



*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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

# Works of Faith, Labors of Love and Patience of Hope

## What It Means to Love the Outcast

J. W. Welch, St. Louis, Mo., in The Stone Church, Jan. 28, 1917.



**I** WANT to talk to you a little while tonight about Works of Faith, Labors of Love, and Patience of Hope. God desires to see these very essential things among us. They are truly essential, for without faith it is impossible to please God, and true faith that doesn't work is dead. James talked to us about faith, and said, "Faith without works is dead;" yea, a faith without works is a faith that doesn't work. Isn't that true? I remember when I thought possibly that might mean that I was to have some faith and I was to do some work, but I believe that the depth of meaning here is that God would have us realize a faith that was operative and bore fruit. Peter talks to us some about faith, faith and he says, "Add to your faith virtue," the marginal reading says, "in your faith supply virtue;" the element of virtue must enter in if it is going to be true faith; after the manner of God's desire there must be works of faith. Oh what a failure we would be if there were no works of faith among us! Paul saw, in the first place that the Thessalonians had reached the position where they could exercise appropriating faith in the finished work of Jesus Christ and receive it for themselves, that Christ might become their personal Savior and Redeemer, and doubtless he saw their works too. Of course the first is essential with us, and the second as well. I have had some erroneous ideas of faith, and it is more than possible that others have also. I have been much pleased with the fact that God has helped me to a better understanding of my faith and my having faith than I used to have. I remember, if you will pardon a reference to my own life, of hoping that some day I might accumulate enough to move things for God, to bring things to pass. I remember when I heard of miraculous healings in answer to the prayer of faith, of thinking and saying to myself, "Would God I had such faith!" and as I waited before God I talked to Him about it, and I heard coming from my lips the prayer the disciples prayed when they said, "Lord, increase our faith." I found myself praying that God might increase my faith, and received some experiences that gave me a little different view from what I had, for as I said, I actually had the idea of accumulating faith that I might work the works of

faith. Of course I did not explain it to myself very thoroughly, but the substance of the matter was that I really felt if I went on with God and was humble and obedient and careful, I might have added to such faith as I had, more faith of the same nature until there would be a time when I could take out my faith and let it work when any occasion arose; just turn my faith on the thing and it would work. I do not think that now, so much. I remember hearing of these miraculous healings and saying, "If that should ever occur in my ministry I could be sure I certainly had faith enough to bring things to pass for the glory of God." I had a few experiences like this. There was a time when at an altar full of people, without any warning to me of what was going to happen, there came forward a young lady of nineteen who was stone deaf; she had scarlet fever at the age of five and her hearing had been completely destroyed. Of course, she had lost the power of speech; was what we call deaf and dumb. She, with two other young girls came down the aisle. The altar was crowded and as I stepped down one of them touched me on the arm and said, "This is my sister. She is deaf and dumb and wants to be healed." "Oh," I said, "very well." I walked back to the platform and down to the other end to see some people. I didn't feel my faith was just in line for that, but when I got down there I felt pressed by the Spirit and condemned before the Lord that I had run away, so with fear and trembling I walked back the length of that altar, about sixty feet, and the nearer I came to the young lady the smaller I felt, the more fearful and trembling, the more sick of myself and condemned before the Lord for my lack of faith; but I went to that young girl and put my fingers in her ears. I am sure I felt as small as I ever did in my life, and my hands trembled, but what do you suppose? When I took my fingers from her ears she looked up in astonishment; she could hear as well as I could, and for two and a half hours she was there in the presence of probably a thousand people, learning to talk and saying over everything that was said to her. I remember going back and sitting down somewhere. I had no liberty to work any longer at the altar, and do you know, the next day I was so sick it took four preachers to pray me off the bed so that I could preach in the afternoon. I hadn't

faith enough to move a setting-hen, and couldn't touch God for anything. He had taken His hand off, and I was helpless. Day after day in that Campmeeting God healed the people. Some of the brethren came and prayed for me and I was so ashamed of myself I really hoped they would not come and pray anymore. I couldn't understand my helplessness; it didn't agree with my theory very well, but after a number of such experiences I felt I might just as well abandon the idea of accumulating faith and storing up power to be at my command that I might set it in operation when I saw the occasion for it. I want to whisper in your heart tonight what God wants this baptized church to understand—we may just as well abandon the idea of accumulating faith to have it on hand. But there is a condition into which we can get, and by the grace of God we can remain, where we are small enough, and God is great enough, so we can exercise His power in our lives and we may actually have the mighty works of faith to His glory. I am learning that the greater I am the lesser God seems, and the lesser I am the greater God seems to be and the more able to work. I have found that any humble child of God can become small enough in his own estimation, and so obedient and trustful that he can just yield himself to God, and if he is required he can pray for the sick and God can move things for His glory. The church needs to reach the place where mighty works of faith can be apparent among us. I believe we will, by the help of God have them more and more in our midst. Paul saw them in the Thessalonian church, God sees them in this church, and is looking for a greater measure of them.

Now there are the grains of faith; you remember what the Lord taught the disciples in that connection. They said, "Lord, increase our faith," and He went on to say if they had faith as a grain of mustard seed they could say unto the sycamine tree, "Be thou plucked up by the root, and be planted in the sea," and it should obey them. Then the Lord seemed to talk about something else, but I am persuaded He went on talking about faith. He said, "Which of you, having a servant plowing will say unto him, when he is come from the field, 'Go, and sit down to meat?'" Instead he will say to this man who has worked all day, weary with his toil, "You prepare *me* a meal; I will sit down and you *serve* me, and after you have done everything that is required for my comfort, you may yourself partake." And He says, "Do you suppose he thanks that servant for

doing what he is told to do? I trow not. So likewise, ye when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants." I do not think there is a picture in all the Bible that to my mind portrays more definitely and fully self humiliation than that; after you have done all you can and all that you are commanded to do, then we are nothing but bond-slaves and not worth our keep. That is practically what it means; we are unprofitable slaves. It seems to me that Jesus brought to bear to their mind the thought of utter self-abandonment here, a picture of utter rejection of all appreciation of their own selves and their own importance. He has been talking to them about faith. For my own life tonight, I wish that I could be in a fuller measure just what Jesus taught the disciples to be, nothing but a slave, to act with the consciousness that after all I am not worthy my keep. There is nothing but the mercy of God spares my unprofitable life, brings me into His love, establishes me as His child and deigns to use me.

This then is the thought I had in mind that we may find ourselves in a condition before God where our feet will rest upon the ground of a living faith, so we may reach the place, positively, where faith comes spontaneously. Where were you, beloved children of God, when faith was born in your hearts? You were at the place of repentance; self-judgment before God, and when you went down low enough, when you struck bottom, as the saying is, faith went up and appropriated the gift of God, and you knew you were born of God. What condition were you in when you received the mighty gift of the Holy Ghost? I have nothing to say for others' experience, but if I had time to give my testimony I would have to say that when I received the mighty outpouring of the Spirit I was about an inch beyond the end of myself. I had reached the limit of utter consecration and absolute surrender and emptiness before God. God gave me at that time the deepest experience I have ever had in all my life, though I have had a touch of it before, and also since. It was a place where my whole being was absolutely silenced unto God. I do not know that all people get the baptism under those conditions, but that is how I got it. When I reached that place where I seemed to be perfectly abandoned, perfectly emptied, yielded and broken before the Lord, something happened. I just looked up to God. I was conscious of His presence and received the mighty gift from Him. He so really manifested Himself in my life, I feel the necessity

of suggesting these things to encourage us. I believe right here at this altar can occur the mighty works of God, in answer to faith, and that a few or many of you can be instruments in His hands. I want to encourage you tonight with the thought you need not attempt to accumulate a lot of spiritual sufficiency; you can go down before the Lord in yieldedness and with an honest heart and you can get into a condition where faith will work. You will then have a faith with an element of virtue in it that will work for the glory of God.

Paul saw too in the Thessalonians a labor of love, and just as truly as we must have faith with the element of virtue in it to show the works of faith, so we must have the love that will labor. We must have that quality of love that is active. This passive, negative love does not amount to very much. God will never be satisfied with anything else than a labor of love amongst us; the working of love, the love that accomplishes things. John tells us something about love in his first epistle; he seemed to think it was important. He said, "Little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth," and he goes on to give some very plain statements about the condition of our hearts and the keeping of His commandments, and gives the working of love a very important place; that is, after the nature of God's love to us. If the love of God had been simply a passive sentiment, it would have been hard for you and me, but it has proved an actual and practical passion and has resulted in what we call our redemption. The love of God is rightly measured as we see what that love will do. Our love for God is measured by what it prompts us to do. I believe that the word and the tongue, so far as love is concerned, are insufficient. If that is true, then saying we love God and our fellow-man, yielding our tongue to expressions of love is not enough. I may come to my brethren and say, "I love you," but is that enough? No, sir. I remember a dear young man back in the East who persistently said he loved me, but when there were so many things proved that he didn't, he felt rather ashamed about it himself, and scratching his woolly head one day he said, "I presume Brother Welch thinks I have a queer way of expressing it." I said, "Henry, that is true. I have heard you express yourself, and then wondered at your expression of it." God loves us and the expression of that love is abounding grace. We love God and what does it mean? Of a like nature, not a like measure; we are to give, not talk only. The very nature of love is

sacrificial; true love gives rather than takes. There is that which passes for love that is simply selfishness mixed with weakness. There is that which is termed mother-love, for instance, a sentiment in the hearts of some mothers that prompts them to let the children have their own way because they love them and refrain from disciplining them. They have such a love for their families they cannot bear to hurt their feelings. Such mothers are weak and lack the very thing they think they have and do not love their children enough. That is a serious charge to make but it is often too true. Parents do not love their children well enough to do right by them, but God has revealed the true nature of love. Love appreciates its object's interest; it demands its object's best interest at any cost. The love of God in relation to the interest of lost man drew upon His richest treasure, and brought the shedding of the blood of His own Son for the remission of our sins. So we too are to realize that love on our part must be sacrificial in its nature, must have the quality to give instead of take, must reveal itself in the giving of ourselves, and that is the thing that will result in the welfare of others and please God.

I want to tell you a little story to illustrate this point—an incident in the life of a woman whom I knew personally, and who has now gone on to glory. She was a missionary to Africa and proved a very successful one. She spent three terms of services in that awful climate, was in my home a few years back, and we were talking these things over, I said to her, "I presume you have concluded to stay in the homeland; I am glad for we need you, and you are especially helpful among the people." She looked away and said nothing, but I learned a few months later she had gone back to Africa. She no doubt knew she could not endure that climate for another term, but no one could keep her here. She lived only about eight months after she returned and laid her life down there. She told me her experience upon first going to the field. She had gone through the school at Nyack in preparation for missionary work under the Alliance, a friend had offered to support her on the field, and she had an equipment purchased for her sufficient for all needs; went away well supplied. She was a refined young woman and capable, and had an intense love for Africa. She had prayed and prayed and prayed, looking up at that great black map on the wall; she had a vision before her of an African woman, and her heart was fairly pouring itself out over the women of Africa, but when she got there she met with a

bitter disappointment. She had expected to give all her time to winning the women to Jesus, and the first group of women she saw brought her a terrible disappointment. All of the African women she had prayed for had clothes on, and while their skin was black they were in every other respect like other folks, but when she encountered that group of African women on the shores of that dark continent she saw a group of women largely nude, utterly uncouth and unlovable. In the midst of that group was one woman who was particularly repulsive, an old, old woman, whose body was dirty and whose appearance was anything but attractive. She met with a repulsive feeling right there and she said, "Oh I cannot do it." Everything in her refined nature rebelled, and she told me she went alone with God, and asked him to do one of three things for her; let her go directly to glory or back to America, or that He would do something for her that would make it possible for her to stay in Africa. When she had worn herself out and became quiet before the Lord, she asked Him to speak to her and He simply said, "Go and love them." Then she had another bad half hour. She said, "That is just the trouble. I cannot do it. I could hate them, but I cannot love them," and she wore herself out again. Again she got down to the place of quietness before the Lord, and He told her that He loved them. Finally He got the thought into her mind and heart that she might go and carry to them the love of Jesus, that love that prompted Him to give His life on their behalf, though they were African women and in the face of all that heathendom meant. Finally, to make the story shorter, she found herself hunting this group of women. On the way she inquired among the missionaries where they had gone. They pointed out the hut into which they had crept and tremblingly she went along, got down on her knees and crawled in. The light was poor, but she saw sitting in a circle, this group of women and over on the other side, the old lady who was so repulsive to her. She told me as she went around the circle she could hardly maintain her balance and keep her feet, but she knew she had to reach that old lady. Having just about reached the limit of her strength she fell on her knees by her side, put her arms above her and drew that old disheveled, begrimed head over on her own bosom, and whispered into that ear that she had come to bring to her the love of Jesus. The old woman could not understand a word, of course; the missionary knew that, she didn't know anything about the language yet, but she told me that then and there

God did something for her that took away from before her vision all that repulsiveness, and there came to her heart such a return of the love He had given her for African women that she actually went back to the place of secret prayer and threw herself in an abandonment to God upon the floor, and said, "God, for Jesus' sake make me a native woman; let me live as they live, to bring them to Jesus." And God took her at her word, and as far as a refined lady could, she became an African woman. Missionaries who were on the field with her told me that they knew of her going among those African women where she waded swamps to her arm-pits, and where she sat in their midst and dipped her hand in the same dish to satisfy the cravings of her hunger, and won them to God. I heard her tell how in order to reach a place that God had put on her heart, she was compelled to lie out in the jungles all night alone, save for the two black men who were her guides. Ah beloved, that is love! That is the nature of love!

Referring to my own experience again, I remember how I said one time concerning my younger brother, "That boy cannot stay in my house over night." The occasion for it was, he had been drinking, and I had such an aversion to liquor and such a wholesome disregard for any man who would get drunk, that I was ready to refuse my own brother a night's shelter. I was a professing Christian too, but I am here to thank God tonight that that was not the end of it. God finally led in my life in such a way that over and over again, I do not know how many times I gathered in my arms men who were so far gone through the power of drink that they were utterly helpless, and took them home; and I never did anything that brought me more joy. I remember going down the streets of a city one night with my wife, after a meeting; it was 10:30, and as we hurried along towards home we came to a part of the city where it was especially dangerous for a woman to be alone that time of the night. As we hurried along, a man passed me just about my age and size, and something struck my heart and I said, "Oh I must get that man. You wait a little, dear, and I will be back in a moment." I ran and overtook him, and said, "Sir, I want to speak to you." He looked at me with a big, strange, blank sort of a look, and I said, "Where are you going tonight?" "I haven't any place to go," he said. "I will provide you a place. Come, I want to talk with you a little." There was a rooming-house near by; I forgot my wife and went and engaged a room on the second floor, and I sat down and

began to talk to my man and tell him that God could save him. That love of God in me had gripped me; I was helpless in His hand; I couldn't explain it, but it made me forget my wife and everything else but that man's soul. My wife found her way home, and I was with the man until one o'clock in the morning. I got him to talking about himself; he told me his name and something of his people, and every little while I would say, "The Lord can save you, my brother." His manhood was ruined by the drink habit, but along towards midnight it dawned upon him that I was telling him that God Almighty could save him yet, and the tears started down his cheeks and God began to help him right there. I learned afterwards that he was at the very moment I met him on his way to the Erie Canal, just about three blocks away, to end his life. I met him just in time. Oh that love of God! That sacrificial love! God wants it to grip us and move us in behalf of lost humanity and His glory. I saw that man sitting just at my right on the next Sunday afternoon as I was talking to my congregation about the mighty salvation of God, and he sprung up in the midst of my talk and said, "I believe I can be saved," and sat down. When the altar call was given he made a dive, and it seemed to me landed broad-side on the floor, and when he got up he was a saved man. He had no more desire for drink than I. I want to whisper a little secret to you. That man was a first cousin of Dwight L. Moody; he was a college graduate and a man of splendid parts intellectually, but sin had ruined him. If I had missed him that night, he would have gone to hell, but the love of God was equal to it. What matter that I forgot my wife? There was a God in heaven to take care of her. What matter that I couldn't explain the feeling that gripped me for that soul? No matter at all. Love doesn't hesitate to give itself, regardless of reason. I am glad for nine years of experience in rescue mission work that created some things in my life and took out all the bitterness and all that repulsion, and gave me a little love. That is what God wants to see in us.

Paul went further to say that he saw among them the Patience of Hope, and how blessed it is that in the midst of all that we are required to pass through we may constantly look out towards the goal of our expectation. "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord." Remember how the great Husbandman has waited and is still waiting for the fruit of the earth. "Be ye, therefore patient, establish

your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." I want to say that it proves a mighty incentive to holy living and diligent service, this burning hope for the coming of the Lord. More people believe He is coming than are living in the light of that coming and are ready for it. "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure." We need the patience of the hope. We need the sanctifying power of the hope. We shall have the reward of the hope any time. We have the promise of it, and the comfort of it. Oh when the truth of the coming of the Lord really grips one it proves a mighty factor in the life in relation to the will of God! One can gladly abandon himself to sacrifice who really is looking as with outstretched neck for the coming of Jesus. These material things mean so little, and the things we may have for our comfort seem of so little consequence to us, it is not hard to give them up. I will tell you why so many people who talk about the coming of the Lord are hindered in the life of sacrifice for Him. The truth hasn't a grip on them at all. It is an intellectual matter, and they are concerned about temporal things, and expecting to stay quite awhile yet; too much concerned about self and lacking that abandonment to God, but when the glorious hope really grips one, and we are brought into the very power of the hope it is easy to abandon everything. That is what God wants in this present-day church. I want to say it from this platform with great earnestness; if I could I would like to say it in thundering tones: God wants His church abandoned and wholly alive unto the coming of the Lord, living and working with a mighty expectancy that would influence every act and every word in the human life. He can have it, can He not? Can the Lord have what He wants? We are willing, are we not, to consent to His will? I am not among those who condemn the people of God and ready to grip with lashes and strike with stones a people whose heart belongs to God. I do not believe in that at all. I believe in the sincerity of the saints, and I believe every lack on our part represents simply a need of a better understanding and a better realization in our lives. We need the further discipline of the Holy Ghost, and He is on the job, and the more readily we yield and are lined up, the more quickly will we reach what we might call ideal conditions. Having said that, I can add this, that every true child of God who is really abiding in Christ is covered with the righteousness of Jesus. The Lord would see in our midst not only the works of faith but the labor of love, and have us filled with the patience of hope.



## What Has the Church of Christ Done for Mongolia? God's Faithfulness in An Isolated Land

Thos. Hindle, in The Stone Church Convention, March 24, 1917.



**I** AM A POOR, weak instrument that Jesus called to leave home and friends and go to that far off land. My wife and I went out from Toronto about eight years ago. We were then connected with the Hebden Mission there, and God gave us a very definite call. We believed the call was of God and set out. I had practically no money, having spent almost my last dollar on a university education. God set that all aside, and He showed me He had other plans for my life. We crossed the Pacific and wended our way up into Mongolia, where God supported us for seven years, and now we are back here to tell the story. The question I am often asked is the simple one, Where is Mongolia? That speaks volumes of the neglect of the Mongols. Why the church of God doesn't know where Mongolia is! To answer that question, Mongolia lies between China proper on the south and Siberia on the north; between Manchuria on the east, and on the west it extends almost to the borders of Tibet and Turkestan, about one million, three hundred and sixty thousand square miles in area. It is a prairie country something like North Dakota was when under the control of the American Indian. It has a population of about three million, but with the Mongols in other countries there may be as many as five million. You will be surprised when I tell you this is the remains of what was once one of the greatest world empires the world has ever seen. Sometime about the thirteenth century it extended to the Indian Ocean, and included a large part of Russia; they took even Moscow, but it soon went to pieces and all that is left of it is what I have already described. The Mongols are a dying race; their religion is killing them. It is a degenerate form of Buddhism called Llamaism and is identical with the religion of Tibet. It came from India to Tibet and from Tibet to Mongolia. The story as it is told is something like this: Away back a few centuries ago these people believed that the air around them was filled with demon spirits that oppressed their lives, oppressed their bodies, hindered their progress and made life hopeless and a miserable burden. Under these conditions, real or supposed, real to a large extent, a follower of Buddha came from India to Tibet and

declared his ability to quell the demons and put them in their place. The story goes that he was triumphant and reduced the demons to such straits that they had to seek terms of peace, and so an agreement was made by which these evil spirits were to become members of his religion and in return were to be worshipped and fed. So the very foundation of their religion is a form of demon worship, and I may say that all heathen religions are more or less demon worship. Paul says that what the heathen sacrifice to idols they sacrifice to demons. Having arisen triumphant in the conquest he next instituted the order of Llamas to keep the demons in their place lest they should become unruly. Their priests are called Llamas, and in a family of five boys three at least are supposed to be set apart for the priesthood. Mark you, over 60% of the male population are priests. These boys are set apart for the Order very early in life, at the same age, perhaps as parents consecrate their children to God. They wear certain colored garments, yellow or bright red, and as you ride over the plains in Mongolia, you can tell whether a man is a priest or a layman before you meet him. They have a ceremony to set the boys apart for the priesthood and select the brightest and most intelligent; they are dedicated to that order and in due time sent away to the temples that are dotted here and there throughout the country. The temples are the centers, not only of religion but also of the Mongol life. The boys serve in a menial capacity the older Llamas, and in return they are taught how to say prayers, and sometimes are very cruelly treated. If the boy shows marked ability they find a place for him to fill of some departed Llama; if he is a little bit stupid he drifts back into the home to lord it over the flock and to live an indolent, irresponsible life and look after the spiritual interests of the family.

These Llamas are not supposed to marry. Some of them marry, but once they do they degrade themselves in the priesthood, and when a man takes a wife it is a sign that he rises no higher in the priesthood, so the people are a dying race. Over sixty per cent of the male population are not allowed to take wives, but permitted to live the vilest immoral lives, so it is plain to be seen the race is a dying one, and their only salvation is to save them from their religion.

When we went out we took a smaller vessel from Japan, then up the river as far as Tientsin; from Tientsin we went through Peking to the outer wall of China. Here we stopped for a few months to study the language. After having a smattering of the language we started out by car, leaving behind us the post office, and almost all modern civilization. We went up mountain passes along narrow ledges of rocks, each road winding in and out, always up grade, until at evening we reached an almost insurmountable barrier. We met trains of camels winding their way down with a spiral motion. The descent is most difficult. We watched our opportunity, and as the last caravan passed we turned into the road and wended our way up. It is a cruel hill; one of the hardest to ascend I have ever known, and while I have seen many a wreck on that hill, God never permitted us to be in any. Having reached the top we naturally expected to go down on the other side, but our expectations were not realized. At that high elevation stretch the plains of Mongolia. Here the air is beautiful and refreshing. We traveled on and at nightfall reached the first Mongolian village seen in our travels. The Mongols live in tents, and this was the pioneer home of James Gilmore. All that remains of the house he lived in is crumbled walls.

The Mongol believes it is a sin to cultivate the ground. He will not interfere with nature in any way, not even take up stones to build a wall or cultivate the ground to grow the smallest crop, nor dig a grave to bury the dead. He throws the dead out on the plain for vultures, and hard and inhuman as it seems to us, they have two reasons for it. One is, they believe it a sin to interfere with nature to dig a grave, and second, they believe in transmigration of spirits, when a person dies his spirit enters another body; it may be that of a human being or it may descend into an animal, and he believes the sooner the body is destroyed the sooner the spirit will be free to enter another body, and so he simply gives the wolves and the dogs and the vultures free access to it. Oh these people are dark, very dark! Did you ever pray for Mongolia?

I told you the Llamas lived immoral lives and were indolent, but above all, they lord it over the people. To use a scriptural phrase "they devour widows houses and for a pretense make long prayers." This is strikingly true. As a woman loses her husband the Llamas come to look after her, not the burial, but doing away with the body. They will tax her to the very last cent. They say prayers but they do not pray. Their prayers are

in the Tibetan language, and the boys repeat the sounds though they are not supposed to understand them. All that is required is to reproduce them in certain tones. These are charms, so to speak, at the sound of which the demons are quelled. Jesus is the only One who has power over demons; they are more than a match for the best of us. It is not merely a sham; there are demons in these dark lands, and we missionaries who go there need to go in the power of the Spirit. If God sends me back I want to go with much more power than I had before. I failed God often, but He never failed me once, in all my weakness and my hesitancy. I went there trusting in Him alone for support, and I never knew what it was to be hungry. I used to get a fairly good salary teaching a country school, and it was a little new to me to cast a salary aside and trust God, but during the seven years I was in Mongolia I had as good food and was clothed as well as in the seven years I was earning a salary.

I must speak about the poor women. As you approach the tent you see the women working, the men sitting idle. You notice the woman's head is covered with a beautiful piece of silver beads, interspersed with pearls, or if she is wealthy, even gold. This hangs down almost to her heels, and is the token of a married woman, her dowry in marriage as a wedding ring is to a woman in this country. We notice the expression of her face spells sorrow, and when we come to learn the conditions we do not wonder at it. It is the easiest country in the world to obtain a divorce. If a man becomes dissatisfied with his wife he simply tells her, "You are no longer suitable; you go home to your parents;" but the sad part about it is that she has to leave her little children behind. They belong to the husband. She is forced to go from her husband and from her home, and above all from her children, and that experience may be repeated two or three times in her life. Is it any wonder then that she is sad? A Mongol if he wants to call his wife, won't deign even to mention her name, but will say, "Hoy." (Come here.)

The Mongols have no idea what sin is. If you ask them if they commit sin they say, "Oh yes," but ask them to define sin and they never mention one. One Llama said the reason he never got caught in horse stealing was because he always made the matter a very definite subject of prayer before he undertook the job. A Llama once said to me, "It is no sin to tell lies; it is a sin to shoot antelopes." They believe it is a sin to take stones off the ground. I went to



employ some Mongols who were not orthodox, to build a stone wall, and the people said, "You must stop those men from doing that, our cattle will die." If they didn't stop they believed they would anger the god of nature.

Do you know of any church on this continent who is doing anything for Mongolia? If there is one I would like to know it. I myself know of one Scandinavian church in the United States that is doing its best to support a missionary on the border, but apart from this I do not know of any. What has the church of God done for Mongolia? Nearly two thousand years have rolled around since Christ gave the commission to the church to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, and what has been done for Mongolia? Almost nothing. Jesus included the Mongols in "every creature." The difficulties are great but there is no excuse for the neglect. God is very much concerned about Mongolia. How do I know? Because He took such a weak instrument as I and gave me a very direct call. Just before we went out, there had been a Swedish missionary and his wife on the field, but the climate was hard and the wife laid down her life there. The poor missionary didn't even have boards with which to make a coffin for her; he had to get a horse-trough for a coffin. He buried his wife and then, sad and lonely, he left for his native land. At the time the special agent of the British & Foreign Bible Society was also home on a furlough, and the other missionaries on the border were home, so when we reached there, we did not know of any on the border. Today there are perhaps eleven foreigners, all told, who preach the Gospel to the Mongols, including the missionaries' wives. Of these, seven are on the border and divide their energies between the Chinese and the Mongols, which leaves four missionaries working exclusively for the Mongolians. What a missionary needs more than anything else is your prayers. More is wrought by prayer than this old world dreams of. Do you know that you can bring courage and comfort to us when we are taking our lonely journeys away out there on the plains? I am a stranger to most of you, but I want you to pray for me and my wife, and for all the missionaries in Mongolia. The time is short. Jesus is coming soon, but we will do our best to tell the Mongols the story of Jesus. The difficulties there are so great that many missionaries have become discouraged and drifted back into China. First of all the climate is very rigorous owing to the high altitude combined with the high latitude. Then there are a fraction less

than two people to the square mile; only about half the year can be devoted to traveling, and we must travel on horse-back. It would be a God-send to us if we had an automobile. We could take our little organ and travel from place to place. As it is we can take very little with us on horse-back. Sister Grace Fordham, who is still on the field is a heroine. She has had many a fall from her horse, but she still goes on. A year ago last summer she and another sister traveled eight hundred miles over that lonely dangerous country which is infested with robbers. Their faith was strong and God never failed them. On one occasion they were held up by armed men and the Mongol attendants were very much frightened and bowed in an act of worship to the robbers and wanted the ladies to do the same. They said, "No, we bow to God alone." They were taken, undaunted before the chief and after asking them a few questions he told them they could go, and that his men should not molest them. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth him." Time after time in our own experience has this been repeated; robbers have come to the village adjoining ours and never came to us. When the country was overrun by a robbing band and we had to fly south to China, we left our house and furniture; the robber chief sent his men for two things, liquor and firearms. They went through the house and some of the men exceeded their orders and took other things back to the camp, and the robber chief said to him, "You take the foreigners' things back;" they brought them back and threw them over the wall to the house. A most singular thing occurred when the robbers entered our yard; one of their best horses dropped down. To this day they are impressed with that, and think it was by some supernatural power.

Oh how the Lord has watched over every detail of our movements. At the time of the revolution in China I was forced to go south. In Mongolia they use lump silver as a medium of exchange; you weigh out the silver on the scales and give it in payment. I needed silver but my bank account was down at Tientsin; I rode a hundred miles on horseback intending to take the train from there, but on that day a messenger came saying he had just received word that the rebels were going to take the city and there would also be an uprising from within. I turned my horse back. If I went to Tientsin it would cut me off from my wife and child. Revolution in the South and to the north of us, no escape and no silver! What was I to do? Just stand still

and see the salvation of the Lord. Shortly after that a Mongol whom I knew quite well rode into the yard. He had been doing business for a foreigner, and said, "Mr. Hindle I am in difficulty; I sold some horses for Mr. Larson and I have a hundred taels of silver, and I am afraid to take the money into the city. Can you use the

silver here and afterwards pay Mr. Larson?" That was just what I wanted.

Oh dear ones, if the Lord calls you to Mongolia, will you go? You can go to the uttermost parts of the earth, and if He is leading you He will take care of you. Pray oh pray for Mongolia!

## Results of Faithful Witnessing in Hawaii

### Healings of Leprosy and Incurable Diseases

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Johns, Box 1104, Honolulu, H. I.



OR the cause of Christ we come to you at this time with open hearts to implore your hearty co-operation, *via* the throne of grace, for the dark land of Hawaii, with its many churches and high steeples, yet with no conception of what real salvation means. The many, many wealthy missionaries living here in the Manoa Valley stand today as a wall between the natives and God. When they hear that we are missionaries they at once form an alliance against us, saying, "Watch the new Howleys. They are after our land and our money." So after two and a half years of weeping before God and toiling, unmindful of conditions that are sad but true, we can say that through the precious Holy Spirit prejudice has been broken down, and natives are finding that there is a real God. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever, and the Spirit is drawing men and women to Him today. Doors are being opened to us all over the country; places that were closed against the very name of "missionary" have been opened by the Spirit of God, and souls are yielding their hearts to Him. The natives are mostly a very tender-hearted people; you can win their confidence when once they love you, and best of all, love Jesus with true hearts.

But nothing short of the mighty power of God can deliver them from their Kohoona practice, and the sad part is that the nominal churches take them into membership, and though they go on in the old heathen Kohoona worship, they think they are saved. Yet God has promised us that a remnant of this tribe should be saved and ready to meet Jesus. While here we saw many of other nationalities saved, but what brought greatest joy to our souls was to see the first native saved and receive the blessed baptism more than a year ago. We knew this was the opening of the door to the natives, for a native believes his own race, and today we can praise God that through this one open door many of the natives are turning from all that binds them, and finding that there is power in the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin, and the glorious Gospel of Pentecost is spreading by the fire of the Holy Ghost. As the realization that we are in the last days grows upon the people we are unable to fill all the doors open to us: we have neither the workers nor the funds for this purpose, but here in Hon-

olulu we have a real encouraging work, about twenty-five Christians, nearly all baptized in the Spirit. After much prayer for a meeting-place, we have at last secured an old blacksmith-shop at Waipohu, which by a coat of whitewash and some cleaning we have made fit for God's house, and He has never failed to set His seal on each meeting. But this is only one place, and the cry of the natives is for others. As we go from place to place, holding meetings by the way-side and on the mountains, the cry of the people is, "Make us a God-house." They cannot understand, if our God has power to save from Kohoona and drink, and tobacco, and to heal their bodies, why we cannot ask Him to give us a meeting house in which to pray. So for the first time we come before the saints of God, not for our request, but for the request of these people who have never before known the true God.

We have witnessed here the most remarkable healings and deliverances from demon possession I have ever known. One was a native woman who hid from the doctors for fear of being sent to Molokai, the leper settlement. She was covered with leprosy from head to foot, but believed that God had power and would heal her. And He who never disappoints an honest heart, touched her body and made her whole. Another was a Spanish woman, discharged from the hospital as an incurable case. She had had one kidney removed and undergone many operations, but in some providential way she was led to our door. The second night she was in the home Jesus met her while alone in her room. He healed her and filled her with His Spirit, although she had been a Roman Catholic. Now for a year and a half she has been doing her work and caring for her family, well in body and rejoicing in Jesus. Another, a Portugese woman, was to undergo an operation and called on us for prayer. We went to see her in our weakness, but realized that Jesus was able for this case, and He proved His power again. She arose well. The doctor came and made an examination, but could not find any trace of the trouble. He said he could not understand it, and went home, but we knew it was the power of God. The woman and her husband are now both baptized in the Holy Ghost. Another remarkable healing was that

of a woman who had open sores for twenty years. The Lord touched her and in twenty-four hours the sores were covered over with new skin. Many others have been healed of various diseases. God used this means to draw these people to Himself. Even among the Board missionaries God has proved His healing power. A missionary of the most prominent church here was very ill and the doctors were puzzled over the nature of her disease, and powerless to help her. She came to us, saying that she heard we could heal and thought she would try us before going to Christian Science. We took the Word of God, showed her the fallacy of Christian Science, and that no one but Jesus could help her, and she must depend on Him alone. We prayed together, she wept and cried at the foot of the cross and Jesus met her. She has been improving ever since, has gained in flesh and looks quite well, but unlike the other poor suffering ones who came in their need, she never returned to give God the glory.

We have in our home eighteen dependent, needy souls, among them orphans and widows, all of whom have found Jesus as their Savior. Our son, Clarence R. Johns, who with his wife have been called to this work, is much needed in the work, but on account of circumstances he has been compelled to work to support the family. He helps in the meetings every night, but this strain together with working during the day has been very trying on his body. We need him free for the work, and we feel God needs him, and we ask that someone will make this a matter of prayer, for we know "prayer changes things." He also needs prayer for his body, as the climate is trying, and long hours in meeting every night and early at work in the morning have not been easy. Yet God has kept us, blessed be His Name! Only a missionary who has been on the field two or three years can sympathize with other missionaries. We have all had the fever this winter, but the Lord proved Himself strong in our behalf, and speedily raised us up.

There is no Pentecostal work on any of these Islands excepting this Island of Oahu. We have a native girl who received the baptism of the Spirit and then stepped out and has opened a Sunday School on Hawaii at Kou. She is reaching some of the people. We have also a most earnest young man who feels called to go forth but has a wife and family and must work. We see the need of more workers and these natives can do more among their own than we can, so we ask your earnest prayers that God will help us to lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes. During our first year here we labored with our own hands but we soon saw it was impossible to do this and accomplish anything for God. Our trust has been in the Lord, and when we leaned on the flesh it failed, but God has never failed. We are following Him who knows no defeat, and have only one purpose in view, and that is the salvation of the neglected natives of the Hawaiian Islands and that our lives may glorify God. We feel the end of this

dispensation is very near and what we do we must do quickly. We ask you to take this to God in prayer, and "whatsoever He saith unto you, do it," not for us but for Him, and He will reward you accordingly.

### A Great Need

On every hand the need is great, and in spite of stress and strain the Lord seems to be continually laying it on our missionaries to enlarge their borders and open up new stations. Brother Adolph Wieneke, formerly with Brother Anglin, recently opened a station at Tsinichow, Shantung, China, and writes that after some months of difficulties in getting located he has become settled in his new quarters. The first soul God saved was an old, wealthy Chinese man. His heart was touched the first day he attended the services, and when he went home he cleansed his house from idols and everything pertaining to them. His heart was filled with the love of Jesus. Good interest is manifested and the power of God felt; some have been saved through the special services held at the time of the Chinese New Year. They take part in the daily prayer-meeting and study the Bible in deep earnestness. The city in which our brother is now stationed has a population of three hundred thousand. Pray for this one Pentecostal missionary among *three hundred thousand Chinese*. Brother Wieneke has not been able, because of circumstances, to have his family with him; they have no place to live, and are at present eighty miles away, making it trying in a double sense. Besides his own personal need and comfort, of which he is deprived, it is a necessity to have the help of his wife in the work among the women. We trust someone will pray effectually for this need and that a house may be built for them to live in. This touching appeal closes our brother's letter: "*Please pray for the work in this big city as you would pray if it were your own work.*" We believe this motive would actuate all our petitions for foreign lands if we had an eye single for God's glory and if we were faithful co-workers with our great Intercessor.

\* \* \*

A Pentecostal Campmeeting will be held in Thunder Hawk, S. D., beginning June 16, in charge of Pastor L. E. Brown. For information, write D. D. Myers, Thunder Hawk, S. D.

\* \* \*

A Campmeeting will be held at Petoskey, Mich., in Mrs. Knecht's woods, July 1-Aug. 15. All workers and evangelists will be entertained free of charge. Plan to take your vacation at this time. For information write F. W. Jewell, 440 Michigan Ave., Petoskey, Mich.

\* \* \*

Primitive Church Government

By Wm. G. Schell

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

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**Notes**

**S** eek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." These words, closing a heart to heart talk of Jesus to His followers nineteen hundred years ago, were never more fitting than they are today. In these times of uncertainty when people are burdened under the strain of high prices and some hearts are fainting and fearing the encroachment of famine, knowing all too well the natural outcome of the present outlook, is it not a time for us to turn to the Word of God for comfort?

When Jesus gave the command to seek God and His righteousness with the promise that our temporal needs should be supplied, He knew just what was before His disciples; He knew they would face famine; He knew of the siege of Jerusalem that was coming upon the nation, in which suffering for lack of food would be beyond description, yet He promised them if they would seek God and live righteous lives they would not lack in the time of sorrow and trial. And history records that in the awful time of siege and famine, Christians were permitted to leave the city unharmed.

Today He has not changed; neither have the warring nations changed. The promise the Lord gave His disciples is for the "little flock," if we make God first and live lives of righteousness. He knows just what is coming upon this old world, the awful night of sorrow, trib-

ulation, loss and death, and the nameless fear and dread, yet knowing all, He says: "Fear not:" "There shall not an hair of your head perish;" "Look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh!"

\* \* \* \*

Today much thought is being given to the care of the body. The secular papers are full of instruction how people should make proper provision for food in the face of what is before us. These are good, but let us as Christians follow the instructions that God has given and prove Him true. It is a time for the exercise of faith, and the days are surely coming when our faith will be tested to the limit. If we put *first things first*, the just shall live by faith. But let us not make the mistake of putting temporal needs above spiritual; one is only for time, while the other is for eternity. How vast the difference!

We frequently receive word from our subscribers, some who have been on our list for years, that owing to "circumstances," "hard times," etc., they cannot afford to take the paper another year, but we ask, is it not a serious mistake in our curtailing, to cut off the supply of spiritual food? Some are living where they are isolated from Christian fellowship, and receive no other food for their souls except the Word and Christian literature. Have you counted the cost to your soul to cut off your supply and permit yourself to become lean and starved spiritually? These are preparatory days; days when we are getting ready for a wonderful life, for an eternity with our blessed Lord. Should we not then determine to leave no stone unturned for spiritual development that we may be permitted to participate in the marriage supper of the Lamb? There are many avenues to practice economy; let us curtail along those lines which do not count for God. In view of the soon coming of Jesus we ought to increase our gifts to Him, to the mission field, for the circulation of Gospel literature, and build ourselves and our families up in faith and love, that we may be fortified against the days that are coming to try all the earth.

\* \* \* \*

Do you ever pray for The Evangel that its usefulness may be increased? that it more and more may be used to deliver the sinful and the sick? to bind the broken-hearted and lighten the burdens of the oppressed? We covet the prayers of our readers for this, and that our faith will be equal for every emergency in the coming days.

## From the Firing Line

THE Kelleys with the three new missionaries for China reached their destination early in March, having passed through the worst storm on the Pacific for a night and a day that has been known for thirty years, but their hearts were kept from fear. They were most heartily welcomed by missionaries and natives, the former of whom they found very worn and tired, having been severely tested in their bodies, but the general condition of the work was good. Some new converts at each station greeted them with shining faces, and one of the native workers said he felt that a big burden had fallen off his back on their return.

The native church among the Hak Ka people had prospered spiritually in their absence. The Christians there know how to trust God when they are sick; they never call for a doctor but send for the Christians to come and pray. One was sick with the small-pox recently, almost unto death, but the Christians prayed and the Lord healed. Miss Sarah Kugler also had a severe attack of small-pox, but is recovering.

The greatest problem our missionaries have to face is the unhealthy, unsanitary condition of their surroundings. Sai Nam, where the Kelleys are now living, is one of the filthiest cities of South China, and their home is nothing but a shack. They have been repeatedly warned that the building is dangerous and unfit for occupancy, but up to this time they have found it impossible to secure other quarters, partly because of lack of funds. From a private letter we give a few extracts, that our readers may catch a glimpse of some of the privations of missionary life: "The house shakes every time we walk across the floor; have no windows, just holes in the wall and ceiling for ventilation; the roof leaks, and when they cook the smoke from the kitchen goes all over the house, as the partition doesn't run to the ceiling." How many of us would be willing to endure such privations that the heathen might have the Gospel? How many will pray that the way will be open for them to have a better home? Mr. Kelley has already had fever since his return, due, no doubt, to the unsanitary condition of his surroundings. We say unhesitatingly that if we expect our missionaries to be at their best for God, we must see that they are properly housed.

\* \* \*

Miss Clarke writes from that important center of Bombay, India, of sifting times among the natives. Some with great possibilities are crippled in their usefulness by works of the flesh and an unwillingness to stand in trial; others fall away and are ensnared by sin. Nevertheless she is not discouraged, feeling that God will yet work out His purposes in each life, and the fact that some are going on with God is a cause for rejoicing. One who formerly earned a good living by practicing devilish powers, gave himself to the Lord, who stripped him of it all. His one theme

is the loving mercy of God, and he loves to tell about the cross of Christ.

A Mohammedan who had been a drunkard and deep in sin, became converted, confessed, and put away his sin. He begged for baptism in water which in due time was given him. Much of the work in Bombay is being done by the Indians themselves and there are signs of a real revival.

The Lord is also working in camps outside of Bombay, natives belonging to the denominations are becoming converted, receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and are asking for water baptism, which brings the mission into no little disfavor.

\* \* \*

Brother and Sister Neeley have just gone on a new station in a new tribe, which welcomed them royally. The natives in this tribe are perfectly raw heathen, do not even know who God is, but our missionaries are both happy and feel they are in the Lord's will. One of the towns in that tribe is fortified; no stranger allowed in without investigation, but they hope to enter with the Gospel.

On Feb. 8, Harry Bowley and Miss Rhodema Mendenhall, both of Liberia, West Africa, were united in marriage by Brother Perkins. May God bless them as they enter upon their new life together.

\* \* \*

We praise God for His faithfulness in burdening us for those who are in need. He lays prayer on our hearts for them, and then delights our hearts by granting the answer. Sometime ago a sister who had just returned from a sojourn in Florida, said to us, "Is Bernice Lee sick?" We said that while we had not heard directly, a report had come indirectly that she was seriously ill with heart trouble. Then the sister told us that while in Florida the Lord had continually held our Sister Lee before her for prayer, and that she felt she was fighting for her very life. A letter just received from Sister Lee tells of having passed through the illness and how the Lord wonderfully delivered her, so that she is now perfectly well. What a faithful God we have!

\* \* \* \*

Brother and Sister Lawler write from Shanghai, that they are having good meetings, the hall well filled with hungry souls, but on account of lack of funds they are compelled to close two of their stations, and have seen testing days since returning to the field. They now have three stations, four native workers and sixteen orphan boys, for which to provide, beside their own family of four, and must have our co-operation in prayer and support. As a result of preaching on the street in a near-by village, the whole community is stirred and they are begging for a mission to be established there. A building can be secured for \$7 a month in which to hold meetings regularly.

From Yokohama, Japan, comes the sound of abundance of rain. Brother Moore writes that the police permit them to preach anywhere in the city, and they sow the Gospel seed vigorously. At a street fair they held meetings at four different places and distributed hundreds of tracts. Within walking distance they can reach four hundred thousand people, and are pushing the battle with all of their strength, with the result that God is giving them fruit. Recently a man was found dying with consumption, a victim to morphine and drink. In answer to prayer, he gave his heart to God, his body was touched, and he says he will yet live to preach the Gospel. His wife and daughter have since been saved.

A cripple who was forbidden by the pastor of a denominational church to attend because she was a cripple and poor, was attracted by the singing to the mission, and became a bright believer in Jesus. The prophecy concerning the ministry of Jesus was, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." What a contrast between the Master, who continually ministers to the poor, the halt and the blind, and the so-called shepherds, the hirelings of today, who close the door upon them! How can the love of God dwell in such a heart? It is the poor today who hear the Gospel gladly, just as in the early days, and it is a great privilege to have the same ministry as our blessed Lord.

## Preparedness!

Elizabeth Sisson.



**R**EADY!" Nearly two thousand years in prophecy it has been declared "His wife hath made herself ready." Rev. 19:7. Yet it is not history today! How do we know? The same prophecy announces "the marriage of the Lamb is come." Is it at this hour history, the marriage of the Lamb is come? No. Why? Because His wife hath *not* made herself ready.

Through the ages here and there souls may have pressed forward into the holiest of all, and given the Heavenly Bridegroom in themselves part of that "dove", that "undefiled" of whom the Bridegroom sings in Canticles, she "is but *one*, she is the *only one* of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her, (i.e. the Holy Ghost, the Mother—God)." "The daughters saw her and blessed her; yea the queens and the concubines, and they praised her."

All along the Ages, the way into the highest has been open for a child of God who would step on and on; the resurrection has varying glories, (I. Cor. 15:41, 42,) as souls have let the Lord measure their earthly life into the more or less of death to the human and natural, in their on-going into God. I. Cor. 15:37, 38. But the resurrected bodies of those bride-souls of all ages, now lying in the tomb, and the consummation of their glories, await the maturity of another company, who from among the living Christians shall be caught away to meet the Lord in the air, not dying but winning translation, which is the full victory over death. "The last enemy which shall be destroyed is death." In these translated ones, death shall be destroyed. Hallelujah! As these "ready

ones" rise to meet the Lord in the air, the bodies of those others shall also rise. Yea these who have so long waited the Bridegroom's embrace and the marriage in the air, "shall rise first;" (I. Thess. 4:15-17) perhaps following with them, from among the living and the dead, another company blessedly called to the marriage supper, happy, honored guests of the feast (Rev. 19:9) though not the bride herself. Bodies of others, of a still less perfected sainthood, left in the tombs, while their souls stay on in that blessed intermediate state where they have been waiting, since first souls were saved and gathered to God; the on-earth, less ready ones, being perfected by the martyrdoms, that all souls loyal to Christ, will meet in the days of the Antichrist!

Not only these events of the catching away, await the preparedness of ready ones, but all the after consequences of God's programme; the development of the Man of Sin, the world's judgments consequent upon it—God's great house-cleaning time in this old earth, preparatory to ushering in millennium glories, also the release and return of Himself in consummated righteousness of the Hebrews, His ancient people; the salvation that shall flow in the earth through these Jewish, the best of all missionaries (Rom. 11:12-15) all, ALL these events, and much that cannot be put down in the limit of this brief paper, await the preparedness of the Bride.

She is the Key to the whole situation. Her title "Key of David" is given when He declares Himself to Philadelphia, the bride church. Rev. 3:7. Our blessed spiritual David; great David's Greater Son, unlocks all; but by the instrumentality of this Key. Hence preparedness should be our watchword; the things that go to make preparedness, our constant prayer for her.



Nothing so vital as for her to be made ready; nothing so vital as for Him to get the Key formed. Have you observed the acclaim of all heaven, (Rev. 19:5-7) when she *hath* made herself ready?

Let us ponder the revelation, "She hath made herself ready." It is her own work. None other can do it for her. And yet it is a "grant," all free grace, on her part just taking free gift. "To her it was *granted* that she should be arrayed in her bridal garments: "fine linen, clean and white;" Revised Version "white and pure;" Weymouth, "fine linen, shining and spotless;" Rotherham, "fine linen, bright and pure." But this "fine linen" is not the imputed righteousness of Christ of which we hear so much in some quarters, a garment of covering given her. It may do very well for the saint to begin with that, but this bridal garment is her *very own* righteousness, though from the first to the last all gift of the heavenly Bridegroom. His righteousness not *imputed*, but *imparted* to her. The Greek has it, "the fine linen is the *righteousness* of the saints." Weymouth puts it, "the fine linen is the *righteous action* of God's people." Rotherham, "the fine linen is the *righteous deeds* of the saints." Rev. Ver., "for the fine linen is the *righteous acts* of the saints." Inwrought righteousness! Our life rising from within and clothing us!

I had it once in vision, when I saw the Christ descending in the clouds—though I could not see Him, for the brightness that clothed Him; but I beheld a company rising to meet Him. As they rose, their earth-garments fell off. Alas for them, had they had no others! for then they would have been naked and ashamed at His coming, but from within came out the power of their life, garments wrought in most exquisite rainbow colors, with a brilliancy as of spun diamond thread. As they rose, one group going forward in swifter movement and brighter brilliancy, and from them also, a still swifter and more lustrous company, soared further up. All the companies rising, but with different degrees of swiftness, and varying radiancy. I was made to know in the Spirit, it was the measure of the power of the Holy Ghost, that they had let sway their earth life, and that now became their movement and their robes. Adorned from within! Oh what a commentary upon "And not be ashamed before Him at His coming." I John 2:28. Also, "I counsel thee to buy of Me . . . white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that *the shame of thy nakedness* do not appear." Rev.

3:8. With what is our present life, clothing our Eternity?

"To her it was *granted*." Oh how much of the gift, the grant, are we daily taking! It is given us to have the very thoughts of Jesus, the prayers of Jesus, carrying His people and the world in our hearts as He carries them in His; the very tones of Jesus in our voice, the glow of Jesus in our eye, the expression of Jesus in our countenance. "Let the beauty of the Lord, our God be upon us." "Child, thou art ever with Me and all that I have is thine." How much are we taking? As our faith in Him clothes our talk, our walk, He, by the Holy Ghost works out in our inner life. How beautiful He would make us! "All glorious within." Her clothing—the queen, the bride (Ps. 45) was of fine needlework; "wrought gold." The imagery is taken from the Orient where this gold thread embroidery goes on. A sharp-hooked needle bites into the very fibre of the fabric, as it gets hold of thread after thread and overlays all with golden beads and flowers and rare forms of beauty. Jesus is our "wrought gold." He condescends stitch by stitch to reproduce *the gold* of His nature in us. Not for the soul who shrieks, "instrument of torture," and pushes away the sharp stiletto as it punctures the bleeding flesh, but for the one who rejoices over her tribulations, gloats that she is "counted worthy to suffer shame for His name," "endures hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," glories in all her tribulations; in her only is the full work wrought; the full measure of His death, and to sustain it, the full measure of His life imparted, till He can say she is "All glorious within" and with delight sing over her, "Thou art all fair my love: there is no spot in thee." Just when people see but the badgerskin of the tabernacle covering does He look within to *make* and then rejoicingly *see* all the mystic beauties of the holy of holies, all the glittering mass of jewels, that in the New Jerusalem adorn the bride of the Lamb.

A half dozen young school girls were discussing the points of their mates—"Oh that Sarah Holt, I cannot bear her, I do not want her to come near me or touch me—such horrid hands!" "Yes," rejoined another, "They are very coarse and big and red and chapped, ugly hands." "Beautiful hands," said quiet, gentle grandmother sitting in the chimney corner, "Lovely hands." "Oh Grandma, what do you mean?" "Hands" said Grandma "which take care of poor tired mother, which wash the dishes, sift the ashes, while some of yours are playing the piano, entertaining the beau, your worn out mother left alone to get the

supper. Beautiful jewels of patience, self-sacrifice, tender devotion adorn those hands of Sarah Holt. Wonderful hands! Exquisite hands! Imperishable the gems they wear when this earth's splendor has crumbled to dust!"

How Jesus' nature shines out with every deepening glow as the centuries unroll! How it will increase as we understand it from the multiplying view-points of Eternity! And we are called now to be invested with that nature! Bride-souls will respond fully, constantly to the call. His *highest* work falls upon her consent. In Adam was hidden the rib which should make his fair Eve. In Christ is hidden all the life that goes to make His bride. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus." But Adam must yield himself to death to bring forth Eve. "A deep sleep" from the Lord held him three days, and Christ slept His three days in the tomb that He might say of one who should be the choice fruit of that tomb, "Thou art all fair my love, there is no spot in thee." To bring forth in her, what He there brought forth for her, she too must yield herself fully to His death,—“for if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him.” “Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, *that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.*” Paul speaks, 2 Cor. 11:23-27, of beatings, stonings, shipwreck, arduous journeys with untold discomfort, perils of robbers, by the heathen, by his own countrymen, by false Christians, in the wilderness, in the sea, perils in the city, perils everywhere, weariness, pain, watchings, hunger, thirst, oft fasts, cold and nakedness. They were all hailed as so many *opportunities* to put on Christ, to measure up to the “*high calling*” to become of the bride of the Lamb. So he said that in them all he “gloried”.

“Names written in the book of the life of the Lamb,” is said to be the close rendering of Rev. 21:27. How far are you trusting Jesus to write your daily life in *the book of His own life*? Some have come into the edge of the life of the Lamb. Others have consented to be measured a little deeper in, others still deeper, but only those whose names are written in the full depth of the Lamb pass on into brideship. The Lamb of God, Christ Jesus, *can wed only His own nature.*

We think it miscegenation when a fair Anglo-Saxon of highest culture “heir of all the ages” weds a New Guinea negro in the childhood of his race, loaded with its unintellectuality and immorality. It would mean a life-long misery of uncongeniality.

When Jesus marries, it will be the admission of a fourth person into the holy family of God; Father, Spirit, Son and His wife. To such honor are redeemed ones called! “Many are called but few are chosen.” The Lord Jesus will not *mis-*mate. Only those who are brought out of their nature into His nature will be *chosen*.

Just now bride-souls will surely be called into a very Christ-like holding in love, compassion, faith and prayer, for the rapid maturing of saints to complete the Bride, for that desire so deeply thrills the heart of our Divine Master in this hour, amid earth's rockings and the agonizing groans and cries that rend the world. To fill out the programme, to consummate the plan, to bring in everlasting righteousness—Oh, how He yearns! And His nature seeks to reproduce that yearn in our nature. All things wait His turning a certain key, “the key of David.” He must have that key before He can turn it in the lock! So He seeks to lay hold of us with His own yearn, the prayer that the “Body” be built up, the Bride completed. The unity of love is the only thing that will build up. Eph. 4:16. So He groans through yielded souls for this unity. In these He yearns through for souls that the enemy has tricked or is tricking into disunity. Through them He believes with that mighty faith, which by the Holy Ghost He can create within us, for the “welding together in love” (Col. 2:2 Wey.), of the various members of the body. Consider the phrase here given us for prayer, “welded together.” That operation by which two cold hard pieces of metal are made one. An unscientific ignoramus would explode with laughter, as he saw the hopelessness of the two pieces of iron laid side by side and a fanatic (?) talking of making them one. But the scientific fanatic says “I know a secret whereby they shall be utterly, completely one.” “What is it?” incredulously sneers the ignoramus. “Fire that will fuse, aye *weld* them into one substance.” And Faith, God imparted, God sustained Faith, says, “I know a fire, the fire of the Great Baptizer which will weld into one, the now scattered members of the Body of Christ; the Bride of the Lamb. Christ the Lord has begun to visit the earth with that fire in the Latter Rain movement He is making. I will pray for more fire. It takes much, long-continued and fierce heat to bring iron to pliability, to make it melt and run like water but there is fire enough in God to melt and fuse into one a hundred races, like this human race. I will pray for more fire, more rain, more outpouring of His Spirit upon all flesh, and as I pray,” says Faith, “I

know the tide is rising, the exceeding great and precious promises all say 'yes' (2 Cor. 1:20), to me. Therefore I will not cast away my confidence which hath great recompense of reward." Jesus says "Ye shall ask . . . I will do." "Exceedingly abundantly above all you ask or

think" says the Father. "According to the *Power* which worketh in you" saith the indwelling Comforter. Therefore in prayer, in love, in compassion, in faith, we move forward and *God works*. Preparedness for translation, the blessed outcome!!

## Saved for Fruit-Bearing In the Trial—Reckon

J. R. Kline, Detroit, Michigan, in The Stone Church Convention, March 25, 1917.



HE subject tonight, beloved, is Fruitfulness. Fruitfulness is the purpose for which you and I were saved. God didn't save any of us out of the perilous predicament in which we were, merely to keep us from going to hell. When God made man in the beginning He made him for the purpose of glorifying Himself. He made him a wonderful being. The planets must run in their appointed orbs, the stars are placed in the heavens under the direction of the Creator, animals have only a limited understanding, but to man God gave the power of free, moral agency, made him in His own spiritual image and in His own moral likeness; He made him a being with whom He could commune, with whom He could talk and walk, and put him over all the works of His hands. After He had made the earth, formed the beasts of the field, made a beautiful garden and every green herb, He appointed man to have dominion over the whole creation, made him to be a king to manifest the glory of God. When man fell he forfeited his rights, and instead of being a king he became a slave; instead of being triumphant he was defeated; instead of being rich he became poor; in place of being a blessing he came under the curse; instead of approbation he received condemnation, and ceased to fulfil the purpose for which God created him. But God in His great heart of love saw the necessity of redeeming him, buying him back; not merely saving him from hell, but bringing him back into kingship that he might reign with Jesus Christ. Not only have we regained what was lost in the fall but infinitely more. We were first His created beings; we are now His sons. Jesus at one time was the only begotten of the Father, but God has begotten many more sons since that time. It pleased God in bringing many sons into glory to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering. How did Jesus need to be made perfect? He was already perfect as to moral perfection but in order to be a

perfect Savior he had to go through the suffering that we would have to endure in order to be able to feel for us. Thus He became perfect as our Captain to lead many sons to glory. The highest motive of some people is that they may get to heaven instead of hell, but God's plan is redemption, to take off the mortgage that was on us and make us a people for His own indwelling. Isn't it wonderful? Oh I am glad I am saved tonight, not only because of what I have escaped, but because I belong to God and the new creation, and I love God with all my heart, mind, soul and strength. You say, "That is a pretty big profession." That is just my calling, and as far as possible I will do it with all my heart. So God has redeemed us that we may be to the praise of His glory, that we might show through the salvation of Jesus Christ in the ages to come the exceeding riches of His grace toward us. That raises us not only out of sin and its dominion but adopts us into the very family of God; makes us heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may also be glorified together.

When the farmer sows grain he expects results. If he doesn't get them he is disappointed. When God sows the seed of His Word and it is received in the proper kind of soil, it invariably brings forth fruit. He not only sows the seed of His Word but He sows the children of the Kingdom and when you can get a real child of the kingdom and plant him in this world he will bring forth fruit.

We speak of the inheritance we have in Jesus, but did you ever think that He has an inheritance in you? Did you ever think that He wants you to make a covenant and dedicate your all to Him? He has dedicated His all to you, and He died in order that you might come into your inheritance. You have already come into a wonderful inheritance that Jesus purchased for you with His own blood. Now He has an inheritance in you but the testament is of no force while men are living, and God is wanting

us to die. I believe in death to sin, I believe in death to self, I believe in identification with the death of Jesus, I believe in the crucified life, not as a mere sentiment or fancy, but as a reality, and before God can get glory out of your life and mine we must take our place on the cross of Jesus and be identified with Him in His death. But don't stay there; come up with Him in His life. I am not always going around telling folks I am dead; I am glad I died, but still more glad that I am alive. Beloved, have we died with Jesus Christ? If we haven't that is where our trouble comes in. If you want to know what causes all your trouble it is something that has not been nailed to the cross. "Oh, are you one of those radical, fanatical fellows that think you can die and be so dead you can never rise up again?" Yes, I believe in things being well done. When I want salvation, I want full salvation; when I go to death on the cross with Jesus, I want really to die, and I believe that you and I can claim it as our privilege to find ourselves identified through faith in Jesus on the cross, and then take the attitude of reckoning ourselves to be dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God.

Baptism is a symbol of our identification with Jesus Christ; baptism is an illustration of a spiritual verity. God illustrates heavenly things by earthly signs, and baptism in water symbolizes our death, burial and resurrection with Christ. Paul speaks of it in this way: "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" Because of God's grace and mercy? Because where sin abounded, God's favor abounded? "God forbid. How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein? Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death?" Water baptism is absolutely no good unless we have death back of it. Phillip was one conscientious minister. He wasn't looking for church members, but for folks to get the real thing, and when the eunuch asked him, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" he said, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." If you believe and go down into the water and identify yourself in the death, burial and resurrection, in unity of life, God regards you in heaven as having died on the cross in Jesus Christ.

I used to become greatly puzzled over sanctification. One teacher would say, "Sanctification means separation." Another, that you get the victory so long as you keep your foot on the old fellow and keep the door shut." Another would say, "You have to get the thing erad-

cated, taken out root and branch, so that there is not a single atom left in your being." We heard so many different theories we had to throw up our hands, not knowing what to do. When we went to the Lord and asked Him what it meant to be sanctified, He showed us that when we were baptized into Jesus Christ, as an actual, spiritual reality we were identified with Christ in His death and the old nature was identified with Him on the cross; so in the light of heaven and by God's decree we were crucified with Christ. "Well, Brother Kline, if that is the case and you say you are crucified and you are sanctified, how can you explain that every once in a while something comes up to prove you are not dead?" I praise God for light on that, that we were not only identified with Jesus Christ in His death and resurrection, but we must reckon the thing today and every day of our lives. We have to hold the "daily" attitude; fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life. The devil comes along and says, "You are not dead," but he tells many people that they are not saved when they know they are saved because they met the conditions for salvation, and although there may be contradictory things in their lives, Jesus' blood covers them. Something asserts itself in the self-life that looks like the old nature springing to the front, and Satan comes and says, "You know you are not dead," but we can say, "The Word of God says as many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into His death, and I count myself to be dead indeed." We are to reckon ourselves to be dead.

What has all this to do with fruit-bearing? Simply this: Unless you die, your consecration, your testament, the will you made to God—I give and bequeath all my personal effects to Thee—your will is no good unless you die, you can talk about it, but if you do not daily reckon yourself to be dead and mortify through the spirit the deeds of the body, God doesn't get any fruit out of your life. "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth: fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection (loving somebody you have no right to love) evil concupiscence and covetousness; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds." So long as we yield to these temptations God doesn't get any fruit or inheritance out of our lives. We come into His inheritance in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew. Here we have four different kinds of soil; there is the wayside soil, some

seed fell by the wayside; it fell on some folks that were listening. They heard it, they took it in, but they didn't bear any fruit. They didn't show the fruits that should come as a result of sowing the Word! Then there are those who hear the Word but they do not understand it, and the wicked one comes and snatches the seed away, and they are without fruit. In this same chapter we have the parable of the mustard seed, and it produces a great tree; the fowls of the air, Satan's counterfeits, his false teachings and false prophets, hover around the tree of Christianity and lodge in the branches for what they get out of them, taking the name of Christian, but they are Satanic and false nevertheless.

The soil is the individual heart, and the only way you can keep Satan from taking away the seed and thus hindering your fruit-bearing is by understanding the Word of God. If you have an indifferent heart and do not heed the Word, Satan will take the Word out and you will not be a fruit-bearer and therefore not a Christian. There are many people who call themselves Christians, but the word that came into their lives didn't bring forth fruit. "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away," and it is cast into the fire. We need to look to it that we are bearing fruit. The second soil was stony ground, and because the seed didn't take root, when the sun was up it withered away; could not stand persecution. It will come to every one who is really a child of God; persecution will come unless you are merely a professor and living lock-arms with the world and all that is in the world, the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life. There is a little bit of life that represents the soil of many hearts that are stony; they have never really surrendered to God, hard and self righteous, self-willed, holding on to themselves, so hard and crusty, so rocky that the seed of God's Word cannot get any hold in their lives. God is a good farmer and in these days He is cultivating the soil. He is taking the hammer of His Word and pounding the rock, and will smash it to pieces. If you want God to smash you to pieces, to break the hardness, the crustiness and the unyieldedness of your life, let Him prepare the soil and bring you down where He can get a chance at you.

I praise God that He knows how to prune us. If a message seems pretty sharp; if circumstances are rather trying and the tendency would be toward resentment and you feel like saying, "It seems these Pentecostal people are trying all the time to see how they can hurt," remember God is breaking up the stony ground. His Word

is like a hammer, like a fire, like a sharp two-edged sword. The Father is the Husbandman, He comes into the vineyard and takes His knife and cuts off this shoot, and that dead wood. What for? To facilitate fruit-bearing. He is glorified by having the branches bear great big bunches of fruit, but if they are little and scrawny there hasn't been any pruning done. God knows how to prune. He uses a sharp knife sometimes and puts it into the hands of His servants.

I am a Pentecostal preacher, have been preaching for about twelve years, but I will listen to God's man who has God's Word, and I do not care how hard it comes or how tender a spot it touches. "Don't you follow the Holy Ghost?" someone asks. That is the reason God put the Holy Ghost in man, He wanted to bring Him near, just like He did with Jesus. When He wanted to bring Him near He put Him in human flesh, and God has put the Holy Ghost in flesh, in us, to bring Himself near to us.

Some seed fell among thorns. What kind of ground is that? The cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches, are thorns that spring up. We are near the coming of Jesus and a lot of folks will be disappointed; they are not in the fruit-bearing business but are taken up with the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches. They are living for this world, and He is showing just what it means to be cumbered by lust and greed for riches and this world's goods. You may not be a tobacco user or go to a dance hall, but there are many things that will hinder you in bringing forth fruit, many thorns that crowd and choke out the good seed, and sap the life out of the soil.

There is one other soil that I am going to mention and that is the honest heart attitude. Your attitude is the thing that determines fruit-bearing. You say, "Lord, send Thy Word as a hammer, send Thy Word as a sword, send Thy Word as a fire; my heart is open, I want Thee to show up anything in my life that is not straight, and to grow the thing in me that will produce fruit." Out of that one soil there are three different degrees of fruit-bearing, thirty, sixty and a hundred-fold; thirty represents fruit, sixty, more fruit, and one hundred, much fruit. This fruit is not winning souls; that is not the fruit that is spoken of here; it is the fruit of divine love, which God wants to bring forth in your life and mine; not only a negative salvation and negative holiness, not that I am abstaining from this or that, but God wants to produce in us the very image and nature of

Jesus Christ; that Christ may be formed in us. Let us not be satisfied with the good things,

but that we may be fruit-bearers and that Christ may be formed in our lives.

## Souls Won Thro' Patience and Love in China

### Practical Results Count in the Mission Field

Mrs. George M. Kelly, in The Stone Church, Dec. 31, 1916.



O your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared." Neh. 8:10. As I heard the different ones testify tonight, some told of failures and sorrows, but I thank God that out of our sorrows and our failures, out of our disappointments and broken hearts, He gets glory, and though some of us have failed God, though some of us have not been faithful, we are not going to weep or be sad, but we are going to rejoice in the Lord, for the joy of the Lord is our strength, and we are going to believe as we go out into the New Year we will be better prepared for Him. We are not to look back at our failures, but forward to Jesus.

These people had been in captivity, and now when Nehemiah read the law he said, "Don't be sad, don't weep, but go your way, be glad and rejoice, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared," and when I read this, I always think of China, that great land that has so little of the Gospel, and I feel this is for us here who have so much. As we give to those who have not, the joy of the Lord becomes our strength. It is wonderful that God gives us this opportunity and privilege to become co-workers with Jesus, and send portions for whom nothing is prepared.

So many people, especially those who are young and want to do their best for God, say to me, "Sister Kelley, how were you called to China, and how would I know that I was called?" Friends, I think getting a call to the foreign field is like getting salvation. My call to work for God is as real as my salvation; it is as real to me as the knowledge that I am a child of God, but I could not tell you how I got my call, neither could I tell you how I am saved, but I praise God I know that I am saved, and I know that I have the call. If you are called, God will make it so plain and real to you that you will never doubt it, and as you do His will, it will become more real all the time.

Some ask us about the Chinese. Do they get saved in great numbers? We find the people at home have honest hearts and really want to

know the truth, and it is their right. Some of the Chinese get saved as soon as they hear the truth, and others we have to preach to over and over again before the truth gets into their hearts, but the fruit we get in China is hand-picked. To get fruit in an orchard you don't just shake the tree and it falls off; you have to pick it with your hand. It is slow and tedious sometimes, but the hand-picked fruit is the best. It is just so with souls, and though it is slow work, it pays, and when we pray and labor and agonize until a soul is saved, we thank God for it, and we know how to stand with that soul until he is thoroughly established in the Lord. So the most of our labor has been along the line of personal work. The missionary always has to do more personal work than anything else. You sometimes hear people say, "So-and-So would not make a good missionary because he is not a preacher." For the most part, in China, the natives do the preaching and our part is to give the native the teaching. The native preacher gives out what we give to him, and we pray and watch, and in China you have a good chance to watch as well as pray.

I always keep my eyes open when I pray in China. There is that great throng of people and they have never seen anybody pray before, and when we get down on our knees to pray they come and pull us up to see what we are talking to. So when a message is being given out we keep our eyes open and watch the people, and if we see one whose heart is open to the Gospel we go after him. We cannot go to him as we would like to; we have to be careful and approach him very slowly, ask him his name and inquire about his health and occupation, and after awhile we say, "What did you think of this service?" and gradually we will open up the Gospel to him. If we would rush to him and say, "Come and get saved, Jesus loves you," he would become frightened and run out of the house. He would think we were doing it for money. It takes a great deal of patience to deal with them, but when we see one soul turn to Christ we feel well repaid for all we have done.

I remember once after Mr. Kelley preached quite a lengthy address, a man came and said to



us, "This Jesus that you are talking about, is he a man or a woman?" Mr. Kelley thought he had made it so simple, but yet the man didn't know. Their hearts are really honest, but they cannot understand. Sometimes they say, "Will you tell us the difference between your holy man and our holy man?" We say, "Where is your holy man?" They say, "He is dead and buried," and they tell us the very place his bones are kept. Then we say, "Our Christ died too, but He is not in the grave. He rose again, and He has gone back to heaven, and we are worshipping a living Christ. You are worshipping a dead being."

We have had to learn many lessons in patience in that dark land, especially along the line of winning souls, and sometimes we have had to wait a long time to see the harvest. Often the seed-sowing passes out of our minds and then months afterwards God lets us see that the seed has sprung up.

There was an old beggar who begged his rice and asked us many questions. He had been quite a scholar in his day, was an educated man and had property, but his people beat him out of it and he became a poor man and had to beg from door to door. My Chinese woman used to say, "Don't take time with that old fellow," and it would take a lot of time, because when he found I would talk to him he would come day after day, and I would have to ask him the same questions. After awhile the old man got sick and didn't come anymore, and so we carried food to him. Finally the news came that he was dead, and they came over and asked if we would assist about the funeral. His daughter who lived in another village came and asked us. She used to lock him up in a house and go away and come back again. So on Sunday the old man said to her, "I am going to heaven and I want you to go over to the mission where those foreigners are, to hear the Gospel. It made my heart happy and I want you to go." She came and said, "I want you to come and have a Christian funeral." Mr. Kelley went over and preached the sermon and the incident all passed out of our minds. Over a year after, when we were out on this station again, a poor, shabbily-dressed man came up to us and said to Mr. Kelley, "I have a little gift for you," and he gave us forty cents wrapped up in a little piece of paper. He said, "You remember my father who used to come to your door. You were kind and told him about Jesus. The last time I ever saw my father he told me the Gospel was so good and that I should always treat you with respect, and when I

had a chance to show you a kindness I should do it, and that I should read the Gospel. I am too poor for that, but take this forty cents." And he asked us to pray for him. We felt so glad and thankful that we had taken time for that old beggar; it was only the connecting link to other things, and we cannot tell how many souls will be reached through that one person. Sowing beside all waters, here a little and there a little, in the end it counts.

Just before we left China I was taking a retrospect, how we had gone out penniless, and yet God had worked with us in such marvelous ways, and so wonderfully supplied our needs; thousands of dollars had passed through our hands, we had opened two stations, had started three schools and built a little chapel, and I said to the Lord, "It is so wonderful, You have done so much for us." And He said, "The reason I haven't done more is because you haven't trusted Me for more." That stirred my heart. I do want to trust Him for great things during the coming years. He will do above what we can ask or think if we will trust Him.

One day Mr. Kelley went out selling Gospels and preaching on the street. It is a good way to reach the people, to start out with a native worker with Gospels; they preach and have a little service and then go on to the next village, and that way travel for miles and miles. Mr. Kelley was preaching under a tree and a boy came and listened so attentively, and he seemed to make an impression on Mr. Kelley, and when he got home he said we must pray for him. A week or two after that, a boy came to the door and said, "I came to see if I could not sell Gospels." "What do you know about selling Gospels?" "Well, the other day I heard Mr. Kelley preach, and after he preached he sold some little books, and I thought I'd like to do that, too." "Do you believe in Jesus?" "I never heard about Him until the other day, but I like to hear that story and I'd like to tell it, too; and if you will let me sell Gospels I will do my best." I said, "The people would stone you and call you names." "Oh," he said, "I'd like to do it." I told him he would have to get salvation and have an experience in his heart before he could go out and tell about Jesus." He seemed so earnest, and when we opened a Boy's School we sent for this boy, and he had been there only a day or two when he was wonderfully saved; he confessed his sins and wept and gave his heart to God. We gave this boy a chance, gave him his rice and schooling, and he cooked, washed dishes and ran errands. In China some of the boys come

from wealthy homes where there are servants, and the boys are almost worshipped and badly spoiled, so there was quite a contrast between some of them, but we had to take them all on the same basis. Some of those boys have been saved and have had the baptism in the Holy Ghost, but they are like some of us here in America, they need discipline and trials and tests to bring out the best that is in them, and that was a good place for it. The boys had come from different circumstances and different walks of life, and sometimes they were hard to please, and it was very hard and trying on this little boy, but I can say I never saw him out of patience. He had more patience than anyone I ever knew, and used to hurry to get through his work so he could have a time for prayer, and he would run up in the loft and cry to God. Sometimes when the other boys would say cross things he would laugh and say "Hallelujah!" and every time we told him how to do anything he would say "Hallelujah!" I have often thought of all the victories that were won at Sai Nam, that boy had a share in them because he did so much praying. We always thanked God for that life; it has been a living witness to everyone of us. So it does pay to pick the fruit, to go out even through the sunshine and the rain, through all kinds of circumstances and surroundings to help win these souls for Jesus.

In China we have to have a Chinese with us when we go out; it is not at all proper for a woman to go out on the streets alone, she must have a Chinese with her, and we have to have them to do our buying. If we do not have them they will ask us fifty times the value and expect us to talk "price" with them for half an hour. We haven't time for that so we have a native to go out and do that for us; besides they know the value of things better than we. If in all our ways we acknowledge the Lord, He is concerned in what concerns us, so we asked the Lord for a woman to help us, one who would stand with us in the work. Several came in, and there was one who was very humble whom we felt we should take; that she was God's choice for us. We engaged her and I remember so well the next morning as I came into the room she stood in the middle of the floor puffing a cigarette. I said, "You cannot smoke a cigarette in my house." She pulled it out and then I began to talk to her about the Gospel. "Have you ever heard the Gospel?" "No, several years ago I had a little girl, nine years old, who was sick. I went to the idol temple and asked that idol to heal my child, and she didn't get well. Then I went off to an-

other temple and prayed, and my child died, so I have lost faith in those gods and for six or seven years I haven't worshipped anything." We began to pray that God would save her, and He did, and friends, for the five years we were in China she was like a mother to me. When I wept, she wept; when I rejoiced, she rejoiced; my sorrows became her sorrows, and my joys hers. Once she thought that she was going to die. Mr. Kelley was fighting chills and I was teaching the little school, and this woman took chills. It is the desire of every Chinese when he gets sick and thinks he is going to die, to go back home. She was about a hundred miles from home and thought if she was going to die, she must get home. She called me up from the sick room and said, "*Kei Sz-nai*, I am going to die," and she asked for Mr. Kelley. He got out of bed and she said, "I want you to preach at my funeral; I love Jesus, and I want you to get flowers like when you foreigners die, and I want the service in the little chapel, so they will see what a Christian funeral is like." She had a chicken which she said she would give to Morrison (our little boy) and a big jar of peanuts which she gave to me. Our hearts were broken and we all cried together. She bundled up a few belongings and went off. It was a sad time to us, and if ever I prayed I did then, that God would spare that woman's life, and though she was very sick, in a week or two she came back. God let her stay with us through all the years. After our children died, she walked the streets for days and wept, and then she received the baptism in the Holy Ghost. We often had to have patience with her and long suffering, but in the end it paid. She is just one of many who has lost faith in idols; they won't worship them and their hearts are open to the Gospel.

One day a young man came to our school and wanted to know if we would take him in. We told him if he was willing to study the Bible. He assented if we would not urge him to be a Christian. Shortly after the plague broke out in the village and he could not go home. One day after Mr. Kelley gave the Bible lesson we had been praying only a little when I heard a man cry out, "Oh Lord, have mercy on me, save my soul." And in a little we heard him say, "Thank God, I am saved. Thank God the burden has rolled away," and in less than an hour he was speaking in tongues. He did not know what was the matter with him, he knew nothing of the Gospel at all, but after we explained to him, he said, "Now I am a Christian like you people, what shall I do?" We told him when people be-

came saved they were to be baptized in water, and on the following Sunday he was baptized. When his mother found it out she was very angry; she persecuted him and told him he could not come to school anymore, but the boy had salvation in his soul and they could not get it out. She took him out of the school and put him into a butcher-shop to work, but every time he has a chance he comes to the mission, and such messages as he gives forth! The first things he wanted were a Bible and a song book. As I gave him different chapters to read it was blessed to see his face illuminate. Friends, I would rather be a missionary than anything else under heaven. It is the greatest blessing on earth to send a portion to those for whom nothing is prepared. I have an idea people might go to China and be there for years and not be a real missionary, but the cry of my soul for the past six years has been that God would make me a real missionary. Oh it means so much, not only just to live out there, but to live so you can win souls.

I have had to mother those boys, and I am continually taking their spiritual temperature. Sometimes I will be praying or writing and I have a feeling I have to get out and see my boys, and I say, "Boys, shut your books and come find a place to pray." Some will get under the table and some behind the door, and the next thing they are shouting and having a real good time, and you will feel the effects of it all over the house.

I remember once there was a girl who came to our mission through mere curiosity. She heard the foreign devils were there and wanted to see what we were like. When she had been there for awhile and we let her look at everything, we told her about Jesus. She asked a great many questions and we called in some of the Christian girls and asked them to tell her their experiences, and left them. After awhile they got this little girl down to pray and she was saved. She received the baptism before she got up from her knees and such a time of rejoicing we had! She spent the day there, and in the afternoon a messenger came and said, "Your mother-in-law is dying. Come home at once." She said to us as she left, "Oh pray for me. Now I love Jesus, and I am not like a heathen anymore. Now that she is dying they will make me worship her dead spirit." Her mother-in-law died, and because she refused to worship her dead spirit, her husband cut her arm

and drove her away from home. She had Jesus Christ in her heart and came back to school and asked to stay at one of our stations, and she remained true to God. Once when I went to this station I heard some one praying, and I slipped out to see who it was, and it was this same girl, who had the scars on her arm, pouring out her soul with her face to the ground. She really bore in her body the marks of the Lord Jesus. When I have thought of her, I have many times been ashamed that I have not been more true.

One young man, whose father was an idol-maker, was saved in the mission at Sai Nam, and was with us for months. We knew he had a change of heart, but for fear of his father he dare not openly acknowledge Jesus. But he finally got to the place where he felt he must take a stand openly. He came to us weeping, "I want to be baptized but I fear my father. Will you pray for me?" We did and God gave him grace. He had not been baptized a half hour before some one told his father, and oh how he raged! He declared he would kill his boy and kill Mr. Kelley. For three years that boy, only nineteen or twenty, has had to live in that home. He has a wife and two children, but his father treats him shamefully and sometimes beats him, and deprives him of clothes, where before he used to dress him in silk coats. If he would only deny Jesus and help his father sell those idols, he would have an easy time and be well-provided for. The young people of America do not know anything about suffering for Jesus' sake. Some are not even willing for people to know that they go to the Stone Church, but over there when a Chinaman identifies himself with the Jesus people and openly confesses Him, it means persecution; to him it means every tie being severed between him and his people. It takes grace to stand, but He puts something within them that makes them willing.

Just before we left China a native preacher came to bid us goodbye. He said, "Brother Kelley, I hate for you to go back to America. I know you need to go, but there is no man left who can teach us. My heart is sad, but I have a message I want you to take to the Christian people of America. Tell them my people are sitting in darkness, waiting for the light." So we bring you this message tonight that he gave to us, of his people sitting in darkness waiting for the light. It stirred my heart when I knew it was a fact. They are begging with outstretched

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hands for the light, and you and I are the only ones who can give it. The Vice President of China said to Mr. Mott when he was making a tour, "Go back to America and urge the church to enter these open doors. Two thousand walled cities are waiting for the Gospel. Urge the church to enter these open doors now. Five years from now may be too late." The doors are open now, but I fear with the Vice President of China that five years may be too late. If we do not take in the Gospel, other things will get in, Russellism and all kinds of false doctrines, and we cannot reach them when they have given up their heathenism and accepted something else. We lose our opportunity. Last year the Ameri-

can Tobacco Company sent one million dollars to China to get cigarettes to every man, woman and child. They have men to go in out-of-the-way places where the face of a missionary has never been seen. They have walked through every alley and street in every town, and they say, "If we can spend a million dollars to give them the cigarettes, they will get the habit, and we will get our million dollars back." If the American Tobacco Company can do that, we should make some sacrifices to give them the Gospel. It takes only a penny a copy to give the Gospel, and we should sow it broadcast all over that land. May God help us to stir up our hearts and be willing to enter into these open doors.

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