



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

Traveling a Hundred Miles for "A Glimpse of Him"

Whom Has the Lord Chosen to Carry His Message?

H. H. Cox, Zion City, Ill. in the Missionary Conference.



THIS morning, beloved, there are four definite facts that face us. The first is the imperative command that everybody should hear the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The second is the inability of the present staff of missionaries to cope with the great needs beyond. The third is the definite lack of spiritual supplication for those that are upon the field, and the last is the real lack of systematic giving unto God for the sake of evangelizing the world. We have heard enough on the first point to know that it is imperative for us to obey the command of the Lord Jesus to go if the heathen are to get the Gospel. In the tenth chapter of Romans beginning at the thirteenth verse, we read, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent?" These are four weighty questions for you and me to answer. I think it was S. D. Gordon who wrote this little vision of a certain person who went to the pearly gates where he met the Angel Gabriel and entered into conversation with him. The angel said, "The Lord Jesus has become the Savior of the world; He has gone to Calvary's cross, He has paid the debt and His blood has been poured out." "Yes, we realize He is the Savior, but will you tell me whom has the Lord left on the earth to give forth the message Jesus Christ has wrought out on Calvary?" And the angel turned to the man who was asking the question and pointed down to Mount Olivet where that body had met together to see the Lord ascending to heaven, and said, "Those has Jesus Christ commanded to give the message." As the angel finished his words the man began to think a moment and then turning to the angel, said, "And supposing they fail?" The angel answered, "God has made no other provision," and that is true today. The only provision that God has made for the heathen to get the Gospel is through men and women who have been saved and baptized in the Holy Ghost, and if you and I fail in our part we have to give an account to God; as He says in Ezekiel, that if the wicked man is condemned to death,

and we warn him not of his wicked way, to save his life, and the wicked man die in his iniquity, his blood will be required at our hands.

The second thought given us is that the present staff of missionaries is inadequate to cope with the tremendous need that lies before us. We look at India with her 315,000,000 people groping in darkness. How few have ever had the full Gospel! Thousands of men who have gone forth have not preached the Gospel. God poured out His Spirit in these last days because He wanted to get people to preach the very same Gospel that the apostles preached. The people are looking for such a Gospel today. I was reading *The Bombay Guardian*, a prominent paper printed in India, some time ago, and as I read it solemnized my heart. There are hundreds of universities in India that have been built up on missionary money under the different denominations, and there are vast provinces in India that have never been touched with the Gospel, millions of people without a missionary, but from the South to the North, and the East to the West, with all their universities, with all their educational facilities, their titled men and women, they cannot find one out of a thousand in a year that believes on the Lord Jesus Christ as the Savior. The only figures they can give is on an average of one every two years. It means we have missed the true message of God, and it also means having our foreign lands saturated, not with "this Gospel" but with another, and let him that giveth any other Gospel than this be accursed. There is the great province of Kathiwar, where I trust the Lord will allow me to join our Brother Schoonmaker in evangelizing in His time. It is a province of nearly three millions of people, and no real missionary there to preach the Gospel. As I was in Malkapur under the Christian & Missionary Alliance, I remember how I felt as I wandered through the great Taluka district with its hundreds of villages, my tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth for the want of a drink of water. It took me three years to cover it, and yet I could not cover it with the Gospel. I would go on and on and have to turn back on account of the heat and the rains and do missionary work at home, but that meant that some of those villages in each district got the Gospel only once in three years. As I looked over that vast, uncovered territory I used to say,

"Oh God, how long will they sit at home and refuse to bring the message of salvation to this lost world!" I remember one day after preaching until I was exhausted, one of the men came up to me and said, "Do you know, Sahib, there are a lot of people sitting before you; (there were more than in this audience today) and out on the roadside, did you see those people?" "Yes, I have been preaching to them." "But," he said, "you don't realize the situation. They are convicted by your message, they want the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, they want to be saved, but how can they be saved without hearing more of the Gospel. They are like children, they cannot read or write. If they leave their idols, they will have to sit in darkness and ignorance until you return next year. How can you expect them to be saved with the one message?" I would like to see the men and women in civilized America who will live on one message a year without reading the Bible. There was the cry. I said, "My brother, I cannot stay here all the time, there are others like you. I want to give at least one chance for every man and woman in this Taluka country to hear the Gospel," and I had to pass on to other places. Oh beloved, we are inadequate to meet the need on the field!

I remember going through the thick jungle one day, and as I passed on and on through the jungle I thought we would never get to another place, but some one told me that in the thick of that brush there was a little village of fifty people and I was determined that those people should get the Gospel. Suddenly we came to a little patch that was cleared, about an acre of ground and there I saw a few huts built. I saw the women and men and cattle and everything else gathered in those little huts, where they eat and live and sleep. I called them out, and as they always obey the white man, they came. I told them we had a sweet story to tell them. We sat there and talked to them about Jesus for quite a long time, and while the message was being given I saw a young man of twenty-two putting his hand to his ear every time we would say "Jesus." When we got through he came up and said, "Won't you tell me that name again, please?" We told him and he tried to say it in his own language. I said it over to him about fourteen times and all of a sudden he said, "*Yasu*, I have it now." He had never heard the name before. Oh it pays to go thousands of miles to give the Gospel!

I'd make you almost ashamed this morning if

I told you about the terrible sins of childhood and womanhood of India, but this morning I want you to realize that above all the terrible sins that are going on in these foreign lands shines the cross of Jesus. The Man of Calvary is saying to you and to me, "If you love me, keep my commandments." "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." I don't know whether you have ever read Bishop Thoburn's book or not, but he tells of how he was going along the roadside one day and he saw there was something peculiar happening and as he drew nearer he said he wished he might never have gazed on such a sight. There were men who were trying to gain the place of non-existence, trying to gain favor with the gods, and through the muscles of their naked arms spikes were being driven, through the muscles of their chest were these terrible spikes, and spikes were driven through their tongues, and under their feet were wooden spikes. They had traveled thousands of miles in the blazing sun, and men were fanning them and throwing water on them; they were going to a certain temple and if they reached that temple they would gain the favor of the gods. When men are willing to suffer such torture in their ignorance to gain the favor of the gods, what will we do to give this Gospel to every creature?

A missionary going out on his itinerary met a poor creature going along the road. She was falling on her hands and knees. He saw that her hands and knees were bleeding, and he asked her where she was going. She said, "I am going to such-and-such a temple," and she told him the village from which she had come. He said that poor woman had traveled nearly a hundred miles in that condition. He asked her, "What are you going for?" and she answered, "To get a glimpse of Him." Oh beloved, she might have stayed in her own village and heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ through you or me, been saved of that suffering, and had eternal life in her soul! May you realize this morning that it is impossible for the present staff of missionaries to cope with the dire need out there. Look at the great province of Bengal and of Nepal without missionaries to meet the need. I think there is one missionary to one hundred and twenty thousand people, and how could you expect them to get the Gospel. You can go to Africa, the tremendous country of China with all its possibilities, the Islands of the Sea and find the same great need.

Here we sit at home with five hundred or a thousand, yea more than that number of ministers in the United States. I was talking one day to a home-base man, and when I got through he said, "I thank God that the world is the Lord's harvest field." In speaking that day I said I thanked God that the Lord's harvest field is the world, but I would to God that the ministers might be equally divided in the world. If that could be done today we would very soon have the world evangelized. I am ready to go back to India now. I am doing a little work in Zion City at present, but when Jesus says the word they will have to excuse me at a moment's notice.

Then I would say further, that one of the greatest needs of this day is prayer. There is such a lack of prayer for the missionaries these days. I have been in congregations and in prayer-meetings where I have never heard one in the audience pray for the missionaries, but they never forgot to pray for the pastor. The devil is trying very hard to hinder the Pentecostal people in prayer. I wonder how many here have given fifteen minutes a day to pray for the missionaries. I would be afraid to ask you to stand up, but how can we expect God to work mightily through men and women who are sacrificing their lives in a land of demons without the home-base at the back of them in mighty intercession. We need some people in the homeland like Epaphras who labored fervently in prayer for the saints.

While in India I rode along the road one day on a bicycle, and as I heard a creak in the big wheel I jumped off to find what was the matter with it. It wasn't my wheel and I was quite concerned about it. I got back on it again but kept looking back at the wheel to see the cause of the noise. As I was pushing along I was pitched off the wheel on my head because of some bamboo trees lying across the road. I lay there on the roadside, unconscious for a while, when suddenly I got up on my feet and pushed myself home on the bicycle. When I reached home the people saw the seriousness of the case, and I knew somebody was praying for me in the homeland. I began to vomit and fell, and they saw that I had concussion of the brain. I had fallen off my wheel right on the top of my head. Two came and prayed for me and at nine o'clock God touched my body and I was delivered. A brother was staying with me and I told him to go to bed, saying the Lord had healed me, but he was so concerned he

stayed until two o'clock in the morning. A few weeks afterward a message came from the homeland. One of my mothers in the faith wrote, "My boy, I wonder what has been the matter with you. Of late I have been under such a terrific burden I have had to pray for you, but the burden lifted before I wrote the letter."

The story is told of one of our dear missionaries who got down under terrible fever. This poor woman was broken down nervously on account of the strain of teaching, and then discouragement crept over her. She had a class of three girls who laughed and giggled every Sunday as she taught the Word to them. Try as she would she couldn't see any change in them, and in this broken down condition she said, "I am going home. The Lord has never used me and He cannot use me now." On a Saturday evening the Lord called upon a man to pray for that missionary. He would not listen for a moment to the voice of the Spirit, because of work to do. Suddenly the voice came, "Go and pray for Miss So-and-So," and again he put it away, but when it came the third time the man yielded and went to his room, when a burden of prayer came upon him and he wrestled in agony for that soul in India and the class she was teaching. The missionary went to her class Sunday morning with a shaking in her nerves and discouragement in her soul, sat before these girls with her Bible, and they laughed and giggled as usual. She opened her Bible and began to read the Word, and as she read she was conscious of a strange feeling creeping over her. She was being revived in her spirit, soul and body. She looked at her students and one was crying. All of a sudden she rushed up and said, "Missis Sahib, I am such a great sinner." Then came the second and third, and all those three were born of God that day, and all three are Bible women now, preaching the Gospel. But what if that man had failed that day? This is the thing that is coming home to our hearts. Another man, our dear Brother Moodie, untiringly journeyed here and there; every missionary on the field admired the spiritual character of that man, as he went about with his beloved wife preaching the Gospel. After he had been on the field four years the terrible siege of cholera appeared. Brother Moodie went along and in the name of the Lord prayed for the afflicted and laid hands upon them. They were instantly healed, but as he went on and on he began to grow weak in body. You know

how it is, if any brother is endowed with the Spirit everybody looks to him, until out of a lack of wisdom, his own weakness overcomes him. He knows he ought to stop before, but hasn't the wisdom to do it. Presumably he was stricken with cholera, and there he lay on the bed, his wife on another bed, unconscious. They were expecting her to die any moment. There were a lot of weak missionaries around him, and he said, lifting his hand with a broken heart, "Is there no one to pray me through? My work isn't done. I have some more work to do for Jesus in India. Is there no one to pray me through?" He swept into glory crying these words. There was nobody to pray him through. Somebody missed it in the homeland. God is looking for a people who will be a channel of mighty intercession for the missionaries on the field.

The last thought we have to present is a very serious one also, and that is the lack of proper giving to those who are on the field. How can they preach except they be sent, or supported? They cannot do it. How many times the missionary that has gone forth has had to suffer for the lack of funds. We thank God for providing our needs. My wife and I have lived on as little as six dollars a month in India, and without a murmur thanked God for the provision of six dollars a month to preach the Gospel. And we are willing to go forth again and live on that if that is the Lord's will, but the missionary's work is hampered who gets so little because it is not enough money to buy a little tent to live in, nor enough to buy nourishing food to keep him up. There are missionaries on the field today that could do ten times the work they are doing if they had the adequate means, and it is true today that every nominal Christian giving back to the Lord one-tenth as his debt, would bring into the missionary-box enough to evangelize the world. I know of a dear brother going out who was a Nyack student. He was an indefatigable worker to get

his little bit of education. One year he made up his mind he was going to earn enough through the summer to have an easy time through school and he earned enough for this purpose, but some dear missionary came along before he went back to school and made a plea for the mission field, and that dear young man in obedience to the Spirit laid all his earnings down for the mission field, and went back to Nyack and earned his way through. Did that young man fail to get to the mission field? Never, His experience was a good foundation for his missionary work.

Beloved, I do not need to say any more to convince you that the heathen are in need of the Gospel. The five bleeding wounds of Calvary speak to you and to me this morning for a lost world, and the heart of Jesus is bleeding again because His servants will not go forth with the message. Will we give our lives for the salvation of the world? I will close with a little song that is on my heart:

Far o'er the ocean,
Lies a land in blackest night,
Rich its devotion,
Poor and sad its plight,
In the darkness groping,
Seeking out for some to care,
Praying, crying, hoping,
Dying in despair.

Cho.—India, sad, India,
Jesus died to set thee free,
India, lost India,
We bring Christ to thee.

Children are crying,
In that land across the sea.
Women are dying,
There in misery.
Youths are bound and weary,
For there's naught to give them light,
Men are bound by dreary
Shades of gloom and night.

Oh tearful story,
India's sons are flesh and bone,
Changing His glory
Into wood and stone.
Can we idly watch them
Drag His glory in the dust,
Rouse ye men and women,
For His sake we must.

A Gracious Outpouring of the Spirit in Nicaragua

THESE last six weeks have been wonderful days for us here in Matagalpa. In my last letter, I think I mentioned that one dear believer had received the Holy Spirit. Well, glory to the Lord Jesus Christ—it is all so very wonderful, so precious and so outside the natural, that one stands in amazement at the mighty power of God! After the first entered in, the power of the Holy Ghost continued and mighty became His working until men, women and children have

been and are still being slain under the power of God. Up to last night ten have been baptized in the Holy Ghost, speaking with other tongues.

It is wonderful the songs of praise, joy and victory—meetings which once were dry, are now on fire with the power and love of Jesus, and run till twelve and often one o'clock in the morning. Morning prayers sometimes last from eight till eleven o'clock in the morning. In one word, He, the Holy Spirit has given a new

birth and life to the work.

The above is accompanied with precious and powerful testimonies, confessions and restorations—lives that were dark in sin and under the power of Rome are now mighty witnesses for their dear Lord, whose precious blood has bought them.

Last Sunday (Aug. 12) in the forenoon, we buried with Christ in baptism seven dear believers, of whom all but one have come into the light of the Gospel this year. The river bank was crowded with on-lookers and God gave us a chance to give the Gospel to some who would never come to the chapel; all listened with much respect. This is the third baptismal service we have had since coming here and each one grows better.

Last night we had a wonderful meeting, the chapel was filled with saints and sinners. The dear Lord gave much liberty in preaching, fol-

lowing which the altar was filled. Several were slain under the power of the Holy Spirit, two came very near being filled. The meeting closed at midnight and commenced at eight this morning and is still in progress. One of the two of last night has received the Holy Spirit with the sign of speaking in other tongues. Oh! glory to Jesus, it is all so precious!

We covet the prayers of the saints for the work here, that the revival fires may set Nicaragua on fire for the Holy Ghost—for this is the only church in the Republic where the truth of Pentecost is being taught, and naturally the only town where saints are filled with the Holy Spirit and magnify the Lord Jesus in other tongues.

Another received her baptism yesterday. Oh, it is all so glorious and the whole town is being stirred! Thank God!

Aug. 16, 1917.

B. A. SCHOENEICH.

Pressure of Jewel-Making

Elizabeth Sisson



SCIENCE and geology tell us that jewels by nature are only lumps of dull inert matter; the sapphire is clay, the diamond carbon (charcoal) and so on. But why the difference between their appearance and that of the ordinary soil? The answer is not easy to give in a brief paper like this; indeed all the secret windings of process are difficult for science and geology to trace.

But the exquisite effect is due to the mysteries of crystalization under exceptional circumstances of convulsion, pressure and fire. Here is a wonderful parable hidden in Nature, but experimentally opened out to us in grace; for God's Word is full of imagery of jewels in the realms of grace.

The very humanity of our Lord Himself was thus transmuted. Christ, a Jewel; "precious stone," "chosen, elect stone," "a living stone," "a stone with seven eyes," "the head-stone," His members "living stones," "stones of a crown," "lively stones," etc. So in the building of the temple all precious stones entered into it; deeply spiritually symbolic this.

Then come the descriptions of the heavenly Jerusalem which superseded the temple as God's dwelling place; all her stones are jewels, all her foundations, precious stones, as she is for the first time shown in her ultimate form; shown at the expiration of the millennium age, after the

new heavens and new earth have come in, as the Bride of the Lamb; although we know that the bride was brought forth and the marriage supper of the Lamb enacted, previous to the open coming of the Lord. (Rev. 19:7-11.) Yea, a thousand years previous! Deep mysteries of the plan of God are veiled in all this. It is not our purpose to attempt to lift the veil; only to call to attention that in this, ultimate form of the Lamb's wife, at the expiration of the millennium age, she is shown under the figure of the New Jerusalem, as a fair bride who is a glittering mass of jewels.

When we see poor, blinded humanity striving in its brief earthlife, for this world's gold and its corruptions, and earthly potentates fighting, intriguing, for a notable gem, the Kohinoor diamond, some marvelous string of pearls, selling sometimes the moral fibre of their being for the brilliant bit of earth, and think of the possible treasures to which they are blind; we can but cry, Oh, that they would indeed put themselves into the hands of the Great Jeweler of the Universe, and let Him bring forth in them jewels for Eternity! Make them Jewel-kings of all ages!

It is one thing to possess gold, another thing to *be* gold of countless valuation, of endless duration. One thing to deck thyself with a jewel, another thing to *be* a jewel that bedecks the brow of thy God! Of some it is said, "Thou shalt also *be* a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord,

be a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." "Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken; neither shall thy land anymore be turned desolate, but thou shalt be called Hepzibah (My delight is in her) and thy land Beulah (married): for with the joy of the bridegroom over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee."

A jeweled bride must the heavenly Bridegroom have. He must be able to say, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." And "yet ye see your calling, brethren; God hath chosen" the foolish things, the weak things, base things, despised things, yea and things which are not." As if Nature looking upon drifting sands, called to her forces, "Thou art alchemists, here make gold"; gazing upon a bed of clay, "here bring sapphires, rubies, emeralds, onyx," and on a stream of pure carbon, black, opaque, "here fetch me diamonds." Even so the Divine Alchemist of the Universe looking upon divers strata of spiritual earthiness, "fornicators, idolators, adulterers, effeminate, abusers of themselves with mankind, thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers, extortioners self-righteous (1 Cor. 6:9-11) etc., cries to His Holy Spirit forces, "Bring me from thence jewels of every variety for the everlasting adornment of My Son's wife—the Bride of the Lamb.

And as to Nature's call, there come earthquakes, convulsions, fire, crystalization, so to the command of the Divine Alchemist, there come upon different bits of earth-humanity, here and there, the convulsions, the cataclysms for making ruby-ship, diamond-hood, etc.—all the glowing resplendency of the multitudinous gems of the Palace City of the Universe; the heavenly Jerusalem. Read again the glowing description of the walls of that city, its foundations "garnished with all manner of precious stones," luxuriant in the description of its streets of gold, its twelve marvelous gates, "every several gate of one pearl," its streets of transparent glass-gold, each separate jewel imprisoning the light of the glory of God, and scintillating it, in fiery beams of love, mercy, purity, wisdom and power; and all exultants of the Divine Alchemy of suffering and pressure upon earth worms!

Marvelous transformations! "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." "He suffered being tempted." "The devil left Him for a season." "He was made perfect by the things which He suffered." "The disciple shall be perfected as the Master." "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, but rejoice." "When He has tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

I remember one who had multitudinous and most lacerating trials of many descriptions, of which one was, that in her poverty and straitness, she had only the public city street as her prayer closet. As there among the busy throng, she opened the little text book held in her hand, with the cry, "Oh God, speak to me," her eye fell upon "When He hath *tried* me, I shall come forth as gold." Her heart took flight and in her joy she cried, "Oh, I am going to be some of *my Lord's gold!*" According to her faith it was done unto her; from that hour she was more for Him.

Any price is not too great to pay for transmutation from the common earth, under the tread of passers-by to the precious metal, medium of all commerce. And God thus changes us to gold which He can use in Salvation's marts, the pure gold of the Kingdom.

"Rejoice," says Jesus, when you begin to feel the pressure coming upon you, "reviling," "persecution," "all manner of evil against you falsely," "some of you they shall kill," etc. A more generous diet than "bread and water" is not promised, and the "Son of man had not where to lay His head." But in all He says, "Be exceeding glad," "Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy." (Literally—"jump up and down very much.") Why? Because out of common clay jewels are making. "Great is your reward in heaven." Great indeed to be forever more a part of that jasper wall, or of that amethyst foundation, a part of one of those wonderful gates of pearl.

This passage in Rev. 21:9-27 is a mixed metaphor, but we lose much if we do not get its glorious significance. The Bride is the City. The City is the Bride. Her mission is the mission of *it*, the mission of perpetual, eternal salvation to *others*. "The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of *it*." The kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. (This is way out after the new heavens and new earth are fixed.) Some believe those convulsions of nature have then changed the whole astronomical map, and made our tiny globe the center of all the starry systems, because on it was enacted the tragedy of Calvary, the spilling of the blood of the Son of God; blood whose benefit shall yet reach into the whole inhabited Universe. "And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." In the millennium age we get glimpses of those beings developed for it, having spiritual authority, revival power, salvation-rule; some over ten cities, others over five. Luke 19:12-19.

When His throne reign begins, they also sit in thrones, bringing in with Him the glory of earth's renovations. Math. 19:22-28. But in the After Ages of the New Heavens and the New Earth time, the reader of Rev. 21 sees that the sphere of beneficence is vastly extended. The jewels of the kingdom, then bring countless other multitudes to the same blessedness.

No wonder that Paul "pressed down upon the mark for the prize" of such an upward calling! Phil. 3:14. No wonder that he said he delighted "in infirmities, reproaches, necessities, persecutions, distresses," (2 Cor. 12:10), "gloried" in always bearing about in his body the "dying of the Lord Jesus," ready to be "poured out" upon the service and sacrifice of their faith. It was pressure unto jewel-making that had in it successive unfoldings of usefulness, in dispensation after dispensation. It was his opportunity to become an eternal jewel, in that great regenerative edifice, with which God was getting ready to bless throughout Salvation's Ages.

Pressure! *Paul's opportunity and ours!* A prize to be coveted, every convulsion, cataclysm, death-blow, smart and sorrow! Without them no jewels, from such clods of the earth as we. By them, transmutation from earth-worms to foundation stones, pearl-gates, golden streets, opals, diamonds, amethysts of that city that lieth four-square, whose Builder and Maker is God, a city whose destiny is to be an eternal excellency, whose mission is to bless the nations of the saved throughout all ages, as they walk in the light of its glory and from time to time are absorbed into it.

"O, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires, and I will make thy windows of agates and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord and great shall be the peace of thy children." A half century ago a certain Mrs. W., who had begun to take her early steppings as a Christian worker and whom the Holy Spirit was wooing on, was drawn to give herself to parlor meetings in the home of a Rev. A. W. in the slum district of New York City, where he was getting hold of disreputable women. They had correspondence and it was arranged that she should come into his faith work and learn with them to trust the Lord for bread to eat, for grace to work, for clothes to wear, for power for service and success. A venturesome step in those days when the light was not so strong as now! To make her life more thoroughly faith-life, she

felt the Lord led her to sell their little property and put all into His work, before she started with her enfeebled husband and little boy for Water Street, New York. This all done, she went on her way, under the conscious smile of God. Arriving at the Faith Home, she rang the bell and was met at the door by the wife of the clergyman. (She did not till later know that the woman was subject to temporary fits of insanity, and one was then on.) She smiled and said, "I am Mrs. W.," supposing every arrangement had been made for her by the clergyman. The minister's wife gave her a blank stare. "You know," said Mrs. W., "I am come to have meetings in your home with the girls." The minister's wife pointing to the halls and stairway—" 'Tis a woman to scrub that we need, if you are for that, step in, if not, go. "I am come for Bible work among the girls," stammered Mrs. W. "We need no other help but a scrub girl," and the door was slammed in her face. Alone in a strange city, with her imbecile husband and little child, and in her zeal to give all to the Lord, she had not even left herself with money other than railroad expenses thither. Penniless, absolutely friendless, she stood irresolutely on the door step and then it began to rain, and they had no umbrella! Satan got after her hot and fast; sneeringly, he said, "Humph, you thought God led you—you see it was all a mistake. Now what are you going to do?" They turned off the steps, and utterly ignorant of the city, she did not know whether to walk up or down. Oh what a whirl in her mind! It was getting toward noon, hunger was beginning to make known its pangs. She thought, If I could only go somewhere and tell somebody, but in a faith-life they never signal to a human. "Lord, what shall I do?" As she walked on mechanically, she saw, trudging down the street, dear old colored Amanda Smith, a notable faith hero of those days. "Ah," she said, "I will tell Amanda, she knows the faith life, she cannot help me but she can sympathize with me." Soon the dripping family was under Amanda's capacious umbrella and Mrs. W. was pouring out her tale of woe. Amanda's eyes kept brightening and she was punctuating through the story—"Bless the Lord," "Praise Jesus," "Well, I never! Glory!" When Mrs. W. stopped from sheer exhaustion, Amanda said, "So here you are and don't know New York and haven't a friend in it. Without money, without shelter, without even an umbrella in the rain." Most cheerfully—"It beats all! God never did give anybody before *such a good chance to trust Him.*" She exulted, rejoiced and

praised the Lord in most uproarious fashion, for "such a good chance to trust." She seemed fairly to envy her sister's opportunity till finally (the Spirit of God coming down upon them) Mrs. W. caught the heavenly infection and they were praising the Lord in unison.

Just then a well known New York merchant came towards them. Starting with surprise, he exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. W., this truly is of the Lord, but I cannot stop to explain, must get to the bank before it closes, take this card, go to my restaurant, order dinner for your party and me and by the time it is served I will be with you." "There's your dinner," said Amanda, "and this is faith-life; enlargement and deliverance shall arise from this place. Good bye." So they parted.

Mrs. W. wonderingly went on to the restaurant and the merchant soon joined them. Without hearing her story (nor did he know it for many a month after) he told her how his church in New Jersey had been humbling themselves and crying to God, and getting in a good place for a revival, "and I am chairman of a committee to find an evangelist. As I have prayed your name came constantly before me. But it all looked so wild, I knew you only from once meeting you at a campmeeting. 'Lord I do not know if she goes out to preach; Lord, I do not know even her town or address.' Many other schemes came up for consideration, but I was held to your name and all I could get was, 'Mrs. W., Mrs. W., Mrs. W.' At last in a kind of desperation this morning I said, 'Lord, if You want Mrs. W. You must bring us together.' So now I know you have no other engagement and you will come right along." Filled with awe—she could not tell him that she had never preached, never been in a pulpit; her boldest thought was to hold meetings in a room with stray girls, but God had shut one door and opened another; she dared not but throw herself upon Him and enter. He made it a mighty six weeks of revival and the pluming of wings, for a long and successful evangelistic career.

"For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are My ways your ways, saith the Lord." Heaven high above them, Hallelujah! "Pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired of life." Listen to the jewel-making process. * * * "But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God that raiseth the dead." Marvelous to know the resurrection—God in His deep spiritual uprising! And it is only as we are pressed out of measure, that we

know Him afresh and ever more deeply. Be not frightened, He is only repotting His plants, making more room for their roots! As long as circumstances, conditions, calamities, trials, can be met with the measure of grace, we already know, we abide in that measure of His life, but when our condescending, wonderful God would have His life expand in us, that in a new and increasing way, "the beauty of the Lord our God may be upon us," He allows exigencies, disease, bankruptcy, misunderstanding of fellow-workers, etc., (for in discipline as in other things "the chariots of the Lord are twenty thousand") till our being cries "I cannot stand it, I must have God in a new way." Glory! Then He takes us through, as never before were we helpless enough to let Him do. Pots broken, re-potting for larger growth! "And the Lord their God shall save them in that day, as an ensign upon His land." "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." "*My jewels!*" Does not the expression taste sweet in your mouth? Surely the beauty must be exquisite of what God calls, "*My jewels.*"

We know of nothing else in the universe of God which represents so much expense, value, labor, skill, as God's bringing forth of His jewels. God Himself had to become man, to provide for their making. The worthless clay had to be bought with an inestimable value, not of silver or gold, but of blood, and that of Him who had created it. In the counsels of heaven all the resources of the Infinite Ruler of the Universe, the triune God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, had to be laid up in the laboratories of Infinite Skill. All the convulsions, the awful pressure, the fiery baptisms, which nature brings in her superficial and transitory work of making of dull earth her gems, but feebly shadows it forth. Say, man of God, clod of the earth, are you a candidate for all the pressure that goes to make God's eternal jewels? For those clods only, come to their highest heavenly transmutation who yield, and yield, and yield, on to the transforming Hand of God, in His marvelous processes.

They feared as they entered the cloud. The glories of a transfiguration (Luke 9:35) was upon them, but they feared as they entered its cloud. We enter a new cloud with each advancing transfiguration. After the cloud, a glorified Jesus, and a Voice we had not heard before. "Wilt thou go out with this man?" When we fail to say "yes," the transfiguring process stops

and that is why there are so many varying glories in resurrection. In it, there is "one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory." So high as the continuing 'yes' is in your soul, so high will God take you in the glory.

Oh there are so many jewels and of such dissimilar magnitude and beauty! As we are changed from the glory of one jewel to that of another, the processes become so much more delicate.

As one was writing a paper for the press with the thought burning in her for three weeks she was constantly held off by drivelling calls of insignificant nature; then, just as the pen was at last catching down the glowing ideas, came a providential demand to a long list of shopping errands. Her interrupted spirit lay down the pen with a sigh of "Oh!" but she proceeded with alacrity to the calls. While she sped on her way praising God, He said, "Yes, but that 'oh' was directly against Me." Of course it must have been, for "all things are of God." "All things are for your sake." My! what base ingratitude in the "oh" land; "all things work together for good . . ." to conform to the image of His Son! How grand the purpose! Interrupted by failure to say heartily, instantly, "Praise the Lord, Yes!" instead of "Oh." The end is now so near, the conformity to Jesus must be so rap-

id, if we are to be of the "first fruits" there is no time to lose.

What is lost time in jewel-making? Every moment the eye is not filled with Jesus Himself. His worship, His adoration, brings forth the constant "I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me." Each such fresh recognition of Him imprisons within the gem a new ruddy or golden flame, to leap and dance, a living fire in the jewel. For Jesus perpetually answers to the recognition of Himself.

Wilt thou be an opal with glint of glory fires? A sapphire, mirroring the blue of heaven? An emerald full of living power of His resurrection? A diamond of the first water, scintillating its rosy, purple, or fire colors with every movement? Let Him work uninterruptedly as He passes you from one strange, wild convulsion of pressure to another. "If sharp 'tis short" compared to the endless assets. The outcome—"an exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Hallelujah! "In the city that lieth four-square!" Cooperation—then jewels!

"Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say REJOICE" for each trial is a jewel-making opportunity; for it *gratitude*.

"How near is grandeur to our dust?

How near is God to man?

When duty whispers low, 'Thou must'

And man replies 'I can.'

The General Council



HE General Council of the Assemblies of God convened in St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 9-14. Besides the missionaries who were present from nearly every continent, ministerial brethren came from all over the states, including New York on the East and California on the West.

A very blessed spirit of unity and fellowship prevailed, as matters of importance to ministers, their assemblies, missionary interests, and the great work of evangelization through the preached word and the printed page, were discussed from many angles.

The unity of the body of Christ was emphasized as the great theme that should fill our vision. Brother Kerr in the opening address on Sunday laid down this mighty fundamental around which everything else should center. Some of the brethren who had stood aloof from previous Council meetings and from associating themselves with the General Council, expressed themselves in hearty sympathy with the proceed-

ings and regretted their lack of a proper understanding of the body in the past.

Twenty Presbyters were elected to cover the home field, and it was recommended that representatives should be chosen from the foreign field by missionaries on the field in their own conference.

The matter of more precautions being taken in the ordination of the ministry was emphasized, also the great necessity of qualifying for such an high and holy calling. The securing of rates on the railroad should never be considered as a reason for granting credentials, but the great call of God and God backing up the call by honoring the man and using him in the salvation of souls—this, backed up by a clean, godly life the only reason for performing the sacred rite of ordination.

Resolutions were passed encouraging the circulation of good literature in this crisis hour of the world's history, and the great care that should be taken in recommending literature that

would have no taint of heresy upon it. Light was also turned upon the fact that a writer might issue a book or tract which was perfectly safe and sound, and yet be the author of that which was decidedly spurious, so that too great care cannot be taken to shield the innocent and unsuspecting from poisonous literature which is flooding our land today.

Occasionally there was a little digression from the business of the Council. Some spiritual touches here and there brought a refreshing. The imminency of the Coming of the Lord and the necessity of preaching it continually was made of paramount importance by Pastor Collins.

Raymond Richie, Houston, Texas, told of how marvelously God opened the way for him to work among the soldiers in their camps; how He gave him favor in the eyes of the Y. M. C. A. officials, the only gate by which it is possible to enter the camps and do evangelistic work. The assemblage was deeply moved as our young brother told of the burden on his soul for the soldier who was leaving this land perhaps forever. "It may be too late," he said, "to wait until the soldier gets to France to seek to save his soul. The boat may be torpedoed and he be lost. Now is the time to get tracts and Gospels into their hands. Before I left Houston they came to me begging me to hold two meetings for them. In our special revival meetings held recently we had over three hundred soldier boys on the outside of our building, and one Sunday night, eight soldiers gave their hearts to God. A truck load of officers came every night, and after the meetings closed the way was opened for us to go into the camps." Brother Richie asks united prayer at twelve o'clock daily for the soldier boys in the home camps, in the trenches and in the prison camps. If any one wishes to help in this worthy work by contributing towards the purchase of Gospels and tracts for distribution, he can communicate with the United Prayer and Workers League, Houston, Texas.

Brother Leonard of Findlay, Ohio, spoke with deep feeling of the great need of sympathy for the families that are bereft of their boys. He said it was a time for weeping rather than a time to dance. Loyalty to the Government and prayer for the President and the nation were urged upon all the pastors and assemblies.

One of the new missionary resolutions discussed in the Council was that of holding property on the foreign field. Experience has proved that when money has been given by God's stewards for the purchase of property on the foreign

field, that property should not be owned by an individual missionary but by a Board of Trustees on the field or by a responsible Body in the homeland, so that it could always be controlled for the Lord. Not only has the missionary who holds property in his own name a legal right to dispose of it and use the money, but if he becomes unsound in doctrine, or, equally serious, backslidden in heart and life, the property is lost for God. Instances of this character have occurred which have brought reproach on the work, and future measures will be taken, as far as possible, to prevent a repetition.

Qualifications for those holding credentials were discussed extensively but no new action was taken as these are all well covered in the Fundamentals.

All through the Council meeting those in control were made very conscious of the guiding hand of God throughout the sessions. When an important step was being considered and a move contemplated which might militate against the interests of God and the good of the assemblies in general, invariably a check was felt, and prayer changed things. The fathers in the council had often to remind the younger brethren of the danger lines of sectarianism in their zeal in contending for the truth and their fear of compromise.

The evening services were evangelistic and also devoted to missionary addresses, the music, soul-stirring and inspiring, and a spirit of worship pervaded the atmosphere.

The Minutes of the General Council containing a full report of proceedings, also *The Weekly Evangel*, can be secured from The Gospel Publishing House, 2838 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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Notes

THE greater part of this issue is devoted to the Missionary Conference in which we were deeply interested. It seemed to us that our readers who have so faithfully contributed towards the evangelization of foreign lands, should know some things about missionary life that are not often talked about, and we trust it will give them a broader sympathy with the sacrificing missionary and a desire to enter into his trials and lighten his burdens by prayer and substantial co-operation.

After Nine Years

As we enter upon the threshold of the tenth year of the existence of *The Evangel*, we say out of grateful hearts, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." In the face of new and changing events, crises days in the history of nations and individuals, we know not what a day will bring forth, but we praise God that up to this time He has given us the blessed privilege of sending the Gospel message to the ends of the earth, and that through this ministry souls are comforted, built up in faith and strengthened against the evil days, ever becoming more intense. Our chief joy in connection with the paper is the medium it has been in transmitting funds to the foreign field. To be able to hold up the hands of God's servants in heathen lands is a blessed privilege. Our only regret has been that we have not had more to send so that our missionaries might have a few comforts. To live in a heath-

en land even with the best of comforts takes much grace, but to endure the privations which so many have done is nothing short of heroism. We ask our readers to pray and believe with us for a greater inflow of funds for this purpose. We will forward freely and promptly offerings for any worthy missionary, or if left to our discretion we will send where most greatly needed.

Stone Church Visitors

Recent Sundays in The Stone Church remind us of Convention times. We had with us some of the delegates from the St. Louis Council and Missionary Conference, and were blessed through the fellowship and ministry of our brethren. We had with us during the past two weeks, Pastor A. P. Collins, Ft. Worth, Texas, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Needham, Los Angeles, Calif., J. R. Jamieson West Indies, Raymond Richie, Houston, Texas, Herbert H. Cox, Zion City, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Kauffman, en route to China, Frank Nicodem and Mr. and Mrs. Niels Thompson, all en route to India.

The special ministry of Pastor John Coxe of Wilmington, Del., closed in blessing and power, Sunday, Sept. 30th. A large and appreciative audience was present at the three o'clock address on THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON. This address will be printed (D. V.) in the November issue of *The Evangel*. Send for special numbers of this issue to give to your unconverted friends. They will read this timely lecture, and cannot help but be solemnized by it.

Missionary Report

The following is our Three Months' Report (July, Aug., Sept.) of monies sent in and dispersed. If any of the missionaries have not received the amounts opposite their names, and will write us, we shall be glad to investigate the matter.

George M. Kelley, China (\$18 for native worker)	\$ 120.34
Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Neeley, West Africa....	120.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India.....	115.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, South China.....	115.00
Ivan S. Kauffman, for China.....	100.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, South China.....	100.00
A. Kok, China (\$60 for native worker).....	80.00
B. S. Moore, Japan	67.00
C. W. Doney, for Egypt.....	60.57
Miss Myrtle Bailey, China.....	60.60
Miss Esther Domke, China.....	60.00
Paul Van Valen, India.....	60.00
H. J. Johns, Honolulu	60.00
H. L. Lawler, China	60.00
W. R. Williamson, South China.....	56.51
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo.....	55.25
C. W. Longstreth, West Africa.....	55.00
Timothy D. Urshan, Persia.....	53.75
Pandita Ramabai, India	53.00
Miss Florence Burpee, Tennessee Mts.....	50.00

Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa.....	50.00	Miss Anna Helmbrecht, India.....	20.00
Mrs. Nettie D. Nichols, for China.....	46.00	Adolph Wieneke, China.....	20.00
Miss Margaret Piper, Japan.....	45.00	R. S. McBride, South America.....	20.00
Robert F. Cook, India.....	45.00	Bartholomew Dean, India.....	20.00
Miss Josephine Cobb, China.....	45.00	H. E. Hansen, China.....	20.00
L. M. Anglin, China.....	40.00	Miss Almyra Aston, India.....	20.00
Miss Sarah Kugler, China (\$19 for native worker).....	40.00	Niels Thompson, for India.....	20.00
Lloyd Cramer, China.....	40.00	Harry E. Bowley, West Africa.....	20.00
Clarence Johns, Honolulu.....	36.00	Miss Lydia Hofer, China.....	20.00
James Harvey, for India.....	36.00	John M. Perkins, West Africa.....	20.00
Miss Mary Chapman, India.....	36.00	Miss Ethel King, India.....	15.00
C. F. Juergenson, Japan.....	35.00	Miss Margaret Clark, India.....	15.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America.....	35.00	Miss B. Jones, India.....	15.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt.....	30.25	Miss Mae Aikenhead, China.....	15.00
Frank Gray, Japan.....	30.00	Miss Martha Hisey, West Africa.....	10.00
Miss C. B. Herron, India.....	30.00	Albert Norton, India.....	10.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	30.00	John James, China.....	10.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India.....	25.00	Frank Nicodem, for India.....	10.00
John Norton, India.....	25.00	H. McLean, for China.....	10.00
Mrs. Lillian Denney, India.....	23.00	M. Sisson & E. Thorpe, for South Africa.....	6.50
E. A. Blocher, West Africa.....	23.00	J. M. L. Harrow, West Africa.....	1.00
H. M. Turney, Africa.....	20.00		
Miss Mary McDonald, for India.....	20.00	Total.....	\$2,624.67
Miss Christine McLeod, India.....	20.00	Total sent out this year.....	\$8,094.46

First Conference of Pentecostal Missionaries



HERE was a hearty response to the call for this, the first General Conference of Pentecostal missionaries and home-base friends who are deeply interested in missionary activities.

The returning and outgoing missionaries, some setting their faces towards their fields for the first time, were as follows:

INDIA—C. H. Schoonmaker, Miss Fannie Simpson, Herbert H. Cox, Miss S. E. Easton, Miss Laura Radford, A. I. Garrison, Mrs. S. R. Chester, H. A. Timrud, Mrs. K. A. Timrud.

CHINA—Mrs. Nettie D. Nichols, Miss Ethel Webb, Ivan S. Kauffman, Mrs. Kauffman, Miss Blanche Appleby.

EGYPT—C. W. Doney, Mrs. Doney, Mrs. Lydia Brelsford, P. Birchall, Mrs. Birchall.

PALESTINE—Charles S. Leonard, Miss A. E. Brown.

AFRICA—J. M. Buckley, Miss Josephine Planter.

JAPAN—Wm. Taylor, Mrs. Estella Bernauer.

MEXICO—H. C. Ball, Dr. Florence Murcutt.

ALASKA—Charles C. Personcus, Mrs. Personcus.

WEST INDIES—J. R. Jamieson.

When the call was sent out for a Missionary Conference it was not intended as a feature of the General Council work, but to cover a broader field; in fact to include every person in Pentecost who was interested in missions, regardless of their affiliation, to discuss better cooperation, in the home and foreign fields, better facilities for carrying on missionary work, and above all, to raise the standard of missions to the place it should rightfully hold in the heart and mind of every Christian. It had been arranged to follow the General Council meeting solely as a matter of convenience. Brother Welch stated clearly in the beginning that it was to be an independent, open body

for the discussion of practical missionary problems, and any thought of legislation in connection with the Council was entirely foreign to the call, although if the body saw fit they might make recommendations and suggestions for the Council to act upon at some future time.

While for the sake of convenience we use the terms "home" and "foreign" work, yet the Conference looked upon the world as the great harvest field, and kept before them continually that we were co-workers together—the missionaries' burdens ours, our interests theirs. While we recognize that each one who is called of God can do his best work only by concentrating in the field to which he is called, yet with an eye single to God's glory and no unholy ambition to build up a work around ourselves, there can be a broader, more sympathetic interest in every assembly and mission station that stand for the full Gospel.

The Conference proper began Saturday, Sept. 15th, but the preceding afternoon was also devoted to missionary interests. The Committee had asked Brother C. H. Schoonmaker to give an address before the Council adjourned to stir up missionary interest at home and raise the standard of missions in our assemblies and in the vision of Pentecostal people. Our brother has had experience both in the home and foreign fields, and his remarks, which will appear in a future issue, were timely and stirring.

Brother S. A. Jamieson, of Tulsa, Okla., was chosen chairman of the Conference, and the writer of these notes, secretary. At the opening session it took some little time to realize that the Council was over and that we were an independent body, but with prayer and waiting upon God for guidance we were brought to a place of co-operative fellowship that had the blessing of heaven upon it.

Missionary Rest Home

One of the first matters open for discussion was the great need of a Missionary Rest Home, where the tired and worn missionary returning from the field might have an opportunity to recuperate and rest. Regrettable indeed has it been that when a missionary has spent a number of years on the field and returns broken in body, he has no place where he can regain his strength, and in order to keep up the interest of his field, he is compelled to travel from assembly to assembly, stirring up the home field as to its responsibility.

It was suggested that *The Weekly Evangel* and *The Latter Rain Evangel* lay the matter before their readers and solicit their prayers and co-operation in establishing a Home which returning missionaries could consider their own for the time being, without feeling they were a burden to anyone. Just here we wish to say that this has been on our hearts for many months. We remember reading many years ago a just criticism of the denominational churches that missionaries who came home for a rest were expected to travel from place to place to put fire into dead church members. While in Pentecostal circles the motive may be different, nevertheless the fact remains that missionaries generally go back to their field unrested and illy fitted to again face heathendom. The lugging of baggage from place to place for a year and a half is no small matter to one who is weak in body, and the care and burden of praying for the sick and the backslidden in the different assemblies often tax the missionary's strength to the utmost. More than once has it been said to us, "Oh, how glad I will be when I get back to my field to rest!" We believe what they really meant in their hearts was the longing to get to a place which they could call "home." Not a large, hotel-like affair where they would be continually reminded of bells and rules, but a home where they would be able to relax and where the strain of meetings and travel would be lifted. If we expect our missionaries to do effectual work for God on the field (and we do), we must help them to conserve their strength.

It was suggested in the Conference that there be a home established on each Coast. There have been private homes where missionaries were welcomed, but there is a vast difference between being welcomed into some one else's home and entering a home which you felt was yours.

Perhaps some one who reads these lines has just such a Home which he or she would dedicate to this purpose in the Name of the Lord. Could there be any greater honor than to provide a resting place for God's servants who return from the battle-field worsted and oh so worn with the conflict against heathenism! Spiritually and physically the one who does his best for God, is tested to the utmost, and must

have an opportunity to recuperate, to get back his strength and vitality.

Let us put ourselves in their places and give ourselves definitely to prayer, that God will lay it upon the heart of one or more of His children to make suitable provision for our returning missionaries.

Proper Housing of Missionaries

On Monday the Committee decided that the missionaries should have the pre-eminence in the discussions of the day, inasmuch as the problems for the most part, were theirs, and the day was most profitably spent. The rope-holders at home saw some things in a new light, and felt they could work and pray more intelligently along many lines.

What we would consider the most important question under discussion was that of proper housing for our missionaries. While speaking of conditions in general, each missionary told of the pitiable state of his own field, which in the main applied to all. Mrs. Nichols told of how they had, up to this time, been practically pioneers in the work, living in native, rented houses, and of her desire for a permanent place which might belong to the Pentecostal work. With their family of sixty, widows and orphans, they may have orders to move at a moment's notice. With the unsanitary conditions of native houses, it many times takes the life of one missionary to nurse the other one through a state of malaria. She said, "When you pay out so much money on rent, it is an unwise expenditure of money, and when you improve a rented property, which you must do in order to make it at all livable, you get nothing in return. The property with all the improvements may be taken from you any moment."

The saints in the homeland with comfortable houses and every convenience, little realize the conditions in which our missionaries live in their different fields. A case was cited where they lived in a frame building that had large cracks in it through which the wind sweeps in winter and the burning sun shines in the summer. They have no way of shutting out the wind and the sun. Even our poor at home have proper houses, and how much more is it needed on the mission field for those who lay down their lives for the Gospel.

Brother Doney said the same conditions existed in Egypt, that they had a good work there, several hundred saved and baptized in the Holy Ghost, ten mission stations and native workers, yet not a foot of ground or a building that belonged to the Pentecostal work. "The inspector comes around and says of the native quarters, 'This building is full of germs,' but there is no other place to go. Consequently the missionary is continually fighting disease in his body, and his ministry is handicapped."

Miss Blanche Appleby said: "This is the greatest problem that confronts the missionary in South China. In the last six years that I have been on the field we buried ten, including the

children of missionaries, six adults and four children, and a number of those died from malaria and from being improperly housed. My co-worker and I lived in a native house of just one room from January until the middle of May. This house was two or three feet below the street, and during the rainy season the walls were green, our clothes would mould over night, our shoes also. We had to sleep in this one room, study in it, and eat in it. There was only one window in the house and the air was so foul it seemed it would suffocate you, and while my co-worker was studying with the language teacher, though it might be pouring rain, because she was studying I'd have to go into an out-building, and for two hours I'd have to sit in that one place with the rain pouring down. The place we had for a kitchen was outside, and using Chinese cook-stoves we could not bake our own bread. One of our bravest and best missionaries was just laid to rest, June 23rd. I lived with her in a native house for six weeks. This was an old house of only two rooms. She had spent quite a good bit of money on it for repairs, and in the rainy season the centipedes would drop down night after night. Sometimes while we were praying the natives would call our attention to them. We could not take any exercise, could not get any bread, and the bread we had from Canton would mould because of the dampness. We lived on native vegetables and pork. We had a native school, native chapel, and all the native workers lived underneath, and those who know anything about a Chinese school know how much privacy we had and how much noise there would be. We cannot live on the ground floor; we lost three of our best workers within two months because of living on the ground floor, and I conscientiously believe if they had had proper housing they would be alive today. This is the most vital matter that we in South China confront today. We live on what we call Pig Street, but the people of the town call it Gospel Street. I cannot walk on this street without putting my handkerchief to my nose. Friends, it is said the missionaries go around for money, but what kind of houses do they live in? I went down to Pak Nai and found them living on moldy bread. We had been without bread for days, and I jumped up and said, 'Praise the Lord.' If you were as hungry for bread as I was you would have praised the Lord for bread too, even though it was moldy. The house we have now we have a lease on for only five years, and had to pay from five to six hundred dollars to make it livable. If that much money had been put into a building under the control of the General Council that would have been our own, but we have to give this up after five years."

Miss S. E. Easton, for many years a missionary in India, spoke of the folly of going to the expense of sending our missionaries to the field and then not providing sufficiently for them that their usefulness might be increased. She said, "When I went to India it was in connection with

an established mission. In my zeal I desired very much to leave our mission house and live in native quarters so as to get nearer to the heart of the people, but the Mission Board looked upon the health and physical happiness of their missionaries as a tremendous asset, and they refused to allow me to do it. Had they permitted me, I suppose I would have been under the sod many years ago."

Mrs. Harold Needham, Pasadena, Calif., speaking from the home field, brought before us the great need of moving up in our faith. Many times missionaries and those in the home land as well, ask God for just as little as they can get along with, whereas the Word encourages us to ask largely that our joy may be full. She said, "If we set our hearts before God and before the people that our missionaries must have a place that is livable and sanitary, God will meet that need. We let the devil trample on us and have the money, but it is our right to come boldly to God and say, 'Lord, these Pentecostal people are Yours, and we are determined to have proper homes for them.' Then God who sends them forth will supply all their needs if we are determined to have them supplied. The kingdom of heaven has to be taken by violence and I believe we should stop saying, 'we ought to,' and change it to, 'We will. We will have something that will glorify the Lord.' We have not a poor, puny God. The cattle upon a thousand hills are His, and it is for us to be determined that our missionaries in Africa and China and Japan and India, shall have sanitary homes. Is He able? Is our God able to do for us? I believe He is. I do not see the poor Pentecostal people, but I see my God who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think. Let us take this stand and determine by the grace of our God that our missionaries shall have sanitary homes."

In concluding this important subject Brother Welch said, "I am sure this is decidedly the attitude we should take in the matter, and we should believe, and not only believe but insist that this be the result, and then while taking that attitude we should wisely co-operate. The difficulty seems to have come from the fact that faith missionaries have apparently gone out with faith enough just to get to their fields and it does not include the essentials for a faith work. Now that we are getting into a broader co-operation we trust that hereafter it shall not be that they go to the field with the exercise of their own personal faith alone. We can co-operate along these lines and I believe we should. In considering the matter of missionaries going to the field, all these real essentials should be included. Many have said, "I have my fare," and their faith has never grasped anything more. There has been a consent to it and a feeling that it was a legitimate sacrifice to accept native conditions, and undertake victory for God in the midst of it, but I believe that the vision should be larger and broader than that. No missionary should consent to lie down under such condi-

tions and be short of the place where he can do effectual work. If he does he hasn't really reached the fundamental principle of faith, upon which Pentecostal missions have been founded. I feel that until the missionary has reached a condition of effective ministry, he has not reached his field. They need more than fare. If they were fifty dollars short of railroad and steamship fare, they would "get busy," and they are just as much short of their true location when they must stop and live in a native Chinese house under those deadly conditions as though there were a stone wall erected between them and their service for God. But these conditions exist and what can be done to remedy them?"

Miss Elizabeth Sisson: "I think this burden of sustaining the mission work has to be laid upon the hearts of the Pentecostal people. It is to be 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether,' and we at home cannot look upon the missionary and say he is short, but we will have to say we are all short in our faith. We have much to learn, if we are willing to learn it, from what the Lord has taught the various Boards in their long pull of 150 to 200 years, digging at all the problems, and because we are so blessed in Pentecost and have reached a higher spiritual plane is no reason why we could not learn much from them. They have a set purpose of educating their people up to know missionary work and missionary needs, and they put a great deal of literature into the hands of young people, in the Sunday Schools, Missionary Meetings, and Young People's Societies. Our people have good intentions but they are not educated."

We give more space to this question than we can give to any other, but we feel with many at the Conference that it is 'the most vital question of the hour. Let us consider gravely the question of sending missionaries to the field without there is proper provision for them there. Hitherto they have been reticent about sanitation they have faced on the field, but if we are to be "coworkers together" we must know how to work and how to pray, so that our faith will reach out with theirs.

Attitude of Missionary Towards Native

The next question under discussion was the attitude of the missionary toward the native Christian, which, it was agreed, was one of the most difficult problems to solve. Some of the missionaries with love in their hearts for the Master, and a desire to get close to the heart of the native, have tried to place themselves on the same social plane, which is not a wise relationship to take, and does not work for the good of either the missionary or the native. By this attitude an undue familiarity is engendered which often causes deep regret, and no advantage is gained. Some concrete examples were given by senior missionaries showing the failure of such efforts in the past. One told of when the Salvation Army began work in India. "They thought they would be just as much like the natives as

possible; they took off their shoes and walked in the hot sands; they took off their hats and subjected their heads to the tropical sun, which meant death, and they dropped off like flies. Another incident was told of a man connected with the Presbyterian mission some few years ago. He said that for the sake of Christ and getting nearer the native life he would give up his English home, his English food, and English clothes. The Board was entirely out of sympathy with this step, but as they believed in him they permitted him to try it, but he failed. When a missionary brings himself to that position they call him 'poor white' and treat him in such a way as will rob his ministry of its dignity and power." We can learn some important lessons from the failures of others, and it should not be necessary for Pentecostal missionaries going to the field to prove by sad experience what others have found to be failures. Another example was given of a Bible woman who was made a companion in such a way that she assumed the *role* of dictator.

One missionary brought out the fact that primarily it was not in the nature of native Christians to take liberties, but the trouble arose because unwise and over-zealous missionaries took the initiative and courted an intimacy which was not wholesome. "The native looks upon every person who comes from a so-called Christian land, as a teacher sent from God. He doesn't expect the missionary to come down to his level, and when this condition exists, influence is weakened. Then the native says, 'He is one of us, and we have the same right he has.'" Yet the position of the missionary toward the native should not be as master and servant, but rather that of a wise parent to a child.

Kindred to this subject was that of intermarriage of missionary and native, which was strongly disapproved of by the Conference. In the majority of cases the very purpose of the missionary entering into such a union has been frustrated. After seventeen years of experience in the far East, a senior missionary said she had never known of but one case where an intermarriage had proved in any degree satisfactory, but she had had to deal personally with numbers of women who have been in deep, deep trouble because of such relationships. Senior missionaries should be on the alert and at the first suspicions of such a possibility wise steps should be taken to prevent it. Oh that men and women who go forth to carry the blessed Gospel might realize their high and holy calling and not allow anything to jeopardize their opportunity of having a wide and useful ministry!

Great Value of the Native Worker

Ivan Kauffman spoke on the great value of native workers. Speaking of his own mission field in particular, he said, "I believe that the future evangelization of that large field of China depends not so much upon missionaries as upon native workers. In the district where I labored

in Western China there are from six to twelve native Christians who for qualifications are unsurpassed. They are well established in the Word of God, baptized in the Holy Spirit, and set on fire for souls, and if they had an opportunity I believe they would step out tomorrow. If they had some one to stand back of them and help them, they could accomplish as much as three or four missionaries, and at the same time it would cost only from a fourth to a third as much for them to live. This is quite an item in the evangelization of China. It is a large saving of funds, and furthermore the native is acclimatized, he knows the ways and customs of his people thoroughly; he has the language perfectly, and is not subject to malarial fever which so often hinders the missionary from doing his best for God. A native worker can be supported for a year for \$75 to \$100, and it costs at least \$300 for a missionary, which does not include his rent. Many a missionary has had to pay the native workers out of his own support, whereas there should be special offerings for this purpose.

* * *

Brother Schoonmaker spoke on itinerating in India, and of the villages being so scattered that it was hard to do good village work without having bullocks and a cart, or some kind of a conveyance. Missionaries often walk, but when they do this in the hot sun their strength is so exhausted that they are unable to preach when they get to the village.

The question of Qualifications of the Missionary, Holding of Property on the Foreign Field, and a number of other matters were discussed in the Council Meeting, and it was not deemed necessary to again cover that ground.

As the various subjects were discussed, resolutions were adopted covering each important matter, which were as follows:

I. Be it resolved that as a body we endorse the fundamental principles of the General Council of the Assemblies of God.

II. Resolved that an Advisory Committee of three missionaries be appointed in every large district of the foreign field where missionaries are now at work, and that this committee be appointed in a conference of the missionaries themselves.

III. Whereas, missionaries who come home broken in health and worn in body have no place to rest and recuperate, but are compelled to travel from place to place, almost begging an open door, and are obliged to hold meetings in order to get sufficient funds for themselves and their work on the field; therefore, be it

Resolved, that the early establishment of a Missionary Home where they will be free from responsibility, be made a matter of definite prayer and agitation.

IV. Whereas, the work in the different fields has been stigmatized and seriously hindered by the intermarriage of missionaries and natives; therefore, be it

Resolved, that we strongly disapprove of any missionary entering into such a relationship. Be it further

Resolved, that precautions be taken by senior missionaries on the field to prevent such alliances by discouraging intimacy, and, as far as possible, providing teachers of the same sex for the young missionaries.

V. Whereas, experiences have proved that it is unwise for the missionaries and the native workers to live in the same quarters as a family, thereby causing too great familiarity. Therefore, be it

Resolved, that proper precautions be taken by all missionaries to avoid such conditions. Further, it is recommended that all new missionaries should seek the counsel and advice of senior missionaries who are acquainted with the conditions of their respective fields, especially with regard to their relationship to the native people.

VI. Whereas, the lives of many missionaries on the field have been shortened by the unsanitary conditions of the native quarters in which they have had to live,

Resolved, that we recommend that steps be taken to present to the assemblies the imperative need of practically helping in the building of homes on mission stations, for the proper housing of our Pentecostal missionaries.

VII. Resolved, that every means should be employed for the encouragement of the native ministry, and that in case of pioneer work funds should be sent to the missionaries for the support of these native workers, but where the work is established the native pastors should be encouraged to trust the Lord for their own support. Further, that the native Christians should be encouraged to support their own pastors and evangelists.

VIII. Resolved, that single women, now on the mission field, be discouraged from opening up new fields, but that they should become associated with senior missionaries, and only make new moves with their co-operation and counsel.

Further, that missionaries should be encouraged to go forth in the scriptural order, "two and two."

IX. Whereas, the special need of the missionary field may be overlooked in the reading of the minutes of the General Council, especially by pastors not in attendance at the Council. Therefore, be it

Resolved, that this Missionary Conference recommend that the Chairman and Secretary of the Council send a circular letter to all pastors affiliated with the Council, outlining the general missionary policy of co-operation in the home and foreign field, and that special missionary days be set apart; also that a monthly missionary offering be taken in each assembly.

X. Resolved, that the temporary organization of this Missionary Conference be declared permanent, and that the conference adjourn to meet at such time and place as may be determined by the Chairman and Secretary.

A. C. R.

* * *

By an unforeseen occurrence Brother and Sister Doney have been prevented from sailing for Egypt, Oct. 11th, but expect to go in the near future. (D. V.) Their address is 1534 E. 3rd St., Long Beach, Calif.

* * *

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A Day of Precious Memories



UNDAY brought a spiritual atmosphere into the meetings that was most uplifting. As the spirit brooded over the people there was manifested a brokenness of spirit in our midst that gave us an entrance right into the presence of God.

It was missionary day without any reservations. Brother H. H. Cox, who spent a number of years in India and expects again to return in the will of the Lord, gave the morning address, and as he talked the congregation caught the vision of a lost world and the cost of its redemption in a new and deeper way, as was apparent in the offering which followed.

In the afternoon there were messages from Ivan Kauffman, *en route* to China, Mrs. C. W. Doney, who with her husband is bound for Egypt, and Mrs. Nettie D. Nichols, returning to China with her coworker, Miss Webb, the land of their love and toil.

The Lord's Supper followed, conducted by Pastor Kerr of Cleveland, Ohio. That was a representative company that sat at His table at the closing of the day. They had truly come from the ends of the earth; from the borders of Tibet on the extreme north of China, and from Hong Kong on the south; from Japan in the far East and from the land of Palestine. The dark Continent had representatives from British East Africa, Egypt and Tunis. There were at least six battle-scarred soldiers who had borne the cross on the burning sands of India, some of whom had been there for twenty years. We felt greatly privileged to sit at the Lord's Table with those who had known something of the fellowship of His suffering. They had gone out in the strength and buoyancy of youth, but privations and hardships had left their imprint upon them. Ideals had not been realized, conquests for Christ had not reached their expectation, but they had been in the Great Sculptor's studio, and His master hand had chiseled and polished and wielded the hammer until it was not hard to recognize that they were disciples of Him whose "visage was more marred than that of any man."

The evening service was given over to the outgoing missionaries; those whose faces were set toward their fields of labor. Some of these are new to our readers and in order to lay their hearts upon their hearts for prayer, we give just a little synopsis of their talks, which, of necessity has to be brief.

Dr. Florence Murcott now leaving for Mexico, told us that she had that morning caught such a vision of the mission field as she had never had before, and was going forth to her new labors with intense joy. She had dutifully responded when the call came to leave her comfortable bungalow in Long Beach, California, for work in neglected Mexico, but now with the new vision which came to her in the morning hour, she was going forth with joy.

Brother H. C. Ball, who has been working in Mexico, told us of the spiritual darkness of this land lying right at our doors. While the country is beautiful with its lakes and mountains and valleys, and it abounds in tropical fruits, at the same time conditions prevail equal to those in heathen lands. He said it was our Samaria, and the command to carry the Gospel to Samaria was just as binding as to the uttermost parts of the earth. He spoke of the curse of Catholicism which had left its blight everywhere it touched, and of the little bright spots here and there where Pentecostal fires have started to burn.

From sunny Mexico we were taken to the extreme north of the American Continent. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Personeus, looking towards Alaska for the first time, asked us to share their burdens for this land of which so little is known, the land of the midnight sun. Every inhabited spot on this earth is dear to the heart of God, and these two heard His call to the Indians of the far north. Men have flocked to that country in their search for gold and treasure, but far more priceless are the immortal souls to be found there.

Mrs. Personeus told us of a missionary who went there and stayed but a short time. But while there one soul was saved who was called Samuel, the interpreter. He traveled around and interpreted at every opportunity. Years after, another man traveling through the same country met Samuel, who said, "Have you come to bring a mission?" "No," said the man, "I did not." Whereupon Samuel pathetically broke out, "Samuel believe in Christ, but Samuel all alone. Samuel try to read and try to sing, but how long will it be till a missionary come?"

Miss Ethel Webb, associated with Mrs. Nettie D. Nichols in the Orphanage work at Ningpo spoke of the deep joy in their hearts as they turned their faces Chinaward. She said that while the conditions at Ningpo are such that they could not be told in public, yet in spite of conditions, in spite of the deadly malaria which faces

them continually, they were glad to go back to their beloved Chinese.

Mrs. Ivan Kauffman, going out for the first time to face the rigors of Northwest China with her husband, praised God for the privilege of carrying the Gospel to the lost. She told of how the Lord had led her into a faith life five years ago, of dark valleys and crises days through which she had passed, all preparatory to work in China to which God had called her. He had rewarded her faith while attending Bible School by sending in a hundred dollars the first year from one whom she had never met, and when she had finished her course at Nyack there wasn't one penny lacking to meet her needs.

A little incident relating to her call is worth repeating here. In the Institute they prayed especially for China every Friday, and on this particular day they had fasted and prayed definitely for that field. In the evening she was in her room alone and the Lord closed her in with Himself. Whether in vision or dream she could not tell, but she found herself in spirit on a ship. Everything on board was illuminated and she had such an assurance of safety. As she walked over to the edge of the boat she saw in the dark waters beneath, the faces of the Chinese, with their hands uplifted, looks of agony on their faces. And from out the dark waters came the cry, "Come and help us." That vision never faded from her memory, and now with her husband she is on her way to help those who beckoned to her from the dark waters.

Bro. J. R. Jamieson from the West Indies, said that after ten years of battling against conviction he yielded his life to God and obeyed His call to the West Indies. The very first meeting he held, God gave him and his wife precious souls, who are still standing true to Him. The West Indies have been the scene of great Pentecostal revivals, and there are now missions on five different islands. On one island alone the Pentecostal people own three churches. Brother Jamieson has preached on about twenty islands, and in some places found the rawest kind of heathenism. He spent four weeks in the interior of Dutch Guiana and there found a tribe called the bush negro that live in a state of nudity and know nothing whatever about God or Jesus Christ. This is at our very door!

Brother Thomas, working on the Mexican border, spoke at length on the value and necessity of prayer, stating emphatically, "the secret of missionary work is to be prayed up." He said that for years the Lord led him to do without breakfast in order that he might have that time

to pray for the missionaries, and asked that every missionary present should give him his name and field of labor so that he might pray for them every morning. Aside from his Mexican work he feels strongly called to the work of intercession for all the fields. As a proof that it has not interfered with his work in Mexico, we give the following from his own lips:

"Six years ago last July I made my first trip down in Mexico, about seventy miles from Douglas, Arizona, in a Catholic mining town, San Jose. There wasn't a Christian in the place and I looked to the Lord and asked Him to help me to read my Bible both in English and in Spanish. I continued to read and compare one with the other, learned to sing a song or two in Spanish and started a little mission there. It wasn't long until an American living there got saved. He had ten children and two of them were saved also. Soon the power of God fell. There was only a little handful at first, but as the shouts and hallelujahs went up to God the people crowded the mission, and the power of God has continued to fall ever since. There has been a continual revival in San Jose from that time. If you will keep prayed up and fast, I declare unto you that God will keep the fire burning in your soul, and He will give you power. And the people you are called to work amongst will get salvation and the baptism in the Holy Ghost.

"Some of the Mexican girls who got saved found a little Yaki Indian girl between thirteen and fifteen years of age, and told her about our Jesus. The little girl asked her father if she might come to our meetings, and for awhile he refused but finally consented. When the altar call was given that little girl was one of the first there and in a little while was praising God for salvation. We always exhorted them to pray until they received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and that little Indian girl looked up with that expectancy that would bring the answer, and soon she broke out speaking in a clear English better than I could myself. As far as I know, she had never heard English spoken, but here she was speaking in pure English. And what was she saying? With a sad expression on her face she said, 'Jesus crucified! Crucified!' And then with the shine of an angel on her face she clapped her hands to her breast and said, 'I am happy, happy.' Then again came the wail, 'Jesus crucified, crucified!' Her father would not let her come to the mission after that, and she would slip away in the rocks down in San Jose to pray. The Lord had been working in this country down about two hundred miles, and when fifty

Mexican people get saved at the end of a revival you can be sure that there are thirty out of the fifty that will stand true and receive the baptism in the Holy Ghost."

It was significant of their calling that each missionary felt his field was the most needy and the people to whom he was going the best people on earth. Brother Thomas, with his heart full of love, said, "The finest people you can find anywhere are the Mexicans." Miss Webb reiterated that in spite of dirt and filth and disease, she did long to get back to her beloved Chinese. Brother Kauffman, working on the border of China and Tibet, said, "Oh I do love the Tibetans." And speaking of the native workers in China, declared that they were as well versed in the Word of God and as steadfast as Christian workers in this country. Brother Doney, with deep longing in his soul is champing the bit and

counting the days until he is permitted to return to his Egyptian boys. And so we could say of many others. Past comprehension is the divine love that God puts into His children that constrains them to go forth with such fortitude and zeal, and enables them to endure suffering as cannot be put into words, for the lost and out-cast of earth!

There were three missionary offerings taken, one at the close of every service. Brother Welch had asked the Lord for a thousand dollars at this Missionary Conference, and at the close it slightly exceeded this amount in cash and in pledges. The people gave gladly, on the part of many it was a sacrifice offering. Home needs, rents, the expenses of the Conference, all were set aside and the entire offering devoted to the work of God in foreign lands.

Safe Return from Jerusalem of a Veteran Missionary

Ninety Days Thro' the War Zone Amid Peril and Hardship

Miss A. Elizabeth Brown, 1101 Davis Ave., N. S. Pittsburg, Pa.



ABOUT the time of the break of diplomatic relations between Turkey and U. S. A. in accordance with the urgent advice of Jamal Pasha, the military chief of southern Turkey, the American Consul, who of course, with his wife and staff was leaving Turkey, strongly advised me to prepare to leave Jerusalem and come home as soon as possible.

About nine months previous, while visiting the sick and needy, I had contracted the fever then prevalent (seemingly a mixture of typhus with malaria) and while I had recovered, yet strength and vigor did not return. Alas, because of the war conditions, our Sunday School, Women's Bible Class, village work and even much visiting among the people could not be continued. So, all considered, it seemed best to "obey the powers that be" and I accordingly broke up our house and prepared to return, God having provided homes for my dear girls, and so wondrously provided too for the expenses of the way. So on the 15th, in company with three ladies of the C. M. A., the consul, his wife and staff, I boarded the train in Jerusalem at 3 p. m. We were instructed to take with us beside trunk and suitcase, rugs and pillows, food for at least two or three weeks and a large bottle for drinking water, and came away with heavy hearts for those left behind in the sad conditions existing there. Our train started about 5 p. m. and kept

going most of the night, but when we awakened in the morning we sighted Caesarea (Acts 23:33) only a few miles from Jaffa. Our coach was attached to a freight train and we had spent a lot of time shifting back and forth.

The R. R. from Jaffa to Ramleh has been destroyed (also from Haifa, further north on the coast, to 'Afooley, near Nazareth) and the material used to help in working the new R. R. which joins the old Haifa-Damascus road at 'Afooley, and running south from that point to Beer Sheba, joining the Jerusalem Road at Wadie Serar, near Lydda.

We traveled steadily, if not rapidly (for the engines, fired by wood, had to stop frequently to get up steam), on through the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, reaching 'Afooley about 3 p. m. Here the consular agent from Haifa with his family, eight in all, joined us. Let me say here, that trains in Turkey furnish no sleeping or chair cars, no toilet accommodations, and no water. If there were only five of us through the night in a compartment which seated six or eight persons, we thought ourselves most fortunate, and would make ourselves as comfortable as possible with our rugs and pillows, two on each seat, and one on the floor, between the seats. Oftentimes a few spoonsful from our precious bottles of water, poured over one corner of our wash-cloths, sufficed for our morning bath; and if, perchance, the train stopped a few minutes near a spring or little stream, how we did enjoy

the luxury of a splash for our faces and hands!

From 'Afooley we journey east, crossing the Jordan at the south end of the Sea of Galilee about 8 p. m. and in the morning found ourselves in the beautiful valley of the Yarmuk. Then still eastward to El Mizeirib, where we joined the Hejaz R. R. which runs from Damascus to Mecca. Here we turned north, passing through the Hauran (Gen. 11:31, 32), the land of Rasha, on to Damascus, arriving there about 9 p. m. Thursday, May 27, having spent fifty-two hours in a journey that should have taken about eighteen. When we went to claim our baggage, we found it had been cut off and left behind, but it came about four days later. Friday morning we hunted up Mr. and Mrs. Forder. Found them, although prisoners of war, living quietly and comfortably in their "own hired house." They have the liberty of the city and Jamal Pasha has given orders that they are not to be in any way molested. Brother Forder showed us the sights of the city, the most interesting to me being its beautiful verdure and the old mosque, in all likelihood, originally the "house of Rimmon" (2 Kings 5:18). In it is a tomb said to be that of the head of John the Baptist, and over its portal is the text inscribed in Greek, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth through all generations." (Ps. 145:13.) We had expected to remain here two days but the trains were so busy with military operations that our stay was prolonged to five. On Tuesday, May 22, at 7 p. m., we bade good-bye to this, the oldest city in the world.

The railroad follows the beautiful valley of the Abana (2 Kings 5:12) to Figea, the large, ice-cold spring which gushes out here from among the rocks and forms the head of the river. Then on to the northeast, skirting, the next day, the old ruins of the temple of Baalbeck, through Hamath (Num. 34:8) reaching Aleppo (probably ancient Arpad (2 Kings 18:34), the next morning, May 24. Here is an old citadel with its ancient moat and causeway, said to belong to Hittite times. At this place we found a large party of missionaries and teachers from Beirut, Aintab, and other places in Turkey, which we joined. The consul and his staff were obliged to go on without us; and as soon as permission was given for men of military age to leave the country, the party was augmented by other teachers from Beirut. Sunday, June 3, our "wathikas" (permission to travel) were in the hands of Dr. Ward of the Syrian Protestant College of Beirut, who kindly undertook the

leadership of the party, and accompanied by our guard, a uniformed police, we left Aleppo, a party of about forty-five, including two babies and ten other children. About noon we reached Ishahie, at the foot of the Amanus Mountains. Being Americans, with whose country diplomatic relations were broken off, really, honored prisoners, we were not permitted to go by train through the tunnels under the mountains, which would have taken four or five hours, but we were obliged to go over the mountains, in little road wagons and carts. These wagons had no seats, but we sat on our rugs, spread out to cushion the wagon beds a bit, our heads nearly touching the top. Two persons could have made themselves fairly comfortable; but the space had to be divided, in some cases, among five or six, including the driver. In these we joggled along for seventeen hours with a rest of only about two in the middle of the night at Hassan Baley, once a prosperous missionary station, but now alas, devastated, with also the surrounding villages, in the Armenian atrocities.

After leaving Hassan Baley, going down the mountain, our drivers lost the way as it was very dark and sometimes we got into very deep ruts; but we claimed the protection of Him who had promised to "keep the feet of His saints" and He brought us safely through. Some of us had an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps the losing of the way was not accidental on the part of the drivers, and that maybe foul play awaited us; but the party plodded on through the darkness and about 7:30 Monday morning we arrived at Marmora, the station on the west side of the tunnels. We were glad to get out of our cramped corners of the wagons, but found we would have to wait till evening for a train. There was no place of shelter open to us so we had to follow the shades around a station building; and you can judge how hot it was, when a sperm candle in my valise left in the sun part of the day, was melted, the underclothing packed beside it absorbing the most of it. How glad we were at 6 p. m. to board train again for Adana, which we reached about 11 p. m. Here we were told at first we might not leave the train, but another official ordered "All out, for this train is going on," and we had no permission to proceed further.

Then, we with our baggage, food baskets and boxes (not a small item for nearly fifty people), were landed between the tracks. One official forbade our going into the station, another forbade our remaining where we were. Our leader begged of another official "What then may we

do?" Finally permission was granted us to occupy the second-class waiting room in the station, only large enough to accommodate our baggage and less than a dozen people. When this was seen by the official to be too small, he kindly extended our borders to the outside of the platform (city entrance). We did not stop to consider dirt, vermin, stone floor, publicity nor any other of such minor objections, but with thankful hearts spread down our rugs and "laid us down and slept," glad for at least space enough to stretch our cramped, aching limbs out to their full length, our first opportunity since leaving Aleppo. The next morning the missionaries of the schools and hospitals of the American Board brought us some good hot soup, eggs, cucumbers, fruit, lebn (a scientifically soured milk), etc. Their kindness stands out as a bright spot in our journey and will ever live in our memory.

At 4 p. m. we again boarded a train arriving at Tarsus (Apostle Paul's home city) at 7 p. m. Here permission had been secured for us to go to Mrs. Christie's home. This dear saint (may God abundantly bless and reward her) had learned of our coming and turned her home into a dormitory. A hot supper, bath, and a fresh, clean soft bed awaited each one of the fifty travelers. The next morning, by the time we were up we found washerwomen at work on our soiled clothing and a good, hot breakfast (our first since leaving Aleppo), awaited us. Then, such a good dinner, and at 3:30 p. m., June 6, we were off again in wagons and carts; this time over the Tarsus Mountains, our road being the far-famed beautiful Salician Pass. For this mountain journey we had full moon, and a good road. We climbed all that night and until 2 p. m. the next day, with only two or three halts to feed the horses. In the moonlight we passed several snow-fields. Never will we forget our race down the mountains! Our wagons had no brakes, so the horses ran as fast as they could, around sharp turns, over bridges, down the mountain side, reaching the railroad station at Bozanti about 4:30 p. m. where we hoped to be allowed to take the evening train. But no! the whole party with our baggage, our guard of two policemen and ten soldiers, were given a military shed for the night, which some of us named our Palace Royal. It was a large wooden shed with earth floor, and when we spread down our rugs and laid us down for the night we found an innumerable host of fleas, lice, mosquitos, etc., awaiting us, and they all "got busy" to our great discomfort.

But the longest night must end in day, and after we had partaken of our morning repast from our lunch baskets, we were told to bring all our baggage and present ourselves to be searched. Everything was opened, and our persons were searched for gold, coin, letters, books, etc., etc., after which we were allowed to go to the station waiting room. We left here by train at 8 p. m. and passing through Lystra and Derbe, arrived in Konia (the Iconium of Paul's time) at 9 a. m. of June 9. Here our guard was changed, and each member of the party was presented in person to the new guard, consisting of two gendarms only. We were permitted to go to the hotel, but found that there were only two free beds. These, we at once said, should be given to the mothers with the babies, and the rest of us found plenty of room on the floors of the dining-rooms, sitting-rooms, and balcony.

Konia is quite a thrifty little town, with electric street cars, electric light, and a mixture of modern improvements and very ancient primitiveness. We had a prayer service in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see something of the town. Here is said to be the cheapest and best supplied part of the empire. It is to this section of the country that most of the prisoners of war are taken, as well as those deported from Jerusalem, Damascus and other centers in Palestine and Syria. At 9 p. m. our train rolled out of Konia, arriving at Pascha (part of Asiatic Constantinople) about 11 p. m. Tuesday, June 12. Here we were locked in the second-class waiting-room of the station, until the censor and the examining officers arrived the next morning. The process of examination was concluded about noon, after which we were free to cross the Bosphorus to the European and principal part of the old Byzantine capital. We were met at the ferry by the Secretary of the American Board, who had arranged with the authorities of Robert College, the Girls' American College and its Preparanda Dept., and the Bible House, to care for us.

We supposed it would take us from five to eight days to attend to all the necessary formalities and secure our permits for travel through Austria, but each day in answer to the inquiry of our leader, Dr. Ward, "Have you any news?" we were answered by a "No," or an Arabic shrug of the shoulders, which means so much to the initiated, or, "We hope permission will come on tomorrow's Balkan Express," was the unchanged answer for almost five weeks. Queries lodged themselves in our minds: Were we really interned and did not know it? We were com-

pelled to register promptly after our arrival, at the nearest police station to our various temporary homes and leave photographs, and about ten days later received residence permits for Constantinople. Our rebellious hearts sometimes cried out within us, "If we could only know our fate, it would be easier to bear," but the uncertainty was very depressing, and each day cost us about two dollars for board alone. But Austria calmly awaited her own convenience without consulting ours in the least. Hearty thanks are due to the dear ones at Robert College and the others who so kindly sacrificed more than five weeks of their summer holiday rest to caring for our comfort and pleasure during our prolonged sojourn. It is a long lane that has no turning and one glad day word came that permission from Vienna had been received by the Austrian Ambassador in Constantinople that Americans in Turkey might continue their journey home *via* Switzerland. Immediately an order was served us by the Turkish officials that if we did not get out in five days we should be interned. Visits began at once, first to police station in which we were registered to secure civil permission to leave; then to Swedish Legation for Swedish passports (for American interests were in charge of the Swedish Government); then to Austrian Consulate to have our passports visèd, back to Bulgarian Consulate for their visè, then to Central police station for military permit to leave the empire, and lastly, to the R. R. office for their official permit to use their trains. Then to the censor if we had any books or papers we deemed important to carry with us, that with censor's permission and under his official seal they might be carried through Europe, for the carrying of paper of any description was strictly forbidden; even our pins had to be removed from their papers if we wished to keep them for the journey. I took my Bible, address book, Arabic calendar and some other papers to him (which I had carried to Constantinople under censor's seal) and he kindly returned everything to me sealed. We left about a dozen and a half photographs in the various consulates, police stations, etc., from which we secured our permits and visas.

Friday, June 20, was a happy day, for at 9 a. m. after careful examination of baggage and persons, our train rolled out from Constantinople carrying our party of fifty-two, the Consuls and others, forty-eight in all, having preceded us by two days.

Just across the Turkish border we were detained twenty-four hours because the official telegram announcing our permission to pass through

Bulgaria had not been received, but at 7:30 p. m. our coach was attached to a military train and we were off once more. From this time we rolled steadily along. Sophia, Nish, Belgrade, Budapest, Vienna, the beautiful Austrian Tirol, were in turn left behind. We were not permitted to leave the train even to replenish our water bottles, but had to hire them filled, although frequently our coach stood right beside the tap or pump. Wednesday, July 23, we came to Feldkirk, the place of the much-dreaded Austrian border examination. Orders "all out" were obeyed, and we were told to get into another coach standing beside ours. Presently the train started and we were given to understand the examination would be on board, but presently our leader drew a long breath and exclaimed, "I smell fresh air. We are in Switzerland." It seemed almost too good to be true, but was an actual fact. The examination had been waived in our favor. We reached Zurich at 9:30 that night, spent the day there, resting, then hastened to Berne, for passports, permits, etc., for the rest of the journey through France and across the sea.

In course of time all was arranged, and Wednesday, Aug. 7, a party of forty-seven of us left Berne for Bordeaux *via* Neuchatel, Pontalier (here another border examination) and Lyons. In Bordeaux, registration at police headquarters was required, after which we secured our steamer tickets, and Saturday, Aug. 11, we boarded our steamer. We arrived safely in New York Wednesday, Aug. 22 at 2:30 p. m.

Some friends in Berne thought it unwise for us to try to cross the sea at this time, but as I was praying about it, the Lord definitely gave me Isa. 8:10, l. c., 14, f. c. This for me, settled the matter and removed every vestige of fear of submarines, mines or other dangers, although for three nights we were not permitted to remove our clothing and were told to keep our life-belts at hand. The life boats were kept swung over ready for instant use and we were shown our life-boat station on the deck and told that if we heard three long blasts of the whistle, we must repair immediately to it, but we had a "safe convoy" from above, hallelujah! Ps. 37:7.

The officials all along the way were kind and courteous and did the best they could for us under the circumstances, and the hardships were not only made bearable but easy to endure, because we knew that our Father who loved us was guiding and caring. We also felt we were being carried on the arms of prayer of God's children, and "underneath (all) were the Ever-

lasting Arms!" To Him be praise and thanks forever. Amen!

I shall not have reached home till I reach my only sister who lives on the West Coast. If I can minister to any on my way west, and tell you of actual conditions in the Holy Land and those left behind in Jerusalem, that you may

the better pray for the starving, dying multitudes or to help some of them out of your abundance, I shall be glad to do so. In such case, please address me at 1101 Davis Avenue, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. Care Mrs. S. P. Harbison. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee."

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