we will not only have an opportunity of meeting our blessed Lord and each other, but they will be coming up there from China and from India; from Africa and from Japan, and the Islands of the Sea.

I praise God for what my eyes have seen and my ears heard of the working of God in the few years that I have been in China. It is truly wonderful to see God working in the lives of the dear people there. He works the same in China as He does in the homeland. When God turns on His searchlight the dear Chinese line up. I praise God for a full salvation that cleans up the lives of people and helps them to go to those whom they have wronged. That is what is telling in China. When the Chinese

see their own people coming to them and saying, "I stole this from you and want to restore it," or "I lied to you and did those awful things, but Jesus saved me and I am a changed man; I have been born again and ask you to forgive me," that makes them think there is something in their religion worth having. Praise God, He does the work if we lift up Jesus. Let us lift Him up in His purity, in His lowliness, and His loveliness. I know of Chinese who had worked for large business firms; one had worked for many years on one of the large business streets of the city. He had been a church member for a good many years; said he was a Christian in good standing, and when he heard this precious Gospel preached the Holy Spirit turned on the searchlight and convicted him of things in his life. He said he had stolen from the man for whom he had worked and we went with him to see the business man. He confessed he had stolen from him and asked his forgiveness, and today that man is filled with the Holy Ghost and preaches this precious Gospel to his own people. He knows how to tell others of the way because he took it himself. This is the man whom God is using up near Nanking. Their little country home is filled with the sick as they seek to be prayed for. God let them stay in our home long enough to learn about the real life of faith, how He could heal the sick bodies, fill the empty rice-box, and clothe the naked bodies. As he gave up his work in Shanghai and stepped out in faith to preach the Gospel to his own people he knew God would hear and answer prayer. At the time he was in our

home I was taken with typhoid pneumonia. Three different times my spirit left the body. Different ones had come in and wanted me to take some remedy but I said, "This body is in China for the glory of God and if He doesn't see fit to heal me He will take me home to glory, but I will trust Him." One night while death was on me and it seemed I would soon be at home the dear Chinese and our own people gathered into the room, rebuked death and laid hold on God; and this body that was hardly able to turn was raised to a sitting position, and from that moment I began to amend. Do you think I do not believe God for the body? I am a miracle of the healing power of God. Every summer I was in China I was taken down to death's door, but every time the Lord delivered me, although every time my affliction was different.

Into our home come these little orphan children. One dear little fellow came to us who had had famine fever two or three times. He walked with his hands on his knees; could not straighten himself; had a curve in the middle of his spine and the lady physician who sent him said she was sure he was going into spinal meningitis. We took him to the Lord and God touched little Silas' body and today he is just as strong as you and I.

These little ones are a living testimony for God, and when they get sick they do not think about a doctor or medicine because we have taught them to trust the Lord. And they pray for themselves. Just a short time before coming home, while I was sick with malaria, we heard the children stamping the floor and rebuking the devil; the little boys had gathered around the body of one of the boys who had a painful ankle and could not sleep. They got the victory and the pain left little James' ankle. I praise God that when the Lord led us to

China He led us to go with a Gospel for body and soul. What a sad thing to go into the heathen lands and tell the Chinese that Jesus has all power, that He can save their sin-sick souls, and then when they get sick have them turn to a doctor.

One day we were called into a mission to pray for a sick and blind man, and as we opened the door and went in where the man was lying I almost stepped back. I said to myself, "How can I ever lay hands on such a creature." I hadn't been in China very long then and was not used to such sights. He was a mass of sores on his head and feet and they said his entire body was so covered. He was totally blind because of this disease, but he had called and God told us what to do. We asked him to go to the altar and we laid hands on him and anointed him, and when we got up from our knees he could see the white apron. He didn't see fully at that time, but it was only a short time after that in from the court came this man who had been blind and so diseased, perfectly well in eyes and body. Oh, our God is real! I am here to tell you He can heal. He said in His Word, "These signs shall follow them that believe . . . they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

But we do need your prayers when we are in China. The powers of darkness seem to settle down in a way that is not known here. The walls loom up on every side, but the heavens can always be clear and we often felt the prayers of the saints in the homeland. A sister wrote me, "Do you know a certain time I was awakened in the night with a burden for you. I saw you treading a rough road but you had victory in your soul." It doesn't take long to get connection with God when we are in need. Remember us, dear ones, that we may just keep low and humble at His blessed feet, for Him to use in His own precious way.

The Lamb's Wife

Pastor A. L. Fraser in the Stone Church, Nov. 20, 1914
Genesis 24



IT IS a very valuable adjunct to the understanding of the Scriptures to have some knowledge of Eastern life, and I find in connection with this narrative that I am better able to understand it because of a residence in China. It was one of the ancient customs of the East for a woman to address her husband as lord. I do not know whether in these days of equal suffrage it would be quite safe to ad-

vance such a proposition that woman should resume this ancient custom and address her husband as lord, but at any rate it used to be the custom, and is still maintained in some lands. No matter how many wives there may be, the first wife, the primary wife, always seems to keep the first place in the family life. You know that a man's wives are limited in number, according to the wealth he possesses, and no matter if the first wife has no children, if any of the secondary wives have chil-

dren these are reckoned as the children of the first wife. We find all of the wives calling the husband lord, but there is a very special sense in which the *first* wife calls the husband lord. In connection with the announcement to Saran of the fact that she would give birth to a son, we find her saying to Abraham, "Shall I have pleasure, my lord, being old also?" The point I want to bring out here is this: there may be those in the household who call the husband "lord," but there is one person in the household who calls the husband "lord" in a very special sense. This same truth applies to us. There are various ways of saying Lord, but the Scriptures teach us that there is only one way of saying Lord, which will be acceptable to Jesus Christ, and that is when it is said in and through the power of the Holy Ghost.

There will be many surprises, I believe, at the coming of the Lord Jesus, and one of the greatest of these surprises will be when we come to our senses and find that some of our dearest friends have taken their departure in a most mysterious way. You know the Lord is coming as a thief in the night, coming to steal away his priceless jewel out of the world. He will not come with ostentation; He will not come announcing His approach to the world at large, but He will come suddenly in the darkest hour of midnight and steal away His Bride. I fear that many of you dear people will wake up some morning and find one or another of your precious ones gone. A wife will wake up in the night and reach over to put her hand on her husband, only to find there is no husband there. She will say to herself, "Where has John gone?" John has gone sure enough! Some of you dear ones will be about the duties of every day life. You will turn to speak to your companion, but will get no response. "Where has she gone?" She has gone up. "Two men shall be in the field. The one shall be taken, the other left." "Two women shall be grinding at the mill." One, perchance, will turn her head for a moment, and asking a question but getting no response will turn to find that the companion by her side has vanished. Where has she gone? Somewhere, but only the "missing one" knows anything about it. And one of the greatest surprises will come to Christian hearts right here in this audience tonight. I can fancy as we begin the ascent up the golden stairways verging to the throne of our God, we shall turn around in surprise and ask, "You here? I never thought you would be in the Bride." "I am here, praise the Lord! I didn't expect to find

you here either." I feel tonight that I dare not dogmatize about who shall be in the Bride of Jesus Christ. In spite of the fact that men, and women too, have felt called in these days to the special mission of gathering together the Bride of Jesus Christ, I believe that position has been pre-empted. It has already been given to the blessed Holy Spirit, and you are not wanted on the job. The Holy Spirit has the task of assembling those who shall form the Bride of Jesus Christ, and I would not dare to say that you must be this or that; or that you must go through such an experience as I may have had, or you won't be in the Bride. I know this, that there must be conformity to Christ; I know there must be the righteous life; I know that there must be real purity of heart, there must be true holiness in the life, but as for some of the experiences, well I do not know. If you are in the way and meeting God's condition then doubtless you will get all that it is possible for you to get, and all that God wants you to have, and you may rest perfectly secure in knowing that you will not be left out. Some of us who think we are going through will be left. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Not saying, but doing, unless you can say in the Holy Ghost and do too. "For many in that day shall say, Lord, Lord, have we not done wonders in thy name? Haven't we in thy name cast out devils? Haven't we done many wonderful works? Surely you have made a mistake, Lord. We belong to you." Then shall He say unto them, "I never knew you. Depart from me ye that work iniquity." What? casting out devils, working iniquity? Yes, if it is not done by the power of the Holy Ghost. Is 'doing many marvelous things' a work of iniquity? Yes, if it is not done by the power of the Holy Ghost. So I find that we have to learn the lesson of how to say Lord in the right way, and the only acceptable way is to learn to say it as the Holy Ghost teaches it to us. "No man can call me Lord except by the Holy Ghost."

But there are certain things that may be predicated of those whom the Lord will surely have in His Bride. I fancy no one will challenge the statement that those seven-fold overcomers spoken of in Revelation will surely be in the Bride of Jesus Christ, and I have no hesitancy in saying that those who shall stand before the throne having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, shall be part of that glorious company which Jesus Christ shall own as His own true Bride.

In this chapter which we read tonight, which speaks of the servant of Abraham going out to find a bride for Isaac, we have in very clear type the sending of the Holy Spirit to prepare and to bring home the Bride for God's Isaac, the Blessed Ishi, Jesus, Lover of our souls. I would call your attention to the fact that this man, Eliezer is not mentioned by name in all this narrative. He is simply "the servant," and it is only by other references that we are able to state positively that this chief servant of Abraham's household was Eliezer. As the servant, the go-between, the ambassador, he must not stand before the footlights, he must not occupy the chief place. He was there not to press his own claims but to press home the claims of Isaac.

And so the Holy Spirit in coming to us does not speak of Himself but acts as the servant, the agent of the Trinity. He shall speak of Jesus, for after all, Jesus must occupy the entire vision. He must be first and foremost in all our thought and our affection. I need hardly go into details of the narrative except for illustrative purposes, but I want to tell you that God's Eliezer, the blessed Holy Spirit in these last days is preparing a Bride for the Lord Jesus Christ. We see that as Eliezer went out to seek a bride for Isaac, there were certain characteristics which he demanded on the part of the bride, and the first of these, according to the narrative is that she must be a willing bride, manifesting a readiness, yea even an anxiety to be espoused to the bridegroom or her soul. Once I attended a Chinese wedding. There we have them in the middle of the night. I had to get there by three o'clock in the morning, but the bride was long delayed in her coming, and we inquired why she was tarrying so long. We were informed that when they reached the house she was hidden away and the friends had to find her. Now that didn't indicate any unwillingness on her part to become the wife of the man, but it was the custom that she should hide away and make a show of unwillingness. But blessed be God! the Bride of Christ must not hide away. She must be a willing Bride. No coercion needed, but a perfect, spontaneous willingness on her part. The first characteristic then, is a perfect yieldedness, a readiness, a whole-souled ambition to be brought into this blessed relationship. The Lord doesn't want you in His Bride if you are not perfectly willing.

As a second characteristic, the bride of Isaac and similarly the Bride of Jesus Christ, must be a humble bride. As Eliezer approached the

place where he expected to find the girl he made a compact with the Lord. It was to the effect that the girl of whom he should ask a drink should give it to him willingly, and at the same time volunteer to water the camels. And as Rebecca came out in the evening to draw water, he said to her, "Let me I pray thee drink a little water of thy pitcher." Then as he satisfied his thirst, she said unto him, "Would you like me to draw water also for your camels?" She was a very humble bride. I don't know whether our young women in these days would even venture to give you a drink of water, far less to water the camels. They don't seem to be cast in the same mold. But there was real humility on the part of Rebecca. If you know anything about a camel's capacity for water you would know that the task she undertook was no easy matter. The camel can go for days and days over the sandy stretches of the desert without a drop of water, but when he gets a chance to quench his thirst, my how he drinks! He drinks and drinks until you are afraid the well is going dry. And so Rebecca drew, not for one camel but for ten camels, and it was no easy task, I assure you. But mark you! after she had gotten through, Eliezer draws out of his treasure-box a reward for the kindness and he puts a jewel upon her, and then he draws out something more, and upon those same hands that had drawn the water for ten camels he places bracelets of ten shekels weight of gold, a shekel for every camel, and she was well paid for her trouble. Blessed be God, there is need of genuine humility on the part of the real Bride of Christ. But humiliation is not humility. A great many of us make that mistake, but the real humility is that of Jesus Christ which comes in abasing oneself and subjecting oneself before anybody has a chance to take advantage of an occasion for humbling us.

A further characteristic of the bride of Isaac, and of Christ, is that she shall be a pure and beautiful bride, espoused to one husband. Not with one hand reaching out to the bridegroom and with the other trying to drag the things of the world after her. The Bride of Christ must have both hands in His, a total separation from the things of the world, complete divorce from nominal Christianity. I tell you, beloved, there is need in these days of the Lord's bride practicing wrist action and cutting loose from things of earth, that she may put both hands in the hands of Jesus. Oh there is need of hewing to the line and of a deeper separation between the world and the bride of Jesus in order to reach that blessed experience.

The Bride of Jesus Christ must be an obedient bride. Rebecca didn't question what the man told her. She believed and acted just in accordance with what he told her to do. Oh that God would get us to the place where we would stop talking about obedience and be really obedient! Oh that we might get to the place where we would stop our sacrificing and yield to God the obedience of the heart, which is far more acceptable in His sight than any sacrifice we can offer!

The Bride of Jesus Christ must be a slain Bride. Slain? Yes, because the slain Lamb demands a slain Bride. Bread corn is bruised but out of the bruising comes life. We are too much concerned about the bruising without being conscious of the after experience, of the up-springing life and joy that comes as a result of the bruising. Many of us in the Pentecostal experience have had the privilege of answering the same questions as those which were put to James and John, the Sons of Thunder. "Art thou able to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" We said, "Yes, Lord." "Canst thou drink the cup?" Then as the immensity of the thing began to dawn upon us, we haven't answered quite so hastily. What the drinking of the cup might mean and what the baptism might mean, began to appear as perhaps something more than we could endure, but oh, beloved, when we have yielded to God and said in very earnest, "Yes, I will drink the cup, I will receive the baptism," then we have found afterwards that all the "thunder" has been taken out of us. After we have drunk the cup of suffering and gone through the baptism that Christ was baptized with, we have come out with the sweetness of the Lord Jesus Himself. He demands a slain Bride because she has to sit on the throne with the slain Lamb.

Another characteristic of the Bride is that she is an expectant Bride. Her absent Lord has promised to return for her very soon, and she is waiting for Him, expecting Him every day. You know how it is with the brides of earth. The time drags heavily, and the bridegroom in order to beguile the time sends the bride some presents, and sure enough our blessed *Ishi* has not let us without gifts. Even as Eliezer gave to Rebecca gifts of silver and of gold and raiment, so has our precious *Ishi* given to His Bride gifts of silver and of gold with which she is to bedeck herself against the day of His coming. He has provided for her a most beautiful necklace. Did you know it? A beautiful necklace for the Bride of Jesus Christ. I find one

of the stones in that necklace is the white stone of Love. Yes, no one knows quite so well as the Bride what that stone means. Her whole heart is expressed in it, and her heart goes out with longing, day after day, for the return of her blessed Lord. Then I find another stone called Separation. Hour by hour that stone speaks to her of letting go the things of earth; in fact letting everything go, good, bad and indifferent, that she may be wholly yielded up to her blessed Bridegroom. And there is another stone called Work. She is not idle while she is waiting, but oh the ear is open for the sounding of His footfall, for He may come at any moment. But when He does come she doesn't want Him to find her sitting with folded hands, but busy and getting ready; doing all the good she can against the day of his return. Then there is another beautiful stone called Worship. Oh how her heart goes out in worship to the One whom, not having seen she loves! The spirit of worship has been begotten in her heart by the story that the Man told her of Isaac. Stone after stone appears, and all these stones are beautifully linked together by links of gold, the links of precious unity which bind together as one the body of Christ.

Furthermore, this beautiful necklace has a pendant attached to it, and that pendant is faith. "That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perishes, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." The Bridegroom is continually sending to the Bride articles of preparation and personal adornment, and while she is waiting she is putting in the stitches, little by little. She is getting the garment ready. "The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needle-work." Are you putting in the stitches, dear ones? This is the garment which no other person can work out for you. You must get your garment ready yourself. How is it getting on? He will not come until the bridal trousseau is ready. Will it be long? May God help us to hasten our preparation.

Another characteristic is that this bride of Isaac and the Bride of Jesus Christ must be a discerning bride. "How about it, Rebecca? Wilt thou go with this man?" was the question she met. She felt instinctively that she could trust the man. "Oh, don't take her away from us yet," pleaded the brother and mother. "Let her remain a few days longer." "I must hasten

back," replied Eliezer. "Here comes Rebecca. We will leave it to her." "How about it, Rebecca? Wilt thou go with this man?" And she said, "I will go. Somehow I can trust this man. I discern his spirit and I know he will not lead me astray. I will go with him. You asked me why I should go with him? Because he will bring me to the man I love. I haven't seen Isaac, but Eliezer has been telling me such wonderful stories of him and I believe every one of them, and so my heart goes out to him." You know bridegrooms and brides have a special language of their own. They have a private code, and so has the Bride of Christ. While the days of separation are still with them, she holds sweet and blessed communion with her absent lover. She didn't know the language. Isaac was a long way off and he spoke another language but that was no barrier to her. What did the Lord mean when he said: "New tongues;" "unknown tongues?" We have been stumbling over that language because we didn't understand. I have a feeling that some of the new languages are not tongues of earth at all but heavenly tongues, and with this precious gift of His He is now getting us ready. Rebecca didn't find any fault with the language. She knew her bridegroom would understand the language of her heart, and so she said, "I will go with the man," and they started off. Do you know how they traveled? The very camels that Rebecca watered were the camels that brought her to Isaac. Up hill and down dale, up hill and down dale, and once in a while she urged her camel up to the camel of Eliezer and said, "Tell me something more about Isaac," and so the time was beguiled. But at last she got very tired of the trip. "How much further is it? I do wish this were the last day." "It is just a little further," Eliezer spoke encouragingly, and on they journeyed on the backs of the camels. Do you know how to bring these things that rub and grind upon you day by day into subjection? and by harnessing them let them be your camels for bringing you into captivity to Jesus Christ? As much as the heart of Rebecca yearned for Isaac, Isaac's heart was just as full of yearning, and one night he felt he could stand it no longer. Full of unrest he walked about absorbed in meditation: the margin says he was praying. I suppose he was praying for Rebecca to come. He was just as anxious to see Rebecca as Rebecca was to see him. Don't you think Jesus Christ is just as anxious to see His Bride as we are to see our Bridegroom? Oh yes, beloved, and it is we who are holding Him

back. He says He will come when we have accomplished that which He has put into our hands to do. It is we who are postponing that great day.

And so Isaac went out by the well Lahai-roi. Do you know what Lahai-roi means? "To the living is sight." Spiritual vision. Isaac must have had unusual vision, scanning the horizon just as the sun was going down. It was the evening time. Oh yes, it is the evening time now. The day is far spent. Isaac saw a speck on the horizon, and as he watched, it grew larger. Another came into view. "Oh glory! the camels are coming. That must be Rebecca." And then as the cavalcade drew nearer, Rebecca with shaded eyes caught sight of someone. "That must be Isaac way down yonder on the plain. Who is that Eliezer?" "That is Isaac." Then what did she do? When she saw Isaac she lighted off the camel. The camel is an unclean beast, typical of much that surrounds us. When we see our Isaac, we leave everything that is unclean. When we see the Bridegroom of our souls everything else has to go, and we come down from our point of vantage, down on our faces before Him, for that is the only fit place for us. They came nearer still; the lovers met and Isaac took Rebecca by the hand and led her into his mother Sarah's tent.

The meeting in the air is going to take place very, very soon, and the Lord Jesus Christ is coming to the nether heavens for His Bride. This is so beautifully portrayed in the Song of Solomon, "My beloved spake and said unto me, Rise up my love, my fair one and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." There in that wonderful aerial chariot prepared for the Bride they will sweep up together to participate in the marriage supper of the Lamb. He will draw her aside, I fancy, and put a ring on her finger. As she looks at that ring she sees there a white stone with her own name engraved upon the stone, I presume her pet name, the name that Isaac has for Rebecca, and together they sit down in complete happiness to the marriage supper long in preparation.

Then comes the time when the Bride, the Lamb's wife, takes her place on the throne with her blessed *Ishi*. He stands there the Son of God not with His head up in the air, but *still* the slain Lamb, humility and meekness still adorning His brow. The Bride begins to sing her song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain

to receive power, and riches, and honor, and glory, and blessing. She lays emphasis on that "art" "Thou art worthy," but He stands there still. He wants the slain Bride to have the honor. "I died for the whole world," He says, "but these have died for me," and so together, the slain Bride and the slain Lamb sit down upon the throne.

He is the Bridegroom, however, only to such as want Him. Does that anticipation fill your heart tonight? Do you want Jesus as the Bride-

groom of your soul? Are you getting your garments ready? Are you leaving everything behind and praying and longing and yearning with your whole heart for the return of the Lord Jesus Christ? Oh beloved, He is coming *very* soon. "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city," Eliezer could say, "I being in the way, the Lord led me." So will the Lord guide all who will pay the price and yield to the *induction* of the Holy Ghost.

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