



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

• • • • Contents • • • •

The Christian's Experience Typified in the Tabernacle Furnishings.....	2
Illumination of Word thro' Holy Spirit	2
Perfecting Patience thro' "Calms".....	6
The Strongest Need Encouragement..	6
The Prayer-Closet the Place of Power....	9
Conditions of Fellowship with the Father	9
Notes	14
Victory through Death	14
The Macedonian Call	15
Spirit Poured out on Chinese Orphans..	16
Saved from Suicide by a Vision.....	16
Congo Mission Founded at Great Cost...16	
God's Preservation on a Thousand- Mile Trip	16
Prayer-Warfare and Its Results	21
Prevailing until the Enemy is Routed..	21

An International Monthly Magazine

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

Christian's Experience Typified in Tabernacle Furnishings

Illumination of the Word through the Holy Spirit

Robt. A. Brown, New York City, N. Y., in the Newark Convention, April 26, 1916



I WILL speak tonight a few thoughts from the thirty-eighth chapter of the book of Exodus. I trust the Lord will make it a real blessing to your hearts as He has to me. "And he made the altar of burnt-offering of shittim wood; five cubits was the length thereof, and five cubits the breadth thereof; it was foursquare; and three cubits the height thereof;" it gives the measurements, but the altar of sacrifice is what I want to speak of for a minute or two. It represented the cross and it is the cross of Christ tonight that makes men free, or rather the sacrifice on the cross which Jesus Christ made. The most misunderstood thing in all the world is the religion of the Lord Jesus. Most people think it is something that is solemn and sad and makes you look mean and contemptible, but I have found out that the religion of the Lord Jesus takes the mean and contemptible, the sinful and the downcast and changes them into beings that are pure and true and holy. He says, "I will give you beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." He puts a new song into our mouth and sends us on our way rejoicing. Christ came to bind up the broken hearts and open prison bars and to let the people go free. How sadly we have been mistaken about His mission to earth. He didn't come to bind heavy burdens but to set us free and enable us to enjoy Him forever. The altar was four square and was covered with brass, and the whole thing represents judgment. When Jesus Christ came into the world He came with your sins and mine upon Him. They laid the animal on the altar of sacrifice and just as soon as the sins were confessed on the head of the lamb its blood was shed; by the act of confession the sin left the individual and went on the head of that little innocent lamb, and when its blood was shed and sprinkled the one who brought the offering was free. When Jesus came and went to the cross of Calvary and laid down His life for you and me, the blood flowing from His hands and His feet and from His pierced side for us cleansed us from all sin. I came to Jesus just like one of those Israelites came leading the lamb. I have often pictured them leading the innocent lamb to the altar. It had never

done anything and was without a spot or blemish. I think it is Dr. Simpson who said that by virtue of the confession and the laying on of hands, the sins passed into that little victim until it became a mass of sin itself. Jesus Christ bore the sins of the world, and I am so glad He bore our diseases as well as our sins, and while He groaned for three terrible hours with the agony and pain of Golgotha I believe all the devils in hell made suggestions for Him to come down from that cross; but He bore the awful suffering and agony and bowed His head in holy submission to the supreme mandates of Almighty God and cried, "It is finished." And when you and I plunge into that precious blood we are made whiter than snow. Oh that you might see the glory and the beauty of the cross, of the sacrifice which Jesus made! He went down into the lowest depths that we might be lifted to the highest heights.

In the eighth verse we read, "And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling, which assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation." What does that represent? After a person is saved it represents two things: first, baptism in water. The Scripture says, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned." When they were pricked in their hearts and said, "What shall we do?" Peter said, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of the Lord Jesus, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Baptism in water follows repentance; it is not only advisable but a command. If you have never been submerged in water you have not obeyed God. The Greek word means to submerge. I was brought up in the Episcopal Church, and the minister takes a shallow vessel with a little water in it and puts the water on your forehead as he repeats the formula, but the Word says baptism is an outward sign of an inward grace. I was brought up in the Sunday School and compelled by the bishop to join the church, and I never knew of the new birth until such time as I heard salvation preached through the blood of Jesus, but when I got salvation it didn't take me long to follow Jesus down into the water. The trouble with a great many people today who are fighting God's Word is that they have never entered

the door. Some are seeking the baptism in the Holy Ghost and have never known what it is to have an all around, clean cut new birth, mingled with fire. That is the kind that Jesus Christ purchased for me, and the fetters that bound me fell off. When you get that kind of a salvation there will be no trouble about following on. They made the laver of brass; that not only represents baptism in water but the Word of God. As soon as you are born again there comes into your heart a hunger for the Word of God. Just as soon as He saved me I got a little Testament and it was food to my soul. I saw myself just as you see your face in the mirror. I began to walk in the light. You cannot walk in the light except by the Word of God. You cannot go according to messages and you cannot go according to dreams, and you want to be careful whose interpretation you take in these days. The grass will wither and the flowers will fade, but the Word of God shall stand forever. What you and I need today is to be well balanced and balanced by the Word of God.

That laver was made of the mirrors; they were the polished brass. In those days their mirrors were simply of burnished brass. They put the clean water in that brazen laver and when they came along they saw themselves reflected in it, and if, peradventure, any blemish was found on them they had to be purified. That represents your life and mine. If after we have been saved we happen to become defiled, what do we do? We just go to the Word of God and are purified by the Word. Some people today have never stood before the brazen mirror of God's Word, and they measure themselves by me or by my brother, but that won't do. There will be no reflection. You cannot measure yourself by any man or woman in this assembly, but by the Word of God; and if you will take the Word of God for your mirror it won't be long before you will be down on your face before God.

The altar and the laver were in the outer court, but we haven't gotten into the tabernacle yet. Some think that as soon as they are born of God they have the whole thing, but they haven't. "If we walk in the light as He is in the light we will have fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Not a stain remains.

Now you come to the door of the tabernacle which represents Christ and in holy reverence and submission with your heart hungry, you press your way through to the inside of the tabernacle where there are three articles of furni-

ture. The one is the golden candle stick, which represents the baptism in the Holy Ghost. You cannot get this in the outer court. It is not typified at the brazen altar or the laver; it is inside, and you have to get inside the door before you can receive the baptism in the Holy Ghost. Some people say, "I am baptized in the Holy Ghost but I do not speak in tongues." I would like you to show me a place in Scripture where anybody received the baptism in the Holy Ghost without speaking in tongues. We are not here to exalt tongues or the gifts, but if men are saved by the blood of Jesus Christ and baptized with the baptism of fire like at Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost they will speak in tongues. I got saved in the Methodist Church and walked in the light as God gave it to me. He leads His dear children along, and every man who is walking in the light of God is a perfect man in His sight. I remember when I sought the baptism I came into the door of the tabernacle. Now in the tabernacle back yonder there was no natural light; all the light there was came from the seven-branched golden candle stick. The Old Testament to me was very dry. I could not get anything out of it, because I didn't have the candle stick, the Holy Spirit to illuminate it, but when I began to seek the baptism I got such a hunger for God that nothing could satisfy. I fasted and prayed, and became so desperate I believe I realized something of what Jesus felt when He was in the garden. It says in the authorized version, "And He prayed *the more earnestly*, and He sweat as it were great drops of blood," but in the Greek the thought is, a man waiting to run a race, "And He prayed *stretched out* and sweat as it were great drops of blood," as He wrestled with the weight of the world's sins, with angels looking on and the devil and his hosts resisting—as I sought my baptism I realized something of the Gethsemane experience and I said, "My Lord, I know the blood covers me, but I cannot stay in the world any longer unless You baptize me in the Holy Ghost. I went through Gethsemane that night in the old warehouse as I shut the doors and wrestled with God alone. I fought a battle that night I shall never forget, but there was something in the way. I had to make restitution. Away back in my life when I was a little boy I had stolen some gooseberries and I had to confess it. The Lord brought before me another incident of the past; a man and I fought and he struck me in the face and would not speak to me. I felt that he was in the wrong but the Word says, "If thy brother hath aught

against thee," and I had to ask him for Jesus' sake to forgive me, although he was the transgressor. Then my brother stole a load of turf and he was dead. It was when I was a child but I held the horse for him, and when I thought of straightening that up the devil said, "You never stole that. What will the people think? They will think you are a thief. Make out a postal note and send it off quietly if you must do something, but don't make it public," but I had to obey God and humble myself. That is what it meant when they took the sacrifice and turned out the inward parts; it was laid bare before the world. Beloved, when I was willing to make confession and restitution, to pay the price and get myself humbled and crucified, then heaven opened and came down in a rushing, mighty wind and parted tongues of fire. I saw two literal flames come down and the power of God rolled over me like a mighty ocean and swept through me like a Niagara for two and a half hours. If you are not baptized with the Holy Ghost there is something wrong. Beloved, except a man will confess and forsake his sin he will never find mercy. What we want is a salvation that men and angels can look upon, a whole burnt offering with the inward parts turned out, with the head and every other part on the altar, and when we get that it won't be long until the fire comes down.

In the inner court there is the table of shew bread. That represents the Word of God. As soon as I was baptized in the Holy Ghost the light from the seven-branched golden candle stick opened up the Word of God to me. I was over in Scranton a little while ago, and that whole country is an actual coal mine. I went to a mine shaft one day and the man in charge said to me, "That shaft goes down one hundred feet and every bit of coal you get you have to dig for it." Every diamond you get from the South African diamond fields, you have to dig for, and every bit of truth you get out of the Bible you will have to dig for, and as I dug down into the Word of God the power and the sweetness of it was wonderful to me. How are you going to understand the Word of God if that which is typical of the seven-branched golden candle stick, the only light in the tabernacle, is missing? If you haven't the baptism in the Holy Ghost how are you going to feed on the bread?

Then there is the altar of incense beyond that. Some think when they have the baptism in the Holy Ghost they have everything, but there is the altar of incense inside the veil. After you have been baptized and have eaten from the table of

shew bread you pass on to the altar of incense; as the priest burned the incense on the altar the smoke rose and floated out over the valley; that is typical of the ministry of intercession, the prayers of the Spirit-filled man or woman going up to God behind the closed door. Then in the holy of holies is the ark with the cherubims representing Christ with the translated company all of beaten gold and all made out of the same piece. So Christ and His company are to be of pure gold, tried in the fire, and if there is anything in your life tonight that is not pure and holy you are not ready to be caught up with him. Many people are looking for the coming of the Lord, but it will be a sad day for some. By one Spirit (that doesn't mean water, but one Paraclete) are ye all baptized into one body. I am not going to split theological hairs about who is the body of Christ, but I do believe that the one absolute necessity for translation when Jesus comes is that you and I shall have oil in our vessels. But if you are not an abiding Christian, if you have the manifestations without the abiding life of Christ within you, you will become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. There are many people today who are not ready for the coming of the Lord. You remember in the parable, one man bought a piece of real estate. It is almost an utter impossibility to deal in real estate today and be right with God. There is a precious man in glory who was in the real estate business, and used to come to our meetings; I know a brother in Brooklyn in the same business, and they both told me it was impossible to make money in the real estate business and make it lawfully in the sight of God. We read in the Word that one man had bought a piece of land and he couldn't heed the call when it was given. A minister said to me, "I wouldn't want Jesus to come, it would spoil all my plans." Some of you have money piled up in the bank and in real estate, and I warrant there is scarcely a soul here that hasn't a graveyard lot all ready for you and yet you expect to be translated. Sell your graveyard lots. I thank God I haven't any plot in any graveyard.

Another man married a wife and he couldn't come. Another went into the cattle business and he could not come, and so they all with one consent began to make excuses. A twentieth century Ananias and Sapphira walked up the aisle and came to Brother Bowie and said, "We have sold out everything." Yes, but did you pay the price? It is one thing to sell out and another thing not to keep back part of the price.

You know what happened to the two who lied to God. Where is the man or woman that can say, in the presence of God, "I haven't a dollar but what is on the altar of God"? "I haven't a dollar but what I can look in the face of Jesus should He summon me to the bar of justice, and tell Him it was consecrated"? You can get up in meeting and make pledges to God and go away and sin against the Holy Ghost. Do you wonder why you cannot get blessing? God has brought you just as far as He can. There were two sons of Eli who were preachers. Did you ever meet preachers who were living in sin? I did. There was a lustful spirit in these two sons of Eli. They were greedy, made themselves fat with the offerings of God's people, and God killed them both in one day. He said to Samuel, "the sins of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering forever." I feel there are people in this meeting tonight who if the death summons should come to them, they would go to hell because their lives do not measure up to the Book. Through the blood of Jesus Christ and the quickening power of the Holy Ghost we have an entrance into the heavens without spot or stain. "When I see the blood I will pass over you." When we are willing to make confession and restitution and humble ourselves, and let God sanctify us, then something will move. When we roll the stone away from the door of the sepulchre, Lazarus will come forth and the grave clothes will fall off.

God tonight speaks to my soul and tells me to cry wherever a human foot leaves an impress on the sands of time, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" There are men and women here tonight who are denying their Lord and selling their souls. Jesus was denied by Peter and sold for thirty pieces of silver by Judas Iscariot, but there are people selling Him today for less money than that. A lying tongue sells Jesus. A back-biting tongue will deny the Lord. Unpaid debts and sins not washed away by the blood are bringing condemnation not only upon you but upon the cause of Christ. If you go out from Bethel and go out from Glad Tidings Hall with your unclean life and make a profession, you are doing more harm to Pentecost than all the devils in hell put together. May God Almighty help us to clean the house of God, and give us discernment, and when we find an Achan that will cause the defeat of God's cause, we will have the boldness to deal with him.

I know my message is not one of "hurray" and enthusiasm, but God has put a woe on me to preach the Gospel, and it is the Gospel of repentance. Jesus said, "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it away from thee," that it is far better to go into life maimed than to go to hell having all your members. Does it mean by that we are to do as the Catholics? If we cut off the hand or do penance it will get us to heaven? No. It means that secret, besetting sin. I have been a young man and I know what some people know nothing about, that secret sin that you won't tell your mother; it is just as much to your being as your right hand to your body, and it is as dear, and it causes you much pain and suffering, but Christ says you must cut it off. That business you are in where you have gotten money in an illegal way, with unjust balances and wrong measurements; that ungodly, dishonoring secret society that denies the blood of Jesus Christ—these must be cut off. No Free Mason can be a Christian. There is no Christ in the Free Mason lodge. Jews, Hindus, and all men who recognize the existence of a Supreme Being are candidates for the Free Mason lodge, but there is no Christ there. You dare not mention Christ, but you have to take the hand of a Jew and the hand of a Chinaman and sit down at the table with them and hold sweet fellowship with them. God's Word is against it. "What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" That ungodly companion you are associating with; it means the cutting off of everything that is light and frivolous, even though it is as dear to you as the cutting off of your right hand. What will you do tonight with Jesus who knocks with blood-stained hands at the door of your heart? Oh that you might get a glimpse of that thorn-crowned brow and know that it was for you He hung between earth and heaven! Let Him come into your life tonight.

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Perfecting Patience thro' "Calms" and "Contrary Winds" God's Strongest Workers Need to be Encouraged

Miss Minnie Draper, Ossining, N. Y., at the Newark Convention, April 29, 1916



AND when it was determined that we should sail into Italy, they delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one named Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band." Acts. 27:1.

"When it was determined"—that indicates your mind is all settled, that your will is in it for all you are worth. God has called Paul to go to Rome and go to Rome he would, brother or no brother, even prophecy would not deter him. It was prophesied he would be bound, but he was determined to go, and he started for Rome. I suppose he would have liked to have reached there in twenty-four hours. When you and I get the mind of the Lord about anything we would like to run it right through. There is nothing but rush and tear and hurry and go all over the world today. A worker gets a suggestion from the Lord and is immediately determined to push it for all he is worth. "I am going to do that thing," he says, "I have it from God," and thus he often runs ahead of the Lord.

Now I want to call your attention to a verse just below that to show how Paul got through: "And when we had sailed slowly many days." Have you ever had a thought that you knew came from heaven, your whole soul was wrapped up in it, for you knew God wanted you to do it, and do it you would, and just as you were going to press it through, you had to sail slowly many days? I have sometimes thought it would not be a bad thing if every ocean liner in the world was out of commission and we had to go back to sailing vessels. Then if you took an ocean voyage you would have plenty of time to wait on God, plenty of time to pray, plenty of time for the hurry and the rush and bustle to be taken out of you. It would be a good time, if you had any flesh left, to bury it in the water; and if you had anything in view but the deepest will of God, it would be best for you to turn around and go home. They sailed slowly many days. It would be a hard thing for some people to sail slowly seven days. I saw a Christian worker looking out on the Hudson River, and he said, "I'd hate to be on that tow. It hardly moves." I said, "Brother, I have been

so rushed I wish I could be on that tow. The family is there altogether. Even now you can see the family wash on the rear deck. It looks as though they had time to talk to their children. They had time, if they were Christians, to pray. I have wished more than once I could go from New York to Albany on one of those tows." Well, he couldn't be content. He would walk the deck until he was almost crazy, consumed with that spirit of hurry and rush and go. It has gotten into everybody. There is no time to rest your brain; no time for Christian workers to pray for their own children; it is rush here and hurry there. I have sometimes thought it would be a good thing for the whole nation if we had to go back to sailing vessels, and I believe it was a good thing for Paul, because he was heading for Rome; he had God's assurance that He would use him there, but it was good for him that instead of getting there in twenty-four hours he had to sail many days.

Oh how God is perfecting patience in the body of Christ! The fifth chapter of James, that chapter that refers especially to the very last days, is full of exhortation to patience. Paul had to sail not only slowly, but "*slowly many days.*" You have had it in your experience, I have no doubt, where this urgent, active nature, with a message from God which made it more urgent than ever, has to settle down and sail slowly many times.

The first thing they encountered was a contrary wind. Did you ever notice how many people get discouraged just as soon as the wind gets a little contrary, just as soon as a person contradicts them, or a good Christian worker goes against them? Something happens, perhaps to which they do not agree. Then, instead of saying, "This is God to bring out my flesh life and slay it on the cross," they say, "It is somebody's meanness, somebody's contrariness; it is the adversary against us." Well, what does this opposition and adversity mean, dear friends? It means that God is trying to develop spiritual strength in you. It will give you added muscle every time if you will meet it as from God. If you wish to develop good biceps by rowing, you will not drift with the stream but will row right against it. If biceps is your object the best friend you have is a contrary wind.

Many of you are longing to stand for God—when people talk about the dangers of the last days, the awful errors that are abroad, and how the enemy is making his last efforts—your heart says, “Oh God, help me to stand.” I have prayed that prayer many times. I haven’t a bit of confidence in the flesh. If God in His mercy didn’t hold me by His power, I would be the weakest of the weak. I wouldn’t have believed it if He hadn’t told me so one day. He said, “Without Me ye can do nothing.” I said, “Lord, would I deny You like Peter did, after You raised me up from that awful long sickness of nearly five years, when twelve doctors had given me up? Do You mean that I would deny You?” “Why certainly,” He said, “without My power you could deny Me just as easily as Peter did, because ‘without Me ye can do nothing.’” My heart has cried out many times since then, “Lord, cause me to stand.” I look back now and think of a little persecution I got when I left the Alliance and came into Pentecost; it seems nothing now. These conflicts are nothing to what may come to us in the days that are before us. The first thing that happens to me when I pray to be able “to stand” is a contrary wind that I will have to pull against with all the power of the Holy Ghost within me in order to go through.

Here was Paul with a heart burning to preach the Gospel at Rome. We know how he loved the warfare and how nothing on earth could turn him aside, but the first thing he encountered on this journey was a contrary wind, and then, after that, no wind at all. It was bad enough in the natural to have to struggle against a contrary wind, but far worse to have no wind at all. The reason they sailed slowly was because they had no wind, but even this was no doubt a blessing to Paul.

Some of our workers are becoming so nervous they hardly know which way to turn. In their zeal for God and His cause (and we are glad to see this) they are going so fast they do not realize their pace and really need to encounter an ocean calm. There is energy of the flesh that we need to get rid of, and we need to have even the wind die out. In this enforced inactivity we are tempted to say, “I suppose I wasn’t meant for this place anyhow. I guess I am all out of divine order. I shouldn’t wonder if I had made a mistake,” and there come three or four days when you are discouraged, but when you get quiet before God He gives you another touch and you come out of that experience real fresh

and on you go. God knew you needed a rest, that you had to let go the strings for a little while, and so He let the wind die down; but it came up again and you had new power and new strength to go on. I am talking to myself as well as to you. I often order myself to slow down.

I surmise Paul became pretty well discouraged about getting to his destination when he had to stay two days on an island, thirty days in another place, and three times thirty in another. What? Paul, the most courageous example in the Word of God, discouraged? I believe he was discouraged and down-hearted and thought, Will I ever get to Rome after all? Will that plan ever be carried out that I really believe God gave to me? But God came to his rescue so sweetly. In the fifteenth verse of the next chapter we read, “And from thence, when the brethren heard of us they came to meet us as far as Appii forum, and the three taverns: whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage.” A man doesn’t take courage who is full of courage. He takes courage when he is full of discouragement. I presume the Lord saw he had as much as he could stand, just as much as he could endure, and sent the brethren to encourage him. When the Lord tells you to go and encourage somebody don’t say, “Oh, that person knows the Lord. He never gets discouraged. Don’t you hear him in meeting, those wonderful messages he gives! He is at the head of that big work, you never need to pray for him. Don’t you remember what fire was kindled in your soul by his message on faith?” Ah, dear ones, you go to him and give him the comfort and encouragement that God is putting into your heart, because, while you may not know it, he may be on the very ragged edge of despair. God knew how to meet Paul. He could have met him just the same as He met him on the boat, by a visitation from an angel; you remember how he said there should not be a single life lost. He could have done the same again, but He didn’t. He just put it into the hearts of a few brethren: “You go to meet Paul, tell him you love him, and say something to comfort him.” “And when he saw the brethren he thanked God and took courage.” To me it is a very tender bit of this precious Word of God, that while God is almighty and He can remove at a stroke any discouragement on the part of a child of His, He wants to knit the body together, and He knows if one part of the body gets out of joint it is going to suffer. I would not think that turning my knee would affect the

back of my neck, but it did. I wrenched my knee and the cords of my back began to stiffen. I never would have believed that my knee was connected with the back of my neck, but it is. I knew a woman once who had her ankle very badly injured and she said there wasn't a spot in her body that didn't ache. The reason her shoulder seemed almost out of joint was because her ankle was injured. God is trying to show us that His life is comfort and fellowship in the body of Christ. There is something here that I never noticed before. I always thought it was wonderful that Paul should have been delivered from that awful scorpion that hung on his hand, and I prayed many times that we might have power as a body to cast off a serpent or any other disease. Sometimes after I had been praying for the sick my hands would become all puffed up, just as if I had the gout. If I pray for four or five bad cases in one day, I find at night my hands are almost twice their size, and I know what it is, and I just throw it off in the name of the Lord. It doesn't belong to me. The next morning my hands will be all right. I know what it is; it is the disease trying to fasten itself upon me.

Then I think of how God used Paul to heal all the sick people on that island. As I looked at this voyage of Paul's I was helped by this verse: "And the barbarous people showed us no little kindness: for they kindled a fire and received us everyone, because of the present rain and because of the cold." Do you know what prepared the way for the healing of all the sick in the island of Melita? and prepared the way for the shaking off of the scorpion so Paul received no harm? It was the "little kindness" and the kindling of fire because of the rain and because Paul was cold. That was the beginning of the healing of everybody on the island of Melita, and in another place it says they showed him no little courtesy because of his honesty. He was a bound prisoner. He didn't go as a free man, but went with the other prisoners, and God used those little acts of kindness and courtesy to prepare the way for great things. Nobody knows how much that little encouragement meant to Paul. Nobody will ever know until we get to the other side, perhaps. We will never know what it meant to Paul that his brethren came out to greet him. It doesn't say they spent a whole evening together, or a long time of prayer, but the Lord said to the brethren, "You go to meet Paul," and when Paul saw the brethren he thanked God and took courage. It

was not that they came with a great squad of soldiers to deliver him from the guard at his side. It was just to shake his hand. I fancy they said very little. You don't have to say much when heart touches heart. Sometimes you have thought as you passed by, "Why didn't I say something to that person?" Perhaps you did nothing but take their hand; perhaps you said some very simple words, and when you thought it all over you said to yourself, "Why didn't I put it thus and so?" "Why didn't I say something that would straighten him out? It was all so clear to me." Perhaps you gave him more help than you have the slightest idea of; perhaps he turned away from you as Paul turned away from those brethren, thanking God and taking courage. Never think of Paul as a man stored up with courage. Don't think of Joshua, the great and mighty leader, as a courageous man. The book of Joshua opens with, "Have courage, Joshua." God never would have said that to a man filled with courage. He lifts up the man who feels cast down, and is hopeless; the one who is discouraged because there is no wind, or it is in the wrong direction. That is the kind of man who needs encouragement. That is the man who needs to hear a word of cheer from the body. I know many of you feel the Lord has been so dear to you since Pentecost you could live alone with Him in a desert, but you could not, and neither could I. There comes creeping into your heart, "I wish I could see the brothers and sisters." "I wish I could meet with the saints once more." God has made you that way. He has put us into the body of Christ. No one member can say to another, "I have no need of thee." No matter how near the Lord may be to you, no matter how you are hidden in Him or how He has blessed you, you will need Jesus in your brothers and sisters, you will need the power of the Holy Ghost in your brethren to pray for you, to love you in spite of everything. You will need it because God has planned it that way. "Every joint supplieth," and no one can say to the other, "I have no need of thee." We say, "I cannot do without the Holy Ghost," and we also have to say, "We cannot do without one another." There may be some who are almost on the verge of discouragement here. When I get out of a test it is always my first thought, "Oh Lord, why didn't I go through that test better? Why didn't I praise Thee more? The next test I am put through I am going through better." Sometimes I don't get through any more than by the

skin of my teeth. We feel sometimes we have made such failures we doubt if the Lord will ever use us again, but we must take courage and believe God. He knows when you need somebody to say a hearty "God bless you." He knows when you need an uplift. It may be just one saint meeting another. I remember one saint saying to another, "The moment I saw you I got light and I turned right around and went home." There wasn't even an exchange of

words. The moment they met, something passed in the body of Christ that got things straightened out that were out of joint. I praise God for the meetings we have had these days and the courage we have had to take hold for the salvation of souls, to take hold for the separating unto God of believers, to take hold of foreign missions as we never had before. I believe we can all thank God and take courage for the future.

The Secret Prayer-Closet the Place of Power Conditions for Fellowship with the Father

David McDowell, Scranton, Pa., at the Newark Convention, April 27, 1916



HE Lord has been directing my mind this evening to a few verses from the eleventh chapter of Luke. "And it came to pass, that as He was praying in a certain place, when He ceased, one of His disciples said unto Him, Lord teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples."

It seems there was something about the prayer-life of Jesus that drew the attention and admiration of His disciples, not so much, perhaps, because of His words or beautiful sentences, but because of the recognition of close contact and fellowship that Jesus enjoyed with the Father. As His disciples looked upon Him, as they stood back and watched the Lord pray and lay the needs of the people and the burdens that were pressing His heart before God—as they saw Him enter into that fellowship and touch with the great Father of heaven, His countenance no doubt transfigured as He drank in of the very presence and life and power and strength of God His Father, there was something arose in the hearts of the disciples in the way of a real hunger to know how to pray. That is one of the things that the prayer life means to us, fellowship and communion with God. If one can come into the presence of God and enter into communion with the Lord and into fellowship and that heart-touch that God loves, then we can ask what we will and receive an assurance that it shall be given unto us. We see a great deal of rushing into the presence of God, making a few requests and rushing out again, calling it prayer, but the fellowship and the inbreathing and the drinking; the adoring and the loving of God with all the heart and with all the being, pouring out your innermost being to God the Father in worship and adoration, brings us into an atmosphere, lifts us up

out of the miasma of fear and doubt and unbelief, and puts us into the realm of faith where things happen, and that is what prayer is for; that is what the prayer-life is to do. Not so much to change God's mind about something, or persuade God to do something for us, for I believe that God has long ago desired to do the things we ask Him to do, and it is His good pleasure to do them, but He has ordained that through the ministry of intercession as we cooperate with Jesus in this ministry, the will of God is brought to pass.

Even the ministry of the Lord Jesus could not progress without prayer; the busier He was the more He prayed, and the more He prayed the busier He became. Beloved, we need in a sense to get up close to the heart of Jesus, and like the disciples of old say, "Lord, teach us to pray." I believe that is one of the needs at this hour among the Pentecostal people. We get blessed in meetings, our hearts are overcome at times; we enjoy the preaching and the testimonies and the fellowship of the saints—all these things are good and have their place, but beloved, there is one thing that God is endeavoring to put upon us in these days, and that is to live in the secret place with the Lord in prayer. Mark you, before Pentecost fell upon us, before the heavens opened upon us and the showers of rain began to fall everywhere, there was a cry went up from earth to heaven, "Lord, send a revival, and begin in me." It went sweeping the globe, from North to South, and from East to West; everybody was crying, "Lord, send a revival and begin in me, for Jesus' sake." And it seemed that simultaneously all over the world God began to send the showers. In India and in Wales, in California and in the East; in the North and in the South, God began to meet His people, the rain began to come and hearts were broken up. People began to press their way into the king-

dom and into the presence of the living God, but it seems that so many have received the baptism and the fulness of the Spirit, and been fed and fattened up in meetings that they have given up the secret place, given up the "locked door" meeting alone with Him, and they are living in Pentecostal meetings. We will dry up and blow away unless we learn to pray through in the secret place, in the closet. Then God has promised to reward us openly.

I have seen the falling off along this line in the ministry. I have seen the falling off among the people here and there. Duties come in, business piles up, and we are not praying through in the secret place as we ought to pray. No public prayer-life will ever take the place of the intercession in the closet. God wants us to live that secret prayer life with Him that brings forth fruit abundantly.

Now, as I said, prayer doesn't so much change the mind of God about certain things, for He wants to do these things that we ask Him for, but it changes us. We are living in a time when we are surrounded by evil spirits; we live in an atmosphere of doubt and fear. It is all through the world, everybody is questioning, few people believe in the supernatural manifestation of God, comparatively few people believe that God will come down and smite disease, few people believe that God really saves a man today, and the world needs a demonstration of the power of God, the world needs a manifestation of resurrection life, because men are denying the resurrection of Jesus. The world needs a demonstration of the new birth because people are denying the new birth. They need a manifestation of the baptism in the Holy Ghost because they are denying it today. God wants agents to go out with the goods and when you open up your satchel you display your goods. Beloved, if God cannot trust us out in this world before sinners, for them to examine and search our lives, there is something wrong with the foundation of our Christian experience. As I say, all these opposing elements are around us, we are pressed on every hand and the tendency is for this doubt and unbelief to creep in and then we cannot press through to God; but prayer, intercessory prayer brings us into an atmosphere of real faith. That is where Jesus lived, and that is the place where things come to pass. As Finney says, it is that something that lifts us into the presence of God where things happen.

But there are conditions to the prayer-life. God is just as desirous of entering into fellowship and communion with us today, and talking

matters over concerning His kingdom as He was with Adam. He is just as earnest and anxious to give a revelation of His plan and thought to us as He was to His friend Abraham when Sodom and Gomorrah were about to be destroyed. He said, "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing that I am going to do?" Abraham was the friend of God. What a wonderful title, to be called "the friend of God"; somebody that God lets into His secrets. "Shall I hide from Abraham?" Why, of course not. God was going to do something and He was going to take His friend into His confidence, and so He enters into a little conversation with Him, and says, "Abraham, the wickedness of Sodom and Gomorrah is coming up and it is great. I am going to destroy the cities with fire and brimstone." And Abraham at once looks to God and intercession begins, and you know the story of how he pleaded for the city. God offered to save the city if even ten righteous were found there, and today, as sin heaps up and the cup of iniquity is being filled to the brim and running over, God is desirous of entering into real fellowship with some people on this earth, and He is calling out a people from a mire of skepticism and apostasy, that He can lift us into a place of fellowship and communion with Him, where He can come down and open His heart to us and say, "Such and such a thing is going to happen. I want you to enter into prayer with Me about it." Everything God ever does is moved by prayer, and He is looking to me and to you to pray. He is not expecting somebody else to do your praying; you must get in touch with God yourself.

When the disciples asked Jesus to teach them to pray, He said, "When ye pray say, Our Father which art in heaven." Now God is being addressed by the one who is supplicating. Who has the right to call God Father? There are a great many people praying this prayer today that haven't any more right to call God Father than the devil has. They say "Our Father" as they kneel down at night, and they get up in the morning and run through this prayer and they are renegades and mongrels, and do not have any right to call God, Father. He is not their Father because they have not met the conditions for this relationship. You say, "I don't understand you, brother. The preacher has taken me by the hand. I was confirmed in the church and they said I was a member." It means a little more than being taken by the hand; it means more than a little sprinkling of water on the nose to make God your Father. There are peo-

ple today who are teaching that everything is grace. Beloved, everything is grace, but grace is conditional. You cannot buy anything nor work anything out of God, but you can meet the conditions and put yourself on the ground where God will meet you. What does He say? "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts," and you cannot meet God until you do it. I used to get down to pray when I was a young man; I thought I was a Christian because I was a church member, I would not go to bed without saying that prayer, but saying prayers is not praying. Praying is pouring out the real cry of the heart to God. I didn't know how, away back yonder, to frame the words to picture my condition, and when you get desperate before God you won't know perhaps what you are saying, but something will drop out of the heavens into your soul.

I want to call your attention to some facts. The Word of God is full of facts and that is why the higher critics do not like it. The Word of God is powerful, piercing as a two-edged sword. It is a critic to examine our lives, straighten out the kinks and make us grow like a palm tree. You cannot coax a palm tree to grow crooked. You can bend it over and hang it with weights but it will pull up everything you tie to it and grow straight in spite of every effort you might make to the contrary. God's Word will make us as upright as the palm tree. You could not get a man who is upright to defraud another out of his money. You could not get him to be mean or stingy, or crooked in his business dealings. Beloved, the Word of God is a quick and powerful instrument, sharper than any two-edged sword. If you grasp a sword around the blade you know what it will do to you. It cuts. Ah there are a great many orations on the Word of God, all about King James and where they found the manuscripts, but it puts me in mind of an illustration I heard, of a man entering into a contest, and the choice of weapons were swords. He took the old Damascus blade his grandfather used to own, down from the wall. He brought the sword in and said, "Now I want you to know that this sword came originally from Damascus, and one of the greatest sword experts made it. It was lost for a few centuries but has been found. The name is on it and it is all hand work, and there is something peculiar about this handle," and when you get done with all its history and all its pedigree the only thing he has is a little head knowledge that it is a sword, but the way to prove to that man that it is a real sword is to mark your

square off and make your lunge and drive it in. Beloved, we must use God's Word and hew to the line.

At a tent meeting one year near Pittsburg, there was a young Christian worker going through the audience at the close of an address and he struck a man who called himself an infidel, looking for arguments. The young worker stepped up to him and said, "Brother, how is it with your soul?" He said, "Go away. I do not believe in any of this kind of stuff. I do not believe there is a God. I do not believe in heaven. I do not believe the Bible is true. Where did Cain get his wife?" and so he kept on, "Where did the Bible come from?" "Who had the authority to write the Scriptures?" etc. The young worker could have gotten out his note book and shot off his little Christian workers' bullets, but he simply turned over to the last chapter of Mark and read, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." The infidel said, "But I tell you I do not believe." "Then," said the Christian worker, "I tell you, you will be damned." "Didn't I tell you I didn't believe?" "And don't I tell you he that *believeth not* will be damned?" "Can't you get it into your head I am an infidel and don't believe in God or heaven or hell?" "Can't you get it into your head you will be damned? 'He that believeth not shall be damned.'" And so they sparred back and forth. The Christian worker kept at him until he was stripped and helpless and down at the altar begging for mercy. He used the Sword on him. The Word of God is quick and powerful and mighty to the pulling down of strongholds and it lined him up that night.

This evening as we were singing that hymn about the blood I got such a vision of what the blood meant to my soul I couldn't help but join in the march. As I meditated I realized that of the great universe the very best that nations could produce, the very best that this world could produce—you could pick out the finest quality, the choicest material, the finest specimen of mankind, but God could find nothing in all the universe that would save me and present me to Himself but the blood of Jesus. If it were not for the blood I'd be lost. When there is only one thing that will save a drowning man he appreciates it when he gets out on solid ground. It is worth shouting over to see a man rescued from the briny deep, pulled out limp and apparently lifeless; the feeling is intense while he is rolled on the bank and the pulmotor is used until the blood begins to course

through his veins, and soon we hear the cry, "Saved! Saved! Saved!" Everybody is shouting because a man is saved. If you could see that man slipping into hell, into everlasting damnation, everlasting torment, and then see that there is only one hand in all the universe, in all the millions of earth and heaven, that could rescue that man and that is the blood-stained, nail-pierced hand of the crucified Son of God,—brother if that vision came to your soul it would make you march around too and sing, "Hallelujah for the blood!"

God wants a foundation in your life. He wants something to work on. He will not build a house on sand. He has not time to put a lot of work on your life and mine, a lot of patient labor and fine workmanship and then let the storm strike it and sink it into the sand. If you are going to have a substantial structure you will have to get the cellar dug out clean and get the foundation laid straight and deep. That is the essential thing to do. Many people try to get the baptism of the Spirit, just sitting down in a sort of easy, composed way, waiting for things to happen. The Spirit can fall all around you and others will be literally drenched and you not get a drop. It is not like the measles or the chicken-pox. It is not contagious; it comes because of certain conditions being met in your life. You can go to meeting after meeting, week in and week out, the power falling all around you, and you can sit there as dry and hard as you please and just be crusty and leathery and hard; all the water runs right off. There is something the matter with the foundation. Paul, will you please tell us how to get in line? When he is appealing to the Corinthians to separate themselves and tells them how his heart is enlarged for them, speaking to them as to his children, he urges them to be also enlarged, and then says in II Cor. 6:14, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Paul is laying a foundation for something so that the building will not blow over the first cyclone that strikes it, and Jesus declares if you will *hear* His sayings and *do* them your house will stand. If you go off saying, "What a beautiful sermon the brother gave us," or like it says in the Old Testament, "It was unto them a lovely song," it won't get past the leathery condition of your heart. We must not only hear the sayings of Jesus but do them. God will not build upon a false basis, but if you want a real clean salvation, if you want a real healthy baptism in the Holy Ghost, cut loose from union with unbelievers. Draw the line of separation through

your life. God is an extreme separatist and so is every believer in His Word. Some say, "You are too radical," but God draws the line. You know that in the Scripture the dove is used as a type of the Holy Spirit, and if you follow out the life of the little dove you will notice it never fellowships with crows, hawks, etc. You never see a little white-winged dove going around with an old black crow, giving the pass word, a secret sign to get in, a private hand shake, and all that sort of thing.

God gave the command to Israel that when they plowed their field they should "not plow with an ox and an ass together." He knew the nature of the two animals, that they were absolutely diverse. The patience and servitude and sacrificing nature of the ox is the type of the true, whole-hearted Christian, while the ass is a type of the other fellow, and God says if you are going to plow don't yoke the ox and the ass together. He knew as soon as they would strike something hard the ox would begin to pull and up would go the ass' heels. Have you ever seen it in your home? Slamming the door and banging the pots and pans? You would think there was a mule around somewhere. God wants somebody to plow. He wants somebody to get down in the turf to turn over what is underneath, but most people do not want that. They want to smooth things down. They do not want to put the plow in and turn things over and pull when things go hard. The Gospel of Pentecost was something that the Thessalonians said those who preached it turned the world upside down. If this line of admonition had been followed out in Pentecost, and in the sowing and plowing and reaping of the grain we would have been saved a lot of trouble.

You take an ox and hitch him up to a post and every time you speak to him he will pull. He never balks. He never stops to see if the tree is coming out by the roots. He obeys his master. It is none of his business whether the post comes out or not, his business is to pull and obey the voice of the master. But you take Mr. Jack and if the thing doesn't come with the first dash it is all over and you had better clear out. Away goes the plow, the whole thing is banged into splinters.

God wants us to have the patience and the servitude and the sacrificing spirit of the ox. That is one of the things that is keeping us from being enlarged, being unequally yoked with somebody who does not believe God and His Word; doesn't believe in salvation and divine healing, the second coming of the Lord and the baptism

in the Holy Ghost. Any man who doesn't believe any portion of this Word is an infidel. You cannot make anything else out of it. Any man who tells me he believes in the new birth and doesn't believe the rest of the Word, is an infidel. His theory is in his head somewhere and that is as far as it goes. There is no salvation but what is in this Book.

Then Paul goes on and he reasons the thing out to its logical conclusion: "for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." Did you notice that? "walk in them," "dwell in them"? Who? God in these temples, walking and talking, and yet there are some folks who claim to be Christians, claim to be on their way to heaven, and indulge in a smoke or a chew or some other habit that they think there is no harm in. Beloved, God wants a clean, holy temple, and every place God comes to abide, that place must be sanctified and holy. Are you running around with a pipe in your mouth calling yourself a Christian? A Christian means to be Christlike. Christ didn't smoke, and when Christ comes in, you are out of the business too. How do I know? I smoked cigarettes when a very little boy and I was in a revival when I was ten years old and the first thing the Lord talked to me about was those cigarettes. I said, "I will speak to the preacher and if he says there is no harm in it I can keep on smoking," and I did, and when I got salvation at the age of twenty, the cigarettes went. Yes they did, and I realized that the blood of Jesus Christ did what Paul is talking about here. It made me large enough to take in God and crowd out these other things, and that is what He wants us to do.

Moses wandered around upon the mountains for forty years watched his flocks, and one day God lit up the bush and it burned and blazed and glowed, and it attracted Moses. As he came near to it the voice said, "Take off thy shoes for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." When God wanted to deal with Israel He said to Moses, "Put a line around the mountain that nothing can come near. I am coming down; the mount must be holy." When Joshua went to Jericho he saw a man standing before him with a drawn sword, and Joshua said, "Art thou for

us or for our adversaries?" and he said, "As captain of the host of the Lord am I now come. . . . Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." What made it holy at the bush? on the mount? It was the presence of God. The ground was holy, and when God moves into your house of clay you will be holy. God has only one standard of holiness. He says, "Be ye holy for I am holy." You cannot go with crooked politicians and serve God. If you pray, "Our Father who art in heaven," you have to come out and be separate unto the Lord. Then you will have an audience. Somebody up there will listen to you when you pray. You won't come around to the meetings and doubt and say, "I don't believe in divine healing." No wonder. You have never prayed through when you were sick. The only thing you know is Egyptian remedies, and as soon as you are sick you take a pill or a plaster. We read in the Psalms, "Wherefore offer unto God thanksgiving. Pay thy vows unto the Most High; call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." There are many people quoting the last part of that verse, and saying, "I have called and He is not delivering me." Perhaps you haven't paid your vows. You made vows to God and are just living like Ananias and Sapphira. You are not lying unto man but unto God, but when you offer to God thanksgiving and pay your vows, the blessings will come down and you will not have room enough to contain them. There will be an overflow and the brother next to you will get some of the droppings.

"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." I will never in all my life forget the time when God made that real to me. It was in Waynesboro after I had received my baptism. I was in a little cottage meeting and I began to pray. I just said, "Our Father" and heaven opened and the bottom dropped out of everything. It seemed that God the Father, the paternal Spirit and myself were the only two people who ever lived, and we were floating around together, my Father and I. Beloved, you cannot only say it, but when your heart is separated unto God you will feel the paternal touch and that His heart is breaking with love. He will pour it out on you and melt you down and swallow you up with His love. Then when you pray you can truly say from your heart, "Our Father."

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

I F Christ would live and reign in me,
I must die!

Like Him I crucified must be,
I must die!

Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans,
My flesh may writhe and make its moans,
But this the way and this alone—
I must die!

O, I must die to scoffs and sneers,
Let me die!

I must be freed from slavish fears;
Let me die!

So dead that no desire will rise,
To appear good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes;
Let me die!"

* * *

When we become willing to see our most cherished hopes blasted, our precious treasure robbed and spoiled, our alabaster box broken and spilled; when we are willing to see that for which we have given our very lives and our deepest affections nailed to the cross, then there is a wonderful victory in store for us and a glorious resurrection to all that has gone down into death.

If we become prominent in our sphere and because of our high standards and our strength we draw people to us and cause them to look at us and glory in our strength instead of in the Lord, then He permits the spoiler to come into our midst. Our strength and our high stand-

ards, our gifts and our capabilities become a snare, for God's children will unconsciously rest on these things instead of on the living God and forget that the power and the glory are His alone. Our only safety is to glory in the cross of Christ. There is no danger there. Oh the cross has wondrous beauty to the soul who will go through with God! Empty and vain and shallow would our lives be without it. If we will bear it patiently and hold still while the nails are being driven, every severance of the flesh will unite us more closely with Him who trod the way before us. The cross-bearing and the death route bring a development and a character-growth to the child of God that can come in no other way.

Some of us are learning what it means to bow beneath the rod, but we will say "amen" to any crucifixion, any humiliation, any stripping that will work out for our good, for this is our confidence in God, that He doeth all things according to the counsel of His own will. "He setteth up and He putteth down." He humbles and He exalts. He lets His people get into deep waters so He can prove Himself a God of deliverances, and so He proved Himself to us, blessed be His Name! The trials and the testings that would seem the most disastrous often prove to be the greatest blessing, and faith in the Eternal God enables us to stand in the crucial hour.

* * *

For some weeks the Stone Church has been without a regular pastor, the brother who has been filling that office having withdrawn, but God always has some one to stand in the breach. When our friends, Brother and Sister Lincoln, in Muskegon Heights, Mich., heard of our need they felt greatly burdened. The Lord began to speak to Mrs. Lincoln about "some one to stand in the gap" and asked her if she would be willing to go. He also dealt with her husband about it and he came to her with real concern and said, "Will you be willing to go over and do what you can to help in this hour of need? If so, I will stay and hold the fort here." She shrank from the idea, even though she felt she had heard from heaven about it, and made a number of excuses, but the burden of the Stone Church was laid so heavily upon them both she had to come. She asked the Lord to put His seal upon His leading by stretching forth His hand, and He answered by baptizing two in the Holy Spirit on the first Lord's Day. Other evidences of His divine approval were manifest, souls came back to God, visions of coming blessings and revival fires were given, and a number have taken a

new grip on God. Most marked is the spirit of prayer upon the people; they speak unceasingly of the "goodness of the Lord" and the brethren are getting under the burden of the church in a new way.

A number of ministering brethren have been with us during the month of May, among them Brother S. A. Jamieson, of Dallas, Texas; W. T. MacArthur, Springfield, Mass.; W. E. Moody, Winnipeg, Manitoba; W. T. Gaston, Tulsa, Okla.; and Mrs. Mary A. Yeagge, missionary from Matagalpa, Central America, all of whom were a blessing to the assembly.

To our many inquiring friends we would say that our usual May Convention has not been held this year. Regular services at the church are as follows: Sun. 10, 3 and 7:30; Tues. and Thurs. eves at 7:45, Divine Healing Meet. Wed. 2:30, Young People's Meet. Friday, 7:45.

* * *

The Macedonian Call

The needs of the world are ever upon the heart of every one who is really born of God, and our interests are by no means confined to the home field. More prayer is needed for the dark lands of the earth that the Spirit of God may be poured out and that the millions of heathen may hear the Gospel. More prayer is needed that workers will be thrust forth into the great harvest field.

A missionary tells the following incident which happened last year in India at the close of a baptismal service: "Sahib, we would see Jesus. My village is over yonder three miles away. We have given up idolatry and we would embrace the Jesus religion. Come with me; the entire village is waiting for your coming.' Before I could reply another man stepped forward, and then a third, and lo! a fourth, and from the lips of each fell the Macedonian cry. Listen to the last man: 'Sahib, this is the fourth year that I have come to you, and every time you have sent me away sorrowing. Oh Sahib, give me a message of hope this time.' With a breaking heart I had to say, 'Your village is eight miles away, and I dare not even encourage you till I have a teacher for you. Be patient another year.'"

The Missionary Review of the World states that in the heart of Africa alone there are fifty millions of people, just one-half the population of the United States, that are unreached by the Gospel, and no project on foot for their evangelization. Prayer is the only instrument that

will change the heart of Africa and cause the light to burst forth as the morning. John R. Mott is authority for the statement that two Universities—Oxford and Cambridge—have already given more men for the European war than have been asked for from all Christendom for the evangelization of non-Christian lands. Sad, indeed, it is that men are more willing to suffer not only death, but what is far worse, become mental and physical wrecks for their country and a little earthly honor, than to enlist in the army of the King of kings and win an incorruptible crown and a seat with Him on His throne!

* * *

Our missionaries are plodding along, sometimes wearily, and sometimes triumphantly, as they see the Gospel light penetrating the dense heathen mind. We sent an offering some time ago to several workers who had suffered the loss of their property through fire, and they wrote back: "God alone knows what it meant to receive this at the time we did. We had baked our last loaf of bread, and many other real necessities were exhausted, also our finances."

Another writes, "Do help us by your prayers, not just ordinary prayers, but help us to storm the forts of Satan with mighty faith. This is a terrible battle. Sometimes I fell well-nigh discouraged but God says "from every tribe and nation" and that takes in Japan. The powers of darkness assail us from every side and so many of the young people who become really saved are taken out of the meetings by relatives. One dear young girl was cruelly beaten, her testament torn to shreds and she forbidden to come to the mission again." Yet in spite of this there is an encouraging paragraph which says that seven or eight have asked for baptism and they testify with shining faces.

Brother Moore in Yokohama, Japan, writes they now have about sixty Christians, five native workers and three Bible women standing for God in the three mission stations, and the work is most encouraging.

* * *

We give below a picture of Miss Edith Kirschner and the four first fruits in Punch, Kashmir, for whom she asks special prayer. They have renounced the Mohammedan faith and have just been immersed in water. One was spoken to by the Lord in a vision, after his baptism, and told to preach the Gospel. These boys have been tested and tempted by the Mohammedan author-

ities almost beyond endurance but thus far they have been faithful.



Miss Kirschner and the "First Fruits" of Punch.

One of the officials has become so angry that four Mohanumedan lads from the middle class have yielded themselves to God that he sent for one in his employ and told him either to give up "this rubbish" or give up his post. The young man said he was willing to give up his post but not his Christ. Only those who are acquainted with the tremendous opposition that faces new converts in these heathen countries can know their great need of prayer. Unless they are garrisoned by prayer it will be impossible for them to stand, but if all who read this will lift their hearts to God in their behalf, He will surely answer the globe-girdled cry.

* * *

Miss Eva Bietsch, who recently went to India (Raj Nandagaon) writes of the Lord's guid-

ance and blessing along the way. A visit to a school of orphans and outcasts in Shangliai, China, greatly encouraged her as she saw the possibilities for God among the heathen. She saw the Spirit of God poured out upon these one hundred and twenty-five children as they sang together. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene as with closed eyes and uplifted hands these little waifs that had been picked from the mire, worshipped the Lord, speaking in tongues and prophesying. Under the power of the Spirit one would call to repentance, another to prayer, and others would say warningly, "Jesus is coming soon."

At a Rescue Home she visited she heard of a remarkable experience of the Chinese matron there which led to her conversion. She was so unhappy with her mother-in-law and husband that she went to the river to drown herself. Suddenly she was stopped by a figure in white with His hands uplifted in warning. As she looked at Him, all desire to take her life, left, and she went back into her home. Years after, she dropped into one of the missions and seeing one of the Sunday School pictures illustrating the Gospels said as she looked at Jesus, "Oh, that is the person that appeared to me when I was on the way to take my life."

* * *

A Pentecostal Campmeeting will be held at Ballard Beach, Seattle, Wash., beginning July 2, 1916, continuing one month or longer. For information address all communications to the Pastor, W. H. Offiler, 121 Pine St., Seattle, Wash.

* * *

Missionaries in the Figi Islands write that they have set the month of July apart as a time for prevailing prayer for that place, and ask the saints to unite with them.

Congo Mission Station Founded at Great Cost God's Preservation during a Thousand-mile Trip

George C. Bowie, Johannesburg, So. Africa, at the Newark Convention, April 30, 1916



ALWAYS say in every place I go that missionaries ought to be proved before they go to the field, and they ought to be proved before they come back from the field. There are many missionaries who go out, full-hearted, wholly given over to God, but when they reach the other side, the heathen darkness is so intense that many of them go right down, and it is good for leaders and the

home churches to thoroughly prove their missionaries before they send them to the field.

It is quite remarkable that Miss Doll, who spoke this afternoon, was the first missionary to pass through Bethel to reach India, and I had the honor of being the first missionary to pass through Bethel to reach Africa. That was Bethel when it was about the size of this platform. They didn't have very large audiences nor very large missionary offerings. When I went to Africa it was God who sent me out. I believe, if I

remember rightly, I received about seventeen dollars from Bethel. It was not a missionary center at that time and I never expected anything from them or from anybody, but somehow I got plenty and had some to spare for those who did not get enough.

Since our work commenced in Africa we have been compelled, owing to its success and growth, to organize it. You know there is a real Bible organization to be found inside the Book. There are a number of missionaries who don't want any Bible organization, the same as you find a number of people in this land who don't want it, but there is government in the Word of God and the government is upon His shoulders. He has placed certain officers in the church and that is the pattern to follow. Some one had to take the initiative in this and I took it along with Brother Hooper and we organized and set our work in shape. We have an Executive Council and they have felt it good to instruct me to get some council or some assembly to act for us as a Home Council in this capacity only, of examining prospective missionaries as to their doctrine, their qualifications and their call. We have found in our experience in Africa that there are many people out on the field who never should have gone, and I believe there are people in America who ought to be on the field. I believe there are people in the Pentecostal pulpits who should not be there and those in the assemblies who ought to be in the pulpit.

In connection with our organization we have acquired some property. Our missionary band growing as it did, having now about sixty missionaries on the field, and being located in fever districts, we all felt it good to have a missionary receiving and rest home, not for called missionaries but for proved ones. They must be approved by the Council in Africa after having passed through the Council here. Any one who feels he has a call to the work in South or Central Africa and wishes to be associated with us can write to the Executive Council here at Newark and they will take your case up. We do not feel we can accept any missionary from America, no matter how clever or well-trained, irrespective of how he has been used, unless he passes through and meets the approval of the Home Council.

Some one came to me once in Africa and gave me five thousand dollars. I said, "I don't want five thousand dollars from you. Give it to our Executive Council." This party did so and our Missionary Home began to loom up. God had told us two years before that we were to have

a missionary home but there is not a man or woman in America that knew about it. We went steadily on and we found that when you have something to organize God is at the back of your organization, if you keep in the Holy Ghost. The reason many Pentecostal organizations have gone to the wall has been because they had nothing to organize. They wanted a big center and work out from there and God wasn't behind it and it went flat. You cannot do anything unless God is in it.

I want to tell you how God dealt and how He worked about this property. I was introduced to a man one day and he told me he had a property, and I found it was the same property that Brother Hooper had looked at two years before. They desired to rent then, but it was so exorbitant that it was impossible to think of it. It was a twelve-room house with a little cottage on the side where servants used to live. I went over this property and ascertained from the government officials that the estimated cost for its erection was 8,500 pounds (\$42,000), not including the ground. You could not get anything like that now, it was part of a liquidated estate and the government held the bonds on the estate. I went to the capital of the Transvaal and saw the public debt commissioner and opened up negotiations with him. 1,750 pounds was what he asked for it, about \$8,500. I talked it over with him and he dropped it while I was there 150 pounds (\$750) and we got that place as a real gift from the Lord Himself, just handed right down from heaven. It isn't all paid for yet but we pay less on it than what we would have had to pay in rent.

The missionaries said to me, "You hold it in your name." I said, "Oh no, that is too big an undertaking for me." I had seen things in America before ever I went to the field, go smash where one man held the whole thing and I learned my lesson. I said, "If I put this in my own name I might backslide and your building would backslide, for there is no telling where the devil will run a man when he gets him on the run, and I might run you all out if it was in my name. Another thing, I have children; father might die and children could say, 'You better get out, Mr. Missionary.'" So we put things on a business basis and the Executive Council hold the property for the Pentecostal Missionaries. If the Council backslides the missionaries can step in and hold the property. I believe God wants things done right, and no matter how much you appreciate a man, no matter how nice, sweet, oily letters he can write

to you from the field, the only way to do business is along business lines.

We took a trip up into Central Africa, an exploration trip in the interest of the work. We went up the coast past Zanzibar to Mombasa. It was on this trip the devil attacked me with appendicitis. The doctor had to be called seeing I was on board ship; he examined me and said, "Why, you have appendicitis. I am going to give you some morphine and put an ice-bag on you." I said, "All I want you to do is to give me a quiet cabin." We had nearly a free fight there, with our tongues. He insisted on doing something and I insisted on doing nothing, and I was boss of this man. He said, "I wash my hands of you and will have nothing to do with you," and he bounced out of the place. The two men who were with me held on to God in prayer. A man came in and said, "If you have appendicitis it is all up with you." When things are "all up" it is good, but when they are all down, it is bad. I knew God was sending me to the Congo before it was "all up" and I held on to Him and my brethren held on, and to the amazement of every one who knew about my condition on the ship I was soon preaching, and I preached a stirring message. They wondered whether I was a Christian Scientist or a spiritualist. It is notable that when you bring out this Pentecostal teaching to people who never heard of it, they brand you as a Christian Scientist or a spiritualist. I belong to the King. There is no spiritualism about this, no having a conversation with a supposed friend who is departed. It is not your friends that the spiritualists pretend to bring back, it is the devil who impersonates your friends.

I was on deck in a very short time and I was quite a curiosity. There had never been any people who knew anything about divine healing around there, and they said, "Got all right without taking any medicine?" "Yes." "Didn't you have it cut out?" "No, it is all there." The Lord miraculously undertook for me as He did on another occasion down on the border of Zululand. The Dutch Reformed minister came along, and the Swedish Reformed minister. He said, "It is not any better." I said, "How do you know?" "Well, you think it is better." "How do you know I think it is better?" "Well," he said, "it will come back again." "How do you know it will come back again?" Why, it is sure to come back again." I said, "Friend, did you ever have a cold?" "Yes." "And did you get better?" "Yes, I got better." "But you only think you got better." "I got better," he

said. "It came back again." "No, it never came back again." I laughed at him. I said, "That is just the same with this trouble that I had. It is not going to come back again. If He heals me today and I should have trouble there six months from now I would not say it is the same old thing back again. I would say it is the same old devil with a new dose of the same thing.

We went on to Mombasa and took the railroad across to Kisumu. I suppose you will be interested to know this is where Brother Richardson and his wife, who is now on our station, were for years, until they received the baptism in the Holy Spirit in the Stone Church, and when they returned to the field their Board refused to have them. Brother Richardson joined me there and we took passage across the lake. We passed a German mission station that had been there for two years. They were building a store, going in for merchandise, couldn't get anybody to come to the meetings. Ah, if ever you expect results in the foreign field you will have to rub your knees on the carpet, no, on the ground! You will have to get through to God if you would be a successful missionary. It is hard work. It is digging down; it is standing up against heathen darkness and all the devilry that is amongst the heathen, you have to put forth all your strength, all your prayer-life, all your consecration, and hold on to Almighty God until the devil is put to flight and the natives come in. You will have to do it. There is nothing attractive about being a foreign missionary except you are called of God, and then you can go through.

Brother Richardson and I sailed Lake Kivu in a dugout canoe, that is, a tree cut down and dug out by the natives and turned into the water. It was about three feet wide at the widest part and fifty feet long, and about eighteen inches deep. We had about five hundred pounds of luggage with us and about fourteen of the crew to paddle us along. We lay there, twisted and screwed up, shot wild duck and praised the Lord. The storms come up there very quickly. The boys are paddling along and suddenly they bend to their paddles and just as suddenly there is a storm comes down and is just about to swamp the boat. I never prayed in my life as I did on that trip. We had to make for the shore and get our tents up. After we saw the officials up there we crossed on the German side, and at last my dreams of Africa and my leadings of Africa were fulfilled when I touched the Congo. After seeing the officials we sailed back, and

there were not sufficient canoes to take all our party; we have five white men and about three dozen natives taking us across the country. I suggested they take the canoe and I wait behind and help the German missionaries finish up a launch. They got stuck with it and having been a ship-builder in my younger days I said I would help them. They said it would take them about six weeks. I started in and I had the thing finished in about six days, and they said I was to have the maiden trip. The Swedish man was an old fisherman from Sweden, and that was a motor launch, and I know as much about a motor launch as I do about things in the bottom of the sea. Nobody knew how to make it go, and the Swedish missionary went into the wood and got some bamboo poles and I took a part of my tent to make a sail and off we shot. We felt as if we were the northeast wind, and landed on an island. On that island there are from fifty to eighty thousand natives and no missionary there. It belongs to the Belgian Congo people. The Germans had a missionary there but he escaped to avoid imprisonment. They wanted to give us that mission station and then they heard that we were the "tongues" people and they discovered all at once they had a Board at home, and on closer examination we discovered that it wasn't the Board but the things in the Bible that we believed that they didn't that interfered with our getting it.

It was here that Brother Richardson caught the fever. He was a beautiful character, every day the same, no matter what happened. He never thought of himself and never spared himself. We started on to go to the eastern end of the lake and had to stay there a day or two. We were aiming for Lake Tanganyika, and the first day out on this journey Brother Richardson fell out of the ranks. I had gone ahead with the boys and had asked the Swedish missionary to look after Brother Richardson and bring him up in the rear. After we had gone on several hours and were sitting down to eat a feeling came over me there was something wrong behind. It continued to grow and I told the boys to get out the tent pole and rig up a "*machilla*." We went back, I suppose about two miles, and I became very anxious, and found him in a semi-conscious condition. We carried him and had also to carry one of the native boys who was taken ill at the same time. This native boy succumbed to the fever and on Sunday morning Johann went home to heaven. The other native boys came to us with tears streaming down their faces and told us that Johann had gone. He was Brother

Richardson's own boy and it seemed very fitting that Brother Richardson should take part in the little funeral service that was held. It was a very touching scene as our brother read a part of Thessalonians lying in bed, and I said a few words before laying away this native Christian in Congo soil.

Owing to the war our plans had to be laid aside. I nursed Brother Richardson through the fever and he felt led to turn north, but owing to the fact that he was very weak he was unable to stand the journey and died after our party separated. We felt we were to come south, and the only thing for us to do was to start to walk home. It meant to us a trip of a thousand miles and would take us six months. We would be lost to everybody, cut off from communicating with Johannesburg, and lost to everybody in the homeland excepting those who were touching the throne, but God was with us. Oftentimes I knelt down on that burning velt out there and said, "Lord, this is too much for me. It is more than I am able to carry through and I ask You to put my condition on the saints in America and make them pray. I have a right to ask you, Lord, to make them pray. You have commanded us to pray for all saints, make them pray for me," and He would. We had another man down with fever and he had to be carried across the burning plains. He almost went to heaven, and in connection with that same mission to get the work into the Congo another dear white man went to heaven. We also lost two of our native boys. That station that has been opened there has been at a cost of precious lives.

A government official helped us across the country and when we got out of the danger zone we started to move toward the Congo River. We had about three hundred miles in front of us then, and our boys were not Christian boys. I was pioneering and oftentimes they would drop our bundles and leave us high and dry and we would have to wait and pray until we got others. We had a number of experiences like this.

We were scarce of money and Brother Elliot and I had only about twenty dollars each and one day I became intensely hungry for some chocolates. I told Brother Elliot and he said, "Don't talk about chocolates, we are in the heart of the Congo." We went along and that day we came across a Belgian official. He came to meet us and invited us to dine with him. He gave us chicken, and after awhile he came in with a half pound tin of chocolates. He said,

"Perhaps you don't like chocolate," but I wasn't at all backward and I ate with a great deal of satisfaction. He left the room and came back with chocolate bars two inches wide and three-eighths of an inch thick, saying, "Perhaps you like Belgian chocolate." We had it every meal then. There are some people who think missionaries oughtn't to eat chocolate, but I eat it whenever it comes my way.

We stayed there Saturday and Sunday, didn't know how we would get through; we had the boys to pay to do the carrying, and the entire sum of our money would not pay the boys alone. I had several guns with me, and this official wanted one and I sold it to him for 135 francs. The natives came along and we sold some of our clothes, and by the time we got to the Congo River we had enough to buy two cans of condensed milk and pay our fare down to Molongo.

When we were here I was standing looking at three men and I noticed one was the paymaster to give us our passage on the river. I spoke to him and as I did one of the other gentlemen said, "You are an Englishman," I said, "You are a Scotchman," and he said, "I am a British subject." He turned out to be a Jew. We did all we could to get something good to eat, spending our big English pennies, it was the Congo money, and we counted them pretty often. The men who were with me had never known much of a faith life. There were no boats going down the river, all were being rushed over to the war zone, but that night we got word we could sail in a dugout, but just as we were moving over to where the dugout was to leave, this Jew came along and he invited us to dine with him. He had a table out in the open and he gave us a fine dinner. After we were through he said, "We want you to dine with us in the morning. We want to keep tab of you fellows on the way down." He didn't know anything about our circumstances, but the Lord did, and He was using that ungodly man to feed us. He makes even our enemies to be at peace with us. We started out and our boat broke down. There we were in the tropics. We got on another boat, a little one with a great big boiler. The fuel they used was wood, and my friend went down with fever. There he was sweltering under the tropical sun with the addition of the heat coming from the boiler—it was no easy thing to be a missionary under those conditions.

A young man twenty-eight years of age said, "I want to turn back." "What is the matter?" "It is too hard." "All right." A deck passage didn't suit him very well. His knees began to

cave in. You have to get your knees straight and then if you have to walk three or four hundred miles you are not going to cave in. You will go through.

Going down the river we were surprised to see this Jew again. He had a contract with the government officials to supply the fuel for the boats on the river. He asked me to come up but I told him my friend could not come. We had stuck in that boat for days eating nothing, but he set me up and carried food to him. He said to me, "I am coming up the river and I will buy a bed for that friend of yours," and he put in a fine spring bed for this man who was sick with the fever. Just before he started he said, "Have a duck?" and handed me out a big duck; "have a cake? have some condensed milk?" I took them all. Some people will not take anything from sinners, they say it is not consecrated, but I will take from anybody that comes along. If I needed fifty dollars and prayed for it and a big sinner came along with it I would take it. This man was a sinner. He drank whiskey like water, but he got interested in us and the Lord used him to help us at this time. One day I talked to him about the Jews as we sailed down the river. We had a nice boat now, it held a single bed and you could walk on either side of the bed. We had a little table and I dined with him. When we got away down the river he said, "I want to pay that account of yours." We hadn't enough money to carry us through and had another three hundred miles to go, and we thanked God for every evidence from Him that He was providing. The Jew bought my rifle at the price I paid for it, and when he was leaving he came to me and said, "Have you enough money to see you through on this trip?" "Oh, I am all right," I said. "Now," he said, "a ten pound note is nothing to me. I'd just as soon give you a ten pound note as not." That man went away and came back and put thirty dollars into my hand, and before he left he gave me some more condensed milk and some jelly. I was in the land of Goshen. I gave him the truth from God's Word, and he said, "That is the kind of men Englishmen are." I said, "No, that is the kind of men those are who are born again."

After three weeks we started on again, and chose the place where we opened up a station, at Kikondja, Katanga, in the Congo Belge. Here is where Mrs. Richardson and Miss Hodges are now. There are about a quarter of a million people there. When I was there I had a rough house built, but later on we built them a new one, but a recent letter tells me the new house

was struck by lightning and they had to go back to the old one, which had been discarded. There are cannibals there. They have found human bones, and inquired of a prospector and of the natives and they told them there was a cannibal tribe there, but they won't eat white people. The chief was very sick; he came along and they prayed for him and the Lord healed him. He was a sinner too. They come in great numbers to be prayed for and though they are unsaved the Lord heals them. He is working there and we believe there will be a real ingathering of souls in that place. As soon as we could we sent a wireless to Johannesburg to tell them we were safe. They were just about to organize a party to go and look for us. They might almost as well have come to America as to hunt for us in the heart of Africa, but when missionaries who are going through with God get together in the foreign field their hearts are bound to each other with very strong ties. It is the Spirit of God that binds them, and when one member is away, others are anxious, and earnest prayer goes up for their protection. I was four months overdue. This other man who had the fever had to be carried three hundred miles. We hadn't enough money to take us through to Elizabethville, and on the way a cousin of the Jew invited us to stay with him three weeks. There is a promise given in reference to the Jews, "He that blesseth thee I will bless," and in receiving help from these Jews God was just giving back to me some of the bread I had cast upon the waters. Two or three years before when I went across to Africa I met a Jew on shipboard and he was badly treated. I saw it and I befriended him. He confided in me and I talked to him about the Scriptures, and one day he said, "Did ever you save anybody, Mr. Bowie?" I said, "Yes, lots of people. I save them by telling them of Jesus. There is no more need of the blood of bulls and goats. He is the

One, the only One that can save. He was offered up once for all," and I went through the story of the atonement. When we went ashore at Capetown I handed him over to a friend, and this friend didn't do well by him. I was visiting in a home in Johannesburg one day and the Lord said to me, "You give half a sovereign." "Me give half a sovereign?" I felt I had none to give. I was in Africa seven months before I got a cent from America with the exception of fifteen dollars I received when I landed at Capetown. But I was going to give it in the house where I was visiting, and I felt the check of the Spirit. I came out and walked along quite happily and suddenly I saw this Jew who was on the boat with me, and the Lord said, "This is where your half sovereign is to go." I stood and looked at him and said, "You remember what I told you about Jesus. That same Jesus tells me to give you this," and I handed him a half sovereign. That was a sermon to that man. I said, "You never would have gotten a cent from me if God hadn't put in my heart a love for the Messiah." When I was helped by a Jew up in the heart of Africa it was but God's blessing on the seed I had sown years before.

The cousin of the Jew who had been so kind to us bought a cornet from Brother Elliot for fifty dollars, and we had enough money to pay our boys, our fare on the train and send a wireless message to Johannesburg, saying that the lost was found.

The little station in the Congo Belge has been established through the laying down of precious lives and many heartaches; through many trials and privations, days of hardship and nights of prayer and prevailing with God, but out of the pioneering, out of the hardships and discouragements, out of the lives laid down in Central Africa the Gospel has been planted and will, we believe, bring forth a rich harvest of souls.

Prayer--Warfare and Its Results

Mrs. Nellie Lincoln, Muskegon Heights, Mich., in The Stone Church, May 28, 1916.



IN EXODUS 17:8-16 we read a historic event in the life of Israel. This incident is wonderful for three reasons. In the first place God said it was a wonderful time, and He didn't want anybody to forget it and especially not Joshua, the future leader of God's people. In the second place it was a time when Moses erected another altar

and they worshipped the Lord and named the place Jehovah-nissi, which means, the Lord is our banner. And the third reason is this: it was a place of intercession. It was a place where Moses stood between God's people and the enemy, between the living and the dead, as it were, and prevailed and got the answer. In the margin opposite the sixteenth verse we read, "because of the hand upon the throne of the Lord" God gave the victory, or in other words,

because of the hand of Moses laid upon the throne of God in prevailing prayer, victory came and the promise was obtained that God would wage an eternal warfare against their enemies, the Amalekites. You know over in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the faith chapter where it tells about the different heroes of faith, it speaks of those who "obtained promises." How did they do it? They got hold of God and prevailed until God said you can have what you want. That class of people are not all dead yet—therefore there are going to be some more "memorials" written of God's delivering power and faithfulness even in our midst. I remember another memorial occasion when Israel was in great distress and they said to Samuel, "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us." He kept on crying until the Lord "thundered with a great thunder" and the enemy fled and Israel raised a memorial calling it "Ebenezer" saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Oh these wonderful places where, as it were, we erect an altar to worship the living God and acknowledge His presence and His help! These oases in the deserts of our lives where we rest and rejoice in God's covenant keeping power! These milestones where we stop a few minutes to recognize Jehovah-nissi and say, "The Lord fought this battle for us. Here we obtained the promise." It is a wonderful thing to get a promise from God because He never goes back on it. If you get a "thus saith the Lord" in answer to your prayer, you are safe. God is so good and wonderful that even children can prevail with Him and obtain promises. He will put the spirit of intercession upon them. I remember one time one of our neighbors was dying with consumption. I was just a very young girl but I knew God as children know Him and I liked that neighbor. They told me he was not going to get well and I felt so sorry for he was not a Christian. I went upstairs by myself and the real spirit of intercession began to take hold of me—I understand it now as I didn't then. If we really love souls and desire the welfare of God's people and His cause, we will pray and take hold of God for them. I wept and prayed in my childish way until something happened. I could not describe it but I knew God said, "I am going to save him," and that man was saved. It is astonishing to think that God will save an immortal soul in answer to a child's prayer. How much more when we older ones pray, for we know the power of Christ's atonement and the great love of God and how He wants to

save souls! Oh let us yield ourselves to God more and more that He may pray through us!

Now this Amalek who came up to war against the children of Israel was a grandson of Esau, so in reality the Amalekites were cousins of Israel, near flesh relations, and when Israel came along they ought to have helped them, but instead of that the Amalekites resisted them. There is a wonderful thought there. The Israelites had three kinds of enemies: the Egyptians, the Amalekites and the giants that dwelt in Canaan. As God's spiritual Israel, we too have the same enemies. There is Egypt typefying the world. Oh what a struggle we had at the time of our conversion when we said an eternal goodbye to the world and everything that was in it! Then there are the Amalekites, typifying the flesh. After we were saved we found there was a law working in our members; there was the flesh relationship, our Amalekites. As we go on in our religious experience we find like Paul we are warring, not against flesh and blood but against powers and principalities of the air, the giants in our spiritual Canaan, these powers of the enemy, these demons from hell that withstand our spiritual progress and hinder our taking spiritual territory for God.

How many times the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. How many times we find that the flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh. How many times we find that when we are determined to do things for God, somehow, somehow the flesh gets in and God is robbed of His glory and your soul of its victory. Just as much as the Israelites needed a Moses and an Aaron and Hur to intercede for them as they warred against the Amalekites just so much we as individuals and assemblies need intercessors who will, as it were, lay their hands upon the throne of the Lord and prevail in our behalf until victory comes and the promise is obtained that God will war against our Amalekites forever. We find how Moses set out that morning to pray for the victory of God's people, but he grew so weary. It is a hard task praying and holding on to God until the answer is obtained, this thing of taking upon our souls the burden and distresses and the anguish of other souls and praying them through. It is a heavy burden but there is glory in it. Moses held on until he got so weary he could not hold his hands up any longer. While his hands were up Israel had the victory, when his hands fell by his side, Israel was defeated and the Amalekites prevailed. But God always has somebody ready to hold the hands and never puts a task

upon you and me that is too hard for us. He will in some way make provision that you may get through with it, and if you cannot in your own strength He will have an Aaron and a Hur to encourage you and hold up your hands. Why did God send Aaron and Hur? God saw ahead that they were needed. Sometimes I go to a meeting and I find Brother Jones and Sister Smith are there and I wonder how they happened to come when they were supposed to be elsewhere, but before we get through I am glad for the Aaron and the Hur that are on the spot, sent there by God; everybody there by divine appointment for a high and holy purpose. So we find they are getting ready to stand by Moses, to help him out.

The first thing they do is to get a stone. There are no cushioned pews in the place of intercession, no comfortable chairs in that corner of intercession where you stand and lay your hands as it were on the throne of God, determined not to give up until victory comes. It is the place of suffering, it is the place of intense agony, it is the place where you feel as though you would die, but you cannot give up. You must have the answer. Like Job, you say, "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him." With Jacob you will say, "I will not let Thee go until Thou bless me." They have the stone all ready. It is not a very restful place to sit, it is cold and it is hard. To the natural man it is not inviting, but oh, the spiritual has caught a glimpse of the wonderful things of God and seeing Him who is invisible they can endure hardness as good soldiers, willing to take the bill of fare that comes along the line of the cross, yes, the cross to the natural man.

We find Moses there on that stone and Aaron and Hur are on either side of him lifting up his hands. What did Isaiah mean when he said, "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees"? It means the strengthening of one another by your prayers and your encouragement. Are you willing to be an Aaron and a Hur? We would all like to be Moses of course and sit in the chief place, but somebody there has to hold up his arms. Just think what was depending upon this very act! The whole army gathered in the valley below, was fighting battles for God, and if they were defeated God's plan would be defeated and God's purpose would be thwarted. Oh how much depends upon that little scene on the hill-top where Moses is sitting on the hard, cold stone, and Aaron and Hur are going without their dinner and without their supper, staying his arms! You

cannot say, when in the midst of such a conflict, "I am so tired I guess I will get up. I do not believe God is going to answer. I think I had better go home and have something to eat." There comes a time when you and I cannot think of ourselves, our bodies or our needs. We are going to have to be lost in the one thought of holding up the arms of the one who is prevailing with God that victory may come to His people. May God help us to see it this morning. I am glad they didn't get tired and go home about three o'clock. I am glad they stayed until the going down of the sun, until there was a victory won on Israel's side, until God up in heaven was moved upon and came to the conclusion that He would put an end to the Amalekites, He would wage war with them from generation to generation. But if Moses and Aaron and Hur hadn't stayed up there on the top of the mount, that promise never would have been given. Who knows but what there might have been some promise in this assembly obtained from God, if you had held on in the secret place of prayer until the going down of the sun, until you had gotten the answer from God.

You know sometimes God puts a spirit of prayer on people and they intercede for a while and then they get to thinking, Oh I have to do some sewing, or attend to some business, and up they get. They didn't obtain the promise and the assembly has to be lean and God is robbed of His glory. Oh beloved, as co-workers with God, are you willing to betake yourselves to the Mount of Prayer in answer to the divine summons and stay there till the going down of the sun that the promise of vanquished Amalekites may be obtained for the individual or assembly?

There is another thought here: When they started up the hill Moses said, "I am going to take with me the rod of God." Moses never let that rod go. He had it with him all the time. When the people were thirsty he had the rod, when they crossed the Red Sea it was behind a stretched out rod, when they went over the Jordan the rod was there. That rod was the visible type of God's Word. You can strike with the Word of God and the way will open, the waters will flow. Moses took the rod and held it in his hand, and when they were holding up his hands they were also holding up the rod of God. It was just like the Word of God held right up to Him: "Now Lord, here is Your promise. Here is the very Word that has been fulfilled in the past and must be fulfilled again."

What is the weapon of our warfare? It is the sword of the Spirit; it is that rod of God that has smitten the enemy time and time again. It is that rod, the Word of God that people cannot withstand, that even rocks and waves cannot withstand. God hath spoken and shall it not come to pass? Every word He ever uttered is coming to pass just as sure as if we heard it spoken this morning. If God fulfilled what He said in the Old Testament how much more is He not going to do it in the New.

As royal priests of God let us avail ourselves of our privileges of pleading the promises and prevailing with God that a "Jehovah-nissi memorial" may be written over some life in the presence of conquered Amalekites.

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