



*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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

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## Streams of Salvation Flowing Deep and Wide

What the Lord Wrought in the Mountains of New York

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Stroh, Stormville, N. Y.



SUMMER was fast fading away and one could see the early Fall approaching. Stormville Mountains, in all their beauty, were shedding forth their harvest of berries, while the happy country folks were gathering their ripened grain. Both mountain top and valley were buzzing with the sound of the reaper, while the many housewives were kept busy in seeing to the numerous duties of the home.

It was Saturday evening; the last of the daily trains that stop at Stormville, had disappeared around the curve in the mountain, leaving my wife and me standing on the platform of the little country station, wondering what was next. During a month's stay in Newark, N. J., as temporary pastor we had been asked to come to Stormville, New York, to hold a two weeks' evangelistic tent meeting.

In the natural we would have refused the invitation, being much worn in body by continuous meetings and travel, covering a period of nearly six months but God's way is not our way and so in this case our dear Lord saw otherwise. He surely giveth rest to the weary and will cause us to mount up as eagles. When we are the weakest, then are we the strongest; not in ourselves but in God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Man's extremities are God's opportunities." So though greatly overtaxed in body from sleepless nights and crowded days, we were not permitted to rest. The Lord had laid the need so heavily upon a dear brother's heart that he gave us no rest until we consented to come to Stormville and here we were. We had expected, through correspondence that everything would be in readiness for the meetings, but there was not even anyone to greet us. Satan was on hand to discourage but we looked to the Lord. We had heard that the village blacksmith's home had, on a previous occasion been open to missionaries and on finding this we learned that we were to make that our home during the meetings. On inquiry we found no advertising had been done as previously understood, and just the day before a storm had blown down the tent and damaged it. It was, however, repaired and the next day we began our meetings, assisted by a brother from New York City, with an audience of about fifty people. At the very first meeting a storm arose and blew down

the tent; we were invited to a nearby hall to finish the meeting and by the following evening the tent was repaired and meetings resumed.

After several days we received most discouraging letters which were intended to reach us earlier, advising us not to come to Stormville as it was impossible to accomplish anything there for God. One remarked if \$10.00 could be raised for the Lord's work it would be a miracle. The Lord frustrated the plans of the enemy and had us there before we received the letters or we might have been turned aside. They were from dear children of God and our experience at that time shows us how our best friends can be an instrument in the enemy's hand to thwart God's plan. The outlook was anything but encouraging, but we praise God that our confidence was in Him and we felt sure prayer would change things. All things are possible with Christ. He knows, He loves, He cares.

No sooner had we taken a view of the spiritual condition of the field before us than the burden of souls began to rest heavily upon us. The more we prayed the heavier the burden became. At night we would retire to our little room all tired out with the evening battle at the tent, but not to sleep. This seemed far from us, as we were compelled to wait on God in prayer until the early morning hours. Lives were at stake who for years had been faithful servants of Satan. They were now on the brink of turning to a new Master and the enemy knew he was losing ground. Bibles that had been closed for years were now being opened by hearts who could not sleep because of heavy conviction that rested upon them. It meant to pray through one burden after another; for the enemy's grasp was strong and we well realized that our dear Lord alone could break it.

Thank God, He does answer prayer. There was a break after several nights of hard preaching with much prayer. The spell was broken, a soul sought Calvary; another followed, men and women began to break down and weep. The people in general began to take hold and the seating capacity was enlarged. New faces were seen each night; some being obliged to walk from five to six miles over the mountains, while others drove from neighboring towns, ten to twenty miles away.

Our hearts reached out for greater results. We sent for my wife's sister, Miss Freida Wittich

of Detroit, Michigan, to come and assist in the music. The Lord used her and Mrs. Stroh in singing the Gospel into some very hard hearts and breaking them up. The influence of the meetings was felt in the community—one could hear Gospel songs on the highways and in the fields, taking the place of ragtime music. As the young people surrendered to God we were blessed with a choir of from thirty to fifty voices. God had sweetly visited Stormville.

Dancing, card-playing, drinking, etc., were common practices in the little village, but a prayer-meeting with the exception of one now and then held in the home of Brother Kniffen, by some dear baptized brethren from off the mountain about seven miles away, was unknown. These dear people were then under the shepherding of our dear Sister Lee, founder of the Farmer Mills' work, which is now under our pastorate in connection with the work in Stormville. Sister Lee, after many years of faithful service up in the mountains, went to be with her Master about two years ago, leaving a precious little band of people behind her. Brother Kniffen was one of her sheep, on the way to a drunkard's hell, but now standing as a living monument of God's love through the prayers and work of our dear sister.

The meetings covered a period of over three weeks, wherein the Lord seemed to use me as a sharp, threshing instrument. He withheld me from launching into the deeper truths as the ground needed to be first plowed and harrowed. Once or twice I spoke a little while on the baptism in the Holy Spirit with its accompanying signs, but each time the hand of God seemed to check me and show me the time was not yet.

The little town had been very hostile towards Pentecostal people, but not hearing any speaking in tongues from the platform they lost their prejudice and became more friendly, and, as the meetings progressed, the people gained confidence, filling the tent from night to night.

The Lord began to cut sin right and left, and in the three weeks' time nearly sixty souls had given their hearts to Jesus. Oh, I do thank God for the tears and prayers shed at that little altar during those precious days. Some who had not made a visit to God's house for years were now anxiously inquiring the way. As to the expenses, the miracle had surely been performed. Not only were the expenses, amounting to over a hundred dollars met, but an offering was given us besides.

At the close of the special meetings, a day was set apart for those who wished to take the step

of water baptism and a crowd of more than two hundred filled the tent to witness the testimonies of the candidates. Twenty-one precious souls asked for immersion and so, with the entire congregation we marched to a nearby lake. At the lake another large crowd awaited our arrival, while others joined the line of march as we passed them. Surely it was God's day, for many broke down and wept as the services continued at the lake! One entire family, father, mother, son and daughter entered the lake at once and each in turn was buried in Christ. The father now is the chairman of our committee. Among the crowd were Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Dutch Reformed, Pentecostal and others, all joining hearts in singing praises to God as we marched along. Stormville had never witnessed such a scene before, for our dear Lord had surely come to stay.

At the close of the meetings several came to us with tears in their eyes, asking us to remain as their pastor and to establish a work here. We had been assisting in the blessed work of God under Brother Benj. Wittich at Detroit, engaging in evangelistic work from there, but we left the matter rest in the Lord's hands, well realizing that the young converts needed a shepherd. Were we the Lord's choice for the place? was the question in our minds. There was much more for these dear people that I had not even touched upon. Who would lead them on faithfully into God's truths? was now the burden of our hearts.

After the baptismal service we left for the West, going by way of Baltimore. Within a few days a letter overtook us stating that a public meeting had been held for the purpose of asking us to return and establish a permanent work in Stormville. The further we separated ourselves from the field of our recent labors the more the burden of the little flock rested upon us. So after a season of waiting on the Lord, we felt free to come, and on Sunday morning, October 15, 1915, I preached my first sermon, as pastor, to an audience of about thirty or forty in the little Union Chapel. That evening found the Chapel crowded with hungry hearts who welcomed my return.

For five months I patiently laid a solid foundation on the fundamentals, waiting anxiously for my Master's command to launch into the depths of His precious Word. Week after week found souls at the altar seeking salvation. The attendance continued to increase, insomuch that at times the Chapel could hardly hold the crowds.

Each meeting found us leading the little flock on into the depths they had not as yet touched,

reaching out for the precious experience of Pentecost just as fast as the Spirit would permit. Our prayer meetings grew more blessed each week, naturally becoming prolonged, until the midnight hour would often find us in the Chapel. Oh how precious to see those dear people who had been raised as cold church members and knowing nothing about the spirit of prayer, now praying at God's altar for hours at a time.

With such prayer meetings I knew God could not hold back much longer and so on February 22nd He wonderfully met us while we were in prayer with our organist at the parsonage. This sister, who has since been called to her rest, came to our home on this particular evening, hungry for the baptism of the Holy Spirit and so, trustingly, we went to prayer in her behalf. It was not long before the precious Spirit began to witness within her and soon she was lost in God. Just as the clock was striking the midnight hour, the Lord proved to us that He had come, for the blessed Spirit witnessed through her in another language. Praise unto our God, the signs had begun to follow! You can well imagine our joy that after several months of precious waiting our dear Lord began to witness in our midst.

Jesus said, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me." And so it was with our sister. She was soon telling all of what God had given her, causing a real hunger to come over those who were out and out for all that God had for them.

Several weeks after at the close of the prayer-meeting God manifested in a marked way His presence in our midst. The meeting had closed and some had gone, but as I was shaking hands with one of the sisters the power of the Spirit came upon her and she became prostrated, where she remained until one o'clock, with her arms outstretched as though nailed to a cross. The scene was new to some, who thought she had fainted, but the holy hush that rested upon the place made others feel it was God and they knelt at the altar. While in that position she too received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and afterwards told us that she felt herself going through the crucifixion with the blessed Master and then He came and baptized her. Surely, He is good to those who trust Him! Has His arm been shortened since that wonderful day at Pentecost? Is He not the same Christ yesterday, today and forever?

This sister was the wife of a Baptist brother who had withstood the Pentecostal work at Farmers Mills several years before and now his

wife was the first to receive the baptism in the Chapel. The dear brother, who with his wife are among our most faithful helpers in the work, was present that evening. You can well imagine the surprise that came over him when he saw that which he had so bitterly opposed, now gloriously taking possession of his wife. Since then he has been one of the hungry ones and has had wonderful anointings. The Lord has precious laid upon him the gift of intercession so that he often spends most of the night in prayer. Surely God is good!

Since then we have launched in for all that God has for us and have had the pleasure of seeing several come through with a glorious baptism.

This naturally stirred a commotion in the village and vicinity and many who had been standing with us, not strong enough to bear the reproach, withdrew. It was now that we began to see the effects of the Word sown in patience. Those who had weighed the Word given forth in those five months of planting, now took a firm stand for Christ, willing to take up their cross and follow Him at any cost. The Lord began to confirm His Word with signs following as in Mark sixteen, and so their faith was strengthened in the promises He was holding out to them, that they might be established unto the end. Rom. 1:11.

We were soon labeled the "Holy Rollers" and the "tongues" people. One could hear this name thrust forth wherever there was an opportunity to slur us. Even the train crews would call out as the locals would stop here, that this was the place of the "Holy Rollers." Praise be unto God for we can well bear such a reproach that we may gain that heavenly inheritance. Certain parties in the village were known to stand out on the highway during the services and warn strangers approaching the Chapel that it was not a fit place to enter. Persecution arose, our things were set out of the Chapel, and we, to keep peace, sought another place of worship. An attempt was made to secure a portion of the school house; but again, the same party, a large property owner, overthrew this plan. At last we secured the hall owned by the Odd Fellows' Lodge which, though used for shows and dances was the only place left for us to worship in.

Another baptismal service was held and as the last of the eleven candidates came up out of the water, a sister moved from the crowd, threw off her coat, and stepped into the water. Soon four others followed her in like manner, each in turn taking the step of baptism, just as they

were, without a change of clothing. How the chorus of praise did swell all along the bank as the dear ones witnessing there lifted their voices in praise unto their God for His goodness unto the children of men!

Not long after, our Lord again opened up another wonderful field for us. The New York National Guard were ordered to mobilize, and so, almost at our very door, Camp Whittman being just two miles away, we found between fifteen and twenty thousand men. As Stormville was the nearest town that sold liquor, you can well imagine the crowds of men that would swarm into this little place of an evening, while off duty. We at once took advantage of this opportunity and began to hold meetings every night. The little Chapel would be crowded with these dear boys, and soon the altar was being filled from night to night. We have had the joy of seeing as many as eighteen kneeling at the altar at one time asking forgiveness for their sins. One of these young men one night after arising from the altar said he had come down to the station to get drunk, but no more for him. Many others had this same experience.

We now began to pray for a tent as the interest increased among the boys and it was not long until our dear Lord sent in sufficient funds, so that we were able to purchase a tent with a seating capacity of one thousand. Brother Jackson, of North Carolina, and Brother Todd, of South Carolina, came to us for a month's meeting and plunged in to take from the enemy, as many of these precious boys as the Lord would give us.

From night to night the Lord began to add. There were boys from all denominations, among them many Catholics and Jews. By the time the camp broke up the dear Lord had claimed over *one hundred and twenty-five* of these soldier boys. Several of the boys played instruments in our orchestra while the band master of the Third Field Artillery came to our assistance in playing a coronet. Altogether almost three hundred precious souls have been saved here in the year and a half of our ministry.

On the evening prior to the departure of the Third Field Artillery we had a farewell service for this special branch. The boys crowded into the tent that evening and although many had to leave to report for duty before the close of the service I gave an altar call for those who remained and eighteen fine looking young men came forward and knelt at the altar.

The tent meetings coming to a close, and being barred from the use of the Chapel, we rented the Hall. We are facing larger expenses for

rent of hall and parsonage, yet we know if we are faithful, God will meet our every need. Not only has He met our temporal needs in the past but He is blessing us spiritually, for in the last few weeks a dozen or more have come forward for salvation, while many are seeking their Pentecost.

We are being withstood on every hand. Many are only waiting to see us forced out of our home and place of worship, but we are earnestly holding on, trusting the Lord will yet supply, so we can build a little house of worship to His honor and glory.

More of an interest is being shown in our prayer meetings. Just last Wednesday evening there were thirty-seven present, we now being obliged to hold our prayer meetings in the different homes. Last Sunday evening the hall was so crowded that there was hardly a chair left and eight men came forward for prayer. At the close of the service I asked all the men that were not ashamed of the name of Christ and knew they were born again, to come up on the platform with me. About twenty-five men responded to the call and later, about thirty or forty women responded to a similar invitation. Praise be to God for those who will stand out for the Master!

Other churches are seeing their lack spiritually and some have been honest enough to acknowledge the same. Several had fallen away from having Sunday evening services and mid-week prayer-meetings but are now taking them up again. The spirit of revivalism seems to be passing this way, insomuch that just recently several of the churches passed through precious revival services with good results.

Calls have come to us from neighboring hamlets to come over and help them. Just two weeks ago we had the pleasure of bringing two messages to Johnsville Methodist church. This is quite a large church, having a seating capacity of from five to eight hundred people. On the first evening there seemed to be some resistance, but on the second evening the Lord had His way and the altar was filled with hungry souls.

As we see our field of labor spreading out before us we are beginning to feel more and more the need of a car so as to be more able to reach these outlying districts. The Lord has already begun to answer our prayers along this line and has already sent us in a hundred dollars toward this purpose.

We also praise God that He has begun to answer concerning our getting a place of worship and has sent us in pledges so far amounting to

two hundred dollars. Of course this is but a small amount as to what it would cost; nevertheless, we thank God for the earnest.

Oh, dear Christian brothers and sisters, do pray earnestly for us! We are expecting the soldiers to return here again for their summer's work and as we are the nearest church to the

Camp, we do so feel the need of a House in which to hold our religious services.

Shall we give up, though sorely oppressed? I can but say no. For the God that hath delivered will yet deliver. Praise and glory to His precious Name! Hallelujah and Hallelujah! Amen.

## The Uses of Affliction

Elizabeth Sisson



HEY must be great when God tells us in James 1:2, "to count it all joy when ye fall into divers (i. e., many and of varied kinds) temptations;" or trials, as it might be rendered. Trials is a more comprehensive word, and includes not only all forms of temptations, that may through the malice of Satan, through the flesh or the world, or a combination of all three, assail us, but means also every other form of test that God may allow us to pass through.

Humanly speaking we sorrow for our dear ones hedged in on every side by mountains of trouble, and if they sorrow under it, it is all right for us to sorrow with them, for God says, "weep with those who weep." Nay more. He says, "In all their affliction He was afflicted"; "touched with a feeling of our infirmity." Hallelujah for the compassions of Jesus, in the sufferings of His people! And hallelujah for the compassions of Jesus, through us, which make us weep with those who weep!

But there is an Upland Path that I think the angels tread: another light that falls from heaven. I can fancy one angel or one saint above, meeting another and saying, "Have you heard what has happened to Brother John Smith down there on the earth? He is under terrible business pressure; he has just lost his wife also, and the youngest son has gone astray." "Ah!" says the listener, "Happy John, how he is going to be brought into grace more abounding!" and together they rejoice over his brightening spiritual prospects and "count it all joy." Again in their conversation, "Have you heard of dear Sister Wood? That cancer has broken out anew, and she that was so healed of the Lord is worse attacked of the devil than before." "Ah," replies the other, "something more of God is to be wrought out in her case. Her eternal fruitage is now going forward," and together they rejoice and "count it all joy." Why? Because they have from the heaven-side, observed God in His overruling providence, and in His pro-

visions of grace, entering into each trial, and discipline that changes each one who is "exercised thereby." Heb. 11:12.

God is training birds for heavenly choirs. The bird-fancier, in an aviary, will take a rare bird, that he knows has possibilities of development, separate it from all the others, hang a thick cloth over its cage, make it eat its food in the dark, now and again food withheld, while lovely music is played to catch the undivided attention of birdie. Only when it has fully learned the strain does the teacher remove the cloth, and place it again among others, now an educated singer. So God! Once grace has reached a human heart, God knows there are rare chances of development, many are the ways of divine wisdom and skill that He takes to mature and bring out what He has put within.

Even Christ in His humanity, was perfected and matured by suffering, and "being made perfect (Heb. 5:9) He became the Author of eternal salvation." Because none other but a Perfected One would have been accepted, He brought that perfected humanity to the work of the cross. "The disciple is not above his master, but every one shall be perfected as his master." (Luke 6:40, marginal reading). As high as our training goes now, so high will be our holy services in the great eternity to follow. It is well worth while to learn our lessons. We learn them through afflictions. Hence the "joy"; we have a right to "count it" in every hard place. It is our opportunity for education. As we refuse to be occupied with any hand seen in it but the Hand of our God—though Satan may plainly be in it, or the cruelty of enemies, or, more cutting to our hearts, misunderstanding of friends—we sing in the cage of our distress; we "count it all joy;" the provision of Love and Wisdom Divine. "In everything" we give thanks.

"Giving thanks always for all things," the lesson has its best opportunity for out-working and soon our bungling hearts have caught the notes He fain would teach us; the cloth is removed, the lesson for that time and in that matter is

learned: circumstances change, and we go forward to some new teaching. Paul says "I have learned," "I know *how* both to be abased and to abound." God has sometime to bring us through much more "chastisement" (Greck—"child-training") to prepare us for a place of abounding, than for a place of abasing: witness Joseph in the pit, in exile, in calumny, in prison—to prepare him from Pharaoh's throne, to save the lives of all his father's house. Moses, forty years backside the desert, to prepare him to be Israel's leader and lawgiver. But for far higher places of eternal usefulness, God is doubtless preparing souls, who will here take on the lessons of life and make rapid development, by meeting everything with praises and disposing themselves to the moulding Hand of the Great Potter. A little question over a mysterious providence is an unspeakable loss. Mine was the widowed mother of five little children who kept the wolf from the door at the point of her needle. Wealthier relatives and friends sometimes sent her half worn garments to cut over for us. And we little ones in our anxiety frequently hung around her with, "But mother, why do you cut it *this* way? What are you going to do with *that* piece?" etc., etc. She—"There run away, children and fools should never see anything half made." Ah! we, God's people are both children and fools, if for one moment we fall below the plane of worship and adoration of Him in whatever He permits to ourselves or others. When completed, mother's skill brought forth some marvelous garments, from the medley we had seen her at work upon. So heaven's supremest skill and consummate wisdom will be proved in everything God has done or permitted to be done in our earth-life. Think not that Eternity has not rare scope for marvelous powers, if we will let God now develop them in us. Eternity, whose vast length our present infantile minds can in no way comprehend—shall it have no commensurate service for those who will now accept the training? Unthinkable! "Go work today in my vineyard," is written by the finger of God in every Christian spirit. 'Are all the powers thus trained to lie dormant through endless ages? If we thus think, we see not the dignity of our calling or the significance of our high training.

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold I will set thy stones in fair colors." Isa. 54:8-17. What a list of precious stones, the outcome of trials! The Sapphire, the Ruby, the Agate and the Carbuncle vie with each other and flash with varied and resplend-

ent color. Jewels are by nature only lumps of dull and inert matter: the sapphire is clay, the diamond, carbon. But why the difference between their appearance and that of ordinary soil? The answer is not easy to give, but this exquisite effect is due probably to crystallization, conducted under exceptional circumstances of convulsion, pressure and fire. Thus there is an especial fitness in this address to the afflicted people of God—theirs are the convulsions; the awful pressure; the fiery baptisms. They are tempted to count it hard, they cannot understand why they are thus treated, but they will see it all some day, when they learn that God was making agates for windows, carbuncles for gates, and sapphires for foundations. Jewels out of common clay! Your unwrought nature and mine just dirt, common clay; His afflictions making of the yielded clay jewels for eternal shining. Tribulation is a common scripture word for afflictions, it comes from a Latin word *tribula*: to thresh out as a flail, the chaff from the wheat. You and I, the chaff of defiled humanity; He, "Christ our life" is the precious wheat, enshrouded in the husk of our poor nature. God asks "What is the chaff to the wheat?" And yet there is an early stage of growing wheat, when the chaff or husk is a necessary protection. So at first God does not draw us out of our humanity but drops His life into it. In Christians we see such a mixture of the human and Divine; of flesh and Spirit; but if we are candidates for all God has for us, we find "His fan is in His hand." He will thoroughly purge His floor, gather the wheat into His barn and burn 'up the chaff with unquenchable fire. The tribulation, the out-threshing, is then inevitable. How do we meet it? Listen to Paul: "I am *exceedingly* joyful in all our tribulation;" "We glory in tribulation." There are as many grades in Christians as in cotton cloth. Not every man who goes through college comes out equally fitted for positions of honor and usefulness. It is said it is not the brilliant men, but the faithful plodding ones who make their after mark. So in the kingdom of God! Affliction or tribulation is God's college for us. It is *how* we go through that makes our mark. The Pauline kind are "exceeding joyful" in all the work of the flail; they "glory" in out-threshing.

"All the cares that o'er me steal,  
All the sorrows that I feel  
Like a dart,  
When my enemies prevail,  
When my strength begins to fail,  
'Tis the beating of the flail  
On my heart.



It becomes me to be still  
 Tho' I cannot all His will  
 Understand.  
 I would be the purest wheat,  
 Living humbly at His feet,  
 Kissing oft, the rod that beat  
 In His hand.

By and by, I shall be stored,  
 In the garner of my Lord  
 Like a prize.  
 Thanking Him for every blow  
 That in sorrow laid me low  
 But in beating made me grow  
 For the skies."

## The Rise and Fall of Irvingism

Max Wood Moorhead



AN account has been preserved of a memorable conference held in Advent 1826 in Albury Park, Surrey, the residence of Henry Drummond, Esq. The occasion of this conference and its results have been narrated by the Rev. Edward Irving, whose name in history, is associated with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit accompanied with the sign of tongues, and which first appeared in Scotland in 1830. Mr. Irving's narrative contained in a volume entitled "The History and Doctrines of Irvingism" is as follows:

\* \* \*

There arose . . . amongst certain students of prophecy in London, a desire to compare their views with respect to the prospects of the church in the present crisis. One of our members, well known for his princely munificence, thought well to invite by special letter all the men, both ministers and laymen, of any orthodox communion whom he knew or could ascertain to be interested in prophetic studies, that they should assemble at his house of Albury Park, in Surrey, on the first day of Advent, that we might deliberate a full week on the great prophetic questions which at present do most instantly concern Christendom.

In answer to this honorable summons there assembled about twenty men of every rank and church and orthodox communion in these realms. And here for eight days—under the moderation of the Rev. Hugh McNeile, the rector of parish of Albury, we spent six full days in close and laborious examination of the Scriptures upon these great heads of doctrine: Firstly the doctrine of the Holy Scripture concerning the times of the Gentiles. Secondly, the duties of Christian ministers and people, growing out thereof, towards the Gentile churches. Thirdly, the doctrine concerning the present and future condition of the Jews. Fourthly, the duties growing out of the same towards the Jews. Fifthly, the system of prophetic visions and numbers of Daniel and the Apocalypse. Sixthly, the Scripture doctrine concerning the future advent of the Lord. And lastly, the duties of the Church and

the world arising out of the same. . . . And though we were for the most part strangers to one another, of different churches and under no influence of one another, we were so overruled by the One Spirit of truth and love as to have found our way to harmony and coincidence in the main point in all these questions. Seated around the fire of the great library room, yet still looking to a moderator—each seemed desirous to record everything which was said. This went on by the propounding of any question or difficulty which had occurred during the day, addressed to him who had opened the subject, or to any other able to resolve it; and so we proceeded till towards eleven o'clock, when the whole duties of the day were concluded by the singing of a hymn, and the offering up of an evening prayer. Such were the six days we spent under the holy and hospitable roof of Albury House, within chime of the church bell, and surrounded by the most picturesque and beautiful forms of nature; but the sweetest spot was that council room, where I met the servants of the Lord, the wise virgins waiting with oil in their lamps for the Bridegroom; and sweeter still was that secret chamber where I met in the Spirit my Lord and Master, whom I hope soon to meet in the flesh.

O Albury! most honoured of the King,  
 And Potentate of heaven, whose presence here  
 We daily look for! In thy silent halls  
 His servants sought and found such harmony  
 Of blessed expectation, as did fill  
 Their hearts with lively joy, as if they'd caught  
 The glory of the cloud which bore their Lord  
 Or heard the silver-toned trump of jubilee  
 Sound His arrival through the vaults of heaven.  
 From thy retreat, as from the lonely watch tower  
 We had certain tidings of the coming night  
 And of the coming Day. The one to brace  
 Our hearts with dauntless resolution  
 All sufferings to endure on His behalf,  
 Who for our souls did hear the ascendent dire  
 Of Satan's hour and power of darkness.  
 The other to delight our souls with thoughts  
 And dearest joys which are not known to those  
 Contemptuous and unfaithful servants.  
 Who think not of the promise long delayed  
 Of Thy most glorious coming, gracious Lord!  
 For me, and for these brethren's sake, I pray  
 That the sweet odour of these hallowed hours  
 May never from our souls depart, till Thou  
 Our glorious King, Thy standard in the heaven  
 Unfurlest, and command'st the Archangel strong  
 To make the silver-toned trump of jubilee  
 Sound the arrival through the vault of heaven,  
 And quicken life within the hallow tomb.



These meetings at Albury were continued annually for five years, the last being held in 1830, generally about the season of Advent. But in 1830 things happened in Scotland and in England which proved to be "The Touchstone" of the new belief. Many were staggered and turned back; others marched on to further points of progress.

At the little town of Port Glasgow—lived two brothers, James and George MacDonald, working as shipbuilders, with their sister, Margaret, apparently a confirmed invalid. She "had been confined to a sick bed for eighteen months with no other expectation or desire than of departing to be with Christ. There appeared about this time in the death-bed experience of certain holy persons, very wonderful instances of the power of God's Holy Spirit, both in the way of discernment and utterance, and also apparent glory. They were able to know the condition of God's people at a distance, and to pray for the very things which they needed; they were also able to search the hearts of persons in their presence. In one instance the countenance shone with a glorious brightness as if it had been the face of an angel; they spake much of a bright dawn about to arise in the Church."

In April she (Miss MacDonald) was so ill that they imagined her decease must be close at hand, but suddenly, one morning she broke forth, saying that "there will be a mighty baptism of the Spirit this day," into a most marvelous setting forth of the wonderful works of God, and, as if her own weakness had been altogether lost in the strength of the Holy Ghost, continued with little or no intermission for two or three hours, in mingled praise, prayer and exhortation.

At dinner time James and George came home as usual, whom she then addressed at great length, concluding with a solemn prayer for James that he might at that time be endowed with the power of the Holy Ghost. Almost instantly James calmly said, "I have got it." He walked to the window and stood silently for a minute or two. I looked at him and almost trembled, there was such a change in his whole countenance. He then, with a step and manner of almost indescribable majesty, walked up to Margaret's bedside and addressed her in the words of the twentieth Psalm, "Arise, and stand upright." He repeated the words, took her by the hand and she arose; when we all quietly sat down and took our dinner.

After it, my brothers went to the building yard as usual, where James wrote over to Mary Campbell, commanding her in the name of the

Lord to arise. The next morning, after breakfast, James said, "I am going down to the quay to see if Miss Campbell is come across the water." The result showed how much he knew of what God had done and would do for her; for she came as he expected, declaring herself perfectly whole.

The account given by Mary Campbell of her own recovery . . . omitting surplusage . . . is as follows: "On the Saturday previous to my restoration to health, I was very ill, suffering from pain in my chest and breathlessness. On the Sabbath I was very ill and lay for several hours in a state of insensibility. Two individuals who saw me about four hours before my recovery said I would never be strong; that I was not to expect a miracle to be wrought upon me. It was not long until I received dear Brother James MacDonald's letter giving an account of his sister being raised up and commanding me to 'rise and walk.' I had scarcely read the first page when I was overpowered and laid it aside for a few minutes, but I had no rest of mind until I took it up again and began to read. As I read, every word was filled with power and when I came to the command to rise, it came home with a power which no words can describe; it was felt to be indeed the Voice of Christ; it was such a Voice as could not be resisted; a mighty power was instantaneously exerted upon me; I felt as if I had been lifted off the earth, and all my diseases taken from me at the voice of Christ. I was verily made in a moment to stand upon my feet, leap, walk, sing and rejoice."

A few evenings after the above occurrences, during a prayer meeting, George, in whom nothing supernatural had ever previously appeared and whose natural caution had made him the last of the family to welcome the supernatural manifestations in others, began suddenly to speak in an unknown tongue; James followed him and thus commenced that speaking in tongues which never afterwards wholly ceased.

On the 30th of April, 1831, Mrs. Cardale spoke with great solemnity in a tongue and prophesied. There were three distinct sentences in an unknown tongue and three in English. The latter were, "The Lord will speak to His people—The Lord hasteneth His coming—the Lord cometh." Soon after this at one of the same meetings, Mrs. Cardale spoke twice and Miss Hall sang in the Spirit.

These events were duly reported to Mr. Baptist Noel, the clergyman of the parish, with a request for his sanction. This he not only re-

fused but preached publicly against these supposed spiritual gifts.

Mr. Irving having been told by the prophets that he was restraining the voice of God and fearing to commit the sin of quenching the Holy Spirit, permitted the speaking in tongues, but only as yet in the early morning meetings.

At length on Sunday, October 16, 1831, when the chapter was just finished at the forenoon service, Miss Hall left her seat in great agitation, and went hastily into the vestry, and shutting the door, spoke by herself, first in an unknown tongue and ending with the words in English, "How dare ye to suppress the voice of the Lord?" The sister was now returning to her seat, and Mr. Irving, observing her from the pulpit, said, in an affectionate tone, "Console yourself, sister! console yourself!"

But the prophetess did not let him off so easily. In an interview which he had with her immediately after the service, accompanied by his elders and deacons, he was reminded in prophetic language that "Jesus hid not His face from shame and spitting and that His servants must be content to follow Him without the camp, bearing His reproach." Henceforth throughout this winter, the prophets had almost free play.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Baxter, a solicitor was for some little time prominently identified with this movement of the Holy Ghost which has been designated as Irvingism. Mr. Baxter appears to have been a zealous Christian who exercised in the early days of his ministry a pure gift of prophecy. Possibly the mistake was made in giving this gifted young man too much prominence. By some means, the devil gained an advantage over him and he began to prophesy wildly, even venturing to fix a date for the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ! He had said that "in 1260 days from January 14, 1832, the Lord Jesus would come again in glory, the living saints would be caught up to meet Him and the dead saints would be raised; that the man of sin should be Louis Napoleon, who would overthrow the Protestant Church and the Papacy, and then stand forth, exercising all the mighty power and working of evil spirits, and claiming and receiving for himself the worship of all nations, as the Christ of God come again upon the earth to establish His kingdom." Mr. Baxter having thus disregarded the plain word of Scripture, "Of that day knoweth no man" by fixing a date for the Lord's Second Coming we are not greatly surprised to know that he repudiated the work of the Holy Ghost, withdrew from the

movement and wrote against it. If he had had grace to humble himself in confession that the devil had gained an advantage over him, God would have restored him to His favor. That he had been truly baptized in the Holy Ghost, and that he had in the early days of his ministry exercised a pure gift of prophecy, appears evident from his own record of his personal experience, as follows:

"I felt suddenly in the midst of my accustomed course a power coming upon me which was altogether new, an unnatural and in many cases an appalling utterance given to me; matters uttered by me, in the power of which I did not understand until long after they were uttered; an enlarged comprehension and clearness of view given to me on points which were really the truth of God (though mingled with many things which I have since seen not to be the truth), great setting out of Christ; great nearness of communion with God in the midst of the workings of the power—the course of the power quite contrary to the course of excitement. It was manifest to me that the power was supernatural: it was therefore a Spirit. It seemed to bear testimony to Christ and to work the fruits of the Spirit of God."

It is the central office of the blessed Holy Spirit to magnify Jesus; for did not Jesus say, "He shall glorify me; for He shall receive of mine and shew it unto you"? (John 16:14.) The devil never magnifies Jesus, nor does he bear testimony to Christ; it is never by the devil's agency that the redeemed soul enjoys great nearness of communion with God, nor does he work in the believer's heart the fruits of the Spirit of God. No, the devil was not the author of the supernatural work wrought in Mr. Baxter's heart, when in the initial instance he spoke in tongues. But the devil came in later when Mr. Baxter denied the genuineness of what God had done in him and when he failed to humble himself and confess the error of his ways.

Irvingism, so-called, which took its rise in Scotland, eighty-four years ago had its roots in God and came down to earth from the throne above. Records of healings in the early thirties of the last century have been preserved, which are so miraculous that they read like a continuation of the Book of Acts; and in messages which were given, the blood of Jesus is magnified and the Person of Jesus is exalted. The truth of our Lord's Second Coming was heralded by men and women who intensely loved His appearing. Those who received the baptism with the sign of tongues were persecuted and cast out by those in

authority in the denominational churches. Men not in sympathy with the movement bore evidence to the grace of God and to the Christlikeness in those who had received the baptism. It is a significant fact that the birth of Irvingism was preceded by the prayerful study of the prophetic Scriptures on the part of men, some of whom expected the restoration to the church of spiritual gifts which had been lost since the Second Century. It was the Word of God which inspired men to believe for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Ghost. In the hearts of the members of this despised body of Pentecostal saints of the nineteenth century there burned an ardent hope that the Lord Himself was preparing for the consummation of the present dispensation.

As a fact of history this movement which began in the Spirit ultimately degenerated into dead formalism, its power and glory having departed. The devil as devourer came in and swallowed it up. It is instructive to trace the causes which led to its downfall. In 1833 Irvingites, having been driven out of various denominations, organized themselves into a new sect called The Catholic Apostolic Church whose ecclesiastical system included apostles, angels, elders, deacons and evangelists. Not long after the formation of this new sect the spirituality of this body of people began to decline. Under the tyranny of an ecclesiastical system those in authority began to suppress prophetic utterance. After some little time vestments were adopted "The alb and girdle, stole and chasuble were authorized; a cope was set apart for the presiding angel." Another retrograde step was the introduction of "lights and incense." Then the use of holy water was authorized. In a word, ecclesiasticism and ritualism crushed and choked the very life out of the Pentecostal Movement of eighty years ago.

Now again in our own day the Holy Spirit has been poured out with the seal of tongues. Spiritual gifts which had been lost to the early Christian Church, have, through God's infinite grace been restored. In the mercy of God, the very great majority of Pentecostal people have absolutely separated themselves from those denominational and State Churches which, in discrediting and rejecting tongues have discredited and rejected the Person of the Holy Ghost. This Latter Rain outpouring of the Holy Ghost as we see in James 5:7, 8, has been given in order to hasten the Second Coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Today, as was the case with the Irvingites so many decades ago, the Dragon of Revelation 12, stands ready to devour the

manchild as soon as he shall be born; but, praise Jehovah! "They overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony."

We are not ignorant of Satan's devices. God has shown His people in His Word the cunning craftiness of the foe and the subtilty of the devil's snares; He has also plainly showed the way of deliverance and victory through the power of Jesus' Name. We are living in the time predicted in Daniel 12:9, "For the words are sealed up and closed till the time of the end." Having come to the time of the end, the prophetic word is unsealed and the plans and purposes of God are plain to anointed eyes.

One of the most significant signs of the times and one of the most precious pledges given by the Spirit for final victory is the Spirit inbreathed expectation now cherished by individuals and groups of individuals in the Church in various parts of the world that there is power in Jesus' blood not only to resist disease but to vanquish the last enemy, death. Hallelujah! Let us go on. Let us go through. "Our God is a God of deliverances. God is the Lord by whom we escape death."

### "To the Jew First"

**G**OD has greatly burdened us for the people of Israel, who have not had the opportunity of knowing the reality and power of our risen Lord. The majority of Jews have never heard the Scriptural claims of Jesus to be their Messiah and Saviour, and we realize that a small number, comparatively, are being reached by missionaries. A deep impression is made on the Jew when it is explained to him scripturally, intelligently and earnestly that Jesus is the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and usually the result is that he will begin to search the Word with the question in his mind, "What must I do to be saved"?

God has laid on our hearts, a plan whereby many Jews may be reached by the Gospel, who would never otherwise hear. We would like all who are interested in the salvation of Israel, to send to us, names and addresses (plainly written in full, stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss) of Jews whom they know or have heard of, with an offering to cover expenses, and we will write to them a letter each week, enclosing a tract and explaining to them the plan of God for their salvation from the Old Testament standpoint. When they show an interest, we will let you know. Put the names that you send on your prayer list, and pray earnestly for them every day. In this way, many will be brought in touch with the "Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth, "to the Jew first."

Florence I. Bush.

4608 Scovill Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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**Notes**

**His Coming**

I THOUGHT He would come in the morning,  
When the glow of the purpling sky,  
Changed into a wondrous beauty,  
I thought that His coming was nigh.  
When the leaves of the forest quivered,  
By the kiss of the morning stirred,  
My heart grew faint in its rapture,  
But I uttered never a word.

I thought He would come at the noontide,  
When there came a lull in the din;  
A sudden hush came o'er me,  
I thought He was entering in.  
But no! 'twas only a moment,  
The silence that seemed so sweet,  
And there was no sign of His coming,  
No sound of His blessed feet.

I sat alone in the twilight,  
Till the solemn stars looked down;  
And was it the longing within me?  
Or was there really a sound?  
So sure was I 'twas the Master,  
That I neither looked nor moved;  
And my heart ceased beating in rapture,  
At the thought of Him whom I loved.

And yet I tarry to meet Him,  
And yet I know He will come;  
My heart will grow faint in its rapture,  
My spirit no longer be dumb.  
My heart will cease beating in rapture,  
At sight of His own blessed face.  
And there with my soul's best Beloved,  
I will drink of His beauty and grace.  
—Belle Marie Benedict.

\* \* \* \* \*

THERE are many reforms and agitations engrossing the public mind at this time, but the one great aim that should fill all the vision of the child of God is to win souls to Christ.

There never was such an opportunity to talk to sinners as there is today, when the judgments of God are on the earth. At this time when war news, high prices, labor troubles, perilous times, etc., are on every tongue, the Christian who is on the alert, can use every one of these topics to turn the conversation to soul profit, point to the near coming of the Lord which these events must precede, and the necessity of our being ready, followed up by an appeal.

We were greatly impressed by a letter written to us recently by an elderly woman, in which she said she was writing to about fifty of her relatives telling them of the near-coming of the Lord and urging them to get ready for Him. If every one of our readers would write to fifty of his unsaved relatives or friends, enclosing a tract on the second coming and urging them to get ready to meet the Lord, such an effort would surely make itself felt. It would set them to thinking and perhaps lead to their conversion. We have about 10,000 readers and this would mean 500,000 letters. Backed by prayer what a stirring in various circles that would make! It is often very difficult to talk to people about the Savior, especially our relatives. They frequently deride us or refuse to listen, but they would read a letter, and while they might at first ignore the contents the Holy Spirit can bring it to their remembrance at the most opportune time. A letter followed up by real prayer in the Spirit cannot fail to bring results, though the writer may never know it in this world. Make an investment of time and a little prayerful effort in His Name, and write and tell us of the outcome.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of our subscribers recently invested five dollars of the Lord's money in seven subscriptions to THE EVANGEL, and he writes us that he considers it the best five dollars he ever spent in his life. One man came to him and thanked him, and said that the paper had done him more good than anything else in his life; that he had passed it on to his neighbor and that there were *two people converted* through this instrumentality. Some of God's children cannot point to a single soul who has been led to Christ through their influence. Would not such an effort be worth while? Select seven of your friends, prayerfully, and send their names to us with five dollars, and we will send them the paper for a year. Then once or twice during the year write them a personal letter calling their attention to some particular article in THE EVANGEL, and drop in a word for Jesus and your interest in

their spiritual welfare. This is an avenue of personal work which has most blessed possibilities. Christian Science and Russellism have made vast inroads into Christianity today through their literature and personal workers. Are we doing as much as these emisaries of a false religion? And should we not be more aggressive to build up and to plant, than these blinded and misled advocates of erroneous teaching are to tear down and substitute the false for the true? Soon the cry will go forth, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and

we are not saved." Let us work while it is day for we are fast approaching the long dark night of sorrow which is coming upon the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Spring Inter-State convention will be held with the Assembly of God, at the Gospel School, Findlay, Ohio, March 30-April 8, 1917. For further information, write T. K. Leonard, Findlay, Ohio.

A camp meeting will be held at Larned, Kansas, commencing May 17, 1917. Everybody invited. For information write J. A. Derry, Larned, Kansas.

## For Whom Christ Went to Calvary Tidings From the "Firing Line"



FROM among our letters we give our readers an insight into the joys and sorrows of the soldiers who are carrying the banner of the cross in heathen lands. These are our brothers and sisters who work while we sleep, for whom we pray and to whom we send our gifts of love, as unto Him. As you read of victories and tests ask God to burden you with some one's needs each day during the next month and make that one a matter of definite prayer. We believe better results are obtained by more definiteness in prayer. General praying is good but specific praying is better.

\* \* \* \*

### God Proving the Call

There is no mistaking the call of this rare spirit who has charge of a successful Orphanage. When asked for a report of her work she replied:

"I did not want to write reports about what I was doing. I felt that God would see and supply my needs and He has. There is nothing very interesting in a child a year old and it takes a long time before I can report that he has been converted, which is the thing that interests most people. I'm interested in every little thing. It is my very life. My work is my reward. I don't want any other. The love of my children has replaced the love of my relatives. The Orphanage is my home and if I am away from it for a few days I count the hours until I am back again. I am loved by all the people and I love them. I would never be happy to live in America again; my life would be too empty. Truly I never thought I could be so happy on this earth. I was as happy when I received my baptism but that was the joy of a blessing received; this is the joy of a blessing given which you must know is even better.

"I have nothing to report only that I still have about sixty children. I have finished paying for my building and I have built a large annex and

paid for it also. The annex is about eighteen feet wide and sixty-one feet long, used as dining-room, kitchen, bath rooms, and a large store-room to keep the flour, beans, lentils syrup, etc. We always purchase it at the harvest time as it is about double the price later on and I like to save the Lord's money and use it to the best advantage I can. It costs us about \$125 to \$150 a month, and the buildings were extra. It is so beautiful the way the Lord gives us our money. Sometimes we get down quite low and watch where God will send it from. We have had the Orphanage nearly six years and we have never been hungry or without money. Once we got down to 25 cents and another time to 60 cents. I never buy on credit because I believe if God wants us to have anything He will send the money. Then my mind is free to do that to which I am called and I am not worried about debts."

This is from a letter from the only Pentecostal missionary now in Egypt, Lillian Trasher. She doesn't feel that her work looks interesting on paper, but the fact that the blessing of God has been upon it so signally should make it interesting to every child of God. When God called her to Egypt He asked her to make a sacrifice which few young women would have been willing to do, but how amply He repaid her by filling her life with love from many hearts.

\* \* \* \*

Three of our Pentecostal stations in South China are each in charge of one woman, with native helpers, men not being available.

An example of real consecration is that of a Chinese brother who left his position as interpreter for the German consulate to preach the Gospel. This same brother, hearing that one of our missionaries wanted to study the language but had not the money, offered to give his service free as unto the Lord.

Brother George Hanson, who with his family have come back to this country for their health, their children having been in China nine years and very much in need of a change, writes that before they left there many souls came to the Lord. Seventeen in one family turned from idolatry to Christianity. The work is now in charge of a Chinese pastor, but Miss Martha Jewell has charge of paying the rent and the workers in Brother Hanson's absence.

\* \* \* \*

Brother H. M. Turney, Middelburg, South Africa, says, "God has given us many conversions during the year, notably among our older scholars. Some of our big lads seemed almost hopeless from a spiritual point of view in the early months of the year, but about July a great change came over some of them, and in August I had the pleasure of baptizing six and receiving them into the church. Some of our outstations have suffered considerably for lack of funds, and in some cases our native evangelists have had to go to work in order to support themselves. New calls are constantly coming in to which we long to respond; one chief has sent twice for teachers to be sent into his district and another chief came personally to ask us for an evangelist to teach them the way of life, and we, what could we do? with no money and no available men. We could only bid him wait and pray."

\* \* \* \*

### **Tests of Faith**

Even though the home field fails in doing her part, it is blessed to know that God does not let the one who trusts Him, suffer. A missionary writes, "Since coming here I have not lacked necessities. A friend in North India sent me Rs 10 (about \$3.30). If missionaries did not help each other in close places I do not know how we could ever get through. Sometimes weeks and months pass and we do not get a cent from home, but Father knows how to help us out. Just now I am lacking Rs 8 on my rent and I am out of Scripture portions and nearly out of food supplies, but I do not fear. Father understands."

Another writing from Japan says: "In the last three or four months we have received only half of our needs. We are six in the family with our two Japanese, and we need rent for the two missions, light, etc. Winter is here and we have no coal to burn and hardly enough clothes to wear."

Another missionary writes: "There are three of us on a station and for six months we did not average over \$10.00 a month, to feed ourselves and run the school with thirty-four in school."

We hear on every hand astonishment and groans about the high prices, but they are nothing as compared with what they are in some of the fields where our missionaries are laboring. A letter from C. W. Longstreth, Sierra Leone, West Africa, gives the following prices which they are compelled to pay: 21 lbs. of flour \$2.50, 7 lbs. sugar \$1.25, 1 lb. Quaker Oats 30 cts., 1 lb. butter \$1.00, and other food products in proportion. Besides this they have to pay the natives for transporting the goods. Another missionary says, "The same amount that used to pay for a six months' order hardly pays for three now."

\* \* \* \*

### **Rest Home in Shanghai**

Miss Martha Jewell, who has for twenty years had a school for missionaries' children and others in Shanghai, China, was led a year ago to put the school into the charge of her niece, and she herself has opened a Rest Home for those who are sick and worn in body, or desire to wait on the Lord; or for Pentecostal missionaries passing through Shanghai. It is at 9 Quinsau Gardens. Miss Jewell asks the prayers of God's children for this Home. Some people are not in sympathy with Rest Homes but we believe they are very essential. Pentecostal missionaries are, for the most part, pioneers. When they go to the field they are compelled, because of circumstances, oftentimes to endure real privations. They have no comfortable Headquarters where they can go and study the language, as the Board missionaries have; the stations are often native houses, poorly constructed, crude and unsanitary, and such a life is harder on one's constitution than if they had home comforts. Then the work of managing a station, teaching the natives, praying for the sick and working for the spiritual upbuilding of the native Christians—all these duties are a strain upon the missionary who is faithful and he must needs go aside and rest awhile. Would it not be better for the tired worker to go occasionally to a Rest Home, such as above, than frequently to take the long journey across the sea to the homeland? We are in hearty sympathy with missionaries returning after a reasonable time, but it seems there is a great deal of unnecessary traveling to and fro, at heavy expense. Then it is rather regrettable that instead of getting a rest they are compelled to be in meetings and conventions almost continuously, for as a rule, it is rarely a missionary is invited anywhere to rest without being expected to minister or hold meetings. One who had been in meetings continually for almost a year said to us

recently, "Oh, I shall be glad when I can get back home to rest."

In this connection we might say that we hope the time is not far distant when somewhere in this land of plenty, there will be a Home for worn-out, Pentecostal missionaries. It is sad indeed that when people give their lives to God's service, especially in heathen lands, and come home, broken in health and too old for ministry, they have no home to which to go. "Oh," says some one, apologetically, "neither did the Master have a place to lay His head," but perhaps the one who says this, has a comfortable home, without a care for the future. There are Homes for worn-out soldiers who have spent their lives in the service of the nation. Surely those who have borne the blood-stained banner of King Emmanuel should fare equally well.

\* \* \* \* \*

### An Open Door in Japan

Brother Frank Gray writes from Japan that they have entrance into several raw silk factories to conduct Gospel meetings and distribute Scripture portions. Practically all the hands in one of the mills are now reading the Bible. Those of another factory have substituted hymns of praise for the low songs commonly sung. A number have been earnestly seeking God and a few are really saved. From another large mill inquiries have come for further light and prayer, and still another place with three hundred employees has agreed to gather them together once a month for a preaching service. The head men and their families come, sit up in front and listen attentively. What a blessed opportunity to preach the Gospel! Let us pray that the Word may go forth in power and that mighty conviction will fall upon the Japanese and large numbers be saved.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the blessed fruits recently in the Uska Bazar (India) work is that of a Brahman Sadu (religious teacher) who, after having been taught for about a year by native Christians, and after a week of prayer was held for his salvation, came twelve miles and was baptized in water. He was considered a god among his people and Miss Kirkland writes that it has taken the mighty love and power of God alone to make him willing to come down from his high pinnacle of a "god" to the place of a lost sinner and then that of a humble Christian.

### Hand-Picked Fruit

"Hand-picked fruit" is what the missionaries are getting. Only those who have had experience know the infinite patience it takes to

minister to souls in heathen lands; line upon line and precept upon precept, over and over again they tell the story of the Savior in the simplest manner possible. Miss Bernice Lee, writing from Chupra, tells of personal work:

"Glory to Jesus, we feel that prayer is being answered, and we can now say the Spirit is in a definite way working among the people. Just within the past few weeks we have come in touch with a woman whose heart had been prepared for the message of salvation.

"As we unfolded the beauties of that story to her, she drank it in with eagerness, her face aglow with interest. When told she must not worship idols, she believed what we told her, and now when we go to see her she tells us she has given up idol-worship and prays in the Name of Jesus. She even clasps her hands and repeats a number of sentences which she prays, asking forgiveness for sin, etc., showing that the truth is being borne in upon her spirit. She gets up so closely to us when we talk and asks question after question about this wonderful salvation. Oh it is a joy to lead her on!

"Then there is another little widow, just a girl of perhaps eighteen whom the Lord definitely led us to some weeks ago. She can read, so we are taking up the Gospels with her and week after week we feel encouraged. But yesterday was the best day of all! I really do not know how long we sat in that little mud house pouring in the blessed truth, and she, like a hungry, thirsty child, with her great earnest eyes fastened upon us, fairly devoured what we gave her. The Spirit's presence hovered low, and the humble, little dwelling seemed filled with God. Presently I mentioned the fact that Jesus was coming again, and with such a look of surprise she said, 'He? Is He coming here?' Oh with what joy then did we tell her a bit of this wonderful news!

"From that home we went to another which we visit weekly. Here is a dear little woman who from the first has listened so well. We found her busily cooking, but she readily left her work to listen to us. Thinking perhaps she did not remember much of what had been told I began asking a few questions about Jesus, and was astonished to find how much she had really grasped. Oh dear ones in the homeland who do not know and understand India! can you know what all these little tokens mean to us? Can you know that from the very depths of our hearts the cry involuntarily rises, 'Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand!'"

"I want to tell you about a little girl whom we have taken into our home. She came one day about three months ago, very ragged and very dirty. Her parents died three years ago with plague, and she has since gotten a living as she could. She is a loving little mite and calls me "mama ji," the latter a title of respect in India. One day when I came in from a call I had been



making, she threw her arms around me, exclaiming, "For three days I've been wanting to see Jesus and I haven't seen Him yet." She had heard of one of our Indian women having a vision of Jesus and her little heart was hungry. She is able to repeat Bible stories after hearing them once.

"A dear boy whom we have had for more than a year, was baptized last February. He has become a beautiful Christian, unusually spiritually minded, and oh how he witnessed to the heathen around him!"

### **Native Christian Turns Intercessor**

Praise God for the blessing that is upon Pentecostal work in Japan. One of the fruits in Brother Moore's work is an old grandmother, seventy-three years of age, who awakes every morning at two o'clock to pray to the living God for an hour, for the salvation of her relatives and Buddhist friends. The watchman who looked after the tent where they were holding services, got converted, and his wife, seeing the change in him, came down and became saved also. They have put away their idols and prayers on the wooden spoons, which they have worshipped, and now pray daily to the God of heaven, and thank Him for the new light that shines into their hearts.

A number of others have been saved; one testified that when he was young and had become tired of life, he drowned his wife in the bay and he himself attempted to commit suicide. Last year in passing the Motomachi mission he stopped and heard for the first time the Gospel of Jesus. It pierced his heart like an arrow and for a year he was under conviction, after which he returned to the mission to see if the people were still preaching with that same earnestness, and found them still preaching the Gospel of repentance. He cried to God to save him from his sins and was delivered.

Another, who at one time had been in good circumstances but had gone into the depths of sin, was convicted through the preaching of the Gospel, gave up his sins and his idols, and he and his whole family are now saved and happy in Jesus.

### **Mohammedan Becomes an Evangelist**

Brother W. S. Norwood, Abbottabad, North India, writes that they have now opened three stations which are being blessed of God. The last, Mansehra, is in the center of a population of 184,000, of which, as far as is known, not one is a Christian. A native evangelist, Phailbus, who is a converted Mohammedan, is stationed here. His father was a Mohammedan judge, and he, Phailbus, led the Mohammedans in their

prayers in the mosque. One day his brother, a distinguished and learned man, became a Christian, which plunged the whole family into grief and set Phailbus to thinking. He began to inquire about the truth, and finally, leaving all, he and his wife, whom he himself had persuaded to accept Christ, were baptized. They were much persecuted, but stood firm, and now he has charge of this important station. His wife, a trusted Bible woman, will no doubt be used in zenana work.

His influence is already being felt. One young Mohammedan who has often come to him for instructions, was told by the Mullah with whom he was staying, that he was either to cease going to the Christian's house or leave his, and he preferred to leave the Mullah's house.

At Abbottabad one young Indian brother received the baptism in the Holy Ghost, and another, the evangelist of the station, is very hungry. The two of them recently spent the whole night in prayer that the Lord might pour out His Spirit.

### **A New Field for Prayer**

Mongolia is one of the most neglected mission fields in the world. Its population is nearly three millions, and there are not more than eleven missionaries all told, in the field, some of which devote the greater portion of their time to the Chinese. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hindle who have been working in Mongolia for about seven years, are now in this country, leaving one other Pentecostal missionary there, Miss Grace Fordham. She and another missionary travel and preach the Gospel. When night comes on they pitch a tent, and are often subject to dangers from which strong men might shrink, but God protects them.

### **In the Belgian Congo**

Our hearts are daily saddened by the horrors of war and the awful sacrifice of human lives, yet we pass by the destruction of souls in heathen lands, (Africa about ten thousand murders daily, according to statistics), without the least emotion. The whole world stands aghast at suffering Belgium ruthlessly laid waste and depopulated, yet many are totally ignorant of the awful atrocities which were perpetrated in the Belgian Congo under the sanction of this same government. Belgium sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind. Through the cruelty of her officials the population of the Congo was reduced from twenty-five million to nine million, less than one-half. Many stories of the cruelty of this so-called Christian nation which has so sig-

nally met her Nemesis, have been brought to light, but the following from *Trust in God* out-herods them all.

"When Alma Doering first went to Africa she was at first associated with a Swedish Mission. During the early period of their work, a missionary, one day, met an old negress. She had a heavy basket on her back. Her eyes searched the ground attentively. Near her walked a soldier who struck her again and again with the butt of his gun.

"The Belgian government had appointed soldiers to watch the negroes gathering rubber, which soldiers they selected from the most cruel negro tribes; they were generally cannibals. The atrocities and cruelties are too well known to go into particulars here. Only this in addition to the foregoing. If the negroes did not bring together a sufficient quantity of rubber within a certain time, one of their hands was chopped off as punishment, or the soldiers mutilated their wives and children, or shut them up closely packed together in a confined space as hostages without giving them any food, and so on. That was to spur the men on to more strenuous work. Ever further grew the way to be gone through the cleared parts till they at last came to the spot where new plants offered new work; ever shorter grew the time which remained for work. But in spite of this the same amount of rubber was mercilessly demanded to be gathered by them.

The missionary watched the negress and observed that she had lost something. He looked into her basket, and saw with horror that it was filled with chopped-off human hands. There were hands of various sizes, of old people, young people, and children. She had lost one of them, and sought anxiously for it. If she did not find it, it would cost the negro soldier his head; on that account he struck her with the gun.

This sight pierced the heart of the missionary. At once he sent messengers to all the mission stations in the neighborhood. When all were put in possession of this information, they with accord brought the horrors to light.

What was the result?

Offended by this, though King Leopold allowed the missions already in the Congo to remain,—he sent out a prohibition for any new mission station to be established. At one stroke the open doors were shut. Many tribes, millions of souls lying in night and darkness, tormented by deadly terror and fear, by sickness (especially sleeping sickness), and evil spirits, tortured by slavery, impoverished, mutilated, ruined in body and soul, inaccessible to the glad tidings of Jesus! What a sad picture! What a dreadful fact! If this goes to the hearts of men, even with their limited vision, what must go through the Heart of God and through that of Jesus Christ, which sees over and through all, from which nothing is hidden?

A heavy burden of prayer was laid by God on Sister Doering's heart. She strove with God for

these inaccessible tribes. Often when she had the map of the country before her, she laid her hand on the closed Congo region, and implored the Lord: "O God, if it is forbidden to human beings to enter, yet Thou canst work directly on the hearts, by Thy Holy Spirit, until the doors are again opened for Thy Word."

In the early field of labor of one of the Missions in the Congo a poor negro boy, *Impongi* by name, whose right hand and left foot had been cut off, laboriously dragged himself to the mission station. Taken in there he remained until he was obliged to return again to his distant village. But he had given his heart to Jesus, and could not refrain from telling his fellow tribesmen what he knew, and singing them the songs which he had learned. After a long time the missionary came to the place, and what did he find? God had used this little mutilated boy to gather round him a large number of souls, whom a great part were ripe for the reception of the Gospel."

Praise God, the Congo is now open to the Gospel and the days of cruelty are gone, we trust, forever. The Gospel seed that is now being sown is bringing forth a harvest. James Salter, who is associated with the South and Central African Pentecostal Mission, writes to a friend as follows of present blessings in the Belgian Congo:

"You will, I know, be glad to hear that the blessing of God is resting on our work. For some weeks past there has been a steady flow of conversions amongst the natives; little groups of two or three have been frequent visitors at the mission, desiring to forsake the old life and commence anew with the Lord Jesus. Finding salvation they have invariably, on returning, testified to the people in their villages, with the result that others have turned to God from idols.

"Last Sunday a week was to us a blessed day indeed. After the usual morning meeting, a group of young men earnestly pressed upon us to prolong the meeting. Brother Burton and I invited those who really wanted to be saved, to join us on the verandah of our house; we stipulated for men only. About fifty assembled, to whom very simple words were spoken, during which they continually protested that they *did* want to be saved. Finally we went to prayer, but scarcely were we on our knees before they commenced to cry to God for forgiveness and for salvation. At the beginning their cries were single, but latterly, as though stricken, their united cries were merged into one loud wail. Before such a sight we could but hide our faces. When they arose many of them had a blessed assurance in their hearts, and we are convinced that all came under the power of God.

"As the days go by they manifest a blessed interest in the things of God. We are looking forward with joy to the time when they shall

be immersed in water and filled with the Holy Spirit. Be with us much in prayer, please, that

they with us shall fulfil God's highest purpose at this time."

## Why We Have Failed God

### "No Flesh Shall Glory In His Presence"

Albert Weaver, Rockrimmon, Springfield, Mass.



BEING desperately in earnest and dry in spirit, but deeply desirous that I might better know God, the power of Christ's resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, I was led, last summer, to attend a campmeeting. While in two morning prayer-meetings I had a remarkable experience. The Holy Spirit met me in a marvelous way, comforting me with the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin *now*." Satan said, "No, it doesn't," but the Holy Spirit reiterated the message and emphasized the word "*now*," and said, "You are honest with Me, and you want to be holy; but in seeking for this you struggle in your own strength to attain it, and your very struggling thwarts My work, and takes out of My hands the thing you desire to have done and which I am eager to do for you, but cannot because you are in My way."

Then the Lord showed me very vividly and forcibly that His people as a body had failed Him, from the Welsh Revival until the present moment, in that they had substituted the works of the flesh or self-effort for the Holy Spirit.

At the second morning prayer-meeting the spirit of prayer was mightily upon the saints present, and Christ came and stood in our midst. I saw Him in a mental vision, about twenty feet from where I was kneeling. He was standing erect, a wonderful Personage, with feet bared, except for oriental sandals. He indicated to me that He was ready for a victorious march against Satan and his host, and He looked like a Conqueror. A dark cloud like a curtain was covering the earth and as I gazed at it, the passage came to me, "For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." Isa. 60:2. The Lord seemed to be constantly pointing to His feet, and I saw quite visibly the nail prints and the blood, which made a lasting impression upon me. As He pointed to the nail-prints He told me that He had suffered them for us. He also said that many had received rich gifts and graces from Him and had gone forth to this and other lands, and had taken glory to themselves; they had lost sight of the nail prints and what their redemption had cost their Sav-

ior. He showed me that the devil was on the alert to deceive, defeat and destroy God's people as in no other time in the history of the world, and that He was waiting for the co-operation and humbling of His people. It was made unmistakably clear to me that in spite of the awful conflict with Satan, and in the face of discouraging conditions, the Lord was ready to start a revival among His people—a necessity in order to unify and prepare them for His coming. Many are of the opinion and teach that there is to be a great revival among the unsaved before Christ comes. This I will not discuss here, nor do I claim to be competent or prepared to decide it. I saw in the vision, however, unsaved ones with countenances like beasts, hearts like adamant, set against God, their doom apparently sealed.

Shortly after this vision occurred, the Lord revealed to me what He meant by our "failure." About twelve years ago, God had a man in Wales, Evan Roberts, whose name was at one time a household word in thousands of homes. He was simple and humble enough to yield to the Holy Spirit to such an extent that God had an opportunity to demonstrate to the world what could be done through a human instrument who was subject to His will. In this instance, it resulted in a revival, in which from fifty to one hundred thousand souls were converted to God. Another outcome was the quickening of believers and the edifying of the universal Church of God. This was not due to the intellectuality of the man, nor to his oratory or persuasive power, as he no doubt would frankly admit. Nor were preaching and teaching (which are scriptural and right in their proper place) the principal methods employed, but the manifestation of God's presence in Wales through the leadership of His servant, was a real, Holy Ghost revival, heaven-born and heaven-sent. The Holy Spirit was the chief factor and conviction ran from heart to heart like a fire over a dry prairie. God always works where conditions are right.

There is another side, however, to it all, which leaves a sad picture, and one almost recoils from touching it for fear of being misunderstood. God forbid that the writer should seem to cast reflection upon any of His servants who so won-

derfully co-operated with Him in the bringing about of such a manifestation of His presence, and in the carrying out of His will among our brethren, the Welsh people. We are all human, nevertheless, and therefore subject to mistakes, and as in most instances of prosperity there is danger, so in this. As the revival progressed the people began to get their eyes on the human instead of on the Divine, and that always means failure. Our dear brother was sought out by people from every part of the world, and gradually was being exalted, although we do not believe for a moment with his consent. As this spirit of exaltation became more and more in evidence, the revival began to wane, and the Holy Spirit finally moved on to other fields; to India, for instance, in the Kassia Hills, to Pandita Ramabai's and to Korea. In each of these places a blessed outpouring of the Spirit was manifested, and God wrought a marvelous work.

Following this, the next manifestation of the Spirit was witnessed on the Pacific coast. This was in a different form, however, but a continuation of the same, heaven-sent revival. In the first four instances it was largely signalized by the conviction of sin and conversion of souls, but the one on the Pacific coast was marked by the baptism in the Holy Spirit with signs following as on the Day of Pentecost. Speaking in tongues was the principal sign. We must admit that all these visitations were genuine and blessed, especially this last, which started in this country and spread over Europe, Asia and Africa, until thousands were baptized in the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues, and the good work still continues. Notwithstanding all this, for which we thank God, the flesh again sought to rob God of His glory, and has largely succeeded in doing so. We have failed Him, as a people, in many instances, in that we have exalted things (speaking in tongues, manifestations, etc.) above Christ, largely ignoring spiritual development and death to the self-life. This is not taking exception to speaking in tongues and manifestations, for we fully believe in them, and welcome them joyfully when they are from the Spirit. Any self effort put forth to produce that which the honest heart seeking God craves for, thwarts the work of the Holy Spirit, and often causes him to withdraw, leaving one at the mercy of the flesh and the devil. God will not share His glory with another; nor will He continue to operate or manifest Himself where self is tolerated or willingly permitted to have sway.

This is just where the writer has failed God, therefore he can speak from experience. "Ex-

cept the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it." Ps. 127:1. As an illustration of this truth, we have the disciples in a boat on the sea of Galilee, pulling against the storm. They started out well, with Christ in the boat, a blue sky above, and everything seemingly favorable; but they put Jesus to sleep, out of kindness, probably, and yet the disciples may have thought that they could get along without His services. The storm arose, the tempest beat upon the boat, and it appeared as if they would be engulfed. Suddenly there was a calm, but not until the disciples saw their peril, recognized their need, ceased all efforts to save themselves and sought the source from whom all help comes, even Jesus Christ Himself. It was Jesus who quieted the storm, and not the flesh. Oh wonderful Helper!

The storm is upon us, no one can doubt it. And it is almost engulfing us, nationally, socially, commercially and religiously. To whom can we turn but to Him? And oh that we might as Christians cease from the flesh and let Him produce through the Spirit that which we are endeavoring to bring about through our self-effort! He is waiting, we believe, to come to our rescue, rout the forces of evil, quell the storm, put to death the usurper (the flesh) and do for us individually and collectively beyond and above what we have anticipated. No one has realized the necessity of this truth and its application to himself more than the writer, and that after thirty years of Christian experience, and his heart bows in submission for God's will to be done in this respect.

This is where the church has failed God, where the Welsh Revival failed Him, where the Pentecostal people have failed Him; yes, where all who have come under this head of self-effort, have failed Him. We started in the Spirit and ended partly in the flesh, which is the second greatest opponent to the Lord Jesus Christ. Self, and all that pertains to it must be put to the death if Jesus is to be glorified.

The greatest conflict among the saints today is not over sin, but between the flesh and the Spirit, but few there are who recognize this. It is almost a hidden truth. Man has been a failure from Adam to the present moment, except as he has been filled with the Spirit, obeyed God and walked in the Spirit. This has been proved through all the generations, even with as noble and God-fearing men as Abraham, Moses, Saul, the apostles and a host of others, including many of modern times. Abraham failed by going down into Egypt where God had not sent him, because there was a famine in Canaan. This re-

sulted in the patriarch's falsifying about his wife. Nor was this all. On his return to Canaan he took with him an Egyptian woman who became his bond woman, and unto her was born a child by Abraham, Ishmael. He was a thorn in Abraham's flesh for many years. Saul failed because he disobeyed the commandment of the Lord, and was unwilling to die to self and self interest. Moses, after walking almost a hundred and twenty years with God, struck the rock when commanded only to speak to it, and for this he was kept out of the Land of Promise. The apostles, the Lord's associates for three years and heralds of the Gospel, failed Him in the crucial hour in the Garden of Gethsemane. On that memorable night they all went to sleep and left Jesus to fight the battle alone. Then when He was arrested they all forsook Him and fled. All these failures on the part of God's servants have been permitted, and written for our admonition and warning, that we might profit by them and remember that "no flesh shall glory in His presence."

Coming down to modern times we find that many have failed God by following or holding tenaciously to unscriptural doctrines held by their fathers or forefathers, and they are unwilling to accept any other teaching, be it ever so true. This has generally led to dividing the body of Christ. All such, in my opinion, are void of the spirit of true humility. Others have run off on tangents, while others still are chasing fads and new man-made doctrines, splitting hairs, etc. Nothing tends to cliqueism more than this; and our country is full of it among honest, godly people. We have been divided and subdivided, and divided again, until we are a laughing stock to three worlds. Sad indeed is it that while all seem prepared and waiting for the coming of the Lord, there should be such divisions. Is the Lord coming for a divided Bride? Let each answer for himself.

There are others who have failed Him because of having their eyes on conditions and the failures of people, instead of on Christ, and the writer himself is not exempt from this error. If we did not fail in this, we would all be kept in our proper place at His feet. A host there are who are unwilling to go by the way of the cross, but follow popular opinion and the crowd. The way of the cross means separation from everything that tends downward, and from everyone, in spirit at least, who is not going God's way. The hardest lesson for one to learn is to place his hand in God's and go alone with Him. This is discipleship; yea, this is what it means to be a

Christian in its final analysis.

Many precious souls all down through the years have testified to being sanctified, wholly sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost as on the day of Pentecost, which are tremendous experiences. Yet notwithstanding these experiences there are found existing among us the following evils; cliqueism, sectarianism, individualism, dominancy, seeking leadership, pride, a spirit of pulling apart, a lack of brotherly love, lack of submission and unity, and many other things. These are all products of the self-life and prove conclusively that self still exists and dominates, in spite of our testimony to the contrary and argument in self-defense. The prevalence of these works of the flesh are proof that we have not as yet reached a finality in the experience which God wishes to give His people.

Oh what pain it must cause the Lord when we, His children, profess a position spiritually to which we have not attained, and yet claim to have arrived at, and manifest a spirit of unwillingness to bend or acknowledge our mistakes! With this dark picture before us, one is made to realize and compelled to admit that we have degenerated, and are the more in need of a revival. We have been endeavoring for years to unify the Body of Christ, but alas! in vain have been our efforts. He only, by His Spirit can do this, and common sense ought to teach us that unity cannot be brought about on the present basis.

We need a spiritual earthquake, with thunder and lightning in it, to wake us up and let us see where we are; to show us that our actions and ways do not accord with Scripture. If they do, as many try to prove, then "from whence come wars and fighting among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts (or desires) that war in your members?" says James. And this condition we find literally fulfilled among the saints. May our Heavenly Father help us to see as He sees. He is ready and willing, we believe, to do it, and my heart says Amen. The need of this momentous and solemn hour demands it. Oh that we might as with Israel of old, consult the old Book and let it speak to us! that we might bow to its admonitions and entreaties, and let it dissect us until everything is laid bare and open to Him who sees and judges righteously. Shall we, His highly favored people, bow in submission to His will in this, the most crucial hour in the history of the world? or shall we go on record as a failure? God forbid. Jesus, yea the Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit are waiting to be gracious, and to pour upon us once more the Spirit as on the Day of Pentecost.

## Working With Christ in West Africa and the Result

### Report of a Year of Blessing

Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Neeley, Cape Palmas, Liberia



AFTER the Christmas convention of 1915 we were asked to remain at Newaka Station with Miss Mendenhall and Miss Snyder. Newaka being the largest station there was plenty of work for all. Our time was taken up largely in repairing, teaching, visiting, etc. God began laying on us a great burden for the spiritual department of the work.

After much fasting and prayer we were led into near-by towns. At this time the people were feeling the press of famine as never before. Many began to look upon it as a sign of God's displeasure, so we found them very willing to hear the Gospel. One time we were called to preach the funeral of a native Christian. We reached the town late Saturday evening, too late to have a funeral. Early the next morning the people began to clamor for a service which we held first. Three men were saved, then we held the funeral service and two more were saved. In the afternoon we left for another town. The people heard we were coming and came from far and near. When the altar call was made it seemed that everybody present fell on their faces before God. Truly the sound was like the roaring of mighty waters. It was glorious to hear the sound as of one voice crying out to God. And He who hears the faintest cry turned His ear toward earth and angels rejoiced over dark Africa that night. The next morning on our way home we passed through another town. The people were just going to their farms but the king wanted a meeting and called his people together. We gave them the message of Jesus that they might have food for their souls as well as their bodies. On arriving home Monday noon we found that the Lord had been pouring out His Spirit here. With the others we visited the towns and saw wonderful displays of God's power.

One night particularly I remember, the others were tired, so just the boys and I went. Most of the towns-people were tired and were lying down when the power of God fell on those who were present in the meeting. They began to go down on all sides faster than we could attend to them. The noise of their cries to God awoke the sleeping natives. At first they looked on in consternation, not knowing what to make of it,

but finally some of them decided to remove their relatives that were in such agony, and for a while we had all we could do to make them let them alone. As the agony began to give way to joy and the people began to rejoice we had no further trouble, for the wondering crowd declared that their friends had gone crazy and so fled to their huts for refuge. God continued to bless both in town and in the mission. Souls were being saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. In the midst of it we were asked to go to Blebo, Brother Johnson's station.

At first we felt it hardly the time to go but finally decided to do so, expecting to come back in two or three weeks. On our way over Mrs. Neeley was given this Scripture, "But Phillip was found at Azotus." Not knowing what it meant we plodded on our way. God set His seal on our going by blessing from the very first meeting. Souls were saved and believers baptized. And here, as at other places there seemed to be such an ingathering of women. This is strange for this country as women seldom even attend a meeting; they seem to think salvation is only for men. Men have a monopoly on everything in this country, except work. While the Spirit was falling here in a wonderful way we received an urgent call from the head of the Methodist work at Garraway, inviting us to come to them next. At once the Spirit said, "Phillip was found at Azotus." Then we knew what the Lord meant. So we said "Good-bye" to our own plans and started for the coast. Here again God met us right from the start. We saw scores and scores swept into the kingdom. There were times when the altar would be so full that others would stand and wait, watching their chance. As soon as one was saved three or four would jump for that one place. Sometimes we were in the church and sometimes in the native towns. It was the same everywhere; people crying out for God. In the meantime the physical man gave way. At first we refused to yield but finally the pressure became too great and we had to stop for a rest. Immediately calls began coming from up the coast many miles away. After urgent calls we went over the river and God began pouring out His Spirit. One man received his baptism out in the open with the rain beating on his face. There was so much

rain on the inside that he knew nothing about the rain on the outside.

This was the beginning of the Po River Revival. God abundantly satisfied hungry hearts. One young woman who received the baptism gave the interpretation in her own language and then in English; although not able to speak a word of English, her language was as plain as that of any English speaking people. In all of these meetings there were healings granted, however, not as many as we longed to see. There were not many who asked for healing but those who did were healed. Praise the Lord!

All of this coast work was among the Methodists. When the time came for their district conference we were again pressed by several invitations to attend, so we accepted, feeling it was the will of the Lord. Just a week before we were to go Mrs. Neeley was stricken with fever which continued until the day before we were to leave. We told the Lord if He wanted us to go He must heal her body. This was on Monday and conference opened Wednesday night. On Tuesday while her head was aching she was definitely led to get up and pack the trunks. Without knowing what was in her mind I felt that I must clear out the trunks so she could pack them. This I did. She got out of bed, packed the trunks and went back to bed. As she lay down something said, "Thursday morning." She thought that could not be as the boat was due that day and would leave Wednesday morn-

ing. She knew she must make rapid progress as she was not able to travel. Wednesday morning came; she was better but not able to travel and no boat. Wednesday night too late to leave for the Cape came a boat. Thursday morning she was feeling fine and we left for conference. Again God met us in a wonderful way. When we ministered to the people the power of God came down until men staggered as drunken. Some of the mighty men were slain and not able to rise. They say they never saw such a time in Cape Palmas as God gave them here. All glory belongeth unto Him! Hallelujah! Because of the near approach of our own Christmas convention we were compelled to return home but our hearts were stirred because of the open door into which we could not enter. Ever since we came to this country our hearts have been burdened for that work. It is far more difficult than the interior work because of the awful blackness of sin through which you have to press. But God is able, Hallelujah! Pray that He may raise up some one who will be perfectly free to drill through that massive rock of sin. They are just beginning to realize that Jesus is coming again, but of the nearness they have no conception.

This ends our work for 1916. Again we are at Newaka preparing for the work further in the interior. Pray that we may be faithful to God.

## How to Sweeten the Bitter Waters

Hardy W. Mitchell, 764 Oakwood Boulevard, in The Stone Church Feb. 11, 1917



ANY of us have tasted of the bitter waters of suffering and know what it means to cry to God and have them sweetened. The Lord has given me a few thoughts on this lesson of the Bitter Waters made Sweet, from the experience of the Children of Israel after they had crossed the Red Sea.

This experience came to them after a most wonderful miracle. They had just crossed the Red Sea, Pharaoh and his hosts were drowned and they had sung a song of victory. The history of this people on their journey from Egypt to the land of Canaan is a type of the people of God in their journey through earth to their promised inheritance, and Paul tells us that these things happened to them for ensamples, and they are written for our admonition. They are a picture

of what every child of God experiences who follows the Lord Jesus through this life.

They sang a glorious song of victory and exalted the Lord for having triumphed over their enemies, but the echo of their voices had hardly died out before they came to the bitter waters, and is it not true that every person who experiences a great victory and a great blessing in his life will sooner or later come to the bitter waters? Then the temptation will come to doubt, and you will say, "I guess I am not saved," or, "Probably I was overpersuaded." If you do not have the very faith of God in your soul, the devil will discourage your heart and rob it of every victory God ever gave you. Just three days after this most wonderful deliverance and song of victory they found themselves murmuring. How true to life today! People have wonderful experiences from God and marvelous vic-



stories and they come up against a bitter test or trial and there they begin to murmur, and question God and His leadings, but the bitter waters were doubtless in the path of God's leadings.

Let us try to picture this company of people in their first trial. They had traveled three days through the hot, dusty sand without any water to drink, and at the end of the third day they came across this beautiful stream. How their hearts must have bounded with joy and how they must have rejoiced as they stooped down and began to drink, but they had no sooner tasted the water until they found it bitter and could not drink it. That was enough to make them lose all their shout. People lose their shout sometimes. They can shout in a Pentecostal meeting, but two or three days after, they taste of the bitter waters of trial and forgetting all about the victory they have had they give up faith and hope and begin to murmur and complain. Oh that we might realize that God has ordained and planned and purposed that you and I shall go through these bitter experiences to make us more like Jesus! These bitter waters stand for tribulation, and Jesus declared to His disciples, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." I do not believe that anyone knew better than the Lord Jesus what lay in the path of the disciples, and He forewarned them and declared that as long as they were in the world they should have tribulation. But are we to become discouraged because we are to have it? No, be of good cheer. "Lord, do you want us to rejoice in the fact that we are going to be tried and made to drink of the bitter cup?" We are to rejoice because we are to be *overcomers*, for He says, "I have overcome the world." The triumphant, victorious Christ, the mighty Son of God in us, will make us a full overcomer. He said, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake;" "They shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake." That is awful hard and bitter, but what shall we do?

There is one thought in this lesson I want you to get if you do not get anything else, and that is, there is a way to make all the bitter water sweet. That is the chief thought God seems to impress on my heart. In all these bitter disappointments and bitter trials God can give you something that will make them sweet to your soul. The people murmured and no doubt accused Moses for ever bringing them out on that foolish journey. He did what everybody else ought to do when people criticize and misjudge; he went and called upon God. You try that instead of going to people when they misunder-

stand you. You call on God and see how much more victory you have than by telling your trials to people. I know from experience God can give you victory and comfort when words are powerless.

Moses cried to the Lord, and the Lord told him to go out and cut down a tree and cast it into the waters; then he said, "Come up and drink." Some might have said, "I have tasted of that water and do not want any more of it." "I have enough of Pentecost, I cannot stand the reproach." I will tell you how to make the bitter waters sweet. Put the tree in it. What is the tree? Paul tells us it is the cross. If you want the bitter waters made sweet take up your cross daily and follow Jesus, and when you lift up that cross and bear it for His glory, you will find a sweet comfort in the thought that though men hate you, they hated Him. A contemplation of the cross He bore, the suffering and the persecution, will make the bitter waters sweet. Maybe you haven't put the cross in its place like you should do, and these tribulations have cast you down. Oh tonight there is a way of making the bitter waters sweet! Cast in the tree. Jesus not only declares we shall have tribulation, but Paul in the fourteenth chapter of Acts returns to a certain city where he had preached the Gospel and established churches, and he confirms the disciples and exhorts them to continue in the faith and declares to them that through much tribulation they must enter the kingdom of God. Paul had gone on long and arduous missionary tours, had endured persecutions and much suffering, but he never lost the victory; there was no experience too bitter. The cross of Christ sweetened every trial.

Do you know anything about tribulation? If you do not you are not following Jesus. You may say, What is there in that to encourage sinners to get converted? But Jesus never pointed to anything but the rugged cross in this life. There are mountain-tops of bliss and blessing but you will also have to go through the valley of sorrow. The valleys should not discourage us. There is One with us who will comfort in every trial and make the bitter experience sweet to your soul. But when you haven't Jesus and you are down in the valley of sin and transgression, you will not have anyone on whom to lay your burdens. Friends cannot lift you out of the depths; only the cross can make the bitter waters sweet.

The question that comes to us is, How should we act in tribulation? How shall we conduct ourselves as we drink of the bitter waters? Shall

we murmur against God? I am not going to ask you what your conduct has been; I will not ask you how you have endured, but how should you carry yourself in these trying experiences? In the twelfth of Romans we read we are to be patient in tribulation. How patient were you when you passed through disappointment? Every one, from the youngest to the oldest, understands what disappointment means. Life is filled with disappointments of every kind; some are harder to bear than others, but in them all Paul exhorts us to be patient, and that is a grace that everyone should covet, the grace of patience. Do you ever get ruffled? Do you ever get vexed? Do you ever get angry? God says "In patience possess ye your souls." No matter how bitter the trial, no matter how much confusion all around, be patient, God will sweeten the waters if you will walk with Him.

Again in the fifth chapter of Romans Paul says, "Therefore, we glory in tribulation." How much do you praise the Lord in tribulation? I am not asking how much you praise Him in victory. I am not asking how joyfully you testify when you are blessed and everything runs smoothly. Then it is so wonderful to be saved and we think we can go through anything, but the next week you do not feel any joy; you search your heart to find out what is wrong, and feel that God is so far off, you don't feel like praying; you have to drive yourself to it. You go about your work on Monday morning and the first thing you do goes wrong, the second you can hardly get done, and the third doesn't move at all; everything seems against you, and instead of being patient under the test you would feel relieved if you could say what you think. It is wonderful how sanctified people can look when the preacher is hitting them. They put on a superior air as if to say "That doesn't hit me," but there is something whispering inside, "That is you he is talking about." God wants us to rejoice in tribulation; thank Him for the bitter cup. Can you do it?

Paul was happy in the Philippian jail when his back was lacerated. He sang praises to God, and in the old Roman cell with his hands and feet chained, he wrote to Timothy he was glad he could suffer for Jesus, and wasn't ashamed of his chains, but was happy and rejoicing in tribulation. And friends, the more bitter the experience, if you will take up your cross and yield yourself to God, how He will sweeten the trial! I remember the first bitter experience that came to me after I was convert-

ed. My friends, with whom I had been so intimate, shunned me, and turned their back upon me. Some might say, "That wouldn't bother me." Perhaps it wouldn't you, but it was a sore trial to me. I had just found Jesus and was so happy; but I came to this bitter trial, and if I had followed my feelings I think I would have lost my faith in God, but the Lord knew I was a babe in Christ, and He came in comfort and revealed a way of victory, that of putting a tree in the bitter waters, and getting my eyes on the cross. From that day on, though I have lost many friends in the world and though I was misunderstood in giving up secular work and going into work for God, I have always found the sweetness in the cross, and I can look back and thank God He ever took me that way.

Another thought is in the seventh of Revelation. There was revealed to John in the spirit, and you know you can see things in the spirit that you do not see otherwise, a great company of people who were saying: "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever." The angel asked John who these people were, and John said, "Sir, thou knowest." And the messenger said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Who are the company who are on the sea of glass, praising and exalting God and His Son Jesus? They are the people who have journeyed out of the land of bondage and sin and come up to their inheritance through bitter waters. Who are the company who will worship God before the throne? These are they who have come up through great tribulation. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. There are no doubt children of God and missionaries on the field who are hungry and suffering hardships and trials, but thank God in that day we won't know any hardship. Then "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to the living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

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