



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

The Martyred Six of Persia

"Of Whom the World Was not Worthy"

Andrew D. Urshian in the Persian Mission, July 14, 1916



WHEN God works with apostolic power, apostolic persecution is sure to result. Following close upon the mighty signs and wonders wrought in Jerusalem in the First Century was the martyrdom of Stephen and James, and ere the Second Century dawned all the apostles had laid down their lives for the Gospel with the exception of John. When we stand for the full Gospel of the Lord Jesus and preach in the power of the Holy Ghost, our lives are in danger, but though we shed our blood in preaching a crucified Lord we have naught to fear for we shall be alive forevermore. While I was in Persia I was in danger of death five times, but God preserved my life. While some of these martyrs were killed because they were faithful Christians yet that was not the case with a large number. Some people think that the Armenians and the Assyrians were punished because of their loyalty to Christ, but not so. They were punished like the Jews of old who were the people of God but they turned their backs on their God and compromised with the Gentiles, and God left them nationally in the hands of their enemies. Our people, the Armenians and the Persians, are suffering as nations. I was praying very much one day and asking God what it meant that our dear brethren were killed and why they were not protected, and this scripture came to me in Lamentations 4:13, "For the sins of her prophets, and the iniquities of her priests, that have shed the blood of the just in the midst of her." For this reason these nations are suffering, and the just suffer also, that we with them may be witnesses in the judgment day that their sin was so great and their iniquity so terrible; those brethren will judge that nation which turned against God. In the final day those dear brethren will be just in saying that God is just but the people were not just and needed the massacre. So they were taken away as witnesses against that nation; they were killed and their blood mixed with the nation's blood.

Now I want to tell you of the first martyr. She was a young girl about seventeen named Sophia, a Russian Catholic girl. I was not acquainted with her at all, but she came to one of our street meetings and became converted

among a number of others. The following Sunday while in her own home sitting at the dinner table the power of God fell upon her and she began to shake and say in her own language, "Glory to Jesus." Then looking up she burst forth into a new tongue and glorified God. The home was a Russian Catholic and the parents of this young girl knew she had been to our meetings and said that happened because I had hypnotized her, but I wasn't there at the time. They sent for the Russian priest, who came and threw water upon her but she just lifted up her hands and praised the Lord. He commenced to rebuke the devil, but she looked into his face and told him to get right with God and that he needed to pray for himself. She was filled with the glory of God and became a wonderful missionary in that place and the Lord blessed because of her faithfulness. But she had terrible persecution in her home. They didn't want her to leave the house or attend the meetings, though she worked for God at every opportunity. She would go on the streets and speak to the women and the Lord would reveal to her the hearts of the women, and in the power of the Spirit she would say to them, "*This* is your sin." "You have this and that in your life," and they knew that it was God as she bared the secrets of their lives. There was great confession among the women through her simple ministry and the enemy was angry at her and wanted to kill her, and he did; but she is alive forevermore.

The young girls in that village were so happy they used to go in bands in the eventime; they sang on the streets and knelt down in the fields; one night a crowd of them were taking their evening walk; it was on a Sunday evening and they were returning from the fields, singing as they came. Near the village a little boy of eight years was instructed by the enemy to stand behind a building with a rifle. That boy was holding his gun and he said to this young girl, "Shut your mouth. I will kill you." Suddenly he fired at her and the shots entered her abdomen. She lived about a week after she was shot, and in that week many came to see her. Although they did not believe in what God had done for her, they said her face shone like an angel's. The power of God would rest upon her, and many were brought to Jesus through her. The mother said to Sophia, "I will arrest the parents

of that boy and he shall be killed," but oh how she wept and pleaded with her mother. "Mother forgive him. He didn't know what he did. The older folks taught him and they don't know what they did. Jesus was killed too." The power of God was on her until the last. She went to the heavenly world praising and glorifying God, our first martyr.

It is a very serious thing for a man to be killed under Persian rule but because she was a Russian and the ruling government being in the hands of Russia, they didn't do anything, but instead they took a dear Brother, Andrew, a tailor by trade, and put him in prison. They held him responsible and said if he hadn't held meetings in that town the girl would not have been killed. God showed him that a terrible massacre would come upon that nation because of their unrighteousness. Three brethren who were killed later lost their lives through Mohammedans, but this sister was killed by professing Christians. When the Russian Army fled the Turkish Army came in and the Mohammedans commenced to massacre all the Persian nominal Christians. They were crying "Holy war" in the streets, and if they could get hold of a Christian they would butcher him. The American flag was lifted up in the American mission and one of the American missionaries was a representative of the Consul in another city so he had a right to act. He unfurled the American flag and thirty thousand people found a refuge. Those who ran into this refuge were not killed by the Mohammedans, but our brethren did not go and I will tell you the reason. The first, Brother Andrew, who was the first fruits had taken refuge with the family of a Mohammedan friend, but he heard that many poor people were left in his village comfortless, and in great fear, and that they had nothing to eat, so his soul was stirred and he said to his wife and his children, "I am going back to be with those people who are left. I will preach to them, pray with them and give them comfort, and if necessary I will die with them. So he left his wife and children in the home of the Mohammedan friend and went to live with those who were unfortunate. He helped them in their work and exhorted and encouraged them that possibly God would deliver them and if not they would stand for Jesus when the test came. The Mohammedans gave a challenge that if he took the name of Mohammed he would not be killed, but if he would be true to Jesus he would die. He told them he would stay with them and die with them. Suddenly the wild Kurds and the other Mohammedans

around that village came and commenced to massacre. They took the girls and women and insulted them and commenced to kill every young man, and they found our Brother Andrew in the midst of them. First they stripped him of his clothes and then they asked him about his faith. He joyfully said he was a child of God. There was another young man with him at the time and they didn't kill him then. They thought they had better go back and they got down under some leaves of the trees and prayed, and while there two Kurds came and shot them. They died joyfully. The most of the people were delivered but he and that young man died for Jesus' sake. I want to tell you something remarkable before that massacre took place. While in prison God showed him all those wars that were coming to the earth. Then he commenced missionary work in his own town, to prepare the people, as it were, for the awful things that were before them. One day he suddenly said, "I am going away. After two weeks you will never see me any more." The brethren and the sisters said, "Brother Andrew, are you going to meet Christ? Do you mean to tell us you are ready and we are not?" "I don't know," he said, "but God tells me that after two weeks I am going somewhere. You will never see me until we see each other up yonder." A number of people told me this who heard him say it, and that was two weeks before the massacre took place. God showed him he was going to be taken, and two weeks later his spirit went into paradise where the spirits of the just are waiting for the first resurrection.

The other brother who laid down his life was Jeremiah Eshoo, and a wonderfully useful man of God was he. He helped me in the mission. When the trouble began many people were running away, but the poor people said, "Jeremiah, your God will deliver us. We will not run away." There were many poor women and children around him. He said to them, "Let us go to the Mohammedan village? We have some friends there. We will go there and pray and see what the Lord will do." So he went to the home of a Mohammedan friend and into that home came two wild Kurds. One of the men of that village came and said to these Kurds, "Every one of these people would turn to be Mohammedans if he would let them, but he is such a religious Christian they will all be cut to pieces before they give up their religion, and furthermore," they said, "he has a good friend in America who has many golden pieces of money and he is at the head of a religious movement and he ought

to be trained to be a Mohammedan. If he turns, he is a strong character and every one with him will turn to be a Mohammedan, so we will put him to the test." Some of the friends hid him in a barn under the hay, but the other man knew the place and came with the Kurds and broke the door of the barn and seized Jeremiah. They slapped him in the face and said, "Are you the head of these people?" "Will you be a Mohammedan and work for our prophet?" "Are you going to keep these people?" He didn't say anything and they took him away, his wife and children screaming and crying. They said to him, "Now give us the pocket of golden money that you have." He took his New Testament from his pocket. "Here is what is in my pocket." They were very angry at him, and said, "Do you mean that you are not going to be a Mohammedan?" He lifted up his Testament and said, "Jesus Christ is Lord and King." Some of them were on horseback and he was put in the front, and as they pointed their guns at him they said, "Are you going to be a Mohammedan?" He said nothing, and they shot him in his heart. He fell there and a sister came and put his New Testament under his head as he died.

The name of the other martyr was Elisha. He was with us in the village of Gogtapa. The people ran from that village and some held us by the coat and said, "If you run away, we will run away to the American Refugee Home. If not we will stay here and die with you and God will take us to heaven because we died with you." We saw a number of people in the house of Brother Bob Lazar and they really meant what they said, they would stay. Our responsibility then was much more than our own life and we were perplexed to know what to do. Everybody was running away and the town was surrounded. Thousands of people were falling all around. One brother said, "We had better go. It is no use to stay. We cannot preach to Kurds and the people have gone," so we decided we would go, but Brother Elisha with this Brother Samuel said, "No, we will not go. We will stay in this work. The Lord can protect us. We will stay and preach to the Kurds and then we will die." We said to him, "Brother, you had better come with us," but he refused. We each said, "God be with you," and went. Our band thought if we could get under the American flag we would be safe. We went a little distance when we were surrounded by the murderers. Men came on horseback with their guns and spears ready to kill. We prayed and the Lord told us to run in front of the people who were

with us and fall on our knees in front of the horses with our hands uplifted to heaven. This I and the brethren did, and when the horses were close up to us the men told us to get up. They asked for my overcoat and my brother Timothy's watch, which we gave them. They didn't do us any harm and seemed friendly to us; they told us if we would go in another direction we would be safe. As we went on a little further we saw the Mohammedans destroying the people. Suddenly a man came before us, one of their religious men, his eyes filled with blood. He looked as though he would drink the blood of the Christians. As I looked at him I saluted him and said, "God's mercy be with you." Then I confessed to him the sins of our nation. I told him we were Christian people. His heart was touched; he stood and looked at me and almost wept. He said, "Young man, I am going to deliver you. I will give my life to take you safely to the American quarters. I could take thousands of dollars from these Christians, their houses are left, we could rob them, but I do not want anything. I cannot take you to safety by the regular road, it is filled with thieves, but you must follow me." The women with us said, "Oh Brother Andrew, he is deceiving us. He will take us off into some lonely place and kill us." I said to him, "They say you will take us into some secret place and behead us all." He swore by Mohammed and that his life should be written in his blood if he let anybody touch them. I said to the people, "Let us trust God. He will make him take us to a place of safety." That man took every one of us safely to the city, not one of us was touched, bullets flew around us but none were hurt, not a girl was harmed. Around us people were being killed, stripped naked, we saw terrible sights, dead bodies lying around, dogs eating their faces, girls taken from their fathers and mothers, wives from their husbands, but we were unharmed. Our God in whom we trusted had delivered us.

We left Brother Elisha and his brother in the work. While they were in that home in the evening the Kurds came killing the people they found in the village. Some of them hid in the Russian church, but eighteen or nineteen of them, women and children, stayed in the house. Suddenly the Kurds came and broke the door. They were all silent on their knees, praying. The Kurds struck a match and saw eighteen people on their knees. "Oh, what a sacrifice for Mahomet," they said. "Now we will butcher every one of them." Then Brother Samuel

stood up, falling down at the feet of those Kurds, "Oh kill us, but don't touch these people." Then they asked him, "Why didn't you run away?" and he said, "We believed God and that He would put love in you so you won't kill us, and we thought we would stay here and tell you something about our faith." When they heard that they were surprised, and one left. Another said, "Let us massacre every one of them." Then Brother Samuel said to the one who left, "Will you let me say a few words before you kill us? I will sing you a song." Our boys have a song called, "Repent, Repent, and turn to God," and he commenced to sing it with tears in his eyes, and these Kurds were greatly interested. They said, "What is your name?" "Samuel, servant of God," he replied. They looked around the room. "Well, Samuel, we will divide what is in this house; half for us and half for you; these beautiful rugs and these beds for us. Now tell these women to make us some tea." Oh beloved, you don't know what that meant! Those Mohammedans were thirsting for the blood of Christians. Well he asked permission from these Kurds to let these women and children go down stairs. They went down and Brother Samuel and Elisha started to make tea for them, and while they were drinking tea they asked many questions about Russia. Night came on, and the women and children were very much afraid. They said, "Surely at night time they will butcher us." Then Brother Samuel came and said to these Kurds, "They are saying that you will massacre us all in the night time." To which they replied, "Go tell them nobody will touch you. For the sake of that New Testament in your hand you shall be saved. We can see you are honest and do not run away, so nobody will be killed." They passed the night in safety; the Christians could not sleep for fear, but the Kurds slept nicely. In the morning the women and children were still afraid, and they said, "Tell that Kurdish officer to let us go to the city and give us a recommendation that we will not be killed." So Samuel asked him for this permission, and he said he would do it but was afraid when they got far away the other Mohammedans might kill them, as they didn't know his name and he would have no influence with them. They went through massacred towns, one after another, and the Kurds would look at them and come towards them as if to kill them, and then turn back. They almost reached the city when suddenly a Mohammedan came and shot our brother Elisha, firing a bullet into his breast.

Brother Samuel and fifteen of the others came in safety. Elisha died the next morning, the brethren and sisters around him singing praises to God.

These four are martyrs, but I will tell you of two others who though not killed, willingly laid down their lives for Jesus. One was my mother and the other a member of the Presbyterians, a teacher. She was wonderfully converted and had the baptism in the Holy Ghost. She was in the Refugee Home and the building was too small for the crowds they had there. In a room two or three yards square they would put about ten people for four months; the floors were cold and they had no rugs and no mats, scarcely any food but a little bread made by Mohammedans, and that bread was mixed with mud and plaster, so they would eat it and die. I cannot speak in a meeting of the terrible condition we were in. The beautiful hair of our women became filled with small bugs from the dirt, so they had to shave their heads. Many people were stripped by the Mohammedans while running away, their clothes being taken from them. Some people lost their children, some their wives, and others their dear ones. In two months two thousand children died. You could hardly find a baby in a mother's arms. Then typhus fever came and hundreds died every week. These typhus cases were terrible, so contagious no man dared to come near to them. They had no care taken of them, and they just laid there and died in hundreds. My mother and that principal of the school said, "We will wash these people and care for them." And they laid hands on them and prayed and God raised them up. There were many young girls affected with this terrible sickness—they could not eat, nothing would stay on their stomachs, and their hearts were broken because their fathers were killed. So these dear ones tried to make good food for them. My father many times warned my mother that she would not be able to resist the disease, but the doctors never came near and mother could not see them suffer; she gave her life for these afflicted ones. I caught the disease and for thirty-six days was in bed and finally recovered; but mother and that lady principal took the disease and never survived. They were so worn out they hardly had slept during all this time and succumbed to the disease. We prayed for them, but felt it was God's will for them to be taken, so they could be free from the murderous Mohammedans who were killing and committing such awful outrages. They sacrificed their lives for

Jesus' sake, and they will have as much reward as those who were killed. I cannot describe to you the terrible condition of our people at that time, nor the joy we, who loved the Lord, had. While the bullets were whizzing outside, inside we were singing the praises of God and people were getting the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Among all the saints there were only two who died, all the rest were healed. When I had the fever it seemed as though I would burn up. My hair all came out and my eyesight and hearing left me, but God wonderfully healed me. I cannot tell you how faithful God was to us. Those dear martyrs didn't lay down their lives in sorrow; they departed in joy. I was disappointed five times. I was ready and was expecting to be a martyr, but God spared me. Several times they came in mobs and tried to kill me, but the power of God would fall upon me and I would sing; they saw I was not afraid and none dared touch me. One would say to the other, "You do it," but they could not get anyone to strike or shoot me. One man wanted his servant to strike me and became angry because he would not do it, but the servant said, "I cannot." It seemed as though the arm of God withheld them. Once they hired a man who was a murderer to kill me, and promised

him two thousand dollars to do it. He came to the town where I lived and called the men of the village together, and my father also, and lied to them about me, saying that I went around in the villages and insulted their women. He said I had such power in my eyes that I hypnotized the girls. In this way he tried to stir up the elders so he would have them as witnesses that he had a right to kill me. I was in another village at this time, but a man who was a sinner found out what this murderer was planning and knew that he had been a traitor to his government, whereupon he reported him and he was arrested and afterward killed. This was before the massacre. I was willing to lay down my life for the Gospel's sake, but God preserved it.

That which came to our nation and to the Armenians will come to other nations. I do not say there will be such massacres, but there will be "distress of nations." The testing days are upon us. Daniel prophesied, "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." Beloved, let us give ourselves to prayer. Oh the sad condition in Europe! Let us pray for the nations of the earth.

Intimacy with Christ

"The Disciple whom Jesus Loved"

S. A. Jamieson in the Stone Church, May 18, 1916



IN JOHN 13:23 we read, "Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved." I tell you, friends, that the Holy Ghost can draw beautiful word pictures and take words to sustain a vital truth. If we can get at that truth it will set our souls on fire. We have here the wonderful picture of a man reclining upon the bosom of the Son of the Living God, portraying our fellowship with Himself.

There are three degrees of love revealed to us in the New Testament. One is the love that indicates pity; we read that when Jesus saw the young ruler He loved him, but the Greek says He "pitied him." He was sorry he wasn't willing to give up his earthly possessions in order that he might have his name written in the Book of Life. Then there is another kind of love, the love that is borne of friendship. Jesus Christ and His disciples loved, when they were weary, to go to Bethany where Lazarus and

Mary and Martha lived. But the highest type of love is Christian fellowship, and that is the kind John had with Jesus. John said, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ." If we have fellowship with Him it matters not what may take place; we are on the solid rock and there is no power this side of hell that can move you or me.

Do you see that the emphasis here is all on the side of Jesus and not on the side of John? The Word doesn't state that John loved Him with a deep affection, but John says, "I am the disciple whom *Jesus* loved." He was conscious that Jesus loved him with a peculiar love. He could not get away from it; was lost in that love and He forgot his name was John. He styled himself "the disciple whom Jesus loved." That is the kind of intimacy with Jesus we need to have. I take the ground that what John possessed it is possible for you and me also to possess, such grace that it may be said of us, Here is one who is lost in Jesus' love. Let us see the advantages of this intimacy between John and Jesus. The

disciples met Jesus in that upper chamber where Jesus revealed truths that never dawned upon the disciples. It was a revelation of the Old Testament and it led them to believe on Christ and love Him as never before, because of the great, fundamental truths He revealed to them. But one thing He said that made them sad, that one of them would betray Him. John is reclining upon the bosom of Jesus, and Peter is a little distance off and he wants to know who is the man who would be so mean as to betray the Lord. So he beckons to John—Why does he beckon to John? Because he knew John could get an answer that he could not. I believe that if Peter had said to Jesus, "Lord, who is it?" He would have said, "One of you," but He could not say "Nay" to John. It says that John leaned upon the bosom of Jesus, and he whispered to Him, "Lord, who is it?" and the Lord whispered back, "The one to whom I shall give the sop, when I have dipped it." When Jesus said to Judas, "What thou doest do quickly," the other disciples did not know what He meant. They thought He meant he should make preparation for the feast of the passover, because he carried the purse, but John knew what He meant. He was in the inner circle. Friends, if you want to listen to the whisperings of Jesus, if you want to know Him as John knew Him, you have to be near Him, you have to recline on His bosom of love, and if you rest there you can ask Him anything and He will not withhold from you any of His secrets. The Lord cannot say, "No," to any one who leans upon His bosom. Do you want to get an answer that Peter couldn't get? Be sure you occupy the place John occupied and you will get an answer every time.

I tell you, friends, it is a great thing to have the ear of kings and rulers. A certain man in Wisconsin told me years ago, "I can get anything from the White House. I know a man in Washington that has a pull with the President and I can write to him and get anything I want." But it is far more important to have the ear of the King of kings. If you want anything from the Father you have One to endorse you and that is the Lord Jesus. He said, "If you ask the Father anything in My Name, it shall be done;" not, "it may be done," or "perhaps," but "it shall be done." The safest place in the world today is to recline on Jesus' breast. The billows may pass over you, and you may go through all kinds of trials and testings, but as long as you are reclining upon the bosom of the Lord you are like a baby resting upon a mother's breast, and nothing can make you afraid. Noah in the ark cared

nothing for the thunderings and the lightnings and the dangers, he knew God was guiding that ship over the waves. We are living today in the midst of scepticism and error, selfishness and greed, and all sorts of evils are attacking us on every side, but as long as we keep close to Jesus we can go safely along and never be afraid, because our captain will take us into the haven of rest.

The flames of the furnace seven times heated were nothing more to the three Hebrew children than a June breeze that fanned their cheeks because Jesus was with them. Daniel rested sweetly in the lions' den because the angel of the Lord came and closed the lions' mouths; Daniel was intimate with God. We have to be intimate with God if we wish to accomplish much with Him. There was a young woman whose name was Mary Jones, living in the city of Cleveland, Ohio. She was converted and wanted to unite with an aristocratic Presbyterian church. The pastor and the elders said, "No, Mary, you are not well enough educated. You ought to join the mission yonder." But, she said, "No, I am going to join this church," and of course they could not give any reason for refusing her admission, and Mary Jones joined the church. Would to God every one here would have the spirit of Mary Jones and do what she did. You would have the greatest revival you ever saw in this church if you would so depend on God. You would not need to depend on any man but be so united in God you would accomplish wonders. Mary went to the superintendent of the Sunday School, "Sir, I want to teach a class in the Sunday School," but they felt she wasn't capable. She went home and came the second Sunday and made the same request, and he said, "If you are determined to teach I will give you a corner, but get your own class." She went upon the streets of Cleveland, and the first Sunday she got twelve girls between the ages of twelve and fifteen. At the close of a month every one of those girls were saved. She went upon the streets of the city and got another twelve girls. She kept it up for six months and seventy-two girls were gloriously saved and became the best workers in that church.

Suppose this company would go into the streets of this city and gather in such a harvest. What a revival you would have right here. Mary Jones went to the city of Toledo and joined the church there. This was about thirty-five years ago, and in six months' time she brought fifty boys to the feet of Jesus, many of whom are preaching the Gospel today. One day her form-

er Sunday School superintendent said, "Miss Jones, what is the secret of your power? I have had men associated with me in Gospel work—rich, educated and refined, and they have no conversions under them. What is the reason?" She said, "Sir, I am intimate with God, and I am confident that God will answer my prayer for the class I bring to Him, that He will save it before the following Sunday if I go to Him in faith. That is what I have done, and God has never failed me. I go to my Father and say, 'Father, this class of boys must be saved before next Sunday,' and I just as much believe that God will save that class as I would go to my earthly father and say, 'Father, please give me ten dollars to buy a garment,' and know that my father would do it." One Friday night she had seven boys and she went to her closet and prayed to God for hours, in fact prayed all night, and God said to her, "Your prayer is answered. Your boys will be saved before next Saturday morning." That is the kind of workers the Lord Jesus Christ wants to have, but the majority of people today get saved and get blest, go to church and take part in the singing, testify a little and do a little praying, but that is the end. They are not workers for the Lord Jesus. There are two things God wants of His people; one is, to be intimate with Him and the other is to be workers with the Lord Jesus. When He left this world He committed the most sacred interests of His bosom to you and to me. Are we loyal to Him? Have you a burden on your heart for souls? The best way to get the victory and to keep it is to be so busy for the Lord Jesus you will never think about anything else. The last call is going forth. We are told by Him when He walked the green sod of Galilee that we are to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. We must be workers with the Lord Jesus Christ if we expect to have unity and keep it. We want to have a character that will be congenial to Jesus Christ. There was something in the character of John that was congenial to Jesus. Their souls were knit together. I imagine if anybody asked where John was, the answer would be where Jesus is. If you would find John, look for Jesus.

Now the question is, How can I get a character that would be congenial to Jesus Christ? It is one thing to see a need but another thing to get that character. Peter writing to the saints of his day said, "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly

kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be *barren nor unfruitful* in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." I like the way Campbell Morgan puts it. Instead of using the word "add" he says, "practice virtue, practice knowledge of God, practice patience, etc." We need to practice patience and godliness; to practice love, and if we practice these things and keep at it they become second nature to us. He that hath clean hands and walketh uprightly, that worketh righteousness and speaketh the truth in his heart, is the one who will be ready when Jesus comes, but you and I need to come in contact with God's love far more than we have in the past. When a man and woman is filled and saturated with the love of God, he is the one who will love his enemy; he is the one whom God can use.

When I was at the World's Fair in Chicago in '93 I went to the Tiffany exhibit. There was a box there as large as a common sized Bible filled with precious stones, sapphires and diamonds; the beryl and the amethyst, and many others. Right in the center was a common-looking pebble, and a man said to the clerk, "What do you have this pebble here for? If you saw it on the floor you would pick it up and throw it out of the window." He took the stone out of the box and said, "You do not know the beauty of this stone;" he held it and in two or three minutes you could not see the stone, but instead, all the colors of the rainbow moving in such rapid succession they would almost dazzle you; but when the stone got cold the colors would vanish. You might place that stone on the window sill on the hottest day and it would have no effect on it, but it would respond to the peculiar moisture of the human hand to bring out its beauty. It is not culture, it is not wealth, it is not education that brings out the beauty of the soul, but when that soul comes in contact with the love of God, that beauty will come forth. Friends, do you want to be so attractive? Just be filled with the love of God. It is the place of power. The bosom of Jesus is the place of joy, and the place where God will take that soul into a lasting glory. Let us draw nigh to Him and He will draw nigh to us, and then we can resist the devil. There are some people who try to resist the devil first and that always ends in failure, but if we draw nigh to God we will be equipped with His armor. There is a colored man down South whose name is Mason. He is called the apostle to the colored people of the South, and he says, "Jesus is beneath me and

Jesus is on either side of me; Jesus is behind me and Jesus is before me and above me; I am lost in Him and the devil can't find me." That is the way for us to be, lost in Jesus. That is the position to take. It doesn't matter what trials this church may pass through, if you will rest in the Son of God He will take you triumphantly into the glory. He will give you a faith that will go through a stone wall, and a love that will love your enemies as you have never loved them before. You will not feel hurt at this one or that one, but will pray for them as you never did before. Then the heavens will be opened and the Shekinah glory of God will shine forth in this place, and His presence will be known and felt. Oh, we ought to strive to experience in our lives the position that John had, a place on Jesus' bosom. And notice how John was favored. God could trust John on the isle of Patmos with that wonderful vision of the future. He said to him, "Come up higher," and the curtains of the heavens are drawn aside; he sees thrones, he sees glories, he sees myriads and myriads of people; he hears the voices shouting the hallelujahs; he catches the glimpse of the Bride and the Bridegroom. He is given a description of the Coming One, whose hair is white as wool, and whose face shone as the sun. It is a wonderful de-

scription. The Lord didn't give it to Peter, He gave it to John. Why? Because John reclined on His bosom, and friends, if you want the victory, if you want to be used of God; if you want to be able to accomplish anything for God, the only place for you is the bosom of Jesus. Millions have reclined upon that bosom and there is room for millions more. Don't think because you are saved and have the baptism in the Holy Spirit there is nothing more for you. There are higher heights to climb and deeper depths to fathom; there are great chasms so broad no human soul can reach, but Jesus becomes the Bridge, you walk bravely across and are not afraid. If we belong to Jesus and belong to the family of God, we have one Father and the Lord Jesus Christ is our High Priest; the Holy Ghost is our teacher, and we have but one school, and this is the great university of God. People always look forward to the time they are going to graduate. We must not stay in the A, B, C class but go on and on. Let the world know you are growing character. Let the city of Chicago know there is a class of people here that are doing the work of the Lord Jesus, and don't take the glory yourselves, but give God the glory. Keep humble, and always aspire to recline on Jesus' bosom.

The Greatest Work in the World

A. B. Simpson, at a Missionary Conference held at the Moody Tabernacle, May 24, 1916



I WANT to try by the help of the Holy Spirit to prove to your minds and hearts that the greatest work in the world is the work that has called us together at this time—the evangelization of the world in the present generation.

It is not the work of sanitation or legislation or the presidential election, or national preparedness, but it is the work of giving to our fellowmen that which cost the Son of God His life. These others are important but this is imperative; these are great questions but this question transcends all others.

In the first place this work is supremely important because it concerns the largest number of human beings. It is difficult for us to think of millions, but if we were to bring into this vast auditorium three times as large an audience as it could hold it would take one hundred and fifty years for all of them to have one chance to hear the Gospel of Christ and in that time five generations would have died without an opportunity

to hear salvation. Again, it is the greatest work, I believe, in the world because it concerns the highest duty to human interest. It is not a question of sweeping reform, not only a question of love, but it is a question of life or death; a question which the Lord Himself has weighed in the solemn words, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Not only does it concern the present welfare of all mankind; back of it lies the destiny of human souls; it shows the contrast between barbarism and civilization; between the witch doctor of the Sudan and your sweet happy home and lovely children in the city of Chicago. Back of this question is the bitter wail of the mother of Bolivia, who sings her baby to sleep at night with the words, "Cursed be the night of horror in which I was born, cursed be the night of anguish in which I was born, cursed be the mother and father who bore me, cursed be the God who made me to bear the suffering of a human life?" Back of it are

all the sorrows of a Christless life and what right have you and I, even if we do not believe in the same issues, to hold back from our brothers and sisters the blessings of earthly happiness and comforts which we enjoy through the blessings of the Gospel of Christ, not to speak of eternal values?

Again, it is the greatest work in the world because it interests more than any other, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever should believe on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The Lord Jesus Christ measured the value of this work by the sacrifice He made. For a moment He shrank from the bitter cross and wanted to be saved "from this hour," but a moment later He triumphed as He thought of the salvation of man and cried, "For this cause came I to this hour," and I, "if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." The prospect of millions that should be saved through His sacrifice was that which stood before Him, for which "He endured the cross, despising the shame," and He saw the travail of His soul and was satisfied. It was the one thing He commanded His disciples to do, to pray for the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers. Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

The Holy Spirit was profoundly interested in missions; this was the one purpose of His mission. The very first Pentecostal gathering was a missionary conference for they went from that meeting with one message to represent the wonderful works of God. Philip was sent down from the desert to save one heathen because that one heathen soul was going to be the means of saving the whole country in Northern Africa and so we find all through, the worth and transcendent place of world evangelization. We find the first great conference gathered in Jerusalem was to settle the missionary interests and we see the great apostle in one of their missionary companies, stopped from preaching the Gospel in their own country because God wanted him more in the country beyond, which was unevangelized. The Holy Ghost stopped the greatest of evangelists and the greatest of companies and turned them into a crusade. This is the estimation of the cause, in the interest of which we are assembled here these days; the work which sent our Savior down to earth.

Again, this is the greatest work in the world if we may judge of God's present interest in it by the things He is doing around us. It has been well said that the miracles of God's providence

are no less significant than the miracles of His people. In answer to prayer the walls of China are broken down, the pride of India smitten, and Africa's black heart has been opened up and the people are stretching out their hands to God. Our God is marching on and as followers of His we must keep step with Him. The days through which we have just passed are days of God's marvelous outpouring of power upon the churches of heathen lands. They show a marvelous increase in membership and God is pouring out His Spirit wonderfully upon them. And so we are marching to the banner of our Leader who is calling us on to a life of separation from the world and to the evangelization of the lands across the seas.

I might take the liberty of saying that in our own work the outlook is full of encouragement. This society was begun under difficulties; I think five thousand dollars was our first income but since that time God has been pleased to entrust to us about six million dollars and has permitted us to plant three hundred centers among forty millions of people, in sixteen different nations. During the past year ten hundred and forty-eight have been baptized and fifteen hundred and eighty have professed the name of Jesus, and more than ten thousand have been baptized since the beginning of our work. But our very success has brought us greater responsibilities and demands which we are unable to meet.

Tonight as I stand before you here, there is an army of 20,000 missionaries in all the mission fields of the world and an army of 100,000 native workers standing behind them, a population that would double the inhabitants of this city of Chicago that acknowledge the Lord Jesus Christ. There is need of many more soldiers for the front. The increase of those who die yearly without the knowledge of Christ is a spectacle which must surely astonish every one.

But again, the evangelization of the world has a great importance because of the intimate relationship it bears with the blessed hope of our Lord's second coming. He has given us a condition that will hasten His return; He has told us that when the Gospel of the kingdom shall have been preached among all the nations then shall the end come. That is the one final condition. It would seem as if the armies of the Lord are marching in three great divisions. The center division represents the fulfillment of prophecy. The Lord Himself is leading on and so far as many of us can see there are no prophecies that remain unfulfilled to delay the return

of Jesus much longer. That part of the great army has reached its final destination. Another part of the great army might be called the preparation of the Bride of the Lamb, the separation and sanctification of the church, and this has been the great work of the Holy Ghost. God has been moving upon the hearts of the people as never before and saying, "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready." The third division of the army is the missionary host which is far behind in the list and that must move up in line before we can claim rightly the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. How solemn and awful the thought that our indifference and delay might be holding back the return of our King and the only remedy for this blighted world! May God, who has given to us this hope, make it intensely practical and show to us that it means more than a heavenly dream; it means looking for and hastening forward the coming of our Lord.

And now, beloved, as I have been trying to show you the value of this great work, put to yourself the very solemn and practical question, How far is this the greatest work in my life and in my mind? If this evangelistic movement is the one thing for which Christ sent His disciples to preach the Gospel of salvation and is the supreme thought of heaven and the object for which Christ gave His life, where do we stand in relationship? How much are we in sympathy with this great thought of heaven? Where do our hopes and our affections lie? Where are our sacrifices and gifts expressed? Last year the State of New York invested forty million dollars in new automobiles, in addition to the two hundred million already invested in these instruments of pleasure as well as business, and that was but a single state of the Union. Two hundred and forty millions of dollars invested in the latest instrument of travel! Forty million dollars is twice as much as all the churches in the world are giving annually for the evangelization of the heathen. We are spending forty dollars for every man, woman and child on whiskey and tobacco and we are spending thirty cents for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands. Forty dollars for the devil's business and thirty cents for the Lord! Thirty pieces of silver was the purchase of the world's Redeemer in those days; thirty cents in copper is the price we are paying today. The Savior has grown cheap. To sell your blessed Master you need only to withhold your money instead of giving it to His cause; the cursed Judas money is the money that we keep. A certain poet of India

tells of a dream in which he saw a golden chariot descend from the clouds. As it drew nearer he noticed the king riding in the chariot and he ran toward him as he had longed to meet him and expected some great gift from his royal hand. The chariot passed and the hands of the king were stretched out, not to give but rather to receive. He searched his wallet and took out the smallest grain of corn that he could find and handed it to the king and he rode away again in his golden chariot. When the poet got home and unrolled his wallet one little shining crown of gold dropped out and as he looked at it he saw that it was in the form of the grain of corn that he had given. He knew then that it had been the King of kings and thought, Why didn't I give Him more, for now I see that it was the most successful investment and I would have gotten it all back in gold. We are trying to find the smallest sacrifice, and we are forgetting that it is the Lord who has promised to give it back to us a hundred fold. What is the matter? Is it because we do not believe that these things are real? Is it because we forget the needs that stirred the heart of God and brought His Son to die for us?

Are they real to us or do we lightly think of God's tremendous words. Or is it because we do not care, or because we have not a heart like Christ which prompted Him to lay down His life? Mr. Spurgeon was right when he said that the salvation of the heathen might mean your salvation and mine; for if we were indifferent and without conscience and without care, it was an evidence that we were not in sympathy with the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. God grant that in these days we may get so stirred with the real missionary spirit and missionary consecration that we will sacrifice even as He sacrificed.

The true spirit of missionary consecration was very forcibly illustrated in a heathen child living in dark Africa. The children were asked one time not to expect any gifts but to get some offering, in some way, directly for the Lord and one poor girl brought a great handkerchief full of coins amounting to so great a sum that when the missionary looked at it, he called the child back and said, "My child, this is too much for you to give. How did you get this sum of money?" And she smiled and said, "Ah, sir, it is a great joy to me to give this for what Jesus has done for me and what He is in my life. You have been teaching us that our blessed Christ not only died for us but that He lived for us every day while He was on earth and poured out His life for us lost sinners, and I have been longing to do something for Him that would mean as

much on my part so I went to the planter and asked him how much he would give me if I would sell to him my life and be his slave, and he offered me all this money. The contract was signed the other day and I gave my life to work for him every day. So I handed you this, the price of my life which I have brought to my precious Savior." Little wonder that the missionary was so overwhelmed at the sacrifice of this African maiden who offered herself to toil and labor as a life-long slave for Him who gave His life for her. Beloved, that is the true spirit of sacrifice, that is the love that gave every drop of His life for you and me, all that was in Him poured out that you and I might escape the penalty which He assumed and share all the riches of Christ in glory. Is it too much that our life should be given to Him? We don't ask our people to give their surplus which they find they have at times, nor to stick their quarterly or yearly balance in the box, but we ask them to go home and put aside all that life can spare and the result will be that the number of people reached thereby will obtain so high a figure that you would not think it possible. It is the willing sacrifice that is the gift of the consecrated life. Beloved, that was His life; He so loved that He *gave* and I believe that we will never have the real missionary interest until it comes down to a complete sacrifice of ourselves. Do we see the supreme importance of this work? Shall we go forth to make this the greatest business of our life?

I believe we are not ready to be true to our trust at home till we are missionaries here as well as abroad. Mr. M——, an American, offered his life for Japan but the board refused to send him saying he was not qualified physically to be a missionary. He went home with a broken heart and said, "Lord, my life is blighted. What shall I do?" Then the Holy Spirit said, "Are you willing to stay at home and be a missionary here?" He arose from his knees, consecrated his business talents to Christ and His cause and before he passed to his eternal rest he had given hundreds of thousands of dollars for the evangelization of the world. He had caught a vision of God's work for him and in this way accomplished far greater results than if he had gone himself. I shall never forget the night in Michigan when God awoke me, in a flood of perspiration, trembling in every nerve. In a dream I had seen a great auditorium and a vast multitude of lost heathen souls wringing their hands in their distress. I said, "Oh, God, here is my life, let me go." I longed to go but

circumstances made it impossible, and I was held in the homeland against my wishes, and yet God has given me a larger opportunity here and the result has been that I have been able to accomplish much more for foreign missions than if I had gone myself. God's call often means a work for Him in the homeland. He is able to make our little sacrifices and gifts sublime and turn them into great working forces for Him.

Above all other things let me say that if there is nothing else you can do, you can pray; you can pray believingly, you can pray till the walls are broken down and missionaries are sent forth. There is no weapon like prayer. The value of prayer is exemplified in a class of boys who were very rough. Richard, their leader used to meet with them every Tuesday night and pray with them and teach them the Word of God as they were able to understand it. At last came the time when Richard had to enlist for this awful war. The boys were very loathe to have him leave. As Richard looked out of the car window he asked them to pray for him every Tuesday night until he should meet them again. One of the boys looked up and said, "It is the hardest thing you could ask of us, Richard, but we will do the best we can." The officer, hearing this, said, "Do you suppose the prayers of those boys are going to save you from the shots of the enemy?" and Richard answered that he believed they would. One day later a letter came from the boys saying that they were praying for him the best they could. The following week a man was taken from the ranks and that man was Richard; he was wounded severely and supposed to be dying. They took him to the hospital and nursed him back to life and in due time he was sent back to his home again. The boys clapped their hands as they saw their leader once more and told him the glad news that three of them had accepted Christ as their Savior. Months afterwards Richard found a copy of one of their prayers,—“Oh God, we don't know much about prayer but we do love Richard, and we do ask you that you will bring him safely home again.”

Oh, the value of prayer! Jesus Christ has said, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." Beloved, we are fighting with One who never lost a battle. Let Him say to you tonight as never before, "Speak unto the people that they go forward" and "ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Practical Answer to Prayer

One of the blessings of the Gospel is the fact that it fits into every need of our lives.

A sister sends us the following remarkable answer to prayer along temporal lines:

My son owns a machine for drilling artesian wells, and one day, during his absence, his hired man was very careless and allowed the drill to become unscrewed and drop to the bottom of the well, one hundred and twenty feet down in the ground. The drill is sixteen feet long, *a solid piece of steel weighing over a thousand pounds*. Quicksand soon settled around it and held it like a vise. My son worked for two weeks trying to get it out. He pulled on it with the whole force of the engine until the derrick would bend under the pressure, but could not raise the drill over twelve inches when the grappers would slip off and down it would go again. He then decided to use a suction pump to suck up the sand and thus try to loosen the drill. Just as J. and the father of the young man were lowering the pipe to the suction pump into the well, the young man caught his thumb under the heavy "jars" or hammers and mashed it badly. This, of course, excited his father so he let go of the pipe and it dropped to the bottom of the well, right down by the side of the drill and wedged it tight. They worked all day but could not budge either the pipe or the drill. J. came home at night thoroughly discouraged, saying he would have to abandon the well and lose his tools, the pipe and one hundred and twenty-five feet of casing which lined the well. I said, "Son, that drill *must* come out of that well. I have been praying and God *has* to keep His promise. Go back in the morning and try once more, and I will pray." I took my Bible and went off alone, feeling pretty "blue." I read some of the promises. One especially gripped my heart: "All things whatsoever ye ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you." I told the Lord I would stand right on that promise; that I would not look at the insurmountable difficulties but would *see only His Word*.

The next morning J. told the men to drop in the fishing tool and try the pipe. The tool caught and the pipe came right up without a hitch, by hand; they had not yet started the engine. Then he told them to wind up the cable that had the heavy grappling irons and he would try another kind, and maybe they could get the drill. So the

men commenced to wind. They noticed it worked hard but thought it was due to the water which was up to the top of the well. Imagine their astonishment when that thousand pound drill emerged from the well, drawn up by hand without a hitch or slip of any kind. Yet men say there are no miracles these days! God loves to answer prayer and is delighted when He can find some one who will *let* Him; some one who will stand on the Word without "rhyme or reason" except "It is written."

"More wonderful should He fail to bless expectant faith and prayer with success."

The Power of the Gospel

The new Rescue Mission opened in Shanghai, China, is crowded every night; some stay to pray and some have been saved. Two boys recently saved said they were so happy to know 'Jesus doctrine,' and that they didn't answer back now when their master scolded them. One night two young men went to the mission early and knocked on the door to see if they could get in. A stranger came to the door and asked what they wanted. They said they wanted to come in as they worshipped there. He objected but they insisted on going in and the man then ran away. When they turned on the light they found he had taken the glass out of the windows and doors, thirty panes in all, and had them ready to carry off. The Lord no doubt sent the young men there in order to save the mission the loss.

Four were recently baptized at the Nanking Mission, two men and two women. One of the women came during the winter and inquired about the Gospel. She was wonderfully saved from drinking, smoking and the use of opium, and has a bright testimony. The other was a little girl who had been living at the mission. She had stolen many things and was hard to manage, but the spirit of conviction took hold of her and she confessed her sins. Her life is changed and her face bright as she testifies.

* * *

"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.

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Notes

FOR a number of months there has been a steady rise in the price of paper stock, and many of the religious and secular papers have been compelled to reduce their quality owing to the heavy advance. We are now having to face the same problem, and the buyer of our paper stock informs us it is absolutely impossible to secure the grade which we have been using, as the mills have ceased making it. Owing to the fact that the advance in paper stock has been so marked and universal, we feel we need offer no apology for using a lighter weight, but simply explain that we are paying the same price for the present grade that we paid for the heavier grade previously used. It is not a matter of price but a question of securing what is available. We cannot see our way clear at this time to pay the large advance which a heavier grade would cost. A number of our old subscribers who have been with us from the beginning are finding it impossible to continue on our list owing to circumstances, and this, together with the slump that comes with the summer season, makes us feel we cannot assume any extra expense at this time.

We assure our readers that the present issue represents just as much, if not more, toil and effort on our part, as well as monetary outlay, as usual, and is put out with much prayer and a fervent desire that God will make it a blessing.

Launched into Eternity

THE very sad news has just reached us of the tragic death of Brother Elmer Hammond, of Hong Kong, South China, on June 15th. He had been on a visit to the various mission stations in the surrounding country, ministering to the native Christians and baptizing new believers, and was returning home, when the train he was on was wrecked by robbers a few miles from Canton. The track had been torn up at a bend in the road and the two front cars were telescoped, the robbers afterwards looting the train. Brother Hammond was the only foreigner on the train. He was riding third-class with the Chinese and was one of two who were killed. Forty or more were wounded.

Our sympathies and prayers go out to the bereft wife who is left alone with her little ones. The missionaries tell us she is very brave, but only those who have passed through a similar experience can know the depth of sorrow and the heavy burden that falls upon our widowed sister. Yet greater than the weight of sorrow is the love and comfort of Him whose promises to the widow and the fatherless are so abundant. We know that God will lay upon the hearts of His children this dear sister and her little family.

The loss to the Pentecostal work in South China is a heavy one. The missionaries found him a true friend and brother, and his help and advice in times of perplexity and need were greatly valued. They write mournfully that there are only two men left among the Pentecostal missionaries of South China, and a cry goes up from more than one heart, "Oh that God would send some young men to South China to take up the work that is suffering because the laborers are so few." Young men do not hesitate to go forth and face the cannon's mouth and endure untold hardships for the sake of country. It is left for the women to go forth to fight spiritual battles where Satan's seat is? When the flower of the nations are going forth to kill and to destroy, are there no young men to carry the Pentecostal banner bearing the inscription, "Our mission is to be saved?" Consecrated young men for the mission field is the need of the hour. Oh that we might have an enlisting that would count for eternity, and that the depleted ranks might be filled!

* * *

After seven years of faithful service in India,

Brother James Harvey and Mrs. Harvey are now in the States and shall be glad to visit the various Pentecostal centers as opportunity affords. Brother Harvey was an English soldier and God saved him and called him into a higher service, that of lifting up a standard for Him in benighted India. Those wishing to become acquainted with him and the good work he has been doing should communicate with him and invite him to their assemblies. He is almost a stranger to the saints in the United States, as this is his first visit here, although many of us have known him for years through letters and through the recommendation of friends. At this time he can be reached at 713 2nd Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Bethel Bible School

The brethren of the Bethel Pentecostal Assembly, Newark, N. J., inform us that for some time the Lord has been laying upon them the need of a Bible School in connection with their work, and arrangements will be made, D. V., to open the school about Oct. 18th of this year, with a simple course of Bible study. For further information regarding the schedule, etc., please communicate with W. W. Simpson, 54 Second St., Newark, N. J.

* * *

We are much in need of a few January (1916) numbers and shall be glad to pay full price for unsoiled copies.

Clean Hands and Pure Hearts

Who Will Stand in the Holy Place?

Ira E. David in the Stone Church, June 2, 1916



AM not sure that I have a sermon this afternoon, but I have a good subject, God-given. It is "Clean Hands and Pure Hearts." The Scripture I have is the Twenty-fourth Psalm. It is a Millennial Psalm that pictures the return of the glorified Lord to Jerusalem.

One day the armies of many nations will surround the Jews regathered in Palestine. In their distress, multitudes of them will cry unto the Lord. An angelic message will ring out over the city: "Lift up your heads O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." Some will cry: "Who is the King of glory?" The answer will ring out across the sky: "The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, the Lord of Hosts, He is the King of glory." It now looks as though the nations of the earth might destroy the poor despised Jews, but then the Lord of hosts will sweep through the gates, enter the beloved city, and save His own. The Psalmist is very much interested in this wonderful revelation. It is very fascinating to him as it is to me. He says, "I would like to know who is going to stand there, who will climb that holy hill of Mount Zion. Who will stand in the holy place in that wonderful day?" And the answer the Lord gives is four-fold. He says, they all have clean hands, all pure hearts, they all have been delivered from vanity, and there is no deceit left in any one of them. Wouldn't you like to be in that great host? I think I'd like to go there. I

am sure there will not be any of us in that company unless we have these four characteristics, and so I pray the Holy Spirit to impress these four characteristics upon us this afternoon until we will never forget them and know what kind of a people we have to be up there. It is possible for us to ascend the holy hill now, to stand in the holy place *now* in a sense. What does it mean? It means to stand where Jesus is consciously revealed. Do you ever have such places and such hours and such days? I knew of an old lady who had a wonderfully bright face. People marvelled at the grace in her, and one day she went home to God and the folks were ransacking around the house, and they found a literal closet, in which was an old-fashioned chair. It was the closet of prayer, and this little old lady ascended the holy hill and stood in the holy place in that closet day after day. If we would meet God consciously day by day we must have these four characteristics. Oh isn't it blessed to meet Him? What do you think it is worth? We would not miss it if we had any experience of it for all the money in Chicago. If you had really a good taste of the powers of the age to come, if you had really a few good meetings with the Lord, if you had ever sat consciously in His presence, you would not miss it for all of Chicago.

And now the one that ascends the hill of the Lord every day must have first of all *clean hands*. We wash dishes with our hands. That is the way we perform in the kitchen. We farm with our hands, we lay brick, we run a type-

writer, or use a stenographer's pencil with our hands. Our hands represent our *outward conduct*, so the book of Job says: "The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." The Apostle Paul in one of his letters to Timothy said, "I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands." This cannot be at all if our conduct has not been cleansed and made right in the sight of God. It is a great thing to be clean outwardly, and that is what the Psalmist is talking about in this expression, clean in our conduct. If the grocer cannot get his money out of us, or the butcher cannot get his pay, there is something the matter with our hands, the hands have been negligent. If these hands are used to "smite with the fist of wickedness," there is something the matter with our outward conduct. If these hands are not used to the glory of God in every particular we are not clean to stand in the presence of the Lord.

A little while ago I read a story which I think is true, written by some servant of the Lord about a well-to-do man who got a little concerned about eternal life, and he went over to a godly minister, a wise preacher fortunately, and told him he wanted to join the church. A great many people think that joining the church is getting right with God, but the thing to do is to get down and have the life straightened out. This wise minister began to deal with him asking if he was right with God and with his neighbors. He thought about it and said, "Now since you speak about it, I do remember a number of years ago Deacon Brown owed me some money, and I took a note for it. By and by Deacon Brown met me and he handed over the money, but he didn't say anything about the note. I kept it for several years until I thought maybe the Deacon forgot about having paid it, and then I mentioned cautiously, 'How about that note?' I produced the note and told him he must pay the amount and he paid it. He objected, but I got the money." The preacher said, "You want to be a Christian, you had better go and see the Deacon first." He went off and groaned about it through the night and concluded he had better go and pay the deacon the money. Then he came to the minister and said, "Now I have straightened up that whole thing, and I am ready to join the church." The minister said, "Can't you think of anything else?" He rubbed his head a little and said, "Well, I do remember I sold a horse last year for a sound horse, and it was a blemished one." "How much too much did you get for it?" "I think I got about fifty

dollars more than it is worth." Then the minister said, "You had better go and see what you can do about that." He went off sorrowfully. He tossed and tumbled during the night, he didn't like to give up those fifty dollars, but the next morning he got convicted and returned the money. He came back more buoyant, and again the pastor catechized him. "Well," he said, "there is one thing more. I had a mortgage on Jones' little farm and he could not pay it and didn't pay it. He was one of those improvident men. I foreclosed the mortgage and got the farm." "For how much under value did you get the farm?" "Well, I think I got it for four hundred dollars less than it was worth." "Go and pray over that and see the man in the morning." He went around the next day and found this man and his wife. She was wiping the tears from her eyes, and as he inquired the circumstances he found they were in a hard place, the man had to say good-by to his wife and children in order to keep the wolf from the door. Then he said, "Well, neighbor, I got that farm from you for about four hundred dollars less than it was worth because the mortgage was foreclosed. Here is the check for two hundred dollars and as soon as I get the other I will pay it." Then there was joy. Be ye clean. Go *wash*, plunge in, and be clean and then you will have the blessed assurance that Jehovah will go before you, and with the Lord Jesus ahead and behind, surely you are safe. Oh we need to let the Spirit of God search us along these lines. You do, I do, all of us do. We will have to stand in the white light of God one of these days, and when we stand in that white light we will feel the rays piercing right through us.

I often think of a dear brother of mine, a preacher of the Gospel. Many years after he was a preacher we were having a time of breaking and confession before God, and that brother got up from his knees and said, "I remember how years and years before I was converted, when I was a boy, I used to go to my older brother's pocket, and open his purse and take out a nickel or a dime at a time. I don't think I ever took any more, but the Bible says, 'Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord;' while I remember those nickels and dimes my hands do not feel very clean." That man went away to pray, and he asked the Lord to show him about how many dollars he stole when he was a child. The Lord showed him, and he wrote a check and mailed it that night to his brother in Nova Scotia. Be ye clean. It may not be sins of commission but sins of omission in our lives.

We may be careless or indifferent, but no matter what it is, in the outward conduct God says, "Be Clean."

Now a second thought: it says, "Clean hands and a *pure heart*." If the hands stand for cleanliness outwardly, the pure heart stands for purity inwardly. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." You cannot go on forever being different on the outside from what you are on the inside. You can be different on the outside for a little while, but "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and in an unguarded moment the thing you are on the inside will creep out. You cannot control it. You will be off your guard some time or other. The only thing is to get right on the inside and then the outward conduct will conform to the heavenly light that God puts into the soul.

Now this third characteristic in the one who stands in the holy place is that he is *without vanity*, without pride; "hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity." It is one of the most common sins in the wide world, to "lift up the soul unto vanity."

Yesterday afternoon or evening as I rode along in the train, I jostled elbows with a woman from St. Louis, and you know what kind of an afternoon it was, hot and sultry. The windows had been open all the way from St. Louis and the dirt was pouring in. This woman had two little babies, one hanging to her skirts and the other in her arms, and she was a sight to look at. Coal dust had settled all over, her white dress was grimy, and then I looked down at her hands and her arms, so dirty. She wasn't to blame for it, of course; the rest of us looked almost like she did only some hadn't been in there very long. As I looked I saw her hands and arm, covered with gaudy jewelry. A great bracelet an inch wide was on one arm. She was trying to hang on to that little babe with all that load of gaudy jewelry and I said, "They don't go together, the rings and the dirt." I began to wonder whatever possessed that woman carrying those two babies to want that trash on her arm and hands, and then the message came to my heart, "She lifted up her soul unto vanity." May the Lord deliver us from vanity, from foolish pride. You might have just as much vanity over a baby as over poor, cheap jewelry; you might have vanity over a bank account or over business, or over culture, a college education, or something else God in His mercy has given to you; but no matter what it is, it is abhorred by

the Lord, and it ought to be abhorred by a lot of us, especially when we discover it in ourselves. If we discover it in other people we should be charitable and pray for them, but if we discover it in ourselves let us give it over to death. It is most obnoxious in our prayer-life. Did you ever have the experience of being wonderfully blessed in prayer and think, "Didn't I make a real good prayer," or have you ever had real fluent grace in testimony, and say to yourself, "Now the Lord really blessed me today in testimony and I surely gave a good one this time"? Oh that horrible thing! It needs to be hanged by the neck until it is dead. "Mortify therefore the deeds of the body." I often think of an illustration in my early experience of acquaintance with the Holy Spirit. I was called very suddenly to a woman who was dying with the asthma. I got into the room; there were a half dozen devout relatives gathered around her. We all dropped down on our knees; she sat there bolstered up in bed, could not lie down. I laid my hand on her head and prayed two or three minutes and all the godly people in the room evidently said "amen" and joined in the prayer. All that whistling ceased, and she said, "Take these pillows out; let me lie down and have a good sleep." Of course, we all saw that God had done it, that the victory was complete, and I went out of that house, so happy I wanted to run, but as I went tripping along the street a voice on the inside said to me, "Now what a man of prayer you are! You went in there and saw a dying woman and you came out five minutes later, the woman healed. What a man of prayer you are!" I said, "That is of the devil. I will trample on that accursed thing as long as I live." There was no good thing in me, whatever victory there was, was God-given. God doesn't want any pride. Pride is born of the devil. It comes from the pit, and vanity also, and they all ought to be driven out of our lives to stay out forever.

Then one thing more—"nor sworn deceitfully." The Lord looked on Nathaniel and said, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile." That beautiful testimony Jesus gave to him. He was as transparent as a pane of glass. You could look right through him. There are a great many people in this world that you do not feel quite comfortable with; you always feel as though they had something held back, something they were not frank about, not open. They are people that the world says have something up their sleeve. You often hear that expression,

"He is a man with something up his sleeve, ready to spring it on you when he finds a favorable opportunity." God wants people that are clean, transparent, frank; that have no deceit and no guile in them, and He says of all such people they will join in the procession that climbs the hill of the Lord and stands in the holy place. Then he pronounces another blessing. This man "shall receive the blessing of the Lord and right-

eousness from the God of his salvation." You start in with a yielded life and plan to go through with God on those four lines no matter what it costs, and you will wake up some day to discover that you have a righteousness not your own, but which is of God. Oh it is blessed to be right with people, and when we are right we can enter into the secret place and know that He hears us.

After Twenty Years' Service for God in Africa

How God Cares for His Own

J. M. L. Harrow in the Stone Church, July 10, 1916



THANK God tonight for Jesus. When the angel came to Mary he said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins," and I am also glad because Christ came not into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

When I went out to Africa first I didn't just know to what I was going and I didn't care much. I was a young man full of ambition and full of strength and I went at God's command. I hadn't any opportunity of attending missionary meetings and I don't think I wanted to very much, for I wasn't stirred up by enthusiasm, but God called me when I was at my work in the city of Toronto and said, "I want you to go to Africa as a missionary." I said I would go and began to study and make preparations. I had to brush up a little. I had been out of school for a number of years, but applied myself. I got home from school one Monday night about twelve o'clock, and on Tuesday I got a telegram asking me to be in Buffalo no later than Thursday if I wanted to go to Africa. I had been in correspondence with Bishop Taylor, and he said, "There is no money in the treasury, but God needs people on the field. If you can come, do so by all means and the Lord will take care of you." That was news to me. I hadn't heard that kind of doctrine. It wasn't preached up our way, but that is the way I left home. I had ten dollars in my pocket. I went to Buffalo and went to the stockyards and there was a man shipping horses to Antwerp, Belgium, and I went that far. The Lord began to take care of me from the beginning. It wasn't very far from Buffalo to New York, but it took us three days and three nights to get there on that old freight train. When it came lunch time one of the men

said, "Where is your lunch?" "I haven't any." "What are you going to do? We are not likely to stop at any town; this train will probably stop only on sidings out in the country. There is my lunch, go and help yourself." The night before we left Buffalo a horse kicked him in the leg, and it was paining him so he couldn't eat, and he didn't eat any of his lunch the three days we were on the way. And so the Lord began to provide for me from the first. When we got there I was to be night-watchman; the man with me was a Roman Catholic and the man who owned the horses was a Jew, but God can use all classes of persons to get people to the field. God can put things into your hand out of everybody's hand. So I had a cabin pass and happened to be second head man, and didn't have to work unless I liked. There were twelve other men. When I got to Antwerp they offered me five dollars a day to go to Paris, but I said, "no." They gave me \$35 for my passage over. I was half way to Africa and had \$35 in hand, and I didn't lose my salvation either.

I got to Africa, and when I saw those people I was really glad. My heart went out in thankfulness to God and I didn't think about money. If I were to tell you the amount of money I had the first five years in Africa you would be surprised. I had to learn this, however, that God says, "Eat what is set before you and ask no questions for conscience sake." There is a world of meaning in that when you are in Africa. Another place He said His people would "eat the fat of the land." I am glad He didn't say what the fat was to consist of; but the best thing a woman has in the house, when she gives you that, you ought to be satisfied with at all times. I worked hard those first five years in Africa, as hard as any farmer ever works on the farm. We had a coffee plantation and tried to grow cotton, and all the money I had in my posses-

sion was \$30; today when folks go out you hear a great deal about them writing home for money. Money isn't the thing that makes the work go. It is "not by might nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord.

I came home after five years on the field and I was five months in the hospital in Hamburg, Germany; I was also in a hospital in New York when I got there. I was home here a year and wasn't well one day. I had dysentery, hematuric fever, which is hemorrhage of the kidneys and tuberculosis of the liver. One day the Lord came to me at a campmeeting and I fell in a heap in the straw. I had never seen anybody under the power of God, but Jesus came to me and said, "I want you to go to Africa." "No, sir, I didn't preach a full salvation when I was there and I am not going back." "I want you to go back," He said. "No, sir, I have been there and I know what it is; it is no place for a white man." I talked to the Lord just like men talk to men, and for five hours I brought up all sorts of excuses, and finally in desperation I said, "Lord, this old body has all gone to pieces. If you will make me better I will go back." Then He said so sweetly, "I will make you better, but you must be in Africa before you are well." From that day, fifteen years ago, everything changed to me. I went back to Africa, and was six months on the field before I was better. One day when I had sixty-three white men off of two wrecked steamers and over a hundred boys and girls in school, the Lord touched me and I never had a trace of the trouble since.

Then God began to pour out His Spirit upon us. These were days before the Pentecostal blessing came, but great days they were to us in Africa. In one year we had over two hundred converts. If you could know what two hundred converts from heathenism is in a year, then you may know what God expects of His children. I have seen us having service eighteen hours a day. I was alone the most of the time, the nearest missionary being forty-eight hours away; the natives came from everywhere, and God was wonderfully saving the people. Some of them are our best preachers today. I worked for two and a half years, and for four months we carried on meetings; we were not less than sixteen hours a day in meetings for four months.

I became worn out and the Bishop sent me home. In those six months I cried nearly every day. My heart was in Africa and things were so dead at home. At the end of six months I

went back to Africa. I worked another year and then I was paralyzed. For four months I never got out of bed without those black boys helped me. For seven months they carried me and I didn't walk much for over a year; I hadn't enough strength in my hands to cut a piece of meat. I came home and I thought, Africa is surely finished for me. I went down in Ohio and was going into the chicken business. I had nothing to start it, but a man gave me lumber for a chicken house and promised me food to feed them for a year; he was sorry for me. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins were going back to Africa under the Methodist Board and they wrote me they would be in Toronto and would like to see me. When I went up I got into a Pentecostal mission there and when I saw how God was working I said, "God is no Respector of persons and these people have more of God than I have. Oh I want more of God!" I was to speak on Africa on Sunday night but when the time came I didn't have anything to say. My heart was hungry for God. We got down to pray and it wasn't long until God met my soul and baptized me. When I was seeking the Holy Ghost the Lord said to me, "How about those chickens?" I said, "Lord, they are the only thing I have to make a living with." "Why can't you trust Me?" "Lord, I am not able to go back to Africa. It is all I have to make a living with, and for three days I hung up on those seven chickens. I couldn't get anywhere. Ah, it doesn't take much of this world's goods to come between us and God! So I finally said, "Lord, chickens or no chickens, I want you," and I wrote Mrs. Smith in Delaware, Ohio, "I give you the chickens." She wrote back, "John, you will be going back to Africa." I didn't say much but I went to New York and passed the medical examination. That night I didn't sleep. The next night I didn't sleep. I said, "Lord, what is wrong?" He said, "I want you to go to Africa but not under the Board." I wrote to Dr. Leonard that I was going back but not under the Board. He wrote back and asked me if he had said or done anything, as they were anxious to send me back, but the Lord never let me answer the letter. Nine of us got ready to go to Africa, seven years ago last October. We left Philadelphia in November and reached Garro-way on Christmas Day and the nine of us landed. We had no house to which to go. I had left the Methodists, so we went to the heathen people and they took us in and gave us a place.

From that time we began to preach a new

Gospel with more power than ever before. Today we are in seven tribes and have done work in about twenty other tribes round about. People are calling for us everywhere and the same boys that were converted when I was in the Methodist work have come into Pentecost. God is moving on. There have been twenty-nine of us in the last seven years. Ten have died, but in spite of this God is wonderfully blessing. Just the other day Miss Hisey wrote and said that in four days ten of the little girls had received the baptism. They go out into the heathen towns and people are getting saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost. A little fellow in the Boys' School wrote me and said, "Mr. Harrow, great meeting, plenty people saved and some baptized with the Holy Ghost." Brother Johnson wrote and said, "We haven't had a meeting like this anywhere." It has been wonderful how God has poured out of His Spirit upon us. I come to you tonight not so much to appeal for money, but, beloved, we need workers. There are fourteen on the field, but fourteen over that section of Africa is not one-fourth enough. I have been asking God for twenty workers. I am in correspondence with fifteen, but the sad part of the whole thing is that there is hardly a young man who will offer himself for Africa. Surely God isn't calling just young women out to Africa! Surely God isn't sending out just these women who are frail and delicate, and setting them in solitary places, away from civilization! You people have known Miss Hisey and Miss Mendenhall and some of the rest of them, and when you think of those girls staying alone among heathenism where they have no civilization whatever to begin with, and there they are getting people saved, what are we doing here? We go to meeting and if the meeting is not good we say, "We didn't have a good time." It is not a matter of having a good time. Let us turn the thing around and give somebody else a good time, and not be forever seeking for ourselves. It puts one in mind of leeches, drawing the life-blood out of the preacher instead of going out and giving to a lost world what God has given to us. "No, the meeting wasn't any good." Well, whose fault was it? Even out in Africa one lone woman can have a good time with God alone and can bring folks to Jesus. Miss Boddy, never very strong, came out there because God sent her, and stood alone while the other girls were home. That girl had a beautiful head of hair, she had fever, and it dropped out; she didn't care and never shed a tear about it. She

is running about among those heathen towns, taking two or three of the native Christian men and women, and going out there and sleeping in those little huts, getting people to God. Young men, it is enough to put us to shame. Surely God is calling men today. When I think of young ladies going out there among those heathen men and women, my heart shrinks. This last week I have been ready to cry all week. I know what it means to go out there and live. Would to God that He would put a burden of prayer upon some one more than ever before to pray through and to keep the folks praying. We find those missionaries who have some one behind them praying through are generally the ones that live. A great many folks rejoice that people have gone to Africa and then they forget to pray. It is a thing to rejoice about and yet not a thing to rejoice about. It is a thing to put us down on our faces before God, that He may be glorified among the heathen people.

I can tell you how God works and how they yield to Him. Before Miss Hisey and Miss Mendenhall came home several years ago, the last place we visited, we spent a day and a half in that heathen village, and over a hundred people dropped under the power of God. As we went into that old booth we began to praise God and the power began to fall and we didn't have to work nor labor with anybody. It didn't matter if they lay on the ground for three or four hours, God looked after them. He can look after folks and doesn't need our help. I learned that day what made the people come together on the day of Pentecost. It wasn't the noise but when the power of God descended on that booth it wasn't long until we had thousands. The women left their pot on the fire and ran to see what had come into town. They ran from all corners. God had literally come into town. We find this, that if there is one little bit of division on secular things as well as spiritual, you can hinder God from working. We had some differences in Africa about secular things and about stations and when you have, God cannot work, but when you get everything swept out of the way and are just pliable in God's hands, and let the other party have as much chance as you have, you will find that God comes. It doesn't matter about the color of folks. There are lots of white folks that have to go down just as well as colored folks. We went into the town one day and had a booth meeting; the cow had slept in the booth that night and it hadn't been tidied up, and the white folks fell under

the power of God as well as the colored folks, and they were all the same. We are not jealous for our cause but we are jealous for our God. Our cause doesn't amount to much, but His does. God will stand back of you and you can let people say all they like. The Methodist missionaries out there were greatly put out when I left and they said a great many hard, mean things, but that didn't matter. Just let the other party talk all he likes, and remember if he said as many mean things about you as you are, he couldn't even get language to express himself. When the Africans see you quarrelling they say, "Is that all you come here to teach us? We had lots of that before you came. You do not need to bring that." If you take this Book in Africa and sit down with the chief of the people, and say, "Now this is God's Word and this is what we come to tell you," after you are through with your talk, they generally say, "We no fit to read your book, but we are fit to see your fashion." Ah, there are a lot of people today not reading our Book but they are reading our "fashion" and not seeing much of the love of God. When I went out there first I knew I was saved, but God had to come into my life bigger and fuller before I had anything to give out to anybody, and when you get God in your life and everything on the altar God will come forth, and the people will receive God.

Insidious Temptations

SUBTLE snares are laid on every hand by our adversary, to turn us aside from the great work of soul saving to which God's children have been called. Unable to prevent a child from being born into the kingdom of God, Satan sets himself at the very beginning to undermine his new-found joy and draw him back into the world. When the soul has successfully resisted this temptation, others loom up, one after another, some so veiled as to deceive those not hedged about by prayer and clothed upon with humility.

To no one does the tempter come with more deep-laid schemes than to the servant of God who stands in the place of leadership. The world and its vanities have no attraction for him; it has been decades since he passed that shoal. He long ago laid down his desire to become rich. He can remember the day when he covenanted with God to set his heart only on the imperishable and the eternal. He passed another land-

mark when he relinquished his ambition to become a great statesman and sway the world by his eloquence. He could look back upon that victory without a regret; those aspirations seem cheap to him now since God has deepened his life. He feels safe and does not realize that a new temptation is being laid for him, but by and by the ambition which he thought was dead springs up in a new form. He aspires to be a great preacher in the church or movement with which he is identified; to be a leader among his brethren. He may be unconscious of this ambition for the farther we advance in the spiritual life, the more subtle are the attempts of the enemy to mar God's plan for us, and his master-stroke is to make us believe we are doing the will of God when we are really abetting His kingdom. The open door into this coveted position of prominence is often through advocating some new doctrine, or rather bringing to the front an old teaching and putting on it a new dress. Many a leader has come to the front by advancing a teaching which contains just enough truth to make it dangerous but which on the whole is misleading, and a position gained in this way is a double snare because of the prominence it gives him and because of the distinction it gives to minor and non-essential doctrines. When once a man is identified as heading a new "truth" he becomes so deeply entrenched through pride and the fortifications that he builds around his theories, that it is almost impossible for him ever to renounce them. Spiritual pride and unwillingness to eat the bread of humility rear an impassable barrier to retraction, and lamentable as it may be, we rarely find one sufficiently meek to admit his error. He so continually deceives himself that a blindness settles upon him, and he is not willing to pay the price for eye-salve that he may see.

Ozark School

The Ozark Bible and Literary School will begin its second year, D. V. at Eureka Springs, Ark., Oct. 4, 1916. This is a school for young people who wish Christian environment and yet at the same time to have the advantages of a good education. A complete curriculum for the Seventh and Eighth grades and for the High School is outlined, and will be furnished prospective students upon application. For further information, terms, etc., address Daniel C. O. Opperman, Eureka Springs, Ark.

The Perfecting of the Saints

Alvin L. Branch, Three Rivers, Michigan.



GOD'S plan for this age is very clearly revealed in His Word, although it is not clearly understood by all of His people, and because of this ignorance many have a zeal that is not according to knowledge. Some have believed that it was God's plan to get the whole world converted to God in this age, and have organized the complicated machinery of modern missionary societies to help Him carry out His plan. If this were God's plan, then God and the missionary societies are both colossal failures, for there are more heathen in the world today than when Carey went to India over a hundred years ago. Foreign missionary work is a most blessed part of Father's plan which is shown in Acts 15:14-18, "God at the first did visit the Gentiles to take out of them a people for His name. After *this* I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down; that the *residue* of men might seek after the Lord. * * * Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world." These called-out ones are called believers, saints, etc. Many are called but few are chosen; and of the chosen ones, even some do not prove faithful. The great work of God during this age is to develop third degree Christians who are brought to our attention in Rev. 17:14, "They also shall overcome that are with Him, called and chosen and faithful." In choosing the workers to do His work in this age, "He gave some to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ; till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." We hear much said about saving souls, but God puts the perfecting of the saints above even that end and at the head of the list of the functions of His church.

The process by which this is being done is the testing that comes to us in each changing circumstance in life. God is our Father and He is graciously watching over His own. He sits as a refiner and purifier of silver, and every circumstance in the life of the believer is lovingly permitted to prove wherein we are already perfected, or are still defective. A mother sometimes says that the children are so provoking;

the children are not especially provoking; they are just permitted to act like little savages, partly because they inherit it, and partly that they may furnish the mother an opportunity to see that she has a provokable spirit. In the portrait of the perfect character in 1st Corinthians 13 we are told that *love is not provoked*. People will be permitted to be ungrateful and unkind to the last degree, and God will permit these fires of ingratitude to turn hotter and hotter until we come forth as gold, and are like Jesus in this respect. God is love, and love is patient and kind. (Weymouth) You may be insulted and abused and slandered to show whether you have yet become like Him who, being reviled, reviled not again. If you can endure sweetly and uncomplainingly the loss of property, and rejoice in counting the things that were gain to you, loss for Christ, you are to glory in the fact that you are becoming like Him, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His *poverty* might become rich. Count it all joy when ye fall into divers testings. There hath no temptation taken you but such as men can bear. Temptation to sin will have no effect upon you whatever except as it reveals a corresponding sinful trait in your character that responds to the temptation as it is presented. Rejoice that the hateful thing has been uncovered, and then plead the blood to wash it away. Every temptation to sin that finds a response in your nature, and every trying circumstance that provokes your spirit is wisely permitted by your heavenly Father that it may tear the cover from a sin blemish in your character that you might never have known was there had not the right circumstances come into your life to expose it, and had it not been exposed in this way and at this time it surely would have been revealed in its awful ugliness in the Shekinah light of the judgment day. Do you get provoked at a cow that won't stand, or at an automobile that won't start; at a collar button that won't stay fastened, or at your wife when she keeps you waiting? You miserable wretch, God is just holding this up in front of you as a mirror that you may see yourself as He sees you; and as He sees you, that you really are, although it may not correspond with what you and others think you are. Over my mother's kitchen sink, where we could read it every time we washed, were these words:

Though thy name be carried far,
 Like winged seed from shore to shore;

What thou art in the sight of God,
That thou art and nothing more.

One of the sharpest tools that God uses in the finishing process is persecution for righteousness' sake; and when this comes, our Lord says, "Rejoice and be *exceeding* glad." By the way, this does not mean the just censure of the sensible people of the world against the tom-foolery of fanatical and unscriptural demonstrations, which, often mistaken for persecution, drives people more madly on in fanatical frenzies.

Jesus, our Lord, was made perfect through sufferings. Heb. 2:10. We who are called to follow in His steps must also take the way of the cross. God does not delight in causing us pain, but there is no other known process by which our ease-loving, pleasure-loving, popular favor-loving natures can be killed out, and the spotless divine nature of the Son of God be shown forth in us. Paul said, "It pleased God to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the Gentiles." Peter said, "But ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for God's own possession, that ye may show forth the excellencies of Him who called you out of darkness into His marvelous light." The perfecting of the saints, then, is not a process of evolution, by which our carnal natures gradually change into something better, but a dying daily to all of the old self life, and in its place the shining forth of the glorious nature of the perfect Christ. It is not seeking to imitate Christ, for imitations are a fraud, especially in Christian character. Paul says, "For to me to live is Christ," and Dr. Scofield, commenting on that verse, says, "Normal Christian experience is the reproduction of Christ in the life. This not by imitation, but it is the out-working in our circumstances of the life, nature, and mind of Christ Himself dwelling in us."

The climax in the process is the baptism of crucifixion, where we can say with the apostle, "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me." "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and ye are complete in Him. Though He was a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and having been made perfect, He became unto all them that obey Him the author of eternal salvation, a Son, perfected forevermore."

"Now the God of peace who brought again from the dead the great shepherd of the sheep with the blood of an eternal covenant, even our

Lord Jesus, make you perfect in every good thing to do His will. And the God of all grace, who called you unto His eternal glory in Christ, after that ye have suffered a little while, shall Himself *perfect*, establish, strengthen you."

Jewish Sufferings Through the War

IN THE sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Cossacks in their warfare against the Poles frequently made use of the following inhuman stratagem borrowed from Tartar tactics: when they were about to storm a fortress surrounded by deep moats they drove prisoners laden with sandbags before them, lashing them with saber-strokes and whip-cuts into the moats, men, sandbags and all, where they perished under the fire of their own countrymen, their corpses filling the moats. This horrible stratagem has long since disappeared from warfare between civilized nations. The Japanese have frequently driven herds of cattle in front of them and marched under this cover against the Russians. *But the Russians in Galicia reintroduced into modern warfare the Tartar bestiality of using helpless human beings as a cover in marching against the enemy.* To be sure, these human beings were Jews. Not prisoners, mind you, but non-combatants, not men only, but old men, young men, women and children of both sexes. It was at Nadworna where the unnamable, the indescribable portent took place. The Russians huddled together one thousand five hundred Jewish families—octogenarians, old women, young matrons with infants at their breasts, school children, pell-mell, some seven thousand souls in all, and drove them as a human cover against the Austrian battlefront, marching right in the track of their victims. There are no words in any language emphatic enough to characterize such an exploit.

Try to depict, if you can, the situation—strive to bring the unthinkable close to your imagination! Fifteen hundred families, seven thousand heads, none of them able to bear arms, seeing that all the capable had been mobilized long ago, a huge swarm of the old, the sick, of women and children! These Jews incapable of bearing arms had been tortured for months by all the miseries of war, they had suffered hunger and cold, the Russians had looted their dwellings, burned their houses, destroyed their property, they had robbed, scourged, and tormented them. And now they were lashed to the shambles like oxen—forward! *pashol!* They are fired at from

the rear with revolvers and machine-guns, their backs are scourged with the knout, their loins are pierced with Cossack lances, and their skulls battered by the butts of Cossack carbines, and thus they are driven against three hundred volcanoes, roaring and belching fire all along the Austrian front. The Austrians hear the tremendous outcry of the victims, the groaning of the mutilated and the dying, but they cannot help their misery, they must keep on firing ceaselessly, for behind this human holocaust the enemy is crouching for a spring; if they cease firing, the Russians will be upon them and the battle lost. And in this manner seven thousand souls, men, women and children, are slaughtered on the battle-line between two contending armed forces, unarmed themselves and perishing without a fighting chance in a Tartar welter of execution *en masse*.

"In Jablowitza, Bukovina, a house was fired by the soldiers who strictly prohibited any salvage. Not to freeze to death during a cold night, the unfortunate owner, a Jew, took two blankets from out of the burning home. He was crucified by the soldiers and a guard posted below the crucifix until he expired. In Fuczka several Jews were hanged, one of them because he wanted to save his wife from violation. In Storozynetz, south of Czerawitz, Isaak Feller Mayer, a Jew, was dragged out of bed in the dead of night by four soldiers who, without stating any reasons, attempted to hang him. The rope broke and the soldiers cut his throat, gouged his eyes, and threw the naked corpse of their victim into the snow. . . ."

—Glory of Israel.

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