



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

"Lord Increase Our Faith"

How God Undertook When Trusted

Hardy W. Mitchell, 764 Oakwood Blvd., in the Stone Church, October 5, 1916.



WILL read from the seventeenth chapter of Luke, fifth and sixth verses: "And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith. And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you." "Increase our faith." This is one of the shortest prayers in the Bible, and to my mind it is one of the most important and one that is most needed among us today. Jesus had called upon His disciples to do something for which they felt their faith was not sufficient, and I wonder if you and I haven't time and again felt ourselves in the same predicament. I do not believe that there is a day that passes, or a service that we pass through, but what in my very heart I feel to pray, "Lord, increase my faith." The Lord revealed to His disciples the possibility of faith, even what they might be able to do with small faith. In these days in which we live, when there is so much unbelief and doubt of God's Word, skepticism and higher criticism throughout the world, it seems to me the people are beginning to realize the need of possessing greater faith in God. You do not have to go out and be a criminal to be lost, or commit some awful sin. You do not have to be down in the gutter to go to hell, but that same Scripture that reveals the company of people who were traveling to the lake of fire, names first of all the fearful and then the unbelieving. How many times have you been fearful to step out on God's promise? The devil says, "You will make a fool of yourself"; "That will not go through and it will shatter people's faith and reproach God," and so you are afraid to step out upon His Word because of unbelief and doubt. Oh how much we need to have faith in God, as we see the blind and the lame, the sick and the afflicted on every hand! There is not a day that we do not realize the need of faith in God as we go through the tests and trials that cause us to be discouraged, and I believe it is time that we get to the place where we can be definite in asking for this one thing, "Lord, increase our faith." Jesus heard that cry of His disciples, and He will hear the

cry of people today who will call upon Him for faith.

Now to pray for faith, we need to know just what we are praying for. Paul tells us, quoting from the revised version, "Faith is the assurance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen. Saying that seeing is believing is not faith at all; faith is believing when you do not see, claiming that which is not visible, or has not come to pass. Faith is the assurance that God has heard and answered, and you can shout the victory and the praise in the face of a thousand impossibilities. Did you ever pray for some unsaved person, and continue to pray and hold on until after awhile it seemed every cloud had passed over and the way was clear to the throne, and there broke into your soul such an assurance that brought a feeling of rest, and you arose from your knees with a confidence that God had heard you? As you watch that person for whom you had gotten the witness of his salvation, the more you look at him the more hardened he seemed, and yet you knew God had heard and answered and you had the assurance in your soul. Some one says, "I thought I prayed through for the salvation of a soul and the next time I talked with him, that man was more indifferent than ever. I guess God didn't hear me," and he soon doubts the whole affair. What is the matter? Failure to stand on the assurance God gave. Just so in healing. You pray the prayer of faith for the healing of a certain one and God breaks into your soul the assurance that He has heard, and the work is done in spite of all appearances to the contrary. Brother Short referred to a man who had been a cripple; the man was prayed for and he walked off saying, "I am healed." He hobbled and they said to him, "You do not look like it." He went on and met a physician and he said to him, "God healed me." "Yes," said the doctor, "you look like some of the rest of these folks who claim healing." He still limped around as though there was nothing done but told his stenographer that he was healed. She giggled about it but he went about his work, and after a while he forgot about his condition, pushed his chair back and walked out as perfectly as if he had always done so. He had the assurance before he had the healing and praised God for it, and thank God he was not disappointed. I am not in sympathy with mental healing, though there may be

something in it, and saying it is all in your mind but I believe as sure as sickness and sin are real, there is a real power that will bring about real healing in the souls and bodies of men and women who will look to God. Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, not things that you get. God told Abraham he should have a son and his seed should be as the stars of the heavens in number and as the sand of the seashore. Abraham didn't consult natural laws; he didn't stop to reason out how it would be, but the Scriptures say he believed God. He was sure that God would answer, and he staggered not at the promises, but was strong in faith, and when you find people strong in the faith of God you will find those who are giving God glory for what He has done. Abraham gave glory to God, believing He who had promised was also able to perform. because of unbelief and doubt. When he looked up he saw the stars, and when he looked down he saw the sands of the sea, and both of them strengthened his faith in God's promise.

Lord, increase our faith. It is assurance in life, and thank God, it is assurance in death. We do not lose our faith when we come to die. A soldier lay dying, and a minister went to visit him. He said, "My friend, what church are you associated with?" The soldier looked up and said, "The Church of Jesus Christ." But the minister said, "I mean of what persuasion?" The soldier replied, "I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, nor angels nor principalities, nor any other creature can separate me from the love of God." That is the kind of faith to have. If an angel from heaven would say that we were deceived and deluded, we would not believe him, because we know what God has done. I said once to a brother in Texas, "What would you do if an angel would say you were all mistaken?" He said, "I would want to see what that angel smelled like; whether he had any of the brimstone on him." The devil comes sometimes and says, "You are deceived; there is nothing to this," but, thanks be to God, His word stands forever. Do you need more faith in the battles and trials that are before you? Are you convinced as you go through them from day to day that you need greater faith in God? I am so glad we can go to Him and say, "Lord, increase our faith."

We believe in trusting God fully and for many years have lived by faith, and I want to say to God's glory that He has never failed us. If I

had the time, I could relate miracles just as wonderful, I believe, as some recorded in the Bible. I remember several years ago being in a certain Bible School which was carried on by faith. Those who had charge of it and all who came, trusted God and He provided. The time came for this school to close and those who were there were to go out in different fields of labor. The Lord laid it upon our hearts to go about a thousand miles to a distant city to hold a meeting. In this city there was just one woman whom we knew who was praying for God to send some one with this precious Gospel. We had with us four or five other workers besides my wife and myself, and to travel that distance would require quite a sum, not having any privilege of rates. When the school closed and the day came when we were to leave for that distant city I do not believe that we had five dollars between us for our fare. But the Lord had said we were to prepare our luggage and our trunks and go on a certain day. That was a big undertaking, with only five dollars to pay railroad fares for five or six that would average twenty dollars a piece. It meant a great deal to start out, but the Lord had assured us, and I said, "Lord, increase my faith." As we were packing those trunks how the devil stood by and taunted us. The next step was to get a baggageman to haul them to the depot. I walked down town six or eight blocks to find a man and I believe the devil walked with me every step. He said, "What a fool you are. You are going away on that eight o'clock train and taking all those workers with you, without any money." I ignored him and said, "Lord, increase my faith." It took most of the money we had to get the trunks to the depot. The devil continued on our track, saying how foolish we were trying to believe that God would work a miracle. He said, "You know all these folks who believe in your kind of religion are poor and cannot assist you any," but the Lord had said "Go," and our eyes were on Him. We went to the depot, thanking God and praying, "Lord, increase our faith," and all the time feeling in our soul that God would see us through. There were two trains that we could take and they made about the same connection. One left at six o'clock and we were there to go on that, but we didn't go. The devil said, "Didn't I tell you?" but the Spirit of God reminded me of God's word, "All things are possible to him that believeth." That train had hardly left before a man came in who lived in another state. I had met him some time be-

fore. As he walked into the depot he held out his hand and put a bill in my hand, saying, "Brother Mitchell, I heard you were going away, and somehow I felt you needed help and I couldn't get away from it, so I took the train and came over here to give you this to help you along." I looked at the money and it was \$15, which encouraged me. He had hardly left before a sister came into the depot and gave me \$20. Before she left another came with some money, and when that train was ready to leave our trunks were checked and we were on it.

We got to our destination ten o'clock at night with \$1.50; the five of us put up at a hotel, and somehow the Lord moved on the heart of the clerk to give us rooms for \$1.00, and it was a nice hotel, too. We had fifty cents left. The next morning the brother who was with me, Brother Crouch, and I went out to see the sister who had invited us. God had moved on her heart to secure some rooms for us and so we took the women over there. We had fifty cents to haul four or five trunks about two miles out. I thought, here is another test of faith. We knew it was out of the question to ask anyone to haul them for that, and no one offered us any money, but we went down to the depot and stood around for awhile, hardly having grace enough to ask anyone to haul them. If I am not mistaken Bro. Crouch asked a baggageman and he would not consider it. We thought perhaps we might carry the smaller ones but that didn't seem like faith, and as we stood there we saw a colored man coming down on a draywagon driving a mule, and Brother Crouch went and asked him what he would haul the trunks for, and he said, "If you fellows will help me load them and unload them, I will haul them for fifty cents." God lives, and I'd rather trust Him and see Him work out His wonderful plan of making Himself real than anything else.

Now faith is a weapon of defense. In the armor of God, Paul, after mentioning various parts which they should put on, said, "Above all of these, take the shield of faith." You are no match for the devil unless you have faith in God. You will go down as sure as you live. The shield of faith defends us, it protects us. It will protect the young in these last days when higher criticism is so prevalent and people are denying parts of God's Word as inspired. It will protect us from unbelief and doubts. I am so glad we believe every promise in God's Book is inspired. It will protect you when the devil shoots off his fiery darts at your heart. Did he ever shoot the

dart of bitterness at you? the dart of hatred? If you haven't the shield of faith to protect you, you will go around with a bitter feeling against some sister or brother and you will lose your salvation. But if you have the shield of faith, you will have the sweetness of heaven in your souls. The shield of faith will protect the body physically when Satan tries to drive the darts of disease into us. He sends an affliction, and it is a fiery dart of the enemy, and if you have not the shield of faith you say, "Well I guess there is nothing in healing; those who give these testimonies are deceived." Thank God for the shield of faith that will quench the fiery darts of the enemy. Friends, above everything, let us be sure to have the shield of faith to protect us.

Now faith, as Paul tells us in Gal. 5:6, worketh by love. You cannot be used of God in working miracles or have His promises proven true if you have a selfish motive. You can say you have the gift of faith but if you do not have love to operate faith in God, all your faith is in vain. What was it that caused Jesus to heal the sick and bless those who were outcast? It was love, and it was through His great love, operating faith that brought healing, that brought salvation, that brought deliverance. And if you haven't love in your heart for a lost world you may pray and labor and work all you please, but you can never believe God sufficiently to have His power come upon the people in healing and salvation. I used to wonder why, and it is a question in my mind why, today, the very crowd that Jesus should have expected, and no doubt did expect to have greater faith and more faith, were the crowd among whom He found unbelief, a crowd whom He had to reprove for their unbelief and fears; and the very ones whom you would not expect to have faith, were the ones who had greater faith. It is true today to a great extent that there is unbelief in the hearts of God's people and it is hindering them from receiving God's rich blessing upon their souls. It is unbelief in this congregation that hinders us from seeing the great, miraculous, working power of God. Jesus could do no mighty works in a certain city because of their unbelief. Where there is unbelief the people fail to see His glory. Jesus said to Martha, "If thou canst believe thou shalt see the glory of God." Then when she tried to reason the impossibility of the thing, He said, "Saidst I not unto thee, *if thou wouldst believe?*"

We find in the sixth chapter of Matthew that Jesus reproves the disciples for their little faith,

"Wherefore, if God so clothed the grass of the field which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how *much more* will He clothe you, O ye of little faith." People today are like those disciples. They think it is foolish for anyone to trust God for clothing the body. If God can clothe the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley in their beauty, which Solomon in all his glory was not like unto, can He not clothe you and me? He provided for the children of Israel; and for forty years in the wilderness their clothes never wore out. Sometimes I am amazed how long our clothes do last us, and then I think it is God. He clothes and He provides and He gives. Again, when they were crossing the lake in a storm they came to Jesus, and when He had stilled the tempest He said, "Why are ye fearful, oh ye of little faith?" Friends whether it is a storm in the natural world or in the spiritual that surges over your soul and seems to sweep the powers of darkness down upon you, do you begin to doubt and fear, or do you say like Paul in the

midst of the shipwreck, "Sirs, I believe God"? It doesn't matter how hard the storm blows, how high the billows rise, He will take us through the storms of life and through the fiery trials that come upon us if we will just have faith in Him.

When we think of this world with its vast multitude, Europe, Asia, Africa and America with its surging tide of humanity, and then think there is not an individual nor a spot on this earth that the All-seeing eye of God does not behold; then when we think that this world is only a grain of sand compared to the countless worlds that twinkle in yonder space, and that the Almighty, Eternal God is above all, over all, and His eye sees all that transpires in His great creation, how marvelous it is that you and I should live in His power, move and have our being in Him. How can we ever doubt Him? Oh that our faith might never again waver! If we trust Him, He will keep us until the race is run, the last battle fought, and we are given an entrance into the city of God.

The Time Is At Hand

Watch the Sign Posts

A. P. Collins, Ft. Worth, Texas, in the Stone Church, October 15, 1916.



As we think about the coming of the Lord Jesus there are many questions that suggest themselves, which are natural and which are pertinent. One question is, How shall Jesus come back to earth again? or what shall be the manner of His coming? I would say

that, to the world, His coming in the rapture will be unexpected, because the world is not looking for the return of our Lord. In fact, too many would rather believe that He is not coming, as it would interfere with their business. I believe there are men in this city who, if they knew the Lord Jesus was coming and would change the order of things, they would stave Him off if they could do it by giving 50, 60 or 90 per cent of their earnings. They would be afraid their business would be ruined, and there is ground for their fears. When Jesus comes again every ungodly business that is going on in this world will be ruined. So He is coming unexpectedly to the world, but to you and to me, His coming certainly cannot be unexpected, for we are not in darkness that that day shall overtake us as a thief. We are children of the day and we may look for Him every hour. It may be this hour. Are you looking for Him? Some moment the

trumpet is going to sound and Jesus will come after us. That is what He said, "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also." That is what makes the subject so interesting. He is coming after us. Oh this will be the greatest event in all the existence of this old planet! At His first coming, heaven broke forth in acclamations of joy, and the announcement was made, "There is born unto you this day in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord," and the angelic host sang, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

It is also said in Psalm 37, that our Lord went up with a shout, and we know He is coming back in the same manner, and there ought to be a shout in our souls every time we think about His coming. There is no truth that puts a greater thrill into my being than this thought about the coming of the Lord Jesus. There is something within me that says "Come," and there is getting to be a cry from God's children everywhere today for the coming of the Lord Jesus, and some day that cry will be answered. He will come visibly. We will see Him when we are caught up to meet Him in the air. The world may not see Him until He comes with His saints in judgment; but then

every eye shall see Him and they also which pierced Him. Then there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

God has not revealed the time of the Lord's coming, and I am glad that He has not, but I want Him to put the conviction in my heart and keep it there continually, that wherever I go and whatever I do, I may be looking for the Lord Jesus every moment. Some one says, "You cannot afford to have your mind occupied that way," but that is a mistake. The coming of the Lord Jesus Christ and the imminence of His coming have been the inspiration for the inauguration of the mightiest movements of the world. The apostles went out and preached the Gospel upon this spoken word, "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, and then shall the end come," and a mighty movement was put on foot to fulfil that prophecy, that the coming of the Lord might be hastened. From the time the two angels said to the disciples who were gazing up into the heavens, "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner," the disciples were inspired with hope of His soon return, and the only way to be ready for it was to fulfil the command to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. The belief in the pre-millennial coming of the Lord, is the one thing that has kept the people from going into all forms of heresy and higher criticism, and it also holds them to the common truth that the Gospel of the Lord Jesus is the only thing that will save a man from sin.

I would like to call your attention to some of the things that indicate the soon return of our Lord. I do not believe in setting dates; it always brings confusion and disappointment, and sometimes leads people to lapse and go back, but if I am on the way to a place and wish to know how far it is, I like to see on the signboard something that will indicate that I am on the right way and approaching my destination, and that is the way I feel about the coming of the Lord Jesus. I long for it, and love to see and hear anything that will encourage me to believe the time is near.

I want to call your attention to some of the conditions that obtain in this world; that were prophesied by the prophets and the Lord Jesus, that indicate that we are close to the fulness of this dispensation. First, the moral conditions that we see about us; or immoral, rather. Let me read to you a passage from the Apostle Paul in his second letter to Timothy: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own

selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, etc."

That describes the condition of the world today, and anybody can look around and see that it is literally fulfilled. Then he says, that people will be "having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof," and that brings us to the religious conditions in the world. "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, in the last days some shall depart from the faith, forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats, etc." We live also in the day of this fulfilment. It is before us today in the fresh heresies that are being advocated everywhere, and that is one thing that makes it harder to have a revival, because the devil is promoting his cults, Christian Science, Theosophy, New Thought, and Russelism; all these things that do away with the cross, the blood and the everlasting covenant, and try to make you believe there is no hell. They are the devil's counterfeit of all that is good in these days. You had better steer clear of these things if you expect to be saved, for you are on the road to hell if you believe its miserable doctrines; that is what Paul calls them. One of the most terrible things in this world is to get mixed up with some of these things. I heard a testimony last night from one who had been in bondage to some of these things and how God had delivered. We find that the preachers themselves in the various denominations bear testimony to the fact that Christendom is apostatizing. We are living in the Laodicean period, when the church has no need; it is rich, it can boast of its earthly possessions and its social standing; its power and its polish, but according to their own declarations some of these very men who work in these denominations are weakened by these conditions. Bishop Foster himself has sounded the note that they have drifted into worldliness and are now tolerating things that the church some years ago would not think of doing. For the worship of God they have substituted and inaugurated many different schemes. The preacher who is catering to the whims of the world instead of preaching an old-fashioned Gospel, is making a terrible mistake, for after all, the Gospel preached in the power of the Holy Spirit is the most attractive message that can go forth in this world.

In James 5:1-9 we read about the present financial condition of the world. What are you

going to do about it? Get up a political party and divide this wealth among the people? But that is not what the Lord says to His people: "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord." In this condition we are exhorted to be patient, because it indicates the soon coming of the Lord. Everybody can see this is the condition that obtains today. Mr. Ford is making his million a week in the automobile business; others are doing it in the oil business. Yet in spite of this there were fifteen hundred people found destitute. Anyone who studies the Scriptures would know that prophecy is being fulfilled.

Then look at the political conditions of the world today. These are a fulfilment of the words of Jesus when He said that, in the last days there would be distress of nations, wars and rumors of wars. The significant part about this is that when people were crying peace and safety they were making preparation for war, and more nations are now engaged in warfare than at any other time. More than seven-eighths of the land surface of the world today is covered by the warring nations, and the devil has exhausted his ingenuity to invent schemes for the destruction of the human race. Isn't he the destroyer? Yes. But I love to contemplate that picture in the twentieth of Revelation. How vivid it must have been to the Apostle John when he saw the mighty angel coming down with a great chain in his hand! As the heavens open and he comes sweeping down through the skies, he says, "I want to know what he is going to do with that chain." Then he sees him lay hold of that old serpent, the dragon, and bind him; he puts him in the pit and seals it, and he is to stay there a thousand years. Our boys and girls are not safe because he is here going around as a roaring lion, but I am looking forward to the time when this prophecy will be fulfilled.

Take the industrial conditions of the world: I want to call your attention to the fact that material progress in this world has been along two distinct lines. First locomotion or transportation, and second, communication; that is, the method of travel and the method of communicating with one another. It is interesting to note the lines of advancement in these methods. First, as to locomotion; the human race began with walking; the wheeled vehicles were the next; following that was the sailboat, then the steamboat and steam cars, the electric car, the automobile and the air-ship. I submit to you that beyond that must be the spirit-realm. Beyond the air-ship must be the power of people who go through space with-

out any disturbance whatever, just like Philip went through the desert over to Azotos. He didn't walk neither did he have an air-ship, but God picked him up and set him down, and that is the way we are going to heaven. This is very indicative of the fact that we are passing to the unseen world.

Take the other line of progression, the line of communication: First God gave them a language; second, writing; third, printing; fourth, telephone; fifth, telegraph; sixth, wireless telegraph; and seventh, wireless telephone. If men can speak without any wire between them, and put the receiver to their ears and get an answer back, the next thing is what some people might call telepathy, just knowing what a person thinks without any communication. But this brings us up to the spirit-realm, and to the thought that we are right on the border. Do we believe we are just approaching the millennium, the reign of Christ a thousand years on earth?

If you are not ready to meet the Lord you need not expect to get ready after the trump sounds; you won't have time to 'phone to your friends, or run over to your neighbors and pay back that which you borrowed from them; you needn't think you can make up with your wife and children if you have mistreated them. If you have a grudge against another, you had better straighten that up, because Jesus Christ might come before morning. I trust God will help us to realize the imminence of His coming any hour, so we will keep straight with one another and not be ashamed at His coming.

As we have already suggested, the coming of Jesus is twofold in its nature. First, He comes in the air when the righteous dead are resurrected and the righteous living are caught up. Then after a period of time, I do not know how long, whether three years or seven years, He comes to the earth with ten thousand of His saints. The first thing you will hear when He comes is a shout. It will be the biggest shout you ever heard; so decisive and so impressive it will wake you up and make you realize that something supernatural is taking place. Every righteous one will hear that voice, the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and a thousand years later all the dead will hear that voice, some to the resurrection of life, and some to the resurrection of damnation. In I. Cor. 15:52 we read we shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye. Suppose while you are sitting here and above my voice and above all noises, you would hear the

trump of Almighty God, are you ready to shake off this mortality? You cannot begin to imagine the resurrection of the righteous, but that voice will be sufficient to awaken those who have died in the Lord Jesus, who were faithful unto death.

The next thing that will happen will be the change of the righteous living. If we live until He comes we will hear that trump. Oh to be in that company! The earth's dead will be rising all about us, and the next instant the change will have taken place and together we will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. I cannot describe it!

Now, I want to call your attention to some things that will attend the next wonderful event. Jesus Christ has caught up His Bride to Himself and has spread the marriage supper, and we are going to have a good time feasting with the Lord. I'd love to draw the curtain over the scenes that will then take place in rapid succession upon this earth. They will come forward with some kind of explanation about every mysterious thing that happens; they will not believe that the saints have been raptured, but would rather believe a lie. That is the tribulation period that is described in the Book of Revelation 16th to the 19th chapters, when the vials of the seven last plagues will be poured out. The things that will befall man during that period of time beggar description, but they are going to be real. God said to Job away back yonder in the earliest pages of history, that He had reserved the hail for the day of trouble, and several thousand years after that God told John He would rain hail upon the wicked about the weight of a talent. Away down in Texas we have some awful hail-storms and they take everything in their path. One young man said he was not afraid of hail-storms, but the sky was beautiful and clear when he said it. That afternoon a cloud began to arise in the west and suddenly it spread over the sky; the thunder began to roll and there was a rumbling noise that always accompanies a hail-storm; it sounds like the constant roll of thunder. The storm burst upon the country and the hail began to fall, the stones were of considerable size and went right through the roof and through the floor. This young man who was sitting on the bed rolled over and got underneath. He was afraid when it came.

God is already beginning to visit this world with His judgments. In Isa. 29:6 He said He would visit the earth with thunder and earthquake; with storm and tempest and a devouring fire, and He is doing it today, and the same

prophet says He will bring all the countries into war and put the wicked to the sword, and this is also being fulfilled.

A few years ago I thought I'd make a note of the most important happenings in the world that betokened the soon-coming of the Lord. I continued to do that for three years and my list became so large I could not keep it up. Isaiah says, "Morning by morning," "by day and by night"; "and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report." It is so now. You cannot understand now the reports in the paper of the terrible things occurring on the face of the earth, and they don't give all of them either. There are many things that transpire which show that we are living in the beginning of the tribulation. "These are the beginning of sorrows," said Jesus, and I believe it.

We also learn in this 16th chapter of Revelation that one of the events to take place during the tribulation will be a great earthquake. Already the earth has been girdled by earthquakes. Scientists used to tell us they would take place only in volcanic regions, but already that theory has been exploded. In 1906 there began a series of earthquakes all around the world. Earthquakes are not in themselves a sign but they are becoming much more frequent. Jesus said in the last days there would be earthquakes in divers places. Following that, the sun shall be turned into darkness. This may happen at noonday, when the sun is shining in its zenith and splendor, and people going along laughing and talking, but all at once midnight darkness drops down on the earth, and people begin to run hither and thither to inquire what has happened. Men who are interested in nothing but business and those on the board of trade, absorbed in the state of the market, will rush out inquiring, "What does it mean?" And the moon is turned into blood, and the stars are falling, and suddenly they realize that the end has come. Then they realize the meaning of mother's prayers, when she cried, "Oh God, have mercy on my boy." You girls have treated this matter lightly, and when they tried to have you stay home from the party, you have said, "Oh no, we must have our fun."

Suppose you are down in the city in that skyscraper when that earthquake comes. I think of the ten thousand clerks in Marshall Fields, and the awful destruction. The Book says the cities of the nations fell when that great earthquake took place. Then the day of mercy will have passed forever and the day of God's judgment will have come.

Only in Jesus Can the Houred-out Life Be Lived

Practical Lessons on Keeping the Soul on Fire

Robert Brown, New York City, in the Stone Church, October 18, 1916.



I WILL read part of the twenty-ninth chapter of Second Chronicles. The first thought in this chapter is that Hezekiah, the king, served God while he was young. Some people will tell you that religion is good for old folks and little children, but the salvation I have is good for young men. I believe the reason there are not more men in the churches is because God's people present a wrong front. When Jesus Christ came into the world He came to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Our lips should show forth His praise. Hezekiah served God. He lived the life. What we need today is more "life" and less profession, and if you have the life behind it you might as well try to keep back Niagara with a hayfork as to stop the praises of God. When the Lord opens the prison doors He sets you free, and there is nothing on earth can bind you. God today, is calling people to live His life through them, and not live like monkeys. You see a group of monkeys; if one monkey does a thing the other monkeys do the same thing, and that is like some people; but God doesn't want us to ape each other—He wants us to be ourselves. It doesn't take anyone who is deep in God to tell if you have the victory or not, because if you have, it will come out all over.

First of all, Hezekiah lived the life and then he got into active service. There are some people today working for God who are not saved at all, but the difference between people who are saved and sanctified and baptized in the Holy Ghost, and those who are not, is that the fruit of the latter class does not remain. You can take people into church under excitement and ecstasy and a lot of human tactics, but the fruit does not remain, and the Word says we shall bear fruit and our fruit shall remain. Every man and woman who are true children of God should do like Hezekiah: on the first day of the first year get into the harness and never get out of it. He opened the doors of the house of the Lord in the first month, and repaired them. Then he brought in the priests and the Levites, and said, "Hear me, ye Levites, sanctify now yourselves and sanctify the house of the Lord God of your fathers, and carry forth the filthiness out of the holy

place." In the early days of Israel as a nation, there was only one man who had sinned, but he caused the defeat of the whole army, and I do not know why it is that a whole meeting should be blocked because one person has a resisting spirit, but such is often the case. It is possible to resist a speaker in your thoughts, and you hinder him from having liberty. God wants us to cleanse His house, and I do not know of any better way to do this than by prayer. In our assembly in New York City we have a prayer meeting every day in the year, excepting on Saturdays, and on Wednesdays we fast and pray, and God blesses us the whole year around. God doesn't intend for the fire to go out on the altar of your heart, but that it shall burn brightly from the day it started by the Spirit of God coming down from heaven.

Then the king goes on to confess the sins of his people, and that is the next thing to do. Not only do we need to pray, but to confess our sins. The confessions of some people are nothing but a jumble of hypocrisy. They say, "I have failed God," but what did they do. In Lev. 5:5 it says, of a soul that sins, "and it shall be when he shall be guilty in one of these things, that he shall confess that he hath sinned in that thing." There are few people these days who are humble enough to confess their sins. It hurts their dignity and their pride, and their standing in the church. They would have to be nailed to the cross to do it. A general confession is not a Bible confession. When you have committed a certain sin, the Word of God says you shall confess that sin. There are some sins that should not be confessed publicly, but all sin should be confessed in one way or another.

If there is something in your heart against anyone you will never be happy until you unburden yourself. I have held that confession is as much in the Word of God as salvation, but I hold this is the ground on which confession ought to be made: If you have sinned against an individual you should confess to that individual, and that confession is not for the church or for the community. If you have sinned against the Church, then it is for you to confess to the Church, but I have known people who have sinned against individuals and they have exploited it before church assemblies and done far more harm than good. Then there is open confession which is

good for the soul, but how few want to make open confession. Their dignity is crucified, and they don't want anybody to know they are mean and are thieves and have kept back the Lord's money. It is surprising how few people are really saved. If Jesus Christ were to walk up and down the aisles of a church and single people out who are really saved it is a grave question how many there would be. We want to clean up all the rubbish, and open our hearts one to the other. It will help us to die on the cross. The cross is where Jesus died, and He has left us an example. I believe there are people in this meeting who have failed God right there. You can tell it by their faces. I saw an advertisement in which were the pictures of two men, "Sunny Jim," and "Gloomy Gus." I see these characters in the same meeting, the same God rules over both, they hear the same sermons and sit in the same pews. What is the matter? It is sin that separates us from God and puts a shadow over our faces.

Our next thought is that real worship is on the ground of sacrifice, and we read in the twentieth verse that Hezekiah rose up early and gathered the rulers together and went up to the house of the Lord. Then they brought their bullocks and their lambs and goats for sacrifice. A man might as well try to pull himself up by his boot-straps as to worship God without sacrifice. You say sacrifice is done away with. Yes, the sacrifice of bulls and goats, but that is superseded by the offering to God of our time, our talents, our money, our very lives. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

Dr. Simpson said in New York one time in his missionary address that God in these days didn't want people's loose change, and he went on to quote the text that His people should be a free-will offering in the day of His power. That is how it reads in the original, and wherever the power of God is working, you will find that the people of God are offering up their lives for Him.

One night when I was in Sister Cantel's home in London we had a meeting, and a dear sister, a young girl about seventeen, was under the power of the Spirit, and she prophesied in plain English and said, "It is only in the poured-out life of Jesus Christ that we can live the poured-out life for Him." Beloved, it is only as you and I are emptied and infilled that we can live the poured-out life for Him. When you dwell in God and God dwells in you, you will be like a lamp, making absolutely no effort to burn, but

just a vessel to give forth the light. We do not admire the lamp itself, but we look at the light. That is the way with men and women of God. They are in living touch with the power-house of heaven, and as the light shines forth from them, men and women glorify God. You will notice they brought for the sacrifice seven bullocks, seven rams, and seven he-goats, and all those sevens are perfect numbers. God wants us to make a perfect sacrifice, a complete sacrifice. Can you look up into the face of Jesus and say, "This day I pour out my life for Thee"? Sometimes you fast, but what do you do with the money that you save by not eating? What are you fasting for, because you want to become more happy? If you will fast and take the price of the meals and give it to the poor, that will be real sacrifice. In Isaiah fifty-eighth chapter, we read, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? . . . to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" I know of people who fast for two meals of the day and for the third meal they take the money they would have used in eating the other meals, and they eat so much they might as well have eaten in the morning. Do you call that self-denial? Jesus continually denied Himself, and He says if we do not deny ourselves and take up our cross, we cannot be His disciples. I wonder how many of us can look into the face of Almighty God and say, "I bore the rugged cross today for Jesus' sake." "I denied myself something today."

When you talk about tithing to the people they say, "Why, I am under grace, and not under law any more." If you want to go on with God you will be a Bible Christian, and if you are a Bible Christian you will bring your sacrifice to the altar. There are millions of people who have never heard the name of Jesus, and if we would deny ourselves to give for the salvation of these lost ones, God could not hold back the blessing upon such a church. I never saw an assembly yet that was letting God have His way that didn't have the missionary spirit. A colored man one time was preaching, and every time he spoke he mentioned the foreign field, and a lot of long-faced, dried-up deacons came along and said, "If you do not stop preaching on foreign missions and taking up money for them, you will kill the church." He said, "Well I will keep on preaching and if it does I will come down and stand on the ruins of this church and preach on this text,

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." I was lax along this line in Glad Tidings Hall, New York City, and we got as dry as a bone, and God showed me we had neglected the missionary field, and when we moved up on that line God's power fell. Beloved, every revival and every special series of meetings ought to have three objects, first, evangelization at home, then Judea and Samaria, and third the uttermost parts of the earth.

Then when the king had every one in his place, the Levites with their instruments, he commanded them to offer the burnt offering before the Lord, and all the congregation worshipped, and the singers sang, and they bowed themselves, the king and the people before the Lord. I often compare a revival service to one of those battles in Europe. Sometimes they pour millions of shells into the camp of the enemy and just the moment the bombardment ceases, the infantry is waiting to burst through the intrenchments of the enemy. Just so the minister, if he has the power of God behind him, fires in the Word of God and opens the way for God's children to walk in and take the spoils. Where the Holy Ghost is having His way and God is in supreme command, every church of Jesus Christ and each member of the body is in his or her place and can go forth to take the prisoners for the Lord. I have been in meetings where the pastor would have to sing and preach, and pray for the sick, answer questions, and the people would just sit still and look wise. This is not God's plan. He has made us all kings and priests unto Himself, and you have lost the choice blessing God has for you if you do not move out in His will. If you will act in the will of God and say, "Lord, I will obey Thee," He will put a zeal in you to go forth at the right time, and present Jesus, as He sent Peter down to the household of Cornelius, that the people might be shown the way of salvation. Many people never think of doing anything along this line. The primary object of Jesus Christ dying on the cross is to save men, and we were baptized in the Holy Ghost not simply to speak in tongues. Those things have their place, but what we want to do as individual men and women of God, is to endeavor to save the other fellow, and we will do it if we make an honest effort. There are some who never think of trying to do personal work, but I would rather have hand-picked fruit than any other kind. There is the commercial, hand-picked fruit and what they call "wind-falls." Wind-falls have imperfections and you

have to use them up right away or they are gone. There are less imperfections in hand-picked fruit, but there are lots of wind-falls come in during a revival; they are swept in on the wave-crest of emotionalism and if they are not solid, mortification sets in ere long and the fruit is spoiled.

Every man and woman who put their trust in God will never lack. I do not care if the coal goes up to \$25 a ton, and flour to \$20 a barrel God can supply supernaturally. My wife has told me that money has multiplied in her pocket. One night in Glad Tidings Hall, a cold stormy night, just as I was about to go home, a fellow came in for help. He had to get a bed. I had but a quarter, and I saved out enough for carfare and gave the rest to him. As soon as I had given him, another fellow came along, just as pitiable an object. I was wondering what I should do for carfare, but I gave the man all I had left and they were both able to get beds. Before I left the place a man gave me a dollar, one who had never before given me a penny. I was working at the time this happened; if I had been out trusting God I would not have been so surprised. At another time I was walking along without a cent of money, and when I reached a certain place, I found money in my pocket. God is our Father and He is a supernatural God; He will take care of His children even though prices are high. The young lions will lack and suffer hunger, but the words of the Psalmist, "I have been young and now am I old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread," are true today.

People do not trust God. They sing "He's everything to me," and worry about the price of food; they believe in Divine Healing and run to the drug store for headache powders. He is everything to the man who trusts, and God tonight will come into your life and lift upon you the light of His countenance and be your health. The Lord deals with me along this line if I disobey Him in the least thing. The enemy comes in and makes my body sick, and I have to get down before Him and cry mightily. With all my preaching, with all my soul-winning and with all my praying I have to cry to God daily in order to keep saved. There never was a time in the history of this world since Christ poured out the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, when it was so hard to keep saved as at this moment. I know people who, ten years ago were baptized in the Holy Ghost and fire and they had victory in their lives and won souls because of the fire that burned on the altar of their hearts, but today they

haven't victory. Why? Because every devil in hell has let loose and they are attacking men and women, contending for their spirits and their bodies. He contended with Christ through the flesh; through His appetite, and if we were honest before God there is not one in this house but would admit that the devil was contending with him through his appetites or his ambitions and desires. When Jesus was in the world the devil offered Him all the kingdoms of this world; they passed before Him in a moment of time. That was the first moving-picture show ever invented by the devil, and he said, "I will give you all this glory, this honor and this fame, if you will only bow down and worship me." Then he tells Him

to jump down from a great height that the angels would take care of Him. Just so he is after God's children today to do some foolhardy thing. Just as soon as you get into the Spirit of God he will try to get you out. Then as Jesus was fasting and praying he told Him to make the stones bread; he appealed to His appetite and so he is doing today. Every young man and young woman know that is true, but Jesus gave us a remedy. He said, "Pray that ye may be accounted worthy to escape the awful tribulation that is coming upon this world." That is the cry of Jesus today, "Watch and pray" that we may be kept in the hour of trial which is now upon the whole world.

Distress of the Nations

Our Present Privileges and Responsibilities



If there is a people under heaven who should be filled with gratitude and praises to God, it ought to be the people who are dwelling in this blessed land, America, for if we have peace, prosperity and opportunity to do good and to gain a hundred fold, it is because the God of love and all grace gives this unto us in the United States. He is doing all this gracious work unto us in these terrible days of sorrow and distress for the sake of Jesus Christ who is continually interceding in heaven before the Father for us, and by His tender and compassionate Spirit through His dear saints in behalf of the ungodly around us.

We think that we know of the distress of nations all over the world; we know it just by word but not experimentally and experience and knowledge are two very different things. We are woefully ignorant of God's love to us at this perilous time and do not know what wonderful protection we have at this very day of sorrow and gloominess, and that safety is the gift of the King of kings and the Lord of lords and not of any man under heaven. Oh, let us praise the Lord for His care over us.

To praise and thank the Lord is very important, but we are under another obligation since the precious opportunities are ours. That is to share voluntarily the sorrows and the struggles of our distressed neighboring countries who are under the curse of bloody wars, their hearts bleeding as they see their precious young men rolling in their blood by the millions and their homes getting emptied not only of the dear members of their families but of the necessities of

life. Their sad condition is crying aloud *Help! Help! Help!* Oh, what a privilege for us in this country! What a time of building the eternal treasures! What a time to sow the good seed with the great harvest following! *Let us take the advantage.*

Books could be written upon this important subject which faces us now, "The Distress of the Nations," and our duty toward it, but my business is to stir up the holy minds of God's saints and pray God's touch upon their hearts even the touch of His burning love so that we all may not miss our glorious privileges in this time by *helping others.*

As a representative of the Pentecostal household of God in Persia, I write before God the following truth and it is for you, dear reader, to think and do and get the advantage of the same.

HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH IN PERSIA.

Many of you have read a little of God's work in Urumia, Persia, which began during the last three years, and how many babes were born in our blessed family of God. You have heard slightly about their massacre and the loss of all they had. You also have a little idea of their present distress, but you will never know how they have been and are suffering; in fact, you never could know it except you experience the same, but we pray that you never may for it is more than terrible. However, what we should be after is that we may do that which we ought to do and as God would have us do, for unto this very purpose we are preserved in safety in this land of peace and liberty. What must we do? *Ist, we must pray with importunity of heart and*

mind to the great Friend of all the friendless to give us three loaves for our tired and needy and hungry friends coming to us and calling upon us for deliverance from their present distress of the spirit and food and material. 2nd, we must do that immediately for tomorrow may be too late and we lose the God-given opportunity. 3rd, we must do it cheerfully for such givers God loves.

This distress of nations comes because of their sins, because of the fulness of their cup; because of trusting the arm of flesh and because of forgetting the God of their salvation. Yea, it was this sin that brought the bloody massacres upon the Armenians and Christian Assyrians of Turkey and Persia.

While these nations collectively are turned away from God yet in their midst there were and are a few of God's chosen and faithful ones who are burning with the same fire of wrath that came upon the thousands of dry ones. As our Lord was "the green tree" yet He came under the flame of God's holy wrath because of the sins of His people, so His representatives are green trees of righteousness but as the great plague which comes upon all unfruitful trees it effects them also. "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." Lam. 4:13. Jer. 23:9-15.

This has happened to our beloved brethren in Urumia, Persia; not only were they sorely affected by the general massacre, ruining of their homes, losing some of their dear ones in martyrdom, but since then the plagues of famine are upon them. Lack of food on the one hand and the threefold higher prices on the other! Besides this the terrible plagues of Asiatic cholera killed hundreds this past summer and their vineyards were destroyed by other plagues. Plague upon plague come because people will not repent, because people will not learn righteousness in the time of trouble. God help us to learn to be righteous and keep in His fear; to help His little ones that He may see fit to spare us for the sake of His good will and purpose.

The kindness of the saints in the past and even now has truly been a wonderful help to the suffering ones in Urumia but it has been very little in comparison with the help the other missionaries receive from their boards in this country. Therefore in His loving name we want to appeal once more to your tender and compassionate hearts for further help to keep the poor saints encouraged, that they may feel the Lord loves

them through His children in this good land, that their needs may be supplied according to His riches in glory by Jesus Christ in His saints here, and that the workers with their families may be saved from temporal needs and sufferings, so that their strength will be used to suffer for the Gospel and not for food.

The work in five villages with the work in Urumia city is kept by the power of God although many discouragements and blows of Satan have come upon them. They are holding fast and expecting the speedy help of a good number of missionaries from this country that will go forth as soon as the war is over for greater victories in Christ Jesus' name for the whole country. Bros. Bob Lazar with Timothy D. Urshan and Joseph Yohanan and also Bro. Yohanan Baboo and the women workers are busy every day, going from village to village holding meetings in the streets, in the fields and in homes everywhere. Of course, persecution is their bitter herb with the lamb's meat.

Dear saints let us pray and encourage these dear ones to go on. Let us see that they will not suffer for food and for clothes but for the Gospel's sake only. Let us pray that their present distress will turn to the unspeakable joy of winning many souls for Jesus. They are our brethren through the blood relation of Jesus Christ. They are our representatives so they are called the Pentecostal Tongues People, despised, misjudged, and persecuted, looking to God and to us for help and encouragement. All the help you have in Jesus' name send it to the office of The Latter Rain Evangel of the Stone Church, c/o Sister Anna C. Reiff, 3635 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., or The Pentecostal Missionary Report of Cleveland, O., c/o Pastor D. W. Kerr, 6403 Linwood Ave. We will faithfully and prayerfully look after the stewardship of these gifts.

Andrew D. Urshan,
707 Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Notes

Saved Thro' the Printed Word

IT is a source of real comfort and encouragement when the toils seem heavy and the details a bit monotonous, to know that our labors have not been in vain in the Lord. The greatest joy we have is to know that souls receive definite and practical spiritual blessing through The Evangel, and we are praying more and more that God will use it, either directly or indirectly to be a soul winner. God's approval upon us would be sufficient without any knowledge of results, and yet it is heartening to know that souls are blessed and strengthened.

We were much encouraged by a recent letter from a brother telling of how he was saved through reading The Evangel. His wife used to subscribe for the paper, and while she was off on the King's business he got out the back numbers and began to read them. He had been robbed of salvation for many years through doubts and fears, but as he read a testimony of one whom God saved from a similar condition, he realized that the precious blood of Jesus was shed for him as well as others. He put aside his reading, fell on his knees and cried to God for mercy. He was blessedly saved. Thousands of prayers had been offered for his conversion and God used this means to reach his soul. He is now sending for back numbers to read during the winter months. The helpful word that is sent forth may lay for a long time like a little seed,

but it is not lost. If touched by the life of the Spirit and watered by prayer it will bring forth a rich fruitage, even the salvation of an immortal soul.

No more appreciative words have ever come to us than those recently received from a sister in California, who said as she renewed her subscription that she could not possibly do without the spiritual food although she was curtailing in material food. She was eating corn-meal three times a day and would be willing to eat even one meal less rather than be deprived of the paper. Surely such a spirit of sacrifice will be more than repaid, and we trust that we may ever be enabled to feed these hungry souls with manna from heaven.

* * *

We have previously called the attention of our readers to the matter of their sending us personal checks, and we wish again to remind them that every time they send us a personal check for the subscription it nets us only 90 cents. We are sorry to refer to this again, but the increasing number of personal checks without exchange make it incumbent upon us to do so. Owing to the additional expense along all lines and the small margin of profit, we are obliged to watch the little leakages in order to meet all our obligations. We feel it is only necessary to call our readers' attention to this matter, as it has no doubt been lack of thought on their part in sending the shortage.

* * *

Our special meetings at the Stone Church have closed for the holidays, but God is blessing in our regular services, which are as follows: Lord's Day, 10:00, 3:00 and 7:30; Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:45; Wednesday teaching and prayer for the sick at 2:30; Thursday afternoon, special prayer service; Friday night, Young People's at 7:45. We recently held two baptismal services in which a number of candidates obeyed their Lord and were greatly blessed. The acting pastor, Brother Hardy W. Mitchell, took a trip to Rock Island, Ill., over Lord's Day, Nov. 26th, to hold a baptismal service there. Revival fires broke forth with the first meeting, and during the baptismal service one who was a sinner, came forward in penitence and was immersed. In the evening meeting the power of God fell like rain and twenty-five souls were saved. The altar service closed with testimonies from those newly born into the kingdom, amid much rejoicing. There were also several baptized in the Holy Spirit. Those wishing to communicate with

Brother Mitchell can address him at 764 Oakwood Boulevard, this city. Telephone 6515.

* * *

We have been asked to make the following announcement:

PENTECOSTAL SUNDAY SCHOOL MONTHLY.

"For Sunday School Lessons published along

Pentecostal lines get the 'Pentecostal Sunday School Monthly,' which contains lessons for each month. December number, 3 cents each; beginning with January number, 2 cents each. We desire the co-operation of all Pentecostal people in this much-needed work. Send orders to The Pentecostal Herald, 723 West 62nd St., Chicago, Ill."

On the Missionary Firing Line Here and There With the "Other Sheep"



OW that the holiday season is upon us, our hearts should overflow with gratitude to God for His Unspeakable Gift to this lost world, and our love and appreciation should find expression in gifts to Him who so loved that He gave; to Him who so loved that He came. Are our thoughts going out at this Christmastime to "others" for whom He died, or are we thinking solely about our own? Our receipts for the missionary field for the last week or two have been *unusually small*, and we are wondering what kind of a Christmas our brethren and sisters toiling in foreign lands will have while we are feasting in comfortable homes and lavishing our gifts upon each other.

Let us not lose sight of the great sacrifice that was made for us, and goad ourselves to follow His example, so that the "other sheep" may know of our wonderful Savior. We recently heard of some missionaries who had nothing to eat but some chicken feed which they ground up and made into bread. It wasn't very palatable but they were glad for it.

We quote from Mrs. E. Bernauer's letter, written from Tokyo, Japan:

"The missionary zeal in the homeland seems to be waning and we cannot tell how much longer we can go on, but we are just looking to our loving Father to have His way with us, and if His way is to take us home, amen. "All things work together for good."

"These new doctrines have not affected me, except financially for I have not accepted any of them. The blessed Bible reads just the same to me as it did four years ago. My helper in the work is standing with me in regard to all the Pentecostal teaching. His wife also is a devoted Christian and knows how to pray and trust God. We would ask for your special and earnest prayers at this time. God has laid it on our hearts to open a home for orphan girls, many of whom are sold to lives of sin. We prayed so earnestly that if He were leading us He would take us to a suitable place and He did. We have found an ideal place. Can be bought and fitted up for about \$1200, has large grounds and a beautiful spring of fresh, cool water, clear as crystal. The owner will fit it up and rent it to us if we will promise to lease it for a term of years. Do pray about it with us."

A missionary of the Argentine, Miss Alice Wood writes interestingly of an evangelistic

trip taken in response to a call from Pastor Yoder of Rio Cuarto. It seemed impossible from a financial standpoint but she and her Spanish helper trusted God and He opened the way for them to travel second class, although roughing it in the bitter cold without a sleeper affected Miss Wood's heart and she suffered terribly for three or four days, when the Lord healed her. She writes of the special meetings:

"We were so thankful we went because of the spiritual opportunities and blessings. Several were brought to Christ, a few healed, and four received the gift of the Holy Spirit, Brother Barrio, my Spanish helper, being one of the number. On July 27th we had a day of fasting and prayer when five were baptized in water. God had shown Brother Barrio that he was to be immersed too, so the service was held in the early evening. We came together in the prayer-room after that for the laying on of hands in the Apostolic way for the reception of the Holy Spirit. My Spanish helper was the first to be prayed for and the Spirit fell on him. He had a vision of Jesus smiling upon him, and spoke and sang in tongues. Some Germans present said he spoke in their language. Two or three of the others felt much of the power of God.

"One day I held a meeting for women. There were just seven of us present, and after giving some instructions we went to prayer. It was the most blessed Pentecostal meeting I was ever in, for before we rose we were all singing in the Spirit and two of the sisters received their spiritual baptism. What a delightfully refreshing time we had altogether is better imagined than told! Sister Yoder and I had a good time visiting in the city and country, and in three neighboring towns. I wished I might remain and continue in the work there as there are many open doors in that part, but we remembered the poor, needy ones down in the valley of Gualaguaychu, who are still harder in sin, so felt we must come down from the mount for the time being and help them. Brother Barrio was a good worker before, but now he is much changed; much more powerful in the Spirit, and it is grand to hear him preach and witness everywhere for the Lord. Today he is looking for work. He wants to spend part of his time in manual labor, not only for the sake of the needed money, but he thinks he will have more influence with the people if they know he works with his hands and is industrious. In this country at least, no matter how hard we missionaries study, preach and labor for the Lord, some carry the idea that we do nothing and are simply living for the money we get, and although we assure them we get no salary but trust the Lord to supply our needs, they refuse to believe us. As far as I am concerned, God knows I am doing all I can and often work beyond my strength.

"Brother Barrio is an ex-lieutenant from the Salvation Army. A year ago he began to visit this city periodically with a view to opening a work here and was entertained in our mission. He felt so much of the blessing and power of God in our meetings that he finally felt led to withdraw from the Army and come with us altogether, and we are so thankful to have him. Another of the Army's lieutenants, a devout soul-winner, was about to take the same step, but we could not offer him much encouragement from a financial standpoint and I presume he did not have the faith to step out as I understand he has taken another appointment from the Army. Let people say what they will, it requires money to carry on the Lord's work successfully, as well as everything else. I confess my faith is too weak sometimes when I look at circumstances, but God is teaching me to look to Jesus only. For the sake of those who are interested and want to know what the greatest need of this work is, I would say that we need a suitable room up town for services. Our meetings are held in a private room in this mission, too small even for the Sunday School, and the public will not come freely into a private parlor like they will in a public hall."

We believe there are great possibilities for God and His church in the Argentine, and we urge our readers to pray for this country and especially for Miss Wood who has stood true to God in the midst of much opposition and many trials.

Brother Moore, Yokohama, Japan, writes that they closed their tent meeting with success. The night watchman and his wife became saved, also an entire family living next to the tent and two of another family next door, and some from the country. Brother Moore spent three days in the country where they had never before heard the Gospel or seen a white man, and they eagerly drank in the Word of life. There were about six hundred at the first service and about seven hundred at the next. It was estimated that about one hundred became believers in the Saviour in three days, among them the chief men of the village. They received our missionaries royally and treated them to their best.

Letters from other missionaries in Japan tell of God working in their midst, and of outstretched hands, but aggressive work for God is hindered because of lack of funds.

L. M. Anglin, Taianfu, Shantung, China, writes they are very much in need of the prayers and cooperation of the people in the homeland. They have been much pressed for funds the last few months, but are holding on to God in faith and prayer. We would stir up the home saints in behalf of these dear ones who have been cut off from their Board and all old ties with which they have been associated for many years, because their hearts were open to Pentecostal teaching, and they need our special prayer at this time that their faith fail not.

The blessing of God is upon the work. One

of the school boys arose in a recent Sunday service and said he was much burdened about preaching the Gospel and wanted to go to his own people first. Even though pressed financially they have taken in three more little orphan children, and in order to do this, some are doing without one meal a day. How many of us in the homeland are willing to do without an extra meal in order to take in some orphans who are poor and homeless?

Friends of Mrs. Julia Richardson will be interested to know that she and her co-worker, Miss Hodges have taken another itinerating trip in the Congo Belge northward into the Ngoimani district where so far as they know, no other Evangelical missionary has been. She writes she has secured the permission of the chief to choose a site anywhere in this district. "But," she says, "where are the workers?"

They went as far as Molongo and Kikondja, traveling part of the way in a dugout canoe, and held some services with a native evangelist. When they returned they found that Brother Salter's strength had left him, and he would be compelled to go south to regain his vitality. Mrs. Richardson and Miss Hodges also have both had fever.

We do not pray enough for our missionaries. From different lands comes the appeal for more prayer. One writes from So. China, "Most of the dear missionaries look so pale and thin. Mrs. Yest is having chills and fever; Miss Rodkey is still very ill," and we also have word that Brother Yest is far from well. Cholera and the bubonic plague are raging in Japan and thousands of cases are reported. We mention these names trusting that God will lay them on some heart for prayer.

There is a great deal of criticism current about missionaries frequently returning, and some of it is no doubt well-deserved, but in many cases the missionaries' bodies are so depleted and worn out that they are compelled to come home. They have not the money to go to the hills in the hot season like the salaried missionaries and consequently cannot stay out as long as they do; neither do they, for the most part, live in such comfortable houses nor have nutritious food at all times, all of which affects their physical condition and shortens their lives. Let us pray that both the home and foreign field will get fully in the will of the Lord, equally under the burden of the missionary problem, then they will come into greater unity and sympathy, and more effective work will be accomplished.

We have told in a previous issue of revival droppings in Liberia, but we just want to append herewith a line from Brother Johnson, to lay him and the workers there on your hearts for prayer. He says, "I want you to pray much that we will be kept well in body. I am sorry to say it, but I have never been as tired as I am now. It seems that my very flesh is crying out for rest, but the battle is on and I must keep going. I have just returned from a trip to the Bwebo tribe where we were opening up a new station, about fifty miles from here. I walked on this trip 110 miles. To keep this work up, we must be strengthened from above." Another letter says that everything is twice as high as it was before the war, and receipts of money *far short* of what they were. We hear much about the high cost of living in this country, but it is nothing compared to prices in Liberia: Flour, \$3 a small bag; sugar, 18 cents a pound; dried apples, 30 cents; butter, \$1; meat, 50 cents. One writes, "We don't care for meat. I guess we will be compelled not to care for bread and butter."

* * *

A letter just received from Sister Neeley, one of our missionaries in Liberia, West Africa, tells of a blessed time they have been having in a Methodist Station at Garroway:

"We cannot tell how many have been saved. Sometimes there would be three or four at once shouting victory while we were dealing with others, and they would be getting up all around us. We quit trying to count them and went to prais-

ing the Lord. He knew how many there were, Twice we have seen the altar so full there would not be room for others who would stand and watch until some one was saved when maybe two or three would rush for the same place. The fire is still falling (Oct. 17th). The Methodists have given us full charge to preach what we please and do just as we would in our own service. Hence a number are seeking the baptism of the Spirit but none here have received.

"One of the most remarkable baptisms recently was at a town across the river. A raw, heathen girl was baptized in the Holy Spirit and ran in where Mr. Neeley was stopping and got his Testament. Then she ran out again and, opening it, preached in English. She first spoke in tongues, then gave the interpretation in her own language, then in English. She kept this up for about two hours, and told them Jesus was coming soon and they must get ready quickly. It was truly wonderful! I have never witnessed anything like it. I was only with Mr. Neeley one day on this trip. Mr. Perkins has been quite sick, and I remained with them to help out here. But while he was there we held meetings here and the fire began to fall, and we have been having a blessed time."

But the letter is not unmixed with sorrow; it also conveys the news that Miss Mendenhall has been quite severely stricken; is sometimes helpless in her lower limbs. How much need there is for prayer in behalf of our dear missionaries!

An Age of Disobedient Children and Heart-Broken Parents

The Weapon of Prayer the Remedy

Mrs. Lydia M. Piper, in the Stone Church, November 5, 1916.



HE lesson I have tonight is taken from the twenty-second chapter of Proverbs, sixth verse: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This is an age of disobedient children and heart-broken parents. My husband preached on a text similar to this before he was married, and when he had finished some one stepped up to him and said, "Mr. Piper, I'd like to hear you preach that twenty years from now." People who never had children always know how they should be trained, but it takes all the wisdom we can get from God to bring children up as they ought to be. Our children are the hope of the church; our young people are the hope of the

nation. We are not building up character for selfish purposes, but that they will be an honor to God, to the state and to the nation.

Whose fault is it that this is an age of disobedient children and heart-broken parents? The children say it is the fault of the parents and *vice versa*. Let us think it over together tonight. If ever there was a time when we ought to pray and get hold of God for our families, it is now. There is not a home in America where there are children but what is not an object of attack from the foul birds of impurity. We read in II Samuel, 21st chapter how Rizpah the wife of Saul, after her two sons were hanged brought sackcloth and spread it under those bodies and defended them from the birds of the air and from the wild beasts, day after day, and night after

night. There is a celebrated picture of this woman in her wonderful mother-love defending the dead bodies of her children. We need to rise up and defend the live bodies of our loved ones from the vultures that pounce upon them. If you do not know that they are abroad you haven't your eyes open. They come from every direction. You will find them in the school-room. I, myself, have gone to the principals of the schools and told them of vile letters that were written to my children, and they have said to me that they were powerless; that the trouble did not originate in the school-room. It is time for Christian parents to rise up and get hold of God for these conditions. These foul birds of impurity come in the guise of literature. Foul literature, most bold and suggestive, is flooding our land today. You never saw sin so bold and defiant as it is in these days. All you have to do is to walk down the street to see how the devil is flaunting his wares.

One of the most subtle forms of evil is the moving picture show. Young people say, "What is the harm there?" but every thinking person knows that that is a matter not worth arguing about. Everyone knows the harm in the moving picture business, but the most favorite breeding place of all is the dance hall. Billy Sunday says the man who says there is no harm in dancing is either a fool or a liar; I believe he is both. A respectable young man will take liberties on the dance-floor that he would not think of taking in any other place. If the women danced alone and the men danced alone, it would soon cease. That is a foregone conclusion. Where is the pleasure? Where is the exhilaration? I do not need to comment further. I had a friend in Cincinnati who had been a society girl, but she had a wonderful conversion. She went to some society functions but didn't take part in the dancing. She was approached several times and always refused, finally a friend asked her, "Why is it you object so seriously to dancing?" and she answered, "I object to being hugged to music." A man will put his arm around a young lady on the dance-floor who would not tolerate him in any other place, because it is the conventional thing to do, but we as Christians need to rise up and guard our young from such conventionalities that have a snare in them.

In Proverbs 19:18 we read, "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Many parents have this weakness about their children; if the children want anything they cry until they get it, and many a

time instead of giving them sugar-plums we need to give them the rod. I believe in the rod, but it ought to be used in love. One reason there is such leniency on the parents' part in dealing with their children, is because in nearly every home there is a vacancy, a family plot in a graveyard where lies a little form, and the memory of those little dead faces hinders them from doing their duty; they cannot cause the tears to flow down the cheeks of the living. I have seen home after home where a child has controlled the parents because they had lost a dear one, but why should we give one to the devil because another has gone to the Lord? In after years every spoiled child will turn around and despise the parent who has not trained him but allowed him to rule the home. I have never in my life seen a spoiled child who hadn't utter contempt for his parents when he had grown up; contempt because he had been allowed to have his own way. On the other hand, I have seen young people grow up most devoted to a parent who had held them for the Lord and trained them in His fear. Oh that God might give us wisdom in rearing these whom He has given us. The strongest weapon we have is prayer. A prayerless mother is a weaponless mother, a mother without power. She hasn't anything to stand on. A great man was once asked how soon he thought they ought to begin training a child, and he said, "Fifty years before he is born."

We need to know how to wield this weapon of prayer, how to get hold of God, and there will be times when we will need all the wisdom we can summon, when our children need a strong, firm, yet tender hand upon them. We can consecrate them to God at their birth, and in their youth we can hold them up before God, but as they reach young manhood and womanhood, then is the time we need wisdom. Many a young man and young woman have gone straight to the devil because they have had no sympathy in their homes; no one to tell their trials to, no one to tell their temptations to, no bond of sympathy between parent and child, no entering into their trials and temptations. You can look down on a young person who is tempted and condemn him, but God will hold you responsible. I have talked to many young men and young women in my Christian work, and they have said to me, "Mrs. Piper, I have told you things I would not dare tell my father and mother." It is a shame when the parent has not his child's confidence, and I believe in nine cases out of ten the fault lies with the parent. Take

them in your arms and let them cry it out on your shoulder; lovingly instruct them, and with your arms still around them, get down on your knees before God and ask Him to help your child. That will cement a bond between you and your child that I will defy all the imps of hell to break, and you can send that child out into the world and never fear for him. There has been a union effected between you by heaven that nothing can break. Oh that parents would understand their children and that children would confide in their parents! This reticence, this lack of sympathy, lack of confidence, is what is ruining our homes today. It is sad to go into homes and see the family divided; the son defying the father, the daughter defying the mother; the mother and father perfectly powerless. Such homes are not uncommon even among Christians who are very devout. If we want a strong church we must have strong homes. Take your children into your confidence and love them into submission. Away with your petty scorn! Away with your criticisms! I'd cry to God until He answered if I did not have the confidence of my children, and I thank Him tonight that I have it. My children do not hesitate to tell me everything, and I am glad to listen to anything they have to tell. When you have your children's confidence you are in a place where you can exercise loving discipline, and you can look to God for wisdom in training your child. But if you hold them aloof and scorn them for their temptations and weaknesses you lose your influence over them. The man and woman who do that, have surely forgotten their early years with their failures and sins. It takes a real big man to get down to where the child lives; it takes true nobility in a woman. We fail in being at our best when we close ourselves up and say we will have nothing to do with them; anything that concerns our children should concern us. Let me plead with Christian parents to rise up to this need in their homes. I do not know the conditions in very many homes, but I know that the Lord burned this message into my heart. We need wisdom, we need to respond sympathetically to the inner lives of our children, and bind them to us so that our influence will never be broken.

A number of years ago eight young men walked down the banks of a stream near the city of Washington. They each had a flask of wine in their pockets and were going to a secluded spot to play cards. It was on a Sabbath morning, and as they walked along between ten and eleven o'clock, the church bells began to ring. As the

sound fell on their ears one young man named George, stopped and said, "Boys, I am going back and go to church." His friend who was walking in the rear, said in a scoffing tone, "Boys, George is getting religious. Come back and let's help him. If he wants to be religious, let us immerse him in the water here." George knew he was powerless, and saw that they were not trifling, and he said, "Boys, I know you can take me and drown me, but let me say a few words. I am two hundred miles from home. My father was too poor to have me attend this law school; I came at a great sacrifice. I have a mother who is bed-ridden; in fact I have never seen her out of bed. I am her youngest child, and when they spoke to mother of my coming to this school, she could not bear the thought of my leaving her. She said, 'I cannot have my boy leave me,' but they overruled her. While preparations for my coming were being made little was said, but the morning I left my mother called me to her bedside and said, 'My son, I want you to get down by my bedside,' and she put her hand on my head and said, 'Son, you do not know the agonies of a mother's heart when she is giving up her son. We are too poor to have you come back to see us, and the doctor says I cannot live much longer, but I am willing to give you up and make the sacrifice that you may have this education, but remember, George, every Sabbath morning when the church bells ring, between ten and eleven o'clock, I want you to think of your dying mother, lying here on her bed, praying for you that you may be kept close to God.' Boys, the church bells are ringing, and I know my mother is praying for me. I never expect to see her on earth again, but, boys, I want to see her in heaven."

They had closed around him in their sport and jest, thinking they would hold him from breaking through, but as he finished with the tears running down his face, the ring parted and he went out and went to church. After a little while, one by one, they followed George to church, having thrown away their cards and their wine, and today everyone of those men are saved through the influence of one praying mother. I say again, we can trust our children anywhere if we have brought them up right in God. Our Lord is a wonderful Savior, and I believe that we as parents, after we have done all that is possible, can send our children forth and trust God with the results. Our young people are sorely tempted; I think they are more severely tempted today than we have ever been. Fishermen make

nets, some of them are made so that only the matured, full-grown fish are caught, but the devil's nets are not like that; they are so fine that they catch the young and most helpless. A young teacher said to a Sunday School superintendent, "If we do not care for our boys, the devil will." He said, "You are wrong. The devil will whether we do or not," and I tell you mothers and fathers, tonight, you may neglect your children, but the devil will not neglect them. He is going about as a roaring lion, and he will snatch your child and snatch my child if we do not hold on to them mightily.

Oftentimes the naughtiness of the small child is laughed at and we think he is very cute, but it is often the foundation of a sin over which we weep bitter tears in after years. I do not believe in overlooking faults because a child is small. Seeds are being sown then for the devil to reap a rich harvest some day.

Let me emphasize the absolute necessity, and the invaluableness of holding on to God for our children, I believe a godly father or a praying mother can claim the salvation of any child if that parent is importunate and has clear access to the throne. If the Syrophenician woman who was a heathen, could get the ear of the Lord for her daughter, and have Him say to her, that her daughter was delivered, would not a loving Father hear the cry of His children? A minister who spent some years in the city of New Orleans, told of a very touching answer to the prayers of a devout mother. She had been a woman of wealth and position, yet noted for her Christian character. A cloud hung over her life because her favorite son, who had had many advantages in life, became a profligate and a vagabond. The minister had known the young man in his school days,

and the mother hearing he was somewhere in the Southern states wrote the minister asking if he should in any way meet her unfortunate boy, that he would show him kindness. A few days after the letter was received, the young man found himself in New Orleans and in the minister's study. He was in a most woeful plight, physically and morally, exceedingly rude and profane, and a common beggar, wanting money. The minister told him money would do him no good unless he reformed. He spurned the idea of reforming, saying that it was too late, that he had nothing to live for, no friend in the world, the offscouring of the earth. As he said this the minister went to his desk and took out the letter from his mother. On asking him if he knew the handwriting a change came over his manner and he said, "It is my dear mother's." He opened the letter and read him a single paragraph in which she poured out her heart agony for her wayward boy and cried to God to save him. As he read it he seemed struck by an unseen power, and sinking down on a chair he burst into tears, sobbed aloud and convulsively exclaimed, "Oh God forgive my base ingratitude to that beloved mother." The thought of that dear mother in her far distant home, who cherished for him an undying affection and overlooked all his baseness and never failed to mingle his outcast name with her morning and evening prayers, broke his hard heart, and the tears of penitence flowed freely. His life was changed from that hour and he went back to his home and lived a sober and industrious life. The prayers of that godly mother brought the young man to the place where the Holy Spirit could touch and change his life. Let us never become discouraged, no matter how dark the outlook. God will save the wandering ones if we are faithful.

Christ Is the Answer to It All

Mrs. Ellen Winters

Beneath the burden of my sins I groaned,
And darker yet the night that shut me in,
While God, upon His judgment seat enthroned,
Weighed all my life, so full of self and sin.
Justice decreed that I must surely die—
(I merited the judgment that must fall);
But Love Divine had heard my bitter cry—
Christ was the answer to it all.
O, wondrous love! O matchless grace!
He bore my sins and took my place.

When wounded unto death by Satan's fiery dart,
My life a wreck with sickness, grief and pain,
With hope all gone, despair had filled my heart;
Ah, who could heal, for human help was vain;
And then I saw Him bearing on the tree
My every need; drinking the bitter cup of gall,
He purchased Heaven and healing there for me—
Christ was the answer to it all.
He who could heal my sin-sick soul,
My body touched, and made me whole.

When sorely pressed by doubts and cares and fears,
(Failures, like wrecks, had strewn life's stormy sea);
"And must this be," I cried, "through all the years,
Is there no victory in this life for me?"
Then such a peace stole o'er my troubled breast,
As this assurance on my heart did fall,
"There's victory for you and peace and rest—
Christ is the answer to it all."
Doubts, cares and fears have flown away
Since the Comforter has come to stay.

When every joy that is of earth has fled,
And storm-clouds seem to hide His smiling face,
And the sad heart grows sick with hopes long dead,
He meets my need with all His wondrous grace.
So safe in Him, from sorrow's storms I hide,
Nor doubt His love whatever may befall;
With Him alone, my soul is satisfied—
Christ is the answer to it all.
He takes the place of friends and home,
And says He'll leave me not alone.

Daily War in Africa

Some Things Our Missionaries Face



AFRICA is the home of the wild elephant, the lion, the gorilla, the crocodile, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the python, the leopard and the cannibal savages. But a white man may live there and never have to fight any one of these enemies. The enemies he has to fight are far worse. Every day, the battle is on with flies, mosquitoes, jiggers, ants, small snakes, centipedes, cockroaches, rats, and so forth. One veteran missionary, in his book on "The Fetish Folk of West Africa" humorously observes:

"It is significant that it was in Africa where Moses summoned the ten plagues to his aid in humbling the haughty Pharaoh. If ten had not been sufficient, he might have summoned ten times ten, and that without exhausting the domestic resources."

He goes on to tell about the fly as a pest. The Gaboon natives usually carry a fly brush with them, made of a bunch of stiff grass about two feet long, so that they can slap the flies off their backs. When a native sees a fly on a friend's bare back, it is only manners to come up stealthily behind and strike an awful blow at it. The fly generally gets away, and the blow often hurts, but it is Gaboon courtesy to give it. This habit of killing flies on one's neighbor becomes an established habit, and the natives cannot keep from it even in church. When the missionary preached in Botanga, at first, it used to disturb him to see a man creep across the aisle to hit a friend in this way; but he got accustomed to it as one of the fixed habits of the congregation. Of course, when a convert has learned to wear a coat in church, the custom ceases; and the white man soon teaches his native helpers that he does not need to be slapped on his clothed back. Still "Swat that fly" is a time-honored African motto, and the bite of some of the bush flies is no joke.

Then there are the driver ants. They house-clean Africa, and march to the task in glistening black streams, about two inches wide, the female ants, about the size of our wood ants, in the middle, and the soldiers, four times as large, running along the sides—not that the lady ants require any protection, for they can bite like red-hot pincers. Anyone that knows the driver ant gets out of the way at once. But once out of their direct path, they can be studied closely.

As long as they are not touched, they will stream past and take no notice of the watcher. But let him once come near enough to be touched by their guards, and in a few minutes—not more than five—he suddenly finds himself attacked from top to toe. One of two things is his only hope—to strip off all his clothing and run for his life, or to plunge into the nearest rain barrel or water hole. Luckily, the bite is not poisonous, and he who escapes will recover. But more than one human being has been eaten alive by the drivers.

When the ants come to a place where there is food, they break ranks and scatter. Then woe to the caravan that comes along, for it will plunge in among the ants without seeing them! There will suddenly be a wild yelling, "Drivers!" and the carriers will dash through the path, stamping heavily as they go, to keep off or shake off the ant army. Sometimes the caravan is warned that drivers are on the path, by the scream of the elephant, the roar of the gorilla and the cry of the leopard, all escaping in terror from the invading ants. Everything in the forest is afraid of drivers, even the big python, and every animal yields them the way.

Every now and then the drivers visit the villages, to eat whatever they can find. They usually come in the night and enter the house in a stream, then spread to the walls and the thatched roof. In one way, they are useful; for they devour every centipede, roach, beetle, and so forth, that lives in the thatch, and are immune to any known insect powder. One missionary tells how one morning, just at daybreak, he was sleeping alone in a hut at Efulen.

"I was awake, but not yet ready to rise, when I heard a low, rustling sound upon the floor of my room. After a few minutes, observing that it became louder, I drew back my mosquito net and looked out. Almost the entire floor was black with drivers, and they were close to the bed. From the foot of the bed to the door it was still possible for me to escape by a good jump; and in a moment I found myself shivering out in the yard while my clothes were still in the house." Even on a rainy night, the inhabitants turn out of a house at once, rather than risk encounter with the ants.

The driver loves chickens. Once in a chicken house, nothing is left but bones and feathers.

They eat the eggs out of the shells. Anyone who desires to keep chickens builds the chicken house on the other side of the dwelling from the nearest bush, so that the drivers will get into the house first and alarm the inmates. In this way, the owner may have time to run and save his chickens—a few of them, anyway. The white man, in such an emergency, tucks his trousers inside his socks, ties handkerchiefs round his sleeves over the wrist, puts on a cap and a muffler, and rushes in among the chickens, stamping his feet. He may find a black, glistening mass all over the floor and walls, and he must hand out the chickens, stripping the ants off their legs as he does so, to the helpers who hover outside, and stamping his feet all the while. If the chickens are carried into a hut, and a line of fire built round it, the ants can be picked off their bodies at leisure, and if not too severely bitten, they will live. But it is a chance whether they can be saved.

Another ant is so tiny that it can hardly be seen except in a good light and against a white surface. It lives in dark closets, inside of mattresses and in upholstered furniture, and is a man-eater. Trade houses and huts and mission houses might as well be abandoned when it once gets in in force, for no one can sleep in a bed with this red ant without danger. Its bite feels as if red-hot pepper had been sprinkled on the skin, and will produce inflammation and fever. The bite is too small to be seen, but the smarting and redness are like that caused by some poisonous plant.

Then there is the white ant, which is not an ant at all, or white either, but a tallow-colored termite, which lives under-ground in inconceivable numbers, and feeds mostly on dead wood. Every explorer has noticed that there are very few dead logs or fallen branches in the African forest. The white ant eats them all in short order. Indeed, when there is no dead wood on the ground, or near it, the termite climbs after it. If it climbed boldly, in the open, the birds would eat it, or the other insects attack it, for it is blind and soft-bodied and has no weapons of defense. So it builds a sort of mud tube along the tree trunk, as it climbs, covering its body. When this mud tube is seen running up the side of a tree or a post, the ants are at work, and every white resident watches his house foundations for this warning indicator. If the house posts, porches, and so forth are not watched for these tubes, some day, the solid-looking pillars

will collapse, with every bit of the inside eaten out of them. The books will crumble to pieces at a touch—every leaf eaten out except the edge. The trunks and boxes and shelves will yield suddenly, like hollow shells, and fall to powder. No wonder that most houses are built nowadays on iron posts, and the posts watched for the first appearance of the mud tube up them toward the wooden floor.

There is a good "ant exterminator" for these termites—a charcoal stove, with a hand pump connected to one side and a hose at the other. A powder composed of eighty-five per cent arsenic and the rest sulphur is thrown on the burning charcoal, and the fumes forced into the ant hill by the pump and the hose. Then the hole is plugged and left for a week, and that finishes the ant hill. Another exterminator is the chicken—which thus revenges itself on the white ant for the ravages of the driver ant. Pieces of an ant hill, fed to chickens, form the best African chicken feed. Some explorers have also eaten white ants when they were starving. Schweinfurth says he found them sweetest when they were "partly boiled and partly fried," and that they are best when eaten with corn.

The African jigger attacks the feet and legs, and the eye worm burrows into the eye. One will make you lame and the other blind. The jigger has to be cut out in the end if it has not been picked out with a needle at the start. It is best to examine the feet every night and morning for them, and in the missionary schools the boys have a committee to examine all feet every day. The eye worm is an inch long, and a doctor is necessary to remove it while it is crossing the white of the eye, which is the only opportunity to see it. It travels all over the body, producing swellings, but never visible or reachable except in the eye, where it is acutely irritating and dangerous. A near cousin of the eye worm, the guinea worm, chooses the leg near the knee as its habitation. It crawls there beneath the skin, and curls itself round and round, raising the flesh in a lump. It is sometimes ten feet long, and often causes serious abscesses.

Cockroaches are two inches long in Africa, and emit a horrible odor, and centipedes are also extra large, and poisonous. The cockroach eats clothes and attacks the hair and nails of sleepers. It also eats bookbindings and butter or anything with grease in it. Small snakes like to get into the house, and to snuggle into the toes of stockings and the inside of boots, and

under pillows. They are often of bright colors and very beautiful, but their bite is deadly. Luckily, most of them go about only at night, and the paths and houses are fairly safe from them by day. Travelers at night carry a long staff, which they push along the path in front of them, throwing the light of their lantern on the way at the same time. No one goes without a lantern at night, anyway, if it can be helped.

The white man gave Africa a precious boon in the cat. There are still very few cats on the Dark Continent, and the coast tribes have lately

made a cat part of the dowry which a man must pay for a wife. This shows how valuable they are considered. The African rat attacks sleepers at night, biting at their feet, so that every one wears socks or some other protector, when going to bed. Altogether, it will be seen that to live in Africa is to keep up a daily battle, as aforesaid, with dozens of foes that are never conquered to stay. Long after the white man has killed the last lion and gorilla there will still be millions of tiny antagonists left to plague him for generations. Yet he fights on—and he will eventually conquer.—Wm. Rittenhouse.

Some Good Books For Christmas

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An Autobiography by Anna W. Prosser.

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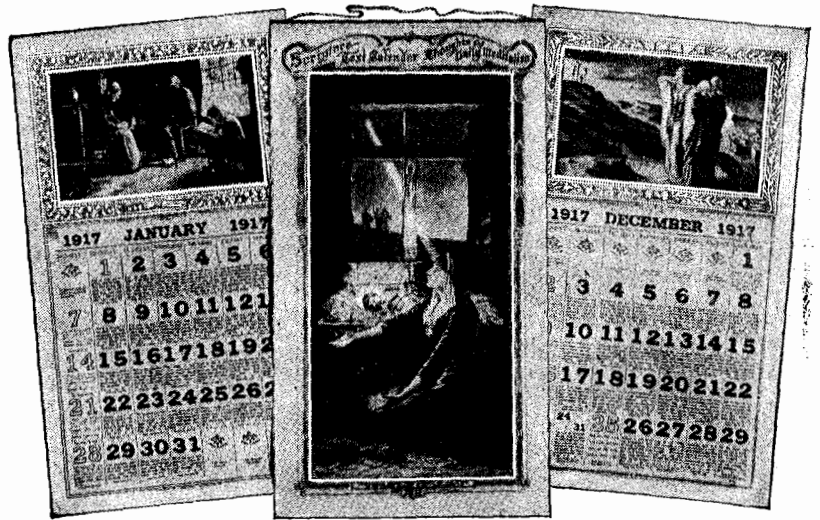
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