



# The Latter Rain Evangel

*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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**An International Monthly Magazine**

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

# “Power to Cleanse the Leper: Power to Raise the Dead”

## What God Wrought through Unity and Faith

Miss Mary Ropp, Zion City, Illinois



THE name of Jesus has recently been magnified in our home in a most marvelous way. We never knew the power in that wonderful Name as we experienced it a few months ago when we faced death and conquered through Him who is the Life. For some time God has been laying it on my heart to exalt that wonderful Name by sending out to all the world the story of a miraculous deliverance that was wrought in my precious mother who is now in her sixty-sixth year.

Our mother had been sick for about three years, with bowel trouble in its worst form. She suddenly became very much worse in January and grew weaker from day to day until Tuesday night about midnight, Jan. 18th. We became alarmed and called in Dr. Sayrs who prayed with her. She was very, very ill and could not keep even a drop of water on her stomach. She was burning up with a very high fever; her stomach and bowels were greatly inflamed and she was troubled with an awful thirst, yet not able to take a drop of water. She couldn't rest during the night, and the next day Mrs. Sayrs came in and said, "If it was *my* mother who was so dangerously ill, I would want to know and I feel I ought to tell you that your mother has inflammation of the stomach and bowels and there is no help outside of a real miracle; unless the Lord undertakes you will have her with you only a few hours. Sit right by her and do what you can for her." We wrote at once for my sisters to come and told them how seriously ill mother was, and Mrs. Boyer, a neighbor, came in and the Lord gave us the Scripture in the 10th of Matthew and the 16th of Mark about the casting out of demons. I felt mother was too ill for anything like that and said, "Don't speak to mother, she is so very weak." So she went in and quietly prayed and began rebuking demon power, and mother seemed a little brighter. She went home, then came back and spent the evening with us. About midnight she said she must go, and a great fear came over me. I didn't want to stay alone; I saw there was need of holding on to God, and yet I became so sleepy. Mother realized there was a battle on and said, "Don't sleep, pray! Don't sleep, pray!" I had been silently praying and looking to God, and He gave us a

touch of His power, the Spirit interceded and mother began praising the Lord.

Mother got sinking spells and felt deathly sick in her stomach. From the very first the Lord put it on me to rebuke evil spirits. I didn't go to bed for five nights and five days and during this time I was so burdened for mother I would fall on my knees anywhere, in the kitchen, in the hall, and in different parts of the house. As a rule there couldn't be but one in the room with her at a time but when she had these sinking spells the power of God would come upon us and we would stand in the strength of Jehovah—often we felt His strength coming into us and girding us for the conflict as our lips uttered the words, "In the name of Jesus we command you to come forth." As we wrestled with the powers of darkness our hands would be gripped until our finger-nails made deep marks in the palms of our hands. We realized we were in a terrific battle and I was keenly alive to the fact that I was talking face to face with the demon of death as I rebuked him and took shelter under the precious blood. Mother could not stand the ordinary sounds and noises but when we praised the Lord and interceded with strong crying, she would rally each time. In the midst of the battle God put songs of rejoicing into our hearts and we would sing over and over again of precious blood-bought victory.

One night the Lord spoke to me, "You haven't laid your mother on the altar." Long ago when I asked the Lord in prayer to take anything that was dear to me, my parents came up before me, and at this time my consecration and prayer were brought vividly to my mind, and I said with the greatest spirit of sacrifice I ever made, "Lord, take her in spirit, soul and body." We really felt she would pass away anyhow, but as soon as I said that there was a sharp pain at my heart, it seemed so hard to give her up. But the Lord said, "It will not mean death. I want to work through vessels that are yielded." At the same time I saw myself as a little lump of clay. I cried with all my heart and said, "Jesus be glorified!" That was the greatest desire of my heart to see Him glorified. I didn't know what He was going to take us through, but all during the night we had to rebuke the powers of the enemy. Two brethren came in for prayer, and often it came before us that on Sunday morning

we would have the supreme fight of all. Sometimes in prayer we would find ourselves saying; "We will fight it to a finish," and death would come before us; but we didn't feel then that He was going to take her to heaven through death. A faith had been growing in our hearts, and as the conflict waxed more severe our faith increased. On Saturday morning she felt a little brighter, and asked me to go and tell Mrs. Sayrs. The Lord showed us this battle was His and many around us were going to have a part in it. All day she looked a little better but I was so burdened. The Lord gave us discernment along many lines; He gave my sister special faith for the need, and my niece prophecy and opened up to us how He wanted to work in the church; that if His people were as united as we were at that time He would give the gifts to the church, and they would do the greater works, even the raising of the dead.

Mother had some flowers sent her and she wanted to see them; I didn't want to do anything that would divert us from our supreme object and hesitated about giving them to her. She asked a second and third time for the flowers, and then the Lord showed me it wasn't she but the enemy trying to draw our attention away from Him. This looked like a little thing but He was leading us very simply and our spirits were sensitive to a marked degree. She looked at the flowers and talked about them but I could not look at them. I felt the seriousness of the situation and that I must pray or the enemy would snatch her life away. This was Saturday about four o'clock. We felt the fight was becoming more intense. She gave a strange ominous sound and we saw we were facing death. At the same time the Spirit of God came on us in great power and as the family gathered around her we took her by the hand and commanded her in the name of Jesus to praise the Lord but she could not. Her eyes were set and her hands were cold. Her fingers were dead up to the knuckles. Her limbs and feet were lifeless; her tongue was brown and hard and stiff. It was impossible for her to talk. She, herself, did not realize that she was slipping away but we did. The fight was terrific but special power was given us to rebuke death in the name of Jesus. We lost sight of our mother entirely and saw the horrible picture of the demon of death in all its hideousness. My eldest sister thought I was a little rude but I realized I was dealing with demoniacal power, the power that was taking my mother's life and I was armed to

the teeth. The conflict was so severe that I had to spit up blood afterwards.

One lesson we learned in the casting out of demons was that it sometimes weakens the physical, but as one suffered and found the strain too great He would lift the burden and put it on another; so when I felt it was too great, He put the power on sister. He gave her supernatural faith all the way through and she held on to God and believed He would raise mother up in spite of the symptoms which were every moment becoming more alarming. When it looked the darkest, my niece had a vision of Jesus. She said ecstatically, "Jesus is here! I see His pierced hands. Now He is leaning over grandmother's body. Grandmother, you are healed!" She saw Him touch her lifeless hands, and then her stomach, cleansing it as it were, from the touch of death. Then mother relaxed and rested for a while. We had a partial victory but still felt the greatest fight was yet ahead of us. But, oh, we felt His power as we had never done before! A sister who stayed with us that night said the presence of the Lord in the home was very marked. Mother rested easily for awhile, but my sister became quite exhausted from the strain of holding on and had to call on us to pray for strength. Never was our family so united, and each one fitted in her place. During the night my mother uttered another ominous sound and we felt the enemy was very near, as well as the Lord. But God would give us discernment to distinguish what spirit it was. About midnight there came a long, fierce struggle. We all got together and with the power of God upon us commanded the spirit of death to depart. It seemed as if we literally grappled with Death supernaturally, and we held on with a vise-like grip which was entirely new to us. Death was in her throat, but the power of God loosed her and she rested again. We thought that was the last fight; it was about one o'clock in the morning. While mother was resting I had a vision of Jesus coming up the front stairs and go from room to room and bless the people in each room, yet on the other hand we could feel the enemy lurking around, oh so real!

A neighbor came in and had intercession for me which help I needed badly, for it was only through the grace of God I was given strength to endure what I had been passing through. I went upstairs to retire and a strong impression came to me that I should go down and lie on the lounge in mother's room. I felt the demon of death before my face, but I refused to recog-

nize it and looked to the Lord continually.

We praised the Lord four days and nights and tarried before Him just to praise Him. Sometimes we could not pray, but only praise the Lord. About 5:30 Sunday morning we heard the death rattle in her throat. Instantly I was on my feet knowing the enemy was right there. It was a test to my faith; my niece's vision was before me and yet here was this terrific fight. The struggle I can never put in words. Satan was still on hand, and the battle was not yet won. I rallied the family together for another conflict. My sister was praying and holding on to the Lord but I had no voice to speak. Our good neighbor, Mrs. B., was praying for me but I could not utter a word. Then I heard just as clearly as could be, the words:

"Power to cleanse the leper,  
Power to raise the dead."

Again the words rang out,

"Power to cleanse the leper,  
Power to raise the dead."

My eyes were shut. I felt I could not open them, I was so shut in with God. The stillness of death filled the room for about twenty minutes and it seemed her heart had ceased to beat. I thought, Is He, after all, going to take her to the glory world? I had hold of her hand, and I felt Jesus had her by the hand also. After about twenty minutes, I again heard a voice saying, "In the name of Jesus, arise ye from the dead!" It was repeated. The most of us were praying with our eyes closed, and we believed her heart had ceased to beat. When I heard that voice she began to move and make a sound, but it was very difficult for her to get her breath again. It seemed as though the machinery of her heart which had stopped was again starting and there was a struggle on. The feeling was so intense that we were completely worn out with the strain. Other voices were falling upon my ear. The enemy kept tormenting me with his voices, which were distracting. When the power to rebuke came upon us, he would say, "Why do you do this? Your mother is dying." "The people will hear you." "She will quietly fall asleep in Jesus." At the same time God put His resisting power upon us.

I was so tired and worn I left the room and went to the front part of the house. Then the spirit of praise came upon us and we marched around by faith and praised the Lord. After that mother got up and walked across the hall to the lavatory to bathe her face. She had a peculiar way of bathing her face by putting it

down into the water, and as she did that the words came to me, "The pool of Siloam!" and the Lord brought before me the story of the blind man washing in the pool of Siloam, and by faith we seemed to feel that she would be cleansed. We took the Book and read to her the story of the blind man washing and how he returned seeing. She seemed to be a little brighter but her progress was very slow and we didn't understand it. I myself thought she was going to get right up and be well, but the Lord showed us that He had some lessons to teach us. A half hour later mother asked for some bread and meat. She hadn't been eating for two weeks, and for a few days had not taken even a drop of water. There was such corruption in her stomach she couldn't take anything but raw egg, and it seemed a risk to give her such heavy food at this time, but we gave it to her. She asked for a second piece of bread and ate it. Some of the neighbors thought we were unwise indeed to give it to her.

On Sunday evening we prayed for sleep, and for an hour and a half she slept without moving a muscle. It was such a sweet sleep. That evening another sister came in to stay with us and our hearts were so overflowing with joy and we were so filled with laughter she hardly knew what to think. She said she never was in a home before where there was such rejoicing in time of sickness. But it was because God had given us the victory that our hearts were so filled with joy.

As I was meditating along toward morning, the Lord gave me a lesson on Paul's thorn in the flesh. When he sought for deliverance the Lord said, "My grace is sufficient." So He showed me that for months He had put intercession upon me for mother and while we hadn't seen prayer answered, grace was given for all those months of trial, but as we yielded to Him He took us through, even by taking her through death, for He has power over death. On Monday morning she said, "I am going to go into the pool." We felt that even the room was full of poison from her sickness and her body would need to be cleansed. The next morning Mrs. S. sent word over that they knew the Lord had touched mother and it was a miracle, but whatever we did, we should not give her a full bath or she would die on our hands. We could give her a sponge bath but that was all. This disturbed us quite a little and we hardly knew what to do, but my sister felt that we were limiting God's power. When we looked at mother she

seemed so sick and weak it seemed a great risk, but as she felt she was to get into the tub and have a bath we led her upstairs to the bathroom. We took her upstairs in Jesus' name, singing songs of victory. After she had been bathed there was a heavy scum in the water from the poison in her body. When we took her downstairs and put her to bed, she became stronger instead of weaker, and she said that then for the first time her feet were beginning to get warm, that she felt the blood circulating. Once the Lord said to us, "Sing No. 350 in Gospel Hymns." We didn't know what it was, but we looked it up and it was, "What a wonderful Savior is Jesus." Often the Lord would tell us what to sing. We lived so in the supernatural in those days that it seemed odd to go back to the natural way of living again. On Monday as my niece and I were doing the dishes all at once I dropped on my knees and said, "The Lord wants us to keep in the spirit," and as I knelt down beside the bed a spirit of intercession came upon me and the spirit of prophecy came upon my niece, and she said that sometime between then and evening (it was about one o'clock) grandmother would walk out into the kitchen. She had not been able to walk alone up to this time. My niece also said, "What you have seen the Lord do seems wonderful to you. Man has been able to measure the distance to the moon and the sun, and the stars, but no man has been able to measure the distance from earth to heaven. As high as the heaven is above the earth so high are the glory and power of God and His ways above our ways. Now I see Him on His throne. He is right over this house." We sat there and waited on the Lord and He again poured upon us the spirit of holy laughter. Mother was propped up in a big chair, my sister lying on the bed, and we laughed for two hours, and the Scripture came to me, "He shall fill their mouth with laughter." It took us all out of ourselves and rested us. We were so tired and worn and He poured in the joy so that it was almost impossible to contain it. Do you wonder our mouths were filled with laughter, when He had given us power over the enemy? Then the Lord gave us a song, a strange little melody, and I heard strains of heavenly music, this same song first on different instruments, and then an entire orchestra—the heavenly hosts were uniting with us in songs of victory. Then mother got up from her chair and walked by herself out into the lavatory and later on when we were in the kitchen, she came in naturally, just as

my niece had said she would. After that she walked out on the back porch, and at the end of a week she was much stronger in every way. Previous to this sickness she had not been real well for three years. She had not been able to eat fruit for a year and a half but now she started in to eat just what a well person would eat.

When mother was so ill there was a deadness in her limbs and when she began to get better, she would have to get up and stamp her feet to make the blood circulate.

My sisters then went to their homes and after they were gone the enemy brought back upon mother the old symptoms again. We felt there was a test on after the blessing. One day every symptom came back and as it was unexpected, it was a sore test to us. The enemy said, "This is all a lie. Your mother was never healed." I felt I was at the end of myself; that I could not stand any more and was ready to collapse, but the Lord gave to us the Scripture that we would not be tempted above what we were able to bear. We seemed to have no power to rebuke the enemy, neither could we pray for healing, all we could do was to praise the Lord. I feel people often fail the Lord right here. In time of testing they doubt what God has done and they lose what He has given them.

Since this experience our home is a changed home. My niece, who before was timid and backward was brought right out into the liberty of the Spirit to witness for God. Father is one of the happiest men in Zion City. He is spending his time going around and telling how the Lord raised mother from the dead.

Mother is now fully restored. We recently took a little trip through the state, and while stopping in a little town we met a sister who was very ill with the grippe. Her husband was much alarmed at her condition but as we told the story of God's miracle she got a new vision of the power in the Name, and arose from her bed and dressed, healed through the word of our testimony.

Precious were the lessons he taught us in those days of testing. For sometime He had been burdening my heart over divisions. I saw a room where the chairs were all out of order, which represented God's people, and the Lord said to me that some were in their places and He was just waiting to lead the others, not with a whip of small cords but with His gentle hand of love. He would show us over and over again that we were His blood-bought children, and I saw the reality of what was meant, and how He

wanted unity. The Lord taught us that He was grieved over the discord and could not work, but Satan was bringing about confusion in order to hinder us in doing the "greater things." Oh how I was impressed with the need of fellowship with His children! that He wasn't in division. Some were brought before us who were afflicted and who would not be healed until there was unity in the spirit. One day I was so greatly burdened

for the unity of God's people that the power came on me to bind the spirit of strife and enmity and of division. If we could see that we wrestle not with flesh and blood but these wicked spirits, we would not fight each other, but rebuke the evil spirits and cast them out. May God help us to get to the place where the prayer of Jesus may be answered; that we all may be "one" as He and the Father are "one."

## What "Forsaking All" Meant to Abraham

### The Cross Produces Rugged Men and Women

W. T. MacArthur, in The Stone Church, Feb. 6, 1916



INVITE your attention to a very familiar portion in the Gospel of Luke, fourteenth chapter, thirty-third verse, which reads, "So likewise, (referring to something that goes before it) whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." The Lord Jesus Christ never made the Gospel attractive, as men count it attractive. He never sugar-coated any pill, but always put the rough side out, and gave people to understand right from the beginning what they might expect. He never coaxed anybody to follow Him. In fact, He almost took the opposite position and invited them to stay away. If you will study the life of Jesus, His teachings and dealings with men, you cannot help but be convinced of this, that He didn't want anybody following Him who could possibly be coaxed away by anybody else. He wanted people to follow Him who could not be diverted from their purpose. He never sent a committee around to look anybody up and see why they didn't come to meeting. Oh beloved, I do thank God that when people get the real thing you cannot lose them. These people who have to be coaxed and petted, and humored, and stroked the right way in order to keep them going, are not the true followers of Jesus; they are a race of half-breeds and mongrels, and I doubt if they are any good to anybody on earth. Oh I love the rugged way! I love the rugged Gospel. It produces rugged men and rugged women. It produces Christians worth while. I recently read the laborings of some poor simpleton down in New England, whose name I have forgotten now; he was talking about this glorious Gospel of ours, and said it didn't appeal to the heroic in man. I suppose that he was blind and could not see that the Gospel that Jesus preached, the Gospel that the apostles preached appealed to nothing but the heroic.

If it didn't appeal to the heroic, what did it appeal to? When Jesus called His disciples He said, "Ye shall be martyrs to me." The word that is translated "witness" means "martyr." Ye shall be witnesses to the death. What does it say about the company before the throne from whom God had wiped away every tear? It says "they loved not their lives unto the death." And Jesus said, "So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." The great crowd was tramping after the Lord Jesus over the dusty road, and He turned around and shouted at the top of His voice, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." How is that for coaxing them with sugar-coated pills? Oh hallelujah for the old-time Gospel that produces old-time Christians!

We have an example in the old Book of salvation, his name is Abraham, and it is said of him that he is the father of us all; that is if we belong to the real Israel of God. He is our Father Abraham. I am very proud of my progenitor. It says in the fourth chapter of Romans that he is the "father of circumcision to them who are not of the circumcision only, but who also walk in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham." I thank God it doesn't say those who jump in the jumps of our father Abraham, but they who walk in his steps. He didn't jump, he stepped, and when you have real salvation you will step. These people who profess salvation and never step anywhere, we have no right to consider saved, and they have no right to include themselves. If you have never taken a step you are not saved. There are many people who profess to be Christians but they never move. They are living in the same place all the time.

Our father Abraham moved. He didn't move

all at once. He was like some of the rest of us, he moved on instalments, but he got there. I have no objection to moves. I do not care how many you take if you only get there. I find people squabbling sometimes as to how many moves, how many blessings there are. There is a blessing for every move, you believe that, and the bigger the move the greater the blessing. If you take a lot of little hitches you will have a lot of little blessings, and perhaps you will be a third blessing man, or a fourth blessing man, and others with fewer moves will have just as much blessing as you. May God help us to be very tolerant. I said to one of the grandest men I ever met in my life, "How many steps did you take to get into this glorious place you enjoy in God?" And my acquaintance said, "I took only one. I just got saved." "Oh," I said, "all right. I have been hitching along the road for about forty years."

I want to dwell just for a few moments on the steps of the faith of our father Abraham, and I ask you to notice, beloved, that he was a forsaker. Jesus said, "Whosoever it be of you, who forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple." Abraham was a forsaker, a pretty good one too, although he was only human. Stephen in his wonderful apology in the seventh chapter of the Acts, starts out like this, "Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken; the God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, *before* he dwelt in Charran." Don't you think for a moment that our father Abraham's first experience was when he dwelt in Charran. The glory of God appeared to him. He saw something. Have you seen anything? Do you remember what Jesus said, "Everyone which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life"? I like people who have seen the Son, to whom the God of glory has really appeared. He wants us to see Him, not with these natural eyes, but with the eyes of our hearts. The God of glory appears. We see Him! The poet said,

"I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agony and blood;  
He fixed His languid eyes on me,  
As near His cross I stood."

I want to praise God tonight that more than forty years ago I saw the Son and I believed on Him, and I had everlasting life. That is how it comes. Well the glory of God, Stephen tells us, appeared to our father Abraham when he was in Mesopotamia before he went to Charran, and He said to him, "Get thee out of thy country, and

from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall show thee." Forsake all you have. The same old Gospel! God has only one way of saving people. He saved old Abraham the way He saved you and me, and if we are not saved in the Abraham style, we are not saved at all.

I am speaking now to people who are really honest and the God of glory speaks to them and they start for Canaan. They say good-by to Mesopotamia, but they never get to Canaan. They just get as far as Abraham got, to Charran, and there they stick. Why? Because they have not been particular to obey God to the letter. Abraham said good-by to Mesopotamia, good-by to his country and to some of his kindred but not to them all. Beloved, God is particular, and if we are particular we will find His promises are absolutely true and we will receive from Him everything that He promises us. If we are not particular, He will not be. Abraham didn't go into Canaan because he wasn't particular. He took his own father along, and he took the boy, the fatherless boy who had been brought up in his own home. This boy, his nephew, was like his own son, and Sarah said, "We cannot leave that dear boy loose here in Mesopotamia. We must take him along." And perhaps Abraham said, "But Sarah, we must separate from our kindred as well as from our country." "Well," said Sarah, "God isn't so particular as all that." "All right, go ahead." But they didn't get into Canaan. If you are not in a satisfactory place in your experience, in your life, there is just one explanation of it, and that is, God has suggested something to you, or exacted something of you that you haven't met, you haven't conformed to the demands of the Gospel, because God is faithful. He stands ready to fulfil to the letter His promise, when we fulfil to the letter our obedience. He says, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ; and having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience, when your obedience is fulfilled." God will do wonders when our obedience is fulfilled. What is all this struggle at the altar? Why, it is just the struggle of a soul that has not fulfilled its obedience, that is all. You do not have to wait a second for God to fulfil His promises when you meet the conditions. You struggle and wait, and agonize, and you come again and again. Oh we have a faithful God

who is ready to redeem His promises just as soon as we meet the conditions that He has named. Abraham was held there twenty-one years. I think if you had asked him, "Now, honestly, Abraham, tell me the reason you are living here halfway between Mesopotamia and Canaan. You have left the old land and broken with your old associates. You do not enjoy the old ties any more, and you do not have a testimony; neither do you enjoy the good land, never having tasted the milk or the honey. Now tell me honestly what is wrong?" I really believe the old man could have said, "I have dragged my father along with me and I have my nephew here, and I have been disobedient to God and am not enjoying His blessings." What are you going to do? "I don't know what to do. I am stuck and will have to wait until God delivers me." There came a time when the old man died, and with one desperate effort he said, "We are going to get out of here." I remember very well the time I was desperate and said, "I am going to get out of here." I was determined to go somewhere, and I went, and I got there.

After Abraham got over into Canaan, he set up an altar there: "I am going to hold some meetings anyhow; I have to do something. I am going to preach." It says he proclaimed the name of Jehovah. The Canaanites and the Hittites saw him making a fire, and said, "What is the matter, old man? To whom are you offering sacrifices? We don't see any god." "Why I am offering sacrifices to the Jehovah who appeared to me in Mesopotamia." You would think he would have stayed in Canaan after that, but he didn't. Why? Because he still had that boy with him. Oh, when we are as particular as God is there will be no lack of blessing. All we have to do is to conform to God's holy Word. Anybody who has any difficulty can find the remedy right here. And you don't have to look very long. The Holy Spirit is faithful. If we will get down before God and ask Him to search us, He will do so. I don't know what your old Terah is; your Lot, but I know if you are unblest you have dragged something out of Mesopotamia and you have him yet. God let famine come into Canaan and drive him down into Egypt, and what a humiliating experience he had there. It was nauseating, something I never could understand. A man is supposed to give his life rather than the honor of his wife, but he was ready to have his wife go into an Egyptian harem, and away she went. And the king was so glad to get her he gave him camels and asses and goats, and

made him rich. And then God spoke and the king said, "Take your wife and be gone. Take all those camels and asses along." Here came Abraham out of Egypt, driving those herds. And the neighbors would say, "Where did you get them, Abraham?" He would rather be excused. Every time those donkeys brayed they told the story of his unbelief and his sin and disobedience to God, and yet he would not separate from that boy, and the record says Lot went with him.

God had to let strife come in; an awful quarrel between the herdsmen, and the Canaanite looking on. Finally Abraham said, "Oh don't let us have this strife. We are brethren. I beg of you separate yourself from me. I do not care where you go. I will go in an opposite direction. If you go that way I will go this way, only you and I have to separate," and after thirty years didn't the dear old fellow finally fulfil his commission, and God spoke to him once more. That God of glory spoke to him again the second time and said to him, "Abraham, I want you now to walk abroad and look to the north and the south, to the east and the west; look in all four directions as far as your eye can see. This is your inheritance that I have promised you, and you might have been enjoying it long ago if you had been obedient." I am so glad that our father Abraham didn't look in one direction only. A lot of people have just looked in one direction and refused to look in any other. Thousands of God's people are looking south and they see justification by faith. They say, "I am justified by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He is my Savior." Oh but that is not all. Look north; it is just as far in the other direction; look east and look west, Savior, Sanctifier, Healer, Coming Lord—it is all yours. "Why," you say, "you want to make a crank of me?" No, I want you to have your inheritance. Some look in two directions, some in three, but Abraham looked all around and said, "I want to see everything that God has for me." If we will walk in the steps of the faith of our father Abraham the blessing will come to you and me. It is a comfort to me to know that he didn't do it all at once. He could not. His faith had to grow. He was a good forsaker. He forsook his kindred, his country and his father's house. He succeeded at last but that wasn't all. He only got started. Beloved, when we get over into the land and go walking up and down through it we just have a good start for glory. What has he got to forsake now? Why his life was a life of forsaking. That was his experience, an experience of forsaking.

The next thing that God asked him to forsake was the boy he loved even better than he loved Lot, because he was his son. His name was Ishmael. God said, "Abraham, I think you are strong enough, and it will be time for you to take another forsaking. You take Ishmael and send him out with a loaf of bread and cruise of water, and give him a long good-by," and the Word says it grieved him very much, but God said, "Don't let it grieve you, Abraham. Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." I do not know what your Ishmael is, but God asks you to forsake him. He is a half-breed. Abraham said good-by, God blessed him, and said, "Now I am ready to make a covenant with you. Now I will make a bargain with you." Well, was that all? No, he hadn't reached the mountain peak yet. He had one more forsaking. I see the people of God forsake Mesopotamia, but they never say good-by to the old man. I see them say good-by to the old man, but they never say good-by to Lot. There are others who say good-by to Lot, but hold on to Ishmael, and some will say good-by to Ishmael but never to Isaac. What does Isaac represent? The beautiful thing in your life that God gave you. I do not know what your Isaac is; it is very often religious work, your beautiful experience, something that is dearer to you than your life, something for which you are spending your time and to which you are giving your attention. I know what it is when preachers get places; God gives them a church or a work of some kind, and they say, "I have my life work here; I love this work. I could not give it up for anything." God says, "I would like to see you early tomorrow morning." That is what He said to Abraham. So he says to you, "You've been here long enough. It is time for you to move. Give it up. Give it up." "What? Let somebody else take my good job? I won't do it." There are more Christian people shipwrecked there than any other point.

Now I am just going to close with this thought. Do you notice that in all God's dealings with Abraham it was his affections He was after? it was his love that He was after? His love of country was the first thing; took all the politics out of him and all the national pride; all his love for the flag and Fourth of July celebrations. He was through with that and he let the politicians have it all to themselves. That was the first thing. Then came love of home, fondness of parents. "Wasn't that right?" Yes, right to honor your parents, but God said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all

thy strength, and all thy might;" with everything that there is of you. It is our life that He is after, our affections. What about these natural loves? They have to be driven to the cross, for they who are Christ's have crucified the flesh with their affections and lusts. Oh yes, you can love them with the love of God; you can love them with the love of the thirteenth of I. Corinthians, but that is not the miserable love you have by nature. The natural heart is treacherous and mean and selfish. This love that they write books about, fill novels and picture shows, love of country, sweethearts, and all that sort of thing, is sickening. The whole thing is of the flesh, and of the devil, but that beautiful love that is pictured in I. Corinthians 13—God will never be satisfied until that is the only love that burns in your breast.

So God just put the cross on Abraham's love as he was able to bear it. He thought it was pretty hard to leave his home. "Never tell anybody you are from Mesopotamia again." So he didn't, and when they asked him he said, "I am a Hebrew." What is the meaning of Hebrew? A "come-across" man. He said good-by to Mesopotamia and he meant it, but he brought a lot of stuff with him. Good-by to Lot! Oh what a roasting and a burning God gave his natural affections over Lot. He got up early in the morning and he saw the smoke coming up. He didn't know whether Lot was in the smoke or not. He didn't have any telephone or wireless to notify him that his nephew hadn't perished in the flames. He didn't know what had become of him. God tested him, and when he pushed Hagar and her boy out into the desert he didn't know but what the wild animals would get them. Tell me the Gospel of Jesus Christ doesn't appeal to the heroic? There is nobody but a hero can go through on the Abraham line. Jesus Christ would rather have one man after the order of Abraham than fifty thousand of those fellows who put their hands up, shake hands with the evangelist, sign cards and express their preference for some church. I have a friend who received seventy into his church as a result of one of those evangelistic campaigns; he said he had excommunicated nineteen of them for immorality and he thought he would have to excommunicate everyone of them. The Lord Jesus wants those who will say good-by to country, good-by to kindred, good-by to flesh and blood, good-by to their own beautiful Isaac that came in answer to prayer. When Abraham did this God said to him, "Because thou hast

done this, surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee."

So, beloved, by the grace of God I am going to drive the nail a little deeper every morning. I was writing to a friend the other day and I told him I knew what God had said to me. He said, "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts," and I said, "Here goes for another couple of spikes." Oh you have to keep putting in another spike every day or two. Don't forget that that is the way to glory. The God of glory appeared to our Father Abraham in Mesopotamia. He gave him a vision of the glory world and that stimulated him

as he went through and finally he landed in glory.

Beloved, how far along are you? Let us locate ourselves. I think it would be wholesome if we would decide where we are. If you are not blessed because you have gotten through, God is talking to you about something. Is He trying to separate you from something? I heard a holiness preacher say the other day, "Perfect sanctification is perfect separation," and I said, "I guess that is right." That is the way it was with father Abraham, and Jesus said, "Whosoever it be of you who forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Are you a good forsaker?

## Gratitude!

### What Shall I Render? Ps. 116:13, 14

Elizabeth Sisson



WHAT shall I render?" Ps. 116:13, 14.

Yes, "what shall I render?" cries the grateful heart whom God hath delivered from the pit of iniquity, whose goings are from the City of Destruction, or from the thralldom of sin, or from engulfing waves of doubt and fear, or from the weakness of death, or into whose life He has been throwing mighty miracles of answered prayers. What shall I render to Him "Who sent from above, who took me, who drew me out of many waters," "Who set my feet upon a rock," Who "put a new song in my mouth," even singing in tongues as the Spirit gives utterance, "Who forgiveth all my iniquities, who healeth all my diseases," "Who maketh my bread and water to be sure in time of famine and drought." What *shall* I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? cries over-burdened Gratitude. Then comes the beautiful answer, "I will take the cup of salvation and call (yet more!!!) upon the name of the Lord." Hallelujah! So it is our taking more, our proceeding still further into His grace that satisfies the heart of God. This benefits Him. Our only act of gratitude after being blest, is to turn around and by faith take more. How infinite the condescension of our God! How rich His grace! We cannot so treat earth's potentates. Before the richest, most powerful of them, we must pause after receiving great favors, and let them take breath, so to speak, before we press in with some new claim. But this is really the "Thank you" to God, of the grateful heart, to continue asking and receiving yet more and more, when it has come into the realm of Divine gift, the grace of God!

Oh! that story known as the "Prodigal Son" but better named "The Heart of the Father" by a wild-eyed, tangled-haired woman, as I read it for the first time in a heathen crowd, one day in India! Many were her running commentaries of grunts, and shakings of the head, at the badness of the boy, till I read "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, etc.," from that on, at each move of the father's grace in the story she nudged her neighbors, and cried with delight, "The heart of the father! The heart of the father!" Then when I came to the hard, bad, self-righteous elder brother, so willing to accuse his father, so ready to disown his brother, so eager to justify himself, and the father's marvelous reply, "Son, thou art ever with me, and *all that I have* is thine," she still cried on, "*Bapachee eru theum!* the heart of the father!" Had she caught a vision of the grace of God, the unvarying attitude of His father-heart? A constant Giver to whosoever will come and take? Whether she saw it or not, sure it is, that all the prodigal ways of the younger son that so disgraced himself and father, ended, when he turned himself to think of, to go to, to *receive from*, that Father's grace. Then he not only made himself rich, but also the glad heart of his father.

But the self-righteous son with those same years *so moral*, had only impoverished himself and his father, because he failed to *take*. How he toiled "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment, and yet thou never gavest me a kid," etc., "but as soon as this, thy son (not my brother!) was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted

calf." "And he was angry and would not go in." Oh, what a grouch he was! How hard his thoughts of his father! What green-eyed jealousy of his brother! What rotten envy! What was the matter with him? According to the mouth of his father he was very rich. Ever with *him!* All that the father had, his! but according to the breath of his own mouth, *very* poor. What *was* the difficulty? He had lived those "many years" by his father's side, heir of all his riches—yet—he had nothing of the father's nobility of nature, or wealth of store. Matter with him? He had *taken* nothing. He had been laboring hard for the father, he had received nothing *from* the father. All true Christian labor proceeds from something it has already received. Thus David's kingly word was "Of Thine own have we given Thee, for all things come from Thee." II. Chron. 29:14. So much as we have received, in so much have we to go, to give, to live. "In Thee we *rest* and in Thy name we *go*." Of all the father had given him the old grouch had received nothing, neither his love nor his store. Hence his poverty. Heir of all, possessor of nothing. Where are we? "Not that we have *any* sufficiency of ourselves, but our sufficiency (our enoughness) is of *God!*" Heirs of God! "All things are yours" and not only *things* but "By the exceeding great and precious promises, ye are become partakers of the Divine Nature!" "God shall supply all your need," "Christ who is your life," "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." "In everything enriched by Him." "The health of my countenance and my God." "More than conquerors through Him." "Blessing I will bless thee, and thou shalt *be a blessing*." Thou shalt be saved and thine house." "If ye see your brother sin . . . Ye shall ask and He shall give *you* life for *them*." "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." "Joint heirs with Christ." "Concerning the work of my hands command ye me!" etc., etc. "Running over, Running over, Is the cup which Jesus fills." Thirty thousand strong are the promissory notes in the title-deeds of our inheritance—our Bible. What a disgrace to the old grouch because failing to come into his own. And we? "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take the cup." Yes. So we make Him and ourselves rich. How often am I quickened by the memory of one now long passed into the Glory, who was truly a pray-er-

Very frail in body, we watched for her to leave the tenement of clay any moment. So she did one morning. The eye glazed, the chin dropped, without a second's illness, she was in Paradise. But for several years before that, how she would pray and believe! To believe is to receive. Then as tidings came in of answered prayer—here and there, with streaming eyes and grateful heart, she would say, "let's pray down more!" and on her knees she would go. Her gratitude could find no other vent than to "take" again. Do you think this was grateful to God? Indeed it was! For it made her an open channel for more and still more of Himself to flow through, till she became *mighty* in prayer—a prayer warrior. So frail! Yet when she got on her knees—I used to think she would die on her knees—the throbbings of the Great Heart of the Universe so took possession of her, and palpitated through her, she seemed a Corlis Engine in a glass case! It will take Eternity to show us all that her praying and receiving, her taking "the cup of salvation," meant to God, to us, to the world.

Another, who still lives on earth and pulsates in God, and whose pathway is strewn with the most marvelous answers to prayers, heroic deeds and miracles, because she constantly drinks from an overflowing cup of salvation, taught me much years ago, by her frequent expression in the midst of her story of some working of God, "Then I asked for power to take"—some deliverance or some grace of God, in some other life or Christian service perhaps, and following would be the story of how the Lord poured in the answer to her taking.

And thou, wouldst thou be grateful to God for all His benefits toward thee? Wheel into line with thy big brother David, and cry, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me? I will take the cup of salvation and call (yet more) upon the name of the Lord." Know thou that what thou dost take by naked faith, without sight or feeling, is what God can make. You thus open the door for God to walk in. He works to faith—the only thing He can work to. Be grateful then *in this fashion*, render unto the Lord for all His past benefits by hastening to take, to drink more and more deeply the cup of salvation. The Mighty Cup which has in it all God is and all God can do for you, and through you for the race. "Whosoever will let him *take* the water of life freely."

## The Latter Rain Evangel

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## Notes

### Sowing and Reaping

HE sendeth His word and healeth them." God chooses His workers, "one of a city and two of a family." A Christian woman lived in a remote state and in a town where she stood almost alone as far as spiritual fellowship was concerned, but God had taught her from His Word and given her a knowledge of His will in reference to our bodies. Through affliction she had learned to know Him as her Healer and she at once became a witness to others. The people with whom she had business dealings, her grocery-man and the "common folk" heard from her lips the story of this One who healed her diseases. She scattered the seed and many who came to her door received a paper or a tract telling of what God was doing in the earth. She gave her butter-man a paper and in a few days he brought it back telling her he did not care for it. He had been a Methodist and was now in a backslidden condition. For some time after that he was rather cool toward her, but God knew how to reach his heart. Three or four weeks after, his son became sick, and this man remembered what he had read. The seed had taken root and in a rather shame-faced way he came to her and said, "Have you any more of those papers? Carl is sick and I thought perhaps he would like to read some of them." Inwardly she was filled with joy at the possibility of fruit from her prayers and efforts, but outwardly she was calm and tried to be perfectly

natural as she handed him a roll. His son was restored to health and he himself was reclaimed and healed of a humor in his blood.

Some papers were also handed to a woman who furnished her with eggs. The woman was quite aged, over eighty and lived with her daughter who was somewhat deaf. A calamity befell this home; the mother fell and broke her hip, and the doctor said that on account of her age there was a very small chance of her ever walking again. She suffered so from the pain it seemed as though she could not live unless she got some relief, and though the doctor tried his utmost, he did not succeed in stopping the pain.

The daughter drove in town to the woman who was the seed-sower to tell her of the trouble through which they were passing. The tears flowed freely as she told her of the doctor's verdict, how she could not give up her mother, and begged her to come down that afternoon to pray for her. This was something from which she shrank. She had never prayed for anyone who was sick and didn't know how to pray before anybody. While in herself she felt incapable of such an undertaking, yet she could not refuse to pray for a woman in pain, so she goaded herself to get ready and started out. It was three-quarters of a mile away and as she walked along she prayed, "Father, go before me." One foot said it and then the other. She was so occupied with Him that she didn't want to speak to anyone, and if she passed anyone, she didn't look up, not wanting to be diverted.

When she arrived at the home she was frightened and doubted that the Lord would ever use her. The daughter said to her as she entered, "You cannot see my mother; she is in such pain I cannot permit anyone to go into the room." They stood at the foot of the stairs, and the mother lay in a little room at the head of the stairs. The woman tried to remonstrate with her, but the daughter kept on talking so there was no opportunity; she had this habit, being deaf. The enemy said to the woman, "There! you knew you would be a failure!" Finally in her desperation she yelled with all her might so that all within ear-shot could hear, "Well the Lord says there shall be no more pain." Why she said it she didn't know. It seemed to come from a power beyond herself. With that she left, disheartened and discouraged, arguing with the Lord as she went, "Now Father, I asked You to go before me, and here I never got in to see her at all."

The next morning as soon as she was dressed

the door bell rang, and there was that deaf daughter, her face shining with joy. She said, "I went upstairs and told mother you said *there should be no more pain* and it stopped right off, and she is doing so well this morning." The woman could not understand at the time why God had so led, but He gave her the verse, "He sendeth His word and healeth them," and she saw that had she gone to pray with the afflicted one she would not have been healed, as she had no faith. The Holy Spirit is so varied in His methods that when He has His way there is a freshness and an originality that eclipses all our routine and plans of Christian work. Oh the blessedness of being led by Him!

**What One Accomplished thro' Prayer**

**G**OD works in different ways to carry out His purposes, sometimes along natural lines and sometimes in supernatural ways. He is in the one just as much as in the other, and the leading is no less of Him when it is along natural lines.

A Swedish woman was crying to the Lord one day and regretting the fact that she was not able to give to the mission field because of her very limited circumstances. The request had gone out through The Evangel from one of the missionaries in China for the support of native boys and girls, saying they could be trained for a very small sum, and this gripped her heart. She longed to support one or more of these little ones that they might be trained for native Christian work, but being the mother of a family whose husband had all he could do to meet the necessary expenses, the support of even a child for a year seemed an impossibility. She told the Lord she had ten dollars and He showed her she was to ask someone else for the remainder. So she went to her neighbors and they gave her of their little store until she brought us \$22.50 as her first offering. The next time she brought us \$31.00, and then her faith began to grow and she found it in her heart to ask for a larger amount. Then the Lord told her not to ask her neighbors, that they gave it to please her and He wanted it to be a gift to Himself. So she prayed and He laid it on the hearts of different ones to give, not out of their abundance because she moved in a circle of very humble folk, but they gave when it meant sacrifice and careful planning to meet the needs from what remained. Her success made her bold and her faith reached out to ask the Lord for \$50.00. He honored her faith and gave her more than she asked for; she brought us \$60.00 for

the training of the future native workers of China.

If one little humble woman, almost unknown, can do this for Jesus, what could not some of us accomplish who have, perhaps, a wider sphere of influence? God would not lead all along this particular line of raising money for the support and training of the young; there are different channels through which we can advance God's cause in heathen lands: the sustaining of the large number of Pentecostal missionaries who have gone forth to lay down their lives for the heathen, the support of native workers, which are a part of every well-equipped station, and the training of the young in orphanages and schools, which are the hope of the future; all these are avenues for our prayers and our gifts.

\* \* \*

Our burden has first of all been for the faith missionary, that while combatting the awful powers of darkness and heathen superstition and ignorance, he may not be too sorely tried by suffering temporally and enduring privations beyond his strength. We know that there are tests through which God takes His people; tests that have their lessons and bring blessing which could be obtained in no other way, but God forbid that our brother and sisters who are faithfully toiling and agonizing for souls should suffer because of our failure to hear His voice or our lack of obedience.

**Missionary Report**

We praise God for the channel He has made us in the past three months of sending out the precious gifts to His children; precious because of the toil and sacrifice they represent and because of the prayers that accompany them. One missionary wrote us she felt every penny she received was sacred because it represented the hard earnings of God's children. If this is the sentiment of all who receive, we know it will have His double blessing.

The following report comprises the offerings for the past three months (Jan., Feb., March) received and dispersed through the Evangel office:

Pandita Ramabai, India .....	135.02
Miss Edith Baugh, India.....	70.01
Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Neeley, West Africa....	66.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America .....	65.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa .....	62.00
Miss Mae Mayo, China .....	60.00
Nicholas Yest, China .....	60.00
James Harvey, India .....	59.98
Miss Bertha Meyer, China .....	51.60
Miss Bernice Lee, India.....	51.00
Elmer Hammond, China .....	50.00
John M. Perkins, West Africa .....	50.00

H. L. Lawler, for China .....	50.00
A. Kok, for native work, Tibet .....	50.00
H. S. Johns, Honolulu .....	40.00
B. S. Moore, Japan .....	40.00
Miss C. B. Herron, India .....	39.98
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo Belge.....	39.98
Miss Laura Gardner, India .....	34.99
Miss Olive Maw, China .....	30.00
Miss Alma E. Doering, for Congo .....	30.00
Harry Bowley, West Africa .....	30.00
Robt. C. Halliday, Central America .....	30.00
Miss Eva Groat, for India .....	30.00
Miss Margaret Clark, India .....	30.00
J. O. Lehman, South Africa .....	25.00
John James, China .....	25.00
Paul Van Valen, India .....	25.00
Miss Sarah Kugler, for native worker, China	24.00
Miss Sarah Kugler, China .....	7.00
L. M. Anglin, China .....	20.00
Mrs. E. A. Bernauer, Japan .....	20.00
Ghali Hanna, Egypt .....	20.00
E. Juergensen, Japan .....	20.00
Miss Margaret F. Piper, Japan .....	20.00
H. M. Turney, South Africa .....	19.99
H. Waggoner, India .....	19.99
Miss Bertha Milligan, China .....	15.00
Frank Grey, Japan .....	15.00
J. W. Longstreth, West Africa .....	15.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt .....	15.00
Mrs. Lillian Denney, India .....	15.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, China .....	15.00
H. E. Hansen, China .....	10.00
Miss Ethel King, India .....	10.00
Miss May Law, for China .....	10.00
Miss Matilda Smith, India .....	10.00
Mrs. D. L. McCarty, India .....	5.01
W. W. Simpson, for China .....	5.00
Miss Adelle Harrison, China .....	5.00
Miss Marie Gerber, for Turkey .....	5.00
Miss Mattie Ledbetter, China .....	5.00
Total .....	\$1553.55

If any of the missionaries whose names are noted herein have not received the money opposite their names, we ask them kindly to write us so that we can trace the money sent out. In these days mails are often lost because of the war and should any amounts not be received we want to be informed so that duplicate orders and drafts may be purchased.

**Healed when Dying**

**L**ITTLE Amy, living in the southern part of the city, had been given up by four doctors as a hopeless case. She had rheumatism of the heart, and humanly speaking there was no help for her. On that same street where Amy lived with her mother, was a family who had just been brought into the light of Divine Healing and they knew by experience that Jesus was just the same today. The husband, Mr. B., had been healed, and he had witnessed to this mother or what God had done for him.

Mrs. B. knew the child was sick but didn't give it much thought until one night she had a dream. In that dream she met the mother on the street who told her her little girl was sick.

Again she met the mother and she said her child was well. That dream made an impression on her. A few days after, she went into a grocery store and the mother of the child came in and asked for ice, saying that her little girl was dying. The Lord began to burden Mrs. B. about it so that she could neither sleep nor eat. The next day she got on a car with a friend to go down town, and said to her, "What do you think? Amy is dying." The friend said, "Well you ought to be ashamed. The Lord told you to go and see her yesterday and you didn't." They decided to get off the car then and go to see her. They took the next car back and asked Amy's mother if she would like them to pray for her child. She said, "Yes," that when Amy was two years old the Lord had healed her and she believed He could do it again. The child looked like a corpse and her eyes were set. They prayed for her and as soon as they arose from their knees she asked for something to eat. She hadn't lain on her left side for about fifteen weeks and was compelled to sit almost straight up. When they left they told her she could lie down on her left side that night and sleep. The doctor called that evening and said that Amy was better than she had been for six weeks. He had not been coming to see her, feeling that it was of no use as he could do nothing for her.

When the nurse got her ready for bed that evening she said, "That woman said I could lie down on my left side and sleep." The nurse acquiesced and said she lay there so comfortably she wanted to call her mother but was afraid it would wake her up. The child was healed from that time. This incident happened two and a half years ago, and she is well today. How blessed the results when one is led by the Spirit!

**Conventions**

**Cincinnati, O.**, April 14-23, 1916, Missionary and Pentecostal Convocation, at Assembly of God, 633 W. Eighth St. For information write Pastor O. E. McCleary at above address.

**Topeka, Kans.**, April-20-30, in the new Tabernacle, cor. State St. and Twin Ave. For information address Pastor C. E. Foster, 219 Gratian St.

**Newark, N. J.**, April 23-30, 1916, Easter Convention at Bethel Pentecostal Assembly, 61 Fourth St. For particulars address as above.

**North Bergen, N. J.**, May 20-28, Beulah Heights Convention. For information address 4741 Hudson Blvd., North Bergen, N. J.

**Petoskey, Mich.**, Second Annual Campmeeting, beginning July 1, 1916. For further information address F. W. Jewell, Pastor, 901 Waukazoo Ave.

**Bethany Pentecostal Assembly**, Paterson, N. J., have enlarged their borders and are now located at 39 Park Ave., one block from the Eric & Susquehanna R. R. depots.

## On the Trail of the Double Blessing

### The Patience and Faith of Resurrectionists

Alma E. Doering



THE Double Blessing! What glorious crescendoes the life of faith unfolds to the progressive soul! My soul had set out to get a blessing and all the while it was unconscious of the fact that the tedious way of faith and patience, patience and faith, leading thither was itself *the* greatest blessing of all! How little it realized that speedy deliverance from its trial, or immediate realization of the blessing sought, might have thwarted the very *purpose* of that blessing! "Hold fast that which thou hast," says the voice of realization, and "thou mayest add thereto" answers the spirit of anticipation. Between these divine commands, there is quite an *interim*. Between the holding fast of the blessings experienced and the grasping still more tightly those possessions beyond, by the hand of faith, there lies the steep road of patience, that great trysting ground of faith. There is a divine plan back of it all. My soul yearned for *power*, but the Master was more concerned about character. My soul sought to *have*, but He taught me that to *be* was even greater. My narrow vision aspired to gifts, but He was all the while wanting to chisel out the Christ-life itself, and the pain was but the necessary means to His end, "The end of the Lord." This is the lesson taught us in Job's life. In the former paper we saw him as the type of latter day patience. The fifth chapter of James unfolded to us the similarity of the trial of latter day believers with those of Job and the necessity of much patience, "considering always the end of the Lord" as an impetus to patience. We had longed to proceed at once to the other type of latter day conditions, Elijah the man of faith, who was able to command the heavens and wrest from the clouds still invisible to his senses, the rain needed so sorely. The Latter Rain! How we pant for it! But the way? As our fingers long to fly along almost impatiently, in order to get to the diagnosis of that Elijah faith which *gets* things, the Divine Sentinel calls out, "Halt!" Not a step of the way thither must be left untrodden. You have caught the vision; you have seen clearly the goal; the new light of privileges in store for you has come, but after the light what?

THE STRUGGLE SUCCEEDING LIGHT.

"But call to remembrance the former days, in

which, *after* ye were illuminated, ye endured the great fight of afflictions." Heb. 10:32. "After ye were illuminated." Surely that was a strange time for the birth of conflict. I thought that the coming of the light was the signal for the *end* of the war; that when the heart was lighted up by the Spirit of Christ, there must of necessity be a termination of all darkness. Yes, but for that very reason there must be a temporary experience of pain—a pain which was foreign to the unregenerate heart, a pain which was foreign to the unilluminated regenerate soul. It is a glorious thing to be illuminated, but its first glory lies in this, *that it shows me my past misery and my present impotence*. When the divine lamp is lighted in the room of my human nature, it lets me see how poorly that room is furnished. I am pained with myself, and like Job, I fight with myself, with my unsympathizing friends, and with the very light which I had been seeking. Before the illumination, I was satisfied; it was the satisfaction of ignorance. I did not see my poverty; there was no light in the room. But now that the light has come, it has taken my false rest; it has set me at war with myself; it has caused me to cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" (We could not but quote almost literally these comments on Heb. 10:32 because of their emphasis upon the subject of this treatise). We add a few prayer sentences of a saintly writer. "O thou Spirit of Light, I wait for Thee, knowing that when Thou comest Thou shalt come with a gift in Thy hand which the world would rather want—the gift of pain. I know that when Thy light shall arise within me the joy of the new vision shall be chequered by the sight of the old corruption. I know that when Thy power shall dawn within me there shall be stirred within my heart the fires of conflict to which it now is stranger, for Thy new law (even the law of the Holy Ghost whose fulness I am panting for) shall reveal every vestige of the old law in my members. But I would rather have Thy presence with the pain than Thy absence without it. Come into my heart with Thy Divine fire, that all its base alloy may be purified. Pour into my spirit Thy burning love, that I may awake more and more to the sense of my own lovelessness. Breathe into my conscience Thy quickening power, that I may feel more and more the depths of my own depravity. I will

begin the great struggle when Thy light has come; I will fight the fight of faith when Thy glory is risen upon me."

And was not this *the* way of the Lord with Job? Was the precious ore of a life of righteousness in the sight of God not needing to be purified in the fires and patient waiting in the valley of suffering, *until* the *light* of his own wretchedness with its succeeding struggle revealed unto him that greater light of God's holiness before which he crouched in the dust in self abhorrence? Thus every soul, *while* seeking greater blessing will find itself going from light to light enroute *to* the blessing, and this alone, makes it worth while the seeking. It would be worth the time and effort to dwell upon a few of the nuggets Job found *while in the valley* of humiliating suffering and darkness. One of the very greatest blessings picked up along the way was that he got a glimpse of

#### THE BRIGHT LIGHT IN THE CLOUD.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds," Job 37:21. Before he had been seeking his light in the dispersion of the cloud and all the time the light had been *in* the cloud. He had been asking God for an explanation of the darkness and expecting an answer from all quarters but the *darkness itself*. But he was soon to learn that "his cloud was his fire-chariot and his trial his triumph, that the best gift of divine love was his pain; it taught him the difference between being innocent and virtuous. He had been looking up to the calm heavens to find God, but they were silent. 'Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.' Yet all the time God was *beside* him in the valley, a Sharer in the shadow of his life. He had been looking too far for Him; he had been crying to the heavens when He was at the very door. And so it is with thee, my soul. How oft has not God spoken in the voices which seemed to deny His presence; how oft has He been manifesting Himself in the very shades that appeared to *veil* His form? He loves to come in the night so that His glory might be concealed; He comes unadorned that He might know whether He were loved for Himself alone. 'The night under which thou hast murmured has been hiding in its folds a wondrous treasure—the very presence of the King of kings; wherefore didst thou not see the bright light in the clouds?'"

Once having seen the bright light *in* the cloud, instead of running away from the cloud in order to find the light, he was able to press on to that stage of

#### SPIRITUAL FEARLESSNESS

which a tried soul enjoys in communion with a tested God. "For then shalt thou have thy delight in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God." Job 22:26. And this prophecy of Eliphaz was beautifully fulfilled, but in God's way, the way of patient endurance. We have the beautiful image of the lifting up of his face to God; the symbol of *perfect* confidence depicted in the last chapter of Job's life. He was now able "to look God in the face" void of that bad conscience which keeps the head downward towards the earth, preventing man from gazing up even in his acts of prayer, into the face of his Father. "There is something sublimely beautiful in these words of the Master where He says of little children, 'Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.' In Eastern lands it was only the few who were permitted to *stand* in the presence of the king to gaze into the *face* of royalty. In the presence of the King of kings it is the little children that *stand*, it is the spirit of childhood that lifts up its face to God. There is no crouching, no timidity, no covering of the eyes in servile fear; there is the beautiful boldness before the throne of the Heavenly grace which the mellowed, childlike heart alone can feel; there is the lifting up of the eyes to God."

How few believers really know the rapture of fellowship with God! Their religion is no more than a task, an ordeal, a daily and nightly penance which somehow *must* be gotten through and which is *begun* for the *sake* of getting through. Their prayers have never taken any other form but that of abject servility. They know what it is to be in *awe* of the Almighty but have not realized what it is to have their *delight* in the Almighty. But there are still more advanced believers who look upon suffering as an ordeal. They cannot rise from the ashes of their own misery, in severe tests of faith. They chafe, they murmur; they cry for deliverance. But even in the fiery furnace there must be not a hint of *servile* homage. It is only the heart and not the *life* which God would lead captive. He would sway us by the softest of all sceptres—the power of *love*, right *in* the furnace. How many tremble at poverty? How many in the latter day oppressions and losses depicted in James 5, grudge one another, forgetting that He is at the door, to make a quick end of it all? You have nothing to give of your own. Neither have the waters of the sea when they look up by night at the form of the over-hanging moon; they have nothing of

their own to give her, but they *restore to her again the image she imprinted on their bosom*. So shall it be with thee. Thy Father overhangs thee, broods over thee, calls to thee in a thousand voices, "Let there be light" when *thou shalt lift up thy face to Him, He shall see His image in thy bosom*.

It was this that God had led up to in Job's leadings. And to look into His face, leads on to still another step, the crowning step of our patriarch sufferer's life. In beholding God he forgot *himself*. This led him on to a life full of

#### UNSELFISH MOMENTS

and the Lord turned the captivity of Job *when he prayed for his friends*. Note in the course of the book of Job how much he had been self-centered. Note how much his sufferings, his righteous life, are the center of his conversation. He was a bound man, and did not know it. It is only in moments of unselfishness that the man is free. The iron chain that binds him is the thought of himself and of his own calamities; liberated from that, his captivity would be turned in an hour. If, under the shadow of a cloud he remembers the shadow of the same cloud hovering over his brother-man, the vision of that shadow would destroy his own. It is the Divine Spirit of self-forgetfulness, the Spirit of the Cross, which liberates the soul from itself. A chain there must needs be, but the difference is that of material. It is the iron chain of self which lowers; it is the centering of sorrow about self and not the sorrow itself which makes the soul a captive. It was by lifting the burdens of our humanity, that Christ found His own yoke to be easy and His own burden light. He found rest in bearing the additional yoke of the world. There is peace in carrying a new care, the care of universal love. Job was enriched in the prayer for others; Christ was transfigured in His travail on the mount; thus the fetters were transformed into wings of sympathy passing into the heart of the world, and when the heart of the world is reached the fetters shall fall; the captivity shall be turned back when the wail of self pity gives way to the prayer for captive friends.

And all this after Job had passed through the tests of losing his family, his health, his wealth and the sympathy of his friends! Was it worth while?

The latter day afflictions are to run parallel to the patriarch's; it is therefore we are enjoined to consider his patience. The same tests await the world and the church. We spent a little time helping to distribute clothing and food to the war

refugees in Berne, passing through Switzerland at the rate of one thousand a day for a month. While their condition was not as deplorable as one has witnessed in Africa where victims of European and American money greed have stood denuded of more than food and homes and clothing, their own horrible superstitions adding to their miseries, yet the state of these refugees moved us to tears and an irresistible passion possessed us to go the full limit of sacrifice in order to demonstrate to them what they never could have appreciated before, true Christian love for the captive neighbor. Their homes were consumed in the flames of hatred; their goods were spoiled by the passion of maddened men. And the on-lookers involuntarily found themselves confronting the question, "How long will we be spared? When will this awful carnage of human life end?" But according to prophecy it has just begun, for the fringes of the tribulation time have been only in view thus far. And ye will have need of patience, beloved. *Patience* will be *the* right arm of *faith* in the days before us. Why not then welcome the present discipline of waiting patiently for the end of the Lord? Patience must have its perfect work *that* ye may be perfect and wanting nothing. The difference in Job's character *before* and *after* the fiery furnace was just that between

#### AN ENGRAVING AND A PAINTING.

Before, the blazing holiness and love of God shone through the mists of Job's *self conscious* righteousness and godliness. Grey is white shot through with black. And this mixture of God and self produced the grey shades which could not stand the test of the glaring light of Divine holiness. The mist may have suggested as much beauty as it hid, and the rays of sunlight can make even a mist worth looking at. But it is all form with color. There is the profession of holiness without the mellowing tint of humility; there is the conscious life of victory without the softening hues of grace. Form without color! Only an engraving in shades of white, black and greys. A mixture of self and Christ; saintliness and the world, a blending of carnality and spirituality; a coupling of self with Christ; a combination of self effort and the completed work of Calvary. It is while enveloped in such mists of self occupation, that the soul walks through the clouds, while the lakes of fulness below, the mountains of strength above and the beauty of holiness all around, are hidden from view. It is the storm which dispels the mists and reveals the glory of the sun-burst. It is all this that is to be

attained in the valley of waiting and patient endurance *before* faith can do its full work. Indispensable then are the Blasts of Adversities and

the Goodwill of the Bush, as future illustrations will show. (See Song of Sol. 4:6 and Deut. 33:16.)

## That Precious Cross of Calvary

**"In the Cross of Christ I glory  
Towering o'er the Wrecks of Time."**

Mrs. Ellen M. Winter Woodcock, Pa.



H, the love that laid redemption's  
wondrous plan!  
Oh, the love that brought it down to  
fallen man!  
Oh, the love of God that flowed so  
full and free!  
Down from that blood-stained cross  
on Calvary.

"Behold The Man! Take ye Him and crucify Him, I find no fault in Him." Who is this faultless man condemned to be crucified? He is the Son of God, the God-Man, the Maker of Heaven and earth and the King of glory. What is His name? Centuries before He came in the flesh it was announced to the world through the inspired Word, that "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." (Isa. 9:6.) From whence came He? As the Son He came from the bosom of the Father, as King He came from the highest courts of Divine Sovereignty. He came from the worship of all the hosts of Heaven,—Cherubim, Seraphim, angels and archangels. What brought Him here? Love brought Him here. Looking down from the realms of glory He saw the earth He had created pure and beautiful, under the dominion of Satan, saturated with human blood and tears of sorrow, and the entire race that were made in the image of the Triune God wrecked and ruined by the fall. But the Father so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever would believe on Him should not perish but have everlasting life. Then the Son said to the Father, "A body Thou hast prepared me, Lo I come to do Thy will O God." *Oh the love that brought him here!* When He came to seek and save the lost, the angel Gabriel gave Him another name—Jesus, "for He shall save His people from their sins." We call Him Jesus—the sweetest and dearest name of all. Then He left His exalted station of power and riches in glory to become a member of this sinful and rebellious human race.

He saw the "children" were flesh and blood, and in His great love he entered into the same,

and was "made in all things like unto His brethren," for in them He saw the "many sons that He was to bring to glory."

Under the law the high priest must be taken from among men, who can have compassion on the ignorant, and them that are out of the way, seeing that he himself is also compassed with infirmities. So Christ being God must needs become man also, that He might become a merciful and faithful High Priest between God and man, thus perfectly meeting the claims of Divine justice and the necessities of man. Wondrous grace! He clothed Himself with our humanity—taking a body like our own, with all its needs, environments and sensitiveness, in which He suffered Himself to be tempted and tried in every way as we are, yet remaining pure and spotless without a taint of sin.

In this body He became experimentally acquainted with grief and sorrow. And because He has felt the direst temptations and the keenest pangs of grief Himself, He is abundantly able to deliver us when tempted, and comfort us in sorrow; indeed, this is part of His mission to earth. He took a body in which He could weep over the sins and miseries of the world and with the sisters of Bethany, and came in closest touch with His disciples as the Elder Brother of His brethren while He was (although they did not understand it then) spanning the chasm between a holy God and sinful man; a body in which He could lay hands on the sick, lift up the sinking Peter, touch the bier on its way to the grave and call the dead back to life; a body in which He could go about doing good, heal the sick, cast out demons, proclaim the Kingdom of Heaven, and wash the disciples' feet. In this human body dwelt the Perfect Man, the tender, loving, sympathizing Saviour and the mighty God. He could be hungry, thirsty and weary—wake from His sleep and say to the raging tempest, "Peace, be still!" and the winds and waters obeyed Him.

BEHOLD THE MAN OF GALILEE!

Nor is this all the need the blessed Son of God had for a body. Sinful man cannot be brought into unison with a holy God on the ground of

incarnation alone. It must be through a *crucified* and *risen* Christ. That can only be accomplished by the blood of the cross, through death and resurrection. Listen! Heaven and earth, angels and men! while the inspired Word reveals the wondrous secret. *It was for the suffering of death that Jesus became a man.* Suffering and death could only touch Him through a body, and *the Son of God must suffer and die.* Let all the earth veil its face while angels wonder and adore! O my soul! Did my sins cost Him this? Was it for *my* sake that God came in the flesh to suffer and die?

O, Love that passeth knowledge! Yes, He took a body whose sensitiveness could respond to His soul's agony in the garden until it sweat great drops of blood falling down to the ground; a holy human heart that longed for the companion of His dearest disciples in such an hour; a body in which He could be betrayed by the kisses of a false friend; be bound and led by wicked hands from place to place through that lone, dark night to endure false accusations and mock trials and then sentenced to be scourged and crucified. "No one word in the English conveys an adequate impression of the horrible cruelty of this punishment." (Weymouth). "The scourges were made from hundreds of leathern thongs, each armed at the point with an angular bony hook, or sharp sided cube." See! The spotless Lamb of God is led to the slaughter! He is stripped to the waist and bound to that shameful pillar, black with the blood of countless criminals, with His blessed face firmly pressed against it, and bound with ropes in such a manner that it is impossible for Him to move. The blows are struck by a pitiless Roman soldier. The scourging lasts a full quarter of an hour, the thongs cutting ever deeper into the wounds already made, and penetrating almost to the vitals.

Beloved reader! Will you stop and think? Does "His stripes" mean more to you than before you got this vision? Do you see His healing for your body in a clearer light than before? Will not the declaration, "with His stripes we are healed," bring a conviction and assurance to your soul that will enable you gladly to appropriate what He has purchased for you at *such* a price? Then the soldiers put a purple robe of mock royalty upon that lacerated back and pressed a crown of long spiked thorns down upon His brow and led Him away into the common hall, where they called the whole band together to mock and make sport. They put a sceptre of

cane (Weymouth) in His right hand and bowed their knees and mocked Him saying, "Hail! King of the Jews!" And they spit in His face, and struck Him on His head with the cane, and the servants struck Him with the palms of their hands. And they covered His face and buffeted Him saying, Prophecy unto us thou Christ, who is he that smote Thee? Now all the disciples had forsaken Him and fled, and Peter was without, denying that he ever knew Him. Then they led Him away to be crucified. Thus was fulfilled this Scripture, "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting." (Isa. 50:6.) "His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." (Isa. 52:14.)

O, my soul! Suffer with Him as thou canst, but also rejoice because of the joy that was set before Him for which He endured the cross and despised the shame. Yes, He must have a body that could be nailed to the cross, and whose side could be pierced that the lifegiving current might flow forth full and free to all who would accept it—even to His mockers and murderers—for had He not just prayed, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do"?

On that hallowed cross—from His wounded side, The Spirit is building His glorious Bride.

And by the power of this cross the Holy Spirit is transforming the Bride-elect into the likeness of her heavenly Bridegroom. O, my soul! can it be that the bitterest cup, the deepest baptism awaits the Divine Sufferer after He is nailed to the cross? And yet it must be, for thus it is written, *He bore our sins and our sicknesses in His own body on the cross.* But this did not perfectly satisfy the claims of Divine justice, which required more,—more suffering for our Substitute and greater blessedness for us. He who *bore* our sins must be *made sin* in order that we might be *made the righteous of God* in Him. Let all the universe celestial and terrestrial—behold the Man of Calvary! The Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world is bearing it all in His own body upon the cross. He is arraigned before the judgment bar of God's holiness to answer for it as though it were His own. He must drink the cup of the righteous wrath of God that was mixed for a lost and ruined world—the cup *we* would have drunk through endless ages had He not drained it to the dregs on Calvary's cross in our stead. There He met and fully satisfied all the claims that were made against us—taking them out of the way, nailing

them to His cross. He was made a *sin offering* and paid the full penalty for all who will accept His gracious substitution. Hear that agonizing cry: "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" A holy God could not look upon His own beloved Son when He was covered with our sins, only in judgment. Here He absolutely changed places with us, suffering our deserts that we might enjoy His.

The burden of our sins broke His heart, that He might heal the broken-hearted. Hear that mournful message from the cross, and written upon the prophetic page by divine inspiration centuries before the incarnation, "They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head. They that would destroy me, being mine enemies wrongfully, are mighty. For Thy sake I have borne reproach; shame hath covered my face. I am become a stranger unto my brethren, and an alien unto my mother's children. Thou hast known my reproach, my shame and my dishonor; my adversaries are all before Thee. Reproach hath broken my heart; and I am full of heaviness; and I looked for some to take pity, and there was none, and for comforters, but I found none. They gave me also gall for my meat, and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." (Psa. 69.) Listen! another cry comes from the cross clear and strong above the rending of rocks and bursting of tombs. "IT IS FINISHED!" Then the sweet relationship between Father and Son is again made manifest, as with His dying breath He commends His spirit into the hands of the Father. The justice and holiness of God, yea all the claims of the divine law have been perfectly met. We are freely justified by His grace through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ; accepted in the Beloved and our sins forgiven according to the riches of His grace. Nor is this all; the veil of the temple was rent in twain and the new and living way opened up through His flesh into the holiest of all—the very presence of God, and whosoever will may enter there and be clothed upon with power from on high—filled and baptized with the Holy Spirit. Jesus came to give life, and life more abundant, and whom He justified them He also glorified. Hallelujah!

Thanks be unto God that Jesus Christ is not only our sin offering, but our peace offering also. By the blood of the cross peace is declared between God and man. We have not only peace with God, but the peace of God.

"He is our peace." "My peace I give unto you." "The peace of God that passeth all un-

derstanding shall keep your heart and mind." In the Peace offering we find the priesthood on earth—composed of all true believers, feasting together with Christ and the Father, upon the priestly portion—the wave breast—the loving heart of God, and the heave shoulder—His divine strength and upholding. In the midst of earth's confusion how we do realize the blessedness of "the communion of saints."

In the meal offering the cross shows us Christ as man's bread offered to God. "I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man shall eat of this bread he shall live forever; and the bread which I give is my flesh, which I give for the life of the world. My flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in Me and I in him." He is the "corn of wheat" that fell into the ground to die, that it might bring forth more fruit. He was the "bread corn bruised." Through all His earthly life He endured, being ground between the upper and nether millstones in ministering to those who misunderstood, opposed and bitterly hated Him. He was the fine flour mingled with oil—the Holy Spirit—in His incarnation, and anointed with it in His baptism; to this was added the salt of the covenant, and lastly the precious frankincense whose sweet, enduring and delightful fragrance was fully brought out by the fire of the altar.

In the whole burnt offering the cross reveals Christ offering Himself wholly to the heart of God. It had an element in it that only the Divine mind could apprehend. There was a voice in it intended exclusively for the ear of the Father. There were communications between the cross of Calvary and the throne of God which lay far beyond the highest rank of created intelligence. The absolute yieldedness, the perfect obedience and the unfathomable love and devotion of the Son of God was food that not only satisfied the heart of God the Father, but filled it with holy delight.

In briefly considering the four aspects of the cross as shown in the four offerings, we can take here but the merest glance at the three last types—the sweet savour offerings made by fire. These contained no thought of sin, but were the presentation of something sweet to God, an oblation in which He found grateful satisfaction. To explain their significance would fill a volume, and to exhaust the blessedness hidden therein would take an eternity. But it is here that the eyes of our understanding are

opened to discern what an uttermost Saviour we have—and the “great salvation” He has provided for us. Here we learn that the measure of Christ’s love and devotion to God and man, is also the measure of our holy service for others offered up to God, so far as the finite can follow the Infinite.

It has been wisely said that Calvary was in-folded in Leviticus and Leviticus unfolded at Calvary. Here we find the purity, glory and dignity of the Person and work of Christ, which forms not only the basis of Christianity, but of every individual believer’s faith and hope. Here we learn the identification of the believer with Christ, and that the peace and safety of the offerer (the believer) depends solely upon the absolute perfection of the offering (Christ) and not on any merit of the offerer.

Behold the Man upon the throne! The crucified and risen Christ! A *real Man* in a glorified human body, a true pattern of the one we will have when He comes. He took a body like ours that He might give us one like His own. He has the same loving, sympathizing heart that beat in His bosom when He lived among men. Now clad in His High Priestly robes, He has entered into Heaven itself on official business on our behalf, as our Advocate—our Attorney to confront our adversary, Satan, who accuses the brethren before our God day and night—with the great acquittal which His atoning death has accomplished for us. Having represented us upon the cross, He is now answering for us before the throne which has the blood of atonement sprinkled upon it—a sure witness of our full pardon.

The cross does not reinstate us in the innocence of the first Adam nor Edenic purity, but it united us with the second Man—the Lord from heaven, in holiness and victory over temptation and sin, and bids us eat freely of the tree of life that is in the midst of the paradise of God.

“That precious cross shall ever stand  
For all the love that God can show  
To every age in every land—  
For every need that man can know.”

That rugged cross upon which God’s beloved Son won a ruined world back to Him is the most precious thing in all the universe to the Father’s heart, and the most despised by the world. The strife of the ages has ever been to shun the blood and find favor with God some other way—to secure the benefits that accrue from the cross while utterly ignoring the cross itself.

But Calvary’s cross is still the wonder and admiration of angels and the glory of Heaven, for all the inhabitants of that blissful place have entered in through its blood-stained portals. It shall be an ensign to the inhabitants of the world and the dwellers on the earth. (Isa. 18:3). It is a beacon light that will shine brighter and brighter as this present age drifts rapidly into The Great Tribulation, already lying at the door. God is calling the attention of the world to the cross of Calvary, in these last days, as never before. He is lifting it up to be seen by *mortal eyes* painting it upon the full-orbed moon, and hanging it up in the sky, sometimes with the bleeding form of the Saviour upon it—a forerunner of the soon-coming of the crucified One in power and great glory—whom all the world must meet either in grace or in judgment.

The cross will be the enduring foundation of the eternal ages of blessedness. It was as the Slain Lamb that the Lion of the tribe of Judah prevailed to open the Seven-Sealed Book (pertaining to forfeited inheritances). It was the Lamb that broke the seals and sent forth His mighty messengers to execute His judgments upon the earth; to overthrow the world powers and eject the alien possessor (Satan); to restore the inheritance the first Adam forfeited, to the rightful owner—its Creator (Rev. 5) and prepare the earth for the inauguration of the Millennial Kingdom. That precious cross of Calvary will be the standard around which all nations shall gather in that blissful age, and by its blood the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea. (Hab. 2:14).

A thousand years have passed since the marriage of the Lamb was celebrated. This old earth has passed through its baptism of fire. The finished work of Calvary *for* it has been accomplished *in* it, and He that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new,—a new Heaven and a new earth. And the Bride, the Lamb’s wife, came down out of Heaven from God, having the glory of God, and her light was like unto a stone most precious, as it were a jasper stone, clear as crystal. The Bride and her children, “whom she will make princes in all the earth,” (Psa. 45:16) have taken possession of their blood-bought and eternal inheritance in the new earth. Although resplendent in glory, and her Bridegroom a King of kings, yet she is never called the Bride of the king, but will through eternal ages be known as the Bride of the Lamb. She will never forget that it was the Slain Lamb that won her heart upon

that precious cross, and there she cast her lot in with His and chose to go forth unto Him without the camp bearing His reproach, and now she is sharing His glory.

Oh Jesus! Thine was "the cup," "the baptism," and "the broken heart." But they won for Thee the Bride, the Kingdom, and the World.

## Jesus the Healer of Every Disease

John B. Huffman, 314 N. Stoddard St., Sikeston, Mo.

*This testimony is written, hoping that it may be seed sown in good ground which will spring up into increased faith in the hearts of those who may be weak or still babes in Christ.*



**I** HAVE been trying to traverse the moral route since the days of my youth, but was not saved and really justified by faith until I had attained my majority. About fifteen years ago I was led into the light of Divine healing by a brother who had been wonderfully healed of tuberculosis. It was at this time I was sanctified, or received the new light of holiness; I had to get my knowledge of the truth as revealed in the blessed Book by degrees.

I believed in prayer and was healed of a serious trouble twenty years ago, but I called upon the Lord because there was no other help and did not take Him for complete Healer of my body. Fourteen years ago I was healed of neuralgia of the head and face, the attack being so serious that I could not work, and had to remain quiet in an easy chair. I could not move my head in either direction without suffering excruciating pain. At last I commanded the courage and faith to take the case to the Lord, having one year previously received the truth concerning His ability to heal just the same as He did nearly two thousand years ago. Within three minutes after I got down on my knees and became intensely in earnest before the Lord, He healed me and I have never had an attack of neuralgia to this day. Nearly ten years ago I was gloriously delivered of that dread disease, consumption, after having been a sufferer for several months. I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, a hacking cough for nine months, and had fallen off fifteen pounds or more. I was in an emaciated condition and getting worse all the time. The prayer of faith I uttered, in which Jesus set me free from this dread disease, was marked by another event worthy of mention. A young lady twenty-nine years of age who did not believe in a real, heartfelt religion, but on the contrary, was very worldly and attended dances and Catholic euchre parties, was

convicted of sin, and coming into the room occupied by my wife and me, was converted that night. She then refused to attend a dance with her sweetheart, who had walked thirty miles that night to escort her to that place of sin. My wife and I were then boarding at her mother's home in Phoenix, Arizona, where they conducted a rooming house.

I have witnessed many miraculous healings, both in the holiness life and in the Holy Ghost experience, having prayed for hopeless cases who were made well by one touch of the hand of Jesus. I have also witnessed wonderful cures in answer to the prayer of others. It is Jesus the Healer, and not any might or power of our own, but God chooses some instruments to work more effectually than others. When I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost as in Acts 2:4, less than four years ago, the hounds of hell were turned loose on my track, but thanks be to God, who gives us the victory in all things! I am praising the Lord that He compelled me to sell out my old reputation with the world and gave me a real possession in the land of Canaan. I expect by the grace of God to erect a house on that lot in the land of promise some day.

Another brother and I were called in to pray for a man who was seriously injured at a box factory. He was hurt internally and the doctor said nothing more could be done for him unless he was sent to a hospital and an operation performed. He was in an awful condition, his fever 104 and suffering great pain. After we prayed for the man he was wonderfully delivered and went to work the next day. Glory be to God! Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever. I have seen people sick of pneumonia and various chronic diseases and severe maladies who were instantly relieved. My eldest brother was healed of rheumatism after several months spent at Hot Springs, Ark., where he received but little relief. This work of the Lord resulted in him giving his heart to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," whereas before he would scarcely permit anyone to talk to him about the salvation of his soul.

While at Essex last month, a lady living seven miles in the country came to the mission for prayer. She had been suffering untold agony in her back for three weeks, the pains being so severe that she remarked, "If I don't get healed I don't see how I can bear this suffering much longer." She was prayed for at the mission, but did not get any better. I told her to come to Bro. Workman's that afternoon, where I, my wife and others were going also, and that we would command Satan to loose her and let her go free. This she did and was healed instantly. The shouts and praises that went up from her lips when God touched her body were enough to convince anyone that Jesus is just the same today. Two unbelievers who were in the house at that time remarked, if that lady was healed it was the first time they ever witnessed one being instantly delivered. Eight days after this the lady told me she was healed.

Sister Edwards' little boy was so badly crippled with rheumatism that she remarked to us one night on the way from the meeting, "If my boy doesn't get better I will not get to church tomorrow night." She was then half-dragging him home. The little fellow had been prayed for a time or two, but was not healed. One of his legs was drawn backwards as the result of the rheumatism. I told Sister Edwards we would come over to her house next day and that the Lord would certainly heal her boy, for I counted Him faithful who had promised healing for the believers. We had a short prayer among the saints and then we prayed for the boy, commanding the demons to depart in the name of Jesus. The boy was instantly healed and his limb was straightened out the same as the other. He hopped and skipped over the floor as if he had never been afflicted. One week after he was healed I had him to run across the floor at the mission to show the people what the Lord had done for him. Any one who doubts the case of this limb being instantly straightened through prayer can have a written testimony from the boy's mother if he desires it.

The Lord will heal the sick ones instantly if those who are praying will get in close touch with Him and possess the commanding faith necessary for Him to do the work He promised. Every one we prayed for while at Essex was instantly healed. A sister's swollen jaw went down while praying for her and through this an unbeliever was convinced that Jesus was healing people in these latter days.

Healing is simply an answer to the prayer of

faith. It is just as easy for the Lord to heal one disease instantly as it is another. If we expect instant healing, we must first get ourselves and the one prayed for in a condition for the Lord to work. The saints should first wait on the Lord, praying in secret and asking Him to remove any evil thought or spark of iniquity that may be in their hearts, and to cut them down under the power if they attempt to become exalted. Then they can talk to the afflicted one and get that heart ripe for healing, after which prayer should be offered with the laying on of hands. If healing is expected with the same assurance that we are going to breathe the next moment, the party will be healed. In some cases the afflicted may have to be anointed, but in all instances, "according to your faith be it done unto you." Many people have already been healed at various times if they had claimed the victory and rebuked the devil; in other cases, saints would be healed if they knew how to take God at His word. Paul says "faith IS the substance of things hoped for." With due emphasis on the "IS," we should understand that the work is intended to be done NOW. In I. Timothy 2:8, we find that Paul says, "I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and DOUBTING." Jesus says, in Mark 11:23-24: "For verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not DOUBT in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." And in many other places He exhorts us to exercise faith right now without doubt or wavering for our healing and for all troubles and real needs. I John 5:15 says, "And if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

Sometimes in praying for ourselves or for others for healing, we are too impatient, and James says in chapter 1, verses 3 and 4, "Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh (or brings) patience, but let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Paul says in Hebrews, "We which have believed do enter into rest." Again in Hebrews 10:36, "For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." It is written that "the just shall live by faith."

Let no one who is trying to live right and is free from the law of sin in these latter days before the second coming of our Lord, become discouraged when they pray the prayer of faith and an instant answer is not received. Remember, God has promised to deliver us in the time of affliction and let us be patient, still praying and rejoicing in the Lord, knowing that He will grant us the petitions that we desired of Him in due time.

The writer was an editor and publisher of a secular paper which denounced sin on every hand for seventeen years, and was ordained a minister in a secular, man-made church years ago, but now has been really commissioned by God to go anywhere the Lord sends. He is now waiting on the Lord to start on an evangelistic campaign for the year, yet not knowing just where the Lord would have him go; has been in many good meetings, but has not held a meeting on new fields since last fall.

All glory and praise and honor be to Him who sitteth on the high throne above, ready to gather us into that "city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."

May the Lord bless the true saints of God everywhere.

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