



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

HAWKINS - CHICAGO

Intercession for the Missionary and His Field

The Great Need of Definite Prayer

W. H. Cossum, in the Stone Church, Feb. 29, 1917



THE text which I wish to enlarge with a few other verses is in Luke 10:2, "Therefore said He unto them, the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into His harvest." I will bring to you this morning something that is familiar, and yet it is something about which if you know a great deal, you will appreciate all the better. If you do not know much about it you ought to have your hearts opened to it, and that is Intercessory Prayer. This chapter tells us of people sent forth. Jesus said He would like to have you pray the Lord to send forth laborers into the harvest. Paul, when he was out in the harvest, said, "Brethren, pray for us." The Lord doesn't want us to leave the laborers in the field and not pray for them. He wants us to hold them up. He wants us to see how mightily we can labor in every corner of this earth, and even if we cannot get out of our own houses, how we can send forth the power of God to the ends of the earth. Let us remember this, and use it to its utmost to break down the strongholds of Satan. In Eph. 6:18-20, we read, "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit." You say that is all there is to it, but there is another thing; "watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." After we have learned to pray in the spirit we must learn the lesson of perseverance.

And he further says: "And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds: that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak."

Now here is the great Apostle Paul, full of the Holy Ghost and the power of God—can he not get along without other people praying for him? Oh, how he longed for it! He felt the need of it, he knew the power of prayer; he said to these very churches, "I am praying for you all the time, now pray for me, that I may open my mouth boldly." The forces of evil closed in about him, and he said, "Pray that I may have courage, that I may speak boldly as I ought to speak." We get about the same thought

in Colossians. "Continue in prayer," he says, "and watch in the same with thanksgiving; with all praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds."

That is a very humble request of a great man filled with the Spirit, of the same tenor as that in Ephesians. He asks that the Lord would open a door of utterance. In I Cor. 16:9 he says, "A great door and effectual is open to us, but there are many adversaries." In these verses you get a glimpse of what I am thinking. Jesus said, "Pray that workers may be thrust forth," and when those workers are in the field, they need prayer. I want the weakest saint of God to take hold of this thought with great courage and great hope, for believe me, it is not the great pulpit speakers, it is not the great philosophers, the big writers, who are working the mighty works—it is the people who are in touch with God. I do not care whether you stammer, or are weak or sickly, or shut up in your house; there are no limitations in circumstances of that kind. You can shut yourself up alone with God and do what I am now going to urge upon you. We can work mightily with God, when we think we are weak. Do you see how impressive this thought is? It is the thought of intercession.

The effect of supplication is like the reflector of a great search light. It is beautiful to have light shining all around us. It is blessed to have the spirit of prayer in a meeting like this, for ourselves and those who are immediately around us, and to have men and women shedding abroad the spirit of prayer, just as it is fine to have light all around us, but when you put a big reflector around that search-light, away up into the heavens it throws two bright spots, and away out over the dark waters, far out, revealing things that would not be seen otherwise. That reflector is intercessory prayer. When we get alone with God, and center our hearts on this great fact, sending out the prayer of faith—out to China, out to India, out to Africa, that is the reflected search light. Up to heaven it goes in faith; out over the dark waters it goes and reaches men and women and encourages and refreshes them; the Spirit of God comes down upon them, and the work is prospered and blessed. We need to get that reflector working. Send it up into

the heavens, and send it out over the dark waters. St. Paul knew how to do this for others. We want to be specific. We could, of course, point you to men, whom you know in your own life, but we can also point to great men of the past; for instance the great pioneer of this missionary operation, this outgoing in the last century, William Carey. He prayed before he went, month after month, shutting himself up, praying and beseeching God that something might be done. Then when he went, it was in the spirit of prayer and power, and the Lord went with him. Missionary operations began in prayer and must be continued in the same way. Judson tells the same story from the Haystack prayer meeting. Prayer all along the line. Hudson Taylor, what a wonderful man! living on black bread and water in England, little salary or nothing, testing the Lord about funds before he went out, feeling his way along the prayer-life, until finally a man came along one day and handed him a million dollars. That is an historical fact in the life of a man who never asked for a cent from anybody but God. This man said, "I put a million dollars at the disposal of the China Inland Mission. Do what you like with it." People say, "That man asked for money just like everybody else," but he didn't. A lot of these cold-blooded folks that do not believe in faith are always trying to explain. I wish all the preachers would get to asking the Lord like that. If that is the same kind of asking why not use it? There seems to be a great deal of difference in the way the money flows in, just when they ask for it and need it. If the two plans of asking for money are equivalent let us use the more fruitful way of asking of God and not so much of men.

Hudson Taylor and his people have always been in the habit of telling about their work, about the blessed answers to prayer and the wonderful work the Lord was doing, but they never took a collection, never asked anybody for a subscription, never said, "We must have money," but just left the Spirit of God to put it on the hearts of the people. Those who pray about the work, those who pray for the workers and do not take everything for granted, are the people who get results from God in all spheres of activity.

There was a man in my own native state, New York, who was sick with consumption. He didn't know about divine healing, but he was very, very poor, and ill with consumption, from which he finally died. He was confined to his home, and there was a merchant in his home

town who was very kind to him. This poor man could not give him one word in return, so he prayed for him, and lo and behold! to the amazement of the people in the town, this ungodly merchant was converted. Following his conversation, a revival broke out in the town and many others were converted also. When the sick man died, which he did after lingering for some time, his wife took his diary to Charles G. Finney, and in it were found recorded thirty churches with whose pastors and work this man was acquainted. He said, "I cannot do much, but I can pray for them." He put their names down in his book and also some mission fields, prominently the mission field of Ceylon, and they would find notes like this in his book, "Was led today to pray the prayer of faith for Brother So-and-so and his church." Revivals broke out in those churches one after the other largely in the order named. He had recorded a special prayer for Ceylon, and in due time the word came of a revival in that place. This is an encouraging point. Here was a man shut up in the house, bedridden a good deal of the time, dying, without much knowledge, but he knew God and he took hold in prayer for others—for ministers, for churches, even across the water. He felt no limitation. He said, "I can pray the prayer of faith for people over there," so he sent up the prayer of faith, and God sent conversion, revival and blessing on scores of places because that man prayed.

Hudson Taylor tells the story of a field in the Lord's work in China under his care in which there was an especially large number of conversions; the people seemed to be won easily from idols and wickedness and sin, so that special place became a particular point of record and a wonder of workers in the China Inland Mission. They were delighted, but wondered. Hudson Taylor went home to England, and after a meeting held, a man came up with a smile and a happy face, and spoke about the work. Mr. Taylor was amazed at the man's intelligence about the work. As they talked they finally drifted to this field, "How is Brother So-and-so getting along?" "Fine." "Thank the Lord! I know that. When that man went into the work there under your supervision, we entered into a covenant. I was to pray; he was to work. He was to inform me about all of his special burdens and difficulties, and individuals that seemed to be hard to reach, and I would pray for them, and we have kept up that covenant ever since. He tells me what to pray for and I take the requests before God in prevailing prayer."

Jesus Christ could catch that secret we wouldn't need to be discouraged about foreign missionary work. We hear folks say, "I wish I could give more, I wish I were richer." We do not have to give if we cannot, but there is something every weakest child of God can do, which is mightier than going and mightier than giving. You can in your humble little home prevail with God for any field upon the face of the earth. Let me tell you how to do it. That man did it in the right way. We are too indefinite, we are too emotional and vapory—"Lord, bless the missionaries!" That is a good thing when there is a volume of prayer to keep up the general spirit of prayer and supplication for missions, but there is something which goes further, and that is specifying. How do you do your work? What is your job? How do we do our work in the world, in this busy old world? I tell you what I do. I get up and hastily get my breakfast, have family prayers, start out, do my inspecting; I have a specific job I attend to which is my work. I center all attention to my job. If I do not pay attention to it, if I do not get down on time, something will slip or get away. That is the way we should do the praying. We do too much general praying; at least we stop too far short of the other. We ought to choose something definite to pray for. I am interested in all the operations of business. There is the Association of Commerce of which I am a member, but I don't pay much attention to that, I do not get my money that way. I get my money by paying strict attention to my own business, staying there personally and doing my own work. Pick out a man, pick out a woman, pick out a field, take something definite for your task, then say, "This is my field. I will pray with the rest of the church for all the fields, but will pray specifically for this field and for this man." Some months ago I was talking on this subject and the Lord sent it back on my own heart, "What is the matter with you?" I began to be definite. I took up an old cycle of prayer we had in our family some years ago, and said, "Now Sunday we will pray for Japan, Monday for the Islands of the Sea, Tuesday for North America, Wednesday for South America, Thursday for Europe, Friday for Africa, and Saturday for the big continent of Asia." When I pray hard for China I find I pray more frequently for the rest of the world, but when I pray in a general way it is not so fervid. When my mind works on the details of the work, then the rest of the world becomes more vivid and my prayer is stronger, and so we have that cycle of seven.

Some of us do not know much about geography, but starting with the Sunrise Kingdom we go out into the Islands of the Sea and over the waters then back to Asia, take in the whole world as a cycle. Then we gather up people in these different fields. I had the names of the men and women in that field written down, and we would pray for them. I know a number of people in all these fields; I know people in Japan, in China, in Africa, in India, so I pray definitely for people whom I know.

You will say, "Well, how about the Holy Spirit leading us in our prayers?" That is right; there are three intercessors. There is the Holy Spirit who maketh intercessions; "the Spirit maketh intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered." Then I am an intercessor. Then up in heaven is Jesus. The three intercessors must work together. I must not settle down and say, "There is nothing for me to do." You have to do your planning, thinking out, and the Holy Spirit will burden. Sometimes you will be praying the ordinary prayer, then He will send the travail of prayer upon you. The Lord doesn't ignore system. He uses it, and if you make a system the Lord will fit right into it. Some people have an idea He refuses to work with you; that you have to cut your head off and throw it away. What does He want us to cut it off for? He put it on. If God gave you a head, use it. Use your heart, the whole man, body, soul and spirit. Make your cycle, and if you find it is better to pray for one individual, do it, and while you are doing it, God will come with mighty, sledge-hammer power in your soul; blessing will come, power will come.

I had been in touch with the China Inland Mission. I said, "Pick me out a man over there who needs prayer." They said, "We are delighted. We have everything all ready for you. You pray for this man off in Yunnan Fu, West China." I wrote him, told him all about myself, gave him some of my history and told him what I was doing, and told him I would like to pray for him. I got a fine letter back, took three months to get here. He sent me his picture, told me about the field, and how that lately thirty were added to the church, and the need for the outlying villages, so now I know what to do, pray for those villages.

My message is delivered. Jesus wants us to pray; great men like the apostles long to have us pray, and as the missionary operation is going on you can help mightily at your desk or in your sick-room through intercessory prayer; and by doing that you send out the power of your

spirit up to heaven, out over the dark waters to the needy fields. Do that humbly, guided by the Lord, making your mental plan and using your best as the Lord guides you. Ask God by His Holy Spirit to operate through you, but do

something specific, and do not spread your praying out over all sorts of generalities and leave it there. May the Lord help us to pray that the laborers may be sent forth, and pray for them after they are sent.

Well Digging

Miss Alma Dooring, St. Chrischona, Switzerland



IN ORIENTAL LANDS a common-place occupation this; yet what perseverance it presupposes! The cry is, water! The laborer digs long and deep. But is he sure to strike the hidden streams below? Others have searched in vain. Will past disappointments discourage another search and still another? Here comes the crucial test of patience, faith, and character. Multitudes are famishing and the need of life-sustaining water *must* spur on to action more than the possibility of failure may ever dishearten. And generations rise to call the persevering well-digger blessed, as they quaff the liquid joy once so laboriously found.

In the search for heavenly treasures, the same laws confront us. There is a vein of blessing, holiness, victory over sin, Holy Ghost power, healing for soul and body, fruitfulness, of unity and oneness of believers to be traced throughout the Word of God. It lies deeply imbedded in the revealed plan of God, and yet, multitudes are groaning under weight of unconquered sin, barren lives and the highest scriptural ideals of personal, unceasing fellowship with God, unrealized. The reason is, they have sought an easy, short cut to the stored-away prize. They failed to grasp, that perseverance, more than great glaring results, stamps the vessel shaped in the Divine smelting furnace with heaven's own trade mark, "unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use," a vessel worthy of the holy gifts it is to contain.

Having traced important veins of Truth for the individual, for the church, for revivals, and for missionary conquests, they began to appropriate in the eternal promises of God what so clearly seems to be the inheritance of the Church militant and gave up in despair when possession did not immediately crown claiming faith. Becoming weary, they put to open shame the promises of God by declaring that they are not obtainable, and turn others aside from believing that God means just what He says. The writer feels constrained to pass on the messages

spoken to her own soul in times of severest testings, to any who may be in danger of "casting away their confidence, which has *great* recompense of reward" and thus rescue a few, we trust, from that awful fate of "not entering in because of unbelief." The well-digger must count on all kinds of obstacles before he begins the work. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and when once we have counted the cost and examined the process which leads to the goal, followed by helps on how to hold out successfully during the process, our courage will rise and faith will triumph. In God's economy in natural and spiritual realms, nothing worth while can be obtained easily. Witness the luscious grape giving its own blood in the crushing process, that it may serve the highest purpose of the husbandman as he transforms it into the wine of joy, a scriptural type of the exuberance of the Holy Spirit. And his best wines are those stored away for years in some dark, musty cellar.

How few understand the glory of actually being set aside, after the conditions for the reception of blessing have been met, instead of being permitted to experience a public display of the gifts appropriated! God wants to give the world *His best* and so He stores it up in frail vessels of clay, willing to be shelved perchance for years. Here the faith of many suffers shipwreck. They want to put the new found wine of joy, of Holy Ghost power, right on the market. They cannot, like Christ, spend thirty years in the obscurity of the carpenter shop, or like the mighty Paul, be content to exchange the public sphere for the dungeon. They cannot abide God's *time*, because they fail to distinguish between the actual appropriation by faith, which in God's sight is equal to actual possession, and the *manifestation of the blessing*. This will come in due time *after* the necessary drill of humblings, strippings, patience to supplant the unrest, self effort and spiritual exaltation which would turn the most glorious manifestation of God, the most timely deliverance, into a snare. The bruising of the rose be-

fore its perfume can be preserved for longer-lived usefulness than its short unbruised life could exude; the many death processes the grain of wheat passes through before it becomes bread for the hungry; the breaking, sifting, smelting of ore before its highest value is realized, are but examples of the great truth, "That the trial of *your* faith being *much more* precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the *appearing* of our Lord Jesus Christ." Tried faith is the only kind which will count at His appearing. In spite of every delayed answer to prayer, "*persuaded* that He is able to keep that which I have committed *against that day*." "*Wherefore* hold fast the form of sound words in faith and love, which is in Christ Jesus." Not a grain of faith will be lost. *At His appearing* every appropriated blessing will await us. Unlike the old Testament saints, however, who, having "obtained a good report through faith, received not the promises," we are living in the latter day period of the fulfilment of glorious prophecies. Those emphasized by the Apostles, presume great tribulation along with greater world-wide responsibilities and a still greater need of grace. Many souls must still be gathered in before even that smaller company of first fruits described in the fifth chapter of Revelation, redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue and people and nation is gathered in. And the

ONLY WAY OF SPIRITUAL PRODUCTIVENESS is the way of suffering. "Christ in bringing many sons unto glory was made *perfect* through suffering," and "the servant is not above his Lord." The very path to the rewards given at the imminent judgment seat of Christ is

THE SOLITARY WAY.

"Lord we have left *all* and followed Thee." Christ at once meets Peter's thought by a clear statement of the conditions of the rewards. See Mark 10:28. As a well-digger penetrates into depths of darkness and obscurity, so the paths to God's best will lead us through much misunderstanding and isolation. The bride in her hunger for her Beloved and His gifts, exposed herself to the maltreatment of the watchmen and the disdain of her friends, as the Song of Solomon so clearly shows. Thus it also may be termed

THE SEPARATED WAY.

When Zion's watchmen and the daughters of Jerusalem, the religious class, begin to ridicule or mistrust, then the soul realizes that the "power from on High" is indeed meant to equip us for

the "fellowship of His sufferings." "All power is given unto me, go *ye* therefore and teach all nations." The inner separation leads to the outer. Power hence is available only for those who are ready to pour it out in service for Christ into the *whole world*. Misdirected steam, electric, or spiritual power, alike result in disaster, such as explosion, death, etc. To seek spiritual power or gifts for selfish ends is to play with fire. "The sinners in Zion are afraid and fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrite. Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Let every seeker after the Baptism with the Holy Ghost and with *fire* prepare fully to pay the price.

Note in the second chapter of Paul's second Epistle to Timothy how all the figures of relation to and service for God are pregnant with the idea of suffering. As a *son*, strong in grace, implying stability under pressure, weight or responsibility. As a *soldier*, enduring hardness at the cost of comfort and self-preservation in the strife and battle for a great cause. In this the greatest of all wars, battles have been won through the strategy of retrenching, (not fleeing) from the enemy temporarily. This is what happens when the soul's cry for blessing or deliverance or for the salvation of others is answered by an outright accentuation of the difficulties, the trial or temptation. No answer, was God's strategic way of getting the seeker to retrench into the recesses of His own heart and of the Word more deeply and hence into deeper acknowledgement of helplessness and self-abasement. Those who have *proven* God under the Divine crucial tests of faith have learned to see in the aggravation of bitter circumstances some unconscious form of deliverance or blessing with something carnal enough to mar the beauty of it.

Witness how the husbandman is called upon to *labor*, preaching the Word in season and out of season, with "all long-suffering, enduring afflictions" in the very days when the world and the church will not "endure sound doctrine." Compare 2 Tim. 4:5. Rather than running away from the opposers and starting some new movement, the "workman that needeth not to be ashamed" is exhorted to *endure*, to be apt to teach, patient, in *meekness* instructing those that oppose themselves, boring the sharp instrument of the *truth* deep down into the hearts, if perchance a hidden spring at last might bubble up, or in other words, "that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil." We have seen how zealous workers have spoiled the

Lord's working among people ripe for the deepest of Truths, because they had not enough grace to *endure* hardness and oppositions, which their own indiscretion naturally reaped. Those who endured among the same class of believers, were rewarded with the most glorious results through the very trials from which their deserting brethren had fled.

Concrete examples of the blessing of *endurance*, under every possible kind of pressure or test of faith are so numerous that we must devote following chapters to some of them. He that has learned to say with Paul, "I take pleasure in infirmities, reproaches, necessities, persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake," or "*most gladly* will I glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may *rest* upon me," has indeed *struck* the vein of living waters. However, to be able to maintain this triumphant *attitude*, we must see the value God places on the waiting and enduring periods. We must see that the endowment from on high is not meant to satisfy spiritual lusts of display and banqueting, but to equip us for endurance of *trials*. The strength of a bridge is ascertained by the amount of tonnage it can bear, and therein lies the proof of its utility. The test of Holy Ghost power lies not in the external embellishments, the gifts of the Spirit, but in the internal *life* principle, "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, *faith*, meekness, temperance," in the midst of misunderstandings, injustice, reproach, slander and discouragement. Let the thoughtful reader trace the *fruit* of the Spirit in such chapters as 2 Cor. 4:6-18, 6:3-11 and 11:16-33 and it must be seen that *Pentecost* added to their pre-Pentecostal commission to heal the sick, cast out demons, etc., what they did not possess before, viz., joy in poverty and endurance in afflictions and persecutions, as well as boldness in the face of opposition.

It will be well to conclude this paper by calling attention to the last figure Paul uses in his description to Timothy, of a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." It is the figure of the purged vessel. It must be remembered that Timothy was admonished, not to flee from, but to continue among the opposers, giving his instructions in *meekness*. Can it be that their very resistance to his teaching was used as a means of purging Timothy *first* of all from remains of self *within* him? Is it not under the stress of opposition that we find out how little *meekness* and endurance and love we actually possess? Is it not *then* that the heart cries for deeper cleansing, and must we not then look

upon the discouraging, tight and galling circumstances brought about by believers who do not see truths in the same light, as the very pathfinders and guides to our wonderful well of blessing? *God forbid that we rid ourselves of the exterior thorn before it has served the purpose of revealing to us the more fatal one within!* And Timothy's trial is the very one purified souls are in, in this, the Laodicean period of Christianity. His critics said, "The resurrection is past already," and thus overthrew the faith of some. Indeed in Christ it *was* past, but it was still *future* for each individual believer, just as we have died in Christ and still must personally accept that Calvary death as our very own. How many tell us, "*Pentecost* is past already and will never be repeated," and thus overthrow the faith of many who would grasp its present privileges. Indeed Pentecost as such will not be repeated in the sense that Christ will undergo another crucifixion. But the power of Pentecost is not past, no more than the power of Calvary is past, as far as its effects upon the individual experience are concerned. Laodicea is rich and hath no need of the humblings and strippings so necessary to an actual realization of Pentecostal blessing. And to withstand this heresy in all meekness, a purging from every form of self-life is necessary. Any desire to be recognized, appreciated, honored, or spared from reproach *must* vanish *before* we can *continue* among those who look upon the worker with an ill-spent pity or with disdain, fear and suspicion. And herein lies the *process* so painful. Who does not wish to reach that goal, but who is willing to pay the price?

The most precious vessels are those made of ore. In Numbers 31:23 we read, "Everything that may abide the fire, ye shall make it go through the fire and it shall be clean. *Nevertheless* it shall be purified with the water of separation, and all that abideth not the fire, ye shall make it go through the water." A double cleansing this which souls *must* yield to, if they would be transformed into the golden candlestick, purged and *beaten*, which alone is fit to hold the holy oil of the Spirit, in sufficient measure to shine *night* and day. The two cleansings! Wood cannot endure the fire. It perishes. Gold loses its old form and its dross *only* in the fire. Are we ready for the *fire* test? This alone will bring us down to the *well* treasure, for all the hindrance *must* be blasted and that by fire of delayed hope, unanswered prayer, broken down plans and bodies, *until!* Yet lest any should find the path too hard, let

us quote from Madam Guyon, "When God begins to burn and purify, the soul shrinks, and as the gold *blackens* rather than brightens when first put into the furnace, so the soul conceives that its purity is lost, its temptations sin, so that

it would rather withdraw its consent to be purified. The utmost the soul can do is to *remain* firm and passive, *enduring*, and by degrees it is rendered *conformed*, then *uniform*."

Saved and Healed for Service in India

The God That Is Enough

Mrs. Esther Bragg Harvey, in the Stone Church, March 21, 1917



PRAISE God that His light ever shone into my heart and transformed my life. He is faithful and meets the hungry heart wherever he may be. I remember when I was just a little child, my heart was hungry for God. As soon as I was able to realize anything I wanted to be a Christian, and yet I did not know how. My parents were not Christians; I never heard my mother pray before I was saved, but God led me step by step.

I had a dear old grandfather who was a good, Christian man and during the summer I used to go there to spend my vacation days. I watched his life and saw the joy of the Lord there, and that on prayer-meeting night, no matter how tired he was, he would always go. The happiest days of my life at that time were those spent with my grandfather and attending prayer-meeting with him. He died when I was just a child eleven or twelve years old, but his life left an impression on mine, and I said, "Lord, I want to be a Christian like my grandfather." Remember, friends, people are reading your life and mine; we must live what we profess if we would make them hungry for the Lord. I remember that day when I went before the Lord. I wanted to be saved but I didn't know how. My father was almost an infidel. He didn't believe in churches and would forbid us going, but I used to slip out when prayer-meeting night came and go over to the meeting. I remember one time a woman came along and was holding special meetings for the children and one day she asked those who wanted to give their hearts to the Lord to hold up their hands. I held up mine, but I wasn't satisfied. I went to church the next Sunday and I thought to get saved meant to testify in the church. Sometimes the women prayed and I thought it must mean to pray, so I knelt down in the congregation and asked the Lord to save me, but there was no one to talk to me. I didn't care for the things of the world; my heart was going out after God, and day after day I cried. Many and many a night I would kneel down at my bed

and weep and ask the Lord to send some one to me to tell me the way of salvation.

I believe there are many in the churches today whose hearts are hungry for God as mine was. I wonder if we are always faithful in witnessing. There may be those who work beside us in the shop or in the office who, perhaps, are longing to have someone speak to them about the way of salvation. I thought I would go and speak to the pastor and ask him to tell me how to get saved, but I was timid and didn't go. I went on for some time, but God finally met me as He always does the hungry soul. I praise Him that He found me in that ungodly home and brought real peace and joy into my life. People tell me today it is not real, but I know it is. He gives joy unspeakable and full of glory.

It seemed the Lord laid me on a sister's heart from the time I was saved. She used to pray for me for hours, that the Lord would help me in times of testing. They were times of testing then, but I look back on them now and they seem as nothing. When we are in the fire it seems very hot. I used to get discouraged; when I would want to go to a meeting I would have to hang my hat and coat on the back door and slip out when my father wasn't looking. Many and many a night I would be locked out and have to stay with neighbors. One day I went to my room and threw myself on the floor and said, "Lord, I cannot stand this any longer." Then He gave me such a precious vision of Himself and His suffering. I saw Jesus bearing the cross for me, I got a glimpse of Calvary and all He suffered for me, and I fell on my face again and said, "Lord, forgive me for ever murmuring or complaining. I will go through," and He gave me grace to go through every testing. I praise God for every trial, every testing time because I learned to lean on the Lord as I would not have done otherwise. I can see now how the Lord was preparing me for Christian work.

Some people tell us that the day of miracles is past, but He is the same living, all-powerful God, and if it were not for His power I would not be here today. I would be under the sod. There was a time when I became very sick. It

was a sickness which developed from the time I was a little girl. They thought I would outgrow it; but I became worse year after year, until in 1911 I was taken to my bed, and the doctors said there was no hope except through a very serious operation. All I knew about Divine Healing then was to hear people speak against it, saying the Lord didn't do such things today. I remember the very day I was healed, my pastor came in and talked to me and asked me if the people from the little mission had been in to talk Divine Healing to me. I said, "No, I didn't know anything about Divine Healing." I had been to the mission several times because I was anxious to see my mother saved. I had gone to the churches with her but it seemed the message didn't reach her, and I felt if they preached the truth and would touch my mother's heart, I'd go there with her. This day, just as my pastor left, the people came from this little mission that was so despised, and they prayed with me that afternoon. I wanted to see them and yet I didn't. I thought of all my pastor had said to me and that they had come just to talk Divine Healing and there was no use. But they came in and they didn't talk about Divine Healing; they talked just about the Lord. We sang hymns together and had such a precious time with Him. Then they knelt down to pray, and the sister who had me on her heart for so long came and knelt beside me and asked the Lord to heal me. Thoughts about my church and my friends came into my mind, and the devil said, "You will lose all your friends and your pastor will lose confidence in you." I weighed it well, and prayed, "Lord, it makes no difference, I want your will." Then they left. I didn't feel any better. The pain had gone but I never thought of getting up until a neighbor sister said, "Now, if you believe that God has heard their prayer you had better act your faith." I thought that was a sensible way to look at it, so I got up the first time in weeks, though before I hadn't been able to move without pain. She said, "I will help you dress," but I didn't need her. I went down stairs and went out to meet my friends as they came from school. They said, "Whatever has happened? I thought you were to have an operation." I was just waiting for the doctor to make arrangements at the hospital. I told them I *had* had an operation; I meant I had an operation of the Spirit of God. I got ready and went to the prayer-meeting. I met the people on the street who prayed for me, and they were something like the folks who prayed for Peter. As I met them they said, "Are you better?" I said, "Of

course, the Lord healed me." Friends, I have been well from that day to this. From that time I learned to trust the Lord, and He has never failed me. I had granulated eye-lids for fourteen years; my mother had taken me from one specialist to another, and the last physician I had, said it was the worst case he had ever seen. He used to burn them, and said my only hope would be an operation. Three times he operated on my eye-lids, but there were still granules on them. My eyes were in that condition when the Lord healed me of this internal trouble. I saw in James about going to the elders of the church and have them pray, so I went to these same people to have them anoint me. I took off my glasses and I haven't needed them since. The Lord healed my eyes but He didn't do it on the spot. I thought He would, but I had to stand in faith. I had obeyed the word of the Lord and I had to stand in faith that the Lord would do His part. One day I found that my eyes didn't hurt any more. I had forgotten about them, but when I looked back I realized I had been healed about two weeks—the Lord had done the work. Before I left for India I went to see the specialist who operated on my eyes. When I entered his office he said, "Whatever has happened to your eyes?" I told him the Lord healed me, and he said, "The Lord did a good job."

So I have proved God as my Physician, and He has never failed, even in India, in the land of so much sickness. We have had cholera on our very compound; it had broken out in the market place, and came to the village near us, where we had to pass through to get to the post office, and our Bible woman took down with it. The day she took it, several died in that village. We ministered to her and held on to God for her. We didn't understand why the Lord should let plague come into our place when we were trusting Him, but it was a real testimony to the power of God, because it is very contagious. If one person takes cholera, usually three or four are swept off, sometimes in a few hours. The Lord healed this woman and we stood on the 91st Psalm that no one of her family should take it, and He was faithful.

I have proved the Lord too when the pantry was bare; when it seemed there was nothing left. I remember the first Christmas after we were married we spent the last penny we had to buy some things for the natives. We bought some oranges and raisins for the children, and on Christmas morning we had nothing; we had neither meat nor vegetables, and nothing for the

Christmas dinner. It seemed rather strange, but we were just as happy when we awoke, knowing that the Lord wouldn't fail us. As we awoke we heard a knock at the door, and a young man brought a little goat along and said, "My father has sent this to you." We frequently have goat meat in India but this was the first time we ever had a whole goat all to ourselves. Then just as we were thinking we wouldn't have any candy or nuts, a man came along with a great grass tray on his head, and another with a basket. We didn't pay any attention to him but he came back again and presented them to us with a card, and there on that tray were different kinds of fruit that we could not have bought if we had had all kinds of money. In the other basket were vegetables. The Lord prepared our Christmas dinner for us, and it came from the heathen. Neither of the men who gave these things were Christians, so you see the Lord will not fail us even if He has to use the heathen to answer our prayers.

Last year we were in the same place. We had just two cents, but didn't have anything prepared for our meals. We bought some things for the little native children and didn't have anything for ourselves, we felt we could trust God and He would not fail us. So we gave it all out, and on Christmas there came a great big basket of twenty-six pounds on the train. It had come from the hills, and as we opened that basket it was truly like a Christmas box from home. There was a goose, all kinds of vegetables, a big Christmas cake and a plum pudding, apples and a box of candy, so you see how the Lord provides for us when we trust Him. But He doesn't always provide in that way. Sometimes we have to live from one meal to another. I remember one morning I went to the pantry and I had just enough food for breakfast; the thought came to me, "You had better save some for dinner, you may not have any," but I decided we would have a good meal, and while we were at breakfast the Lord sent along a money order. So you see that is the way He provides, sometimes just enough and sometimes a little ahead. I'd be afraid to go to India if I didn't know the Lord as my Healer and my all in all, but I am not afraid to go forth trusting Him.

Then I praise the Lord for the way He has worked about us in healing the sick and showing forth His power. Friends, we do not half realize the power there is in the name of Jesus. I remember one woman who was saved and healed just by repeating the name of Jesus. She had never heard of the Lord and she came to us

from the village; had had a pain in her head for months, and it seemed she could get no deliverance; she had tried remedy after remedy, had gone to this god and that god, but no relief came. At last she said to the people in the village, "I am going over to the mission house." They told her there was nobody there, any more, but she said something deep within her told her to come, and there she was, a little old woman all bent over, her garments in rags and as black as the ground. The people in India, for the most part, are very poor. Most of the village women have only one garment to wear and they wear that as long as they are able to stand up in it, and then perhaps they can get another one. This woman's hair was matted, her face was drawn, one eye swollen up, and she was the very picture of suffering. She looked at us in that pitiful way and said, "I have been sick all summer and can get no help." We said, we had no medicine to give her, but we thanked God in that hour we had a Savior who could heal. We told her when we got sick we prayed and God healed, and if she wanted us to we would pray for her, and, of course, she wanted us to. We told her the story of Jesus and how He died to save us from our sins. She was an ignorant, country woman, and her mind was dull, she could not grasp it, but we told her to kneel down on the veranda, which she did, and we anointed her in the name of the Lord. We told her to pray, but she said, "I cannot pray. I have never heard of this God before." We told her what to say, ask God to forgive her sins and to heal her for Jesus' sake, which she did. Then she could not pray any more and continued saying the name of Jesus over and over again. She got it mixed up sometimes with one of their gods, but as she repeated the name of Jesus the power of God came upon her; she shook from head to foot, and all of a sudden she threw up her hands to her head and said, "Why, it is all gone!" She marveled that the pain which she had had for so long was gone in a few minutes by calling on our God, and she fell on her face and worshipped Him. We took her in the house, gave her some food to take home with her. Her husband was an old man and was not able to work; they had one child and he was an idiot. Many of the people of India never have anything to eat day after day but a little pop-corn. We have had men working at our place who would come early in the morning and a child would bring their breakfast to them, a little pop-corn and some peppers and salt, and the next day the same thing.

We took this woman through the house; the Indian women are so curious they want to ask about everything, but she was so taken up with the Lord that she didn't see anything. When she got to the pantry door she just fell on her face. We sat down on the floor with her and praised the Lord. The tears ran down her face as she kept singing a few lines of the hymn, "Jesus our Saviour;" then she would fall on her face to the floor. The look of agony was gone and the burden had rolled away. We gave her some food and she said, "I don't want to take this, I ought to bring something to you." When she got to the front door she said, "Tell me His name again." We told her, and she said, "I am going to say it all the way home so I won't forget it," and like a little child who goes to the store for its mother keeps saying what it is to bring, so that old woman kept repeating "Jesus" all the way home, as far as we could hear her. She told the people all about what had happened, and all about Jesus, but they said she must not pray to Him any more, and must not even say His name, but she did it anyway. Not long after she came back. To get to our place from her village one had to wade through a little lake, and she waded through and brought an offering for the Lord, four or five sweet potatoes. She had bought them and had them tied up in the end of her *saurie*. We didn't want to take them from her, but she said she wanted to bring an offering, and so we accepted it in the name of the Lord. It meant something to her in her poverty; I suppose she did without a meal to bring them to us.

Let me tell you of a man who was a heathen who came to work for us. He worshipped his god at the time he came, but we have a rule that anyone who works for us must come to meeting, and they have to hear the Gospel whether they want to or not. This man came to the meeting day after day and heard the teaching from the Word. He watched the lives of the Christians and gradually he began to change. He left off worshipping his idols and we saw a real change in his life. He stopped stealing and lying and believed on the Lord. During some special meetings several received the baptism, and this man fell on his face to the ground and cried like a baby, and called on God to forgive him and save him. He wasn't willing, however, to take his stand as a Christian and be baptized, but would worship the Lord in his home, and when he got sick he would send for us to pray for him. His wife opposed him

bitterly. He said to us, "I would be baptized tomorrow but my wife and children will leave me forever." His people got him away to work somewhere else where he wouldn't be under the influence of the Gospel. They thought he would change his belief but he never did, and before we left India we heard through another missionary in a different part of the country that this man, his wife and children had come there and wanted to be baptized. He waited for baptism until his family were ready that they might all be baptized together. So it pays to sow; someone will reap the harvest.

There are great districts, from five hundred thousand to a million of people who have not heard the Gospel, and who haven't heard a missionary. As we go back to India we expect to open up a station in one of these districts. Nawabganj, where we have been working, is now in charge of two other missionaries and we hope to go into a new place. Will you not pray that the Lord will supply every need? It takes about two thousand dollars for a mission house, and then we must buy the land, but the Lord is able. Pray not only for us but for other missionaries who are wanting to branch out to open up new places where the Gospel has not been preached. There are some stations in India on which there are five or six missionaries and they are desirous of branching out into unoccupied fields, so I ask you to pray that the Lord will open up these districts.

Coming Missionary Conference

The General Council of the Assemblies of God, headquarters at St. Louis, Mo., have issued a call for a general Missionary Conference to be held at St. Louis, beginning Sept. 13, 1917, and continuing as long as necessary.

The call for this Conference has seemed imperative because of the need for a better understanding of and co-operation in the mission field, and it is hoped that every Pentecostal missionary center in United States and Canada will at least send a representative to the Conference and that many individual supporters of Pentecostal missionaries will be present.

All missionaries in the homeland are especially invited to the Conference and it is hoped there will be a representation from the various fields. To do real effective work on the mission field there must be more co-operation between the home and foreign work, and for this purpose the Conference is called. Let the Pentecostal people pray for the Conference.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House

Subscription Price

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

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


¶ Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. ¶ Send drafts, express or money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. ¶ Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents is added for exchange.

¶ Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly add "LATTER RAIN EVANGEL," Chicago, U. S. A.

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

¶ A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

Notes

 HE Lord is gathering precious sheaves into the Stone Church. Without any special effort souls are being saved and filled with the Spirit. Many times in the past we have put forth laborious, evangelistic effort with far less results than at this time, clearly showing that the Spirit of God Himself is at work in a marked way. He uses individuals but it is significant that the efforts put forth are prompted by Him, and the result is, souls.

This is not true of our assembly only, but different missions in the city are experiencing a real revival, no doubt due to the working of the Spirit of God upon the hearts of men. In moments of sober thought men and women cannot but see the clouds of darkness that are gathering, and the outlook must of itself draw them to God. Truly, as the Spirit revealed to our beloved Sister Sisson, as Satan's emissaries are working rapidly, even so the Holy Ghost is accelerating His movements and multiplying the forces for good.

The Result of Witnessing

There is nothing so spiritually refreshing as the joy that comes with seeing souls born into the kingdom; and none are such ardent soul winners as those who have just been filled with the Spirit of God. Some nine months ago a godly woman brought to the church a young lady who sought and received the baptism in the Holy

Spirit. At once she became actuated by a holy zeal and witnessed to her relatives and friends everywhere, bringing them to the church and praying them through to salvation. At one Sunday service three Catholics were saved; at another time, four in one family, one being an aged grandmother, came to the altar and found salvation. The number of souls brought into the light through this one consecrated child of God, directly and indirectly, up to the present time, has been at least twenty, and links are still being added to the chain of immortal souls, for every "Andrew" in whose heart is enkindled the first love, goes out and finds a "Peter," and thus the body is built up and strengthened.

* * *

At a recent Sunday service the Spirit of the Lord was present to heal. A sister arose and asked for prayer about a very serious condition in her body, and at once the congregation moved out in faith, not only for her, but for others in the assembly, and several arose and witnessed to having received healing in the meeting. The Wednesday Divine Healing meeting is honored and blessed of God. At one service people received healing while kneeling around the altar without the laying on of hands.

A woman from Texas came to the city to visit her sister whom she brought to the Wednesday meeting. In answer to prayer she was delivered of stomach trouble. On the following Sunday two workers visited the home and her husband was gloriously saved, healed, and delivered from the tobacco habit, which he had had for forty years, since he was a child. The sister from Texas was also healed, and according to their own statement their home is a veritable little heaven.

Another result of that Divine Healing meeting was the salvation of an Italian woman; the following Sunday she was baptized in the Holy Spirit. The founder of the Stone Church once prayed that it might be a cosmopolitan church, and this prayer is surely being answered. One can count at least twelve different nationalities in a Sunday audience. The Spirit of the Lord brings into our midst from this great cosmopolitan center, precious lives which He transforms and sends them out to witness to their own people, of the great salvation they have found.

* * *

A man who had once known God but because of evil associates in his work had lost his fellowship with the Lord, was working down in the

state of Indiana. As he meditated on his lost condition, the Spirit said to him, "Go to the Stone Church." He came and in the first service he attended, found his way to the altar and to God.

* * *

Some precious lessons have recently been learned on commitment, the rehearsal of which encourages the hearts of those who have loved ones outside of Christ. A sister had a drunken husband for whom she had long and fervently prayed, but finally came to the place where she definitely and fully committed him to the Lord and believed that He would undertake. Not many months after, she had the joy of seeing mighty conviction come upon him. The agony of sin was so great he begged her to pray for him that he might be saved. Another sister had earnestly prayed for the salvation of her brother-in-law, and her face shone with the glory of God as she told of how he had gone with her to a street meeting, and how the power of conviction had come upon him, and he was saved in a Rescue Mission that same evening.

* * *

A Pentecostal Convention will be held (D. V.) at Bethany Chapel, Glenwood, Springfield, Mass., July 13-23. A number of speakers and missionaries are expected. Expenses met by free-will offering; rooms and tents at reasonable rates. For further information address, Albert Weaver, "Rock Rimmon," Springfield, Mass.

* * *

Eleventh Annual Campmeeting at Topeka, Kans. Aug. 23- Sept. 2nd. Send orders for

tents to C. E. Foster, 219 Grattan St., Topeka, Kans.

Seventh Annual Campmeeting at Iola, Kans., Aug. 2-12, 1917, in Electric Park. Send orders for tents to Pastor J. A. Dunham, 415 S. 4th St., Iola, Kans.

* * *

We consider worthy of special mention the article on page 2 on "Intercession for the Missionary and his Field." It presents a practical, definite, and, we believe, effective plan whereby we can be specific in our praying and giving, and thereby secure better results. There is no doubt that much time and energy is fruitless because of general, indefinite praying. Elijah did not bring rain upon the land of Israel in that way. Read the story of how he prevailed with God, and let us be specific in our praying if we would accomplish better results.

We shall be glad to help our readers to more definite praying for the great army of faith missionaries who are scattered throughout the world, being in touch with nearly every Pentecostal worker, some of whom are almost unknown to those in the Movement. What an impetus and strength to their work it would be if definite effectual prayer were offered daily for them! Who knows but it might transform an obscure worker, toiling away amid great difficulties and the hardships of pioneering, into a Hudson Taylor or Robert Morrison! Pray about this and ask the Lord to lay some special field upon your heart, and then if you want information about a missionary in that field, write us, and we will be glad to give it to you for your prayer-life and your gifts.

From the Firing Line

Among Our Letters

PAUL VAN VALEN, writing from his new station, Bhuteshwar, Muttra City, says that they have already seen some fruit—European soldiers reclaimed and saved and two converts from Hinduism. One, a Brahman drawn to Christ through reading the Word, was baptized in the river in the presence of the Hindus. Another had been a Sadhu (priest) who had traveled to all the places of interest to a Hindu, seeking rest and finding none. He bought some tracts and a Gospel from a colporteur and found what he wanted in Christ, and was baptized by Brother Van Valen upon confession of faith in his Savior.

* * *

It costs only from \$10 to \$15 a year to support

a child in Brother Anglin's Orphanage in Tainfu, Shantung, China. The dearest and most promising child in the Home was a poor, ragged little fellow who came to them nearly dead with what seemed to be pneumonia; also his feet were frozen and cracked open. The Lord healed and saved him, and he with the others are being trained for God. Who would like a part in changing a beggar-child into a future native preacher of the great Chinese Empire?

The first person to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit in the Kiangsi Province was an old lady in the station of Yushan under the charge of the Lawlers. She had been an idol worshipper all her life, but destroyed her idols and is telling the story everywhere.

Twenty-four souls accepted the Lord as their Savior in the little Pentecostal mission in the Fiji Islands this year, and twelve from the Solomon Islands were buried with Christ in baptism. These are now waiting on the Lord for the baptism in the Spirit. This is a better record than some churches have in this land which is flooded with preachers and Christian workers. Compare it with the preacher who hasn't had an addition to his church in five years!

* * *

Since the New Year Brother Schoeneich and his helpers have distributed and sold over 2,000 Gospels, Testaments and Bibles, besides a goodly number of tracts, covering a distance of 450 miles on muleback in the mountains of Matagalpa, Central America. They are finding the people more open to receive the Gospel this year than ever before. The continual sowing of the seed in prayer and in tears is having its result in dark Nicaragua.

* * *

Two Japanese boys spent their spring school vacation in Bible study and prayer. One of them became mightily filled with the power of God and an unutterable love for souls. He begged the missionary, Miss Margaret Piper, who was teaching him, that he might become a worker for God. His life and manner are so changed that his father who has been a Shinto priest, and his mother have remarked about it, and have begun to inquire and ask to see the missionary. The other young man after being prostrated with the power of God, wept for joy and said, "Now I know I am God's child." He said that Jesus came and put His hand on his head and said, "You are my beloved child." These two boys have both been used of God in the meetings and feel called to preach the Gospel.

* * *

A report of a Pentecostal Convention held at Boxburg, South Africa, is received from Brother Chas. Chawner, Eshowe, Zululand. The presence of the Lord was preciously manifest during the seven days' meetings, and some who had come through curiosity became convinced that God was there. One man gave up his tobacco right in the meeting. An old lady was so convicted of sin that she said she was afraid to die, and when shown the way of life, she quickly yielded up to God, rejoicing that He had saved her. A sister who was facing an operation for a serious internal trouble, invited two workers to her home to lunch. They prayed with her

and anointed with oil, and she was completely healed.

The Lord's Day service was one long to be remembered. For a time none could minister because of the glory and power of God which filled the hall. Then Brother Bowie felt impressed to call for a consecration service for the mission work, and nine young men came forward and gave their lives to the Lord's service. Several were filled with the Holy Spirit.

* * *

A missionary walking along the road in India, met an old woman on her way to a worshipping place. She was very old and grey and her face was furrowed with deep lines. She threw herself in the dust, then lifted herself and threw herself again, and so on and on. Her elbows and knees were bleeding and she had traveled miles that way. The missionary said to her, "Mother, why are you doing this?" and she replied with a great longing in her heart, "I want to see Him."

* * *

How wonderful is the divine love which God puts into the heart of His children for the lost of earth! Such a love makes one who is called leave a home of comfort and ease for a life of toil and sacrifice amidst much privation and danger. This love which prompts us to leave all for Jesus is akin to that which He had when He left His heavenly home of brightness and glory for this dark, sin-cursed world for us.

Miss Josephine Cobb, one of our new Pentecostal missionaries who went to China last fall, stepped into the first open door, which was a position in Miss Jewell's Missionary Home in Shanghai, but she felt this was only a stepping stone to a greater work for God in China, and in the early spring the Lord led her, with another Pentecostal missionary, Miss Sophia Taylor, to Chumatiem, in the Province of Honan, where she could come into direct contact with those who had never heard the Gospel. She joyfully exchanged her Shanghai home with its comforts, to live like the natives in a little mud house, exceedingly crude, mud floors and little or no furniture, to minister to the poor and the outcast, ragged and filthy, because of the constricting love of Christ.

The Lord directly led into this new field and corroborated it in many ways. As they left Shanghai one of the little girls brought a gift which she had made and which was not to be opened until they reached the station. It was a

motto on one side of which was, "I go to prepare a place for you," and on the other, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," with a little scene of four sheep waiting at the bars, typical of hungry souls waiting for the Gospel in this new field, and indeed it was so. Scarcely had they become settled in their new home before they were visited by a crowd of women and children eager to hear the Gospel. The men came and asked them to pray for rain, and as they knelt, the Spirit of the Lord came upon those raw Chinese who had never before prayed to God, and with one accord they sent up a volume of prayer such as reminded the missionaries of other days.

They are already bringing to them their afflicted, the deaf and dumb, and the demon possessed, and expecting them to be delivered.

Pray for these two Pentecostal missionaries in this great province of Honan that God will enable them to gather the waiting sheep into the fold of Christ.

* * *

The missionaries in South China are rejoicing in the fact that one young man traveled thirty miles to Brother Kelley's station to hear the Gospel. He was saved and asked Brother Kelley to come to his village to hold a service, which he did and found a crowded house eager to hear him. A government official also came to see Brother Kelley by night to learn about the Gospel.

* * *

Distressing news comes from Brother Longstreth, Sierra Leone, West Africa. On May 8th the chief whose farm adjoined the Mission building was burning his farm, and a strong wind blew the fire towards the Boys' House and it ignited. From there it was carried to the missionaries' home, and in less than a half hour nothing remained of the mission buildings but blackened mud walls. Besides the loss of the mission buildings, our missionaries lost their personal effects to the amount of \$250.00, which they are unable to replace. They are in great need of prayer as to their next step. Brother Longstreth feels it is too late to rebuild as the rains are now on; besides his physical condition is unequal to the task of rebuilding. He is just recovering from a severe sickness, having been confined to his bed for two months. They desire prayer for sustaining grace in this heavy trial, and feel much in need of a furlough. This is the second fire that has made them homeless since being on the field, and it seems almost more than they can bear. Yet our brother closes his

letter with these significant words, "This tribe must have the Gospel even if I have to rebuild every year."

* * *

Hearing the Voice of God

A precious lesson of obedience and self-denial of a Christian worker in the homeland comes to us from over the seas. It was not meant for publication, but there is such a beautiful lesson in it of being obedient to the voice of God, and of His tender care for the missionaries, that we will be pardoned in giving it. We give it in her own words:

I had an old coat given me in November. It was too large and old-fashioned. I thought I would make it over, so got a pattern. I feared, however, after ripping it, I wouldn't get it out. On Christmas day I got money enough from two friends for my teeth and a new coat, but I cleaned the old goods and thought I would try again before the sales were over when I might get a cheaper coat. The morning of Jan. 2nd I had planned that after a little season of prayer I would try the pattern.

After a little time of waiting on the Lord (and I never mentioned my coat) the Lord said, "I'll help you get out your coat." I answered, "Thank you, Jesus, I believe You will." Immediately He said, "Send the ten dollars of your coat money to the field." (I had fifteen dollars for a coat, but He knew it would take the other five for lining, etc. It took a little over.) I said, "To the field, Lord? To whom?" He said, "To Missionary Johnson. He is in great need." I then said, "You gave me the money, Jesus, so it's Yours to do as You will." Then I added, "Lord, I don't know of any such person. Where will I find him?" "In Africa." "I'll do as You lead, Jesus, but where will I get the address?" The answer followed, "In The Latter Rain Evangel."


After prayer I thought I would look in my Evangels and see if I could find any such name among any of their lists, and in the October number I found, "Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa." Well you know I couldn't disobey the Lord after such wonderful proof of finding his name. The next day I said, "Lord, now speak to me again," and He answered, "Send it. He is in need. I am only answering prayer." I wrote to the Publishing House and they sent his address. I never mentioned one word to them, only asked for his address, and they wrote, "If you have any money to send, please send New York draft. We are glad if God has laid him on your heart; he has been going through severe tests financially of late."

Oh! how my faith mounted when I found his name, never knowing of such a soul (but praise God He knew him) and then when I read the above words, I cannot tell you what a grip it gave me. In an entirely new way do I see what a wonderful, faithful, mindful, all-seeing, loving,

compassionate God we have. It gives me a tighter grip for you (a missionary sister to whom she was writing) that God can move those who never heard of you, and also for our own work. I have repeated over and over, "Wonderful Jesus! Wonderful! Wonderful! Don't say He isn't wide awake to all our needs and will not supply. Oh I see Him in His care over us as I never did before. I say with the disciples, "For the Lord doeth all these things."

We give this little story from the life of God's child of faith that it may encourage our missionaries when passing through testing days, to know that God speaks to His children many thousand miles away, and also to encourage those who give. Part of the joy in giving is knowing that one has heard and heeded the voice of the Lord. It lends a new impetus to our giving and makes us willing for almost any sacrifice to know that He has led.

* * *

 HE school children in Korea are the most enthusiastic sellers of the Gospel. One boy sold thirty-five in a half day.

One leader of a small assembly was concerned that his church was doing so little toward making the Word of God known, that he started out with sixty Gospels before breakfast. He arose before day-break, knelt in prayer and started out with a sack on his back to receive grain as a price for the Gospels. The neighbors were still asleep and objected to being awakened so early, but his persistency was rewarded and he sold the entire sixty before breakfast.


The Korean churches have adopted a plan which Christians of America would do well to imitate: viz., that each Christian should win one new believer in a year, each man should sell two Gospels a month and each woman one Gospel, and each Christian should preach to one person a day. The result was, one church grew from 20 to 84, and sold 100 Gospels per member. Yet this does not mean that the Koreans are particularly anxious for the Gospel, as they have to preach about 600 times and sell 30 Gospels for every new believer won; but it shows the untiring efforts of the native Christians.

* * *

Seven Chinese girls memorized the entire New Testament and can repeat it from beginning to end.

* * *

Phenomenal Growth in Cameroun

 HE story of the growth of the Cameroun Mission in West Africa, as given by a former secretary in *The Missionary Review of*

the World for May gives a phenomenal record of what can be accomplished among natives with comparatively few missionaries. The first station was opened in 1885 by the Presbyterian Church; others in 1893 and 1895, but the work was almost an utter failure until 1903 when they adopted a policy to be put on trial for ten years.

The policy which was four-fold, briefly stated, was first, that the missionaries themselves should avoid being pastors, but the Christians and inquirers should be organized into groups under native ministers and helpers. Second, emphasis was put on itinerating work both by the missionary and the native evangelist, regular and systematic. Third, every teacher in the schools was a Christian and an evangelist; the Bible was taught as a text-book on week days and services held on Sunday, and the fourth point was that the people were trained to give, the ultimate end being a self-supporting, self-governing native church.

The result was that in November, 1916, there were received over 1,000 natives on confession of faith, in one station alone, making the third consecutive year in which the additions exceeded a thousand. They are planning to organize eight churches from the present membership of the Elat church. The number of Bible readers in the eight churches is 280, all supported by the natives or giving their services gratuitously. The total number attending classes for religious instruction was at last report 18,883, which are under continual instruction for two years. The constant aim of the mission has been to build up a self-supporting, self-governing church, the missionary being simply a leader and guide.

During the twelve months which ended August, 1915, 7,500 persons confessed Christ at Elat, and of these, 5,000 were led to Christ by the native workers, the missionary not having had any personal touch with them until they were brought to him to make confession and give up their fetishes.

With the opening of the war August 1, 1914, came the question of whether the church would stand the test of fire. The Cameroun country was controlled by the Germans at the time, and for eighteen months war raged all about the mission stations; except for the warring armies the country was almost depopulated. "Families separated never to be united, sickness, hunger, starvation and death. Deserted villages plundered or burned, or falling before the unchecked ravages of white ants, overgrown with rank,

tropical vegetation, the untended gardens for the most part long since choked to death," was the report that came from the mission. But the church stood the test. It was estimated that not over six per cent fell away, and in the church at Elat in one year 3,000 confessed Christ. The contributions of the native church doubled those of any previous year and while the money from the treasury of the Mission was requisitioned by the government and the Board at home were unable to send any money into the country, the contributions of the natives made it possible to continue the work. The largest contributions came from the native evangelists who gave from fifteen to twenty-five per cent out of their meager salaries. When one of the missionaries who had been detained in England, arrived, he found 250 evangelists and Bible readers receiving instruction, who with their families, made 500 being cared for by one station alone; fed from the gardens which had been carefully planted during the war, in anticipation of the great need caused by not being able to secure food from abroad. The first cable received from the Mission after the Allied Army had entered Cameroun was not for funds or men, but for Gospels, which speaks for itself.

Missionary Report

THE following is our three months' report (April, May, June) of money received through The Latter Rain Evangel and the Stone Church and distributed to the mission fields:

Geo. M. Kelley, China	\$ 202.24
Adolph Wieneke, China	145.00
I. S. Neeley, West Africa	110.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India	95.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, China	90.00
B. S. Moore, Japan	90.00
Harry E. Bowley, West Africa.....	81.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, China.....	75.00
H. L. Lawler, China.....	74.00
C. W. Doney, for Egypt.....	70.00
Timothy Urshan, for Persia	54.52
H. J. Johns, Honolulu	50.00

B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	50.00
Miss C. B. Herron, India	50.00
John Norton, India	45.00
Thomas Hindle, for Mongolia	42.50
Paul Van Valen, India	40.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo	40.00
Miss Margaret Clark, India	40.00
Miss Margaret Piper, Japan	40.00
Script. Gift Miss. (Bibles for Soldiers)....	38.00
Pandita Ramabai, India	37.00
Mrs. Lillian Denney, India	35.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America	35.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa	35.00
L. M. Anglin, China	26.11
H. E. Hansen, China	26.10
Robert F. Cook, India	25.00
C. W. Longstreth, Sierra Leone, Africa	25.00
John M. Perkins, West Africa	24.00
Mrs. Nettie Nichols, for China	20.00
Miss B. Jones, India	20.00
Miss Sarah Kugler, China (Native Worker)	18.00
Miss Mabel Collins, China	17.00
Miss Almyra Aston, India	16.56
A. H. Post, Egypt	15.00
R. S. McBride, South America	15.00
Miss Christine McLeod, India	15.00
Miss Anna Helmbrecht, India.....	15.00
Mrs. P. R. Rushin, China	15.00
Frank Moll, B. E. Africa.....	15.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	11.00
Miss Martha Hisey, West Africa.....	10.00
Miss Mae Aikenhead, China	10.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India	10.00
Miss Elin Eckwall, China	10.00
Mrs. A. Harrison, China	10.00
Miss Sarah Smith, for Egypt	10.00
Mrs. Anna Richards, South Africa	10.00
Miss Marie Stephany, China	10.00
Miss Myrtle Bailey, for China.....	5.00
Miss Marie Gerber, for Armenians	5.00
Miss Emma Wick, South Africa	5.00
W. R. Williamson, China	5.00
Lloyd G. Creamer, China	5.00

\$2,088.03

If our missionaries in the field have not received the amounts affixed to their names we will be glad to send them duplicate drafts on receipt of information to that effect. So far, we have been able to trace successfully, money which failed to reach its destination, and we believe "the eye of the Lord which runs to and fro throughout all the earth" is upon the consecrated gifts as they are sent forth in His name.

On the Tibetan Border

A. Kok, Yunnan Fu, Yunnan, China

TIBET is one of the least known countries of the world." Thus says the cyclopedia. It is a remarkable fact, that in view of the rapid development of world-commercialism, this still holds true today. There are different reasons which account for Tibet's seclusion: Far away from the sea, which makes an easy access impossible, surrounded by countries which are not yet long open to the traffic of the world, and further,

on all sides walled in by mighty, natural ramparts of snow-mountains with only a few narrow pass-doors, it seems that nature has favored the desire of the dear Tibetans to be left alone with their pastures, flocks, gold and lamaseries.

Chinese authorities, for political reasons, have long since resisted any attempt of another nation to come into close contact with Tibet, and the Tibetans themselves, from religious motives, have always feared the approach of Western

people toward their frontier. The lust for gold, which seems innate in every human creature, is perhaps the hidden reason underlying the policy of the nations in striving to keep one another out.

A small number of missionaries and explorers have, in spite of the many obstacles from time to time, ventured to cross the border, and some have indeed succeeded in penetrating deep into Tibet, lifting up the curtain of mystery, but soon they found out that a stay in the country was even more difficult than the arduous journey, with the result that in every case the adventurer saw himself escorted back to the frontier and put out of the door—which was shut behind him more securely than ever before.

The only favorites, as it seems, which had a free access, were the Chinese officials, soldiers and merchants. Not that these had been invited to come or were welcomed by the Tibetans. Far from that! The only reason is that Tibet never has been able to compete successfully with China's military equipment, and that she finally gave up further attempts to oppose the aggression of the uninvited guests.

But since 1911 the Tibetans seem to be fairly well master in their own house. At that time the Chinese soldiers were partly annihilated and partly sent over the frontier, and since, every fresh attempt from the Chinese side to get military control over Tibet has been a great failure. It is on safe grounds to be expected that the expedition which has to take place this year and for which preparations are being made, will add a new failure to the list.

Although a mighty change can be predicted, both on political and religious grounds, up to this day Tibet is still the great closed land. Closed to the world since ages, geographically, politically, commercially, and, as concerning the mission cause, historico-philosophically, Acts 17: 26, 27, taken as its desired basis.

Many call Tibet the last land to be opened for the Gospel, the last land to be evangelized before the Lord's return, the last unavailed-of opportunity for the Christian church. In conform-

ity with these views, for many years prayer-bands of dear saints have poured out their hearts in supplication for the opening of the closed land. Prayer watches have been formed, keeping watch day and night before the throne of God. Special Tibetan Missions have started different work of preparation. The Bible has been translated, and very valuable and self-sacrificing work has been done for many decades on the borders of Tibet. But nevertheless, Tibet as such is still closed for a free propagation of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God.

What is the cause?

Who will venture to suggest it? Only God knows, but one thing ought to be remembered. We are exhorted to pray, but our prayers must be mixed with thanksgiving. We are to believe for great things, but we must not forget to render thanksgiving for the small things already obtained. We may be led to pray for seventy pounds, but we must be thankful for twenty pounds being sent. We must aim at the enemy's capital, but we must not neglect the opportunity when the eighth part of his country is open for immediate occupation.

And so the matter stands with Tibet. The greater part is closed and seven millions of souls are practically out of reach of the Gospel. Prayer ought to be multiplied.

But—and here is the opportunity of the day—Eastern Tibet, the smaller part, is already open for the Gospel some decades, in the same way as any other country in the world is open. Missionary journeys can be made; churches can be formed; missionaries can reside there, and about two million of souls can be reached with the glorious message of salvation. Keep on praying for the seven million, but thank God for the two million. The great need is workers who avail themselves quickly of the opportunity and occupy this field in the name of the Lord, before it is too late. What an immense field, full of wonderful opportunities! What a chance for Pentecostal missionaries! What an honor to conquer the last great trench of the enemy before the great sound of victory will herald the All-Victorious King! Who will enter?

Baby Healed of Fractured Skull

Mrs. F. S. Vienna, 7010 Estrella Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

I FEEL led to tell to God's needy children in what a wonderful way He has proven His love for one of His little ones, thinking that perhaps my testimony will help one who may be tested in the same way.

The Lord has entrusted me with three precious little souls to mother, one five, one two, and another a babe, just six months. I praise Him for each one of them and for the many times He has healed every one of us. But I want to write

especially about His healing the babe of a fractured skull. From the day the little life came into our home, the enemy put a fear upon me that he might be hurt, and try as I would I could not overcome that constant dread and fear, which left an opening for the enemy to do his work. I believe now that the saints can pray and take victory in Jesus' name for anyone passing through such a trial, but I did not fully realize it then.

To be sure, I watched my little darling very closely and tried my best to protect him, but I had a lesson yet to learn that God was true to His Word and able to keep that which we commit into His hands, and that He gives His angels charge over us. Fear kept me from fully trusting Him.

When baby was six months old my two-year-old boy tipped over the buggy with the baby in it. Before I had time to think I had the child in my arms, pleading the precious blood of Jesus for his life. But his little head had been hurt and the next day about a third of a teacupful of water had leaked from the brain and formed a sack between the skull and the skin. I asked the saints to pray for his healing, and we believed our Lord was able to do exceedingly abundantly above what we could ask or think, and He never failed us. The little darling was spared all suffering, never even having the slightest fever, but I had need to be tested and tried. For six weeks there couldn't be seen the least change for better or worse. The dent in the skull and the water remained just the same. A small, hard substance about the size of a large pink bean was loose in the water and could be freely moved about. I tried to keep the matter a secret as much as possible, so as to make the test easier, but God was not glorified that way, and He never granted any deliverance until the very persons whom I tried to hide it from, fully realized the seriousness of his condition and had

done their best to persuade me to do something. A physician had offered his services free, and from a human standpoint I knew it was considered a criminal act on my part to refuse medical attention. I was told the water would turn to pus and eat up the brain, and the enemy surely tormented me, but praise God, I have a mighty Saviour who gave me knowledge and wisdom to know that there is none like unto my God, and that He would do the work and do it perfectly.

I fully believe that if I had resorted to earthly help it would have meant suffering and perhaps death. The child would no doubt have been an idiot all his life. I am so glad I learned to trust Him who never lost a case when it was fully committed to Him. For weeks I repeatedly asked the Lord to heal baby, but He made me to know it would make Him happier if I would praise Him for His promise to do it, and do you know it made the test easier. When the Lord said His grace was sufficient, He meant what He said, and He made me to understand He meant it.

After six weeks baby was healed instantly. As I was getting him ready for bed one night I looked at his little head and it was perfectly well. It had been healed sometime during the day. Only those who have gone through like testings can really understand the joy and praise that filled my soul. I offered thanksgiving unto the Lord as I looked upon the handiwork of God and saw with my own eyes what He had done for my little babe. Everyone thinks him a bright, smart child, and those who do not know what the Lord did for him are much surprised to hear my testimony. I do rejoice that the Lord helped me to be still and see Him work, so that He could glorify Himself through it all. Praise the Father for the opportunities He gives me to testify to the power in Jesus' blood, both to save and to heal. To Him who has given me the blessed hope of seeing Him face to face, be the honor and glory forever!

Healed of Hay Fever after Many Testings

Miss Grace Nicholson, 157 E. Elm St., Hornell, N. Y.

I AM writing of my healing of hay fever for the encouragement of dear suffering ones and the glory of my precious Lord. "None of us liveth to himself," and it is a real delight to me to pass on the joy that has come into my life through trusting Jesus wholly and resting in Him at all times.

From a child I had hay fever, having inherited it from my ancestors. As I grew older it

developed and I suffered intensely from it. It came on in the early Spring when the dandelions appeared, and lasted until late Fall after the golden rod had gone and the hard frosts had come. I doctored much but received only slight relief. Our family physician also had hay fever; and he told me he had found no permanent cure for it.

During those years I came in touch with some

dear people who told me that there was healing for the body as well as for the soul in the atonement of Jesus Christ. The teaching was new and strange to me and I was fearful of what my friends would think if I accepted it. However, I sought the Lord much about it and He put a great hunger in my heart to trust Him fully. I yielded to Him and was anointed and prayed for and was healed of a chronic stomach trouble. After that I was prayed for many times for hay fever but received no permanent help.

I was teaching music in a country district and, while driving to the homes of my pupils, I would sneeze and sneeze until the mucus membrane of the nasal passages seemed on fire. I have often at such times cried out to God and He has touched me and quieted me, and perhaps I would feel no more of it for weeks.

As the years went on I found I was becoming so weakened by the fever during the hot months that I could not go on with my regular work, and sometimes could not sit up. During one of those times I heard that Mrs. Etter was holding meetings in Philadelphia and I longed to go to her. God gave me strength to go, giving me this verse in Zech. 10:12. "They shall walk up and down in His name." Before leaving I heard that Mr. Etter had passed away and Mrs. Etter had left, so I went to visit some dear friends who had received the Latter Rain outpouring. They prayed for me—standing with me in faith as they would by an only child.

I returned home little better and continued to suffer much, though the itching in my eyes, ears,

and throat was relieved some by cloths rung out of cold water, and laid upon my face.

One morning as I was about the house, it came to me over and over, "This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting." I thought, "Is God speaking to me?" and decided to fast and pray, and, after getting dinner for my father, I lay down to commune with God. After a while the thought came, "Why don't you ask God to touch you?" This I did and at once the Holy Spirit took control of me and rebuked the fever and I was instantly healed. Soon the phone rang—here was my opportunity to testify, which I did. That was two and a half years ago and I have had no hay fever since.

I thank God for the many lessons I learned during those days of testing. One which I am still learning is to listen for the voice of God and then obey. Someone has said, "Instant obedience is the secret of divine guidance." The simple, loving, childlike trust in our Heavenly Father, knowing that His love can never fail His child, is very sweet to Him, and brings to my whole being such a sense of His pleasure that it makes me very happy even in the severest of tests.

"Yes, I'm in the furnace, Jesus,
Heated with its seven fold fire,
Burn the fetters off me, Jesus,
Work in me Thy heart's desire.

"Oh, the peace the Saviour gives,
Peace I've never known before.
And my way has brighter grown,
Since I've learned to trust Him more."

The Legacy which Jesus Left His Own

Not Deliverance from but Victory in the Conflict

Evan. J. R. Beveridge, in the Stone Church, Nov. 2, 1916.



Y text is in John 14:27: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." The setting of this verse is that which makes it strong. If it had been spoken by Jesus under ordinary circumstances, or during, perhaps, one of

His travels from one place to another, it would not have had the power or meaning that it has in the relationship it bears here. You notice it was spoken in the upper room. Jesus had gathered together His disciples and had given them to understand that He was about to pass through the great tragedy of His life. They were in confusion; His own heart was troubled, and He was weary physically as well as in soul. After the supper was over, things had quieted

down a little, and Jesus uttered these words, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." I repeat that the setting of the verse is the thing that makes it strong. Right in the midst of apparent defeat and when they would be left alone and seemingly all their plans would come to naught, Jesus says to His loved ones, "I will give you peace." I think, if my mind serves me rightly, the word peace—I do not mean where it is used outside of soul rest, but where it is used exclusively in relation to man's spiritual condition—is used about eighty or ninety times in the New Testament, every time bearing on the point of rest. Peace presupposes war. You cannot have peace without having had war; you cannot have light without having darkness; it is an utter impossibility. You could not have mountain-top experiences without go-

ing down into the valley. These are philosophical facts which we do not dispute, so that when Jesus said, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," He knew that the relationship of the human heart was one of rebellion toward God from the day Adam and Eve, back in the Garden of Eden, transgressed His prohibitory law, and when He speaks of peace in the human heart, He means complete surrender, a laying down of all the weapons of warfare, an abandonment of everything to the perfect will of God. No heart can enjoy the rest or peace which Jesus Christ purchased by His blood on Calvary until it becomes completely surrendered to the will of God. As long as there is one reserve in the soul, there cannot be rest. In II. Cor. 10:12, Paul speaks of a certain class of people who are constantly comparing themselves with each other, and measuring themselves by each other, and from this comparative religious experience they try to put up a standard of salvation, but Paul says you cannot measure yourselves one by the other and then take the result of that comparison and make it a standard of religious experience. I notice that the more extreme people become, religiously, the greater standard of self-comparison do they put up. Those of you who study this work will observe that an extremist always makes his own comparisons and ideals, but we must look to Jesus Christ and center our religious experiences around Him.

I do not know whether you have ever noticed it or not, but this word "peace" from a Bible standpoint is a word fraught with deep meaning. God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost are all three brought into action in delivering it into a human soul. You cannot exclude any because the Word says, "The *peace of God* which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Then Paul says again that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy *in the Holy Ghost*," and in Romans 5:1 he says, "Wherefore being justified by faith we have peace with God *through our Lord Jesus Christ*," bringing the Father, Son and Holy Spirit all into unison in the great work of stemming the storm in the human heart and bringing peace and quietness to the soul.

Now this peace that God has promised will not in any way keep you from sorrow. I care not how restless or what the holy calm or quietness of the soul may be, there will come times when it will be compelled to wade through sorrow, but its keeping power will be there all the time.

Storms may beat, no matter how heavily, yet the soul can have perfect rest in God. It will not keep you from conflict; men will hate you sin will combat you, but if your peace comes down from God, no matter how fearful the conflict, you can be perfectly quiet and restful.

Going to Portland, Oregon, about a year and a half ago, I was one evening riding on the train about nine o'clock. I was lonesome and taking a book went into the back part of the car to read. There I met a gentleman and we got into conversation. Ten or fifteen minutes had gone by when I turned to him: "Neighbor," I said, "I enjoy holding a conversation with you; you seem to be able to talk on almost any subject, but your language is vulgar. I am a Christian and Jesus and I are friends. If you will excuse me, I will retire." He said, "Oh, do not go, I will try and not use that language." We talked a half hour.

In the morning before I arose I heard somebody speak my name. I could not just figure it out. The porter met me and said, "There has been a gentleman in the car three or four times inquiring about you." "Inquiring about me?" "Yes, he seems to be all fidgety, all out of gear for some reason or other." While the porter and I were talking this gentleman came up and said, "Oh, I am glad to see you. I could not sleep last night." I said, "I do not think I could either if I were like you. I'd hate to go to bed with all of those oaths hanging over me that you had hanging over you." "That is not so much the matter with me as something else." "After I get my breakfast I will talk the matter over," I said. Later we sat down, and he hadn't talked a half dozen words until I knew the man was an old backslider. I said to him, "You are very wealthy, aren't you?" He had on large diamonds, and you can generally tell. He said "Well, yes, I am worth, perhaps three or four hundred thousand dollars." "Where are you going?" "I don't know. My daughter is back in the parlor car; we left our home and are going to Mexico. From Mexico we are going to South America; we are planning about a two years' trip." I said, "What for?" He looked at me a moment and smiled, "I know what you are after. I know why you asked me 'What for?' You know what I am going for and that I will never get it." I said, "You have certainly guessed me correctly." Then I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "You knew Jesus one time, didn't you?" The great tears began to run down his face as he said, "Yes, and from the moment I said 'Good bye' to Him I have never had one moment's

rest or peace. I have accumulated money, I have traveled, I have done everything that man can do, and when I left home three days ago it was just to do something or find something new to meet the cry of my soul." "Do you think you will get it?" "No, I do not." I had a little testament in my pocket and I pulled it out and said, "Let me read you just one verse." He said, "You do not seem to have a bit of mercy." I said, "It is not time for mercy yet," and read to him this verse, "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you." He put his head down between his knees and wept as though his heart would break. I said, "Friend, weeping won't save you. When you are ready to lay down your arms of rebellion and declare that you are through, God will vindicate His promise to you, but you can weep until your life burns out and you go down into the grave and out to the Great White Throne Judgment, and be eternally lost, if you do not surrender. He said, "You are right." I said, "Will you surrender now?" He looked into my face a moment and said, "I will." I said, "I will soon be at my destination, a little town called Mission, and you and I will part, but I will meet you again some day, at the Great White Throne Judgment. If you are honest the work will be finished here: if not, you know the result. Do you mean business?" He took hold of my hand and bathed it with his tears as he said, "Oh God, if You will give me back my peace again, I will right every wrong, no matter what it is. And while we sat on that train, that man was transformed. He looked up into my face and said, "Little did I think when I left my home that I would find Jesus here. I have Him." I bade him good-bye. He took me by the hand and said, "I will meet you at the Great White Throne Judgment and guarantee that I will enter into the city."

It takes surrender of everything the human heart holds in rebellion against God. Get the experience of undivided peace, rest of soul. I say again, it is not peace from conflict, but it is victory in conflict. All the difference in the world. It is not deliverance from the death of our loved ones or from disappointment in our loved ones and a shattering of ambitions. Peace does not keep us from these trials, but it keeps us restful in them.

Some years ago I was down on the Eastern shore of Maryland holding a series of meetings. A lady came to the meeting, and one night I shook hands with her; after holding a little conversation I quickly discerned she was a woman of culture, yet her apparel was rather shabby.

When she bade me good night and left the church I walked up to the preacher and said, "I'd like to know the history of that lady with whom I just shook hands." "Something more than ordinary there," he said, "I will tell you about her some time." About two nights after, she asked me if I wouldn't come to her home and have dinner with her. I went. When we sat down, all there was on the table were some boiled potatoes, bread and salt and water. I looked at it and was disappointed. Of course that is human nature. When you go out and expect a big dinner and get nothing but bread and water and potatoes, you are naturally disappointed, and there is no use saying you are not. She said, "You are disappointed, aren't you? Well it is the best I have, and it is about all I have had nearly all winter long." "Well," I said, "what is the trouble? You look to me like one who has seen better days." "I have," and she told me where her home was, a very beautiful one out on the north east river, a regular mansion. She was born and raised in that wealthy home, and was the only daughter. She got married, and the father and mother died shortly after. She invited into her home a lady friend of hers, and after she had been there perhaps two or three weeks she discovered that her husband and this lady were becoming very intimate. She called him to account for it, and he said, "If you don't like what is going on, get out." She had given to him all her money, and even deeded her property to him believing that she could trust him. Reasoning with him as she would she could not accomplish anything, so one night after a very stormy interview with him and the other woman he opened the door and put her and their little girl out. She stayed for a day or two with some friends, consulted an attorney and got him to look the case over; but he was bought over by the husband, who in course of time got a divorce from her. She showed me her father's will; I read it over carefully, made some inquiries, and saw it was true. Later I was again invited back into her home to about the same kind of a meal, perhaps a little better. After the meal was over we knelt down to pray, and I shall never forget that woman's prayer. It was something like this: "Oh God, when I was a little girl about twelve years of age, you converted me, and I remember how sweetly the Holy Spirit came into my life. I have been robbed of my husband and his love; I have been robbed of my home and everything that I owned; you know how hard I have had it these last years." Then she looked up, it seemed to me, right into the face of God, and said,

"Oh God, how glad I am that they have never been able to steal from me the peace which passes all understanding." I say, it doesn't stop you from sorrow or afflictions or difficulties, but thank God, it keeps you while underneath them, holds you steady when everything else seems to break and go down with a crash. That is the beauty of it; that is what Jesus meant when He said, "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled."

There was a man came into my place yesterday, and said, "Mr. Beveridge, I came over to have a little talk with you, just along spiritual lines." We talked a little and reaching over the chair where I was sitting, he placed his hand on mine and said to me, "I am hungry, my rent is unpaid, I have no work; it is very dark and gloomy," and the great tears rained down his face, "but oh," he said, "it is so sweet and restful in my soul." I said, "Brother, I guess you have more religion than I have." Of course if I were hungry and out of money I do not know how I would be. You never know what you will do until you are put through. You know Peter stood up and said, "Now Lord, do not talk rashly, You know if everybody went back on You, You can depend on me," but it took only a little girl to make a coward out of him. A little maid walked up to him and said, "You are a Christian, aren't you?" and he said, "I am not." We never know until the test strikes, how we are going to stand. The only thing I know to do is to keep an unbounded confidence in God.

"Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you." This world is all in a tremble, isn't it? Just think of it! Never in its history was there the unrest there is today. The only people whom I know who seem to have rest of soul are those who love Jesus. I wrote a letter the other day to a person who was quite a society woman. I met her at a campmeeting which she attended accidentally; it happened to be where she was spending the summer, and she came. I said to her, "Are you a Christian?" "Oh no," she said, "I am not a Christian." I began talking with her a little bit about Christianity, and soon found out she knew society and its evils, all gilded. I could not do anything with her; but have written to her a number of times. Some time ago I wrote, "The social world is beginning its whirl; I suppose you are making your plans for the season, dances and balls, and planning for a big time." She wrote back, "I am just about disgusted with it all. I wish I knew where I could find satisfaction." I wrote back,

"Philippians 4:7, "The peace of God that passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." The old world has just about exhausted itself. Just put your ear down and listen to its pulsation; hear its groan and cry of despair, and then look up and thank God that you have salvation. Look up and thank God that in the midst of it all you have been able to find that which is real.

I like to use illustrations because I think that is the best way of fastening truth on the hearts and minds of my hearers. I am going to tell you another little circumstance. Some years ago I was invited to a lady's home in a town where I was holding some meetings. Her husband said to her, "I want you to tell that man to attend to his own business when he comes," and when I arrived, she told me. Quite a reception, wasn't it? I said, "I will certainly do my best." Her daughter was a theatrical girl, played in all the theaters over this country. She was a favorite of the wife of one of the millionaires of this city, who had spent a great many thousand dollars on this girl, equipping her for her life as an actress, and the heart of the mother had been grieved for years over her daughter. She was then at Atlantic City planning to spend the summer, and her mother wrote her a letter asking her to come home. She came, thinking perhaps it was imperative as her mother didn't tell her why. We drove in a carriage a mile or two to the depot to meet her, and when the girl got off the train the mother introduced me. As we were riding along, Georgie said to me, "What is your business?" I said, "Why do you want to know my business?" She said, "You look like a preacher." "Well," I said, "I am," and she deliberately turned her back on me. When we reached home, she said to her mother, "Mother, what is that preacher doing here?" "They are holding revival meetings and he is the preacher; he is staying here." "I want you to tell him he must attend to his own business and let me alone." That was twice I had gotten my orders. Georgie had a strong personality, and at the table I never said a word about religion, as if I didn't have any. From my room I could look down in the yard where they had a large swing. and as she sat in it I said, "Now that is a good chance to talk to her." I went down and said, "It is a nice day." "Yes, very nice," she answered, and walked away, and I would go humbly back. These things hurt, and I'd lay another plan, only to be turned down cold and hard every time; but she came to the meetings. She was a marvelous musician, almost made the piano talk.

I prayed, "Lord, I wish you would do something to keep the organist home." Sure enough, a few nights after something happened to the organist; they told me she wasn't well. I said, "Georgie, would you mind playing?" "Oh, I could not play, I am not a Christian." "Well, you can play." I got several good chances then I couldn't get when she was in the audience. The next night I asked her to come, and she played for me again. In the after-meeting she quietly got up and left the organ. I don't often shout, but I would have liked to have shouted when she left the organ. The next night I went to the organist and said, "Please stay at home tomorrow night. I have something going." Just as the after-meeting was called, she came to me, "Mr. Beveridge, do you know where my papa is?" I said, "Yes he is at a large town-meeting. What do you want with him?" "I want him." I was afraid she was going home, and I said, "You are not going to leave me now, are you? I need someone to play." I went over and said to him. "Mr. W., Georgie wants you." "What for?" I said, "I do not know." When he came she said to him, "Papa, I want to ask you something. My heart is all torn to pieces. I have signed the contracts for next year's work at a salary of \$185.00 a week (I think she said) I do not know whether the manager will let me off or not, but if he doesn't, will you make good the money if he demands it?" He said, "What for?" She said, "I am going to that altar and give my life to Jesus." He said "Georgie, if that is your desire I will, if it takes every dollar I've got; we will go together." They knelt down and gave themselves to Jesus. The next morning at the breakfast table Georgie said, "Mr. Beveridge, I have traveled all over this world (she went to Paris every summer), I have seen everything this

world has offered. I have had the applause of thousands, but I have enjoyed more peace since I knelt at that altar last night than all the years of my life." She wept tears of joy, as she said, "Oh papa, why didn't some one tell me about this before." She gave up her theatrical work which meant a lot of money to her, and Georgie W— is today one of the sweetest Christian girls I have ever met. When you and I are willing to lay the weapons of rebellion down at the feet of Jesus, there will come into the soul a peace that the master mind of Paul quit trying to explain, but said it was beyond all understanding. I do not know your spiritual status tonight, but if there is any storm in your soul you can rest assured it is because you haven't made a complete surrender to Jesus Christ. There is no storm there.

At Rapahanna when the proud, haughty Southern General walked up to General Grant, the Northern hero, he said to him, "General Grant, what are the terms?" And General Grant looked into the face of Robt. E. Lee, and said, "Unconditional surrender." He said, "Can not my men have their side-arms?" "No." "Can they have their mules?" "No, they cannot have anything." Robert E. Lee pulled out his sword and handed it to General Grant. The Southern boys dropped everything. It was then that peace swept over this nation. It takes unconditional surrender to bring peace down from the stars into the human heart. One time while the war was raging, Lincoln met a committee who said to him, "Lincoln, let's compromise." He walked up and down that committee room a minute and said, "Gentlemen, compromise is treason." It is so with God. Compromise is treason. If you want peace in your soul you will have it when you surrender all.

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