



# The Tatter 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

## The Promise of the Father Rain the Remedy for a Spiritual Dearth

F. F. Bosworth in The Stone Church, November 21, 1915.



OD in His goodness to this prodigal world has given us thousands of "exceeding great and precious promises that by these we might be partakers of the divine nature" but the wonderful promise contained in these last two verses I have just read, is the one that throughout the New Testament is designated "THE promise of the Father". In the latter part of Luke Jesus said, "Behold I send THE PROMISE of my Father upon you;" and in the first chapter of Acts He "commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father;" and in the next verse He tells them what THE promise is; "For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." Again in the second chapter just after the one hundred and twenty had experienced the fulfillment of this wonderful promise on the day of Pentecost, Peter explains to the amazed multitude that Jesus "being by the right hand of God exalted and having received of the Father THE promise of the Holy Ghost hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear", and then in the thirty-ninth verse he tells them that "THE promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call". And in the third chapter of Galatians, Paul tells us that through Christ's redemption, the blessing of Abraham came to the Gentiles "that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." There are other places in the New Testament where this great promise is made pre-eminent by being mentioned as *the* promise. There are thousands of precious promises in God's Word, and thank God He is faithful to fulfill them all, but when you consider that Jesus who knew the value of all the promises of God, selected this one from all the rest, and exalted it above all by repeatedly calling it "THE PROMISE OF MY FATHER," you can see that it must be truly wonderful.

Enough for the present on this point, and now I desire to use the seven verses which I have read as an illustration of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit which is here promised to all who live in this dispensation. Just as they had the rain upon Palestine, so during the Gospel Dispensation God has promised to pour out His

Spirit upon all flesh, and just as the rain gave such wonderful results, making the land fruitful and luxuriant, so it takes the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to produce fruit in the spiritual world and to make the Church to prosper, for it is not by power or by might (of ours) but by the Spirit of the Lord that His cause is made to flourish. Again, the same conditions that brought them the rain will bring us the outpouring of the Spirit.

Verse 21, "Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice: for the Lord will do great things." The first thing that God tells them to do is to rejoice, not *after* He has done great things, but because He *will* do them. When God promises it is something to rejoice over. If the whole world knew the exquisite sweetness of every life that is filled with God's Spirit, they would all rejoice over the prospect of such a life, even before it was realized. How I thank God that people can get out of their trouble into a life free from care, full of joy and where Divine love is the mainspring moving the whole life! Many people think they can not rejoice until they actually possess a thing, but let me say to all of you who want to be filled with the Holy Spirit, rejoice for you have God's promise that He will do great things. I heard of a little boy who teased his mother for a bicycle. She being a poor woman did not think at first that she could afford to get him one, but he wanted it so badly that she finally told him she would get him one for a birthday present. As soon as she promised him he began to jump up and down in the middle of the floor and clap his hands together. She said to him, "What are you doing that for, you haven't any bicycle yet?" He answered, "But mama, you have promised it." Now, if that little boy could rejoice in advance because of a mother's promise who might be unable to fulfil it, thank God, I can rejoice when I have a promise from One who cannot lie, and who is so abundantly able to fulfil it.

While we were praying in Dallas for the outpouring of the Spirit and needed help from God as to how to instruct the people in seeking for the great gift of the Spirit, one day the Spirit spoke one long sentence to me as I was entering the house. As I thought it over, I discovered that instead of it being one verse of Scripture it was four verses from different parts of the Bible put together so as to form one sentence, and these were the words:

"They were CONTINUALLY in the temple praising and blessing God"; "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance;" "By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God CONTINUALLY, that is the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name," "For THE PROMISE is unto you and to your children, and to ALL that are afar off, even to as many as the Lord our God shall call." Luke 24:53; Acts 2:4; Heb. 13:15; Acts 2:39. I have seen hundreds who seemed to make no progress in receiving the Baptism in the Holy Ghost, until they began to praise God audibly, and then God would pour the Spirit upon them and give them such a "spirit of praise" that it was harder for them to stop than it was to begin. If Christians who are consecrated, regardless of their feelings, will say like David, "I will praise the Lord, His praise SHALL continually be in my mouth", they will feel much better and will get much more from God.

God says here, "Be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great THINGS". Not merely a great thing, but great THINGS; plural. Thank God, I have found that while the initial experience of receiving the Baptism exceeded any previous experience I ever had, yet it was but the beginning of an endless chain of happy surprises that will roll on forever. All is well when we are filled with the Spirit. Duties that appear like mountains of impossibilities become a delight and a real joy when one is filled with the Spirit. A person can't help but work for God while he is full of God's Spirit. Then is the love of God shed abroad in the heart; then is the Christian life easy, natural, delightful, restful and victorious. While filled with the Spirit the prayer of faith is natural, and growth in grace is wonderful. Thank God that it is our privilege not only to receive the Holy Ghost, but afterwards to continually obey God's command to "Be filled with the Spirit." When by continuous devotion to God, this filling is retained, men will find that they are "changed from glory to glory by the Spirit of the Lord." Not from glory to back-sliding, not from glory to lukewarmness, but to a deeper degree of glory; "from faith to faith" and "from strength to strength".

Verse 22, "For the pastures of the wilderness do spring". This world since The Fall is a spiritual wilderness where souls can be fed. Just as it took the rain to make the pastures in the wilderness green, so that the cattle and the sheep might eat in plenty, so nothing short of

the outpouring of the Spirit of God will make the church to prosper. If the cause of God is not flourishing, all we have to do, is to get right with God and pray for rain. I was out in California recently, and not a drop of rain fell all the time I was there. Except in the cities where they could water with a hose or in the country where they had irrigation ditches, every thing was very dry, every blade of grass was dead. So it is in every church where the people are not close enough to God for Him to pour out His Spirit. Thank God, He has provided success for every church. If things are not going right, and souls are not being saved, it is not hard to locate the trouble. Every church in Chicago can be a green pasture, if they will let God pour out the Spirit upon them. When the Spirit is poured out the atmosphere is changed, and in this atmosphere God deals with everyone. This atmosphere is the power of God. It was the power of God and not a series of sermons that caused three thousand on the Day of Pentecost to ask, "What shall we do?" The multitude were marveling at the power of God, and Peter's sermon was to explain what God was already doing. It was this atmosphere that gave faith to the multitudes that were carried on beds and couches into the street that the shadow of Peter passing by might fall on some of them. And they were healed every one, because "the power of God was present to heal". This atmosphere makes people hungry for God, and it is easy to get people to God when they are hungry. It is also easy to hold them where the pastures are green, they won't want to run out into the dry wilderness.

Again, in this same verse we read, "The tree beareth her fruit". When the Spirit is poured out Christians bear the fruit of the Spirit. In the Scriptures men are called "trees of righteousness", "the planting of the Lord", and when they are filled with the Spirit of God, the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance—are natural, and not the fruit of self-effort.

"The fig tree and the vine do yield their strength." You know there are always weak ones everywhere, but when the latter rain falls from heaven the weak become strong. When God poured out the early rain it brought thousands into the church, and the Word says "great grace was upon them all." We have seen it so today, where God was pouring out His Spirit. God wants it this way everywhere.

"Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and re-

joyce in the Lord your God; for He hath given you the former rain moderately, and He will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain, and the latter rain." You see, God says He will cause it to "COME DOWN." I am glad that God does not send me out merely to get people to turn over a new leaf, to embrace a cold philosophy, and try in their own strength to be good, but my mission is to lead them to yield to God and receive that which "comes down" all the way from heaven, "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." I thank God I have something that did not originate in this world, but that came down from heaven,—from the presence of the Lord; something that is real and makes heavenly things real. It is such a wonderful and such a real experience. A person doesn't have to be in doubt when Jesus baptizes him in the Holy Ghost. I heard a lady down South say, "When Rev. Brown baptized me, it was wonderful, I was so happy; but oh, you ought to have been there when Jesus baptized me, that was so much more glorious."

You remember Peter said concerning his visit to the household of Cornelius, "As I began to speak the Holy Ghost fell on them, AS ON US AT THE BEGINNING", and I have learned both from the Bible and also from nine years' continual observation during revivals, that if people will sufficiently yield and obey when the Spirit is poured upon them, it is their privilege to receive the Holy Ghost, "AS AT THE BEGINNING," when on the Day of Pentecost. There are five points mentioned in the account that analyzes the experience of Cornelius and his household, in receiving the baptism, and while many fall short of this by not sufficiently yielding and obeying when the Spirit is poured upon them, it is the privilege of every one to have an experience that can be described by the same five points that described this outpouring in the tenth chapter of Acts. The five points are these: first, the Spirit was *POURED OUT*;" second "the Holy Ghost *fell on them*;" third, they "spake with tongues and magnified God"; fourth, Peter says "they received the Holy Ghost," and fifth, in Acts 11:16 Peter calls it "the baptism with the Holy Ghost." So you see it is a real transaction, something that happens, and you don't have to try to believe you have it when you have not. If there is one thing above another that you can know for sure, it is when you are filled with the Holy Ghost. On the day of Pentecost it was the same, the Spirit was poured out, fell upon them, they spake in tongues, received the Holy Ghost, and it was called a baptism.

Verse 24, "And the floors shall be full of wheat" etc. Thank God for the prosperity that is possible everywhere, if the church will go the Lord's way. I am glad that God's provisions are so bountiful for our success while working for Him in this world. When we meet the appointed conditions, we are more certain of success than a farmer is of getting a crop when he plants the seed. Down in Dallas we have a revival the year round, and God's great plan yielded to, will bring a revival any place in the world. I believe the revivals we are seeing are only the drops. God invites us to "ask for rain in the time of the latter rain." Let us ask for the real showers to sweep through our midst and tune every soul up to God. It is possible to pray until we believe for as much as God wants us to do. When we pray through for the showers, a thousand difficulties will be settled that can never be settled in any other way. "The floors shall be full of wheat," and God says in the next verse, "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten." Thank God for this. While it is impossible to pick up any of our lost opportunities, yet it is true that God can pour upon us so much of His Spirit that by that power we are able to ask and prevail with Him in such a way as to make up for the years that have been wasted. There is absolutely no limit to the possibilities of prayer, for Jesus said, "Ask what ye will and it shall be done."

Paul was wasting time when he was persecuting the Christians, but when he got started for God, he kept so full of the Spirit, he made up for the wasted years. He labored hard for God according to the power which worked in him mightily. He yielded to this power all through his earthly ministry, and at the close of his life, he said, "I have finished my course." He did everything on God's program for him. It was that power that lifted Paul into the third heaven while living on earth. He never found out until after he died whether his body went with him to the third heaven or not. He said, "Whether in the body or out of the body I can not tell," but he knew he was caught up into the third heaven and heard things unlawful to utter. In the same way to day where the Spirit is poured out God catches some up into heaven. It is not uncommon in our meetings. One young lady in Milwaukee recently had such an experience. She was extremely conscientious and although most devoted was at times made to fear that her name was not written in the Book of Life. While my brother was singing, the power of

God fell upon her and she was carried away in the Spirit so that it was impossible to arouse her for several hours. And when she came back she said she had been to heaven and could describe what she saw. She saw Jesus on the throne with a large book of golden leaves. He called her to His side and as she looked down over the page of the book that was open she saw many names written within and one line was blank. He handed her a golden pen and told her she could write her name in the book on that line, which she did, and she said, "I have no more doubt now, I can see it yet as I wrote it in the book." Thousands have had such experiences all down through this dispensation. You have heard of the great Bramwell who many times has been caught up in the Spirit. In the book of his life he says, "I have for some time found myself taken up in God, and all things on earth drawn with me into Himself. It is by this I do see and embrace Him. Sometimes I enter within the City and live for some minutes in blessed fellowship with the glorified." And this is scriptural, for in Heb. 12:22-24 we read, "Ye are come unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant". I want God so to help me that He will "restore the years that the locust hath eaten," or that He will enable me to make up for the wasted part of my life.

Verse 26 says, "And ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied." The Baptism in the Holy Spirit will keep your spiritual appetite what it ought to be. I have heard it said that if a person has no appetite it is a sign that he is either sick or dead. And this is certainly true spiritually; when people have no appetite for more of God, they are spiritually either sick or dead. When we are filled with the Holy Spirit, we are in a healthy condition, and have a good appetite for heavenly things and of course God will satisfy us. He wants to fill us and that is the reason He makes us hungry. God is a satisfying portion for every child of His. I thank God that even in this world men's souls are not destined to hunger and thirst with nothing to satisfy them, but that God has bountifully provided for all. Jesus said, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." This is a standing invitation, and we can all take advan-

tage of it every day. Just as the children of Israel fed on the manna every day, and each could have all they wanted, so we can feed on Christ the Bread of Life and be satisfied. "Ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied and praise the name of the Lord your God." When men are filled with the Spirit they are taken from the mere act of praise into praise as a state. When full of the Spirit the Christian life is a spontaneous life. Everything is natural. "Thou shalt be like a spring of water whose waters fail not." If you will watch a spring of water, you will find that it flows spontaneously both night and day. When full of the Spirit, instead of knowing prayer only as an act I have found that we are carried into prayer as a state. This fullness of the Baptism gives such a spirit of prayer, that when the body is tired and we lay down at night to sleep the intercession goes on all through the night. I always have such a spirit of prayer when I am in a revival. I have had it for ten days and nights at a time, and some of the sweetest revelations of truth I have ever received from God, have been when I was asleep. In Job we read that "when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." Thank God He can make us like a spring of water, that doesn't have to be primed or pumped up.

And now we come to THE PROMISE. It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh". I want you to notice that word "POUR". It is not simply to give a few drops, but God's plan is to *pour* out His Spirit in great profusion upon each individual. John the Baptist knew what that word *pour* meant for he called it BAPTISM or immersion. Sometimes I have thought that the enemy's design in perverting the ordinance of baptism into mere sprinkling was to keep people from expecting much when baptized in the Spirit. If two or three drops of water sprinkled on the head is baptism in water then two or three drops of the latter rain would be Baptism in the Holy Ghost, and where would be the power that God wants the church to have? Of course Satan doesn't want the church to have this power.

God's plan is to *pour* out the Spirit in such profusion that we shall not only be filled, but submerged in the Spirit. The preposition "upon" is used both in the Old Testament promises of the outpouring, and throughout the New Testament where the Spirit is poured out. It is not only the Spirit within but also "upon" all flesh.

God not only *fills* us but *clothes* us with power. My clothing is only about one-eighth of an inch thick, but God will pour His Spirit upon us until we will have a suit ten feet thick. Peter had on such a suit and when people got close enough to get in his shadow they were healed. Let sinners get into such atmosphere and they will hatch out into Christians. Put an egg in a warm place and it will hatch, whether it is under a hen or under a goose. It is the atmosphere that makes it hatch, and it is the atmosphere of heaven prayed down that turns sinners into Christians. It is our privilege to pray until God comes down, and then the atmosphere is almost irresistible. Of course God won't force the will, but He will do as he did with Saul; He will make it "hard to kick against the pricks." Instead of it being hard to yield, this atmosphere makes it hard to resist. Have you just had a little blessing, or has God "*poured*" the Spirit upon you?

Next, I want you to notice that this is a standing promise throughout the entire Gospel dispensation, and that it may be repeated over and over upon the same person. It is true that He comes to abide forever, but the outpouring can come upon us as often as we need it to equip us for the battle of the Lord. I can prove this from the Book of Acts. We read in the second chapter that they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. And this filling was repeated after the healing of the man at the Beautiful Gate when five thousand believed. You will remember that after they got away from the authorities and went back to their own company, they lifted up their voices with one accord in prayer, until God poured out the Spirit upon them the second time and shook the place where they were assembled. Then we read again "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." And mind you they didn't have to backslide before getting this second filling. They had just had five thousand conversions, and that doesn't look like they were backsliders does it? Now, this proves that a person can be filled with the Spirit more than once. If it is possible to be filled with the Spirit twice then it is possible to be filled a hundred times, or as often as it is needed. Oh, I thank God for His bountiful provision for our success for Him. We have a standing promise, and in the power of this outpoured Spirit we can go forth and take the devil's strongholds for God. If the battle is hard, then ask for more rain. In Palestine, when it was dry, it wasn't more plows, more oxen and more seed they needed, but they had to have

rain. The rain was indispensable. When that came, their problems were solved. So, if things are dragging in the church, and souls are not getting saved, don't organize new societies, but ask for rain. When there is not enough power in an engine to pull the train, don't put on more cars, but get more power. This power makes timid ones bold and takes away their shame. God says, "My people shall never be ashamed." I have seen boys and girls that were too timid to talk to you, receive the Holy Ghost and get this fountain to flowing until they could talk with the ease of a bishop. We all know of a number of people whose timidity God has swept away, and they have gone out and held revivals and won souls for God. Thank God He can equip us all for the work He has to do.

"And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." Prophesying, is speaking as the Spirit gives utterance, and on the day of Pentecost when they were speaking in tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance and the amazed multitude asked what it meant, Peter answered, "This is that which was spoken by the Prophet Joel. In the Old Testament it was only a few that spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," but in this dispensation, God has promised to pour His Spirit upon ALL flesh, and it is now the privilege of all to be so filled that they can speak as they are moved by the Holy Ghost.

Now how can you receive this wonderful fullness of the Spirit? I answer, make your decision and go to God with purpose of heart and ask Him for it. Nothing short of a settled decision will show your obedience to God. Since you know it is God's will, then exercise your will in harmony with God's and don't let any thing turn you aside until you are baptized in the Spirit. Be like Elisha. When Elijah said to him, "tarry here I pray thee for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel," he answered, "As thy God liveth, and as thy soul liveth I will not leave thee." He was not like some to day who say "If I could be half as good as Sister Jones I would be satisfied," but he picked out the best man in the world, and set his heart on getting twice as much as he had—"a double portion" of the Spirit that was on Elijah. And he refused to leave him until God sent "a chariot of fire and horses of fire and parted them both asunder." God separated them this way and then took up Elijah by a whirlwind into heaven, but the mantle of Elijah fell and Elisha received the "double portion" he was so determined to have; and with this power he did twice as many miracles as Elijah did. Be in earnest

like Elisha. Elijah didn't have to urge him please to seek the double portion. On the other hand, Elisha wouldn't allow even a prophet to divert him from it. As soon as the Baptism in the Spirit was available, the early Christians made it the first object of pursuit. It is now available to all and is the pre-eminent promise

of God. Make it your first object of pursuit, and you will find God faithful to fulfil His promise. "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

## Miraculously Healed after Two Years of Total Darkness

W. H. Turner, 184 Dover Road, Folkestone, Kent, England.



IN the month of May, 1911, I suddenly and without any warning, lost my eye sight. After consulting two eye specialists, both of whom attributed my loss of sight to glaucoma, I went into the hospital, and during a period of about three months underwent seven operations for that disease, being finally told that I should never see again but that my eyes would wither and dry up. The pain and suffering I endured during that time, no one but God whose knowledge is absolute, could possibly measure, but through it all I was greatly comforted and sustained by meditating on Calvary's cross, what it meant to me and of Him who died there to redeem me forever from sin and death.

Three months after my return home from the hospital, my dear wife was taken home to be with Christ, and I was plunged into a new sorrow. Five months later another calamity befell me. I lost my all and was thus left, poor, and blind and wifeless. For two years I lived in a state of darkness that could almost be felt, and was without any hope of ever seeing again. Yet I unhesitatingly declare that those two years spent in total darkness were the most blessed, precious and spiritually profitable years of my life. What the Lord Jesus was to me the whole of those two years I can never, never tell. The marvelous revelations of His presence, the wonderful activities of His grace, the blessed revelations of Himself through His Word to my soul, and the unspeakably precious communion I enjoyed with Him, make that period one never to be forgotten. "The Lord is my strength and my song." I will bless His Name forever and ever.

But above my own spiritual blessing was the way the Lord glorified Himself by using me in preaching the Gospel. During this time He used me in the salvation of many souls and in the encouragement of His people by my life of fortitude and courage and because of the joy that filled my heart.

Then, all unasked and unexpected, came the change which surprised me and staggered not a

few. It was on this wise: On Whit Sunday, May 11, 1913, I awoke, realizing that I was the subject of changed optical conditions. The deadness and the heaviness had disappeared from my eyes and they felt perfectly natural although still intensely dark. I called my son into my room and told him of the transition, and he advised me to take no notice of it as it would only end in disappointment. But that was not my Lord's way. After breakfast I sat alone in my room to meditate on His word and to hold communion with Him as was my custom. The portion I selected for meditation was the ninth chapter of John's Gospel, which I had gone through again and again. It seemed to me I could get no illumination whatever on this Scripture, but another passage was persistently being forced upon me; "When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." Job 23:10. As those words kept thrusting themselves upon my mind and heart I asked the Lord if He had anything special to say to me through them, and in a moment came the question, "Hast thou considered My servant Job?" I replied "No, I have not." Then I thought on the words—When He has tested me, finished testing me, I shall come forth as gold,—and I asked, "Lord, how didst thou test Job?" As I pondered over this the answer came: First, by loss of earthly possessions; second, by bereavement, loss of his family; third, by physical affliction. Comparing it with my own experience I saw that Job's trials were reversed in me, loss of sight, loss of wife, and then the loss of all I had. Then as a revelation suddenly flashed across my mind, I said, "Lord, is it true? Is the testing over? Are you going to restore my vision?" The fact gripped me with all the force of a deep conviction, and I paced the floor of my room in joyful excitement.

A dear brother in the Lord came, as was his custom, to take me to the Lord's Day morning meeting, and there the Lord gave me a most wonderful confirmation of what He had revealed to me in my home. This brother arose in the meeting and said "Beloved friends, I had

it on my mind to read the 103rd Psalm, but I cannot. It seems that I must read the 116th Psalm. I do not know why but feel that I must do so, and if you will turn to it we will read it together."

This dear brother knew nothing about the circumstances connected with my loss of sight in the first place, and at the reading of that Psalm I was almost overcome and asked for a drink of water. Then I prayed for strength to testify to the Lord's faithfulness. This being granted I arose and said, "Beloved friends, as sure as the Lord Jesus Christ is on the throne in the heavens, controlling all the forces, just so surely will He restore my sight." I then gave them the Lord's message to me that morning and told them of the divine confirmation of that message. I said, "It was in the same month of the year, almost the same day of the month, the same day of the week, the same

hour of the day, in the same hall, under the same circumstances, before me the same people, and I was reading that same Psalm when my sight suddenly left me. And I am sure He would have you know that He is going to restore my vision." What a time it was! We wept tears of joy and went home praising the Lord. The next day I sent the same message to a conference of believers in Dover. A fortnight later I was able to discern my dear daughter's face. And now I can see almost any reasonable distance and read almost any print without artificial aid. To be able to do this after two years of blindness is indeed a miracle. "It is the Lord's doings and is marvelous in our eyes." "Oh magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt His Name together." "Oh the depth of the riches both of wisdom and knowledge of God." "His judgments are unsearchable and His ways past finding out." Praise ye the Lord!

## God's Chosen Vessels

### Humiliating Lessons in the Preparation Days

Mrs. Nellie Lincoln, Muskegon, Mich., in The Stone Church, April 18, 1915.



UT the Lord said unto him, Go thy way for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel." Acts 9:15.

"Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island." Acts 27:26.

My heart has been meditating upon the lives of God's chosen vessels. When God is given the right of way in lives, He thoroughly prepares chosen vessels for the work to which He has called them. This preparation is usually a "course" in Solitude, Suffering and Submission.

In nature all life is first hidden before it is revealed. This is especially true in the case of chosen vessels. First comes the hiding, then the revealing; first the preparation and training and then the opportunity and work.

"He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings." God Himself spoke that concerning Saul of Tarsus when at the time there was no outward sign of it being fulfilled. Many things were to transpire before God's purpose and plan for Saul of Tarsus were really revealed and made clear.

Tonight, you and I are here a chosen generation, a peculiar people, for what purpose? To glorify God in the earth and enjoy Him forever. Perhaps someone thinks, "I am not a chosen vessel," but Jesus said, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." If you think you can

put this off on someone else you are mistaken. You are chosen. God has a purpose for your life. Shall it be accomplished?

So many times when God chooses men and women for some special line of work, they feel it in early life, even though they may not understand it. When I was a little girl nine years old, a lady gave me a missionary paper. I had never heard of the heathen before; didn't know there were boys and girls who knew nothing of Jesus, but there came this paper with a picture of the heathen bowing down to wood and stone, and my childish heart was touched down into the depths of my being and I said, "I am going to get big some day and then I will go and tell those boys and girls about Jesus." When I grew older that stood by me, and as a school girl of twelve years of age, it was renewed. There were three of us who always went to school together. One said, "When I get big I am going to be a dressmaker." That seemed to be the highest position to be reached in her estimation. The other said, "I am going to be a school-teacher," and I said out of the fulness of my heart, "I am going to be a missionary." Years went on. I had forgotten those stirrings divine in my heart; I had forgotten that touch the Spirit had given to me, and I began to choose my own career, forgetting that God had a purpose for the existence of every one of us, and that purpose is for Himself. Friends, I say to you tonight God has something to say about what

you are to do and how you will spend your life. Everything we do for ourselves ends in the grave, but what we do for God and our fellow-man lives beyond the tomb. The God of heaven has chosen you to be an instrument in His hands for the salvation of souls. What will you do about it? Will you yield or will you miss your portion in that day of rejoicing when others come bringing in the sheaves?

My life went on and twelve years ago this month, God put His hand upon me. I was sitting in the front row of a convention meeting. I was a school-teacher; my plans and the plans of my people were being carried out, but God wasn't being considered. I had given Him my heart, but He hadn't the place there He wanted. The power of God struck the top of my head and knocked me down to the floor. It doesn't make any difference how prim and proud you are, when God draws near there is nothing in you and me to stand upright before Him. God then and there called me to preach the everlasting Gospel. Tongue can never express what I felt in my heart. In the first place, my plans were broken; in the second place, my people would never consent to my preaching. Immediately when I felt the call of God, I realized our Swedish people had a horror of a woman preaching; it seemed so out of place, but God said, "I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh, your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, etc."

Then I got a glimpse of God's purpose and God's plan for my life and what the longings of those early years really meant, and I went through a real dying-out process before I was ready to say, "Thy will be done," but it came to pass. Back there in my childhood days I had felt the stirrings in my soul, but how many things I went through before I reached the place where God's purpose for my life was accomplished. Oh the islands, the isolated places in which I was left, with the sea rolling about me, so to speak, shut out from everybody but God, learning the lessons from Him! "He is a chosen vessel," He said of Paul, "and he is going to witness before kings." But did you ever think about what Paul had to go through before he stood before King Agrippa? before he stood before Cæsar? There was the letting down in a basket over the Damascus wall. There was the stoning at Lystra; there was the confusion and uproar at Ephesus; there was the scourging; there was also the three years' solitude in Arabia. It didn't look much like Paul was going to stand before kings then, did it? But "the Lord of Hosts hath purposed and who shall disannul it?"

He is going to stand before Nero; that wicked old Roman will hear the Gospel through Paul but Paul will be shipwrecked first. He must be cast upon a certain island and he will go through things on that island; *that is part of the plan*. So we find Paul and his fellow prisoners are cast on the island, and as they build a fire, a serpent comes out and fastens its fangs on the hand of Paul, and they say, "Aha! Aha!" and number him with the transgressors. But God's purpose was there; you cannot kill a man in divine order until his work is done. They looked for him to die, but he didn't die. Paul had a mission on that island, lonely and forsaken as it was. Publius' father was sick; there were some folks who needed the power of God and they realized it because Paul was willing and ready to go God's way.

I wonder tonight if you who feel in your souls that God has a work for you to do, are willing to take the preparation He has for you, that you may be thoroughly furnished unto every good work and be able to stand.

Ah, you are going to strike many island experiences, but they will be precious because in the will of God. I do not know in which ocean of difficulty your island lies, but I know when you get there God will have a work for you. There is some one there who needs to know about Jesus and His power in your life. There is a lesson there, just a little training for God's soldiers. Oh beloved, do not be afraid of the islands; do not be afraid of the seas; don't be afraid of the afflictions and the sufferings, don't be afraid of agencies, for God's purpose will open up if you are willing and obedient for His plan to be carried out.

Look into the life of Moses. Brought up in the Egyptian court, yet down in the depths of his being there was something stirring. Perhaps he could not give any reason for it, but as he walked out among his brethren, the Israelites, and saw them suffering, he felt within himself, "I am God's chosen instrument for the deliverance of this people," and he went forth in his own strength, but met defeat and disaster. He had to be relegated to the backside of the desert until he got through with himself, got through with his bigness, got through with his own knowledge, and could just go forth at the calling of God, and say, "Who am I that God should send me?" Ah, these wilderness experiences at the backside of the desert that God puts people through to get them to an end of themselves! He must do it before He can trust them with the work He wants them to do for Him. No

flesh shall glory in His presence. Our God is a jealous God! He is a God of consuming fire! He will take the time to go through the process with you, that all flesh shall be consumed, all self die out, and you stand forth your whole being filled with one consuming passion—the glory of God and the advancement of His kingdom. As long as there is a self purpose in your soul, God cannot use you successfully for the salvation of immortal souls; as long as we desire place or position, or favor or honor, God cannot get anything out of us. Oh beloved, are you willing to submit to the isolated process of going through with God alone, that He may get the most possible out of your lives? Paul was a chosen vessel, there is no doubt of it, but he had to go through testings before he could be used of God. Moses was a chosen vessel, but he had to leave what he thought was God's opportune time and go to taking care of sheep before he could get his complete preparation.

It was so with Joseph. In the depths of his heart he dreamed and felt and knew that there was something ahead God was going to accomplish through him; in his dream he saw sun and moon and eleven stars bowing down before him. It was a glimpse of the future and yet what had he to go through before God's purpose was worked out in his life? He had to go by way of the pit; he had to go by way of Egyptian slavery; he had to be sold by his brethren; he was put to the severest kind of a test, yet he kept true to God in spite of the dim light that they had in those days. How much more is going to be required of you and me when the Spirit of God is abroad in the land, convicting of sin and righteousness and judgment to come? We have tasted of the powers of the world to come but we must go through various experiences that He may carry out His whole purpose. Joseph was faithful. He landed in prison. It could not be said it looked as though God was going to carry out His purpose in His life, but

"God's purposes will ripen fast  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

"Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will."

Down in the Egyptian prison lay Joseph the dreamer, and he wondered why he should go through such hard places, such peculiar circumstances and testings. What was God preparing him for? There was an hour coming, and God's

time never comes too late—there was an hour approaching when God was going to seek Joseph from his place of preparation and send him forth as His chosen instrument, for the salvation not only of his own family but of the *whole* world in that day (Gen. 41:56, 57), and give them food and succor just when they needed it. Oh there are many tests that we have to pass through that look like the devil's work entirely, but they are blessings in disguise. It is God working out His sovereign will. Will you submit to God's dealings with you when you know not what is ahead? God is not wasting time, God is not dealing with you for this life alone but He has eternity especially in view. In the ages to come you will praise the God that led you through dungeons and through tribulations and afflictions, if you submit now.

We look into the life of David. Oh he was chosen! there was no doubt of it. The old prophet had heard the words, "This is he whom I have chosen to be king in the place of Saul whom I have rejected." They had seen the anointing oil flow down from his head, but when you look into his life and see those fifteen fugitive years, it doesn't seem as though God's hand was upon him. It didn't look as though His anointing oil was upon that youth; it didn't look as though God's purpose was going to be accomplished, but you and I know that it was. And you and I know that when God sets forth to do anything and finds yielded vessels, He will carry out His purpose. So David got his training. God trains His warriors in His own peculiar way. As a shepherd boy David overcame the lion and the bear; a small preparation, perhaps, but it was a preparation for overcoming Goliath of Gath. Hidden away among Judea's hills, he became "a cunning player on an harp," so when God caused him to stand before Saul, the rapturous music he played drove the evil spirit away.

Preparation! Preparation! Preparation! Oh this hiding in the life of David wasn't lost! He learned the lessons, he found out the secret of power and victory, and when he was fleeing and circumstances and conditions were most discouraging, even then God's purpose was accomplished in his life. He did sit upon the throne of Saul, he did rule God's people in righteousness and wonderful was the victory that he won. He was a chosen vessel and he submitted to the process of refining in God's own way and in God's own time.

Elijah knew he was a prophet of God. He came forth and said unto Ahab, "There is not

going to be any rain in the land until I say so." But the prophet of God chosen and anointed to declare the mysteries of Jehovah to His back-slidden people is hiding down by the brook and the ravens are feeding him. The next we find God sends him to Zarephath and says, "I have commanded a widow woman there to feed you." There is something very humiliating about that, Elijah the prophet of God going to the home of a widow woman and she in dire need. He meets her and asks her for a drink of water, and she tells him she is just going to fix a little food for herself and her son, and then they are going to lie down and die. Then the humiliating part comes when the prophet says, "You fix me some first and then fix yours." Oh, the lessons we learn in God's preparation! We are to do things that are humiliating to bring us down, but Elijah went through and the widow didn't suffer, for it worked both ways. That widow giving first to God's servant, had enough for all time, "for the meal wasted not, neither did the oil fail."

Elijah was in hiding quite a while, then came the time of his revealing, and we see him at the top of Mt. Carmel thoroughly equipped to declare that his God is the living God! There he called the nation to repentance and to restore the altars of the Most High God in the land of Israel.

"He is a chosen vessel unto me!" We find the same in regard to John the Baptist. He was hidden away in the wilderness and we know nothing of him until we find him on the banks of the Jordan, bringing forth the mighty message that men and women should repent and prepare for the Coming One. Our Lord knew what it meant to be hidden. We have just a few glimpses of His childhood life. Not until His baptism does He come forth to be revealed as the Son of Man, the Man of Sorrows, touched with a feeling of our infirmities. In the early days there were lepers all around, but they didn't feel His touch until God's time; then it was the touch of power.

So it is in the lives of God's children. Many times we would like to do things; we would like to stand in different positions from those which we are in, but God's hour has not yet arrived.

We look into the life of Stephen, who was one of the seven deacons chosen to wait on the tables. Some of us would rather be preachers like Peter and John than perform the humble service of waiting on tables, but Stephen submitted to God's plan. We don't hear much about him; his was a hidden life but the day came when he was the first martyr of the Lord

Jesus Christ. What a calling this was! What a scene! "Unbelieving" Jews now saw how a "believer" in Jesus of Nazareth could suffer. His dying testimony brought them face to face with the proof of Christ's resurrection; of His divinity; and of the wonders of "grace" as well as the glorious effects of "faith" in Jesus. Who would not be willing for a hidden life like Stephen's if they could be assured of such a glorious revelation at the end?

Oh, beloved, let God take hold of your life, for you are a chosen vessel unto Him for some purpose or other. God is counting on you to be a defender of the Gospel, to be a contender of the old-time faith. God will count on you, but beloved, you will have to let Him deal with you, that you may be revealed in due season. You may not see the purpose for your life yet, but remember there is a purpose there; don't let it be spoiled by your selfishness, by the devil's plans, by the plans of loved ones, but yield to God that you may be prepared for the work for which He has chosen you. Let Him hide you away in His deep obscurity, and to the extent that the hidden life is entered into, will the glory and power of God be manifested in the revealed life. Do not get discouraged in the midst of your training and think you're forgotten of God or that you are not a chosen vessel. The "vision" you've had of your "calling" is "for an appointed time . . . though it tarry, wait for it because it will surely come."

Moses was just as much the chosen instrument for the deliverance of the children of Israel during those forty years on the backside of the desert, as when he led them through the Red Sea.

Joseph was just as much in the will of God when cast into the pit, sold to Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver, and in prison, as when he stood forth as Egypt's ruler.

Elijah was just as much God's prophet when he dwelt by the brookside and when he boarded at the widow's house, as when he stood on Mt. Carmel, slew Baal's prophets and turned a whole nation back to God.

David was just as much king in God's plan during those fifteen years of fugitive life as when he sat in Jerusalem, crowned.

There will be stones, fires, floods, obstacles and islands encountered before God's plan is fulfilled, our mission accomplished and final victory won. Oh the many stopping places! Oh the many hard things we meet before the climax of our lives—God's purpose for our existence—is reached and accomplished! "But the toils of the road will seem nothing when we get to the end of the way" and hear the Master's "well done."

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**Notes**

**He Thresheth Out the Wheat**

When the wheat is carried home,  
And the threshing time has come  
Close the door,  
When the flail is lifted high,  
Like the chaff I would not fly,  
At His feet oh let me lie  
On the floor.

All the sorrows that I feel,  
All the cares that o'er me steal  
Like a dart,  
When my enemies prevail,  
When my strength begins to fail,  
'Tis the beating of the flail  
On my heart.

It becomes me to be still,  
Though I cannot all His will  
Understand,  
I would be the purest wheat,  
Living humbly at His feet,  
Kissing oft the rod that beat  
In His hand.

By and by I shall be stored  
In the garner of my Lord,  
Like a prize!  
Thanking Him for every blow  
That in sorrow laid me low,  
But in beating made me grow  
For the skies.

—Sel.

\* \* \*

WE are continually praising God for His blessing upon the paper, and thank our readers for their prayers and support. We especially appreciate the new subscriptions and the renewals at this time, realizing that with some it means a real sacrifice. Our cry to God is that He will make it up to them many fold

—that as they enable us to carry on His work, the investment will return to them in monthly installments, not only of deep spiritual blessings but physical and temporal as well, so that they will feel amply repaid for the outlay.

All communications regarding THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL, articles for publication, matters pertaining to the publishing house and offerings for missionaries should be addressed to THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 3616 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. Our English and Australian readers have repeatedly told us that they have had difficulty in securing money orders in the name of The Evangel Publishing House, that their postal authorities require the name of a person. The authorities here tell us that they know of no such ruling, but if it will simplify matters for our correspondents in foreign lands they can have money orders made out in the name of (Miss) Anna C. Reiff, who is the Manager of The Evangel Publishing House, and the Editor and Publisher of The Latter Rain Evangel. We have always endeavored to keep ourselves in the background and this is still our intention, but owing to repeated inquiries we give this information.

\* \* \*

The main services at The Stone Church outside of the regular Lord's Day meetings are the Bible Classes, one conducted on Tuesday evening by Bro. W. H. Cossum on Prophetic studies—God's Method of Revealing Himself to His People, and on Friday night the Pastor is giving a series of lectures on The Book of Revelation. Both of these meetings are helpful and instructive and should be largely attended.

Mrs. Lillian Denney of Rupaidiha, North India, spent a few days in the Evangel home and spoke at the church on several occasions. She is expecting to return to India in the early Spring owing to pressing needs of the work in her station. Her home address while in this country is Portland, Indiana. We will be glad to forward any funds for her return passage to India, or they can be sent to her direct.

We feel led in this connection to give thanks to God for His marked protection upon our missionaries who are traveling on the seas in these perilous days. Prayer has surely been answered and God's eye has been on them in a special way. The following words from Miss Jennie Kirkland who went out with a party last Fall will show how they were preserved in danger:

"Our party of seven arrived in Bombay safely, and truly our hearts were made to praise our God for His protection during our voyage. Our steamer just glided through unharmed, while on the "Canopic" there was a party of missionaries who had been rescued from a burning steamer. They were taken back to the United States and remained there long enough to buy a few necessities as all their trunks went down; then they took our steamer and again started for their field of labor.

"At Marseille, France, some Y. M. C. A. missionaries embarked on our steamer who had been held as prisoners on an Italian (called-in) steamer. They told us that while they were going through the Mediterranean Sea they were followed one whole night by a submarine; the crew kept their clothes on that night and the steamer was forced to go a long way out of its course.

"When we reached Bombay the papers stated (by Marconigram) that a French steamship was sunk by a submarine where our ship had passed a few hours previously. Our steamer received a wireless call for help but failed to respond fearing it to be a false report, as the submarines sometimes send out such messages.

"The officers took all precautions, kept the steamer dark, provided plenty of life-preservers and boats. Our last steamer was equipped with a large gun, but we keenly realized that God alone preserved us alive. We lived in the secret place of Psalm 91. Oh blessed abode!"

\* \* \*

The Gospel Tabernacle, 21st & St. Louis Ave., this city, has changed leaders. Brother Ira E.

David has resigned from the pastorate, for family reasons, and James Ostema of Anderson, Indiana, has taken charge. Brother Ostema entered upon his new duties by a series of meetings which were attended by a great deal of blessing.

Brother David will not be actively engaged in ministerial work for the present but will be glad to fill appointments for Sunday services occasionally. Should any of the assemblies wish his ministry they will be much blessed and instructed through his opening up of the Word. His address will be Onarga, Illinois.

\* \* \*

A joyful note of praise comes from one of our readers because of blessed seasons of refreshing in Elmira, N. Y. At a meeting held in a Mission Home on Sullivan Street the Holy Spirit was poured out in copious showers, so that in less than three weeks twenty-one received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Entire families were saved, sanctified and baptized, all within a week's time; backsliders were reclaimed and a number of healings took place. The people were amazed at the wonderful works of God which were wrought. They attributed it to the blessed spirit of love and unity, to the one accordness which characterized the meetings.

## Supernaturally Kept in Time of Imminent Danger



THE real child of God can always rely on His faithfulness in warning, claim His protection in danger and look for the manifestation of the supernatural when occasion calls for it. Those who know God best are they who have proved Him in great stress and under deep suffering. The refining fire and the melting pot are the instruments which bring us to the place where He reveals Himself. We often hear people say, "I wish the Lord would make Himself real to me as He does to Brother Smith or Sister Brown." Perhaps you haven't paid the price that Brother Smith and Sister Brown have paid, that brought them into that deep, heart experience, that vital touch with the Lord to claim miraculous interventions and divine interpositions.

Some experiences in the life of a precious saint of God will be a revelation to many who have thought of Him as one who is afar off, but to her, whose life can be characterized as one of prayer, He has been brought very nigh. There has been some hesitation in recounting the remarkable answers to prayer which revealed

the tender care and love of the Lord, on account of the supernatural phase, but He who walked the sea of Galilee and fed the five thousand with the five loaves and two small fishes is able today to manifest Himself in the same supernatural way, and we do not hesitate to tell for the glory of God His wondrous love in protecting His children from danger.

It was at the close of a crowded day. This devoted woman of God who is the principal figure in these narratives, had gotten her house in shape to entertain some missionaries from China, a niece and her family. They came with a great amount of baggage as they were preparing to return and were obliged to take everything with them. The flat, which was not a large one, would not hold all the baggage and a large part of it was consigned to the back porch. They sat up late on the night of the arrival of the missionaries, talking of many things, and about twelve o'clock this mother in Israel went through the flat to shut the doors. It was a hot night in July and as she came to the kitchen door and window opening on the porch, she said to her son, "All the breeze that is stirring tonight is

in this direction and it will make the flat so hot to close this door and window." He had great confidence in his mother's close walk with God and at once said, "Why mother, why don't you leave them open? Where is your faith?" She answered, "Well, if it is just a matter of faith I can leave the door and window open and trust God. So just fasten the screen and leave it that way." They all went to retire. The son laughed as he went through the hall, saying to his mother, "If any burglars come they will get you first, you are nearest." She took the little back room near the kitchen for the night and shoved the cot near the window in order to get plenty of air. She was asleep in a few minutes but was suddenly awakened by a policeman's whistle under her window. She said to herself, "There are burglars around but they will not come here," and being very tired she turned over and fell asleep again. She was awakened the second time by a policeman's whistle, and thought to herself, "Burglars must be around here, but, oh, I am so tired and sleepy I cannot get up," so she fell sound asleep again. Then all at once she heard a voice speak to her just as distinctly as any human voice ever spoke, saying, "Get up and shut the kitchen window and door." Immediately she was on her feet and went to the kitchen. Just as she reached the middle of the kitchen floor a bright light flashed from off the back porch and she saw two men standing close to the window. They raised the lantern to look into the kitchen and stared right at her. They were startled as they saw that grey-haired figure standing there in her white gown and dropped their light. Without the least thought of fear she went to the window and was so near to them they could have touched her if the screen had not been there. She pulled down the window and fastened it, her eyes steadfastly fixed on the larger of the two men who held the lantern. She lowered the window and pulled down the shade, then went over to the door and looked out. She saw they were still there and fastened the door; then went through into the hall, shut the kitchen door and locked it. As she did this, a visitor sleeping in one of the rooms called to her and asked who was on the back porch; that she heard footsteps coming up the back stairway. The visitor insisted on her calling her sons, but the mother refused, saying she did not want to frighten or alarm them unnecessarily at that time of the night, and said that if they were burglars they were now gone. She went back to bed and as she lay down the Lord showed her

that they were burglars, but that He had protected and delivered her.

In the morning the janitor said to her daughter. "Did you know we had burglars around last night? For some time we chased them and they went up your stairway; we thought perhaps they had gotten in. We didn't catch them."

This child of God realized the Lord had delivered her because she listened to His voice. When she heard the policeman's warning she ignored it, but when the Lord spoke it came so authoritatively she didn't hesitate for a moment. Her trained ear was more keenly sensitive to His voice than the shrill alarm of the policeman.

One time she was attending some special Bible classes at the Moody Church. Her home being then at 61st and Calumet Avenue, the trip was a long one, and but for the presence of the Lord, her heart would have failed her many times, as she generally traveled alone. Because of her being deprived of human companionship in her search for God's best, she claimed His special protection on all of these trips and He never failed her.

One night as she was returning at quite a late hour she passed an open lot where they were excavating for a building. The excavation was very deep and close up to the sidewalk; on the other side was a pile of bricks. She had no thought of anything until she reached the middle of the lot when a man suddenly appeared, coming no doubt from behind a pile of bricks. He stood in the path leaving just space for her to pass between him and the excavation, and the words came to her at once, "He wants to throw you into that hole." She began praying to the Lord and asking Him what to do, feeling sure the man was a "hold-up." Immediately the impression came to her not to pass in front of him but to go behind, walking between him and the bricks, which she did, but the way was so narrow she had to squeeze through. The moment she touched him he trembled from head to foot, and stood as though he was paralyzed. God had no doubt put a fear on him, for his whole body trembled. She walked on quickly and soon came to her own home. As she opened the door she turned to see if he had gone but he was still standing there.

\* \* \*

On another occasion she attended a Watch Night service at the same place. She thought there would be somebody coming to the South Side when the service was over, so she would not have to return alone. The meeting broke up about one o'clock, and forgetting the time

she talked until the South Side people had gone. She took the Elevated but when they reached 22nd Street there was a fire and the brakeman asked everyone to take the surface line. This was new to her and she didn't know which way to go, but looked to the Lord and He directed her to follow some others she had seen in the meeting at different times. There was a crowd waiting and she ran with the others to catch the car. A young man offered her his seat, and as he stood near her they began a conversation. On finding she was alone he offered to accompany her home, the hour being so late. The Lord began to impress upon her that He wanted her to talk to this young man about his soul. It was New Year's Day, between two and three o'clock in the morning. What more fitting time! He told her he had been a Christian once but was a backslider, that he had been in Chicago for sometime but hadn't been going to church lately. She urged him to come back to the Lord and to his first love, and as he parted from her he grasped her hand and said, "Well, madam, I do not know who you are, but I do know the Lord sent you to me. I had a letter from my mother asking me to turn over a new leaf this New Year's. Now with her letter and what you said to me, I know God is talking to me, and I am going to be a different man this coming year."

She lived in a large flat building, and when she opened the door and saw all the lights out, immediately a fear came upon her. The lady on the second floor, who had been blessedly healed through her ministry, usually kept her light burning until she came home. Sometimes burglars or tramps would come in and lie in the halls and she did this for her safety when she came home late. When she saw that all was dark a great fear came upon her, thinking there might be tramps lying in the hall, or burglars lurking around, so she lifted her heart to God and asked Him for light. She said, "Jesus is the light of

the world and I want you to lighten my way." Just as she said that, all the fear left her and she had such an assurance of His presence. She opened the second door and walked into the hall and just as she did that a light from above like a great star came twinkling down so beautifully, and as she got to the place where she thought there might be some one, this star fell at her feet and burst, shedding light all around. As she looked and saw there wasn't any person in the lower hall she went up with the assurance that God was with her. As she reached the second landing another star came down from the ceiling, twinkling, and shedding such a soft radiance, she was filled with joy that God was lighting her path for her. She started up to her own flat and thought surely the gas would be burning in her own hall, but it was turned out, and that same thing happened in the third hall. Three times that same star came down and fell at her feet, shedding its rays all around so she could see everything in the hall.

She was so taken with her thoughts of there being burglars in the halls she didn't realize this was really a supernatural manifestation until she got inside her own home, and then she was so overcome by the realization of it that she fell on her knees by the first chair and commenced praying and asking the Lord what it meant. He gave her a verse from the fourteenth chapter of John, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved by my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him." There was such a stress on the words, "I will manifest myself to him," the thought of His love nearly broke her heart. She knelt there and wept for joy, to think that God would do such a wonderful thing for His unworthy child. In many other ways did God reveal Himself to her, of which we may write later.

## Obeying God's Call after Many Years What it Costs to be a Christian in India

Mrs. Lillian Denncy in The Stone Church, January 16, 1916.



RAY-ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth workers into the harvest field, for the harvest truly is great and the laborers are few." We need to pray that God will send forth more workers into the great white harvest field. I have been in India all these years trying to train workers, and when I heard on my return of all the division

and strife that has crept into the work, my spirit was grieved, my heart was sore, and I felt that somebody has not been praying enough for the Lord to send forth workers into His harvest field. If there was more prayer, He would thrust out some of these preachers into the great, white harvest field. If they would become engaged in soul-saving they would not have so much time to study up new issues and false doctrines. We do not have time for these things; there are

too many souls to be saved. The heathen believe the people in America have only one God; the poor Hindu has over three hundred million. I do not like to tell them that in this Christian land, this land of Bibles where you have been brought up from childhood under Christian influences, there are many thousands who do not worship the living God. The poor heathen have gotten hold of the truth; that they have an immortal soul, but there is no joy in their lives. I have seen them beating their heads against a rock, lying on spikes, trying in some way to appease their gods. They believe in transmigration of the soul and have an awful fear of the form in which they will appear in the next life. They fear they will come back a snake.

I remember the first year I was in India I went to one of their large temples in Pandharpur where they have a large god. Through the chief of police we got into the temple; there were two openings where the people crawled in and out, and they could not see what they were worshipping when they got in there; it was total darkness. Once in ten years they have this god lighted up and covered with ten thousand dollars' worth of jewels. They were pushing the people in and pulling them out, and the policemen worked so hard they had to be changed every hour. There were ten thousand people waiting on the outside to get in to worship that stone god, but they allowed only fifty to get in at one time. They used to permit them to go in as they pleased, but so many people were trampled to death they had to allow only fifty at one time. I'd like to see the same kind of zeal here for the people to worship God. The chief of police told us the people had to sit on a stone log from twenty-four to fifty-six hours awaiting their turn. If they went for a drink they would lose their place and would have to begin all over again. It seemed to me there were literally acres of people, and many would come for hundreds of miles, a large number walking because too poor to ride on the train; they would give all the money they had to the priests to try in some way to appease their gods so they may be somebody higher in the next world.

There are many sad things in connection with these melas. A number of years ago Ramabai was passing along a roadside and saw two girls sitting beside the dead body of their father; he had taken sick on one of these pilgrimages. These little girls were too young to tell where they had come from, and so afraid of everybody they would not allow anybody to

come near, but when Ramabai came along there was something in her that won the children, and they went to her and put their arms around her neck. They could not tell where they lived, but it was somewhere near Calcutta; their mother never knew what became of her children or her husband, but this was a common occurrence in India. Ramabai took them to her home and they have been trained to preach the Gospel. They are now two beautiful Bible women.

As we stood there that day and looked upon the people and saw them crowding in to worship that stone god I cried to the Lord to send forth more workers, and longed that they might know how to worship the true and living God.

I passed through a big famine in India, but I could never describe the horror of it. Oh how I wished I had come to India earlier in life. I did not fully realize my call in my younger days and I married and settled down. Then the Lord gave and the Lord took away until I saw my five beautiful babies lying side by side in the cemetery. My husband was also taken away, and I myself became an invalid for a number of years. I was a nervous wreck; weighing only about eighty pounds. Had leaned on my husband for everything, had never been in a bank in my life, nor in a court house, and when my husband died and they said I would have to go, I told the Lord I didn't care what became of the money and prayed that He might let me die. He led me out to Colorado Springs and there the prayer of faith was offered for me after three doctors had given me up. I had a complication of diseases, but the Lord touched me; the power of God went through me like electricity and I was healed. That was twelve years ago, and I have never taken a drop of medicine since. When the Lord doesn't heal me I will believe it is His time for me to go. I realized at the time that whether I wanted to live or not, the Lord had a work for me to do and I told Him I would give him every moment of my time. I didn't know then what the consecration meant; I didn't know the Lord was going to renew the call to the foreign field, but He did ten years ago, and when I reached India and saw the multitudes and the awful famine, I was sorry I had not gone earlier.

I came home after I had been there two years. I didn't come because I wanted to, but I felt the Lord was leading me back. The dear workers over there could not see it, but I felt sure He was leading. When I came home I thought only to transact a little business and go back in a few months, but the Lord had something else

for me to do. I had already corresponded with the Steamship Company about securing passage to return, when I received a letter from Albert Norton stating there was a terrible famine in North India. He had been with Ramabai and some of her workers, but he stated when he got up there, there was a law in Bahraich District that they could not take them out and we would have to open up a work in that district. When I began to pray, the Lord said to me, "You cancel your dates with the Steamship Co. and work for the famine sufferers." I used to be so timid and shrinking that I could not give a testimony longer than "The Lord is my Shepherd," but I had received the baptism in the Holy Ghost in Denver, and the Lord took that man-fearing spirit out of me, and wonderfully blessed me. I started to travel in the interest of the poor people of India and I was enabled to send out over two thousand dollars. When I went back I took with me eight workers.

When the time came for me to go to India the second time my people objected. On my first trip I had a little money Mr. Denney left me, and they didn't want me to spend it in that way. They said, "You are spending all the money your husband left you. What will you do when you get to be old? You will starve to death." I had fought that battle before and gotten to the place where I said I was going to obey the Lord if I died in the poor-house. I'd rather go to heaven out of the poor-house than to hell out of the finest palace in the world. Then they said if I was going I ought to go under a church board, but I went out under the Almighty, Eternal, Unchangeable God. I want to say to the glory of God that not one of all His good promises have failed. Though I saw the time in India when for three weeks I didn't have enough money to buy a postage stamp, the cupboard never went bare nor did the well ever go dry. A little baby in its mother's arms hasn't a single anxious care. If it is hungry, mother looks after its food. It doesn't have to look after itself for a single minute or have one anxious thought. From the time I got that view, I never had an anxious care, for my Father knew what things I had need of. There wasn't a thing in the world I wouldn't have done for my babies and while there is a limit to a mother's love and her power, there is no limit to our Heavenly Father's love and power.

I went back to India and Brother Norton sent us up to North India and opened a work there. Ramabai had some of her workers there, but they became ill, and she took away all but three

of the Bible women and I didn't know how I was going to get on. The language in the North was different, and I had never studied it, so the outlook wasn't very encouraging, but I thought the thing to do was to have a meeting with the workers and have them get the Baptism in the Holy Ghost, and then I thought they could preach and I could pray and God would work. In this way we would get the people saved. It was then I learned the secret of prayer. In ten weeks they had all received the Baptism in the Holy Ghost, including Brother Norton. At first he didn't believe in it but one day he was in Ramabai's when the Spirit was being poured out, and the girls were all on their knees in prayer. He entered the room, dropped on his kness and began praying silently. In a few minutes he heard a girl near him praying in English. He opened his eyes and saw it was a girl he knew could not speak English. He had been acquainted with her for eight years. She was saying, "Oh God, open their minds to understand the truth. Oh God open their hearts to receive the truth." He knew the Holy Ghost was indicting that prayer, and it opened his mind to understand this baptism was of God. So when we had special meetings of the workers, Brother Norton came and also received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The first night of the special meetings, when I was crossing the dining room the little tots gathered around me singing, "Victory to Jesus, Victory to our King." I sat down and told the matron to give them a message. So she began to preach and I prayed and God poured out His Spirit upon them. The worst ones there began confessing their sins and the meeting continued until twelve o'clock. The old ladies got out of bed at ten o'clock to see what was going on and fear came upon all. The people had never been in a Pentecostal meeting, and had never seen a revival, but when God poured out His Spirit it was wonderful to see them. Many of their lives were transformed.

After we had been in the Home awhile the Lord began laying Nepal on my heart—Nepal with its five million people and the Gospel forbidden. We went further north where we could preach to the Nepal people from the border. There we lived in a zanana home with high walls around it, I always praised the Lord for these high walls because I was almost afraid of the Mohammedans, but we used to sing a hymn quite often, "He gave His life a ransom just because He loved me so." There were quite a number sitting on the veranda and when we were through singing two or three had tears in

their eyes and I began to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified. One young man was very much touched and committed the chorus to memory. That man today is a secret believer in Jesus. He dare not tell his parents but said that just as soon as he got through school he was coming to America. I asked him why he wanted to become a Christian and he said, "Just because He loved me so." There are many today in India who say, "I believe in your religion but if I accept it I will be an outcast." It costs them everything in this world when they become Christians. One young man told me he was a secret believer in Christ for five years before he dared tell his people, but just as soon as he became of age he confessed Christ, and if it were not for fear of the English government he would be killed. I knew of one man about fifty years of age who had never heard of the Christian religion, and he was so convicted he thought he would die. He had gone to all the melas and had done the best he could but had not gotten free from his sins. He was an awful sinner and when he came home he looked up a friend in whom he had confidence and asked him if he could not tell him how to get rid of his misery, and this friend said to him, "I also am a Hindu, but I heard of a man named Jesus who could save from sin." He went to a missionary who told him the story of the cross, and he accepted Jesus, but he was cast out from his friends; his own wife left him and took away his children. He told me with the tears streaming down his cheeks that he never expected to see his wife and children, but he had plunged into the fountain filled with blood, and all his guilt had been taken away.

When we first went to Nanpara there was a Colonel on the border who had studied English, and he gave me permission to go into Nepal; he used to permit our Indian preachers to go in also, although the law was against it, but it was in answer to prayer. I remember one time we sent two Indian boys into Nepal, and they were arrested and taken up as robbers. They were shut up in prison for two days, and while there one preached the Gospel and the other gave out sixteen portions of the Scripture to the officers around the prison. They then were taken eight miles afoot to appear before the Colonel, who knew the boys and said, "These boys are not robbers." He asked them about the books they carried and heard the story of the cross and with tears in his eyes he said, "You may distribute your books."

God answered prayer for North India until

now there are twelve Pentecostal Stations, where eight years ago there were none. We were living in a little Indian home in Nanpara and the needs of the work demanded larger quarters. We heard of a house two miles away that had been built by an indigo planter who had failed in business. I had only two rupees (64 cts.) but I put it into a sack and told the Lord if He wanted us to have that house He should multiply those two rupees like He multiplied the loaves and fishes. The Lord multiplied the money in the sack until I had 1350 rupees. The manager had told Mr. Moorehead if he had 1,000 rupees he would give it up, but some one bid up to 1300. I went up to the housetop to pray, and the Lord gave the Scripture where Abraham paid the full price for the land. I had 1350 rupees and I prayed very definitely if the Lord wanted us to have that home He would further set His seal upon it by not allowing anybody to bid any higher than that. We put in the bid and we never heard anything for three weeks. Then they advertised another day of sale and got the people together. The auctioneer cried for over an hour and nobody bid any higher than that, and so it was given to us.

The Lord kept showing us all the time we were only getting that home ready for other workers, and He began talking to us about another home on the border of Nepal where we were to have a school for the Nepal boys, so they could be taught and could go back into their country with the Gospel. I applied for land, but got a flat refusal. I felt it didn't make any difference what the Rajah or anyone said, the Lord had given me the promise, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you;" we waited a few months longer and I got the land. We had no money for it but one dollar which had come from Liberia, Africa. There they had been teaching their boys to save their pennies and when they got a dollar they sent it to me to spread the Gospel in India. I wept when I read of the little African boys saving their pennies for India. It seemed to me I could see Jesus standing over against the treasury and saying, "They have given more than they all."

Our missionaries have been living in travelers' bungalows. There are no hotels in India, and they were permitted to live in these little bungalows for a few months, but now the season has come, in which the officers have to travel and need the bungalows so our workers have to leave. I got a letter yesterday in which they

said one or two of them were sleeping in a tent, two others in a wood-shed, and the little serving room on the veranda was being used for a drawing room, and they say they are as happy as they can be. It is wonderful how happy you can be if you have Jesus with you.

I have learned many lessons from the Indian Christians with their simple, childlike faith. At Christmas time a box of gifts was sent to Ramabai's home, and among them were a number of little Chinese dolls which were given out on Christmas morning. At the same time the announcement was made that there was a famine in China and that evening there would be a consecration service and every one would have an opportunity to put on the altar what he or she had to give. About twenty-five of those little girls who never had a doll before in all their lives, came up, kissed their dolls and laid them down to be sold for the famine in China.

In another mission they were praying for the starving girls in China. One said, "I wish we could help, but we are so poor. We will just pray and ask Jesus to help." So they prayed and became very happy. One little girl came to the matron and said, "We are going to go one whole month with just one meal a day, and one day out of each week we will go without any food at all." I told this in my home town and the pastor said, "We do not know how to sacrifice in America."

I praise God for all the trials and testings. I love the people of India and want to lay down my life for them. I want to solicit your prayers for the missionaries. They have trials and testings of which you in the homeland know nothing. Oh pray for God to pour out His Spirit. The conviction He put on that one man who never heard about Jesus, he can put upon every heathen on the field if real prayer is offered up for them.

## The Causes that Lead to the Unpardonable Sin Sins that Burn Out the Conscience

Evangelist A. G. Jeffries in Dallas, Texas, June 20, 1915.



NOW I will deal tonight rather with the causes that lead up to the unpardonable sin. You will find the text in Jeremiah 7:16: "Therefore pray not thou for this people, neither lift up cry nor prayer for them, neither make intercession to me, for I will not hear thee."

These words seal the destiny of a generation of Jews. For years and years God, by Urim and Thummim, by priest and prophet, had tried to save the Jews from a national calamity that He saw slowly coming upon them. God was good indeed to the Jews; they were peculiarly exempt from cancer, consumption, and other ulcerous and cutaneous diseases. He was kind and indulgent to them in all His dealings with them. When the temple was twice razed to the ground He allowed them to rebuild it; when other countries were drought-stricken they received rain; their enemies were God's enemies; their friends were God's friends; He sought by every possible means to save them from committing a sin that He would never pardon. Does any sane person present believe that God would have issued this write of inhibition to His weeping prophet had not the case been hopeless? Does not God strive with people as long as there is any hope for them? Is He not more tender than a father or a mother? And is not His love from everlast-

ing to everlasting upon them that fear Him? But men, women, communities and states put themselves in a position where God Himself cannot reach them.

Now let us go into the philosophy of cause and effect; let us examine and see why this national calamity came upon the Jews. First, man is a three-fold being; a mental being possessing a mind, a physical being possessing a body, a spiritual being possessing a soul. Psychologically viewed, he has intellect, reason, sensibilities, a conscience and a will. The intellect or reason, determines what is true or false; the conscience declares what is painful or pleasant; the will determines the course of life. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." The intellect seeks the will to know the truth of God; the sensibilities seek the life, and the conscience seeks the way. When conscience is once destroyed, the intellect makes no more inquiry for the truth; the sensibilities seek no more life, because the conscience has lost the way. We get the word "conscience" from the Latin word "conscientia," meaning joined knowledge. When joined to good, there is a delightful witness of approval; when joined to evil, condemnation and wretchedness. There are many ways that the conscience can be destroyed. In the fall of man, the body went down, the mind went down, and the soul went down, but the conscience survived the fall. Had the conscience of man gone down

in the fall, God would have made no effort whatever to have saved the human race.

I said the will determines the course of life—the will in the fall received a paralytic stroke that gave it great enervation, but yet it has powers to take God's side and obey conscience, get on its feet and live forever. But when the conscience is once destroyed, the will is wholly powerless to act. How can a whole nation be lost at one time? Idolatry has been as natural to the human race as the acting of the laws of gravitation. Time and again the Jews went into idolatry; time and again God gave them power to recover themselves, but back into idolatry they would go. We have an idea that all the idolators are across the Pacific, in China and in India, but you have just as rank idolatry in Dallas as they have in Calcutta or Hong Kong. That which is seen and doted on more than God is idolatry. A man may idolize bank stock or merchandise until his conscience is burned out. A woman may idolize her wardrobe and jewelry until her conscience is burned out. The Bible positively forbids every kind of sinful pleasure. The devil uses these as his opiates to destroy the conscience. Now, I shall go into the cause, and I am going to give very homely illustrations and show the causes that lead up to this dreadful state.

With the Jews, I say, it was idolatry—stocks and stones, the making of their own hands. Over there it was a stock or a stone, down here a twenty dollar gold piece. The form of the thing has just changed; idolatry in the heart is the same. God said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." He is a jealous God and He will not allow anything in this world to come between you and Himself without you suffering and possibly losing your soul in the end. The most modern idolatry in this country before God and high heaven is pleasure—the devil is wrecking more souls through pleasure-seeking, than any one thing on the American continent. Now, conscience is destroyed by tens of thousands through the modern theater, the vaudeville and the moving picture shows. The Bible says "Go not in the way of wicked men," "Abstain from every appearance of evil." When any person goes where God is not wanted, where God is not a partner, he is putting himself in the way of having his conscience destroyed. There is nothing in the world that paralyzes the conscience like earthly pleasure-seeking. Why? God knows there is satisfaction in Him; you come from the plastic hands of God; He is determined that you shall never be happy or

satisfied until you return to Him and find your satisfaction there. Say, sinner, I will tell you when you can have peace without God. When you get God under your feet, and know that God is dead and you are standing on His grave, then you may go all the gaits and have peace, but never before. The modern theater is destroying that appetite for God. Oh, as I look at the lovely society women and the wealthy people my heart trembles! It is not criminal to be rich; nor is it virtuous to be poor. Dives did not go to hell because he was rich, but because he was mean. Lazarus did not go to heaven because he was poor but because he was righteous. Hear me, when God gives wealth, He expects a return of it in the way of a humble heart and thankfulness. He expects you to find in Him that sweet satisfaction that every soul on earth should find.

Over in New York City a lady worth \$12,000,000 went out of the theater one night wretched and damned; she went to her home, put her jewelry in a casket, wrote a little note and said: "There is nothing to life," picked up a silver-plated pistol and blew her brains out—a woman worth \$12,000,000 and moving in the crest of society. That is the way the devil pays but my Christ doesn't pay that way. That woman's conscience had been burned out by pleasure-seeking. The mind may realize what it has lost when the conscience is gone; it has a mental horror, and not conscientious horror. There are folks who have no conscience who are as miserable as devils. They realize what they have done, they realize they will never get to God; their conscience has been burned out and they have mental agony, but no desire to get to God.

The second opiate that I shall call your attention to, by which the devil destroys the conscience is whiskey or any kind of spiritous or intoxicating liquors. One of the saddest things that ever came up in my life was a very dear friend of mine who took to drinking. He was a fine young fellow, had a princely character and was a clerk in a dry goods store. The thing went on for years and years. One day he said, "Jef' this is a rugged old road to travel; I have no desire to get to God now. All religious inclinations have been burned out, but there is a wolfish craving in my soul for more whiskey." He started to his father's home to spend Christmas; he had to walk about half a mile after he got off the train, was full of whiskey, and the weather was cold. When he got within two hundred yards of the house, he fell to the ground.

He raised up and looked towards the house but had no power to get up. He took out a piece of writing paper and wrote: "I am dying in sight of home, I hear the music coming through the windows, I see the lights, but I will never reach home." The next morning they found him frozen to the ground, cold in death. There are men in this city who could not quit drinking to save their lives. The thing has fastened itself upon them, their will-power is gone. How I pity a man in that condition! He has no power to resist it, his conscience is gone and he is just waiting to be dumped into hell, that is all.

A gentleman said one day: "Out in a deserted sea-coast town I stood and saw a weasel run from under a building straight across the street. I had not noticed an eagle poised in the air, but as quick as lightning the eagle flew down, grabbed the weasel and flew off with it. I stood and gazed, and after the eagle got far in the air I saw its actions were very peculiar; it was girating, going round and round. The eagle turned its head toward the earth and shot like a bullet to the ground at my feet. Of course I wanted to examine him to see what caused such an action as that; I found the talons of the eagle buried deeply in the weasel, but the weasel had taken a death grip on the throat of the eagle. The eagle had not killed the weasel, but the weasel had killed the eagle. There was a time, man, when you could have torn the weasel loose, but you kept on drinking until it had buried itself in your throat. When a man is in that condition, he is just about as certain for hell as if he were there now. And the devil is destroying thousands and tens of thousands of souls and consciences by whiskey drinking.

Third, lust is damning tens of thousands of souls and destroying the consciences of hundreds of thousands. Preaching in a western city of about 300,000, there was sitting in the front of me one night a large clothing merchant. He had a diamond pin upon his breast, and he was living in an unholy alliance with two or three young women. I pointed my finger down in his face and said: "Man, for God's sake break with those women." Half the congregation knew whom I meant. The man turned pale but the devil hardened his conscience. One of those girls walked in front of him one day and swallowed an ounce of carbolic acid and fell dead at his feet. His wife died and left him two as pretty children as I ever saw, he lost his business and the last I heard of him he was a trampish vagabond wandering through the earth. Say, man, God gave you a beautiful and faithful

wife; you are a devil to the bottom if you betray her confidence. Hear me! A woman has as much right to a clean husband as a man has to a clean wife and the crime on one side of the house is just as black as on the other side. There are men tonight in Dallas who have beautiful wives and lovely children, who will take a cigar, stroll off down the street and wind up in the scarlet district. Brother, there is not much show for a man who will do that.

Fourth, gambling has gotten to be the curse of a nation. It used to be that none but men gambled, but you go to fashionable race courses in the East, and the women are there gambling as madly as men and all through New England, but I thank God it hasn't come on this side of the Mason and Dixon line to any great extent that I know of.

A sad, sad funeral that I witnessed one day was that of a gambler who had died in despair. He died cursing the God that made him, died in the dark. There wasn't a woman in the procession, there wasn't a citizen, none but gamblers. There wasn't a minister at the grave. God, what a burial, what a funeral! They laid that poor victim of gambling down into the dust, rolled on the clods and drove away without a single word.

Again, inordinate craving for wealth. Men and women are selling their souls, selling their consciences, selling their crowns in heaven and their bodies on earth for money. We have gone wild on money-making and money-getting, and the devil is destroying thousands of consciences through this channel. Hear me! Some of the most colossal lies ever told on earth are told through the advertising columns of your daily papers now. Merchants declare they are selling a thing at cost, when they are making one hundred per cent profit on it. They mark an article \$10.50; draw a red line through it and put down \$4.95. You can scarcely get a clerk to tell you the truth at this time. I knew a merchant in a small town who made \$100,000, but the man was simply eaten out with greed and avarice. When he died he called his boys around his bed and said: "Boys, I leave you \$100,000 but it is the price of my soul. I have shown mercy to no one; I have closed men out on mortgages; I have collected, regardless of hard times. Boys, there are devils grinning over the footboard of my bed now; there is a great black devil sitting on my pillow now ready to take my soul." Now hear me, many a merchant in Dallas will die surrounded by weeping friends and laughing devils. They will hear rattling

chains, and be dragged down to hell forever and ever. Say, brother, your fellow man has a right to live as well as you and God doesn't allow a man to swindle or lie without the damage coming back on the man himself. Oh, I crave sometimes for the good old country honesty of the backwoods where I was raised. I love people ruggedly honest, but oh, this veneered and white-washed age! It is deceit from beginning to end. Even our very etiquette is honey-combed and false. "Glad to see you," when it is not so; "Come again," when they are not wanted; and the thousands of other things equally as deceptive.

Men are selling their souls for prominence. Take the Federal Judges of the country. You can hardly get a decision through the people; great corporations get all they ask for, and more too. They are selling their souls to be kept in office. While Federal Judges, of course, are in for life, or during good conduct, yet they want to be praised by the people. I had rather die like Lazarus, would rather sleep with the coyotes, rather beg from house to house and have an honest heart, die like the good, old fashioned Methodists, Baptists and others, than those men who sell their souls for fame. I tell you not many people will be saved. The Federal Judge at Paris, Texas, one day was accosted by one of our Holiness women and she said, "Judge, do you believe in God?" "Certainly, madam," he answered. "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Every word of it." "Are you a Christian?" "No ma'am." "Do you want to be?" "No ma'am." "Why?" He was gray headed then; I knew him well; he said, "I am a great lover of dancing, and had rather go to hell than to give up the pleasure of dancing." That was a Federal Judge. How many tens of thousands have been just as foolish.

Again, covering a secret that God wants revealed. Tens of thousands of people have lost their consciences by hiding crimes. The law says it is a crime to conceal a crime. God has tried to bring to the surface ten thousand secrets that men smothered back in their bosoms and died and went to hell before they would give them up. At one of our great camp-meetings a fellow took the preacher by the arm and led him to one side, and said, "Let's take a walk." The man looked like one doomed to be hung. He walked out in the woods and looked nervously around, then said, "Let's sit on this log here. I have something to tell you." When they were seated, he said, "My brother and I lived down in Southern Texas near the Mexico line. We

took out a \$10,000 policy on ourselves, and I died. We got a doctor into it, buried a dummy, spent the money, and now the hell hounds are on my track. You seem to be a man of God, and now I want to know what I am to do about the matter." The preacher said, "Well, the Bible says 'He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy.' The first thing you must do is to sit down and write to the company and tell them what you have done." He jumped up right quickly and said, "What would they do with me?" The preacher said, "Without doubt they will send you to the penitentiary. You are not able to reimburse them." He said, "Preacher, I will die and go to hell before I will go to the penitentiary." He smothered the secret back in his breast and said, "If you are a gentleman, you will keep it to yourself," then walked off, pale as death, his lips set hard, and a peculiar expression in his eyes. That man sold out to the devil. Brother, it is better to spend five or ten years in the penitentiary, and even go to heaven from the penitentiary than it is to go to hell from a palace.

Over at Durant, Oklahoma, last summer, there was a beautiful young girl fell at the altar. She began to scream; the altar workers did all they could for her, but gave no relief; I went around and said, "Child, can I help you?" She said, "Brother Jeffries, the trouble is, I am keeping down a secret. It is an awful thing, I cannot let it out, and yet God is striving with me to get me to let it out." I don't believe I ever saw a child suffer so much in my life. She would double up and scream and wring her hands and scream again. I said, "Girl, for Jesus' sake let the thing out. You need not tell me, you need not tell the altar workers, but God wants you to tell that thing to somebody." She said, "I will not do it," and got up and left the altar. I did not see her any more, as that was the last night of the meeting. Some of the ladies came and said, "Brother Jeffries, that is the saddest face we ever looked into. That girl committed the unpardonable sin last night." A woman in high society came to me and said, "Brother Jeffries, I have an awful crime in my life." I told her I was not hunting secrets, but would like to help her. She said, "I committed that nameless crime against my marriage vow, against my husband, against my own purity." I said, "Woman, there is just one road around hell; you are just as certain for hell as if you were there now if you do not confess that sin." "Oh," she said, "I can't, he has trusted me so fully." I said, "That only adds to the turpitude

of the crime. Woman, that thing has got to come out. 'He that confesseth and forsaketh his sin shall have mercy, but he that covereth his sins shall not prosper.'" She went her way to smother down that secret, and finally died in her sins.

Now, I am going to tell you how near I came to having my conscience burned out. In Pine County, 4200 men supported me for County Representative. I was going all the gaits, drinking whiskey, smoking cigars and committing almost every other known sin. Like the prodigal son, I came to myself and said, "I cannot feel it, but I know I must be in a wretched condition morally." I went out to a Holiness meeting; when they called for sinners I went down to the altar with no feeling whatever. The Methodists threw up their hands and said, "What is Jeffries doing down at the altar?" Five days and nights I went, without any feeling. My conscience was nearly gone and I knew it, I was almost past feeling. I went to the altar and said, "Holy Spirit, if I have any conscience left, I beg You will strengthen the things which remain." After going to the altar five days and nights without feeling, one Saturday afternoon I felt a little stroke of sorrow, and burst out laughing. The folks came around and said, "We are glad you are saved." I told them I was not saved, but had felt the first godly sorrow for sin I had felt for years and years, and that after lying at that altar five days and nights the Holy Ghost had shown me there were a few molecules left, and He had stirred them up. I would not have given that sorrow I had for a hundred million dollars,—not for all the world, for I knew it meant salvation to me. I threw myself at the foot of the cross and said, "Turn on all the pressure You can," I began to cramp; the pangs of hell got hold of me. I turned to two young men and said, "Please rub the knots out of my arms, I am cramping to death." They rubbed and worked and used restorative measures for five hours while I lay in the straw. Young preachers, hear this: hundreds of backsliders get reclaimed, but have so little conscience God cannot display His joy in it, and because they did not get the joy displayed the first time they throw down and quit and go to hell. I held on; the Holy Spirit began to rebuild my conscience and in about ten days I began to feel a little real joy. A little joy of the Holy Ghost in my soul! I have the best right to preach this sermon of any man who walks the earth. My feet had well nigh slipped, and I was in the jaws of hell.

I know the condition men are in, and if some of you folks don't come down to the altar without any feeling whatever you will die in your sins. Hear me! Folks say, "Mr. Jeffries, if I could feel like I used to, I would come to the altar." You will never feel that way again until your conscience is rebuilt. A little godly sorrow is the greatest blessing that God ever gave a sinner.

Another very marked case: I saw a man lose his conscience at a ten days' meeting once. The insult to the Holy Ghost is proportional to the amount of pressure or conviction He turns on the soul. I went to a man ten nights in succession, and asked him to give his heart to God. He said, "No, no," night after night. I closed the meeting and went home and the man died in his sins. Another case: three beautiful young women, lovely girls, came to a mid-winter meeting I was holding in the city, they usually sat three or four seats back; lovely girls, refined and cultured. I went to the girls night after night and said, "Give your hearts to God." "Not tonight, Mr. Jeffries." The meeting closed and shut the girls out. I passed through the city some weeks later, and stopped at one of the sister's for dinner, and said, "How are the saints moving?" "The saints are moving nicely, Brother Jeffries, but Flora is dead." I said, "Hush!" (Flora was one of the beautiful girls.) Then I asked her to tell me how she died. "I can't," she answered. "Were you there?" "Yes, I was there." "Then why can't you tell me?" "No mortal, Brother Jeffries, could describe that death. It took two strong men and one woman to hold her. She tore the bed clothes into shreds and all the time was pleading for someone to pray for her." "Was she conscious?" "Wholly so. Brother Jeffries, don't ask me any more; that is enough." I bowed my head and said, "Oh God, how faithfully I dealt with that girl! How faithfully I worked with her, but as the power came on the meeting, she hardened her conscience until it burnt out and God made no further effort to save her." How do I know she was burnt out? God never allows a soul to die in sin until He sees that soul never would have gotten to God anyhow. When I make this statement, I make it on the justice of God; that if God sees they will relent twenty years later, He will give them twenty years; and so we logically conclude as she did go through the meeting and got her last call, that her conscience had burnt out and God let her die.

Another case: at one of our Maryland camp-meetings, a young man living out in the country

a few miles was greatly wrought upon by the Holy Spirit to give his heart to God. One night the pressure came upon him and the devil said, "Get your horse and go home." He did so, but every step of the way he said he heard a voice saying, "If you take that bridle off of that horse you are lost." "I went home, took the saddle off, led the horse down to the pasture, slipped the bridle off one ear and heard the voice whisper again, 'If that bridle comes off that horse you are lost.' I awoke to the realization I was getting my last call; the horse began to plunge; I grabbed him by the ear from which I had pulled the bridle, and he carried me all over the pasture, but I began to pray: 'God, don't let this bridle come off.' The horse plunged over and over the pasture until he was perfectly exhausted. I slipped the bridle back over the ear, jumped on bareback and rode back with all my might to the camp-meeting. The altar service was still on; I threw the reins down, went to the altar and was saved in five minutes." Say, don't pull the bridle off! In nearly every religious service, somebody gets his last call.

I believe it is providential that God sent me back here. I believe that God fully intended for this other section of the sermon to be delivered. Jesus Christ appeared to me on the train and seemed to slip His arms around me and said, "I need you back in Dallas." I make my final plea to some soul tonight: break with whiskey; break with money-getting abnormally; break with that woman, break with pleasure-seeking; start for heaven tonight. I plead that you will join the people of God. I wouldn't give a snap of my finger what church you join. It is not the church that saves you but Christ in your soul.

Folks, I plead for your soul tonight. Some woman here has heard me tonight and she knows that secret ought to come out. Some man here has heard me tonight, and he knows that thing ought to be confessed. In God's good name, get it out tonight. The Holy Ghost is in this vast congregation whispering words of life to some soul, saying, "My son, give me thine heart." Is there one soul here tonight that is willing to quit sin? Is there one woman here tonight who is tired of a wretched life? Is there a sinner here tonight who is tired of the devil's way? Oh, there are a hundred souls here tonight who would like to get in this good way and walk therein, and live forever. I would rather have your soul made white tonight than to have all the money in Dallas.

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