



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

The Patience and Faith of Resurrectionists

The Price of the Double Blessing

Alma E. Doering



AFTER all, not the object of our faith and patience, but the perfecting of these twin fruits, while reaching out for the coveted prize ahead, is what constitutes the greater part of the *double blessing*. It is what we get *while* pressing toward the mark, which makes it worth while, since faith steeled by patience is the hand that grasps the final prize. It grasped it, the moment the prize was in view, but only in anticipation rather than in realization. There must be faith from the very beginning we set out to get the blessing, the healing, the revival, or whatever the prize may be. But it is faith in embryo, the mustard seed, with its *growing* possibilities, bound to expand through the influence of the sunshine and rain, as well as the chemical powers of the dark, damp ground, until it expands and bursts its trying prison walls, into full resurrection life and new possibilities of growth and reproduction.

And we believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. John 11:69. More strictly it should be rendered, "We *have* believed and *are* sure." There has been a development in experience, they *began* by simple faith, and they ended by *assured knowledge*. Such is the order of Christian understanding; first believe and then know. Faith is not the opposite but the prophecy of knowledge. Faith is to know-ledge what the swallow is to summer, the messenger that sings its coming. It soars up to heaven in the morning and sees in advance the plan of the unfolding day. It cannot yet trace the plan, it cannot yet tell how the plan is to *be* unfolded, but it beholds what it cannot analyze, it trusts what it cannot verify. Why did Christ hope that they should follow Him? They did not know Him. But He felt that they must follow *Him before they knew Him*, that they could come to know Him only through experience of being near Him. He called upon another faculty than knowledge; He appealed to the power of their faith. He asked for the prophetic trust of souls; He wanted to lead them by green pastures and beside still waters to let them know by the walk of *experience* that the pastures of life *are* green and that the waters of life *are* quiet. "But you can come to know it only by *walking with me*. You must come to *ME* without knowledge,

without proof, without experience; you must give *ME* your faith. Pay *ME* with your love *in advance*. I will repay its value tenfold in work, in sacrifice, but I cannot work for you, unless you will let *ME* first work *through* you. Grant *ME* the steadfast gaze of the eye, that I may transform you into my own image. Grant *ME* the complete surrender of your will, that I may make your will *MY* will. *When I have* made your will *MY* will there shall be no more room for faith; faith shall be lost in sight. And ye shall know as ye are known. Trust *ME* with the treasure of your hearts and I will restore them to you with knowledge—that knowledge which is life eternal. In that hour ye shall be able to say, 'Once we believed, now we are sure.'" (G. Matheson, in Moments on the Mount.)

"Grant *ME* the steadfast gaze of your eye." It is the gaze on the goal which enables the runner to cover a straight line. His gaze is not on the obstacles on the way. He is not stumbling over questionings about his own faith. He is not occupied with his faith at all. Faith comes all itself as the goal is steadfastly kept in view.

"I Have it in my Pocket."

A pocket faith is what we need. Something that we *know* is there, though no one sees it. The writer had occasion to extend her sympathies to a dear over-wrought Swiss missionary. She had been in the faith only four years and with her husband had left a beautiful country home, to devote her fine natural and spiritual gifts to the lifting of the fallen. Her home was so constantly the place of refuge for the sick, that new comers had over and over again deprived her of a much needed respite. As one wished that she might have a vacation, her reply was, "Oh, but I *have* it in my pocket. My husband promised me my holiday six months ago." What a lesson she taught her missionary guest! With her hand on the coveted prize for six months, she rejoiced in the *promise* of it, while all the time to her senses mountain high possibilities had threatened to rob her of the reality of it, while in her very pocket. The double blessing was sure to follow. The moment did come, when the flow of patients was modified, and she could be spared and just at the right time to enable her to get in part of her holiday with a missionary whose sojourn in

Switzerland was soon to come to an end. She was repaid for the *pocket faith*. The pocket coin was now exchanged for the gold of enjoyment and experience. Had she not held on to the coin, in the face of obstacles, she might have lost the small change as well as the good things it purchased for her.

Had fulfillment of the promise come a month sooner, her joy would have been a lesser blessing for said missionary would not have passed her way at an earlier date. Thus a double measure was hers, for the two souls soon discovered such an affinity between them, that the spirit of prayer poured out upon them simply could not be checked for hours at a time and both were refreshed in soul and body, besides having won mighty victories for the fields each was laboring in. With beaming face we heard her praise God for having waited until the *fulness* of time had come.

How important such records prefaced by the phrases, "Jesus knowing that His hour had come" or "In the fulness of time, God—" are in the life of Him who trod before us *every* step of the way we need to go! Having acted only when He knew that His hour had come, implies a moment when the transition was made from *not* knowing to knowing; in other words, there are many indications that His was a life of faith, a step-by-step guidance which to energetic natures is so trying. In His humility, not even the Son of Man knew "that day and hour" when "heaven and earth shall pass away, no not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." He could not even go up to that last eventful feast, until the exact hour of the Father was fully revealed to Him. "My time is not yet come; but your time is always ready: I go not *yet* up, for my time is not *full* come." He refused to go ahead of the Father's appointed hour; He reserved the manifestation of His power! There was perfect rest in complete abandonment to, and unswerving trust in God. It takes more grace to wait than to rush on. It was this that the Father found so beautiful in His Son. It was after thirty years of hiding in an uninteresting village; after spending the rich perfume of His manhood's bloom in the dreary routine of a village carpenter shop, His pent up powers in restraint, learning obedience through the things He suffered, without perhaps a clear revelation of when His release might come, that the Father's joy burst open the heavens, decorating Him with the honors

of a Beloved Son in whom He was well pleased. Did our Forerunner need to serve His apprenticeship of waiting before *His Baptism* came? And shall we bid Him farewell at this stage of the race? That would mean to miss the blessing at the other end.

If the descending of the Spirit upon Him was the grand culmination of "patient endurance;" if during that waiting time, He had been "strengthened with *all* might according to His glorious power *unto all patience* and long suffering with joyfulness" holding *fast* the "joy set before Him," then in a still greater measure, the descending of the Spirit beginning upon Him was the still greater test of faith. There was no immediate display of power. *The witness had been given Him* and that was nothing more than the *word* of His Father. In the power of that Word, which we likewise hold fast with an iron grip, that very Spirit which was to manifest *His Divinity* to the world, first of all led Him to a place of absolute impotence, weakness, barrenness and seclusion, the desert. A forty-day season of temptation "with wild beasts" (Mark) lay between the Jordan *vision* and the Canaan conquests. He needed first to make the *wilderness* beautiful through His triumph before He could manifest in that world which was to become His sphere, and only in the *power* of the same Spirit which drove Him into these tests could He have prevailed. We do not conquer in order to rest; we conquer in order to labor. Holy Ghost fulness means nothing less than preparedness for greater tasks ahead and so the Spirit which we hail as a messenger of greater power first leads us into the wilderness to be stripped of all our strength and prepared for the world; He makes us feel our loneliness that we may be trained for not being alone. Our glory then shall be the choice of Christ Himself above all manifestations, feelings, visions, gifts, worldly gain and recognition, or spiritual delights, and this choice can be had only in the wilderness, the secret place of the soul; but when we have made it, the kingdoms of the world become our sphere. The wilderness will not frighten us, if we but *first get the vision* of the *goal*, the *promise* of the blessing clearly fixed in our souls. And if a thirty-year Nazareth probation were to be meted out to us between the *taking* and the *realizing*, with no other proof of the Spirit's presence but the greatest one of *all*, the power to *endure*, we would know for a certainty that *His promise needs must*

burst forth into full fruition *in His time*. The Son of Man refused to turn stones into bread and *that* gave Him the right to turn water into wine. The refusal to *force divine* power to feed Himself, entitled Him to the greater power of turning the need of *others* into the wine and joy. He triumphed in *secret* over the temptation of satisfying His own natural cravings, and God rewarded Him in *public* by making Him a source of supply to others. The stop-over station Nazareth, always leads to open heavens, but beyond the benediction of our Father lay the deeper shadows of the wilderness, stripped of sumptuous faring, of exultant feelings, of mountain top experiences, of signs and wonders, deprived even of the sense of His presence and the *bread* of His *word*. Do not at such permitted times *force* deliverance. All is that the soul may get into the possession of peace which *passeth* understanding. The peace which feeds on experiences pleasant to the senses is the kind which would be explainable by *visible* causes, the kind the world needs must have. But when the stars vanish, the night winds beat and blow upon the house of life, if *then* the life should be strong and steadfast, verily then there is a peace *defiant* of the wilderness which shall be the surest witness of His fullness within. If the dove that lighted from opened heavens, can *abide* when the heavens have been closed, and the manna ceases to fall, then the glorious Jordan experience shall have been no dream. Then also Cana of Galilee shall be opened (see John 2 and Luke 4:13-15) and the cleansing waters turned into wine of exhilarating experience. Then shall come the assurance that instead of the desert being an accident, it prevented accident. It forced one to hold fast the bare *promise* as a conscious possession; it brought darkness into the understanding that understanding might become faith; it brought temptation into innocence that innocence might become purity; it brought bereavement of His conscious presence that the heart might become awake to its infinite powers of loving, of yearning, of waiting. Then we shall know that nothing can delay the hour of God's visitation, except our impatience and self effort. We shall know that *everything* was made beautiful in its time, even struggle, trial, privation, just as winter is made beautiful in its season, and childhood in its proper stage. It is the *time* which justifies the trial. It was the *fulness* of *time* which made the sorrow of Calvary glorious. It was

the act suited to the need of the hour which made the crucifixion culminate in the stupendous resurrection and Pentecostal glory. Herein was the proof of Christ's perfect offering, His power to await the Father's time. What better example than Christ of how to get blessing and power could we begin with?

Herein many have failed. Impatiently they forced the manifestation of gifts, of tongues, of healings. They themselves *worked up* what God had intended to *give* freely as soon as they were ripe for it. He always suits the fruit to the season of the soul's year! There are times when the eye needs darkness as much as light. But the Abrahams cannot wait for God's Isaac, so they bring forth their Ishmaels which bring such dishonor upon the blessed promise; they sow the wind of impatience, and they reap the whirlwind of disappointment; they get excitement, flesh, works, and they end in despair, discouragement, darkness. They did not know that the cross, the humility of tarrying still unblest, the brokenness, the weakness felt, the apparent failure of God's promise, the seeming abandonment of His purpose is the *greatest* manifestation of power. When was Christ the strongest? Was it while He was casting out demons and raising the dead? Rejoice not in *these* things said He. He was the strongest in that moment when He resisted the temptation, the taunt to get down from the cross; when He repulsed the thought of demonstrating power when the *power* of *love* meant Him to hang there helpless. And did not God witness to the power of this omnipotent weakness? 2 Cor. 13:4. When He was being endued with power for a career of miracles, the sign was a peaceful helpless dove. When the *greater* power of taking up the cross was to be given, the first steps thereto in John 12, were the embalming of His body against the day of His burial, the announcement of the grain of wheat dying, (verse 20) the soul anguish following, then the sign of approval and enduement was mightier than that of a dove; it was manifested as thunder or the voice of an angel. And when that great Calvary scene at last was accomplished, the bitter dregs fully drunk, then *only* came the earthquake aspect of God's seal and the rent rocks, the open graves, even death convulsed! What witnesses of a race of *patience* fully run! He paid *this* price for His double portion of an earthly and heavenly seed, the price death, the price you and I *must* pay. The *Captain* of

our salvation *endured*, while holding in *His grasp the joy yet unrealized* until the experience of Calvary had reached its climax. Heb. 12:2. "*Can ye drink the cup which I drink?*" "Ye shall indeed!" "*Drink ye all of it.*" Matt.

20:22-23. Sifted? Yes, but prayed for! His very own cup? Yes! But also His joy fulfilled! What a small price after all for *such a prize!!* Lord strengthen and increase our faith. "And now I come to *Thee* that they may have My joy fulfilled in themselves."

His Coming Draweth Nigh

All Signs Portend the End

S. A. Jamieson, Dallas, Texas, in the Stone Church, June 18, 1916.



AND as He sat upon the Mount of Olives, the disciples came unto Him privately, saying, Tell us when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming and of the end of the world." Matt. 24:3.

Jesus Christ answered the disciples' questions, not by telling them the year or the day of His return, but He told them that when certain signs would take place His coming back to this earth was near. When a man is eighty years old we do not know the day of his death, but we know that his end is near. So we know that as far as the fulfilling of prophecy is concerned, the time is near when Jesus shall appear. Notice the following signs to which He calls our attention:

Jesus said that "*in the last days many shall come and claim to be Christ.*" There are forty-four men in the world today who claim to be the Messiah, and there are about fifteen millions of people who are following these false Christs. So we see this prophecy fulfilled in our day.

He also said that in the last days "*there would be earthquakes in divers places.*" Mr. Noble a Christian scientist said that "the whole world had felt three thousand tremors last year," a thing unknown in the history of the world up to that time. Every nation under the sun has felt the tremor of the earthquake during the last five years, and over three hundred thousand people have lost their lives in this way. Never, since the beginning of the world have there been so many earthquakes as in the last five or six years, and this is also a fulfillment of prophecy.

We also read that "*there would be famines in various places.*" On account of famines in India, China and Russia, people have greatly suffered. It is said that three million people have died in China, three million in India, and more than twenty million have suffered in Russia from

this cause within the last five years. A letter from a missionary in India made the statement that in a twenty-five mile trip he found several people dead from want of food—a piece of wood in their mouths trying to satisfy the pangs of hunger. When God says a thing is going to come to pass, it will take place. The heavens and the earth may pass away, but His Word shall not pass away until every iota be fulfilled.

The Returning of the Jews to Palestine. Now that the latter rain has returned, the soil being fertile will yield bountiful harvests. There are about two hundred and fifty thousand Jews in Palestine today, and the Jews in America are raising funds to get possession of their native land at the close of the war. For nearly two thousand years there was no latter rain and the country has been barren, but with the return of the latter rain the country will soon blossom as a rose. This is the testimony of missionaries and explorers.

The Gospel is preached to every nation. This is a fact already accomplished. The Gospel is preached to every nation as a witness of its power unto salvation to them that believe. Jesus said that when the Gospel of the kingdom is preached in all lands for a witness then the end is here. So we see that we are at the very close of this dispensation. Some people take the ground that the millennium will not come until the world is converted but the world will never be converted. God will take a people out of the world who will serve Him, and the Holy Spirit is now fitting them to become the Bride of Jesus Christ. It is wonderful how fast the Gospel is reaching the uttermost parts of the earth.

Daniel says, "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Never in the history of the world was there as much traveling as at present. In the United States six hundred million tickets were sold at a cost of thirteen billion dollars in 1914, and in the whole world two billion tickets were sold at a cost of twenty-nine billion dollars during the same year.

The Travelers' Association is my authority for the above figures. We also know that knowledge has greatly increased in every industry within the last twenty-five years. We look with amazement upon the wonderful achievements of the inventor and the new discoveries but they are in fulfillment of the word in Daniel 12:4.

The present European War is the fulfillment of Matt. 24:7, "For nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom." Most Christian scholars and students of prophecy expect at the close of this war the revival of the Roman Empire. The Rev. F. M. Baxter, who was connected with the Keswick Movement in London, England, prophesied this war about twenty-two years ago. He said it would begin between 1910 and 1916. All his prophecies have come true up to this time. He also prophesied that "England would take steps to grant Ireland Home Rule, and that Italy would take Tripoli from Turkey in 1911, which has been fulfilled. This war will result in the fulfillment of the ten toes of Nebuchadnezzar's vision; that is, there will be five kingdoms from the East and five from the West. The map of Europe will be changed and instead of nineteen or twenty different rulers there will be ten. These ten kings will sit at a banquet table and decide what will take place. The "Little Horn" mentioned in Dan. 7:8 is the Antichrist who will confer with these ten kings for the space of one hour, and these kings will cooperate with him. Baxter also predicted the downfall of Turkey during this war and that the Jews as a nation are to go back to Palestine in unbelief. Now if this war results in the revival of the Roman Empire, then in a very few years the Antichrist will be seen in Europe.

Andrew Carnegie gave his ten million to build the Temple of Peace and while the architects were drawing the plans and submitting them to those who had charge of the work, England was fighting the Boers in South Africa. While the temple was being erected, Italy was fighting Turkey, and when the present war started that is now laying Europe waste, they were holding a peace conference within the boundary of one of the belligerent nations. This is a striking fulfillment of the Scripture, "When they shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them." The judgments of God are beginning to fall upon the nations for their wickedness and unbelief.

The world is growing worse. II Tim. 3:1-6

reveals the exact condition of things in the world today. The following figures plainly show the drift of the times:

In 1915 we spent in the United States the sum of eight hundred million for amusements, an average of eight dollars per head; nine hundred million for tobacco, two billion, two hundred million for liquor. Think of it, in a land of churches and Bibles and Christian civilization! Seventy-eight million for candy, thirty-six million for soft drinks, and twenty-six million for chewing gum, and only fifteen million for home and foreign missions. Add the above figures and we discover that we are spending about forty-eight dollars per head on ourselves for things that are not necessary, and only fifteen cents per head for the cause of Christ. The above figures that we spend on ourselves are based on the population of this country being one hundred million. These figures show the tendency of the times, plenty of money for pleasure and little for Jesus Christ. Man loves himself more than he does the Lord Jesus and that is why he spends so little for the Gospel and so much on himself.

Now in considering world conditions let us take the question of murder: Crime is increasing at the rate of 20% more than the population. In 1914 twelve thousand murders were committed in the United States and in 1915, twenty thousand. A Supreme Judge who sits on the bench called together the attorneys of his state and said, "What are we becoming, but a nation of criminals?" In 1914 thirty-seven thousand people applied for divorce, and in 1915 fifty thousand, and yet there are people who say that the world is getting better.

Christian Science, spiritualism and theosophy are growing by leaps and bounds all over the world. These seducing spirits are taking possession of the land today instead of the Gospel; they are entering our institutions of learning and fastening themselves upon the minds of the young in a way that is alarming.

Great worldliness prevails in our churches. Men are ordained to the ministry who deny the virgin birth of Jesus Christ, say that the story of Jonah is nothing but a fish story, and deny the miraculous in the Bible. Men are standing between the living and the dead who do not know anything about Jesus Christ as a personal Savior. Church members and even ministers attend moving picture shows, patronize theatres and auto races. In the greater

part of the churches today, the true spirit of worship is not to be found. They have a form of godliness but deny the power thereof. Many church members prefer the theatre to the prayer-meeting; only a few attend the prayer-meeting while hundreds are at the theatre. In a Western city a few years ago I heard the pastor of a large church of from twelve to fifteen hundred members make an appeal for people to come to prayer meeting. I thought he would have perhaps three or four hundred, but he had a comparatively small crowd of about seventy-five. At the close of the meeting he said to his wife, "Take the keys, I am going to the theatre." She didn't understand what he meant, but he went there to find out how many of his people were at the theatre, and he counted seven hundred and fifty. They had no time for the prayer-meeting but loved the house of pleasure. The next Sunday morning he told them plainly, "I thought I had a people who loved God but I find out you are lovers of pleasure and you need to be converted over again."

Three women of the world went into three different churches and induced seventy-five women who were church members to attend a card-party where they gambled for a silver tea set. If the world was getting better as some preach, there would be less money spent on movies, less for tobacco and liquor, and more for the Lord Jesus Christ. There would be a deeper love for the things of God. Philanthropy is not a sign of godliness; a man may give his millions but not be a child of God.

Irreverence for God's house and godly things is alarming. Do you know why God sent that terrible earthquake to Martinique? The leaders of the place took a pig and immersed it in order to make fun of the sacred ordinance of baptism, and the next day they intended to administer the Lord's Supper in derision. It seemed that God could no longer look upon the sacrilegious scene, so permitted the earthquake to sweep thousands into eternity unprepared.

Who can set this world right? Some say socialism can, but it never will. Jesus alone can do it and He will straighten this world out when He returns.

How will Jesus come? *His coming will be personal.* "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye beheld Him going into heaven." Acts 1:11. There will be two stages in His coming. First, the rapture that will take His people out of the world. The righteous dead will come forth from their graves and those

who are living and looking for His appearing, will be changed and meet Christ in the air. At the end of the tribulation, Christ with His saints will come to this earth and they will reign with Him a thousand years. The millennium will begin when the devil is cast into the bottomless pit, and then Christ will establish righteousness in all the earth.

There are different opinions as to when the rapture will take place. Some believe that it will be at the beginning of Daniel's missing week and others think that it will take place in the middle of the week. I am inclined to take this latter position because the church will have to pass through some severe testings before she will be ready to sit with Christ on His throne. Oh how close we are to this great event! There is in the world today distress of nations; the sea is roaring, the great powers are being shaken and thrones are crumbling. The world is rapidly preparing for the man of sin, the Antichrist, whom the world will worship. Everything is getting ready for him. The Antichrist will not be a kind of system but a man in whom the power of Satan will be manifested. How terrible it will be to live under such a ruler! The greatest suffering will take place during the tribulation period. Dear saints, let us live such overcoming lives that we may be counted worthy to escape all these judgments.

This truth about the second coming is a glorious one, so important is it that it is referred to about five hundred times in the Old Testament, and over three hundred times in the New. There has been a dearth in our testimony concerning it within the last few months, which I deplore very much. When I first came into the Movement about four years ago it seemed to me that every testimony had something in it about the coming of the Lord. I am glad, however, to see a revival within the last few weeks along this line. Returning missionaries testify that there is a general looking for the return of Jesus. He was in the world two thousand years ago as a Prophet. He is now in the Holy of Holies performing the office of a Priest. He is coming soon to take the position of a King. Let us be ever looking for Him. Glorious things are awaiting the people of God. Jesus sounded the key-note of the whole matter when He said, "Watch and pray, for ye know not the hour when the Son of Man cometh." Are you ready to meet Him should He come tonight? For the unprepared there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but hallelujahs for the redeemed host of heaven.

Trophies for God in China

The Power of the Gospel to Transform Lives

Mrs. H. L. Lawler in The Stone Church, June 18, 1916



IT seems to me the Lord has been ringing through my ears this morning these words, "Be fruitful." If we keep busy and our lives are fruitful for God we will not have so much time for new revelations and new issues that are rising all over the earth, but the one desire and one aim of our lives will be to see lost men and women weeping their way to Calvary. Jesus said, "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me," and this Christ in His loveliness, in His purity, this Christ in His meekness, if He is exalted will draw this old earth to Himself. He was faithful to the commission the Father sent Him to fulfill. He met the sufferings, the scoffs, the jeers and the reproaches of those who were near to Him, but He didn't flinch, He was looking forward to the glory that was awaiting Him. If we will keep the one thing in view, and perform faithfully that to which our Father has called us, win souls for Him and tell to those who haven't heard, then we will have a taste of His sufferings and also of the glories that await those who are fruitful.

I was reading this morning about a dear Chinese man in the north of China during the Boxer uprising. He had become saved during the great revival that had taken place there before the Boxer trouble had broken out. How good God is! Before His children have to go through great suffering, He equips them, He lets the power and life come in and puts that into them that makes them willing to go through flood and fire for Him. This dear Chinese was blessedly saved in that great revival preceding that awful massacre of Christians, and when they captured him they said, "Here is one of those second devils." He said, "No, I am not what you say I am." "What are you?" they asked. "I am a Christian, I am a follower of Jesus," he said. Then they said, "If you don't stop worshipping Him, and don't bow to this incense and beat your head on the floor, we will take your life." He said, "You can destroy my body, but you cannot destroy my soul." They were going to kill him at once, but some said, "No, we must not kill him here, we must take him out to the place where they killed the rest of the devils," and while he had the penalty of

death over him he had a little further opportunity to tell about his Christ who had done so much for him. He knew what was before him and faced death boldly. He never flinched and said, "I will give up my religion," and when they got him out to the place where they had killed the others, they hacked him to pieces. He was faithful even unto death and went to be with Jesus. The Lord puts that in us that will go through, that says "amen" to the will of God, whatever it may be, even though it means martyrdom. Some have asked us as we are again setting our faces toward China if we were not afraid because of the trouble there, but we are not thinking of the fearful things; we want to be faithful in the place to which He has called us, and labor there for precious souls. Let Jesus give you a new vision today of your responsibility to Christ and where you individually stand before Him.

We praise the Lord for the opportunity He gave us to go forth and tell just a few souls of His undying love. It has been a few compared to the vast millions there, but we praise Him for what He has done and is still doing, and we believe that China is yet going to have a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit from East to West, and from North to South. Many of God's children are asking for it, and we believe it is coming.

In the four years' time that we have been in China He has permitted us to open up six different stations. In Shanghai we have our home and mission and twelve miles out of Shanghai we also have a mission. We divide our Shanghai workers and take charge of this outside station. In Nanking we have a dear native pastor whom God brought into our home during the first revolution. He was one of the refugees. The second year many of the Christians had to flee to the port cities for refuge. This dear boy I shall never forget. He was a typical Chinese, with his long cue hanging down his back. He sat on the far side of the mission and had a rather peculiar look on his face, rather suspicious. We found out afterwards the cause; he had been warned to stay away, but some friends of his had come and found that Jesus was there, so he came in also. He told us he didn't feel that the Holy Ghost worked that way, but it wasn't long until he began to

see it was God. The search-light was turned on him and unconfessed sin began to be uncovered in his life. He had been a professing Christian many years; he had been baptized in water, but that didn't save him. He found it took something beside water to wash away his sin, and it wasn't long before he was seeking the Lord with all his heart, and the sinful acts he had committed were unearthed. He had stolen and lied, and these things came up before him. The enemy said to him, "Now you don't need to go to the one you have wronged; you make it all right with God and you will be happy," so he thought he would try it, and not go to the person from whom he had stolen, but he didn't get any blessing. There is just one way and that is straight and narrow, and at last he told the Lord he would obey Him, and when he did God answered prayer and it wasn't long until he was filled with the Holy Ghost and magnified God in other tongues. Shortly after that the Lord began dealing with this dear boy about the people in his native province of Shansi in the north of China. We urged him to be prayerful and told him that God didn't hurry anybody out but would open up the way in His own time. Sometimes we would have a little trouble with him, he was so anxious, but as we waited on the Lord He led in the opening up of the Nanking mission, and we felt this boy was God's chosen one, and God made him yielding and submissive. That is just the class of people whom God can use. He was willing to yield his plan into God's hands, and he has been made a blessing. I was up there a short time before coming to the homeland; the mission seats from two to three hundred people and it was packed with people right up to the very front. It is so blessed to give the Gospel to hungry people. The Lord laid it upon this man and his wife to take in the poor girls of Nanking and teach them. There are hundreds and thousands of them whose homes are more filthy than the pig-pens in the homeland. Their floors are of earth and the roof is of thatched straw. I couldn't tell you how some of them live. God laid it on the heart of these two young people to take in these poor girls and train them. They had known something about not having the comforts of home in their youth, and they now have one hundred girls whom they teach to read and write and also teach the Bible. Many people in the homeland do not seem to be in sympathy when we say anything

about teaching the boys and girls, but you fathers and mothers, there are none of you here who would not want your children to know how to read and write, and only one-fourth of the population of China are able to do this. They also devote a part of the day to industrial work and are taught sewing. Besides the practical side, they are taught to pray and have had some marked healings.

These two young lives have gone through very hard places. Word came to us only a few weeks ago that their little boy, a little over a year old, had been right down to death's door. They thought from all the symptoms the child had been poisoned; he had ceased to breathe, his little limbs seemed to be dead, but God touched his little body and restored him to life, and in twenty-five minutes he was perfectly well.

When I look back to the few years God led me to labor for Him in China and I see what He has wrought it greatly encourages our hearts and makes us determined to let Him rule and reign in our lives that not one moment may we make a misstep.

There were about twenty men came into our mission on Hanning Road when we first went there; they were warned not to come and told that the enemy worked there. You cannot tell a Chinaman that there isn't a personal devil; some people in this Christian land do not believe in a devil, but you couldn't make the Chinese believe it. These young men were afraid to come at first, they told us afterwards they peeked into the court. We thought they acted strangely when they came in and sat in the back. By and by they came closer to the front, and shortly the entire company were at the altar seeking the Lord. Today out of this company of twenty boys three are ministers in the interior. One of these young men was a cook who had worked in one home for nearly seven years, and four or five came out of a missionary home that works among the sailors of Shanghai, and it wasn't long until a number were blessedly saved, and they didn't stop at that. Since I have been home I tremble to see the lethargy among God's people; they pray a little while and go away, but these dear people would stay all night long, and when it would be time to go back to their work, it seemed they reluctantly went away. It wasn't long until this cook received the baptism in the Holy Ghost, and then God began to put a love in his heart for his own people in the province where he was born and raised.

The time came when a station was opened in Yuh-Shan, from three to four hundred miles in the interior. Souls have been saved and healed there, and some are seeking their baptism. Over a hundred have been killed just recently in the city where he lives but God is able to overshadow him. Another one of these men is at the first interior station we opened. It is wonderful indeed the way God has honored the preaching of the Word in this station; it seems they have living faith for sick bodies. They read it in the Word and don't go around and argue, but believe it means what it says. They could not help but believe because they have proved that God is true. This man and his wife live in a very humble home at this station, and into this home were carried two women with sick bodies. They were not able to walk, and one had been sick for seven years, but they went out walking, made well by the Healer divine.

One Chinese New Year, our son and Chinese helper with Brother Steinberg went one morning to the Chinese temple. During the holidays is a time when the heathen gather together to worship their god, and a very suitable time to give forth the Gospel. This morning they had an opportunity to tell of Jesus and His love, and among the number who heard was a blind girl about nineteen or twenty years of age who had never heard of Jesus before. Dark in mind and without sight, this dear girl heard the Gospel and on hearing about our mission came over to our home. She was soon blessedly saved; God opened her spiritual eyes and we felt it our duty to do all we could to help her commit the Word of God. She has a wonderful memory, and our Bible woman gives her Scripture every day which she memorizes. The book of James she knows from beginning to end and she has memorized over one hundred of our Chinese songs. Just before coming home we started her in music and now she plays many of the songs very well. We believe she will be a faithful Bible woman. Her mother was a widow, an opium fiend, and before her daughter's conversion she used to buy opium for her mother, but after she was saved she told her mother she could not buy it for her. One evening the dear girl's mother came walking into the mission by her side, and it wasn't long until she was sweetly saved and delivered from the opium habit. You may know how happy she was. It means something to see those dear people loosened from this awful drug. In this

home lived the mother's brother. He came to the meetings once in awhile and since we have been in the homeland they write us the uncle has let God come into his life. God saved him and delivered him and has taken him home. So we praise God for what He has done in that family.

We had another woman who came into the home; her husband had been a man of high rank, a magistrate, who had died and left her with a little money, but it had been spent on this awful drug. She would do anything to get it, but when she came into our home we began to get hold of God for her, and she wanted to be delivered and prayed so earnestly that God saved her and delivered her from that awful drug. We had in our home a man who had helped with the work and who was also an opium fiend. It seems I can see that man before me now as he looked when he came to us, nothing but skin and bone and a perfect slave to opium, but God got hold of his soul and delivered him from the drug. Oh it is precious to go forth and give the Gospel to the people who are bound down in chains and I praise God for all He has done for those in China.

Statistics tell us we need 19,000 more missionaries for one missionary to be able to reach 25,000 people. One person would have his hands full indeed to give the Gospel to 25,000 heathen. We need missionaries but we need those who are willing to go through blood and fire for God. We don't need the kind who when the hardships come say, "If God doesn't do so and so I am going back to the homeland." God wants those who say, "Here I am, Lord. I am here to live or die for You. I am going forth in Your strength to do Your will." That is the kind of material God wants in China and everywhere else.

This station which I told you about, Yuh-Shan in the Kiangsi province, is the first Pentecostal station in that great province. Honan is calling for help and Swartow down in the south is calling for Pentecostal workers. We have a dear man who comes occasionally to Shanghai and says, "I wish you would come down to Swartow." They are calling all over. The laborers are so few and the harvest is great. There are so few who are willing to go forth and face the hardships of a missionary's life, but what did the greatest Missionary who ever came to earth, face for us? What did He suffer for us? He went about many times having no place to lay His blessed head. No doubt His feet

were many times bruised and bleeding from traveling, but He was faithful to what God had called Him to do. Oh I am so glad that our Christ, our blessed Redeemer came and paid the price for you and me. Are we willing to follow the Lamb wherever He goes? When I see the people in the homeland with their autos and conveyances, easy modes of traveling, my mind often reverts to the way by which we travel in China, just in a little wheel-barrow pushed by Chinese. I have ridden in these for seven hours at a time over rocky roads, but my soul was bounding with joy as I rode, because I was being carried to tell somebody who had never yet heard about Jesus.

When we think of the cruel customs and treatment of the women and children, our hearts are made to bleed. Some say they are not binding the feet of the women now, but in 1913 over seventy million were bound. The toes are broken from the foot, all but the big toe, and they are doubled right under the foot, and they break the insteps of the little girls at two and a half years old, and that causes the feet to cease to grow, and then they are bandaged. When I see a woman weighing one hundred and fifty pounds with little feet four or five inches long, my heart aches to think of what she has suffered. Many times when I look at the children and think of human fathers and mothers torturing them in this way it seems impossible.

Just at the rear of our home there is a dear little girl; her mother forbids her to come into our mission, but this little darling is reaching out for God. I have seen her with some of the Chinese children gathered in a room and preaching to them; singing the Gospel songs and getting down on her knees and praying. The Chinese are great idolators and very often they set the table out in front of their houses with a feast for the devil, but one day she said to her mother, "Mama, you dont need to have any more of those feasts." And when the mother asked - Why? she said, "Because I am going to believe in Jesus."

Oh, that we might have a vision of our responsibility to God for the millions in the heathen lands! I want to give a few comparisons to show how we value souls: There are twenty million who are fighting for their country, but fifty times twenty million, or one billion are in spiritual bondage and death.

There were one million men killed in the

European war in the first six months. This seems awful as we think of the young men going out to face the bullets and the awful fire from the cannon and machine guns, and our hearts are stirred as we think of it, but how much are we stirred over the two million who die every month in heathen lands, our brothers and sisters?

It cost to kill one man \$3,500; it costs to get the Gospel to the world about \$2 a person. The cost of the European war up to this time has been over forty million daily. Physical war lets hell loose upon the earth; spiritual war gives us a little of heaven now, and will bring us into the heavenly kingdom by and by. It would take something like the letters of eighty Bibles to represent the men, women and children of China. In other words, if you would count every letter from Genesis to Revelation eighty times, you would have the population of China. It seems to me there is not a country on the earth that is more needy than China. We love all lands, but when we think of that great country with so little accomplished for God, our hearts bleed. Fourteen hundred sink into Christless graves every hour, thirty-three thousand every day. Send your missionary tomorrow and one million and a quarter will have passed away before he reaches the shores of China.

May God give you a vision of the needs of this vast empire, and make you to realize that they are your brothers and sisters who are perishing without the Gospel.

* * *

"Wort und Zeugnis" (Word and Witness) is the name of a monthly German Pentecostal paper published in Milwaukee, Wis., by H. A. Ulrich, Pastor of the German Pentecostal Assembly there. It contains blessed teaching for the German-speaking people, and is, so far as we know, the only German Pentecostal paper published in this country. It ought to be well supported by the German people. Price 10 cts. per copy, \$1 a year. Send for sample copy. Send all orders to H. A. Ulrich, 672 10th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

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By Wm. G. Schell

This sets forth the form of government instituted by the apostles and the Early Church and gives the reader an interesting bit of church history. If you want an insight into church history without taking too much time you will get it in this little booklet. Should be in the hands of all ministers and Christian workers. 64 pages. Price 15 cts. each.

The Latter Rain Evangel

3635 Michigan Avenue - - - - Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.00 (4s-2d) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD .50 (2s-1d) six months in advance

To those wholly engaged in the work of the Lord
Seventy-five cents (3s-2d) per year in advance

☞ Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. ☞ Send drafts, express or postal orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House.

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☞ Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Postoffice Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Notes

The Power of the Cross

YES, I was living to myself—was dead,
Self, with its hopes and dreams, was all I had.

But oh! the Lord fulfilled my prayer to know
'The power of His Cross'—'twas death below.
I asked contrition;—and He sent me pain—
For purity—but anguish came again.
I asked I might be meek,—He broke my heart;
I asked—I knew not what—the better part.
I asked to know what death was to the world,
And quickly all my living hopes were spoiled;
I asked to be like Him,—His image bear;—
He placed me in a furnace, sitting there
Like one refining silver, till He see
The reflex of His image bright in me;
I asked that I the daily cross might bear,
It lacerated me, the wounds I wear;
I blindly prayed, not knowing how, nor what;
He took me at my word, it mattered not.

Then I began to shrink from following near,
And nearly prayed Him to depart, through fear;
To suffer was not pleasing to the flesh,
I feared to pray, lest suffering come afresh.
But I had gone too far—on I must go—
The virtues of His cross had pierced me through
In me His promise now fulfilled must be,—
'When lifted up, I'll draw all men to me.'
O I had only heard of love, but now
I feel it, oh I feel its loving glow.
He fastened on me such a look of love,
Withering to self—tender, all worlds above
Follow I must, whatever may betide;
I love the Cross,—I shelter in His side,
That riven side, from which the glory beams,—
Whence Life and Healing flow in living streams.

Only by gazing I become like Him,—
His name shines out through me, He dwells within.

My calling is to live with Him alone,
Unlike all others—lacking what they own.
Content that I by Him am loved and prized
Happy to lose the brighter portion here
That I might gain the weight of glory there.
Happy that when I nearly turned away
His hand was on me, would not let me stray;
Happy to know that He does all in love,—
To bear the cross below, the crown above;
Happy that not my will, but His be done;
Happy in prospect of the rest at Home."

Chicago Meetings

At present writing a six days' Convention is being held in the city (July 4-10) under the direction of the Persion Mission. Brother Urshan's coming to the city at this time has given occasion for the desire that has long been in the hearts of the Pastor, Brother Saul Baddell and his co-workers, to be fulfilled.

Brother Urshan has returned from Persia with a greater burden than ever for the lost. He has no desire to enter into the controversy that is engrossing the minds of many, but is filled with a consuming passion for souls and that the Word will go forth in the power and demonstration of the Spirit.

Mrs. Piper has also returned to Chicago to live, and we believe that revival fires will again burn in Pentecostal circles in this city.

A number of resident ministers have been assisting us in The Stone Church services, as well as some from the outside: D. Wesley Myland, John Sinclair, D. A. Reed, all of this city; Ira E. David, Onarga, Ill.; S. A. Jamieson, of Dallas, Texas; H. E. Lawler and Mrs. Lawler, with their son and daughter, now returning to China; Prof. Baker, of Winnipeg, Manitoba; and J. M. Harrow, of Liberia, West Africa.

We record the goodness of God in His blessing upon us. Brother Jamieson, who has been on a little mission in Duluth and elsewhere, is again with us and will remain (D. V.) for a season.

Missionary Disbursements

We take pleasure in submitting to our readers the Missionary Report for the past three months, April, May and June, being money received through The Evangel. We praise God for the increased interest in the mission field and the earnest prayer that is continually going up for the workers in other lands. Disbursements have been as follows:

H. L. Lawler, for China	\$ 244.00
Misses Edith Baugh and Bernice Lee, India	120.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America	63.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo	59.98
Nicholas Yest, China	58.00
Pandita Ramabai, India	57.51
Miss Alma E. Doering, for the Congo	55.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, China	52.50
Albert Norton, India	52.01
Miss Carrie Anderson, China	45.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa	45.00
L. M. Anglin, China	43.93
I. S. Neeley, West Africa	42.00
James Harvey, India	34.99
Miss Margaret Clark, India	32.25
Mrs. Mary Chapman, India	30.00
W. S. Norwood, India	30.00
Miss Esther Domke, for China	30.00
C. W. Longstreth, Africa	29.99
Mrs. E. A. Bernauer, Japan	25.00
B. S. Moore, Japan	25.00
Elmer Hammond, China	20.00
Paul Van Valen, India	20.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India	20.00
E. Pilquist, China	20.00
Albert Juillerat, Egypt	20.00
Frank Gray, Japan	20.00
Miss Ethel Bingeman, West Africa	20.00
Miss Olive Mau, for Haaka Mission, China ..	20.00
Miss Grace Brown, India	19.99
Miss Eva K. Bietsch, India	19.99
Miss Edith Kirschner, India	19.99
Harry T. Waggoner, India	19.99
Miss C. B. Herron, India	19.99
Miss Olive Mau, China	15.80
Miss Beda Magnussen, China	15.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America	15.00
Miss Sarah Kugler, for native worker, China ..	15.00
E. Juergenson, Japan	15.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, China	12.50
Robert C. Halliday, Central America	10.00
Miss Sarah Kugler, China	10.00
John Perkins, West Africa	10.00
Miss Florence Burpee	10.00
Miss Adele Harrison, China	10.00
Mrs. Lillian Denney, India	10.00
Miss Marie Gerber, for Turkey	5.00
Daniel Berg, South America	5.00
Miss Mattie Ledbetter, for China	5.00
Jewish work, Chicago	1.00
Total	\$1599.41

The Hidden Word

MRS. LILLIAN DENNEY, who has recently returned to India, told us when here of the transforming power of the Gospel, a story that would wipe out forever any doubt as to the paying possibilities of foreign missions:

"Last winter a man came to our home from the Punjab who had been a high caste Brahmin. He was converted ten years before and when he became a Christian he was outcast by all his people. His own brother's wife put poison in his food, and when he was so nearly dead that his limbs began to get stiff they sent for the Doctor, who said, 'I can do nothing for him; the poison has gone all through his system and he will be dead in a few minutes.' The converted Brahmin was conscious all the time and held on to the promise in Mark, 'If they drink any

deadly thing it shall not hurt them.' God honored his faith and raised him up. He was called to the Nepalese and went up the Darjeeling side and began preaching the Gospel in Nepal. He was arrested and taken before the Colonel and tried. The Colonel sentenced him to six months in prison, but the Colonel's assistant who was a little more on the alert said, 'What? Are you going to keep that man in here six months? He has been here only six days and he has made a lot of Christians already. If you keep him here six months he will make them all Christians.' They thought that would not do, so while they were wondering what step to take next, one of their old priests came up and said, 'You turn him over to me and I will put him out of Nepal.' So they turned him over to the old priest and he took him back in the mountains. There in one corner of his little home was the stone god he used to worship, and away back under the god, hidden away and wrapped in tissue paper, was our Bible. He took it out and showed it and said, 'A missionary gave this to me some time ago and I have been reading it. I believe it and have accepted this religion. I have been teaching it up here and right near here two other priests and about fifty native men have accepted Christ.' Do you see how Jesus has walked in through the written Word that God said shall not return void?"

* * *

A Touch of Heaven in China

In North China (Shi Chia Chuang) God is working: "several are under conviction, many coming to the chapel with all kinds of sickness and some wonderful healings are taking place. An old woman who has not walked for four years was healed; she is now walking and praising God. A man who was demon-possessed got delivered in the Wednesday meeting, the power came upon two who were seeking and the people praised God, some in other tongues, and heaven was in our midst," writes Brother Rasmussen. They have just opened an outstation in a village of from forty to fifty thousand.

* * *

Jesus Revealed to Natives

In North India there has been some precious seed-sowing. For nearly six years the two stations that have been opened by Minnie F. Abrams, of blessed memory, have been deluged with prayers and tears, and while there has been encouragement along the way in the line of healings and the few who have chosen to go the narrow way, yet they have never yet had the mighty outpouring of the Spirit for which their

hearts cry and the vision of which God gave to Miss Abrams years ago. But the light is beginning to break through and many are believing for a rich harvest of souls in different parts of North India in the not distant future.

The station at Uska Bazar is in charge of Miss Edith Baugh, who writes encouragingly:

God has been blessing much lately at Uska among the dear Mohammedan women. One woman has been a secret believer for over two years when, in answer to prayer, her eldest son had a very sore foot healed. This last year she became brave enough to come to the chapel for meetings a few times and finally told her neighbors and friends she believed on Jesus Christ and was going to become a Christian. This report was taken to the head Mohammedan teacher, a 'Mulvie' he is called, who at once sent for her husband and told him he must forbid her coming to our meetings. So the edict went forth and the poor little woman had no more liberty. But God knew the cry of her heart, and our prayers for her were not unheeded. Within a month or six weeks her husband became very sick and for fifteen days lay on his bed with raging fever. I felt his sickness would be an excuse for my going there with one of our Bible women, and I found him very glad to receive us. While we were talking he asked us two or three times to pray for him which, of course, we did, and he was perfectly healed, and out at work the next day. Hallelujah for a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. We believe this will mean the wife's liberty now.

God has been dealing with another Mohammedan woman and her two daughters. This mother was wonderfully healed when taken very sick in the night by her and her daughters praying in Jesus' name. This family has recently become most earnest inquirers.

Miss Baugh, and Miss Lee who is associated with her, together with some other workers, have recently opened up another station at Chupra, a city of 48,000, and there are unlimited opportunities for giving out the Word. Miss Lee writes:

Healed after Fifty Years of Suffering

A Testimony to a Mother's Deliverance by Mrs. Mary C. Reed, 4246 N. Hermitage Ave., Chicago

THE Lord answered me and said, "Is anything too hard for God?" I praise Him for manifesting His marvelous healing power in the deliverance of my mother when eighty-three years of age. For over fifty years she had been terribly afflicted. The cause of the affliction was an accident. Years ago she was thrown off a wagon by a team running away. A barrel of salt struck her head and injured her, so that all these fifty years she would fall into an unconscious state, without any warning, often

There are many narrow streets, lanes and alleys, and we go in and out of these with the precious news, often gaining entrance into the homes, but more frequently sitting by the roadside and telling the Old Story, which for us who know its beauty, holds such charms. We find the people quite ready to listen and it is His Name that we seek to impress upon them. This is a land where many names are taken upon the lips of the people, but like the Baal worshippers they find there is no power back of them, and 'tis so precious to sit among these people and tell them of when Jesus was here upon earth and how He went about doing good. I do praise God that some at least are learning to love that Name and see the power in it.

For some months past we have been visiting the home of one of the town officials in Uska Bazar. The woman for a long time seemed so indifferent and it appeared she only wanted us to come that she might have a visit with us. We felt we had no time to spend in this way and some of us wondered if it was best to continue visiting there weekly. However, recently she has seemed more in earnest and we have had reason to be encouraged. Last week when Miss King went with the Bible woman she found her eager to tell of a dream she had had.

She seemed to see a group of men sitting together just outside a zenana, and being a purdah woman she quickly went inside. One of the men leaving the group followed her inside. He was dressed in beautiful white garments and laying His hand upon her arm, said, "You must not run away from Me." She said, "Who are you?" To which He replied, "I am Jesus Christ." "Oh," she said, "do you live with the Miss Sahibs?" and He said, "I live with *all* who love Me." She then started to give Him some food, but He stopped her, saying, "I did not come for that. I came to call you." Looking at Him, she asked, "How will I know you to be Jesus?" and turning to her with outstretched hands, He showed her the nail prints and answered, "By these." The tears were in her eyes as she told the dream and we do not doubt that the Holy Spirit is indeed working in the heart of this heathen woman.

bruising her body and sometimes burning herself. While in this unconscious condition her face would be horribly drawn and she would writhe under the power of the spirit that was afflicting her. These spells were something on the order of epilepsy, and she would be so overcome that she would never know what had happened to her unless she would be told, and we could not leave her alone.

While she was at my brother's in Minneapolis, more than a year ago, she fell in one of those

spells, fracturing her hip. They took her to a hospital and while there she fell out of bed injuring her spine. The suffering was so great she lay almost constantly in those spells; her mind was entirely gone and she became like a maniac, didn't know anything or any one. The hospital authorities sent her back to my brother's saying she could last only a few hours. I was living in Grand Rapids at the time and my brother sent for me to come to them. I went praying and trusting. The nurse told me when I reached there that I could never take care of mother. She had held her to keep her in bed until her arms were bruised to her elbows. Mother would resist her and scream, "Oh, you are killing me, you are killing me." As soon as I took her into my charge I turned her completely over to God, continually rebuking the evil power over her in the powerful name of Jesus. I knew of myself I was helpless but God was able and willing, for every case that seemed impossible with man was possible with God. She became quiet and the spirit of resisting left her. We never crossed her in any way but quietly waited upon her and showed her every kindness, resting in God to work. The time came when I felt I must go home. I had just recovered from an affliction which had nearly cost me my life and I had no strength in the natural. Only as I was held by the supernatural life could I do anything. I asked God to restore her mind so I could take her home with me or to take her to Himself, whichever was His will. In three days she was dressed and understood I was going to take her home; she would some-

times speak my name. We took her in a sleeper, and she was not able to help herself any more than a baby would be, but God wonderfully helped me every step of the way. I got her home, but for a time she cried almost continually; she was unconscious at times and looked as though she was dying.

My husband was away at the time and when he came home she aroused, looked at him and her eyes brightened up. She clapped her hands and said, "Oh that is David. Praise the Lord!" He said to her, "Mother, we will pray and read God's Word. As he read she listened and looked so happy. He prayed that God would set her free in His own way from this awful affliction. She went to sleep and when she awoke she called us by name and gained rapidly. She never had any more of those spells for nearly a year. Then she neglected to read her Bible. She said she had read it so much she didn't need to read it now, and the old symptoms returned. She was not living with us at the time but word was sent to us and we looked to the Lord for her, rebuking the enemy. The symptoms passed away and she was delivered.

The Lord changed her disposition wonderfully. Where once she was nervous and cross, now that old complaining spirit is gone, and she says, "The will of the Lord be done." Surely a real miracle has been wrought out in her life. She is now nearly eighty-five years old and we glorify God for what He has done. Physicians never gave us any hope of her recovery, and said she could not be delivered, but there is nothing too hard for God.

These Wars! Why?

Elizabeth Sisson



NE writes in a recent letter, "What are we, that we can enjoy so much, when whole countries are desolated and populations perish? I cannot solve the problem." The puzzle of it all, in many communications is constantly floating up to me. As God's Word gives light, that for me ends the problem, I give it to you.

Throughout the six thousand years of God's dealing with the human race, wars and other judgments have from time to time been a rod of instruction in His hand. Like any other wise father when the child would learn its lesson in no other way, He punished. The childhood of the race had but begun; Sin entered and God

had to turn the guilty pair out of their Eden into a thorn-cursed earth, in the sweat of their brow to earn a livelihood. Seven hundred years later, sin rampant, the flood sweeps the race, preserving but a holy seed.

Later comes the call of Abraham, Moses, etc., and God begins to keep school with the Jewish people. More a Parent than Schoolmaster, parental love and wisdom, mingles blessings and judgments. Blessing because He loves them; judgment because there seemed no other way to teach obedience to so degenerate a race. Judgment was love in disguise. David reviewing the ways of God with His people sings frequently of this, "When He slew them, then they sought Him." (Ps. 78:34) History records through Kings and Chronicles, and prophecy

gives us through the books of the greater and minor prophets, the disciplinary dealings of God to bring Israel to repentance and hold her in ways of obedience. But their persistent forgetfulness of God winds up in the deportation of both houses of Israel and the seventy years of captivity. Their relations to Him and His to them are summed up in these words, "And the Lord God of their fathers sent to them by His messengers, rising up betimes and sending; because He had compassion on His people, and on His dwelling place: But they mocked the messengers of God, and despised His words, and misused His prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people, *till there was no remedy.*" (2 Chron. 36:15-16).

And this dates the hour of judgment with the individual, the nation and the world. When His instruction, His proffered mercy and love are refused there is "no remedy" to their crookedness; in other words—when they neglect, which is to refuse His grace, punishment must set in. It is the attitude of the parent who says, "Johu I have spoken to you a dozen times about that matter the next time I shall speak with a stick." The same love that offers the one, works the other. Thus we see, five hundred odd years after God had restored to Palestine His repentant and forgiven people a new rod had to come upon their back—dispersion into all the world. The stick (Babylonish captivity) had done its work in that they *never* went back into idolatry, but the prophets, Daniel and others had foreseen that they would reject their Messiah, lose all national life and be cut down again and again during the "times of the Gentiles", until their preservation as a race is the two-thousand-year long miracle of history. The stick, the stick, the stick! Oh, how it has beaten the back of Israel! Destroyed and preserved for two thousand years! Destroyed only till the "times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

In these two thousand years, the God of love and patience opens up a new account—now with the Gentile races. Salvation without price—except the price of Himself,—How tremendous! is offered them. At the close of these two thousand years we find them more delinquent than the Jews! Under greater light, thus deeper disobedience, they have failed to take the fulness of His proffered grace; failed to proclaim it to "every creature." They have perverted His Gospel till we have three huge systems, the Greek Catholic, the Roman Catholic and the

Protestant—all as systems a travesty on the Apostolic simplicity, purity and power God gave them. The purest of these systems, the Protestant churches, is largely saturated with "higher criticism," deep infidelity of Him and His words, and the Gentile times of probation are about fulfilled and there is "no remedy." Hence judgment, God's second form of remedy. The final form of the church of the Gentile age—the Laodicean, neither red hot nor stone cold—having a form of godliness but denying the full mighty power of the Apostolic times, is about to be vomited forth. (Rev. 3:16).

This is the hour of which Jesus said, "There shall be wars; and rumours of war, nation rising against nation" and all will deepen till they "take peace from the earth." (Rev. 6:b). War universal!

But why? A new expression of His love! Judgment is His second remedy when His first has proved ineffectual. "When His judgments are in the earth the inhabitants shall learn righteousness." (Isa. 26:9.) Even now we see it beginning to work. Where war, famine and pestilence pinch sharpest, there we see an unprecedented call for the Old Book. Gospel workers cannot get them fast enough to the war front, the hospitals, recruiting camps, etc. Those facing death want not "higher criticism" but grace to prepare them for Eternity. They are beginning to hear the stern voice of God's great judgment sermon "the logic of events." He has to preach it when the creatures of His love will listen to no other. Read Psalm 107. Trouble! trouble! trouble! judgment! judgment! judgment! and following each, "*then* they cried unto the Lord" and after each such cry is added "He saved them out of all their distresses." Happy people whose God condescends to deal with them in judgment when they need it!

Having slept and awakened in brief naps all night in prayer to God over present situations in the earth, I can never forget the morning when I woke with the words ringing through me, "*His holiness proceeding in judgment! His mercy proceeding in salvation!*" My being and the whole room were filled with a glory-light. And the commentaries upon such a program, how thick they are on every side! The churches of France which have been nearly empty for years, since the war, are crowded with people who now need a God. A young German soldier writes, "One night our trenches which were filled with mud and water above the waist, were

bombarded by the enemy's fire, sheets of living flame played upon us. The whole line of trenches for miles and miles was one roar to God. In the morning two-thirds of the voices were silent in death." Do you think that He who responded to the dying thief was deaf to these? No doubt in heaven we shall meet tens of thousands of these soldiers who in their dying moments cast themselves upon the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who, had there been no war, would have lived and died careless and unrepentant in godless homes. Judgment is God's "strange act" when an individual or a people force Him to it. Listen to an extract from an old time correspondent in England, "When the war began God gave me as my guide Isaiah 2 and Micah 4. I saw from the first it was primarily a battle between God and man or super-man. God is dealing with the soul of the nations, that God alone may be exalted in *that day*. It takes a long time often to bring an individual soul to the point of surrender—so with the nations—England included. Nevertheless, the work is in progress. I am often asked the question, 'Who do you think will win?' My reply is 'I know; God will.' Mr. G. B. Meyer speaking on the third of January at the Queen's Hall meeting for intercession, said that many people seem to think after the war is over, things will go on as before, but he did not agree with them. He believed this war was the beginning of the Great Events which were to usher in the second coming of our Lord. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Yes, and to bring it all to pass, how much is on God's program!

1. He calls out a people, whom He has fitted by His Spirit to pray.

2. In answer to prayer He is to shake the earth from its fancied security and independence of God.

3. Then in their broken condition He is to deal with all souls bringing them into a sense of a need.

4. That He may deal with that need by His Spirit, that He may have offered salvation to all before the fulness of judgment, the judgment of Eternity close upon them.

"In the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out of my Spirit upon *all flesh*." There are successive fulfillments of this prophecy.

1. In the former rain of Pentecost when God gave the rain to germinate the seed of the church.

2. In this end of Pentecostal days when God has again poured out the latter rain to *ripen* the harvest, for the double work of fruitage and of judgment.

3. A still richer fulfillment when the Spirit shall be *outpoured* upon repentant, returning Israel and a nation shall be born in a day. See for the first, Acts 2:16-18, the second Joel 2:23-24 and for the third, Zech. 12:10-14, 13:1 and again 2:23-32.

Already the command has gone forth and those who in the priestly office of prayer will deal with God concerning situations "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds (lightnings) and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field. Zech. 10:1—". To those whose faith will so receive it, the Latter Rain, bless God! has come. An army of intercessors has thus been raised of God. Little did we think when earlier we cried for the rain of the Spirit, that our prayers would loose the fateful lightnings! For the wars were not then in sight. But now we *see* how much the rain has poured from the *lightning clouds* and their accompanying distresses. The minds of men are everywhere beginning to sober.

Before the wars, as we prayed for a searching of the great Mohammedan system by the Holy Spirit we dared not think *how* it could be done. Already we beheld a moral cleavage in the system; the result of the recoil of conscience among their men of a higher order of humanity from the outrages perpetrated on Armenians. Also conviction for the Christ of God through the noble testimonies of martyred Christian Armenians. Already Mohammedan soldiers and students are eagerly searching the New Testament. A similar change is upon the war-persecuted Jews. We would like to think of God as pouring rain upon the *sown* grass. God's order, however, is first upon the "*mown* grass" of the flesh, then it can come upon the sown grass, of the seed of His Word. Both operations are in full blast just now in places and hours of devastation and terror. The grass must continue to be mown till He "take peace from the earth." Think not that money seeking, pleasure loving, God-forgetting America will escape the mowing. How else shall she be made ready for the glorious sowing? Present wars with their entailed horrors are only "the *beginning* of sorrows." The sword will go deeper and bring forth more fruit to God.

America will not miss her bloody portion when God's prophecy, "He shall take peace from the earth" becomes history. And what is our part in the midst of all these solemn events? PRAYER. The lightnings are being loosed. Shall they be everywhere accompanied by such a power of His Spirit that men will be irresistibly drawn to God in their misery? That depends upon you and me. His Spirit's power upon the earth is commensurate with His people's believing prayer. The "Latter Rain" has come to upfit us for intercession. So many as avail themselves of its fulness, so much prayer will there be, and that much of His answering power on the earth. Of His spiritual Israel God says, "I will increase them with men like a flock." "But for all this I will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it—for them." Well, are *you* inquiring? Just *so many* intercessors as He has on the earth, *so* is He making God-atmosphere in many places. Witness the immense preparations by *preceding prayer* at Billy Sunday's meetings. The city is districted months before he opens, with neighborhood, cottage and parlor meetings. The revival strikes before he arrives. In the winter of 1917 he comes to New York. Prayer meetings for that work have been started long since and will continue till he arrives. In September, 1916, he will be in Boston—the prayer meetings in preparation have been *going on* since Spring and will continue. See the uninterrupted revival now going on over five years in Dallas. No men of great talents in sight but the people are saturated with the spirit of prayer. The midweek "All day of prayer" opening 9 A. M. continues till God gets through with them—I never knew it to close before 3 P. M. Sometimes it cannot be closed and runs into the evening service. It is a time given exclusively to prayer. Meeting is thronged, workmen give up their noon hour, run from their shops to catch a half hour of it. Those at their business, keep so in touch with it in the Spirit, that they know how it is going by their own prayer spirit. In different parts of the city, from twenty to thirty daily neighborhood prayer-circles constantly feed the revival's power. Recent word from there says God was never doing so great things among them as now. They expect the revival to continue and wax in power till Jesus comes. New ones are constantly getting their Pentecost in shop, factory and home. It must have been so in the first Apostolic days, too. God is putting emphasis on prayer. He is feeding out the operations of His Spirit in an-

swer to prayer. Is it in answer to your prayers? In "Billy" Sunday's preaching, witness the fearless call for civic and domestic cleanness, the thundering proclamation of the soon coming of the Lord, etc., and the power that falls from heaven. While in Kansas City the other day, preaching on *sin* twenty-one men fell simultaneously to the floor. As the ushers rushed to bear away the "fainting men" Billy said, "Let them alone, it is only conviction." Yes, the *power* of God is coming on the earth, when the people of God wake up to the need of it. Ask for it. Believe for it. Those who prayed for God's power with Billy are not surprised that God has answered. Are you among these unsurprised ones? Those who have been praying that God would release ten thousand of Satan's captives in the city of Dallas are not surprised that sinners have already come by the thousands. Have *your* prayers turned on the releasing power there or elsewhere?

Amongst the exiled Armenians down near old Babylon precious revivals have broken out. God has not forgotten to be gracious or to pour out His Spirit. Many of those starving, footsore wanderers are richer today through the love of Jesus than some millionaires in their luxury-lined nests. They who have prayed for such things are not surprised. Are you of that number? There are those who are praying for conviction by the Holy Spirit on all the souls in the great Roman Catholic system. There are unsurprised ones rejoicing at the beginning of an answer. Is it an answer to *your* prayer? Greek Catholic soldiers are greedily reading the Word of God. The Czarena of Russia (Greek Catholic) has written a letter of thanks to Christian workers distributing Testaments among her soldiers. Yet the writer of this, remembers the time when Lord Radstock imperilled his life distributing the New Testament in Russia; and some of the Russian nobility who took the New Testament simple faith in Jesus, were excommunicated from the Greek Church and expatriated from Russia. Those who have been praying for Russia, Greek Catholic souls, etc., are not surprised at the turn of events. Are you in the "Secret Service" system of heaven that thus moves things for God? God calls you in, "I exhort that supplications, prayers, intercessions . . . be made for *all* men." (I Tim. 2:1) God says, Ask, ask, ask ye of the Lord, rain. When? Now in the time of the Latter Rain. Where? In all the earth, "upon all flesh." *Now*, in this time of Latter Rain. "So the Lord *shall*" make

the showers. There is no denying your *responsibility*. Bless God! all the combined forces of the flesh, earth and hell, cannot keep you out of these *privileges* if you *will* have them. Oh, the kings, princes, armies of the earth! What are they! Mere puppets of time, sense and hell! "Rulers of the darkness of this world." But we are called of God to the spirit-side of the battle; to release through prayer, millions of Satan's captives, and make them Sons of Eternity, Sons of light, Sons of love, Sons of never-ending bliss. Will *you* release captives through believing prayer? "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness (wicked spirits) in the heavenlies." We enter as joint heirs with Him into our Savior's *ever-living* intercessions. "Pray without ceasing." Joint heirs with Him in His prayer-life! Joint heirs with Him of His stirred heart for the souls of men. And the upfitting power

that He gives us to the work is the power of the Holy Spirit. Pre-eminently to do this prayer-work has God called us in under the Latter Rain. In answer to that prayer-power, He will do "*exceeding* abundantly, above all we ask or *think*, according to the *power* that worketh in us." Unhindered let it work. "Forget not this one thing, beloved, that *one day* is with the Lord as a thousand years."

"Before Thy hand the barriers fall
That time uprears;
Thou canst enlarge one day, to hold
The worth of years!

A day with God and that day's work
What shall it be?
I touch the infinite, when, Lord
I work with Thee.

One day—Thou only knowst its worth
With holy prayer,
Fill every hour!
One day—yet—that one day may be
A timeless dower!"

Healed of a Broken Heart

Leila Mayan Conway, Hurlock, Md.



ESUS on beginning His public ministry, proclaimed to the people that His mission to earth was to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to give deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to give His life a propitiation for the sins of the world. In my childhood days I was fascinated and deeply impressed when reading these beautiful words, but little did I think of what they would come to mean to me in after years. During the first of my Christian life, and especially after receiving the Holy Spirit, I in some way got the idea that abiding joy and a constant realization of God's presence were essential requisites for those who had wholly consecrated themselves to the Lord. If there was any decrease in joy or the sense of God's nearness not so consciously felt, I would at once seek for it to be restored, and God—kind, tender heavenly Parent as He is—would grant my request. Truly the great Shepherd "gathers the lambs with his arms and carries them in his bosom," for mindful is He of the weak ones of His fold and He promises not to break the bruised reed nor to quench the smoking flax. Bless His dear name! For a few years I lived on the "sweets" of Canaan. I believed that salvation consisted of "milk, honey, wine, the finest of the wheat, and all things nice," for "when I was a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child." I Cor. 13:11. Wonderfully did the Lord manifest Him-

self unto me, and at times I had to ask Him to stay the glory and the power lest it be more than what my earthly vessel could contain. I felt strong and secure in His grace and I would sometimes think that, come what might,—sickness, sorrow, pain, death, none of those things would move me, for I should be able to endure through them all. I basked in "the light of His countenance," and so full of peace and happiness were those sunny days of my Christian infancy I would sometimes say that if God should see fit to remove from me the blessed experiences forever, I would have left their precious memory and I could go through life's end on what they had been to me. I had never heard that old axiom, "past blessings will not suffice"; neither had I read the Scripture, "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." There is good and wholesome counsel in the command, "Live and learn," and wise it is, that God veils the future from our eyes.

In our devotions round the family altar my dear father often asked God to prepare us for what the coming years would bring. I wondered at his prayer, for then I knew nothing but to live in the present and I almost questioned if father wasn't overstepping to be looking so far into the future. Life was sweet, all things seemed gilded in bright roseate hues and I did not like to hear people relate their troubles—"Why cannot they be happy and rejoicing?" I would say, partly to myself and partly to the Lord—and from everything of sadness or gloom I turned away. I bubbled over with the enthusiasm and sanguine spirits of youth, and father on hearing my con-

versation at times would look over to where I was sitting with a wise smile which plainly said that if he chose he could tell me a great deal I didn't know. Ah, I understand it now! In the many years which have passed since then I have learned the lessons that he fain would have taught me. Having gone the same path himself, father well knew that at my tender age I could not comprehend the stern realities of life, nor would want to listen to sober talk and advice, so the only alternative was to leave me to get an insight into life's actualities by contact with the world and the changed conditions that I would meet as time passed along. "There are some things that have to be learned in the school of experience," father often told us children; and vainly did we rack our little brains trying to conjecture what sort of a school that might be.

Shortly after I was grown I decided I would enter some profession and make my living as other girls were doing. Being naturally of an independent turn of mind and ambitious, I thought it would be nice to get into a position where I could support myself and be engaged at something useful. I painted in glowing colors the future and the big things which I was going to do. On mentioning my plan to father I was surprised to find that he did not take hold of it enthusiastically. I tried to arouse interest by telling him that I intended taking of my salary to eke out his slender income, and the great pleasure that it would afford me to be able to help. But with a weary little gesture and a touch of pathos in his voice he replied, "Child, it is not your money that I want; I want you." I greatly marvelled at such feeling, yet I did not let it thwart my project, and reluctantly he granted me permission to go. I began to make preparations, replenishing my little wardrobe and doing other necessary work. At last the morning arrived for me to leave. I had not thought of it seriously until then, but now I began to realize the meaning of breaking sacred ties and going away from home for the first time. What a tug at my heart-strings as I peeped into the parlor and other rooms for one last look! Things which I had thought ugly, now appeared beautiful!—and I had a hard struggle to keep up courage and to put on a brave front as I went round bidding the members of the family "goodbye." Turning back for one parting glance as the carriage rounded the corner which would soon shut the house from view, I caught sight of mother wiping her eyes and gazing after the fast disappearing vehicle, oh, so sorrowfully! Gulping down the great sobs which despite my desperate efforts at self control forced their way to my throat and well-nigh choked me, I endeavored to put it out of mind and to think on the Lord and to observe the pretty scenery along the way. But thoughts of home and loved ones persisted in coming, and for a few moments I felt that if I hadn't made the start I certainly would not. Yet, as matters stood, the only course that I could pursue would be to make the best of the situa-

tion, for my business contract was for a certain length of time and there was no release from it except for sickness or some other justifiable cause. We reached our destination about sundown and received a cordial welcome from the people who were awaiting us. The next day being the Sabbath, the pastor of the village church invited my father, who also was a minister, to preach for him. Never before in all my life did I so much enjoy hearing father expound the Word as I did that afternoon; my eyes riveted on his serene, noble face, I fairly hung on the words as they fell from his lips. It is said that blessings brighten as they take their flight, and quite forcibly I was now beginning to know the truth of the old adage. Monday morning father took me down to my place of work and after remaining a short while, he bade me farewell and started to turn old Gray's head homeward. I followed him out of the building, a dull heavy ache at my heart, but manifesting no emotion outwardly, for I wanted to be cheerful for father's sake. One parting wave of the hand, and he was gone. As I heard the carriage rattling down the road and the keen sense swept over me that the last home cord was severed, and I alone among strangers, I opened my lips to call, "O Pa, come back! come back! I cannot stay here, I must go home too!" How I choked back the cry I do not know, and the suffering I underwent in that moment of time no words can describe. The carriage vanishing from sight, I returned to the house, conscious that, cut off from relatives and friends as I was, I must now lean wholly on the Lord and look altogether to Him. I began to look around for opportunities to do good and to render service unto the Master; for my desire to please Him was first and uppermost, and like an undercurrent far beneath the surface the trend of my spirit was ever toward God. I longed for others to come to a saving knowledge of the truth, to be made alive in Christ, and to know "the love of God which passeth knowledge." With what ardent desire did I want the Lord's children to feel their need of, and to obey the command, "Be filled with the Spirit," obtaining the equipment that would fit them for the harvest work and make them effective and faithful witnesses of Jesus. I sought to honor the Lord in all that I did and I could not rest satisfied to just serve Him in spirit—the singing of hymns, prayer, worship and praise—for didn't real piety extend further and mean more than that? I wished to glorify Him in the daily tasks also and to perform the least duty as unto my Lord and Savior. God richly owned and set His seal upon this and I came to do the sewing, the dusting, the sweeping, etc., with as much zest and delight as teaching a Sunday School class, leading a Christian Endeavor meeting, or any of the various other forms of religious work. I derived much strength and blessing from this "all-round" ministry which I lovingly gave to God; drudgery was transformed into something high and good, and the most me-

nial labor took on quite a heavenly aspect when wrought under the notice and recognition of the Lord with a sense of His approval. A pity it is, that many Christians are habitually saying, "Oh, if only there was some work that I could do for the Master; some little way in which I might serve Him"—and they take on a hurt, injured mien, as if the Lord was not dealing fairly by them. Ah, beloved! when from the other side we look to the life that we lived down here on earth, we shall then see that our pathway—even for the very least of us—was thickly bestrewed with opportunities for service, but our "eyes were holden," that we knew it not. May we work while it is yet day, and the word of the Lord comes to His children in every land and in every clime, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Eccl. 9:10.

I was greatly interested in the spiritual interests of the people and the children, and time outside of my regular hours of work I spent in visiting among them. I taught them of Jesus, and going into the homes of the lowly and looking into faces so hardened by sin it almost made me shudder to look at them, a deep, unspeakable yearning would spring up within my breast that I might know how to say something or to do something which would lead these poor lost souls to the feet of the Savior. I attended the meetings of the sanctuary and was much benefited by the messages, the prayers, and the sweet songs of Zion, but I was perplexed at not seeing Christians the same through the week as on Sundays. I was young both in years and in grace and felt so keenly my own weakness and ignorance in divine things, but by some kind of a perception which I could not have defined, I was quite confident that one ought to be in every day life just what he is in church. I would occasionally introduce religious topics at informal gatherings where there were a few of us assembled, and I was surprised at the reticence of the church people and their aversion to giving personal testimony, for the most part replying to my questions only in monosyllables when at the house of God they could talk glibly enough. Sometimes a lonely little ache and hunger crept into my heart for "the old folks at home," who "spake often of the Lord one to another," and whose very countenance and presence were a help and inspiration. At the class-meetings I testified and witnessed to conversion, and the baptism of the Spirit. The class-leader one Sunday, took exception to what I was saying, and replied shortly, "No such thing as a person living a holy life in this world." And to clinch his assertion he quoted the Bible verse (the first time, I think, that I had ever heard it), "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." I was a bit nonplussed, but gathering my wits quickly together, I told him I felt quite sure that must refer to an unregenerate person and not to a child of God. Leaving the place I dismissed the incident from my mind. The next Sabbath evening just after taking my pew in the church I

glanced carelessly over to the opposite side and as it happened, the first one on whom my eyes fell was Brother G—(the class-leader), and instantly I saw that a change had come over him—something had taken place, and it seemed as if he could not sit still, so anxious was he to get to tell of it. Soon he got the opportunity, and rising, his face radiant with joy, and intermingling his talk with shouts of praise, he told the congregation that God had given him the Holy Spirit. I rejoiced with him and my soul was made very happy at this working of the Lord. What a precious verification it was of the scripture in Eccle. II, 5: "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Little had I dreamt that the word I let drop would result in the way it did, for seemingly it had not entered the man's heart but fell by the wayside and was lost. The lesson then is, "Let us not judge things any more as they outwardly appear, for neither is he that planteth of any importance, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."

When beginning my year's work I could scarcely endure to think of the long months that must intervene before I would be free to return home, but little by little—surely, even if slowly—the time had passed along and now only three weeks more, then my term would be up. I eagerly anticipated the reunion with loved ones and friends. Father had told me how he longed for my return, and among other pleasures which I had in view, was that of taking my place round the family altar once again while dear Pa led us to the throne of grace, but not the remotest thought crossed my mind that I would not have this privilege. The Lord does well to hide from our sight the coming joys or sorrows, for to know them beforehand might prove more than what we could bear.

One dark rainy day early in the morning, a neighbor came over to the home where I was boarding, with a letter which he said had been left for me the night before in his care. Breaking the seal I read these words: "Dear Leila, your father is somewhat poorly but he is not seriously ill. You may use your own judgment about coming home, though I don't think it necessary for you to come, for I believe Pa will be his usual self within a few days. Will write at once should there be a turn for the worse. Hastily, Your Mother." "Nothing here to be alarmed at," thought I, so dropping the note I kept on with my preparations for the day's work. But something (which I learned afterwards was the Spirit of God) told me to go home and that without delay. It seemed a preposterous act, and especially in view of the fact that only in the mail previous, father had written his intention of visiting me and how I might expect him almost any hour. Just a slight ailment no doubt; and if I went, more than likely I would find him well, and the trip and expense needless, while

I would have to return to finish out the three weeks. But, try as I might, I could not shake off the impression, and finally I decided to obey, even if laughed at by others for what would appear to them foolishness, and was soon on my journey. Arriving home I ran lightly up the steps, thinking to take the loved ones by surprise. I softly opened the door and stepped in, and oh, the sight that met my eyes! Dear father was reclining in a big armchair, the silvery grey hair framing the thin drawn features, and his face white as the pillow on which he lay. Feebly reaching forth his hand, he took mine--every lineament of the beloved countenance beaming with affection and faintly whispered the words which he could not audibly speak, "Leila, I am glad to see you." Even that proved too much of an exertion, and exhausted he could say no more. What did it all mean? I could not believe my senses, and numb with pain I wandered aimlessly out into the next room scarcely knowing what T was doing. After exchanging greetings with the other members of the family I sat clown and tried to think. Home was not the same. A heavy black pall seemed to be hanging over it; and strange! what a strange sickness could make! In the midst of my sorrowing reflections the parlor door pushed ajar and mother gave a low call. Something in the tone of her voice struck terror to our hearts, a hush fell upon us all and with every nerve attention was strained our ears to listen. "Children, come in. Your father is dying." The shock and unexpected announcement was as if a sudden shot had been sent through our bosoms. Each of us stood transfixed to the spot. Father dying? Oh, no, it could not be! Surely mother had made some awful mistake--we would go in to see if it was not even so, and one by one we filed into the room. I had never seen a person die, but one glance at our moved one told me that he was "crossing the bar." The fast-dimming eyes appeared to be already seeing "within the veil" and as WC stood gazing, a rapturous smile overspread his face as if in glad surprise at beholding what our mortal eyes could not see--Jesus and dear departed friends come to welcome him home.

In that brief second my sun set and the world turned dark as night. I fell down by the bedside, and when I came to consciousness again the pure blood washed spirit had taken its flight. I remember crying over and over, "O God, take me too! take me too!" The unspeakable anguish was worse than what a death agony would have been. To my mind came the recollection of the time not so very far back--when exulting in the grace wherein I stood, I had confidently declared that come what might, nothing could ever move me. But here was something which I had never conceived of, shaking the very foundations beneath my feet. I could not think, it seemed as if my faculties were paralyzed; I could only see the great calamity which had overtaken me and my soul was absorbed with the untold suffering.

After a while I became calm outwardly. At the funeral service I sat quiet and still in the pew, not a sob nor a groan escaping my lips. Because of no visible manifestation of grief, I felt that some would venture to say, "See! she does not take it hard;" but oh, if they could have but looked within, they would have seen a breaking heart. The last sad rites over, I turned away from the grave to face a cold, unfriendly world--fatherless. Before me arose in vision all the orphans of the earth, and from that hour to this, I have known how to sympathize with and feel for them. It was beautiful Springtime, the birds caroling, and Nature awakening from her winter sleep, but to me, all around seemed chilly and bare as a bleak November day. The question kept repeating itself, "How can I live without father?" From the inmost depths of my being there went up the wail continually, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still!"

The weeks came and went, but my sorrow did not abate. I mused inwardly and brooded over my loss. At times I felt that as a Christian I should not dwell too much upon it, then I would try to forget and look away to God, but this I was utterly unable to do. I lost all interest in work and affairs in general ceasing to attend church, for there, memories of the past rushed over me to such an extent I could not stand up under the ordeal. I never felt once to question God's dealings nor to murmur; the language of my heart ever was, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," but oh, it was a deep, deep hurt! I was overwhelmed by the blow which had come with the suddenness of a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. Friends would seek to help and comfort me but I was too absorbed with my grief to notice what they were saying. I wandered around in the house and over the fields calling, "Pa, Pa," longing to hear once more the familiar tone of his cheery, kind voice--for might not this be some dread dream from which I would awaken?--but no answer came. The days and nights were filled with anguish and suffering, and looking back to that time over these many years which have passed, I see how near I was to being "swallowed up with overmuch sorrow." Only the mighty, upholding power of God kept me above the waters. I endeavored to pray, but all I could say was, "O God! O God! O God!"--not a prayer could I utter, but my whole soul was poured forth in these moans. And they must have expressed more than what volumes of words would have done, for I could feel the great, compassionate God in tenderest pity and love bending toward His ear to listen, and to receive my every groan. Often during my extended night of gloom I realized Him near, and how He yearned to soothe and comfort me, but it seemed I could not get my eyes off the surrounding billows.

Finally I awoke to the fact that father could not return to me, and it then became the great desire of my heart to go to him; I did not wish

to live; I felt I could not, and wanted to be where father was. The months dragged wearily by and the long continued strain had begun to tell on me physically. I grew weaker and weaker and felt myself nearing the point where I could keep up no longer. I crept slowly around to places, my hand pressed to my bosom, for within there was a strange, inert sensation seemingly my heart had nearly ceased to beat and any breath might be my last. I knew that I was facing death and I welcomed the grim prospect, for would it not prove the open gateway into that land where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick?"—no more sorrow, pain or death! I should be with Jesus and with father, and oh, how happy I should be! Dear mother, becoming alarmed at my condition, called in a physician. He was quite a while making the examination, his manner grave and serious, and when through with it he seemed loath to speak. But in reply to mother's anxious questioning he said, "It is heart failure. There is no organic trouble, it was brought on by excessive grief. The heart action is very weak, far below normal, and she is liable to die at any moment." I heard the diagnosis with joy—thankful that Doctor J.—had been honest enough to state the case as it was—and I wished that my loved ones would look at the matter in the light that I did. It had now been almost a year since father's death and I felt relieved to know that my long vigil of suffering was about at an end and soon I would be in heaven.

Then the Lord intervened—I shall never forget! Wonderful is our God, the Lord of hosts is His name, "which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvelous things without number." Verily, His thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are His ways our ways. "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." Isa. 55:8, 9. My mother was the instrument used, and while she was speaking I realized it was not of herself, but that God was giving her the words. I was deeply impressed, and the few, short sentences—winged by the Holy Spirit—went straight as an arrow to the mark. "Leila," said she, "if your father could speak, he would say, 'Daughter, do not come to me now. I want you to live for the sake of the family, also for others, and do all you can to help them. They need you, I do not.'" At once I perceived the truth of what she was saying, for father had been of a very practical and unselfish turn of mind, greatly interested in the spiritual welfare of people, and assuredly that was the counsel he would give could he talk to me from the other shore. I desired to do what would please father and I wished to do God's will also, which somehow or other I felt, too, would be for me to live. The revelation revived my fainting spirits and there, on the spot, I resolved to set aside my own choice and preference and do the thing which was best and right. So I now turned my face earthward and began to

take hold upon life—praying the Lord to heal and to bind up my broken heart. And He began the work immediately, as if He had been standing over me all the while WAITING for the chance to do it. The upbuilding of my body was rapid—I marvelled at the wonder-working power of God—and soon I was the healed of the Lord. How good it felt for my heart to be well and acting naturally once again—the healing so full and complete that, as I often told the Lord, it seemed as if a new heart had been given me! In comparing the wondrous change with my former condition, I wept tears of deepest joy and thankfulness at the mercy and kindness of the Lord toward me; and the life-giving strength then imparted was maintained without a break for nearly fifteen years, never an ache nor a pain during that time—showing what deliverance had been given, and also the power of our God to keep. And not only was I made well in body but I was greatly strengthened in the "inner man" too, and taught of the Lord spiritual lessons which I much needed to know. The bitter waters of Marah were sweetened, the "fiery trial" was turned into a blessing and eventually came to be one of the "Ebenezers" along my pathway which I could recall to memory's view with thankfulness to God. "Behold, I have refined thee, but not as silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Isa. 48:10. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth EVERY son whom he receiveth,"—and not one stroke too many does He give. In time to come, either in this life or in the next, on looking back over the way that "hitherto he hath led us," we shall then praise Him for it all. "No chastening for the PRESENT seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless AFTERWARDS it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Heb. 12:11.

As was proven, it was the will of God that I should not die but live, and how often since have I had occasion to thank Him for it. Overruling my desire, in His all-seeing wisdom and infinite love He worked out His plan and purpose, keeping me on the earth. Oh, the excellency of the knowledge of God! Now I can say that I am glad to have passed through the "deep waters" (in His ordering too) for without the experience I could never have known how to solace those that mourn and to help bear their burdens. "O thou weeping ones, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," look to Him who was afflicted in all our afflictions; "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tried as we are." Heb. 4:15. "Surely, he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows;" and hear Him speak in tones of tenderest love, "when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." And "the Lord hath sent me to

bind up the broken hearted, to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Yes, "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried." And "blessed is he who patiently endures trials; for when he has stood the test, he will gain the victor's crown—even the crown of life—which the Lord has promised to those who love Him." Jas. 1:12. Wey. trans. Praise ye, praise ye the Lord!

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Characteristics of a Wise Preacher

- H**E will be a man.
- He will "plan his work."
 - He will "work his plan."
 - He will lead and direct without bossing.
 - He will work to win souls, without blowing a trumpet over the results.
 - He will work hard and wear a short face.
 - He will be a gentleman.
 - He will be a man of one Book and one work.
 - He will not lionize himself.
 - He will not bring his personal and family affairs into the pulpit.
 - He will expect to be growled at without snarling back.
 - He will work with his people, without "working them."
 - He will preach law and gospel, promise and penalty, heaven and hell.
 - He will do an important part of his work in the homes of his people.
 - He will shun the temptation to be an orator or a lecturer.
 - He will not kill his prayer meetings with long prayers and exhortations.
 - He will not be eager to try new fads, nor ape popular methods.
 - He will wear clothes that fit, and brush his teeth, clean his fingernails, and take a bath.
 - He will keep out of social cliques.
 - He will not "holler" his congregation to sleep.
 - He will not be jealous of, nor whisper against, his predecessor.
 - He will be a friend to the children and the young folks.
 - He will be a man of intense, prevailing prayer.
 - He will not organize his church to death.
 - He will have a private backbone, under personal control.
 - He will avoid being "chummy with any particular member of his church."
 - He will be intensely studious, but not "bookish."
 - He will not be bossed about by monied men.
 - He will know his place and keep it in his association with the opposite sex.
 - He will minister the letter, under the function of the Holy Spirit.
 - He will be especially tender, and attentive to the poor.

He will not steal—sermon sketches.

He will believe all the Bible and preach it, unmixed with the common university poison of today.

He will convince all reasonable saints and sinners that he is an upright, downright, all around, four-square Christian.—The Repairer.

Sowing Gospel Seeds

The faithful workers in Matagalpa, Central America, Brother and Sister Schoeneich have just been traveling with the Gospel message. They carried the Word of God into every hamlet, village and town within their reach for many miles. These trips are taken with great difficulties, over rough roads, mountain steeps and dangerous passes, but they are rugged soldiers and have learned how to endure hardness. They start out at daybreak with two mules and a horse, often resting at night in a hammock strung between trees, with nothing over their heads but the blue canopy of heaven. In the morning they build a fire on the ground and make a little breakfast before starting out to sow scripture portions and tracts. On their last trip the roads were so rough and steep, passing one mountain range after another that two of their animals gave out and fell in the road. A lesson of patience was wrought out in the missionaries as they waited until their horses recovered. They returned home from these journeys weary beyond words to tell, but happy and praising God for the blessed opportunities of service and for open doors.

The seed will not be sown in vain. We recently heard of a native of Central America who was given a Bible in 1849, by a school teacher. The native studied this Bible but hesitated to declare himself because he felt he could not live what the Bible required. He had a very violent temper, and was unwilling to become a Christian. His daughter, whom he loved devotedly, was taken from him, and then his heart broke, and the seed that had been planted over sixty years ago began to bear fruit, and he was baptized at the age of seventy. Surely in the light of such a trophy the colporteurs should take on new courage.

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"TELLING THE LORD'S SECRETS," with four other equally good addresses by Daniel Awrey are now issued in booklet form. We have had more requests to have the article on the Secrets of the Lord put into tract form than anything we have ever issued. It has been copied by a number of Pentecostal papers, and translated into the German language.

The other addresses, "How God Develops Us," "The Finest of the Wheat," "Filled with His Will" and "The Use and Misuse of the Spirit's Gifts," are equally good and especially helpful to the Spirit-filled Christian in these days. Issued in attractive paper cover. Price 10 cts. for the entire booklet, four for 35 cts., eight for 70 cts.