



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

HANSEN - CHICAGO

What the Star of Bethlehem Saw

Irene Lois Piper.



HERE had been many beautiful nights in the little town of Bethlehem with myriads of stars casting their soft effulgence over the plains of Judea, but this night surpassed them all because of the appearing of the Star in the east in all its wondrous beauty. At the coming of this radiant Herald from the heavenly realms, every object, animate and inanimate, seemed to take on an aspect of hushed expectancy.

The Star of Bethlehem looked down that night on two human creatures who were wending their way up the narrow pathway leading from the overcrowded Inn to the stable. Man and wife they were, and happily mated, judging from the tender solicitude with which he cared for her, who in turn would glance up with utmost confidence at her companion.

It was she, however, who was the outstanding subject of the scene, around whom everything else served as a background; the brilliancy of the Star itself seemed to find its counterpart in the radiance reflected on the Virgin's face. Although she was but a simple Jewish maiden, clothed in poor, travel-stained garments, yet in her eyes was mirrored the look of one who dwells not with mere creatures of clay, but has her being in heavenly places.

On reaching the stable which had to serve as their refuge for the night, the man made his girl-wife as comfortable as possible with such means available in that humble spot.

And the Star glowed with greater intensity at the first cry of the child Jesus, which rang out above the bleating of the cattle through the clear, still night.

* * *

The Star of Bethlehem looked down on a world mixed with good and evil, but wherein alas! the evil predominated; a world which from the time of man's first sin in the Garden of Eden to that present period, was characterized by his disobedience to the revelations of God's holy will; a world in which the law did much abound, but where grace was an unknown factor.

And the Star turned away from all this to look at the sleeping Christ-child over which it was suspended.

* * *

The Star of Bethlehem looked down again on the world, and piercing the veil which obscured the future, saw the Babe on Mary's breast now

grown to manhood, doing the bidding of His Heavenly Father in ministering to the poor and afflicted; in comforting the sorrowing and broken-hearted; in guiding the weak and wavering; in the supreme sacrifice—the giving of His life's blood—thereby making the Cross to be Heaven's beacon of eternal hope through all the ages to come.

And the Star gazing at the little One in Mary's arms, grew sad as it thought of the future.

* * *

The Star of Bethlehem looked down on the world, and parting asunder still further the veil covering the future, saw a multitude of good works throughout the land, which were evidenced in the large sums given with grand display for the purposes of charity; in the erection of great schools of learning; in the architectural beauty of churches; in the onward strides for the betterment of social conditions; in the devices fashioned by human ingenuity for the needs and comforts of the human race; and in the astounding discoveries and penetrations in the realms of science of nature.

But the Star perceived that all these innumerable claims to a higher civilization formed but a thin veneer over a race which by instinct were both selfish and depraved, and which for the greater part placed their own ignoble desires and worldly ambitions against the will of their Creator, forgetting all His wonderful dealings with them in the past, all His miraculous workings, all His many, many loving kindnesses and tender mercies.

And the Star was greatly troubled and looked long at the place where the Holy Babe lay.

* * *

The Star of Bethlehem looked down on the world, and pushing further aside the rent veil of the future, gazed with horror at the awful scene pictured. Where, oh where, was the Peace about which people had so glibly conversed? Where, oh where, was the fulfillment of glad tidings of which the Star had been the harbinger? Where, oh where, was the highly boasted civilization to be found? Surely not on these terrible battlefields reeking with blood, where men are transformed into raging demons and the air is heavy with the groans of the dying; not among these starving, emaciated women and children;

not among all these agonizing and heart-broken ones seen everywhere. Was there no hope for this despairing, blood-drenched world?

And the Star turned away from the heavens to which it had made a frantic appeal to the tiny Prince of Peace which stirred at the side of Mary.

* * *

The Star of Bethlehem looked down for the last time on the world, and tearing completely down from its fastenings, the veil covering the future, heard in the distance the portentous rumbling of wheels, caught a glimpse of the dark, sinister chariot driven by the yet more foreboding "nameless one"; saw Mary's Son, now a Prince of the Royal House, casting His eyes to the earth where His fair Bride was joyfully engaged in putting the final touches on her snow-white garments, in which beauty of attire she was to welcome her loved one; saw the hurried leave-taking between the Royal Son and His Father, be-

fore He set out for the purpose of snatching His unsullied Bride away from the calamities soon to fall upon the earth; saw Him start forth on His journey through the air, unrecognized save by her who watched for His coming; saw the rapturous greeting and the Bride accompanying her Lover back to His heavenly home; saw also, with ever-increasing joy, the coming back of the two after the marriage to their earthly home from which He had swept and garnished all evil, so recreating it from its sin-cursed state to one of beauty and holiness wherein they dwelt together in glorious peace and happiness without end.

And the Star was made exceedingly glad, and looking once more at the infant King lying in the lowly manger, saw a seraphic smile steal over the tiny face, as the voices of the angelic host suddenly carolled out far and clear over the plains of Bethlehem in Judea.

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST,
AND ON EARTH, PEACE, GOOD-WILL TOWARD MEN."

Satan Overreaches Himself

Days of Fullfillment Drawing Nigh

Wm. H. Cossum.

WHEN the German Emperor and the Military Autocracy sneered at Kitchener's "contemptible army," he failed in his psychology as the over-confident and the proud often do. When through long months of flouting the American Eagle, he stung and lashed proud men, he committed a similar error. In both cases he did what nothing else could do to arouse an *esprit de corps* which would weld those nations into a fighting machine which would be at its highest and best. The sting and sling aroused both Britisher and Yankee to the highest pitch of determination to prove their powers. Nothing in recruiting methods either in Great Britain or the United States; no effort to unite and magnetize the armies could have surpassed in results those insulting slings. Germany overreached herself and helped the enemy by providing the one thing needful to make a fighting machine effective and that is morale amongst the rank and file. Imperial militarism and the devil together are doing the same thing for the world in plunging all nations into this world-wide slaughter and terrorism. What we see them aiming at is war amongst the nations. What we see them accomplishing is something which is going to hit the

devil's kingdom the mightiest blow it has received for centuries. Men are led to think that the thing that is going on these days is the blood-thirsty encounter between autocracy and democracy, between two sets of nations with opposing ideals, while what is really taking place is the creeping advance of Israel toward Jerusalem and Palestine from Euphrates to Mediterranean. We mean by this the advance of the British army in Palestine, linked with Britain's promise that Palestine shall be restored to the Jews in the event of victory for the Allies. At present the British are within a few miles of Jerusalem, and are conquering in the Bagdad regions.

A side line, a mere by-product to the Kaiser and the nations involved, but to God, to Jesus, to the Bible and prophecy, to the watchers on the walls, the mightiest, the most thrilling, the most fascinating, the most awakening of historic facts for ages! The Jews and Jerusalem! For did not Jesus say, "Jerusalem shall be trodden underfoot of the Gentiles until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in"? Well, when Jerusalem ceases to be trodden under the foot of the Turk, it is a sign that the "fullness of the Gentiles" has come in. And when the fullness of the Gen-

tiles is come in then the Jew comes into his own land again, the stream of prophecy flows onward again, Daniel's seventieth week looms over the horizon, and all heaven, earth and hell become electric and alert over the event of the ages.

It is not a time for dogmatic teaching; and just how definite we ought to be in our expectation is difficult to know, but it certainly is a time to WATCH. Watch the Turk and watch the Jew. The nations are fighting their own battles and for their own ideas, but God is having His way. God is bigger than the devil and the devil overreaches himself in starting big things in his line, for invariably the victory goes to the Son of God.

That little Balkan explosion several years ago, when the Balkan states gave the Turks a trouncing, and later had their quarrels among themselves, started the avalanche and Jesus is drawing near, and the poor old devil who started it is going to be bound a thousand years. Hallelujah! What a fool the old wise serpent is. Here is a nice little quizzical, theological question for you? Is there anything or anyone in heaven, on earth, or under the earth, in spite of everything, not furthering the purposes of God? Does the conflict of the ages retard or advance His great plan? Is God making time through the centuries waiting for the devil to get out of the way? Or is He using everything, overruling everything and everyone to steadily and wonderfully advance His own kingdom? Well never mind about that now.

Have you ever stood beneath the shadow of a great mountain? Have you observed the vineyards and the orchards on the low foothills with their lucious contribution to our palates? Have you contemplated the great jagged rocks which give us our chiseled building materials for home, temple and great business blocks? Have you thought of the stores of gold and silver and precious stones in those mighty hills? Have you been impressed by the great forests on the sides of the mountain from which timbers and beams and boards are brought for construction of civilization's needs? Have you ever been awed by the reverberating thunders and the gleaming lightnings of that great mountain? Yes, but after all, as you stand off and observe, losing sight of the detail, you are impressed above all by the grandeur of the glistening snow summit, and your gaze is fascinated and held by that. This is the effect of a Fuji-yama or a Pike's Peak. Even so is the wonderful mountain

Book, the Bible. But grander and more fascinating than all is the great summit doctrine, glistening, gleaming about all, the COMING OF THE KING. The soul is filled with awe as one looks and looks at that mountain summit. And I wish to say that there is a sort of awe on my soul these days as I watch that Army creeping north and south and up the Euphrates Valley to the great strategic center of God and His Son, Jerusalem. I dare not put together what I know of prophecy and of history, for it brings the end so near that one feels like a great inventor who breathlessly hesitates to put the parts of his machine together for the first time. So just quietly waiting and rejoicing while allies on both sides wage their war, I am watching for "the consummation of the Age."

May I, while on this subject of the devil overreaching himself, say in addition, that there is another most marvelous overruling of God in this monstrous conflict devised by the author of death to carry on carnage and bloodshed to the limit. The Lord of life is ruling otherwise again, and instead of a harvest of death alone, we behold the marvel of more life than death being wrought out of it all. We cannot say from positive knowledge, yet knowing God and His wonder-working, we can speak almost with positive assurance that there will be more conversions out of this war than there will be killings, as God in trench and behind it, at home and in the field, is bringing it about that thousands upon thousands who have forgotten to pray are praying, and other untold thousands are being brought to Christ by the loving labors of workers who are preaching and distributing copies of the Word, and personally leading men to Jesus Christ. And so, while the devil devised death, the Lord lets loose life, and as usual, is complete Master in the field. We are not so much interested in the Kaiser's defeat, as we are in this matchless victory of God and His glorious Son, so that rising out of the field of carnage we behold in amazement, throngs of white souls of men winging to the realms of glory, not because dying for one's country brings salvation, but because faithful service in the Holy Ghost has brought life in the midst of death, for many thousands. And so it may be in your life and mine—all things shall work together for our good because we love God. The Divine alchemy works itself. "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." Nothing that Satan can devise can outwit a Christian and His God.

The Vipers That Come Out of the Fire

"God Left Him To Try Him"

Wm. J. Taylor, of Japan, in the Stone Church, Nov. 25, 1917.



I WANT to bring to you a passage of Scripture from the New Testament and also one from the Old. In Acts 28:3 we read, "There came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on his hand." And again in Num. 21:7, "Pray unto the Lord, that He take away the serpents from us." Let us take these two passages of Scripture and put them together. If there is any hand that a viper likes to attach itself to, it is the hand of a Pentecostal man or woman, and if there was ever a time when you and I needed to pray this prayer in the Holy Ghost and with earnest persistency, it is in this day and generation of ours. "Pray unto the Lord, that He take away the serpents from us." These people who prayed that prayer were a consecrated people, a separated people, a chosen people, a people whom God had magnified above all the nations of the earth, a people who beheld His glory, that discerned Him as no other nation discerned the face of the living God, and heard the voice of the living God, and it was this consecrated, separated people that uttered this prayer. I trust it will become the burden of our hearts, that these vipers that come out of hell and fasten upon God's people shall be taken away.

I want briefly to talk about some of the vipers that fasten upon the hands of men and women. I am reminded that it was a Pentecostal preacher that wrote those words in I Corinthians, tenth chapter, which I just read to you, and as he saw the murmuring, saw the fornication, saw the idolatry in the Christian church, his spirit was burdened and he began to write under the dictates of the Holy Spirit; then there flashes before his vision that twenty-first chapter of Numbers, and he says the same things, for he knows that the heart of man has not changed one iota. It is the same today, deceitful and desperately wicked.

One of these vipers that come out of the fire is that of *insincerity*. "Walk before me and be thou sincere," was the Word that God gave to Abraham, and as we walk day by day bending to the mind and will of the Holy Ghost, we shall be what God commanded Abraham to be. It is

surprising how much insincerity is packed into these natures of ours, and it is only by the power of the Holy Ghost that we have revealed to us our double motives, our double purpose, our double will and our double action, our double speaking and our double thinking. Said a clergyman once to a young man, "What is your religion?" "My religion," said the young man, "is my mother's religion. I have no use for my father's." His father was a leader in a Congregational Church. How was it that this young man could distinguish between the religion of his father and that of his mother? They had the same Christ, the same Holy Ghost, the same avenue of access to the throne of grace, prayer, and yet there was a strong distinction. On the other hand, if your son would give a testimony about you tonight would he say, "It is the religion of my father?" or "of my mother?" When he says that he discerns that the viper of insincerity has come out of the fire and fastened upon the hand of his father or his mother. One professes and the other possesses. Profession will take you up to heaven but only possession will get you in. I remember living in Glasgow, Scotland, some years ago, and I was sitting in a dining-room of a hotel, at 5:30 one Sunday evening, when I walked a young man who said to me, "Excuse me, but can you tell me where there is a moving-picture show?" I said, "What?" He repeated the question, and I said, "You have come to the wrong country, my good man, to find moving-picture shows open on Sunday. And if I knew where one was I would not tell you." Every man and woman, every boy or girl in this church is a moving picture; a moving picture in the office, in the shop, in the home, a moving picture from morning to night. You pay ten cents. I can get all I want of moving pictures that will never be effaced from my memory when I get back to Japan. I can discern a man in whom dwelleth the Spirit of God and one who is out of touch; those who are moving pictures for God or for Satan. Which are you? I said to the young man, "Wouldn't you like to go to church?" He said, "I have never been to church since the day I was married." I said, "It is about time you made a start." He said, "I will tell you a story. I am a chauffeur, employed by a very

wealthy man. I remember taking my master to the northern part of England, to Gates Head, and while there he let me off for a little time. It was on a Sunday and as the Sabbath bell began to ring a strange sensation came over my soul I never had before, and something within me wanted to go to God's house that Sunday night. I felt that I must be a changed man, and wanted peace in my life. I hesitated but the longing to go increased as the Sabbath bells rang out their evening message, which seemed to say, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." I went out and walked up and down the streets until I came to a house of God. I hadn't been inside of a church for years and I just walked up and down in front of that old church, screwing up my courage to go in. The second bell began to ring, and finally I knew I must make an extra effort or I would not get in, and I pulled open the door a little and peered in, and there at the back I saw an empty seat, just for me. I mustered a little more courage and glided in, unobserved. The minister gave out a hymn and we arose to sing, and as I stood there with something tugging at my heart, the memory of my mother's prayers came over me, and I had a great desire to be a changed man. As I was meditating upon this strange experience, the door suddenly flung open and in came a pompous gentleman with a high hat and a gold-headed cane, and made for the back seat. He stood and looked at me for a moment then came nearer and said, "Young man, this is my seat." And the young man went out into the darkness instead of the light that had come so near shining into his soul; out into poverty instead of the riches of His grace, out into death instead of the eternal life that was so near his possession. The viper of *insincerity* had come out of the fire through that professing man and had bitten him as it had bitten the Israelites of old. May I ask you, Are you sincere before your God tonight? I am not asking, Are you sincere before us? but, Are you sincere before God? Or are you double in act, double in thought? Pray ye that He take away the viper of insincerity from the midst of His children.

I am glad that it is recorded a little further down that Paul shook off the viper. Beloved, if this viper is on your hand tonight, shake it off in the name of the Lord. The world today is looking for sincerity, is it not? I remember one time, a friend of mine was riding in the

Tokio street car in Japan, and you know women haven't the same standing in the East as they have here, but an old woman, bent with years, stepped into the car, and this friend of mine beckoned to her and said, "Please come and sit here." She could not believe her ears, and he said again, "Please, old lady, come and sit here." She walked over to where he was sitting and he gave her his seat and took hold of the strap, and then she watched his face. Do you know what she was saying to herself? I can give you the interpretation of that woman's meditation as she looked at that man's face. It was identical with the Shunammite woman when she said of that holy man, Elisha, "Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually." She had seen many men pass by who were noble and educated, but no man who had passed her door had left such a divine odor as this man Elisha did. It was the language of that old woman's soul in Japan.

Three months afterward this same man was holding some evangelistic services in the district of Kanda. Like the Salvation Army we take a drum to get the crowd together, and this night they were beating the drum, and the old lady who had ridden in the tramway car happened to be in that neighborhood. Hearing the sound of the drum she wended her way to the scene. She saw the little crowd gathered around the mission and heard the invitation to go in. She said, "Why it is the Jesus hall!" and went in. Being a little deaf she went up to the front seat, and who should come out on the platform but the man who had given her his seat on the car. Was it chance? Was it chance that led Philip to meet the Ethiopian in the desert? It was God. "He that honoreth me, I will honor." When he gave the invitation for those who wanted to confess Christ, who was the first one out but the old lady. She found life, she found joy and peace, and a new heart, all because one man was sincere and said "good-bye" to national customs. God's customs are my customs. He shook off the viper of insincerity and won a soul to God.

There is another serpent that we need to pray about and that is the serpent of *unbelief*. Friends you and I say we believe God, but I wonder how much we really believe God tonight. Do we believe Him when things go wrong as when all is well? When circumstances are not so encouraging as they were last week? You believe what

is in the Saturday Evening Post and the Chicago Tribune, but do you believe the Divine revelation? You say by your actions, "It is all right for the other person, God can save him, but He cannot save me." "God can heal Brother Jones, but He cannot heal me." "He can guide Sister Smith, but He cannot guide me. He cannot break the power of the devil in my life."

We have a wonderful story in Acts 27 of Paul's shipwreck. "And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us," what happened? With the going out of the stars also went all hope that they should be saved. Did you ever have that in your Christian life? Did you ever get there when you went to pray for the sick? when you were trusting God to supply your needs? "All hope that we should be saved was taken away." But Paul said, "*Sirs, I believe God.*"

Let me tell you a story. You know Christmas is a very happy time the world over, but it is only Christmas as we make it in far off Japan. It was Christmas week about six years ago, and I was going down the main street of Tokio, with my little boy Hudson, and as we passed a toy-shop you know how much his eyes dilated. I felt a little tug at my coat and I knew what was coming. He said, "Daddy, do you see that wooden horse?" "Yes." "Well, won't you buy me that for my Christmas present?" "Well, my dear boy, you know Daddy would be only too delighted to buy you that wooden horse, but the mail has been delayed and unless God sends in the money before Christmas day comes, I cannot do it. You tell the Lord about that wooden horse, and He will be sure to send it to you." So every night he would always end up his prayer with these words, "And dear Jesus, please send me that wooden horse." Tuesday came and Wednesday also, and no mail, and the sun went out as it did in Paul's life. I said, "Lord, I still have the stars," and the Lord said, "You trust more in the stars than you do in Me," and out went the stars. Paul said, "The captain has lost the stars; now how can he guide the ship?" Nothing was left but hope, and the Lord said, "You put more trust in hope than in Me," and then all hope was taken away. The great need of the Pentecostal Movement is to get back to God's Word. It is surprising to see the few saints of God that come into the house of God with the Book of God. I was at Moody's Church last night to hear a fellow-countryman, and as I looked around that

vast audience of nearly 4,500 people it seemed everyone had a notebook and Bible, and I watched those people writing down the divine Word. I go into a Pentecostal meeting and I see very few Bibles. Back to God's Word! Your spiritual experiences will fail, your revelations will vanish and your tongues will cease, prophecies will fail, divine ecstasies will disappear in the awful cloud and tempest, but the Word of God liveth and abideth forever. Back, saints of God, to the Word. I have proved it true for twelve years in Japan. Friends have changed and circumstances have changed, but the Word of God has not changed. It is unmoveable.

When hope went, I said, "Lord, I am sure you will not fail." It came down to Christmas Eve, and the mail did not come. I was absolutely penniless in far-off Japan. I said to my wife, "What will we do about that wooden horse? I have told the lad the Word of God is true and that He answers prayer. I cannot bear to see the faith of the child shaken." That night my wife said to me, "Is God dead?" I said, "No God is not dead, but look at that," as I turned my pocket inside out. And that evening a viper came out of the fire and fastened itself on the hand of a missionary in Japan. I said, "I know what I will do." In my office there was a small sum of money which wasn't my own. It was in my charge, but it wasn't mine. I said to my wife, "Rather than see that boy's faith shaken in the promises of God I will borrow that money and buy that wooden horse." She said, "Do not do it. I feel the check of the Spirit." "But," I said, "the shop closes at eleven, and it is ten o'clock now." Like Abraham I tried to help the Lord out. I was determined to do it, and with my conscience lashing me as yours lashes you when you get out of the will of God, I took the money and went out and bought it, but I had no joy, no peace, no satisfaction in it. When I came home he was asleep on the floor, and I put it on the floor by his side, but had no pleasure in it. If you had asked me to have given the horse a name that night I would have called it Ishmael. I went to bed with a heavy heart and I never slept, for I had a consciousness of being out of communion with my Lord Jesus and failing God in the hour of supreme test. There is a striking verse in II. Chron. 32:31, which says of King Hezekiah, "God left him to try him, that He might know all that was in his heart," and that night in Japan God left Taylor to try Taylor to see what was in Taylor's

heart; to see if, when the sun went out and the stars disappeared, and all hope was taken away, Taylor still believed God. He was weighed in the balance and found wanting. The next morning we had no Christmas bells. I heard a knock at my door. I thought, Who on earth has come this Christmas morning? "Good morning, good morning." And I recognized the voice of an old Japanese woman who had six in the family and her husband was earning eleven dollars a month. Not a week, mind you, but a month. There she was bowing in her best Japanese style, and said, "I congratulate you." "Thank you very much; it is very kind of you." Then she said, "Last night, teacher, I remembered that you English people had a custom of giving presents, and I thought I would like to give your little boy, Hudson, a present, so I went down town. I did not know what the boy would like but I asked the Lord to help me to get the right thing, and I bought it." I thanked her and she brought it in and laid it on the table. Then she bowed and went out and I unwrapped it, and there was a wooden horse; the same identical toy I had seen in the toy-shop that week.

"Say not my soul from whence can God relieve thy
care,
Remember, Omnipotence hath servants everywhere,
His methods are sublime,
His thoughts supremely kind;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind."

Brother, has the viper of *unbelief* come out of the fire and fastened itself upon your hand? If so, shake it off as Paul shook off the serpent on the island of Melita.

I was taking family prayers sometime ago in a town in Massachusetts, and there were present three or four old ladies, one of which was very prim indeed. I read the promise, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house," and this prim old lady looked up suddenly and her face lighted up and she said, "I've got it. I've got it." "Got what?" I asked. "Why the promise of God." "Of course you have; have you only just found it out," "I read that over and over again and never fully believed it before. 'Saved and thy house.'" I expressed my surprise that she didn't believe it, and she said, "Well you don't know the state of my husband. He has been a confirmed drunkard; *saved and my house*, an unclean man; he went away twenty years ago. *SAVED AND MY HOUSE*. I never saw it in this way before."

There is just one more viper I want to speak of, and that is the viper of *prejudice* or *partiality*.

You know there are many kinds of prejudice; political prejudice, personal prejudice—when some one is advertised to speak it is wonderful what a big crowd comes out to hear him,—but when somebody preaches whom you know very well, there is a little bit of extra work around the house.

"No drenching rain to make you stay,
While you have a ticket for the play.
But let one drop the pavement smirch,
And 'it's too wet to go to church!'"

Then there is national prejudice. If ever there was a time in the history of the world when God's people needed to be freed from national prejudice, it is today. The minute you let your nationality come to the front, whatever that is, immediately your heart becomes as hard as steel and the Spirit of God cannot operate upon it and cannot give you intercessory prayer for those nations He may want you to pray for. Look out for national prejudice. It is a viper out of the fire of hell which is destroying the usefulness of the children of God.

Another viper is *religious prejudice*. This has two heads and two tails. Peter had a little bit of that, did he not? "Arise, Peter, slay and eat." "Yes, but Lord if I read the eleventh chapter of Leviticus and think of those things in that sheet I cannot do it." "Peter, arise, slay and eat!" "Oh," he says, "I am a Jew I cannot do it." But when Peter said "Good-bye" to his prejudice and did what God wanted him to do, the blessed Holy Ghost came down and baptized the household of Cornelius and an entrance was made for the Gospel into the Gentile world. Oh this viper of prejudice in the church of God!

A young Japanese was at my door one day as I stepped out of a jinrikisha. The jinrikisha-man had carried me for two or three miles and as I stepped out I thanked him for his attendance and he went his way. As we stepped into the house this young Japanese, who was studying to be a diplomat, cleared his throat, and I knew something was the matter. He said, "I am very rude, teacher, but can I tell you?" I assented, and he said, "If you use that kind of language to that class of men you will be despised by us Japanese and will never make headway with the upper class. You must use cooley language to the cooleys and the language of the educated to the upper class." "Is that so?" I said "I'd like to show you a photograph," and I went and got my Bible and brought to him the most wonderful photograph album in the world, of kings

and queens, of rich men and poor men, backsliders and harlots. Did you ever see yourself there? Did you ever read about David? Did you ever say, "Yes, Lord, that is my photograph? Did you ever read about Peter who denied Him? "Yes, Lord, that is I." Ever read about Esau, and about Jacob? Ever read about Samson and how that woman came along and cut off those seven locks, the marks of his consecration, and he went out and wist not that God's Spirit had departed from him? "Yes, Lord, that is I shorn of my power. Over the portal of my life is written Ichabod." "Did you ever see your own photograph?" I said to him. And I turned to that wonderful story in the second chapter of James. "My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool: are ye

not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts? . . . Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?" The young man hung his head, and I said, "I have to make choice between Japanese customs and God's customs. God's customs are my customs. Be he rich or poor, I shall have but one phraseology for the man who is born in the world with a soul, as you and I have." The viper of partiality that differentiates between this assembly and that assembly, hinders the work of God.

I say with all sincerity, pray the Lord that He take away the serpents from us, the serpent of *insincerity*, the serpent of *doubt*, the serpent of *prejudice*, the serpent of *partiality*, the serpent of *worldliness*, the serpent of *indifference*, and of "*jabber jabber*," which robs one of spiritual life and the operation of the Holy Ghost. Good-bye to every viper of hell that has come out of the fire and fastened itself on your hands. "Pray unto the Lord, that He take away the vipers from us."

The Victory that is "Left Over"

From Prayer o Service

Miss Phoebe Holmes, South China, in the Stone Church, Oct. 14, 1917.



THANK GOD this morning because I have proven Him to be the God that is enough. We often quoted that in China, *El-Shaddai*, the God who is enough, and He has truly proven that to my soul. I cannot otherwise than trust God, He has been with me in such a precious way for the past ten years. We often speak about our calling, but I have found a different calling from that which some have found. It is in I Peter 2:21, "For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps." That is our calling. Do we know much about that? To suffer for the Lord Jesus? Another Scripture says: "It has been granted unto us not only to believe on Him, but to *suffer* for His Name." It is precious to believe; it is precious to know God, and to have Him bless our souls, but something else has been granted to us, and that is, *to suffer for His Name*. That is our calling.

I praise Him this morning that I have learned to suffer with Him a little bit. Beloved, it means something to serve Jesus. It means blessing, it means rejoicing, but above these it means suffer-

ing. We all want to be counted worthy to stand before the Son of Man; we are all striving to reign with Him, but these blessings all lie in the path of suffering. When I think of what the Lord suffered for us and what it meant to Him, my soul cries out that I might be counted worthy to suffer for His Name. I praise Him that while we suffer with Him we do not need to be long-faced, but as Paul said, we can be "more than conquerors." I like the Chinese translation of that. It reads something like this, literally, that we conquer and we have some left over. Many people do not have that "left over" kind of victory. They say, "Oh I had an awful trial; I just got through by the skin of my teeth." That wasn't what Paul said, He said that we might be more than conquerors. We can let the trials come; we can embrace the cross, as Madam Guyon did; we can be glad for them because we will have greater victory as we overcome. Oh I love to think of the people that suffer with Jesus. I do not care for the surface kind of religion, but I long to be with people who know Him in the fellowship of His suffering. Praise God for a little of the left over kind of victory. I sometimes think if we missionaries

can have the left-over kind of victory, after some of the things that we have passed through, that you folks ought to shout the victory and rejoice a little more than you do. We girls in China sometimes used to enumerate the sufferings of Paul, and we would say as we read the catalogue, "We have gone through this trial," "We know by experience what this means," we knew what it was to be hungry and to suffer want; we had come off more than conquerors through some of those trials; but as we read on to where Paul said he was shipwrecked, and knew what it was to be beaten with stripes and imprisoned, we could not say we had those experiences. And after he had enumerated all his sufferings, what did he say in conclusion? "The sufferings of this present world are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed." He didn't count them anything.

We read in James, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into manifold temptations." Do you do that? Or do you go around so glum that people do not want to be around you? I like to look up the Scriptures that speak of these things because I want to be like my Lord. One time after I had gone to China I was going through quite a severe trial and was rather inclined to feel sorry for myself, when a sister took me aside and said, "Sister Holmes, one thing you want to learn in this land is never to pity yourself." I felt that was pretty hard. If I could not go to people for sympathy I did want to go off in a corner alone and pity myself. But it was a great help to me when I learned to take sides against myself, and when passing through hard trials, persecutions, misrepresentations, I was able to say, "You know all about it Jesus."

There is another Scripture which tells us to rejoice and be exceedingly glad when we are persecuted. I remember when God first filled me with the Holy Ghost here in Chicago. I went back to my home town in Northern Michigan, and I learned then to know what it meant to be persecuted. There were three of us young girls, and we used to pray. When I say we used to pray I do not mean we knelt down and uttered a few syllables and then went about something else, but we prayed by the hour in strong supplication and intercession unto Almighty God for our people, our friends, and for the people of God everywhere. We were just young girls but we found enjoyment in communing with Jesus. We prayed unceasingly, day and night

until the neighbors became stirred. They got up a petition and presented it to the authorities to have those people stop praying, but we continued. A policeman came to our house, entered the home while we were on our faces, and I remember I never looked up to see what he looked like. But he told us if there was a repetition of our praying unto God as we did, they would take us all down and put us in the lock-up. Did it stop us? No. We kept on praying, and praising and blessing God, until they called a special council in the City Hall, sending for the Prosecuting Attorney of our county to come and stop those girls from praying. He came, and said these words, "The By-laws of the United States are such that people have a right to worship God Almighty anywhere they want to. What are you going to do about it?" We continued to pray, and from that ministry of prayer God called me into His vineyard in a foreign land. We learned in those early days of Pentecost the sting of persecution, but we gladly suffered shame for Jesus' sake. The glory that was in my soul far exceeded all those outward persecutions. I never felt them.

But there is something more in this verse, "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad when they say all manner of evil against you"—because you deserve it? "*Falsely.*" Beloved; it doesn't tell you to go and tell someone else about it. It doesn't say that we shall mourn over it, it says, "rejoice." "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad." That means to feel good all over until it gets away down into your feet; that is being exceedingly glad when people say something against you falsely. Shall you justify yourself? No, rejoice and be exceedingly glad. Tell the Lord Jesus about it, and He will tell you you are being moulded into His image. I have been a Christian for ten years, spent six years in China, but until a few months ago I never knew what it was to rejoice in tribulation. I remember it was about a year ago that something was said about me that was false, and when it came to my ears I wept many bitter tears over it. I took the matter to God in prayer and could not understand why He permitted it when I was serving Him with all my heart and soul. I thought I would write a letter and justify myself, but the Lord spoke that Scripture to me about rejoicing in tribulation. He wouldn't let me write any letters, but be willing to be misrepresented. I said, "Amen, Lord. I will rejoice." He may have been able to have taught

you that before this but it took me ten years to get there because I had never come up to that trial before, but He brought me off that time more than conqueror. I had some victory "left over," and I have it this morning. My face is set toward Jesus, not on anything or anybody that I know of in this wide world.

Next to the love I have in my heart toward my Savior, I love the land of my adoption, to which I am now on my way. My mother wondered why I wanted to return when I had passed through so much over there, but I can truly say that though the furnace be heated seven times hotter I go in the strength of my Lord. Though the trials be multiplied I go trusting in the Lord Almighty and leaning upon His Arms. I feel that although it means my life, it is His, given to Him to do as He will with it. I want to be a vessel unto honor, meet for the Master's use, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. When I went to China nearly eight years ago, in my heart I purposed to remain in that land until I could come home and be considered a worthy missionary. I said in my heart, "I am not coming back under five years." It may have been presumption, to make that statement, but God permitted me to stay. He gave me health and strength so that I was able to stay for six years, and during that time I was never ill three days. He enabled me to learn the Chinese language and preach His Gospel to those who had never heard. People here may find enjoyment in having a good time in this country, but it is not for me. The happiest moments of my life are when I am in China, speaking forth the Words of Life to one who has never heard. Can you think of anything better? I have no sweeter memories than when I have for the first time told some dear old Chinese grandmother, perhaps sixty or seventy years old the Words of Eternal Life. Just give me that privilege and I am satisfied. Just let me be a real missionary, perhaps not heard of very much, laboring faithfully in the service of my Lord. This is my chief joy.

We know of many faithful missionaries you do not know anything about, people you do not hear of very often, but they are laborers together with Him, working and plodding along. There is an old saying that "An empty wagon makes the most noise," and this is sometimes the case with missionaries. You may not hear big reports and wonderful things that are taking place, but the true missionary hesitates to write much about

himself. He is content to labor on faithfully as unto the Lord.

Oh that we knew how to pray more! Beloved, I see a difference in God's people on coming home from China and when I went out. I am not complaining, but people used to pray more than they do. Then it wasn't, "Let's have a word of prayer," but "Let us wait on the Lord," and we prayed by the hour. There is a difference between praying and waiting on the Lord. When we pray we talk to Him, but when we wait on the Lord, He can speak to our souls. Perhaps He can burden us for some one who is in need, some missionary in distress, some native worker who needs to be established, if we are not too busy to hear His voice.

I was reading in the Word of God where Jesus cleansed the temple of the money changers, and of those who bought and sold, and where He said, "My house shall be called a house of prayer." The marginal reading adds, "for all nations." At that time God chose to dwell in houses made with men's hands. Where does He dwell today? The Word says, "whose house are we." We are temples of the Holy Ghost. He dwells within these temples of clay. Then what did Jesus say? "*My house* (this temple wherein He dwells) shall be called a house of prayer for all nations." Are you a house of prayer for all nations, or are you interested only in your local assembly, your friends, or your children? Let us ask the Lord to enlarge our borders, lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes and give us a compassion, a burning love for His creation everywhere.

We have been asked to publish a call for a Jewish Conference, under the auspices of the Chicago Hebrew Mission (Mrs. C. T. Rounds, Supt.). The Conference is to be held at The Moody Tabernacle, North Ave. and Clark Sts., January 22-25 inclusive.

In the light of present day events this is surely an opportune time for coming together in behalf of Christian Jewish interests. Ere these notes reach the public it is quite possible that the British Army will have control of Palestine. The evacuation of the Holy Land by the Turk has been an event for which many prayers have ascended, both by Jew and Christian, and now that it is being accomplished the keenest interest is being manifested by everyone who is watching the march of events.

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Notes

'Twill Not Be Long

'T WILL not be long our Lord whom we re-
jected,
Upon whose brow they placed the thorny
crown,
And whom the world through ages has neglected,
Will come with trumpet sound from glory down;
And we who shall survive until that hour . . .
Methinks it draweth nigh; do not despair . . .
Will rise, borne upward by His mighty power,
To see His face, to meet Him in the air;
'Twill not be long!

'Twill not be long! the sound of battle ended,
The weary march of armed men will cease,
And truth and righteousness will then have blended,
And ushered in the glorious reign of peace;
And Jesus Christ, the mighty King of nations,
The Sovereign Ruler of the earth will be;
His knowledge, while the world brings its oblations,
Will overspread the earth as waves the sea;
'Twill not be long!

'Twill not be long! the tears we now are shedding
Will all be wiped away, and, face to face,
Beyond the shadows multitudes are dreading,
We shall behold our Savior, saved by grace,—
We shall behold Him, or, in darkness dismal,
Through years eternal we shall sadly grope;
In mercy save us from those depths abysmal,
And let us see Thy face, Thou God of hope!
'Twill not be long!

'Twill not be long! the saints who sleep in Jesus
Will from their graves, their resting places, rise,
And through His might, the might of Him who frees
us,
Mount upward toward the City of the skies;
And as they upward mount, we shall behold them,
Our loved ones who were with us once down here,
And, thrilled with rapture, we shall then enfold them
In our own arms, in that bright blissful sphere;
'Twill not be long!

—J. N. GORTNER.

Home and Abroad

GREAT privileges do the Pentecostal saints enjoy these days of coming in touch with the work of God all over the world, through His servants as they travel to and fro. The world seemed very large to many of us years ago when our only knowledge of the great lands beyond the seas was what we had learned in the geography and a few books on travel, but now they are brought nigh through the soldiers of the Cross as they bring us stories of conquest; as they tell of peoples and kindreds and tongues whose darkened lives have been illuminated by Gospel light. With beloved workers in India, in China, in Africa and the Islands of the Seas, bound to us in the Spirit—stronger ties than flesh and blood, we feel a kindship in many lands; their daily interests are our interests, their burdens ours, and when they come and tell us of planting the cross in distant lands we feel we are just hearing about our work, the work to which we give and for which we pray.

* * *

The Stone Church, whose walls have been made sacred by the recounting of trophies of grace gathered in from distant lands, has again had a feast of good things from a number of centers. The missionary who has done faithful service on the field always finds a welcome in our midst. We had with us recently, Bro. Wm. J. Taylor who has spent twelve years in Japan and is returning to his work, Dec. 6, 1917; Mr. and Mrs. James Harvey, who expect to sail for India (D. V.) on Dec. 20, from San Francisco on the S. S. China. They are taking with them Miss Hazel Parker who has been with us for the past year, and is going to India with the sanction and prayers of the Stone Church Congregation.

The Assembly on the North Side under Bro. Myland aided her very substantially in going to the field.

* * *

A Cry for Laborers

Brother Ernest Hooper, who is associated with the work under Brother George Bowie in South and Central Africa, was also with us over Lord's Day, November 24th. Brother Hooper expects to return to his field early in the Spring, and the burden that lies heavily on his heart is the great need of Africa for workers and the few volunteers. He tells us his heart is heavy as he closes each missionary service and there is no response to the call for recruits. The South & Central

African Pentecostal Mission has entered the Belgian Congo and has done a blessed work there, but unless they have young men to equip two of their stations they will not be able to hold them. The White Fathers (Roman Catholic) are coming in and usurping every available site, and unless there are volunteers for the Congo soon, the Pentecostal Missionary Movement will sustain a loss which will be incalculable. The need of the Congo is only one of many which is pressing and calling for workers. In these days when young men are making heroic sacrifices for their country are there not some who are willing to forsake all for the Gospel? If every Pentecostal congregation gave one out of every ten of their young men and women for the foreign field what an impetus it would be for the cause of Christ among the heathen!

Brother Hooper will be pleased to correspond with any who read these lines and feel the call of God upon them for South or Central Africa. The South & Central African Pentecostal Herald, edited by Brother Bowie and issued quarterly, gives a detailed account of their work, and can be secured at the American Headquarters of the Mission. Send thirty cents for a year's subscription to the Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Schoenborn, 61 N. Fourth St., Newark, N. J. Brother Hooper can be reached at the same address.

From the homeland we were blessed through the ministry and testimony of the Ven. Archdeacon Phair, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Andrew D. Urshan, of this city, Arthur Frodsham, Fergus, Ontario T. K. Leonard, Findlay, O., and Miss Sadie Cody, Oakland, Calif., who left the Stone Church about seven years ago to be secretary to Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery.

* * *

Fellowship Meeting

On Thanksgiving evening we had a most blessed Rally with the Persian brethren. Some years ago God brought us together in a very precious revival, but of late years they have been conducting the majority of their meetings in their own language for the purpose of reaching the large Persian population on the North Side, but the Lord gave us a most blessed fellowship meeting in which everybody participated and was made to rejoice.

* * *

Brother C. H. Schoonmaker is expecting soon to sail to India where he and Mrs. Schoonmaker spent a number of years in active missionary work. They are planning to sail December 30th

via South Africa to Bombay and desire the prayers of God's people that the way may be open and that they may have a safe path through the sea.

* * *

For the benefit of those who may not be informed, we would state that it is impossible for any missionaries who are American citizens to enter India without first securing a permit from the authorities through the British embassy at Washington, D. C. This permit should be obtained before passport is purchased or reservation made with the steamship companies.

* * *

How God Provided

One of our subscribers sends us this simple story from her own experience, which tells of no little sacrifice:

"I was made sad when I read in a recent issue of The Evangel that a number of old subscribers have given up their paper because of the hard times. Oh that we might know that there is still a supply in God's storehouse!

"I would like to tell of an elderly couple past sixty, who had suffered reverses in the loss of property, even their own home. Nothing daunted, they started out again to retrieve their losses upon a ranch, and, though broken in body, are endeavoring in their declining years to build them a home.

"For the first time in their long journey together the husband felt compelled to say to his wife, when the subscription to The Evangel came due, 'I haven't the price of the paper.' She said nothing but looked to the Lord whose storehouse is always filled, and said, 'Father, I must have the price of The Evangel, for there is no Pentecostal Mission, and not even a Pentecostal family for fellowship in this new place. The Evangel has been our preacher, so dear Lord open up some way to continue the paper.' In a most unexpected way she earned the money, a little at a time, until she had a dollar. Then her husband felt he needed even that dollar to buy some eggs to set a hen. They purchased them from a neighbor who, when she counted out the choice eggs said, 'These are a present to your wife for the favor she has recently done me is worth more than the price of these eggs.' So he brought back the dollar and she sent it off that very day. This may encourage someone who is in similar circumstances to look to God for His help in these little matters of every day life."

The Joy of Giving

ONE of the senior missionaries at the St. Louis Conference spoke of the great need of training the Young People and the Sunday Schools into systematic giving along missionary lines. Some Pentecostal pastors are spurring up their young people along these lines but there is need for greater activity in many assemblies. We heard recently of one Sunday School which, though not very large, raised six hundred dollars for this purpose last year and have pledged themselves to raise eight hundred for the coming year. This surely means sacrifice in these days, as Pentecostal people have only one way of raising money and that is through gifts and sacrificial offerings, but it is surprising what can be done when the spirit of sacrifice is fostered.

The efforts of one of our Sunday School classes, little children ten years of age, through a teacher who is on fire for missions, would put to shame older givers. The teacher gave them little barrels for their money and for the last three months they have said good-bye to sweetmeats and goodies and eagerly filled their barrels that the children of other lands might know about our Jesus. It was a lesson for us all as they told us how they saved their money. One little girl earned twenty-five cents a week by taking her neighbor's child to school every morning. Trips to the store for her mother often meant some small change which she pleaded for her missionary barrel. One Sunday she spent the day in church, and the quarter which her mother gave her to buy her dinner, was eagerly put into her barrel while she did without her dinner. Real missionary timber in this child of ten!

Another little girl had been collecting her money all summer and putting it in a saving bank, but when she got the barrel she emptied her entire savings and brought it as an offering to the Lord. Another ten-year-old said she had never spent one cent, but every penny given her for candy and pop-corn went into her barrel. A fourth, who often earned a nickel by running errands for a neighbor, said to her teacher, "I never spend a cent anymore for candy but put it all into my barrel." A fifth had been given a bank which held ten dollars. When it was filled, the first thing she did on emptying it, was to fill her missionary barrel to the brim out of her savings of many months.

We believe the interest can be kept growing

and vigorous by Sunday Schools devoting at least one day a month to missionary matters, and awakening the sympathies of the children by stories of heroism and sacrifice in the dark lands.

Tithing

"HONOR the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." Prov. 3:9, 10.

God honors those who honor Him. So shall our barns be filled with plenty. So, in like manner—Are we willing to have our "barns" filled in the same measure as we honor Him with our substance? Would not some of us fare rather ill if the Lord meted out to us in like manner as we give to Him? No promise in God's Word is more sure of fulfilment than those which apply to temporal needs.

The getting of "food and raiment" never occupied so large a place in the hearts of men and women as it does today. It is the all-absorbing topic of the hour, but the majority are spending very little thought and concern on God's way of obtaining them, of having them insured the Bible way. They do not put God first, do not give Him the first fruits so that He can fulfill His Word to them. The first ten cents out of every dollar will insure such blessings on the remainder that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And we have every reason to believe that these blessings are temporal as well as spiritual, for in the same connection we read that the "devourer" of the ground shall be rebuked and "the vine shall not cast her fruit before the time."

Many have proved the blessing in putting first things first and having God honor His Word. Of deep interest was the simple testimony of a widow, having for her only support a boy of fifteen. She said that when they first started housekeeping he made only five dollars a week. They were faithful to God in the beginning and gave Him His portion even though it meant great sacrifice to them. At the end of six months his wages were raised to seven dollars, and now, although not yet sixteen years of age, he is making seventy-five dollars a month. They feel it is all due to the fact that they honor the Lord with their substance. When this young

man was just a lad and sold papers, he was careful to tithe even that small amount.

* * *

An evangelist was holding services in Richmond, Va., and every Saturday night a man in the congregation would come up and give him his tithe of two dollars. After some weeks, he came to the minister and said, "I guess I will not give you my tithe. My wife needs help in the house, and I find I can get a woman to come and work for that amount. The minister urged him, for his own sake, not to use his tithe in that way, and they agreed to make the need in the home a matter of prayer. That was Saturday noon. He spent the greater part of Sunday afternoon in prayer that the Lord would undertake in some other way. On Monday morning when he went to work, his manager said to him, "Yesterday afternoon sitting in my home, I was thinking about you and your work, and what a faithful man you were, and I have decided to raise your salary two dollars a week." This was the actual amount of the tithe.

* * *

A young lady stenographer living in Omaha, Nebr., starting for her place of business one morning, suddenly discovered that she had lost her pocketbook. She knew she had it when she left home, and in the natural would have been quite disturbed, as it contained about eight dollars. As she realized she lost it she immediately betook herself to prayer. She told the Lord she had been faithful to Him in tithes and offerings and she expected Him to take care of

that money, and then felt restful about it. She told her friends she had lost her pocketbook and they told her that was the last she ever would see of it, but she believed God. When she reached home that night the lady with whom she lived said to her very emphatically, "If you aren't the most careless person to be found. There was a man came to the door this morning and said, 'I picked up this pocketbook and brought it back. If the man who had come behind me had picked it up, the lady wouldn't have gotten it.'" She expected it because she had confidence in the Lord. She had a right to have confidence in Him because she had honored the Lord with her substance.

We have heard of real, practical results from the sermon in the November number by Brother Mitchell, Pastor of The Stone Church, on Tithing. Some who had become careless and indifferent to this most essential command, have seen their mistake and renewed their vow, "Of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." A sister wrote, "Brother Hardy Mitchell's sermon on 'Will a Man Rob God?' certainly woke my husband and me up. I read it aloud to him and we both saw in a flash why we had not prospered. My husband gave me a young mare ten years old, but I've lost all of her increase, and this summer she broke her neck, so I have none left. We have had nothing but bad luck since our marriage. Occasionally I would send \$5 or \$10 to God's work but have not set aside a tenth, and have promised to give it from now on. Pray for us that God may find us willing to follow as He shows us the truth."

From Our Missionaries' Letters

IN a letter from Brother C. F. Juergenson, Tokyo, Japan, our brother tells us that people listen earnestly to the Gospel message. Nearly every night souls come to the altar, sometimes five and six at a time, and give their hearts to Jesus. One earnest young man who got saved at one of their stations, brought four or five of his friends, and all are rejoicing in the blessed truth they have found in Jesus. They attend nearly every service. A young man who had heard them at a street meeting came and gave his heart to the Lord. In three Sunday Schools they have an attendance of over 250 children to whom they teach the Word of Life. Many are com-

pelled to stand because of lack of seating capacity.

The Price She Paid

An insight of what it means for a native of India to become a Christian, can be gathered from the following account of a conversion sent us by Miss Jennie Kirkland, writing from the Chupra station:

"You will be glad to know that the Lord has given us another convert in Chupra, a young married woman about sixteen years of age. We had been praying for the family about four months when the daughter who had been having special teachings from our Bible-women, an-

nounced the fact that she wanted to become a Christian. She had been so changed for about a week that we knew a definite work had been done in her heart. She said she wanted to break her caste so she ate some of the Bible woman's food and drank water from our glass before her husband who became very angry; said she had defiled herself and could not cook his food; that he would have nothing more to do with her and would get another wife.

"He then called her parents who came in a great rage, tried to force her to return home and be re-instated in caste. When curses failed, the mother wept and begged for her to return. The dear girl remained firm and the parents left, putting the curses of the gods on her and saying that if they couldn't force her, they would bring a police who would. Can we ever express the agony of prayer of those long hours? But God *did* hear and the father returned *alone* (no police). Claspng his hands he begged us to forgive him for causing us so much trouble; also asked us to take her away from Chupra. He said that since she had become a Christian they never wanted to see her again. He wept as he spoke to her. We went into the house where a little impromptu praise service followed. We found the girl hiding, and though beholding her father's tears had the extraordinary courage to stand by her new-found faith. We sent her to a Girl's School the next morning at about 1:30. A few days later the husband sent word that unless we gave her back he would take the matter to Court, and the mother said they would sell their cows to pay the expense, but again prayer prevailed, and the girl is still safe in school. The parents are much melted and we feel they, too, will soon come to love Jesus."

* * *

A letter from Mrs. Eva Turner, who has just gone with her husband to the work at Taiianfu, Shantung, China, under Brother L. M. Anglin, tells us of having recently been prostrated by a sun-stroke. When passing through the very valley of the shadow of death the Lord spoke to her so sweetly and said, "I have need of thee. Thy work is not finished." In the morning God raised her up.

She told of the power of God falling in a meeting on a little Chinese boy, twelve years of age, and of how he spoke, under the anointing in the English language. It was very sweet to these new missionaries to see this manifestation of the power of God in that dark land upon a

poor little beggar boy who in the natural could not speak a word of English.

Brother and Sister Turner sailed for China in September, from the Akron (O.) Assembly, and desire the prayers of God's people in their new field of labor.

What a Native Worker Can Do

The first soul that Brother Wieneke led to Christ eight years ago is now his trusted and tried helper in Tsinningchow. He was his language teacher and has been with him in his joys and in his sorrows; has proved him to be faithfulness itself. The following extract from a letter written to Brother Wieneke in his absence will prove the value of native workers:

"I will carefully keep the Lord's instructions and go forward. I feel very much that Jesus is helping me do His work. The Lord is giving me faith, zeal and opportunity to preach. I am His servant and in these days He is sending me to the place where the water is deep to catch fish. There was a theatre inside the North Gate at the 'Kuan ti Miao' for three days. I went a few days before to find a place to preach, and the Lord had prepared a cool place on a street east from the temple where the theatre could not be seen, but everybody who came or went had to pass that place. I prepared a table and a few chairs and went every mornng early and preached until evening. There were very, very many people passed the whole day and some who were touched didn't leave the place; didn't care to see the theatre but listened to the Gospel and bought a Bible. In the evening when we came home we held a meeting in which many women especially attended. They listened with their whole heart and asked for more instruction. My eldest son helped me preach every day and my third son helped in the singing."

Who would not want to support such a native worker? Let us not forget Brother Wieneke and his faithful helper. They are passing through special tests because hitherto their help has come from Germany, but that has now been cut off. The friends in Germany are still desirous of helping but have no way of sending their contributions on, so others, we trust, will step into the breach.

Teaching Native Christians

During the rainy season in India when little touring could be undertaken, our missionaries in Uska Bazar have been having some special teaching for their Indian Christians in order to more fully establish them in the Word and it has brought good results. The Spirit led our Sister Bernice Lee, to talk on the subject of immersion under a great anointing, and God worked. Three days later they all walked through the fields to a pool where five, who had formerly been sprinkled, were immersed. The Spirit of God descended upon their Bible woman who was the first to go into the water, and as she came out she shouted and praised God, her face shining with His glory. Two weeks later she received a glorious baptism in the Spirit. The other Bible woman who followed her, had received the baptism of the Spirit sometime before, and she,

too, was flooded with the glory of God. It was a time of spiritual refreshing to all.

Their Brahmin convert is out daily preaching the Gospel. God has established him through much prayer and he is being used of the Lord.

* * *

. First Annual Convention of the Pentecostal City Mission of Pittsburgh (Pa.) will be held at 518 Wylie Ave. (one block from Court House) Jan. 18-28, 1918. A number of min-

isters and missionaries will be present. For further information write Joseph Tunmore, 608 Virginia Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Annual Convention of the Apostolic Pentecostal Assembly of Troy, N. Y., will be held Jan. 13-20, 1918 at 54 Harrison Place. Foreign missionaries in the homeland are urgently invited to attend. For further information write the Secretary C. C. Simons 54 Harrison Place, Troy, N. Y.

Lessons from the Body

The Key To Unity

Mrs. Lydia M. Piper, 4209 Berkeley Ave., Chicago, at the Petoskey Camp Meeting.



OR as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. . . . For the body is not one member but many. If the foot shall say because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear shall say because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him." I Cor. 12:12-18.

I do not know whether you chafe under your place in the body or not, but I have met people who are constantly chafing because of their place in the body. They do not like the position in which God has placed them, and chafe because they are not where Sister Brown or Brother Jones is. I want to tell you a little parable that has been a great blessing to me. There was a man who, while not very sick, yet was not well. He hadn't any serious trouble, was not a consumptive or an epileptic; didn't have any fever but was all out of sorts. He looked at his tongue every day, felt his pulse, and went to his neighbors for advice, asking them what to do for his depleted condition.

One night he had this dream: He thought he heard the members of his body discussing his condition, and they held a regular council. The Feet, the lowest members of the body, said that if all the members of the body were like them there would be no trouble. They said: "We have to carry the burden of the whole body; we have to run everywhere and bear all the weight

of the body, and it is because we are overworked and the others not doing their duty that the body is in the condition it is." Then the Hands said, "It is we who are overworked. We have to wash the body, and bathe the face many times in a day, and that is the reason the body is out of gear because we are doing more than our share." And the Brain said, "I am unseen but I am like a general for a large army. I have to control the body and tell it just what to do. I am overworked, while others are not doing what they should, and that is the reason we are as we are." Then the Stomach, which is a very important part of the body, said, "Well I am overworked, I have to digest all the tough morsels that come my way and send the nutrition out through the blood, and I am tired. If they all did as much as I do, all would be well." Whereupon the Lungs said, "Look at us. We have to draw in all the oxygen to keep the body going. Everything depends on us." The Eyes said, "We are like a watchman in a tower. What would the body do without us? We have to see all the danger and warn the body of everything. We run to and fro looking for things all the time, and we are overworked. If the rest of the body were like us, all would be perfect." Then the Ears said, "That is not true. I am trained to hear everything, night and day." Then the Tongue, that unruly member said, "I have to talk, talk, talk, all the time, have all the information on the end of my tongue all the time, and it is because of this extra work I am doing that the body is suffering."

And then the Heart, the seat of love, with its voice like music, said, "I have just been thinking, if the body is all wrong, then we as members must be wrong because the body is composed of different members, and I have been

thinking, as the Brain said, we are an army of workers, although I do not have such noble thoughts as the brain has." And the Brain spoke up and said, "Oh yes, you have been a great help to me. I could not have dominated if you hadn't helped." "No," the Heart said, "I do not think I have beat as regularly as I should have. I have been feeble. You know a faint heart soon undermines the body," and the Heart began to take itself to task. When the other members of the body saw that the heart was contrite, they too, began to get a confessing mood on them, and the Feet said, "On thinking it over we do not think we have done as well as we might have, and from now on we are going to run the errands without a murmur." The Hands said, "We feel we have done our work very carelessly, and if I have to wash the body and carry the heavy loads I will do it as long as I can. I am going to make this member a perfect one." The Eye said, "I have looked sometimes on things that have not been clean and wholesome, and as I have looked, the re-action has come back on the body. From now on I shall look only on that which is pure," and the Ears vowed they would no longer listen to slander, and the Lungs promised that from henceforth they would inhale only the pure air of God. The Stomach said, "I will tackle any tough thing that comes my way and digest it without a murmur," and the Tongue, that poor little member, said, "I have thought all this time that I was an orator, and I have been saying things that have inflamed the whole body, but from now on I shall speak only that which is helpful and good."

Oh the tongues that have said things that have inflamed the church, the body of Christ! There are some people who cannot speak kindly of anyone. Before they are aware of it they are saying something unkind about another member of the body. The Tongue continued, "There were times when my Creator wanted me to be silent, and my silence would have benefited the whole body, and from now on I will co-operate with the other members to make the body strong and well." Then the Brain followed with the words from the old Book, "For the body is not one member but many. . . . And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. . . . And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it." Instead of applause the general council broke up in silence. Friends,

when God speaks to us it brings a deep silence into our inmost depths. There is a solemnity comes over our spirits, and the best of us have to cry out, "Woe is me!" The council broke up in deep silence and the man awoke and said, "My whole body feels as if it were made over." Each member knew why. It was because each one had resolved to do his best in performing his functions.

When I heard that parable I asked God that He would help me to do my best in whatever part of the Body I was placed, and not bother with the other members except to pray for them. There is a sense in which I believe the human heart never recovers from having wronged a fellow being. God will forgive you and put it as far from you as the East is from the West, but it is harder to recover from a wrong you do to another than from what another does to you. There is a great deal of talk about things being under the blood, but the blood does not cover that which has not been really repented of, and for which restitution has not been made. If you have sinned against one member of the body and maligned him, and not recognized his place, God will hold you responsible. When confession and restitution are made you can look your brethren in the face and speak about things being under the blood. I like to hear messages that lift one into the clouds. I love the demonstration of the Spirit, but if you do not live like you soar, it doesn't amount to anything. You can pray for a blessing until you are hoarse but it will not avail unless your heart is right. The great barriers to power with God and a close walk with Him are lack of humility, spiritual pride, and a desire to be a part of the body that God never intended you to be. "God hath set the members everyone of them in the body, *as it hath pleased Him*," and we must be content to stay where He puts us. If the Lord wants us to hold some hidden place in the body He will bestow upon us just as abundant honor as if we had a prominent place. Perhaps He has given you the place of an intercessor to hold the body together, and you have neglected your part so that the whole body suffers.

Are you an unruly member of the body? Are you a sore spot? hard to live with? God pity the so-called Christians who become diseased and cause the whole body to suffer! Let us rather be helpful members, strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees. It is one thing to be religious and another thing to be

spiritual. It is one thing to be a professing Christian and another to be Christ-like. It is one thing to contend for a doctrine in your church associations and in the family and another thing to let a spiritual influence radiate from you.

How apt we are when things do not go right in an assembly for one member to blame the trouble on another, just as in this parable: "The blessing isn't coming;" "the singing is all out of the spirit;" "our pastor doesn't preach with so much power as he used to," etc., etc., and you know just where to put the blame. How many members in the body get down on their faces when things go wrong, and say, "Lord, search me!" Do not blame each other if things are wrong. You can right a wrong far easier by way of the throne than by reproaching each other. An illustration comes to me now that applies to those holding enmity towards each other; I do not know that there are any here who do, but this may be helpful to souls who are trying to get to God. It is a story of a true conversion which happened in a friend's meeting down in the southern part of Illinois. There was a woman praying at the altar for the peace of God to come into her heart, and she didn't seem to be able to get anywhere. Finally the minister went over to where she was kneeling, and said, "Sister, God is faithful. He never fails to satisfy a hungry, honest heart. What is the matter?" "Well," she said, "there is a woman in the audience whom I sinned against. I have asked her to forgive me and she will not do it. I am truly sorry for what I have done, which she knows, and God knows, but I do not seem to be able to get the peace of God, feeling that she will not forgive me." The minister arose and said, "There is a sister at the altar and she has been crying to God for days and she says she cannot get the peace of God because of some one in this audience holding an unforgiving spirit toward her. Will that person please come forward?" There was not a move, and he knelt down and asked her who it was, and then rose and said, "Now I know the name of the person, and if she doesn't come down here I will call it out." Then she came running down the aisle and said brokenly, "Well I will forgive you," and with that the Spirit of God fell upon her and she got a blessing she hadn't had for years. The sister who had been kneeling there wept her way through, and praised the Lord for a full salvation. I wonder if there is anybody hearing

these words who is keeping another back because of an unforgiving spirit. The whole assembly will suffer because of one member holding a hard, bitter spirit.

A business man was at the altar seeking God, but he could not get anywhere. Finally, the minister said, "Brother, peace is for you." "Well," he said, "I hate my brother. He did me an injury." Just then a man came through the door of the tent who bore a strong resemblance to the man at the altar. He came slowly to the front and when he got near the altar he extended his hand, and said, "My brother, will you forgive me?" God will meet you just to the extent you meet the other member of the body, whether brother in the flesh or in the Lord. The man hesitated a moment and there was a conflict in his heart, the Spirit of God and the spirit of the devil striving within him. Then he said, "I will," and as they embraced each other, the tent was filled with shouts and praises. And what happened? The windows of heaven were opened, and from that night on the Spirit of God was poured out in that place. We have to take an account of stock and clean house occasionally. Our houses would become very dirty if we did not have our cleaning days, and just so with our lives. Let the Holy Spirit get into the dark recesses of our hearts and show us the dirty places, the unclean corners; the corners which the devil has covered with cobwebs trying to hide the muck and dirt. All these things hinder the spiritual growth of an assembly; they hinder a revival. It is hard on your spiritual pride to have to admit there is house-cleaning to be done, but there is no better way of getting rid of it than by this humbling process. Give your spiritual pride a mortal blow and the cleaning-up process is partly accomplished. If you have not a teachable spirit, a humble spirit, your place is at the altar until it is wrought out in your life. May God enable us all, as members of the Lord's Body, joined together by the one Spirit, to perform our work as loyally and as zealously as He gives us grace and strength.

The Fate of the Apostles

All the apostles were insulted by the enemies of their Maker. They were called to seal their testimonies with their blood, and nobly did they bear the trial. Schumacher says:

Matthew suffered martyrdom by being slain with a sword, at a distant city of Ethiopia.

Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been cruelly dragged through the streets of that city.

Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in the classic land of Greece.

John was put in a caldron of boiling oil, but escaped death in a miraculous manner, and was afterward branded at Patmos.

Peter was crucified at Rome, with his head downward.

James the Greater was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James the Less was thrown from a lofty pinnacle of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

Bartholomew was flayed alive.

Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to his persecutors until he died.

Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

Jude was shot to death with arrows.

Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

Barnabas of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonica.

Paul, after various tortures and persecutions, was at length beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Nero.

Such was the fate of the apostles, according to traditional statements.—*Selected.*

“Other Little Ships”



MOST of us, when we read the story of the Stilling of the Tempest on the Lake overlook the fact that there were along with the disciples' boat

“OTHER LITTLE SHIPS.”

St. Mark, however, especially notes this circumstance, and it suggests ideas worth considering, for there must have been a storm for them also. Possibly the other boats belonged to fishermen plying their calling, or to friends and followers of Jesus. Anyhow, they encountered the storm, and they shared, too, in the peace which followed the sudden squall.

I think that suggests this thought: that God's blessings have a way of overflowing. It is not enough that He should deliver the boat which contains the disciples. At the same time with the surplus of His bounty, He will save the other little ships as well.

Even in material things, as you know, it is difficult to draw the line and say, Here the blessing ends. When an order comes to the ship-building yard it is not only the firm that builds the ship which reaps the benefit; many small tradesmen and humble housekeepers who have nothing whatever to do with the ship building, also know better times. But in higher levels the feature becomes much more visible. Think of preachers, poets and the prophets of the Unseen who have most blessed and helped you. It was God who gave them these gifts, but you and many others have been enriched because God was good to them. That indeed, is the only real sort of Election.

There is no question but that “God elects some.” But never merely for themselves; always with His eye on others to be blessed

through them. My idea of election is that when God delivered the disciples' boat from its distress, He was thinking also of the “other little ships” alongside who were to share in the deliverance. We say that God elected Israel, as indeed He did. But not for Israel's own sake merely. Even we, in this year of grace are like little ships in the neighborhood of that ark, for we are still seeing God in these Hebrew Scriptures, and praising Him in Israel's Psalms. His blessing has overflowed. That is why it never perplexes me to find occasionally, outside of the church and the profession of religion altogether, beautiful characters and noble lives. It is in line with God's law in other spheres that the world should be enriched and sanctified with the overflow of His favor to those who are called by His Name. That is merely another instance of Grace which has broken bounds. These are some of the “other little ships” sharing, though they know it not, in the disciples' blessing. These are wind-blown seeds from the Garden of the Lord.

Now change the point of view a little. When those in the disciples' boat awoke to a sense of their danger, and through the presence of Christ, saved themselves from shipwreck, they had done more than they knew. They had saved the “other little ships” also. They were indeed responsible, for those others as well as for themselves.

Now that is a fact which runs through the whole of life. A man who was hill-climbing with his boy was once made to think very hard, and resolve on certain changes of his habits, by a remark which his son flung towards him as they scaled a steep place in single file. “Take care, father,” he said, “for I am following in your steps.” There are rocks which you know

of, fathers that you may perhaps steer near to without hurt but there are "other little ships" coming along in your wake. How about them? Can they do it? And if they don't, whose is the responsibility?

Every man, however obscure, has his following, but it is specially worth the Christian man's while to remember that there are with him "other little ships." "For their sakes," said Jesus once, "I sanctify Myself." Whether we realize it or not, there is always this vicarious element in all Christian living. Growl and grumble, and you make life harder for those about you. Face it with a quiet trust in God, in the faith and fellowship of Jesus, and you call out a similar faith on all sides of you. However poor you esteem your influence, it is a fact that there are those who are taking their notions of Christian living from you, whose ideals will tumble as you lower yours.

What after all, is the Christian life but "having Christ on board your boat?" And when that is so, then, both in Galilee and in your own town, both in storm and in calm, something comes, something of blessing and helpfulness ought to come to the little ships alongside. For that is a responsibility of which no disciple of Jesus Christ can ever possibly divest himself.

Change the point of view again. It was in answer to the prayer of the disciples that deliverance came also to those in the other little ships. They were saved by faith but not by their own faith. They were blessed in answer to prayer but it was not their own prayer. We have in this an almost perfect figure in the value of intercessory prayer. And in the New Testament you find other instances of this same truth. Do you remember how Christ once blessed a Syrophenician daughter because her mother's faith was strong? Do you remember how Christ once healed a paralytic when He saw the faith of the four men who carried his bed? The blessing of the other little ships is exactly in line with these. This is a kind of prayer—it is the highest kind indeed,—about which the natural man is rather incredulous, and even devout people are sometimes not very sure.

But the curious thing is that in these days of ours, confirmation and support for it are coming from quite an unexpected quarter, for psychic investigation, which seems to be giving us glimpses into other mysteries, is at present teaching us the reasonableness and the value of this very form of prayer.

We are being told today through the youngest of the Sciences that you really do a great deal for a man when you send out to him like wireless messages, your hopes and desires and prayers to God for his welfare. We now know at least quite certainly that we cannot measure, and we must not talk as if we could measure the spirit forces that stream out in beneficent radiations from the heart of a praying man or woman. And from all this, Christian people can at any rate, take fresh courage to believe that they can really further the cause and help the friends they love by their prayers for them. That never was doubted, of course, by those who were in the secret of the Lord. But it looks as if our newest science were going to shame the unbelief of many who profess themselves of the school of Christ.

Our usefulness is greater than we realize. We are our brother's keeper in a wider sense than we think. If his heart is hard and his eyes holden, we ask, and we have pleaded with him in vain, is not our responsibility at an end? Must it not be unto him according to his faith or want of faith at the least? No. We have touched a deeper truth than that today, and let us not forget it; it may be unto my brother, yet according to *my prayer and my faith*.

A SUBSCRIBER.

A Very Present Help

THIS testimony is given for the glory of God and with the hope of helping someone else to put their trust fully in God in time of deepest test and need. It was sent to us by our Sister Wanner who was then in Canada, but is now living in Geneseo, Illinois.

Early in the Spring Mr. Wanner, her husband, was employed by a young man to build a barn and house. After he had been away from home for about three weeks his wife offered her services in cooking as the men were living alone and had to work out in the field quite a distance from the house. Subsequent events proved that the Lord led her in this step. His hand can often be seen undertaking for us in the time of emergency; while He permits us to pass through deep trials, He proves Himself faithful in the trial.

As soon as the barn was completed Mr. Wanner began operations on the house and while shingling the roof the scaffolding suddenly gave way; he was thrown against the ladder and then fell to the ground with an awful shock, where he

lay for a time unconscious. He finally walked into the house but was not able to speak to his wife in answer to her questions. A neighbor soon came in and told her of the accident and he was undressed and put to bed. As there was no doctor within thirty miles of the place they were forced to lean heavily on Him who has promised to "be a very present help in time of trouble."

These were days of deep trial as his wife, after careful examination, found that some of his ribs and also his shoulder blade were broken; his entire side and arm were so bruised that they were black and green; he had hemorrhages almost constantly for a week and the suffering was intense. Surely this was a time to prove God. Mrs. Wanner felt her need of co-operation in prayer and faith and wrote a number of letters to ministers and friends asking them to join her in this battle. About three weeks later they received a reply from a friend containing an anointed handkerchief which Mrs. Wanner applied to the afflicted parts of his body and claimed healing in the name of the Lord. Immediately the power of the Holy Spirit surged through his body and his heart was so filled with worship that he could not cease adoring Him who was able to save from death and destruction, and the house was filled with the praise which ascended to the throne of God. The work was completed, he was entirely healed. On the following day he walked three miles to his own home and two days after he was again able to work. Truly this was nothing short of a miracle when one realizes that he was seventy-one years of age. Is God able to adjust broken bones in aged people? Many say He is not, but it was no harder for Him to knit his bones together than for Him to do it in a child.

Reports came in from time to time of the assurance of healing God had given to those who, in response to the many requests, prayed earnestly for Mr. Wanner's healing. One sister walked eleven miles to join her sister in prayer for his recovery and they received blessed evidence that God had heard and answered prayer. May God's children be more faithful in this most important of all ministries.

Sometime after this Mrs. Wanner stepped on a nail, it having gone through her foot and protruded back of the little toe and through the joint of the bone. For almost two weeks she suffered intense pain and finally blood-poison set in. There seemed to be no hope and she became almost dis-

couraged and was ready to give up. There was a little spark of hope, however, and they fell on their faces before God. There the spark was kindled; her heart was filled with praises to God, she forgot all about the foot, all about the blood-poisoning and the suffering and was lost in God, and He who never fails to hear the cry of His children answered prayer as before and she was made whole that very hour.

Revival in a New Field

EVANGELIST A. T. RAPE has been holding a seven weeks' meeting in Flint, Michigan, with blessed results. The first week the average congregation was from ten to fifteen, but there was a gradual increase until the last Sunday night when there were at least a hundred and fifty present, all that the room would hold. The spiritual tide rose steadily, and at the close of the last service there were thirty seekers for salvation and the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Two young men who received salvation have gone out into the work. They opened up a mission in a neighboring state and report that souls are being saved every night.

The first Sunday of the meeting a prayer meeting was held in one of the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. and young men passing through the hall heard the praying and came in. From this little impromptu service they have started a regular prayer-meeting in the Y. M. C. A. which has continued sometimes during the whole night. A number of the young men have been saved through it.

Among the most notable of a number of healings was a woman who had cancer of the stomach. In answer to prayer she was wonderfully delivered, the cancer loosening from the walls of her stomach and passing from her in particles.

Another woman who had been suffering for several years with consumption and spent most of her time in a wheel chair, it being difficult for her to walk, was prayed for and received healing. Immediately after the Lord touched her body she walked upstairs and down, and back again, something she had not been able to do for a long time without feeling the effects of it. Any attempt at this previously has brought on a fainting spell.

As a result of this healing, the daughter in the family became saved and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. She was so on fire for souls that she asked permission of the teacher to hold a prayer-meeting in one of the High Schools which she attended, which was granted. As they knelt to pray the girls wept before the Lord and some were saved. They now have a prayer-meeting every afternoon for the High School girls.

Brother Rape said that one service in these meetings that stood out above all the others was

when he was preaching under a mighty anointing on the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. The altar was immediately filled with seekers and while praying for them he was carried away in the Spirit and had a vision of Jesus, the blood streaming from His hands and feet and from His side, and he heard the voice of the Master saying, "This is what your redemption cost." During that altar service, two men who had apparently been unmoved during the meeting, jumped from their seats and rushed to the altar, crying unto the Lord for mercy. One received the call to preach the Gospel that night.

TRACTS

8. **POWER OVER EVIL SPIRITS**, a tract on the casting out of demons in Jesus' name. 16 pages.

14. **IS GOD IN EVERYTHING?** Just the tract to send to a tested child of God, who is going through deep trial. 12 pages.

19. **THE WONDERS OF FAITH**, by F. F. Bosworth. How to Receive the Faith of God. An encouragement to timid, shrinking souls. Faith for mighty works made easy. 24 pages.

22. **DISCERNING THE LORD'S BODY**, by F. F. Bosworth. A new tract on Divine Healing, presenting the subject in a new phase; shows how living Faith makes disease impossible, and why many are weak and sickly. 20 pages.

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