



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

Nothing Can Hinder a Revival in the Church That Prays

"According to the Power That Worketh in Us."

F. F. Bosworth, Dallas, Texas, in The Stone Church, November 16, 1915.



JESUS taught "that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Two things remember: first, "Always to pray," and second, "Not to faint," or as Weymouth translates it, "Never lose heart." This means that Christians should never be without a definite petition before the throne of God, with their minds fully made up to get the answer. The chief ingredient in real prayer is the *purpose* to get the answer. Jesus said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven." The main thing that we are to agree on, is that we will not stop praying until we *know* we have the answer. The mere asking without importunity, without a purpose to get the answer, is not what the Bible constitutes prayer. Some people do not believe God will hear prayer at all; others think once in a great while He will, but let me say, friends, He *always* answers real prayer, for Jesus said, "*everyone that asketh receiveth.*"

When men and women are yielded to God so that they can pray acceptably, they always receive the answer unless they "*faint*" or "*lose heart.*" There is only one thing that hinders anyone from praying acceptably to God and that is his own stubborn will; so I repeat, everyone who *really* asks receives. There are comparatively few in our day who have learned to pray "through." Nearly everyone goes through a daily routine of prayer, but there is just a straggler here and there who asks with his mind made up to prevail with God for the answer, and it is not real prayer until he is thus determined. If it is right to pray for a revival, then it is wrong to stop praying until we know we are heard. If we undertake to pray for a thing then we ought either to follow it up until we get the answer or withdraw the petition. There are thousands of God's children who have had their sins forgiven, their hearts have been purified through the blood of Christ, and they would not do wrong for anything, but out of this multitude there is only one here and there that is definitely by prayer undertaking any project for God and the salvation of souls. They hope for it; they want it; they go through the form of asking for it in family prayer, but do not "stir themselves up to take hold of God" and see the thing

brought to pass. Elijah did, Jacob did, Daniel did, the one hundred and twenty did, some today do, and we *all* should. Among the one hundred and twenty in the upper room there wasn't even one but what was absolutely a unit in importunity. Without a single exception they prayed until they were perfectly adjusted and in tune with God, and when that is done the devil has to take a back seat. When God's people unite in prayer with perfect hearts it matters not how strongly the devil may entrench himself, his strongholds can be pulled down. We are living in a day when to us the manifestations of God's power seem wonderful, but the revivals and the power of God we see are small compared to what God wants us to see.

He wants us as a church to unite in prayer until God is able so to display His power as to make every one know that He is with us. Even away back in Egypt when God had men of faith, He showed Himself, His power and His strength until there wasn't a boy or girl in all Egypt but knew that God was on hand.

I met a minister and his wife in Oakland, California, the other day who said: "We prayed for a revival, but of course you know we never receive as much as we ask for." I said to them: "No, I don't know any such thing, but I *do* know that the very opposite of what you say is true, and that the answer is always far beyond our petition *provided* the power of God is sufficiently working in us while we pray." I have proven this to be true. By reading Ephesians 3: 20 we see that Paul had discovered this wonderful fact. He wrote: "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, *ACCORDING to the power that worketh in us, etc.*" Because of the lack of this power working within most Christians today, they are not getting anywhere near as much as they ask for in their daily routine of prayer. But where the condition of this text is met, the very opposite of this will be true and the answer will always exceed the petition, and will surprise the one who made it.

What is this power working within us? I answer, it is the Holy Spirit making intercessions through the saints with groanings that cannot be uttered—far beyond our knowledge of what to pray for, asking for a thousand details of which we are not even capable of thinking.

And God who "knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit" answers *according* to the power that worketh in us. And when we, as individuals, or as a church, see the answer we will say in astonishment, "My, this is exceeding abundantly *above* all that we asked or even thought of!" God is abundantly able, and just as willing, to do this. But how? "*According* to the power that worketh in us." Never beyond it. God's activity among the unsaved in convicting them of sin and bringing them to salvation will never exceed "the power that worketh in us."

In the process of praying through for a revival, and praying down the atmosphere that makes a *real* revival possible, where there is a purpose of heart in the matter, the Holy Spirit will energize and empower us to prevail and He Himself will make intercessions with groanings we cannot utter in words; and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit will be in exact proportion to the power of the Holy Spirit praying through us.

This is simply God's law for revivals and this law is just as workable and as dependable as the law of gravitation. Any church can take advantage of this wonderful law and have a continuous revival the year around. We absolutely know what will happen when God's people really unite in asking for a revival. If the one hundred and twenty *before* they received the Holy Ghost, could "All continue with one accord in prayer" until they all prayed through, surely we can *after* we have received the baptism. And if we *don't* or *won't*, what kind of a baptism have we? The early Christians prayed down an answer from God that has been an object lesson to all future generations, and they were consecrated enough to undertake this before they received the Holy Ghost. The entire assembly absolutely uniting in prayer with unbending purpose of heart, was the secret of the wonderful power and success of the first church in Jerusalem. Even the three thousand added to the church on the day of Pentecost "continued steadfastly . . . in prayer," and "great grace was upon them all." When God can find a church in these last days, that will return to the methods of the first church and all draw close enough to God to receive the spirit of prayer, He will send an outpouring of the Spirit the like of which has not been seen in our day, and the report of which will inspire the faith of the saints the world over to prevail for a similar outpouring. This is easy, and simple and all can do it if they will. What an opportunity any church has to be a blessing to the world by stepping out and taking the lead in

this! Are you all willing to stir yourselves up to take hold of God?

Why did God give us the Holy Spirit? It was that we should remain at His disposal, adjusting ourselves to all His efforts, so that He can work in and through us continually, carrying out His plans and purposes for our lives, and especially that the Holy Spirit might make intercession through us, that God may be able to do more than *we* (without the energy of the Spirit) are capable of asking or thinking.

Let me illustrate the teaching of this text by an instance or two from the report of the Irish revival in 1859. These people in the north of Ireland had never seen a revival, and hardly knew how to pray, but they were tired of the hard labor of trying to save souls without an outpouring of the Spirit. They longed for a *Divine influence to be sent down from heaven, a breathing upon the slain that they might live*. Some of them wanted this so badly, that they agreed to pray for it. Never having seen anything of the kind many were tempted to doubt and give up, so that at one time the meeting for prayer was so far reduced in numbers that only two came together to call upon the name of the Lord. Still they continued to pray on, and by degrees the little company increased until it became "two bands." They wrestled on, *until they prevailed with God*. And *then* the power of God came down like a mighty tornado, and swept one town after another in a way almost unparalleled in history. Those who knew nothing of the prayer that preceded it, supposed that it was the sovereign power of God working without human instrumentality, but the instrumentality was the prevailing prayer I have just mentioned. Here is the statement of a country minister, rehearsing the wonders wrought among his people:

"Our corner of Christ's vineyard appeared to be very dry and barren until the beginning of June, 1859. A few weeks previous to that period I was stating publicly to the congregation that I felt greatly discouraged because I could discover scarcely any conversions as the fruit of my labors, although I often sowed in tears. But lo! in a short time I was made glad in discovering the fulfillment of that sweet promise in the 126th Psalm, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.' On the third of June the Lord visited us with a copious shower, and watered all the district round about with the effusion of the Holy Spirit. At a meeting in the burying-ground adjoining our church about two thousand people were assembled—and oh what a solemn assembly. About two hundred were stricken down in the space of a few hours; and

so far as I could learn afterward, every case terminated in real conversion. For many days subsequently some were similarly affected. Some time after, I was addressing a little Sabbath School when the entire number were seized more or less, although only eight were stricken down."

A Methodist minister tells the following narrative:

"In a large school belonging to the corporation of London, a boy was observed under deep impressions. The master seeing that the little fellow was not fit to work, called him to his side and advised him to go home and call upon the Lord in private. With him he sent an older boy who had found peace the day before. On their way they saw an empty house, and went in there to pray together. The two schoolfellows continued in prayer in the empty house till he who was weary and heavy laden felt his soul blessed with sacred peace. Rejoicing in this new and strange blessedness the little fellow said, 'I must go back and tell Mr. ——.' The boy who, a little while ago had been too sorrowful to do his work, soon entered the school with a beaming face, and going up to the master said in his simple way, 'O Mr. ——, I am so happy; I have the Lord Jesus in my heart.' Strange words in cold times! Natural words, when upon the simple and upon the young the Spirit is poured out, and they feel what is meant by 'Christ in you the hope of glory,' and utter it in the first terms that come! The attention of the whole school was attracted. Boy after boy silently slipped out of the room. After a while the master stood upon something which enabled him to look over the wall of the playground. There he saw a number of his boys ranged round the wall on their knees in earnest prayer, every one apart. The scene overcame him. Presently he turned to the pupil who had already been a comforter to one schoolfellow, and said, 'Do you think you can go and pray with these boys?' He went out and kneeling down among them, began to implore the Lord to forgive their sins, for the sake of Him who had borne them all upon the cross. Their silent grief soon broke into a bitter cry. As this reached the ears of the boys in the room, it seemed to pierce their hearts, as by one consent they cast themselves upon their knees, and began to cry for mercy.

The girls' school was above, and the cry no sooner penetrated to their room than, apparently well knowing what mourning it was, and hearing it a call to themselves, they too, fell upon their knees and wept. Strange disorder for schoolmaster and mistress to have to control! The united cry reached the adjoining streets. Every ear, prepared by the prevailing Spirit, at once interpreted it as the voice of those who look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn for Him. One and another of the neighbors came in, and at once cast themselves upon their knees and joined in the cry for mercy.

These increased and continued to increase, till first one room, then another, then a public office on the premises, in fact every available spot was filled with sinners seeking God. Clergymen of different denominations, and men of prayer, were sought, and they spent the day in pleading for the mourners; sweetest of all the toils that this earth doth witness, when men, themselves enjoying heavenly peace, labor in intercession for those who are now, as they were once, broken-hearted by sight of their sins, and striving to enter in at the straight gate in order to walk in the narrow way! Thus passed hour after hour of that memorable day. Dinner was forgotten, tea was forgotten, and it was not till eleven o'clock at night that the school premises were freed from their unexpected guests."

Mind you, this was in a new place. No one had asked or thought of these details, but they had prevailed for an outpouring of the Spirit, and when that comes it always includes a thousand details that could not be thought of beforehand. The answer was abundantly above what was asked for or thought of, but it was according to the power that had worked in the intercessors while they importuned. In this atmosphere, instead of it being hard for sinners to yield to God, it is hard for them to resist. Jesus said to Paul, "It is hard for thee to kick." We can have this power today in any church.

The following regarding the work in Coleraine is given by another minister:

"I was engaged in addressing a large group of people composed of all ages and all ranks of the community, from a portion of Scripture, when I became struck with the deep and peculiar attention which manifestly every mind and heart was lending to what I spoke. As to manner, my address was very calm; and as to matter, it consisted of plain gospel truth as it concerns man's lost condition on the one hand, and the free grace of God, as displayed in salvation on the other. I know that the addresses of my brethren were of a like character. I never saw before in any audience the same searching, earnest, riveted look fixed upon my face, as strained up to me from almost every eye in that hushed and apparently awe-struck multitude. I remember, even whilst I was speaking, asking myself, how is this? why is this? As yet, however, the people stood motionless, and perfectly silent; when, about the time at which the last speaker was closing his address, a very peculiar cry arose from out a dense group at one side of the square, and in less than ten minutes a similar cry was repeated in six or eight different groups, until in a very short time the whole multitude was divided into awe-struck assemblages around persons prostrate on the ground, or supported in the arms of relatives or friends. I hurried to the centre of one of these groups, and having first exhorted the persons standing around to

retire, and leave me to deal with the prostrate one, I stooped over him and found him to be a young man of some eighteen or twenty years, but personally unknown to me. He lay on the ground, his head supported on the knees of an elder of one of our churches. His eyes were closed; his hands were firmly clasped, and occasionally very forcibly pressed upon his chest. He was uttering incessantly a peculiar deep moan, sometimes culminating in a prolonged wailing cry. I felt his pulse and could discern nothing very peculiar about it. I said softly and quietly in his ear, 'Why do you cry so?' when he opened his eyes for an instant, and I could perceive that they had, stronger than I ever saw it before, that inward look, if I might so express it, which indicates that the mind is wholly occupied with its own images and impressions. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, high and loud, in reply to my question, 'my sins! my sins! Lord Jesus have mercy upon my poor soul! O Jesus, come! O Lord Jesus, come!'

"I endeavored to calm him for a moment, asking him to listen to me whilst I set before him some of the promises of God to perishing sinners. At first I thought that I was carrying his attention with me in what I was saying, but I soon discovered that his whole soul was filled with one idea—his guilt and his danger; for in the middle of my repetition of some promise he would burst forth with the bitter cry, 'O God, my sins! my sins!' At length I said in his ear, 'Shall I pray?' He replied in a loud voice, 'Oh, yes!' I engaged in prayer and yet I doubt whether his mind followed me beyond the first sentence or two. As I arose from prayer, six or eight persons, all at the same instant, pressed around me, crying, 'Oh come and see —— (naming such a one) and ——, and ——' until I felt for a moment bewildered, and the prayer went out from my own heart, 'God guide me!' I passed from case to case for two or three hours, as did my brethren in the ministry, until, when the night was far spent and the stricken ones began to be removed to the shelter of roofs, I turned my face homeward through one street, when I soon discovered that the work which had begun in the market square was now advancing with marvelous rapidity in the homes of the people. As I approached door after door, persons were watching for me and other ministers to bring us to deal with some poor, agonized, stricken one; and when the morning dawned and until the sun arose, I was wandering from street to street, and from house to house, on the most marvelous and solemn errand upon which I have ever been sent."

This cyclone of God's power spread over the country and lighted upon one community after another, and soon, to the surprise of the public, suddenly visited Belfast, the metropolis of the north. Both male and female were reported as being seized with religious convictions in their

own dwellings. A week later the whole community was agitated by the unusual visitation. *Every available agency was put into requisition to meet the exigency* and it became necessary for ministers to beg the co-operation of teachers in the Sabbath Schools, and other friends in attending to the *awakened*, as they themselves were even already almost worn out with work. In one church not yet visited by this spiritual gale, a Christian merchant arose to speak about the revival and "barely had he spoken ten sentences and these not remarkable for power or persuasiveness, or anything of the kind, when one and another were stricken down, crying to the Lord for mercy; and then the glory of the Lord so filled the house, that it became a literal Bochim." So glorious was the manifestation of the Spirit's presence and power that upwards of a hundred have been brought to Christ in a single service. The writer said, "Day had dawned before the last of the stricken ones had found peace, and in the calm of a summer's morning, the songs of thanksgiving were heard for miles as happy bands of rejoicing believers wended their way homewards, praising God for His mercy."

This was the result of the outpouring of the Spirit. Without this we may almost work ourselves to death and yet accomplish little. About this same time or perhaps earlier, similar outpourings were given in New England as a result of the teachings on "Prayer" by Charles G. Finney. The spirit of prayer was poured out so powerfully that many of the intercessors were obliged to stay away from the public services, being unable to restrain their feelings during the preaching. Largely as a result of this general spirit of prayer, it was estimated that for quite a season there was an average of fifty thousand conversions a week in the revival belt. As the work proceeded, in some places it gathered in nearly the whole population. In one community every adult person on both sides of a street three miles long was saved but one, and then they united in prayer until God saved that remaining one.

Finney records a day of prayer and agony of soul while he was on a sea voyage for rest, which lasted for many hours. This, a writer on the "Life of Finney," says has since resulted in the salvation of hundreds of thousands of souls. Afterwards, Finney himself said, "I have been many years witnessing the wonderful results of that day of wrestling with God." "In answer to that day's agony He has continued to give me the spirit of prayer." He said he wouldn't give this spirit of prayer for the

intellectual endowments of an archangel. Out of this day of wrestling with God, was born "Finney's Lectures on Revivals," which has been published and republished in a number of languages down to our day, and is acknowledged today as the incomparable classic on the subject of Revivals. This book has been republished during the last year by The Fleming H. Revell Co. and can now be purchased for 50 cents. I wish everybody would read it.

These and many other accounts that could be mentioned, strikingly illustrate the great fact that God is able to do "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, *according to the power that worketh in us.*" I believe that it is possible for one Christian to accomplish more by persistent prayer than whole assemblies are doing in most places. This I can prove by facts. In Finney's day, just an ordinary painter got saved, and after reading the prayer promises in the Bible, resolved to pray revivals down upon certain communities. He would pray for an outpouring of the Spirit upon a place and hold on continually until he heard from heaven, and *knew* that he had prevailed with God. Then he would write in his memorandum book, "To-day I was enabled to pray the prayer of faith for a revival at _____," and put down the date. He would continue this until he had recorded the dates upon which he was able to prevail for thirty different localities. He knew he had prayed through before he saw any of the results, and in answer to this one man's prayer down came the thirty revivals as he had them recorded in his memorandum book.

Every boy and every girl can so abide in Jesus, and have His Word so abide in them, that they can ask what they will, and Jesus says, "It shall be done." A little boy in the state of Iowa was lying on his death-bed and had only a short time to live. Revival services were in progress in the city in which he lived, and as members of the family returned from the meeting at night, he would ask them, "Was Charlie converted tonight?" "Yes," they would say, "he was converted." The next night he would ask, "Was Bob converted tonight?" and again they said, "Yes." He continued doing this until he died, and then they found a crumpled piece of paper under his pillow with the names of thirty-seven boys who had been saved during the revival through his prayers.

Let no one imagine that he has a deep, Christian experience unless he *loves to pray*. All religion is superficial unless we make God's cause our chief concern; unless we are exercised about the danger and doom of lost men,

and put forth efforts for their salvation. I would rather teach an assembly to pray than to teach them all the rest of the Bible and leave them deficient on the line of prayer. The reaction of prayer and labor for the conversion of sinners, in blessings upon our own souls, is the best preparation we can have to meet Jesus at His coming to catch us away. I have seen even Catholic girls in our meetings in Dallas, Texas, who were saved and baptized, carried by the Spirit into a power in intercession and soul travail absolutely unknown to thousands of Christians who have not yet received the Holy Ghost. This is one of the chief reasons I urge all converts to press on to receiving the baptism. In a three weeks' meeting at Bridgeport, Texas, a few months ago, I spoke to the saints in the day meetings on the subject of prayer for twenty days in succession, and it seemed as though they nearly all received the spirit of prayer. Some told me that they woke themselves up praying on their knees in bed, weeping for souls in the middle of the night. In this meeting I saw sinners so convicted that they would blush clear to the roots of their hair. One large man there, six foot four inches in height, and weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, was powerfully convicted of sin, but resisted it for several nights until he thought he had grieved away the Spirit and was lost forever. As he left the service one night, he told his friends that he was going to shoot himself, that he could not live in such a distress of mind. He thought that since there was no more chance for him to be saved he might just as well end his life, and sure enough, the next morning he put a revolver to his temple and was ready to pull the trigger when his wife and children screamed so he delayed discharging the weapon and shut himself in a room. His wife was afraid to look in, fearing that he had ended his life, and the little girl ran over to the house where I was stopping, crying and trembling, and said, "Papa is killing himself, and mother wants you and Brother Hines to come over at once." We went over and found he was holding the door-knob and would not let us into the room. I said to him, "Bob, you are highly privileged today. I wish that the Spirit was striving with every sinner in the city as He is with you." He replied, "You are certainly mistaken. I have resisted too long; there is no more chance for me and I cannot live in this state of mind." We had a hard time to make him believe that if he would yield to God his distress of mind would leave him and he would be happy. He would not yet open the door so we knelt down

and prayed, and when we had finished God had gotten through the key-hole and Bob relinquished his hold on the door-knob. We walked in, found him trembling and resisting God. We put our arms around him and urged him to yield to God, which he soon did. He was saved and became like a sweet little child, and his wife, who had been praying for several days for his conversion, did some shouting as he hugged her and praised the Lord for the peace and joy in his heart. That night when he came into the meeting he walked right up front and took his seat in the choir, and when the altar call was given he walked straight to the altar and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Oh friends, God is not only able, but just as willing to do great things when we make it possible by the prayer of faith. His willingness is as infinite as His power. He is *able* to save the worst of sinners and he is just as willing. He is *able* to send a mighty outpouring of the Spirit upon any community, and thank God, His willingness is just as great as His power, and He sends us the word, "Ask, and ye shall receive." For the sake of precious souls, let us not consent to anything short of God's will for us in this. The greatest achievement in the world is to win a man from eternal night to a life of eternal happiness. This looms up before me bigger every day. That great soul-winner, Jonathan Edwards, said, "I am bold to say, that the work of God in the conversion of one soul, considered together with the source, foundation and purchase of it, and the eternal issues coming from it, is a more glorious work of God than the creation of the whole material universe. It is spoken of in Scripture as that which shows the exceeding greatness of His power."

God the Father, who made the universe of millions of worlds, after this world by sin had forfeited eternal life, saw it to be so intrin-

ly valuable above everything else, that He stopped making worlds and got busy to work out a plan to restore this prodigal world to a state where its inhabitants could be happy forever. Nothing was too expensive for Him to pay in order to redeem us. God the Son also saw this to be the most valuable thing in the universe to be desired, and there was no amount of sacrifice and suffering could keep Him from opening the way for us to be eternally happy. What about the Holy Spirit, the third in the Trinity? Is He interested? Listen! He is called the Holy Spirit. That means that every move He makes, every whisper, every reproof, every wooing, and all His efforts in this world are *all* to the supreme end that poor sinners shall receive eternal life. What about the angels? Are they interested? Yes, thank God, they are. The Word says the angels are "*all* ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation."

If the cause of God for souls is great enough to secure the combined attention of God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit and all the angels for the past six thousand years, must it not be the greatest object of pursuit, and are we not wise in making it the supreme end of our lives during our short stay in this world? All awakened men are doing this. It is the mainspring that moves all heaven. Let us all be one with heaven in this great cause. Intercession is the mightiest force exercised in making this cause to prosper. Will we rise to our great privilege? After we have been in heaven a million years, how happy we will be to meet those who are there as a result of our faithfulness in praying for the outpouring of the Spirit during our brief sojourn in this world.

We can fill orders for "Finney's Lectures on Revivals." Price by mail 60 cts.

The Near Return of Jesus

Stanley Frodsham, 509 N. 16th St., San Jose, Calif.



HE coming of the Lord draweth nigh." So writes the Apostle James. We heard a sister give her testimony a few nights ago, and she said, "I received my baptism two years ago and I have been eagerly looking for Jesus to come ever since. It is my first thought in the morning and my last thought at night. He has not arrived yet, but I praise God He is nearer than He was two years ago."

What do we mean by the coming of the Lord?

We know one sister who was told by the Lord to put at the head of all her letters "Jesus is soon coming," and sometimes she is asked, "What do you mean by that?" It means that which Jesus told His disciples, "If I go away, I will come again and receive you unto Myself." It is the message of the two heavenly visitors at the ascension, "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner." It is the revelation Paul had when he wrote, "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the arch-

angel and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." Jude reminds us of this when he tells us, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints." And it is the last message Jesus whispered to John on the Isle of Patmos, "Surely I come quickly."

Many eminent theologians dispute this coming, saying there was a secret, but unrecorded, coming of Jesus at the destruction of Jerusalem, but John told us that every eye should see Him, and this fact would hardly be unrecorded if every eye saw Him. Others believe that the presence of the indwelling Christ within represents the return of our Lord, but Paul had this experience when he prophesied of the coming of Jesus, and he taught the converts at Rome that unless they had the Spirit of Christ they were none of His. Some say that He comes at death, but there is no Scripture for this. The Apostle does not say He comes at the death of any of the saints, but he tells us the exact time when we may expect Him, when he shows us the mystery: "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, *at the last trump*, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

Some believe that only a very special company, an exclusive few of exceptional merit, will go forth to meet the Lord, but, praise God, the Apostle Paul, writing to the saints, says, "we shall *all* be changed." In that great exodus of the Children of Israel from Egypt there were probably timid ones and brave ones, weak ones and strong ones, rich and poor, but not one of those who was sheltering under the shed blood of the slain lamb was missing. With them it was not a question of personal merit, but of the blood. And in this greater exodus, we believe that all who shelter under the precious blood of Jesus Christ will go forth to be forever with the Lord. Not a hoof left behind! The good Shepherd will not leave one lamb behind for the wolf. A brother, who had a revelation of the rapture, said that the going up of the saints looked to him like the catching away of a lump of clay colored red. He asked, "What is the meaning of that color?" The Spirit answered, "It is the Blood. Nothing else is needed, nothing less will do."

We were at an open air meeting recently, giving testimony to the soon coming of our Lord, when numbers of the crowd who heard the mes-

sage began to mock and scoff at it. Without knowing it, by their very attitude they were confirming the fact of His near return, for Peter prophesied that there should come in the last days scoffers saying, "Where is the promise of His coming?" Our God has the times and seasons in His own mind and thought, and just as there was "a due time" for the first appearing of Jesus, so there is a due time for His second coming. Just as there was a definite time for Jesus to go away fixed in the Father's calendar, and He went up on high with a multitude of captives, so there is a definite time for the Spirit to leave, and He will not go empty handed, but like the faithful Eliezer of old brought home the willing Rebecca as a bride for his master's son, so will the Holy Ghost carry home a willing bride for the Son of God. He will take her home in spite of the journey, in spite of the opposition of the enemy, and in spite of herself.

When our Lord came the first time, there were some who had the witness of His coming. Men were musing in their hearts as they went out to see the forerunner, "Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?" It was one of the signs of His coming. So today, many are musing of His coming. The old man Simeon had the witness that he would not die until he had seen the Lord's Christ, and the Father was faithful to His Word, and the old man's eyes were able to see his "salvation." There are many dear old saints today, who believe they will not see death, and that they will be amongst that company who will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. We know of more than one assembly where prophetic messages have gone forth in which the Lord has shown that some present will sleep, but some would be alive and remain until the coming of the Lord. These things are hid from the wise and prudent, but they are being revealed unto babes. We have seen children have wonderful revelations of the coming of the Lord, and clap their hands with joy as they have heard from the Spirit of God that Jesus was coming back soon. A little company of children were having a prayer-meeting in their home one night, no adults being present, when the Holy Ghost fell on a little boy of eight and he spoke in tongues and prophesied, as they did at Ephesus when the Spirit fell on them, and his message was, "Jesus is coming very, VERY soon!"

We were once in a meeting in Winnipeg, when a bigoted Jew, an under Rabbi came in, one who had persecuted the open air workers in that city not a little. During the afternoon

meeting, a man got up, and under the power of the Spirit of God, gave a message in a tongue entirely unknown to himself, but it was known to the Jew, for it was in Hebrew, and it was a message direct from God to himself. The Jew was interested and came again to the evening meeting. At the end of the meeting there was a mighty wave of Divine power, and the Jew fell to the floor, and the Spirit of God began to give him a mighty revelation of Calvary, of the Resurrection of Jesus, and of His near return, and he cried out, "Jesus is the Messiah, Jesus is the Lord! He is risen! Jesus is coming soon! Clear the way, boys! He cannot come too soon!" We hear this poor Jew is a backslider, but none who were present at that meeting could ever forget the gracious way the Lord dealt with him, and the revelation he had was a spiritual stimulus to many.

Some missionaries of the English P. M. U. were on a visit to the mission station of the Christian and Missionary Alliance at Tao-chow in China, when the Spirit of God fell on a young Chinese girl who knew not a word of English, and gave her a wonderful prophetic message in the English language concerning the near return of Jesus. At Mukti in India the Marathi girls have had similar manifestations of the Spirit's power, and similar messages. Flesh and blood are not revealing these things, but our Father which is in Heaven. He will do nothing without revealing these things to His servants, the prophets. We have heard many a wonderful message concerning the near return of Jesus, given by means of the gift of prophecy. Lift up your heads, ye poor, your redemption draweth nigh!

God's Guidance and Blessing in Difficult Fields

Miss Florence Bush, Returned Missionary, in The Stone Church, Nov. 7, 1915.



AM glad to be with you this morning. Before we went to Jerusalem I was here and told you about my call and how the Lord had said to me, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." At that time I did not realize the fulness and the depths of those words, I did not know what God meant when He said, "comfort ye my people." But when we arrived in Jerusalem I began to realize what He meant, I realized that all the Jews needed Jesus to bring the comfort into their hearts that only He can bring.

When I think of how the dear Jews go down to the wailing place and pray all to no avail, it makes my heart ache. They go there every Saturday evening after sun-down, which is their Sabbath, and weep and wail; they know they have no nation, no country and no king today

What does this mean to you? When Jesus comes, it means that His body will be taken up. We would solemnly ask those who read these lines to ask the Father, through Jesus Christ the Son, to show them by the Holy Ghost, whether they are really in the body of Christ or not. Church membership is no guarantee of translation: God does not recognize earthly church rolls. The only Church He recognizes is the Church of the firstborn, whose names are *written in heaven*.

When Jesus comes, the ready ones will be caught up to meet Him in the air. The laws of the earth have to give way; the law of gravitation will have to give way to the law of the Spirit. When He says, "Come up higher!" nothing will be able to stay the child of God. The blood of Jesus severs and separates and cuts off from all that is of the earth, and sets him free. Take the Name of Jesus and the mighty blood of Jesus with you, and all earth and hell are at your feet.

Those who are left will wail when they find the Bridegroom has come and left them behind. Oh, the wailing! "Too late! Too late! Ye cannot enter now!" The oil can be had now. Have you got the oil? Are you filled with the Spirit? He comes as a thief in the night, and you cannot buy oil in the night. Thus saith the Word: "Now is the accepted time." The world says, "There is plenty of time." What does the world know about God's plan? The Holy Ghost says, "Now!" The world thinks it knows better than God. The man who listens to the world is lost. Reader, get ready, Jesus is coming soon.

because they have gotten far away from God. They pray, oh, how they pray! but their prayers are unaccepted because they do not come to God in the name of Jesus. So many people have a strange idea of Jerusalem; they read in the Word of God of a place where people were holy but it is not holy now; the city of Jerusalem is anything but holy now because there is so much sin there, and because they have rejected the Lord Jesus Christ. The Mohammedans are far away from God and curse the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Roman Catholic religion brings no peace into their hearts and lives; it is true they help the people materially but in the long run it only hinders a real work of God in their hearts.

Many of the Roman Catholic Churches obligated themselves to pay the rent for those of

their members who cannot afford it and in this way people are persuaded to join the church for the support they get. While we cannot give them a promise of support yet we have something to give them which will satisfy their souls and give them a peace which they cannot get in that church.

How my heart rejoices to know of the wonderful way in which He is dealing with the Jews. It is true He is not dealing with them as a nation but with the individual hearts and lives just the same as with the Gentiles. Some of them are hungry to have us tell them of Jesus, the Son of God. We do much of our work in their homes. But we can get men where we cannot get women; the women are so ignorant and think that they cannot have this salvation, as it is only for the men. We tell them the very simplest story of how Jesus came into the world to save any one who would give their hearts to Him, and give them a little Testament and some of them really give their hearts to the Lord but it is very hard for women. The men think they are better than the women and this is what they pray, "Lord God, Creator of heaven and earth, I thank Thee that Thou hast not made me a woman." But God is converting them and at the beginning of the war they came in great numbers to the little mission. Many times we have started out early in the morning before sunrise and going far away to a hill have there preached the Gospel to the women. I have received many blessings in telling them the story of Jesus but it is very hard to get them to understand their sinful condition, and sometimes we have felt as though we had not done anything. Then some one would come to us and tell us that the Lord had saved them and this would give us courage for the next time; so even though we did not see any results we knew that God was working.

We worked among the men a great deal and many, many came in and heard the Gospel. Some were saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. On Saturday nights we had the mission open to the Jews and they came in and listened to the Gospel but we had our trial. Whenever God would save a soul or work in any way Satan would always get stirred up. Many men would come in and listen very attentively but before we would be able to finish telling them about Jesus, some one would throw stones into the mission and the people would run out. But through prayer God would bring them back again, when we would finish telling the story of Jesus and the Lord would confirm His Word with signs following. The women are in a small room next

to the large one as they are not permitted to be in the same room with the men, but they hear the Gospel and a few get saved. Some of our men go to the synagogues on the Sabbath mornings and speak to the people. They have even gone to the priests and told them of their experience. Some are hungry for the Word; one time as we read that passage, "But to as many as received Him to them gave He the power to become the sons of God," a number of men became convicted and came to the front to ask forgiveness of the Lord for their sins.

One after another got saved and He gave them love and joy in their hearts and lives and they are going through with God. It is true a few, after they get this experience, go back, but the majority press right on.

We love the work there so much it was hard for us to leave but when the war broke out and the soldiers came in we could not have our mission open any longer; and we were not permitted to do visitation work as we were foreigners, and so we were helpless. We cried to God, "Oh Lord, what shall we do? We cannot bear to leave this work," it seemed such a part of us, but something came into my heart that made me willing to leave Jerusalem. When I thought it would break my heart to leave, the Lord said, "Go down to Egypt." Well, we left our furniture and everything just as it was and it is there yet. We were not permitted to move anything, but God supplied our every need, praise His Name! We went down to the pier, you know they do not have any harbors such as you have here but when we got there a boy was ready to help us into the boat. They have the boat ready and as soon as a wave comes up the boy throws you into the boat. When we got into the small boat our captain said, "There is no room for you to sit down." We were very tired but as I walked up and down on that boat the presence of God was so precious to me. While God is always near us, He seems so much nearer in times of trouble and trials.

When we reached Egypt we felt such a liberty; we had to be so careful in Jerusalem but when we arrived in Egypt we felt safe. The Lord had put it into our hearts to go to Tanta but when we spoke to our Brother Doney about this he said, "You cannot go to Tanta because it is the hardest place in all Egypt; if you go there you will be stoned." But we said, "The Lord protected us in Jerusalem and surely He can do so in Tanta." So we went and opened up a mission, and as soon as we began the meetings the people began to throw stones. We called a Mohammedan policeman to guard us each night,

and as he came he listened very attentively. He became convicted, and a few nights later was gloriously saved, and is now preaching the Gospel to his own people.

The people came in great crowds and filled the room. Mother and I wanted to see souls saved. It is not enough to have them come in but we must see them saved. We told them the simple story of salvation and that if they asked God to forgive their sins He would do it, and it was precious to see them listening so attentively. We told them how to repent and make things right with their fellow men. Here also the men and women worship in separate rooms. We have two hundred and ten men and thirty women who come to the mission regularly. The very first night we held a meeting the Lord baptized one in the Holy Spirit. They do not pray one at a time, first one and then another, but all at one time and the power of God often falls. They pray and pray till they are all filled with the glory of God. When any one has been saved we tell them of the blessed Holy Spirit and that He will come to abide in their hearts, and as they seek for Him they often come through praising the Lord in other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance. They consecrate their lives anew to Jesus and we tell them that they must keep their lives clean and keep under the blood so God can continue to bless them. He does bless them and very often they bring in sinners, and as we pray with them and they cry out to the Lord, He saves them. In this way our company is increased. One man came in one night and fell under deep conviction, and when the altar call was given he rushed to it and got saved. The next night he brought a member of his family and he got saved; the following night he brought another member and thus he kept on until the whole family was in the fold of Christ. Then they all wanted something more of the Lord and they began to seek for their baptism. The Lord is meeting them in a wonderful way.

Dear friends, it is such a privilege to work for Jesus wherever He sends us. We are anxious to go back to those people who are so dear to us and will go just as soon as the Lord opens up the way. I want to leave a request with you. The prayer is on our hearts that the Lord will raise up one hundred men and women to help in this work and to preach the Gospel in Jerusalem and Egypt. Don't forget us when we leave your city but pray for our work and that God will raise up these one hundred workers. It is not too much to ask from Him. God will supply and He will support; He never fails.

Pray that the homeland will be stirred up to the great privilege of sending out workers to preach the Gospel.

* * *

Do you need a revival in your town? Then start living right. If you haven't been living right you are afraid some one will trip you up if you begin to talk about a revival. How about that little deal you made down there that won't stand the light of the Word of God? You dare not stand in the sight of God. It is the life that is going to tell; it is the life that is going to bring the power, and if you expect people to have confidence in your sermon or in your exhortation, you must live right. Hezekiah did that which was right, and then he cleaned house. He caused uncleanness to be put out of the temple. I have more than once used a muck-rake and a wheelbarrow. If you want a revival put things in their right place; call things by their right name, do what is right in the sight of the Lord.

G. F. Smith, in The Stone Church.

A series of articles which have been running in The Evangel, have been put into tract form by the author. They are entitled, "LIGHT AND TRUTH SERIES," and are as follows: 1. "Your Young Men Shall See Visions," 2. "Worship and Aspiration," 3. "Marriage and Divorce," 4. "The Lamb's Wife." Send all orders for these to the author, Pastor Andrew L. Fraser, 3748 Forest Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Notes

They Die Not With the Year

"I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more." Ps. 71:14.

* * *

Hope will not die when dies the year!
Hope lives triumphant on!
The Hope in Christ shines bright and clear,
On the fair New Year's morn:
The year may die, but from it springs
The soul of Hope, on snow-white wings.

Praise will not die as dies the year,
But rise still more and more!
Each year, as its fair days appear,
But adds unto the choir.
Each year, each month, each week, each day.
A sweet new singer comes to stay.

God will not die as dies the year!
And while God lives I hope.
Could the sad tidings reach mine ear
That God was dead, then stop
The flights of Hope and all she sings;
But while God lives, Hope still has wings.

Love will not die as dies the year!
The love of God to me
Unfrozen flows, as fresh and clear,
As full, as deep, as free,
As when I first His love beheld,
And "God is love" first lisped and spelled.

So I will yet His wonders praise,
The blood, the cross, the grace:
Will praise Him more as more I trace
The sunshine of His face.
New hope, new songs, as more and more,
Each glad New Year brings still new store.

—Sel.

THE special meetings at The Stone Church which began in November are still in progress (Dec. 5th). Brother Fred Bosworth, of Dallas, Texas, is with us and the Lord is using him, together with other workers.

God is putting the spirit of prayer upon the people, giving them visions and soul travail for the lost. One sister who prayed that she might know the value of a human soul, had a vision of Christ before Pilate. She was taken in spirit into the judgment hall and saw Him crowned with thorns, a reed put into His hand and saw the soldier spit in His face. Then the scene changed. Before her was Calvary's hill, so long it nearly reached the sky. Jesus was trudging up that hill, carrying His cross, which was so heavy He often fell beneath it. As He fell His hand would go down into the dirt, and wiping His face, dripping with perspiration with that hand, already disfigured with blood and spittal, truly "His visage was so marred, more than that of any man."

As she saw Him crushed beneath the load, she felt her heart would break and she asked that she might be spared seeing Him nailed to the cross. He veiled her eyes to that, and next she saw Him hanging there, the blood flowing from His hands, and the Spirit said to her, "No wonder the sun hid its face when Christ the Son of Man died." Then she saw Him taken down from the cross and carried away, and she became prostrated and lifeless. She felt as though she was dead a period of time equal to that when He was in the tomb. She next saw the resurrected Christ touching a woman kneeling in the garden, and the Spirit said to her, "You have seen Him die; now He is alive forevermore." With this vision there came a longing to win souls such as she had never known before.

There have been some marked healings. A woman with an inward goiter, came to a Sunday morning meeting. The doctors said it was impossible for her to undergo an operation, that it would be fatal, and that the goiter would finally choke her to death. She had also been suffering with lung trouble for three years; the physicians said she had tuberculosis. As she sought the Lord at the altar the power of God rested upon her and prostrated her. When she arose she was healed, every vestige of the goiter and the soreness in the lungs was gone. She has not had a symptom of it since.

Two blessed baptismal services have been held recently, when more than thirty believers were buried with their Lord in the baptismal waters in accordance with His command.

The opening service of the Mt. Tabor Bible Training School, Pastor Andrew L. Fraser, Principal, was held on Thursday afternoon, December 2, 1915, in the Stone Church. Classes are now in progress. The names of the instructors are, Wm. Edward Clark, Francis Barton, Mrs. M. D. Buddington, and Mrs. Wm. Edward Clark; Wm. H. Cossum, Special Lecturer, and John Olson, Musical Director. For prospectus and information, write the Principal.

* * *

There will be a Convention at the Bethel Pentecostal Assembly, Cor. 4th & Dickerson Sts., beginning Christmas night, 7:30, and continuing over Jan. 2nd. Brother Bowie of South Africa and other workers are expected. Accommodation on free-will offering plan. For information write the pastor, Wm. Pocock, 61 4th St., Newark, N. J.

Brother Earl W. Clark, Washington, D. C., writes that in answer to prayer the Lord has given them a lovely Theatre Building at 2114 14th St., N. W., for their meetings. Services will be held every night except Saturday, beginning Dec. 5th, with special speakers. Brother Clark asks prayer for these meetings.

* * *

Paul the Mexican

A hurried call over the telephone: "Pray for Paul the Mexican. An auto truck ran over him and he is badly mangled."

Some of our readers will remember Paul; he was one of the diamonds found in the mire and polished in Miss Mary Milk's mission. He found salvation through John 3:16 and changed his gun and knife for the Sword of the Spirit. At the close of one of our convention meetings in June he went into a restaurant, his soul burning with the fire of God. While sitting there he saw the Holy Spirit in the form of a Dove float down and light upon himself. He left the restaurant to give vent to the praises of God and was baptized in the Holy Spirit that same night.

The accident occurred several months later. As he lay on the street, his body torn and bleeding, his employer came along. Paul looked up to him and said, "Watch busted; little more, and Paul asleep in Jesus."

They took him up tenderly and he was carried to a hospital. A big truck weighing from ten to thirteen tons had passed over him, but his body was only crushed; not a bone was broken.

As soon as he entered the ward of the hospital in spite of his suffering a burden of prayer fell upon him for some one. The nurse asked

if he was a missionary. He replied, "I am only a sinner saved by grace."

Lying on his bed he sensed the spiritual pulse of those in the ward and knew about the condition of different souls in a little while. As the Spirit of prayer came upon him he felt a presence pass his bed, and down at the end of the ward a saint went home to God. An angelic being came to take the spirit of the departed, and when they carried out the lifeless form, Paul's burden lifted. He said, "I got through." When Miss Milk called at the office of the hospital to inquire about him they said, "You mean the religious man." He was booked without a name, only a common laborer, but they called him the "religious man" because he prayed. God made him a blessing in that hospital and healed his broken, bleeding body. Within a fortnight he was out praising God for his preservation.

* * *

Raised from the Dead

IT was in the month of December, 1913, Nora Price, a young girl, lay in the grip of death. From a child, as far back as she could remember, she had suffered from heart-trouble, and now her lungs were also seriously affected and she had frequent hemorrhages.

Early in life she had given her heart to God and in due time He called her to a special consecration of herself to His service, which she withheld. At the time of her sickness she was living in the home of the pastor of the Pentecostal Assembly, Tulsa, Oklahoma. From December 5th to 10th she was exceedingly ill, and as her condition became alarmingly worse she abandoned all hope of recovery. She was unable to pray because of the condemnation in her heart; she felt she had failed to obey God's call when it came to her. This failure and the consciousness that death was before her, fastened itself upon her, and a nameless fear overpowered her.

At 8:30 on the night of the 10th her condition was such that the wife of the pastor, Mrs. Gaston, sent for her husband and other members of the assembly, who left the meeting and hastened to the bedside of the dying girl. That the hand of death was upon her was apparent to all; the light had faded from her eyes, leaving her in total darkness, and her body was covered with a cold clammy perspiration.

The little company of thirteen steadfastly fixed their eyes on Jesus and prayed most earnestly, but in spite of their pleadings her spirit left the body and she was to all appearances dead. After assuring themselves there was no sign of life,

some of the friends departed, but the pastor and a few others remained. As they waited before the Lord they felt a real faith and the mighty power of God, take possession of them. With authority they rebuked death and commanded it to depart. Then the pastor gave orders for her to be taken out of bed, and in the name of Jesus they walked with that lifeless form up and down the room, praising God and claiming victory over death. Suddenly the mighty power of God came upon her and she walked alone, even leaping and shouting for joy. To all appearances she had

been dead thirty minutes. At 12:30, midnight, she ate a hearty supper and the next day cleaned house.

A few days after, while pondering in her heart the experience of that eventful night, she prayed that God might reveal to her just what had happened. He carried her away in Spirit and gave her unmistakable evidence that she had really died, and told her that she need not fear to tell of the miracle wrought. Her pastor, W. T. Gaston, corroborates the testimony.

Spiritual Victory a Mighty Factor in Bodily Healing

"Call Upon Me in the Day of Trouble; I Will Deliver Thee and Thou Shalt Glorify Me."

Mrs. Ellen M. Winter, Woodcock, Pa.



IN the summer of 1913 I was in So. Framingham, Mass., anxiously waiting for the meetings that were to be conducted by Mrs. M. B. Woodworth Etter, to open at Montwait Camp, one mile from this place. I was on the verge of an utter physical and nervous collapse, and resisting with all my will power from going down under it. I thought if I could but hold out until the meetings began (August 1st) there would be such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit there that I would surely be restored to health and strength for all my expectations for healing were from God. But could I hold out until then was a serious question. The burden of my weakness had become almost unbearable while a heavy pressure on my brain made me quite unable to count on myself for anything. In the midst of this pressure a hard tumor, of considerable size, appeared in my breast and increased in size and painfulness quite rapidly. Immediately the deadly fear of cancer gripped me with an iron hand. Several years before I discovered indications of this dread disease, and cried mightily to God one long night through for deliverance. He answered—"Grace and peace be unto you." By this I understood that by appropriating His grace for this need, peace would follow, *and it did*. From that time I rested in His keeping power and realized no trouble from it. But now it was on me, and seemingly in a most malignant form! I readily discerned its meaning, and its ending—in the natural—knowing there was no earthly help for me, and I had no strength or vitality to withstand the ravages of this awful disease for any length of time. It seemed as if the deadly fear that so often accompanies this Satanic disease, paralyzing faith for healing in so many of God's dear children, would crush me to death before I

could take hold of God. The powers of darkness closed me in on every side and pressed me down with a mountain's weight. In the midst of this spiritual conflict a letter came, and as I opened it a card fell out with only these words upon it, "Look to Jesus." I received this message as directly from God, for the sender knew nothing of my trouble. Surely my blessed Lord was reaching out His hand to lift me out of the depths and plant my feet upon the Rock of Ages. Then in answer to my soul's agonizing cry He gave me these foundation words with a divine emphasis—"THEY WORD IS TRUTH." I repeated these words over and over until they became a living reality to me. Then He laid upon this immovable foundation this promise of exceeding great comfort and assurance: "God is faithful Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation make a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it." And to this He added, "For the Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil." Then like a beacon light shining clear and bright in my darkened sky, He hung up this covenant-promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify Me."

Oh, the wonderful grace that reached down these four promises when one of them was strong enough to pull me through! Praise Him forever! I knew that I must get the victory, if at all, on His naked Word, so I bore my whole weight upon it. I did not dare tell my dearest friends of this last attack of Satan upon my body lest the touch of their love and sympathy should weaken my dependence upon God. I held up His promise before Him during my waking hours day and night. I ate His Word—I lived upon it.

I was not fighting this battle for my healing then, but for victory in my spirit over the prin-

cialties and powers of darkness. After a week of almost unparalleled spiritual conflict, blessed victory came as gently as the falling dew upon the tender grass. Then such a sense of the tender love and goodness of God filled my heart it seemed it would break with very love.

Was I healed? No! The disease had been increasing all the time, but the victory in my spirit far surpassed bodily healing and was a sure earnest of it. A week of triumphant rejoicing followed, in which Jesus, riding on in His conquering majesty, as set forth in the 45th Psalm, was vividly portrayed before my spiritual vision. It was so easy now to trust for my healing. Perhaps one reason why many of God's dear suffering children are not healed is because they do not *first get victory in their spirit*. The gift of Jesus to His disciples is "Authority over all the power of the enemy." (Lu. 10:19.) It is a spiritual as well as a physical conflict.

When once the forces of spiritual darkness are overcome and out of the way we can go on to claim physical victory with perfect confidence.

On the 3rd day of August Sister Etter and her co-workers, Brothers Fockler and Clark, laid hands upon me, rebuking the disease with God-given authority. The Spirit fell upon me, and for three hours I lay under His blessed power, while the holy refreshing fire that burns without hurting was consuming the very roots of the disease in my body, and "*Thy Word is Truth*," kept repeating itself over and over in my heart. Then I rose to walk in absolute newness of life, in every sense like a new creation. Even nature seemed to have taken on new light and life. My sickness gone, and the resurrection life of Christ an *actual reality*—filling my entire being.

Afterwards, Sister Etter remarked that she "pulled the cancers out by the roots." They seemed to have spread all through my chest. She also said my blood was in a dreadful condition—that I was dying on my feet. Now I felt as if every drop of blood in my veins was absolutely NEW blood.

Every vestige of cancer soon disappeared. The pressure lifted from my brain. I rapidly gained in flesh, the hue of health took the place of the deadly palor, and life—life more abundant—filled and thrilled my entire being with a sensation indescribable. I was indeed a living witness to the uttermost healing of my blessed Lord. To Him be all the glory!

On the eve of September 6th, while taking a

little rest after a strenuous day's work, I was hastily called to the room of a friend who was taken suddenly ill. We were both on the second floor of our cottage. After leaving my room I remember nothing distinctly—a vague and painful consciousness of crashing down, down somewhere in the dark—I knew not where, and that was all. In the dim light and my haste I had rushed off the open stairway, which was separated from the passage leading to her room by a thin partition only. I was found in the hall below in an unconscious state, with my head doubled under my body and my neck twisted as though it was broken. When consciousness returned I was in my room on the bed, surrounded by a company of precious saints who were praying me back to life. My first sensations were of the most excruciating agony, as though my whole body was crushed and every bone broken. A hard bunch, nearly as large as my fist had formed on my throat, which made breathing very difficult. But far worse than all this was the soul agony caused by the mockings and temptations of Satan, whose presence in all its awful majesty was overwhelmingly real. Oh, how he gloated over the short duration of my recent healing, accused me of being responsible for this deadly blow I had just received, by being out of the will of God—out from under the blood, thereby bringing the displeasure of God upon me. His violent accusations stabbed me to the heart. He declared God could never get any glory out of this, as He did from the other. Mrs. Etter and her workers were gone—no help from them, and besides my whole body was far beyond the possibility of healing; and I felt that I had received my death blow.

Down in the depths of unspeakable anguish of soul and body was this Satanic warfare waged against me, while my mind was too confused to discern that Satan was lying to me and that he was the cause of all my misery. I was not conscious of having displeased God in any way, but the thought that I *might* have so failed Him that there was no healing for me nor glory for Him, was more than I could bear. I could not speak aloud nor make my grief known to those around me, and my heart was breaking. Then from the very depths of my soul went up this silent prayer: "Oh, my God! If You only *can*, if You only *will* get some glory out of this awful thing, I will not murmur nor complain, but will bear it patiently—*yes, I will even praise you for it.*" No sooner had this cry gone up than the answer came down. The flood-

gates of heaven were opened and the Spirit was poured out in a most blessed manner—touching every one present and filling me with an ecstasy of praise, adoration and intercession mingled with tongues. This continued between two and three hours, during which time I was lifted above all consciousness of suffering into sweetest fellowship with my blessed Lord. Then and there did He get glory and honor among all those who witnessed the manifestations of His Spirit. One who had been quite sceptical regarding Divine Healing and the Baptism of the Spirit was thoroughly convinced of the reality of both by what she saw God do, and said she believed God kept her there to witness His wonder-working power. Seated with Jesus in the heavenlies I received strength to “endure as seeing Him who is invisible,” while waiting for the trial of faith, to be ended by His healing touch. For three weeks I suffered intensely with pain in my spine and the upper part of my body. I could get very little rest, for lying down greatly increased the pain. Before the accident I had

promised to go a two days’ journey to assist in Christian work in a very needy place. Believing the “yea” had been added to His promise for my healing and that the “amen” would be spoken at the right time (2 Cor. 1:20), I started. I was almost exhausted with pain and weakness when I got on board the train, and sank back in my seat—seemingly at the end of my strength and endurance, expecting to spend a night of suffering. Soon I was conscious of the presence of the Great Physician, who was pouring the “oil and wine” into my poor bruised body and taking away all the suffering. New life and rest and strength came in all the night long. The “amen unto the glory of God” was spoken even sooner than I expected. Upon reaching my destination I entered immediately into the work, and trust that I may “occupy” somewhere in His vineyard till He comes.

Unto Him “who has, so many times, redeemed my life from destruction and crowned me with loving kindness and tender mercy,” be all the praise and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

True Religion Will Tell On Itself

Edward Armstrong, Indianapolis, Ind., in The Stone Church, Oct. 17, 1915.



LET no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind, and not holding the Head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God. Wherefore if ye be dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world, why as though living in the world, are ye subject to ordinances (touch not; taste not; handle not; which all are to perish with the using), after the commandments and doctrines of men? which things have indeed a show of wisdom in will worship, and humility, and neglecting of the body; not in any honor to the satisfying of the flesh.”

True worship is to be distinguished from will worship. True worship is of the heart, will worship is of the flesh. True worship is spiritual; will worship is associated with a form of godliness divorced from spiritual power. True worship, then, presupposes a right relationship to God. Our first obligation is not in promoting a revival, as needed as revivals are, and as much as we want to see the old-time revivals, old-time conviction and old-time praying through. We must see these things but that is

not our first obligation. Our first obligation is *to know God* and worship Him as our Father. Jesus taught us to hallow the name of the Father. It is blessed to alleviate the distressed and the very poor of our cities; that is a very worthy work. James asks us how can we who have the love of God in us shut up our bowels of compassion towards those that are in need, and while that is important and one of the fruits of true religion, yet that is not our first obligation; it is one of the natural fruits of a life that is filled with God. Our first duty is *to know God and to worship Him*. Many are occupied today in knowing something *about* God. Our theological professors know a great deal *about* God but perhaps some of them do not *know* God. I'd rather know Him than to know volumes about Him. To be filled with the fulness of God, to have the real anointing of God upon the heart and life, is what I want. Then we will have a knowledge of God that will grow out of our experience.

Friends, true religion will tell on itself. You cannot have the right article but what people will find it out. You are looking forward to a revival; be sure that each one has a revival in his own heart, and when that sort of a condition prevails, those who do not know God will ask you what you have that makes you different from other people. What have you? “Oh I

have Christ, the hope of glory. He gives me victory; He gives me joy." How do you get that? "Repent and be baptized and seek the fulness of the Holy Ghost." If we have the real thing it will mean conviction upon those among whom we are thrown. Many have what I am pleased to call "go-to-meeting" religion, but that is not the right kind to have. It is very easy to praise the Lord in an atmosphere that is conducive to such praise, but out in the world where we meet the tests, where we are rubbing shoulders with the ungodly man, there is where we must let our light shine, and in our homes where there are so many tests. We have a large family of eight children, and they make it lively for us. My patience is not tried in a meeting like this. Here I have plenty of patience, but I need it at home. So that is what I mean by saying true religion will tell on itself. If you have the real thing you will find yourself able to meet all the varied tests of life. You and I have just as much of the real thing as we have ability to meet the tests of life. You have as much of true religion as you have of prayer. I have been confessing my own heart out today. I do not have as much of the spirit of prayer as I have had in other days, and when I get into that condition I seek until I get it back again, because I am not going to live on any lower plane than God wants me to live. Do you have that kind of religion that doesn't spoil at home? The spirit of true worship brings us that power, that fortitude of spirit that will keep us straight twenty-four hours of the day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Many people have a loud profession, but when it comes to possession there is quite a shrinkage. I am thinking now of a holiness man whom I knew in Marion, Indiana. The Lord was always laying odd things upon him to do, and years ago he went to a Holiness Camp Meeting. They used to have the men's side and the women's side, and one morning the women were to have a prayer-meeting and invited the men over on their side. They had placed on the stand a bouquet of flowers for the coming evangelist, and while they were in prayer the Lord said to this man, "You go up there and clip that bouquet down." He was a dry goods man and always carried a little pair of scissors with him. He drew back for an instant, but said, "Lord, if you want me to do this thing you can count on me." It bore in upon him worse than ever, so he got up while they were in prayer and began clipping the flowers one by one, until there was nothing left but stubs. The women were looking through their fingers and got up off

their knees in "holy indignation." Mind you, this was a *holiness* convention, but they were deeply indignant; "the brother had betrayed their confidence, they were so hospitable as to take him in, now see how they were insulted," and they said some things that didn't become holiness folks. They made remarks that were pointed, but the brother kept still. Several days after that they came confessing and asking him to forgive them for the feelings they had entertained toward him and the things they said, and he said, "Now sisters, you didn't know how much there was in you, and it only took the spoiling of a twenty-five cent bunch of flowers to bring out all the evil that was inside. So that is what I mean by saying you have just as much of the real thing as you have ability to meet the test. "In everything give thanks." If you have your goods spoiled, praise the Lord! Didn't Jesus say if they take your coat give them your cloak also?

Now as I said, true worship implies a knowledge of God. The Scriptures bear this out. Job, who was supposed to be a contemporary of Moses, could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Paul said, "I know *Him* whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him." (A. V.) So this is true worship, to know our Father. Jesus Christ brought the revelation; the terms are identification with Jesus Christ in His death, burial and resurrection, and then when we have come into that place it seems to me it is the most natural thing for a man to worship God. And yet I dare say there are many who go to meeting but they do not offer God the fruit of their lips, and have no victory away from a meeting. It ought not so to be. The Gospel of grace, it seems to me ought to fill any Christian with praise and adoration, the spirit of worship. Oh it means so much to be saved by grace, to be dug up out of the mire and the clay, to have a new song upon our lips, and to be made sons and daughters of the King! Now we are come to the very threshold of the time when Jesus is to put in His appearance, and soon we shall be caught away with the Lord and live in the light of His countenance forever. Why should we not worship Him now? What does it say in revelation about worship? "And I heard as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." You can go all over the country today and that which is fundamental as the occupation of heaven is not in operation at all. How can we keep from the

spirit of worship? I find myself time and again going down before the Lord, unable to say anything but "Hallelujah," and "Praise the Lord," because it is fundamental in our relationship to God. To worship Him as our Father, implies the interrelationship of Himself to all of God's true children.

Another thing that the spirit of true worship implies is the resignation of my will to the will of God, or the acceptance of the whole will of God for my life for all time. Have you ever gotten into one of those awful soul panics? I have. I cannot recommend them, but I know there is a way out, and that is by accepting the will of God for your life. Worship Him as your Father and go on as He leads. Back in the Baptist Seminary in Rochester, I got a notion one day I wasn't going to be one of those side-track preachers. I said I was going to have a good church or not any, and instantly the thing was all off between God and me. I had taken a stand that God would not accept. Our fellowship was broken; for three days and nights I tried to retain my position but it would not work. Finally I got down by my little cot and said, "Oh God, I will go where you want me to go; I will be what you want me to be," and peace instantly returned, the spirit of worship immediately returned. So I say the acceptance of the will of God in all your life is inevitably associated with the true spirit of worship. But if you want to get into one of those awful soul panics, just be a little choicy as to how you shall serve God, and where, and you will have it.

If two angels came from heaven, the one being assigned the position of ruling a nation, and the other that of sweeping the streets, if they would rather do one thing than the other, they would not be in the will of God. If the Lord should come and say, "I want you to dig ditches," I will just say, "All right, Lord." I have long since learned that my peace of mind, my contentment of soul, is in saying "Yes" to God continually, and if He should say to me this afternoon that I might decide on any plan that I like for my life, and that anything I plan He would sanction—if He should come to me with such a proposition, I would refuse it. I don't want that, because I know that God can attend to a job a great deal better than I can. He knows what is best for me, and if privation and to be cast out of the synagogue is the best thing for me, I say "Amen." Oh it is sweet to be lost in the will of God!

And when we are filled with a knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, we cannot help but live conviction upon

people. It is because people are drawing back from the whole will of God that there is not the true ring about their lives; even though they are not living in outbroken sin, even though they are not contaminated with the questionable things, yet there may be things God is asking them to yield here and there, and they are shrinking from the will of God. Hence their lives lack the true ring they otherwise would have if they would say "Yes" in all things.

The Lord has been dealing with me on this line. I took a stand not long ago that I would go where no one else wanted to go, and if it meant being dropped down into a little hamlet where there were only two people I would trust God for the support of our family under the circumstances, and stay there as long as God wanted me to, if it was clear to the end. We never take a stand like that, but what a test comes. I remember an experience like that when it seemed I was having it quite easy; there weren't as many hardships as I wanted to see, and I said, "Lord, send some hardships," but I have never prayed that way since because God truly answered my prayer. I found myself walking along the railroad track, twenty miles from home, having missed my train. I was tired after a day's labor, and the thing seemed to weigh down upon me heavily, and I said, "Lord, I have enough. Just stay Your hand." We always get as many hardships and testings and tribulations as will be for our good and His glory. If we are clay in the Potter's hand, we will never talk back. It doesn't care because it is clay. If we are clay God can throw us into the fire or over the fence. It means something to meet the tests of life, and the life we live is the strongest message that we can give forth. Emerson says, "What you are speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say." When we are completely yielded to God and His will is being wrought out in our life, folks will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus and have learned of Him, and they will want to be Christians because the sweet will of God is being done in our lives. When God's smile is upon us He will put His power in us and our influence is bound to go out for Him. It could not be otherwise.

Then there is another thing that true worship does for us. The ecstasy, the inspiration, the spiritual vision that comes to us as a result of true worship is in order to fit us for the tasks that the Lord has for us, because with these ecstatic experiences and these visions that God gives, we are equipped in such a way that we are no longer of this world though we are in it.

Then we are able to go forth on the inspiration and the power of God to do the things that He would do in us and through us, and souls shall be brought into touch with God because they have touched our lives. The yielded life is what God wants, and when He gets it He will work in that life both to will and to do of His own good pleasure. "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." Is there anyone in whom the will of God is being wrought out? Yes, multitudes, for mark you, we can be as perfect as the angels in one sense. As I heard a brother say, the angels could do no more than say "Yes" to the whole will of God all the time, and we can do the same, and that will can be wrought out in our lives as we yield to Him. Jesus came to do the will of God. How beautifully was the spirit of true worship manifested in His life when He went out on the hillside while the disciples took their rest, and worshipped God and communed with Him during the silent watches of the night. He came to *do* God's will, not merely to talk about it. There are people over the country today that are forever talking about the will of God and never getting to the place of doing it. God's ideal of a perfect life is found in His estimate of David, "A man after mine own heart who shall *do all My will.*" Many have certain standards and unless they can see signs come to pass in the assembly life, they think that everything is dead, and nothing is being accomplished. I am not against signs but we must not get our eyes on them instead of on Jesus. What we must strive for most of all is a life that is hid with Christ in God.

Another class of people today have a form of religion and are talking about civic righteousness, social reform, national salvation, etc. Such expressions are high-sounding, but minus the power of God, and God's plan is first to cleanse the inside of the platter and then the outside will

be clean. God first gets a man fixed up on the inside. How long will the saloons live when God's plan is carried out? We would not have saloons very long if the preachers would see the plan of God in the Gospel of Christ. The Gospel is the power of God. I shall never forget how I heard that emphasized by a sister soon after I received my Pentecost. She stood up and said, "The Gospel is the power of God." I had quoted it many times but never quite saw it that way.

I was in a meeting last Sunday afternoon where two of the foremost preachers of this city gave addresses, and my heart was sick. From beginning to end in those addresses, the Name of Jesus was not mentioned once. They are trying to have national salvation without God's gospel of grace. It will never come to pass that way. I want to see the country rid of saloons and all kinds of evil institutions as much as any one else, but let us go at it in God's way.

So friends, let the spirit of true worship be very pronounced in our lives. Let us revel in the delights of worship. My first conception of Pentecost was one of praise, brought to me through a friend who could praise and worship God as I was not able to do. I was a Baptist preacher in Gas City, Indiana, but it seemed it was just an endless round of grinding out sermons every week. It wasn't so much a question of saying something, but it was a constant grind all the time. I was thrown into contact with some dear hearts who had the spirit of worship, and oh how they put conviction upon me. I wanted what they had, and didn't care what they called it. Bless God I have it now; it is the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire which will come to the heart of every man or woman whose heart is clean. Let us worship God in spirit and in truth. Let "will worship" be foreign to us, and let us be filled with all the fulness of God.

The Right Hand of God

Personal Testimony

Elizabeth Sisson.



HOW is it you write so much?" people sometimes say to me. Yes, how? When I had neither gift, talent nor education for it. It is the fruit of God, because it is the fruit of faith, God always answers faith.

Over forty years ago, when studying the Tamil language in India, preparatory to missionary work, I was dull and got on with the language but slowly. Because I could not yet speak to the people, I was doing no spiritual work, save the letters I had the privilege of

writing to the homeland. Eager to make the most of that little opportunity, and finding in His Word that God would not only hold me with His right hand (Isa. 41:10) as I wrote,—and oh how big that great *right hand* looked!—but He would also hold *my right* (write) hand (Isa. 41:13) while writing! So each time I wrote I definitely put my pen into His hand and accepted His moving it, sentence by sentence and word by word. Return mails thanked me for "helpfulness," "exceeding helpfulness," etc. etc. I began to prove that "*Thy right hand*, O Lord

is become glorious in power." (Ex. 15:6.) Of course faith began to grow, I knew it was not I. It was He. And you cannot make a venture of faith on Him on any line, but faith will grow. That is how it does grow, by these ventures on Him. So He led me on to dare to trust Him, for little articles for print, etc. The devil would often come and say, "Who are *you* that never had common advantages in education, to pretend to write?" Answer, "I don't, it is He holding my write-hand." Oh, the deliciousness of this! and having my "fruit unto holiness," (Rom. 6:22) even *His use* of my feeble pen! Most surely the product is weakness and unfruitfulness, if I run away for a few minutes with myself so to speak, and use my own pen, instead of sentence by sentence, resting in Him; all feebleness, self-helplessness—but resting in His glorious might. Ah! we have "this treasure" in "earthen vessels" (II Cor. 4:17) and it is such a *Treasure* and will so divinely move the vessel—shine through the vessel etc.—when in abnegation of self, we will recognize *Him* from moment to moment. *HIM!* there *waiting* to be *All*. Then the life becomes *all divine*.

I am not writing to mature ones who know more about all this than I do, but to the babes in Christ, to see how simple it is, to take each step in Him. Consequence: He takes each step in us, i. e., lives the life by us, at the trusted point. For instance, early in my Christian life, I heard David say (Ps. 42:11) "O God... the health of my countenance." My heart cried, "if David's then mine, I trust Thee from this hour to shine through my countenance." Soon I began to get the testimonies, "Your face shines so." I knew it was not I, it was God *shining through* in answer to faith. "Oh Thou that dwellest between the Cherubim, shine forth." Anybody who has a God can have Him shine through him, if he will take Him for it.

Same principle; I sit down to His precious Word. It should be and is a perfect feasting, if I just rest in Him, the Treasure within me, to break the Bread and feed it out to me. You know how a mother mashes and makes pap of the food for the baby; so will He of the Living Word, if we keep the babe position. But if I try to bring my thought down on the Word, then how it hardens up! and what I get is largely a human production. In His own precious humanity Jesus said "I live *by the Father*," "I judge no man, as I *hear* (from heaven) I judge" (John 5:30) "The word which I speak is not mine" (John 14:24, 12:49) and oh, bless Him! He says "*As* the living Father hath sent

me, and I live by the Father, *so he* that eateth me, even he shall live by me, (John 6:57). Meditate on that "*As*" and "*So*."

You know on world-lines everybody has heard of the Kohinoor, that historic diamond, sometimes the possession of one earthly monarch, again of another. Impossible to be owned at the same time by two parties, but Jesus, the Christian's Kohinoor, can reside in His glorious fullness in each one of them all the time. Now, the Kohinoor has been much sought for, and many a battle fought over its possession, but who ever heard anything about the box that contains it? That may be a clumsy old wooden device, it may be a war-battered chest, not a glance is ever bestowed upon the box—they are so eager to get it open to see the treasure within. You see the parable. Oh how eager is God and all heaven! you good for nothing old "earthen vessel" to see you display the Treasure, *Jesus*, heaven's Kohinoor, within you.

Faith's recognition of Him, Faith's dependence upon Him, keeps Him in constant display!!!

"Jesus the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ear,
'Tis life and health and peace."

You know Jesus is "the Light of the world," and while He keeps you a transparent vessel, the Treasure in it (for "Christ is in you except ye be reprobate") shining through it, makes *you* "the light of the world" (Matt. 5:14). Thus you will get the fulfillment of the prayer in the little poem accredited to Evan Roberts, of whom eye-witnesses repeatedly told me, that when in the revival of Wales he was conducting meetings, in the zenith of his power, his face at times shone so like the midday sun, their gaze fell before the light!

"A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT."

John 5:35.

"I saw a human life ablaze with God—
My Father, give to me
The blessing of a life consumed by God,
That I may live for Thee.

"A life on fire! A life ablaze with God,
Lighted by fire of Pentecostal love.
A life on fire! On fire with love for souls,
Lit by divine compassion from above,—

"A burning coal, which God can take and drop
In house or street or whereso'er He will,
To set some other life alight for Him,
And thus to spread the fire further still."

The Sin of Talkativeness

Mary E. Hitchcock,



SUFFER not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin." Eccle. 5:6. How often have we heard people say: "Words do not amount to anything."

As we watch their lives we see the result of such a belief, in testimonies that have lost the ring of "Freedom in Jesus Christ." We cannot be free in Christ if our lips have spoken evil. Let us examine ourselves today and see how many times we have spoken rash words that could not be recalled, and which caused a stain to be upon lips that He, the great Baptizer, once touched with fire from the altar that your tongue and mine might sing the praises of Heaven.

It is God's way that we should glorify Jesus Christ, His Son, and the Holy Ghost is given unto men "that Christ be glorified in us." Satan, knowing this, entices us to speak rash words. When he can get a saint to speak words of criticism against another, we find him "coming in like a flood" as the arrows of "idle words" fly thick and fast among the saints, who have forgotten for the time, that "unclean lips" cannot speak God's message with power.

Criticism spoils the work of the Lord, and if we are longing to see Him work with power these last days, let us ask Him: "Lord, have I offended Thee with my lips?" If we open the "door of our lips" to praise the LORD then the King of Glory comes in. On the contrary, if we utter critical, harsh words, then the "door" is open to the enemy. You know how it is written: "Keep the door of my lips." Ps. 141:3. Thus showing the necessity of our lips being surrendered to His keeping, lest the enemy enter. Words of prayer or praise drive away the enemy. If the sweet love message of the Gospel comes forth, Satan cannot stand before it. If Christ be glorified and exalted, then is the "door" open to the Spirit of the Living God.

How many times have we sung earnestly: "Have Your way Lord, with me" and when the test came we could not stand, but were rash with our mouth, and "suffered our mouth to cause our flesh to sin"?

It is folly for one to say he is free from fleshly sins if his mouth speaks rashly, for this is as great a sin in the sight of Almighty God as any fleshly lust. It was Jesus who said: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things, and an evil

man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things. But I say unto you, That *every idle word* that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy WORDS thou shalt be justified, and by thy WORDS thou shalt be condemned." Matt. 12:34-37.

"Idle words" are among the "works of the flesh." We find these works enumerated in Gal. 5:19-21. Let us notice that hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, and envyings are "works" that find one way of expression through the lips, and bring us to the words of our text: "Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin." These sins of the mouth are as abominable in the sight of the Lord as adultery, fornication, uncleanness, idolatry or they would not be mentioned here. It is *criticism* that leads to, or attends, these "works of the flesh."

Paul asks us: "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?" We know it cannot be, so let us cry out as did Isaiah: "I have unclean lips" that may be cleansed by the Lord ere we can say: "Here am I, send me." We cannot be too careful of the words that pass out of our mouths into the lives of others. I once read a poem in which the mother warns her little daughter thus:

"Keep watch on your words, my darling,
For words are wonderful things.
They can bless like the bee's sweet honey,
Like the bees they have terrible stings."

Saints, if we have found the "Honey in the Rock," then let our words savor of its sweetness. Let us not lose our victory by rash speaking.

"What is Victory?" As I asked the Lord this question the Holy Spirit began to show me some of the victories of Jesus that were counted defeat by the world. They were the victories won by SILENCE. He led me first to Gethsemane. There I saw Him suffer, sweating great drops of blood. As He knelt there alone, it was a picture of absolute surrender to "drink the cup of suffering." There was none to share the agony of that dread hour, for even His disciples slept and "could not watch with Him." With lips that were open to receive only the Father's will for Him, He received strength to face His enemies. Oh, saints, when you and I know that the enemy of our souls is close upon us, would that we might express our willingness to "drink

the cup" with Him in the silent suffering of Gethsemane.

Then He showed me the coming of the soldiers to the Garden, and Judas, the betrayer, came first. They had come for the "Man of Galilee," they sought His life, and how did He meet them? In the silent power of Almighty God He stood, and it is written: "They went backward, and fell to the ground." Jno. 18:6. They could not stand before Him, for "no flesh shall stand in His Presence."

Did you ever kneel in Gethsemane and did you forget that Judas would be there and did you fail to yield wholly to God's strength and power? If you failed in that trying hour it was because you forgot to be silent. You forgot that no man can "drink of the cup that He drank" except he be silent, and bear it patiently. See I Peter 2:20.

There was a note of victory in heaven as Christ passed through Gethsemane. A greater note rang out in victorious song when He overcame the enemy by silencing the flesh to perfect surrender. There will be such notes of victory in heaven over you and me as we "drink of His cup." Is it not worth the suffering to gain the victory song of heaven? We will gain it by letting HIM "Keep the door of our lips" in the hour of trial.

Then I saw Him before Pilate. Silent was He concerning the things He came to do and to teach. But heaven caught the strain of victory in His words: "My kingdom is not of this world: if My kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews." Jno. 18:36. Because it was the Father's will that He be delivered unto His enemies, He bore the painful scourging and smiting by cruel hands: was even spit upon by vile lips, and He bore it all with lips that were closed in absolute surrender to God. Can we meet our enemies thus in SILENT VICTORY? Then shall we know what it is to "overcome as He overcame." We shall "share in His sufferings," we shall have "fellowship" with Him as our flesh (the self-life) goes on to Calvary.

It was Calvary where next He went in silence, bearing His Cross. He willingly laid down His Life and the "nails pierced His hand and feet." He was "lifted up" and "numbered among the transgressors." And this was heaven's victory over sin. No answering words of self-defence soiled His lips as His enemies shouted: "He saved others, let Him save Himself if He be Christ, the chosen of God." Lu. 23:35. It must be a silent victory as far as the flesh is

concerned, else it be not perfect. Methinks a silence fell on Calvary that day, a silence that closed even the lips of His enemies as they beheld the "Son of God" suffering the pangs of death. Are you being "crucified with Christ"? Is Self being nailed to His Cross, and have you been able to meet the taunts of your enemies in a victory like unto His? Then is there rejoicing in heaven.

You know it is written: "We are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses" and they are "heavenly witnesses" that watch us as we "run the race." No man will win a race if he talks much! It is the silent man who wins. If we are SILENT concerning the things of the flesh, speaking only as "becometh the Gospel of Christ" then shall we win victory through Christ Jesus and He will be glorified. "The battle is the Lord's" and we are only His instruments. He wants us to be YIELDED instruments, then can His Power be made known among men. Let us bow before Him today as we pray: "Suffer not my mouth to cause my flesh to sin." If this be fulfilled in us, then can we lift the victory standard that Paul knew so well: "I am CRUCIFIED with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but CHRIST liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Gal. 2:20.

* * *

Prayer Answered for Work

SEEING the inspiring testimony of Mrs. Howard Goss in the June issue of *The Evangel*, I am led to give you an experience in my own life. If it seems wise to give it publicity it may help someone, too.

With my wife and three little children I had gone to Chicago soon after I first heard of Jesus as Jehovah-Rophi (The Healer) to be instructed more fully in the precious doctrine. We had very little money, but hoped to get employment. We were well dressed and lived in a nice flat on Michigan avenue. We had good furniture and there was no appearance of poverty.

However, for weeks, I could not succeed by the utmost effort in getting anything to do. One morning my wife told me she had no more money and that what we had eaten for breakfast was all we had. We knew nothing about getting credit, and were strangers to everyone in the city.

I told her the time had come to pray. That remark sounds queer to me now, and doubtless does to you. We kneeled by a chair and told our Father how it was with us, and that we

must have money before noon, as there was but five cents left of our store. As we rose a knock sounded at the door.

My wife answered and there was a lady with whom we were barely acquainted. She looked into our finely furnished apartments, at my well-dressed wife and hearty well-fed and well-dressed children, and said, as she held out some money, "I feel that I ought to give this to you Mrs. Robinson." After a few remarks my wife took the money and returned to where I still stood, the lady having declined to come in. The money was eight dollars.

I said, "Well, why have we never prayed for a job!" We went down at once to the same chair and asked God for work. I walked down town to go the rounds of the employment agencies as I had done daily for weeks without any success. As I entered the first door the manager called to me clear across the room, "I have something for you." It was a supply job in which I was wanted immediately, on South Water street. I worked that day and going home at night was smilingly met by my wife who said, "You have a job." I said, "Yes, I've been working at it all day." "Then," she said, as her face changed, "you have two jobs. There was a messenger here a few moments ago who said you were to report tomorrow morning at the chief clerk's desk in the Adams Express office for duty." I said, "Why, I never applied for work there. I don't even know where it is." My wife gave me the address, as the messenger had given it to her.

It looked very strange. I could not take this regular work however for I had agreed to go back to South Water street to my supply work. I reported for duty the next morning at half past seven to go to work at eight o'clock. I waited around and wondered how it was all coming out. At a quarter before eight the sick man, whose place I was filling came in, paid me off and by a quick run I arrived at the chief clerk's desk at the Adams Express at about 7:58, and was put promptly to work. "My God shall supply all your needs."

Chas. E. Robinson, Wynne, Ark.

* * *

A Peculiar Action

A few years ago there was an auction held in a cave in the Black Forest in England. This cave was a resort for a gang of thieves, one of the worst to be found in the whole of England. The gang had been out and had robbed some mail wagons. They had gotten a number of things besides money and each one came with his booty. It was their custom

when they came to the cave to make a division of what fell into their hands, one of the company was chosen to be the auctioneer and the booty fell to the highest bidder.

After auctioneering off a number of things, he picked up a New Testament and began to make all manner of fun of it, ridiculing it and speaking profanely of sacred things. One of the gang proposed that he read to them from it, which he willingly did. He opened the Testament, and putting on a mock humility began to read, commenting as he went along. Every one joined in the blasphemous remarks and sport-making excepting one old man who sat back against the wall with his hands over his knees. He listened very attentively to the reading and was lost to all around him. The chapter that was being read was the same one his father had read at the morning worship the last morning he was home, before he had entered on his godless life. It all came back to him as he sat there: his brothers and sisters, his father and mother, and how they prayed before they went to their day's work, and how happy they were serving the Lord. This all passed as a panorama before his mind, and he never heard a thing they said until some fellow who was sitting by, slapped him on the shoulder and said, "You are the biggest and oldest sinner of us all, you had better get the New Testament." He said, "I am the biggest sinner, it is true. I will take the Testament." He took it and nothing more was said.

The next day they went to dispose of the plunder they had gotten and turn it into money, but the old man went off by himself and read all day in his Testament. He didn't turn in with the gang that night, and the next morning he saw in the paper that the whole company had been caught. He then hunted up a minister and told him his life's story, at the same time asking the minister to go with him to the Police Station that he might give himself up to the authorities for punishment. The others were put to death, but he saved his life by confessing. He served seven years in the penitentiary and when he came out, he was befriended and taken into service, where he lived and died a faithful Christian, all through the influence of that stolen Testament.

* * *

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