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The days of Heaven on the Earth

◦ ◦ ◦ ◦ Contents ◦ ◦ ◦ ◦

The Great Lack in the Church2
 Religious Rebuke a Lost Art.....2

Oneness With Jesus in His Glory.....7
 The Key to Blessing.....7

A Jewel From the Depths.....10
 Transformed thro' the Gospel.....10

Notes12
 A World-Wide Missionary Conference.12
 Workers Together13
 The Price He Paid.....13
 Los Angeles Revival14

Lights and Shadows in Hawaii.....15

Life Out of Death16
 A Curse Turned to a Blessing.....16
 From Judaism to Christianity.....16

Divine Healing in the Path of Obedience....19
 The Signs Following the Word.....19

Blackest Night in the Dark Continent.....22
 Amid the Horrors of Witchcraft.....27

An International Monthly Magazine

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

HAWTHORN CHICAGO

The Holy Spirit the Great Lack in the Churches

Religious Rebuke a Lost Art

Pastor William Fetter in the Jewish Conference, January 25, 1918



IN THE Acts of the Apostles, nineteenth chapter, we read as follows: "And it came to pass while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus: and finding certain disciples, he said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Of course you know the mistake in the Authorized Version about that little word *since*. It should read, "when ye believed." I desire to dwell on this theme about the Holy Spirit.

One day when our students in the Russian Bible Institute got together in September, a brother came from Scranton to hold meetings, and while we were in these meetings the Spirit came near to us and melted our hearts. He sought some who had been living in sinfulness. Whenever you notice the conviction of sin upon the sinner or backsliding Christian, you will always notice the power of the Holy Spirit. When lives are untouched it is because there is not the touch of the Holy Ghost, and as we were dwelling in His presence at one of the testimony meetings, we ceased to look at the clock or our watches, because when you go into the audience of the Czar, or the King or the President you do not look at your watch but wait until the King or the President tells you to go. That brother from Scranton said in his prayer, "Teach us to live the Holy Spirit." It was a new prayer which I hadn't heard before, but more and more there seems to be in my own Christian ministry some irresistible power bringing me in touch with the Spirit of God. I believe every true Christian must feel something of that. Where the Spirit of God is there is love, and joy, and peace, and everything that makes up for the normal Christian condition. Where the Spirit of God is not, you have to go to the hospital; you cannot eat spiritual food, but the Holy Spirit will get you out of the hospital.

I have been burdened with the present state of our Protestant churches, and had intended in this talk to deal exclusively on the matter of New Theology, for I have been seeing the danger in our Protestant churches. We have come together here, not as high, proud, New Theologians, but

our very presence in this Moody Church must show that we believe in the Old Theology. Others would not come into this Tabernacle. People who believe in the New Theology must have everything very beautiful and would not come together to worship where the rain comes through and drops on people's heads. I dislike all the stained glass windows in the churches, and like the bright sunshine, but I do not want to go into the cemetery until I die.

Now we are proud of the fact that we believe in the old Bible; that we are orthodox and do not reject the Word of God, but then there is the danger of self-satisfaction, of settling down in a self-satisfied way, and as I mused upon that the question came to me, "Did you receive the Holy Ghost when you believed?" They were true believers in that day, they were not heretics, and yet the Apostle Paul had to ask them this question. There are many people today who hear much about the Holy Ghost and yet have not received Him. There are some who are like I was for a number of years after I was converted. I was a student of the Word and I wondered why it didn't get into my brains; but I tried to understand it with my head and not with my heart, and that was the trouble. When your head is full and your heart is empty there is no working of the Holy Ghost.

In Russia I had to speak at Christmas time about Christ, not only in Bethlehem, but in our hearts; at Easter I had to speak of the Paschal Lamb, and that matter was familiar to me too, but when Pentecost came I was at a loss. All my preaching was backward. I was preaching a backward Holy Spirit. I was telling that there was an outpouring of the Holy Spirit twenty centuries ago, but I had nothing to offer to the people before me, and so I was at a loss. And there are many preachers today who deal with things in the abstract. They take the Bible and choose a text and deal with it, but no good ever gets into the hearts of the people; and so I see there are two dangers in this country. I am dealing with the churches of America because I am here, and I see these two dangers here.

In the first chapter of Revelation we read that if an angel should bring any other Gospel, let him be accursed. Some may say, "that doesn't

touch us." If you are not a real member of the body of Christ it will not touch you. If you are not a real patriot you do not care who is in your camp, whether he is a spy or not, but if you are a patriot you are not indifferent to those who would blow up munition plants and sink ships. I believe I profess to be a real patriot of the kingdom which is not of this world. I am not indifferent therefore whether in the Christian church, so-called, there are spies or not, whether a Gospel is preached which is right or wrong. I do not want to be one whit behind the apostles. If the Apostle Paul felt so intense that he applied that terrible word, *anathema*—let him be accursed, at the sight of the New Theology; if the Apostle John, the gentlest of all the apostles, so filled with love, used those fiery, indignant words. If any man come to you and "bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house neither bid him God speed," is not this our duty also? That is what we said in our Bible Institute in Philadelphia. I announced for my first meeting that everybody is welcome who will bring the sound Gospel, but if anybody does not, let him keep out or get converted. That is the only way. We cannot belittle the Word of God and do such foolish and dangerous things as exchanging pulpits with Unitarians or even unconverted Rabbis. I am willing to preach in the Unitarian church or a synagogue, but I will not allow a Unitarian or an unconverted Rabbi to come into my pulpit. The ship has to go into the sea, but woe to the ship if the sea gets into it. We have to keep our platform clear. It is holy ground. Men must speak in the power of the Holy Spirit, but strange fire must not be brought before the Lord in the temple. That is why many of the churches are spiritually dead, because of the compromising spirit of the devil. Some one says, "Oh yes, Pastor Fetler, but we do constructive work; we do not want to do destructive work. We simply teach the truth that men do not know." The Psalmist asks, "If the foundations be destroyed what can the righteous do?" If the foundations are broken down you can preach the truth as long as you like, but it will not stand.

When I was giving up the Russian School in New York City because of wrong theology, because I was advised by some parties that I should not teach the Russian students the Virgin birth, the atoning sacrifice, etc, at one of the meetings which was called by the Managers, one man said, "Pastor Fetler, I believe just as you be-

lieve. I am an orthodox man. My father was one of the most orthodox teachers in the country, but he never fought as you are fighting. We want you simply to stand up for the truth and not take the other side." I said, "Why don't you send that advice to Secretary of War Baker, to stand up for the truth and not send anybody to France. Why do you make ships to take munitions and soldiers to France? When the Secretary of War will listen to you, then will I. While we do testify to the truth, yet if your father were living in the days of Moses when Moses on the Mount received the tables of stone upon which were written the commandments of God, and if Moses acted as your father acted or as you beseech me to act, what would have been the result? When Moses came down from the mount, and noticed the noise in the camp and saw the golden calf, he would have said in the words of your father something on this wise, holding those two tables of stone in his hand. "Oh yes, a golden calf, ahem! Well I have my tables of stone all right. I will go into my corner, and you in yours. I will preach in the camp in some corner. I will tell you God is just and true and preach about these laws, but I will not fight the calf, I am doing constructive work. I cannot destroy that calf." Did Moses do that? The first thing he did was to smash the law because with iniquity in the camp the law is of non-effect. And then he got into close quarters with the calf and smashed it. That was Moses, but these twentieth century theologians reverse it. I believe that in matters of Christian faith people should have common sense. Why should you apply common-sense principles in business matters and uncommon-sense principles in matters of religion? So to go back to this matter we cannot be indifferent as to the question of New Theology. I have been surprised to find so many orthodox men so quiet on this subject. You know there is a saying that there are some dogs who do not bark. Are you some such dog? If we find they have been misled into the hands of the devil by a false Christian charity, let us start such a barking in the Protestant churches of the United States of America that there will be no doubt of our being heard. There was a little dog in Germany called Martin Luther, and when that fellow began to bark, the pope began to tremble. There was a Savonarola in Italy. Have you heard his barking? There was a John Huss and a Wycliffe. How those men barked! There is a false Christian charity

which says, "Oh never mind. Leave him in peace." Why do you not leave the German spies in peace? The brother of your pastor who was saved eight months ago and received the Holy Spirit, was almost poisoned a few weeks ago in Buffalo. A waiter in a hotel gave him enough arsenic to kill a regiment. The colored waiter in the Pullman said, "Why, what is the matter with you? There is foam upon your lips." The doctor was called and found he had been poisoned, and they sent to the hotel and found the remaining part of the sandwich in the garbage pail. It was because he had discovered how to make the German dyes they had previously made in Germany. The government took six or seven of those waiters, put them against the wall and they were shot. A government knows there can be no mercy to spies or the country will go to pieces, and where the world is as wise as that, we in our Protestant churches allow spies of the devil, we call them "Reverends," to go around with uplifted hands and poison the minds of our countrymen. A young man who went through a Seminary in the East said, "When I entered the Seminary I had something to tell about Jesus. When I graduated I had nothing left." Let us get hold of the Sword and stand up for the truth. I am so decidedly against the New Theology because their teachers are spiritless teachers, and their churches are spiritless churches. They have not the Holy Spirit, and the reason is because the foundation of that abominable theology is the denial of the atoning sacrifice of Jesus. It is Cain's theology. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. It wants you to be refined and cultured, but without life. Where there is no blood, no sacrifice of Calvary, there can be no Holy Spirit. You know in the Old Testament when a man was a leper and he was brought to the priest, first upon the ear was poured the blood of sacrifice, and then the oil, the Holy Spirit; first of all you must be cleansed by the precious blood before you receive the Holy Spirit. Where there is the rejection of the blood it is not simply the rejection of Calvary but the rejection of the Holy Spirit too. It is the new and false religion. "Believe not every spirit" that has come into the world.

One of the first cases which came to my notice two and a half years ago after I had landed on the shores of this country, opened my eyes to the condition of things. By invitation I went to hold some meetings in a church in

Rhode Island for three weeks. In the train I asked the Lord for a message and the Lord seemed to send me again and again to the third chapter of John. You of course know the subject in that chapter, Ye must be born again; He also gave me the story of the Brazen Serpent. I arrived at the church and I remember how I sat with the pastor before the public. I had a fairly large congregation, and my sermon was in my mind, and I said to the pastor, "Tell me who these people are who are gathered here." A minister must diagnose his people. Here a minister comes and doesn't find out the state of the people. He has a set of sermons and winds them off like a graphophone. You can order anything you want just as you would order a selection by Paderewsky, but that shows the absence of the leading of the Holy Spirit. If I am a messenger of the Holy Spirit I must ask Him for His message and I am simply a postman. How can I know what I ought to preach? Tonight I wanted to preach on Jeremiah but the Holy Spirit told me to talk from the Acts of the Apostles. If I would be as my Master the Holy Spirit must be my Guide. I come to a strange congregation and if I have a good walk and talk with the Holy Spirit, He tells me what to preach, and He will never give a message which will not fit the needs of the people. Very often I was called to lecture upon Russia or something else, and I went and there was no power of the Holy Spirit. Why? Because I went traveling in some New Theology churches before I was wise enough to know their lack. I never tell the New Theology people about our mission work now. God doesn't want unconverted people to know about mission work. The only message for them is, "Ye must be born again." So on this occasion I said to this pastor, although it would have been better had I not done so, "What are these people?" He said, "Oh, they are practically all members of the church." "What," I said, "members of the church?" "Yes," he answered, and I was nonplussed. I had just come from Russia, from a revival center, where to be a member of a church meant to be a regenerated person. It costs much in Russia to be saved, to confess Christ; it means the loss of your property, to be sent to Siberia, therefore anybody who didn't mean business and give up his sins would not just be a member of a church. When he said that I thought it meant a message for believers, but there was my Brazen Serpent sermon, and I said to myself, "What about the

regeneration sermon? Surely these people must have been born again." But I turned aside from that thought and turned to Galatians and talked to them on, "If ye then be risen with Christ seek the things that are above," and talked on the deep things of God. I tried to speak in plain English but as I looked into their faces they looked sheepish, and as if I were speaking Chinese. I tried to improve my accent, but nothing helped. The meeting ended without power. There seemed to be a wet blanket upon it. I went home almost broken-hearted. I thought, "There is one of two things; either I am out of touch with my Master and I did not give a proper message or there is something else the matter, or perhaps I am not right with God. I went the next night; there they were, members of the church, but not so many as the evening before. The next night there were still less, and if the thing went on that way I would have been left to preach to a wood-yard. I had been accustomed to starting with fifty or a hundred people and in a week's time the whole town or city was stirred, but when this condition exists as it did here, there is always something wrong. You preachers must not scold the people when they do not come. Scold yourselves. Get down on your faces before God and you will see something accomplished. It is easy to throw stones at the public, but instead of doing that throw stones at yourselves. If I see anything wrong in my meetings I go home and fast and pray, and when I get right my people get right.

I did not know where the fault lay, but one night after a very cold meeting I took the pastor with me to my room. I was staying at the Y. M. A. I sometimes leave out the C. It was a hard thing to pray in that institution. I said to him, "Let us go and pray and humble ourselves before God. We went to our room and I remember how at eleven o'clock he knelt by my bedside. My heart was heavy and seemed weighted down with a stone, and I said, "Who will roll away the stone from my heart? Oh God am I wrong? Why is there not a movement of the waters? Did I not get a proper message?" and I groaned and questioned for sometime, and suddenly a flash of light came to me, and I said, "Can you guarantee that 50 per cent of the members of your church are born again?" He turned to me and said, "I cannot guarantee it." "Stop praying, my dear man. Why did you not tell me that the first night I came? What did you expect me to do in this place?" I found out afterwards that the professional evangelists are invited not to get people saved but to get a great number

to join the church. If you will understand this one statement and forget everything else you will soon see something set straight. And so I understood from the pastor that he wasn't concerned about getting people really saved in the first place, but to work up and get the outsiders to join the church. I found right on that spot that the New Testament term "regeneration" has been supplanted by the Twentieth Century term, "joining the church." So I said to him, "I will go home, I cannot be a servant of selfishness. I know what to do;" so first of all I went quietly and sweetly to bed. I had the quietest night for many a week. I found out the truth. The next meeting I went to I unearthed my Brazen Serpent sermon and I said, those unregenerated persons must be born again, and if not they must be put out of the church. I told them they would go to hell if they did not get saved, and people began to get saved from that night. The trouble with many ministers is that they do not know their business. If your "Sammies" shoot at the Germans like some of you ministers shoot at your people they will never shoot anybody. I told them that being members of this, that or the other church means nothing. By and by the Lord began to throw light on things. A lady told me of a friend of hers in another church, and she went to her pastor and said, "I will join your church if you will allow me to continue to dance and play cards and go to theatres." "Oh yes, dear lady, you can do that; just come and I will baptize you," and that means death to sin and resurrection with Christ. That is the trouble with the churches of today. I am not censorious, God is my witness, but I have been in meetings conducted by men of national fame and listened for the breath of the Holy Spirit, and I went home broken-hearted. People do not take the message to themselves, they apply it to someone else. While I was in that Institution I spoke to the Secretary of the Institution and said, "Don't you think we ought to get together and pray for an old-time, genuine, Holy Spirit revival?" I was fresh from Russia and most every foreigner is green, and probably this good man thought I was green theologically, and he said, "Well sir, that sort of a revival was good only in the times of Moody and men like that. We do not need that in our Twentieth Century," and that was the case when I struck out the C from that Y. M. A. institution. It is a good work in some places, but do not call it spiritual. Unless you call a cow a cow, and a spade a spade, you never get anywhere. We want to call flesh, spirit, and black, white. He said, "We do not need it."

"How then," I asked, "do you go about this matter? What do you do with your young men?" "Well," he said, "we have our gymnasium, our swimming pools, and some little Bible classes and Bible teaching, and so we work around and by and by they line up into the Christian church." "Yes, my friend, I understand exactly what you mean," and there was standing by me a chair, and I said, "What you mean is that you take this chair and you begin to rub it and polish it, and after some manipulation, out of the chair comes a horse; out of an inanimate thing comes an animate; out of a man comes a spiritual being without the Holy Spirit." I would like to go aside with Jeremiah and say, "If my head was full of fountains of waters I would cry." Thousands of your best young men and women are deceiving themselves thinking that they are Christians when they are not. Nobody is a Christian who has not the Holy Spirit, and if I had just one message to preach and had the time I would go from city to city, and from village to village and from church to church, and would say to the ministers and to the pew, "Have ye received the Holy Spirit since ye believed?" My friends, you cannot hide the Holy Spirit when you have Him. If there is fire in the oven you will feel the heat.

In my closing remarks I will reiterate what I have said along these three lines. First, this New Theology is absolutely spiritless, have nothing to do with it, do not send your men to the seminaries where it is taught. Then your orthodox teaching is fruitless without the Holy Spirit. I stand here as an insignificant witness of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and I am pleading for the primitive Christian church. I am pleading for men and women to turn from their sins and worldliness and say, "Oh Holy Spirit, come and dwell in us!" I am pleading not only for orthodoxy, but more. You can be as orthodox as you please and yet the devil will be no more afraid of you than he was of the seven sons of Sceva in the nineteenth chapter of Acts. Those seven sons were orthodox but the devil fell upon them and took away their clothes because they did not have the Holy Spirit; so I am pleading for a Spirit-filled ministry.

I will wind up with three pictures to show you the difference between New Theology, orthodoxy without the Holy Spirit and orthodoxy with the Holy Spirit, which alone is genuine Christianity. These pictures I illustrate with two animals, a donkey and a lion. There is a fable among the Russians of a donkey which put on a lion's skin. The donkey said, "Everybody despises me so I

will put on this lion's skin, and everybody will run from me." So he did, and made his way toward the boys, and when they saw the lion everybody ran away, and the donkey thought he was a powerful being, and said, "Everybody is afraid of me." But he saw some who were not running, and said, "I will frighten them with my voice. They are not running as fast as they ought." And he shouted out. The villagers said, "Why this is only our donkey, and they took sticks and beat him and took off the lion's skin, and said, "Never do that again." The New Theology is the donkey that has put on the lion's skin. It is not a lion, nothing powerful or attractive, and when the New Theology opens its mouth you hear the donkey's bray. It is not the voice of one crying in the wilderness; it is the voice of a weak, powerless being. Now the orthodox is the lion. I went to the zoo in New York City with my wife and children. We were interested in the lions, and every one of those lions was in a cage. People were passing up and down and nobody was afraid. Each lion paced up and down in his cage which covered only a little space. Why were the people not afraid? He was caged. He was not free. Now you know that where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. I compare this caged lion with a Christian who is not filled with the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of orthodox ministers who are in a cage, and they shout too; those lions in the zoo were not quiet by any means, but nobody was moved by them. When you are not filled with the Spirit there is little inspiration. You can kill but you cannot make alive, and there is nothing that seems sadder to me than a lifeless religion. A number of you men and women have been born again, you are believers, but you have quenched the Spirit; you have no liberty in your testimony, in your singing and your praying. There is something that is binding you. That is why I do not believe even in orthodoxy without the Holy Spirit. Look at a lion whose cage and fetters are broken. Woe to the one who crosses his path. Oh church of Christ! get filled with the Spirit of God and then your protest against sin will be mighty. You will become mighty as an army, terrible with banners. You will gain victories, and when you speak there will be a trembling of the earth and a shaking of the heavens. You will have to be broken to pieces; not in your own mighty strength, no. There is only one way to be filled with the Holy Spirit, and that is to give yourself unreservedly, soul and spirit. Let your bodies become the temples of the Holy Spirit. Not in your effort, not in my

effort, but walking in the Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty, there is joy. Oh when the Spirit of God is in you your face will shine! Let us open to the Spirit of God for

the millions of Russia, for the millions of China, of Africa, and then there will be something that will make our hearts rejoice and our Saviour shall not have died in vain.

Oneness with Jesus Christ in His Glory

The Will of God the Key to Blessing

W. W. Simpson en route to China, in The Stone Church, Feb. 17, 1918



HAVE on my heart this morning a verse from the seventeenth chapter of John, which I realize is my farewell message to the saints in this country as I go forth to China. Verse 22, "And the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one even as we are one." Oh how near the Lord has come to us! In the beginning of this prayer He utters the words, "Father, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee." In the fifth verse He says, "Glorify Thou Me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was," but that is not the "glory" He meant in the twenty-second verse. That was a time away back before the foundation of the world, when that person whom we know as our Lord Jesus Christ had the very glory of God, because then He was in the form of God and He was God. He didn't need to receive that glory, it wasn't a gift to Him, but His own possession. He existed in the family of God and though He was rich yet for our sakes He became poor. He emptied Himself of all that glory He had in the beginning, and we find Him in this prayer speaking of that "glory." He had glorified God, finished the work which the Father had given Him to do, but in order to further glorify Him He prays for the restoration of that glory which He had at the beginning. He did not possess that glory at the time He prayed; not until He had passed through death and ascended up to heaven, far above all principality and far above every power and dominion, and then when He appeared in heaven the Father shared the very throne of the universe, and said, "Sit Thou at My right hand until I make Thy enemies Thy footstool." He overcame and sat down, and from that place He calls us to overcome that we may sit with Him on His throne.

How do you regard Jesus Christ this morning? Let us in these days attentively consider Him the Apostle and High Priest of our profession. God hath in these last days spoken to us by His Son, and He is Himself the sum of all God has to say to you and to me. He not

only came down and stood by our side, came down to our level, was made for a little while lower than the angels, took upon Himself our nature, but He has given to every believer the very same equipment for the race which He Himself possessed. What excuse then is there for us, seeing He overcame? What is the cause of our not overcoming?

We hear a great deal in these days about the unity of the Father and the Son. Jesus Himself repeats the formula many times, "I and my Father are one," but what kind of a unity is He speaking of? Some say it is a unity of personality, that there is only one Person, but if that were so, then Jesus prays and purposes that you and I may be brought into the same unity with the Father that He Himself possesses, and if that is a personality then He prays that you and I may be one with the Father. Is that so? Now do not plunge headlong into something you do not understand, but think of this. Jesus prayed that every believer in this building might be one with Him and the Father. Do you expect to be made one person with the Father? Surely not. That would be absurd.

What was the nature of the unity existing between the Father and the Son? Was it a unity of personality? It was not. He emphatically says, "I am one that bear witness of myself and my Father which hath sent me He also hath borne witness," and there He describes Himself and the Father as *two* witnesses. If they were one Person how could they be two witnesses? The Lord Jesus purposes and plans definitely that you and I and every believer may be brought into that same unity with the Father that He Himself enjoys. The nature then of this unity between the Father and the Son is this: If you look carefully through the records you will find that in the ministry of our Lord Jesus, there was *only one will operated*, *only one purpose fulfilled*. He says again and again, "I came not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." That was the only objective in the life of the Lord Jesus in all that He did and said, and He prays here that this may be true of us just as it was of Him.

Now that is what is practically needed in this world today, that everyone who believes in the Lord Jesus may be brought into such a relationship with God that the will of the individual may no longer be carried out. Paul says in the twelfth chapter of Romans, "that ye may *prove*,"—not by argument, no, but in practical life,—“what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God.” What is the trouble with things in this world today? What is the trouble with the allied nations in their warfare against autocracy? There are too many wills operating; there is no unity. Many leading statesmen say that the Allies will not succeed in their warfare until they get into a unity of purpose. That is what they are trying to do with this Allied War Council. In all the military and naval operations of the Central Powers there is a central control, a unified purpose. That is where they have had the advantage so far in their fighting, and that is exactly what is needed in the armies of the living God today, unified control. We are in a greater conflict than that which is raging between democracy and autocracy. We are in a far greater warfare than the nations of the earth are waging. That which is going on in the earth is but a faint echo of the tremendous spiritual conflict that is being fought in the heavenly places, and in order to get victory over the forces of darkness there must be unified control. That is why the Lord Jesus prayed that we might be one as He and the Father **were one**.

But how is this to be brought about? this oneness of will and purpose, and determination? Jesus says that the method is this: “The glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them, that they may be one even as We are one.” Now what is that glory? We get down to a very practical question now. It is not what Jesus possesses in His own right, but something that was given Him as a gift from God, after He had emptied Himself for our sakes, and became poor. It was the glory which He possessed while He walked this earth as the poorest among men. We have it mentioned in the second chapter of this Gospel, verse 11, “This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth *His glory*; and His disciples believed on Him.” It was by means of that glory that He wrought this miracle, and the result was that the disciples believed on Him. And when that glory is manifested in you and me there will be people who believe on Him. Jesus went up to Jerusalem soon after that and cast out those who bought and sold, and when the Jews

asked for a sign, Jesus answered and said unto them, “Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up.” What constituted the temple? It was the presence of God. The presence of God within the building that Solomon erected constituted it a temple of God, and there was in the ark of the covenant between the Cherubim a certain radiance that was called the Shekinah glory. It was that presence which indicated to Israel that God was dwelling in their midst, and Jesus here speaks of His body as the temple. It simply means that God, the great God who dwelleth in light which is unapproachable, was dwelling within Him, and the Shekinah glory which had shone over the mercy seat of the ark was now shining out from within. So when He said, “Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up,” He spoke of the temple of His body. That is the glory. God was dwelling in Christ. That was the glory the Father gave the Son, and that is how the glory was manifested. Jesus didn’t do these miracles of Himself. He said in speaking of Himself, “The Son can do nothing of Himself,” “Whatsoever He seeth the Father do, that also doeth the Son.” In His teaching and His preaching He did not claim any glory for Himself. “The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself.”

When did the Father give Him this glory? We can see clearly from the Gospel record that there was a certain point in the life of Jesus Christ when the great change took place. Before that time He had lived in Nazareth. He had gone into the synagogue on the Sabbath days; He had labored in the carpenter shop. He had met the people on the streets and associated with them freely in their homes; they had never noticed anything extraordinary in Him, they simply knew Him as the carpenter, the son of Jesus and Mary. They never noticed anything peculiar when He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath days, but one day he came into the synagogue as His custom was, and He stood up to read and there was handed Him the book of the prophet Isaiah. He found the place where it was written, “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord,” and He closed the book, and handed it to the minister and sat down in Moses’ seat, and the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were

fastened upon Him, and He opened His mouth and taught them saying, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears," and they wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth. What was the matter? Since the last time He had been in that synagogue He had been down by the banks of the Jordan, and He had insisted on going down into the water in baptism. And coming up out of the water He prayed, and while He prayed the heavens were opened and the Spirit of God in bodily shape like a dove came down, and He was filled with the Holy Ghost. From that moment the Spirit of God dwelt in Him, and the Holy Ghost wrought out His will through His Son. That is what produced the change. The Father had given Him glory, and that glory was God dwelling in Him. Oh you can see from that moment on, what a change had taken place! God by His Spirit was dwelling in Jesus of Nazareth, and the words He spoke and the works He wrought were not His own but the Father's dwelling in Him. That was the "glory" that the Father gave the Son.

Now Jesus said in His prayer, "The glory which Thou gavest me, I have given them." What does He mean? You know the subject of His conversation with His disciples in the Upper Room. "I will pray the Father and He will send you another Comforter." "At that day ye shall know that I am in the Father and the Father in Me." He tried to make them understand, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," etc., etc., but they could not. But He said, "In that day"—when the Spirit of Truth takes up His abode—"ye shall know that I am in the Father and the Father in Me." Oh when I saw this, that the Lord Jesus Christ though He was the very Son of God Himself, didn't have an inch the start of me in this race, and did not have the advantage of me in preparation and qualification, how it startled me and encouraged me. At the same time He does not ask a single thing of you and me that we are not able to do. He took upon Him, not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham. He was born of a woman and compassed with infirmities and weaknesses, and was made perfect through suffering. He suffered according to the will of God, and has given unto us the same endowment of power, the same mighty infilling and indwelling that He Himself had. Oh lift up your heads! strengthen your feeble knees; stop quaking and trembling; "The glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given them, that they all may be one even as We are one." I

praise God for this outpouring of the Spirit in these last ten years. We ought to praise the Lord with every breath we draw for this blessing which has restored unto us Bible Christianity, making our bodies the very temple of the living God.

Now I have crossed this Continent once, and am crossing it again. I have met with thousands of the saints in this country and in China; I have seen thousands of men, women and children who have been filled with the Holy Ghost as on the day of Pentecost, the gift of our ascended, glorified Lord, bringing the very glory of God down into our bosoms, but I have noticed a lack everywhere; I have noticed that in a great many things we fall behind that which is written. We do not measure up to the Scriptures and fulfill them as our Lord Jesus fulfilled them in His life and ministry. Everything that was written concerning Him was literally fulfilled. Why are not the Scriptures being fulfilled in us today as in Him? It is simply this: In our seeking and receiving the baptism in the Holy Ghost as given in the Upper Room we have every one of us been brought to the place of entire surrender and yieldedness to God. Our wills were perfectly yielded to Him, and the Spirit, because of that yieldedness, was able to come in and make our very bodies to be the temples of the Holy Ghost. But we have not remained in that place of utter yieldedness, that utter surrender of the will, so that the purpose of the Lord in giving this glory which He Himself has with the Father, has been frustrated; the purpose has failed because we have not remained in the place of utter crucifixion. My brother, my sister, this baptism in the Holy Ghost demands a consecration that we have never yet dreamed about. It requires the very same consecration we see in our Lord Jesus Christ. "Even Christ pleased not Himself," and who of us who have received the Holy Spirit in the past few years has "pleased not himself"? You may search the records carefully. For more than twenty-six years I have been engaged in studying and preaching the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have yet to find the place where He ever for one instant sought His own pleasure in any way. But we, generally speaking, walk for a time in the Spirit after receiving the Holy Spirit, and walk worthily of the Lord, but later on the tempter comes along and tempts us as he tempted Jesus, through our own will. The first temptation in the wilderness, "If Thou be the Son of God command these stones to be made bread," was an attempt on the part of the devil to get Jesus to assert His own will

when He had yielded it to the Father. The tempter failed with Him, but so often he succeeds with us. It may not be on the line of satisfying our hunger, but the object of the temptation is the same, to get us to assert our own will and that nullifies the indwelling of God within us, and instead of walking worthily of the Lord we are pleasing ourselves. Jesus says, "I do always the things that please Him." That is the standard of the consecration for everyone who receives the baptism of the Holy Spirit, who has received the living God to dwell in him by the Holy Ghost; never more to seek to do his

own pleasure but to do always and only the things that please Him.

"I have no will I call my own,
From Thy sweet will apart,
Thy blessed, glad new covenant,
Thou art writing on my heart."

If everyone who has received the Holy Spirit in the past ten or eleven years, were a free-will offering and a bond-slave of Jesus Christ, the world would know more about Jesus than it does now, and would believe that God sent His Son. Oh the possibilities if we stayed in the place of surrendered will!

A Jewel from the Depths

Miss Edith Baugh of Chupra, Saran Dist., Behar, India, in The Stone Church, Feb. 24, 1918



ONE morning in the month of April one of our missionaries, Miss King, with a Bible woman, took a trip to one of the villages. They soon gathered a crowd around them and the people listened attentively to the Bible woman as she told the story of Jesus. During the little meeting the missionary said that she was conscious of a horrible smell coming from somewhere and finally she said to the people. "What is this bad smell about here?" They said that it came from the boy over at the edge of the crowd. She looked in that direction and never in her life had she seen such a specimen of humanity. His entire body was almost covered with putrid sores; suffering from an awful disease, and with his little frame wasted from lack of food, he was the very picture of despair.

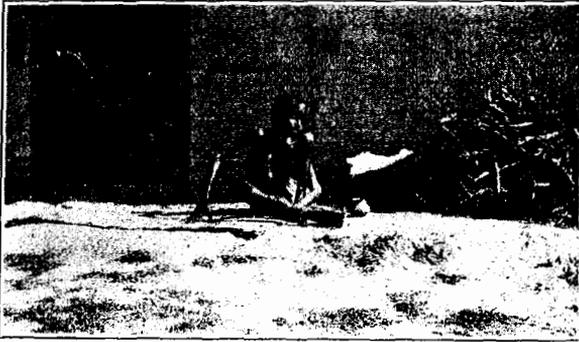
Both the father and mother of this little boy had died of plague years before and he and a little sister of two years had been left alone. In India no one cares for the helpless, and as he was too sick to go begging, his little sister died of starvation and he was left to get anything he could to eat; sometimes in his hunger he ate the raw flesh of animals that had died of disease. The people asked the missionary to take the boy home with her, and as we had been praying much that God would give us souls out of that heathen darkness, Miss King thought perhaps this little piece of wretched humanity that nobody wanted, might be one through whom He could work. The only feature of attraction about him was his great big brown eyes, and they were beautiful. As they brought him to our home Miss King came into my room saying, "Come Edith and see what I have brought you." I thought perhaps she had some flowers or something of

that sort, which the people sometimes insist on giving us, and went out rather indifferently, but when I saw this poor little boy covered with disease, my heart almost failed me and I wondered what we would do with him. He was unable to walk because his muscles were drawn and almost eaten away, just a mass of skin and bones and looking as if he could not bear to be touched, but we put him in a room where he could be cared for. He had not had proper food to eat for months and at first we couldn't give him all that he wanted to eat because his body was not able to stand it. So we gave him just a little rice and milk and gradually increased the portion until he had all that he wanted.

He was afraid of us at the beginning because he had never seen any white people before, but as we told him the story of Jesus he opened up his heart and drank in the truth. After a while he became well enough to crawl across the road to the school where some of our little Christian boys were studying and there he would sit and listen. He could not be with the other boys on account of his disease, which was something like leprosy and very contagious, and the teacher would not allow him to come near him or touch his book; he had to sit some distance from the others. You know in the Bible times the people who had these awful diseases had to cry out "unclean, unclean," and so it was with little David; he could not touch anything that they had touched and had to live apart from the rest of the children; but God blessed him and opened up his understanding.

He had a very bright mind and in spite of the many handicaps he learned more rapidly than any of the other children. In a very short time he was reading his Bible, and the days when

he was unable to go to school would be spent by him in this way, reading the Word of God. God wonderfully poured out His Spirit upon that child and soon he would crawl out to the roadside and opening his Bible to the third chapter of Acts tell the people about the crippled man at the Beautiful Gate and how Peter and John prayed for him and how he rose up and leaped and walked. He believed that what God did for that man He would do for him. He has



Little David as found in the Village.

now been with us for more than three years, and I want to tell you that he is one of the brightest Christians in India; people who listen to his testimony are convinced that God has done a wonderful work in him.

He is not yet entirely healed but is praying daily that God will cleanse the blood He has not cleansed. One day when he was suffering very intensely, an Indian man asked him if he had ever read about Job and he answered, "No, I never heard of Job. Who is Job?" He was told that Job was a man in the Bible and that there was a book about him. The next day David began reading Job and read all day until he finished the book.

That evening he greeted Miss King with the words, "Missahib, hasn't God been good to me? He never lets me suffer like Job for He always lets me sleep some at night. But just think, Missahib, how God blessed Job in his latter days!"

He is a most grateful child, never forgetting to thank people for the least favor they may do, and always praying for those who minister to him. Different ones have cooked his food since he came to us and he even remembers to thank God and pray for those who cooked for him two or three years ago.

The Word of God has become very precious to him and we have often been astonished to find how many entire chapters he has memorized.

Ever since God touched his heart he has had a very tender conscience. We have never known him to be guilty of lying, stealing, or such sins as are common to the heathen, excepting once, a few weeks after he came to us, when he stole perhaps a teacupful of grain from an Indian family next door. But in an hour or two he was under such conviction as we have seldom seen. After repenting and confessing his sin he deprived himself of his little lamp at night for two whole weeks so he would never forget it. He did this without our knowing it, and at the end of two weeks he said to Miss King, "Missahib, do you think I could have a little oil for my lamp now?" Being surprised she said, "Why, have you had no oil for your lamp?" Then he told her of how he had punished himself. He felt he had been very wicked after all God had done for him.

Do pray for this dear child. Though he has suffered much he never complains but displays a patience that is almost superhuman. He is looking for the near coming of Jesus and we believe he is truly one of the precious jewels that are to be gathered "from every tribe and nation."



The Jewel after eighteen months of polishing.

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Notes

A World-Wide Missionary Conference

AT the close of the Missionary Conference held in St. Louis, Mo., last September, it was laid upon the hearts of some of the brethren that the missionaries who were home on furlough and those interested in missionary activities should meet again at an early date, and that we should seek to enlarge our borders and include a greater number of Pentecostal missionary centers, thereby having a broader sphere of co-operation both at home and abroad. While the Missionary Conference held last Fall was composed of many who were connected with the Assemblies of God, yet its purpose and aim were that it might be broader in its scope and interest and take in other established centers of the Pentecostal faith for the purpose of accomplishing more effective work for God in foreign lands.

As the Conference ended a resolution was passed that the next meeting would be held at the call of the President and Secretary, and at the suggestion of some of the brethren, born, we believe, in prayer, we are calling this Missionary Conference to convene at The Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill., May 12-19 inclusive. There will be three sessions daily for prayer and conference, and for the missionaries to present conditions, needs, and the possibilities of the foreign field.

Our only desire in arranging for this Conference is that more effective work may be ac-

complished for God; that the people at home may become more enlightened as to the need and necessity of sending the Gospel to those who have never heard, and better equipment provided for those who have gone forth to the ends of the earth. It is not for the purpose of centralization or binding any burdens upon our faithful missionaries, but that we may foster the spirit of co-operation and fellowship both at home and abroad.

To this end we desire the prayers of God's saints everywhere, that our coming together may be profitable and owned and blessed by Him, and that the result will be a great reaching out after the millions of earth who have never known our Savior.

Let every missionary and every person interested in the great work of evangelization of the heathen, take this as a personal invitation to be present. Bring your problems and your burdens, and come also with the purpose of telling us of transformations wrought through the Gospel. It is our purpose as far as lies in our power, to entertain the missionaries. We would like to do more but unless God especially provides, our free entertainment will be confined to them.

We shall be glad to hear from those who hope to be with us. Address all communications to the Secretary.

Pastor S. A. Jamieson, Chairman.
(Miss) Anna C. Reiff, Sec'y.

* * *

Among the recent visitors who were used of God at The Stone Church, were the Ven. Archdeacon Phair, passing through the city enroute to his home in Winnipeg, W. W. Simpson and family, with Miss Etta Hinckley, enroute to China, and Miss Edith Baugh of India, from whose lips we give a little sketch of the transforming power of the Gospel on page 10 of this issue. This little outcast is only one of a number who have been saved from a life of sin and misery through the Mission at Uska Bazaar, one of the stations founded by Minnie F. Abrams of sainted memory.

Sunday afternoon, Feb. 10th, was devoted to Jewish interests, when the Superintendent of the Chicago Christian Mission to Israel, Frank B. Solin, together with his assistants, told us of their conversion from Judaism to Christianity and laid before us the work God had put upon their hearts, that of conducting a Mission for the Jews. Miss Dorothy Goodman, who is now working in connection with the Chicago

Hebrew Mission also spoke, and rehearsed her remarkable healing of ten years ago, of tuberculosis of the spine. She had been pronounced incurable, used crutches and wore a plaster cast, but learning through the meetings at The Stone Church that Jesus was the Healer today, turned to Him in her need and was healed.

* * * * *

Workers Together

WE take this opportunity of heartily thanking our readers for their continued support of the paper, especially in the year that has just passed, which had its trials and tests for us as well as others. We realize that present-day conditions with their high prices, food scarcities, and the ominous outlook, would, in the natural, make many feel that papers were something with which they could dispense, but looking at it from God's standpoint, of how much greater value is the spiritual food than that which supplies the physical need!

Besides the spiritual blessing upon the individual in his own life there is a grander and broader view-point, that every subscriber to religious paper enables the publisher to continue in the work of sending out the Gospel truths to all the world, a blessed privilege, and truly, "workers together" with the Lord. Let each subscriber realize that his mite is helping to send out the paper in thousands of copies, and he will hesitate before he writes, "Please discontinue my subscription." Take this upon your heart, not as an individual matter but as a member of a great family, each doing his part to contribute in disseminating precious truths throughout this and other lands.

For the encouragement of those who have subscribed for their friends we publish the following letter of deep appreciation:

"I do not know to whom I am indebted for subscribing for your most helpful Evangel for me. I would like the good friend to know that the publication comes as a message from 'on high' to my soul.

"Already I have received incalculable good from the very healthy articles which bring the atmosphere of Pentecost with them. I have just finished the message 'Move Forward,' by Miss Sisson, and it has certainly inspired me to advance. I feel that I must in gratefulness to God give some expression of appreciation.

"Your most worthy publication was unknown to me until this recent kindness sent it my way. Should my well wisher care to allow the 'left hand to know what his right hath done,' I would be glad to have his address. Such instruments of God, and good, may not realize to the full how far reaching their quiet service extends, but when one yearns for spirit-

tual fellowship through wholesome reading and does not possess the means to get much, he values such evidences of brotherly interest.

"I am engaged in the service of the Master as a Presbyterian minister in this small town. My income is limited as far as material is concerned, but my spiritual resources are unlimited as you know, and for all the helps by the way such as your spirit-inspired paper imparts, I am sincerely thankful.

"E. W. Spence."

We know of others who have expressed similar sentiments, and even where there is only silence we have reason to believe that the sowing of the seed will not have been in vain. Let us together, during the current year, continue to do our best to "sow beside all waters," in this twilight hour, for the night is fast approaching when we cannot work; when there will be a famine in the land, not of bread or of water, but "of hearing the words of the Lord." The Antichristian, controlling powers will not permit the spread of the Gospel and Christian literature, and dark indeed will be the night when there is no more Gospel light.

* * * * *

The Price He Paid

DR. CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, Editor of the *Sunday School Times*, told at the Jewish Conference of the way the Lord brought him into the truths of the premillennial Coming of the Lord, and How to Live a Life of Victory, and also how he was led to get these truths into the columns of the *Sunday School Times*. He realized that it would be quite an innovation for him to launch his thousands of readers into a teaching that was unpopular among the denominational churches, but with a courage born of a conviction he sought the Lord for wisdom to lead his readers into the blessings which had given him such a new vision of eternal verities.

A veteran Bible teacher to whom he had confided his intentions, and who was himself a believer in these truths, said to a mutual friend, "Has he counted the cost? Does he realize what this means to take up an unpopular truth among ministers and seminaries and churches? Does he realize what that may mean to his paper?" He had counted the cost, and without knowing what the cost would be, he was perfectly willing to pay any price to be true to his convictions. In closing his remarks he said, "I want to tell you what a costly sacrifice God has asked me to make by bringing the truth of our blessed Lord's return into *The Sunday School Times*. In the last three years God has increased the circulation by about thirty thousand copies, so that instead of having a circulation of eighty-five

thousand, as formerly, we now have one hundred and fifteen thousand. That is the price God has asked us to pay. He has blessed us beyond all record. We don't understand it. It has been taken out of our hands, and He has been running the business successfully."

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Los Angeles Revival

THE following report of Revival Meetings in Los Angeles, Calif., sent to us by Brother Doney, will interest our readers:

"We are in the midst of a Pentecostal convention and City Revival Campaign, and the power of God is falling in an unusual way. There is an attendance of nearly two thousand people from far and near, almost every Mission and Assembly being represented. God is quite bringing about a marked spirit of unity and cooperation, and issues, controversies and divisions are dropping out of sight and hearing. Praise the Name of the Lord!

It is estimated that several hundred have been saved or restored to the grace and favor of God, a large number of sick and afflicted ones have been blessedly healed, and nearly two hundred baptized in the Spirit. The Spirit of the Lord is upon our beloved Brother Urshan; he is truly anointed to preach the Gospel with the power of the Holy Ghost, and his messages win their way into the hearts of the people. His address on how he was miraculously delivered five times from martyrdom was like a continuation of "Daniel in the lion's den," or of "John Wesley's escape from the angry mobs." Before going to Persia the Lord gave our brother two precious promises in the 91st Psalm, "Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him," and "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." This was literally fulfilled while in Persia.

"A special feature of this revival campaign is the Young People's Meeting every Friday night. Hundreds of young people come to these meetings and scores may be seen on their faces seeking God, weeping and crying out for salvation and the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and often many are prostrated under the power of God as soldiers slain on a battle-field. God is pouring upon some of the young people the spirit of grace and supplication, giving them real intercession for the lost and dying around them, as well as for their companions, that they all may

be brought back to God and filled with the Holy Ghost.

"On Sunday afternoon when the large auditorium is filled to its capacity, a children's meeting is held in an adjoining room, which over a hundred children attend. Many have found the Lord and also received the baptism in the Holy Spirit."

Mrs. Doney writes of just one answer to prayer since the Convention began, although there were many others:

"We have had no rainy season this year; everything was parched dry. Often the weather man said, 'Rain for California,' but instead of rain it was sunshine, until the farmers had almost despaired of crops for 1918, as the ground was too hard for cultivation.

"Last Sunday morning after the weather man had said, 'Fair for California,' and the sun was shining in its beauty, Brother Urshan stood up to pray at the beginning of the service, confessing the sins of the people of California, asking forgiveness for them, and pleading with God for the sake of the flowers, the grass, and the fields; the need of widows and orphans, to send rain upon the just and the unjust. All joined in the prayer, and we unitedly praised God for the answer.

"Before the meeting closed a cloudiness came over the sky, which deepened until about 5.30 P. M., when there was a downpour of rain, thoroughly drenching some of us. It is now Friday morning and it is still raining, having ceased only for a few hours at a time. The farmers are rejoicing and say that this means millions for California, but we who know that the rain came in answer to prayer, have the deepest and sweetest rejoicing of all.

"This reminds me of last September when we visited Zion City in time of great drought. The Pastor, Brother Cox, asked if there were any requests for prayer, and a sister said, 'I believe we should pray for rain.' Prayer was made, and during the night we were awakened by loud peals of thunder; the lightning flashed and soon the rain was falling. God had answered prayer. Today Elijah's God is our God."

Telling the Lord's Secrets, Awrey, 10c.

From Depths of Sin to Heights of Glory, Robbins, 10c.

Practicing the Presence of God, by Bro. Lawrence, 12c.

Primitive Church Government, W. G. Schell, 10c.
Apostolic Faith Restored, B. F. Lawrence, 25c.

Lights and Shadows in Hawaii

Mrs. H. J. Johns, Box 1104, Honolulu, T. H.

Midway across the Pacific lies the garden-spot of the world. Beautiful beyond words, as far as natural resources are concerned, yet on every hand can be seen men and women whose lives are steeped in the deepest sin and degradation. Our Pentecostal missionaries, Brother and Sister Johns, who with their son and his wife, first set foot on the Hawaiian

Islands four years ago, write with grateful hearts of God's blessing upon their work and provision for their needs during the past year. They write that more ground has been covered for God during the last year than in the two previous ones, and they feel their success is due to the prayers and co-operation of our readers with whom they wish to share the following lines:



WHEN we look back over what God has done we rejoice and are exceedingly glad, but as we look ahead and see the masses not yet touched, no not even the borders, we cry to you again to stand back of us as a mighty prayer weapon, wielding it right and left till Satan's forces tremble and one place after another is taken for our Lord. Yet in this midnight hour, may I say to the glory of God alone, the little Pentecostal Missions are shining out their beacon lights to the thousands in heathen darkness at the three country villages of Waipahu, Wahiawa and Waialua, because of your faithfulness as much as ours.

Since you have been so faithfully standing with us, Clarence, our son, has been able to give up his manual labor and devote all his time to the Lord's work. He and his wife have charge of the Waialua work on the other side of the Island and the Lord is really blessing their labors. Crowds gather to hear the Word, and much has fallen into good ground, and is springing forth we trust to bear fruit for the Master. We have asked for workers to fill some of the places and we praise God for answering. Already two dear sisters from the far east have obeyed the call and are at work in one of our new stations. But, beloved, the cry continues to come to us from far and near, "Come over and help us." Homes are open to us for meetings. Others offer ground if we could but make them a place of worship. There is a hunger for the Word among the poorer class, especially out in the country places. In the city here it is much harder as there is so much opposition, false teaching and idol worship. We have our mission in the lower part of the heathen district, and we are surrounded by Japanese Buddha temples, and Chinese shrines and temples. But these are more easily reached than those under false religious teaching such as Mormonism, Spiritualism, Christian Science, etc. There is

literature printed here and put into the hands of every man, woman, boy and girl of which it is too degrading to speak. Our blessed Lord is referred to as being lower than a pig and His precious blood of less value than theirs, but "His Word shall not return unto Him void but shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent," and it is bringing forth the fruit. We praise God there is power in the Blood to cleanse and heal.

We want to tell you here of just one of many healings. This was a little native girl whose father was blessedly saved from drunkenness a year ago, and the mother from Mormonism. The child had running ears and was deaf for over two years. They gave up all the *Kahunas* and doctors and put her in Jesus' care, and one day she came running in saying, "Mamma, pray, pray, my ear." The mother was alone, but went down on her knees before God and He touched the child and there came out of her ear blood and matter and three live worms. She praised Jesus over and over for deliverance. When the father came home he could scarcely believe that the worms came from the child's head. Later, when the mother was out, the child cried again and begged the father to pray. He did so and the second time blood and another worm came out of her ear. That was some months ago and she hears perfectly now and is entirely healed by "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and today and forever." So, although this awful doctrine against the divinity of Christ is broadcast, yet His power remains the same unto him that believeth. But it makes it difficult to convince the heathen of this false doctrine as it is promulgated by our own American people, pretending to be religious.

Truly, Satan is improving his time, and should we, the children of God, count any sacrifice too great? Should we even count our lives dear unto us as we see the wiles of the devil and the innocent being caught in his traps and then remember what a price Jesus paid for their souls?

Oh who in this midnight hour will say "Yes" to the whole will of God, be it to go, to pray, to give? The Master calls to you today. Dare you say "Here am I Lord, use me"?

Then too we must put upon your hearts our dear American soldier boys here, some mothers' sons. What if they were your sons? They soon will be going from us, and then our opportunities will be past. We shall meet them at the Great Day. May we do all God asks us to do now. Thus far we have had the joy of seeing many of them blessedly saved and some of them growing in their new life. Our home is theirs. They call it coming home as they come to see us, and most of them call us "Mama" and "Daddie Johns," and truly they come into our hearts like our own sons. Some are soon to leave us and will probably be sent to the front and our seasons of prayer and weeping as they come to tell us goodbye are deeper and more crushing than when we bade our own loved ones goodbye when leaving the homeland, because the Lord has knit us together and we are one in Him. Every day we can see the times of the end closing in on us. Our pastures have been poisoned and herds of cattle die. Some people die from using the milk, and our reservoirs have to be under U. S. guards. Storms are passing over us. Our boats are being taken off for war purposes and mail is slow in reaching us. Prices are steadily rising, and we

indeed realize that we are in the days of the beginning of sorrows. We praise God for that glorious hope of soon hearing the cry "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him," but oh, beloved! our souls cry for a few more to take with us, just a few more blood-washed souls out of the thousands we see on the downward road. Dare any one that has received the blessed Pentecostal baptism go empty handed? How have you used your talent? Have you gained other ten or is it hid away in a napkin?

We are commanded to be diligent and occupy till He comes. Then we shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Will you please stir up new zeal for God's work on the Islands. I am not telling you the dark side. There is much we can tell no one but Jesus. Could you be with us now as the holiday season nears, you would go back home with a realization of missionary life that would change your holiday season ever afterward. But even though we pass through the valley of the shadow of death we shall fear no evil.

May God bring us and all His blood-washed ones closer together than ever before as we leave the old year and enter the new one. We may not see the end of this one. Unity is strength and if ever we need strength it is today. Beloved, pray for us all here that we fail not in these trying days.

Life Out of Death

From Judaism to Christianity; A Curse Turned to a Blessing

J. M. Harris at the Jewish Conference, January 25, 1918



THE subject upon which I am to speak is the story of my conversion, and how I became a Christian. For my opening statement I would take that famous declaration of Paul the Apostle in Romans 1:16, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." There is not a time that I speak of my conversion that I do not realize it is no credit to a man to plead guilty to a life that was spent in sin and defeat. For several years I refused to tell the story of my conversion. I was on the road selling merchandise, and men would say, "We would like to know how you became a Christian," and I always replied, "I do not tell." By a process of reasoning that seemed good, I decided that as the Lord had given me a family of my own, in order to spare them

as well as to spare myself I would not tell the story. There is no premium to be placed on sin, but by and by the Lord rebuked me by His Spirit and I went into the blackest of darkness, and I am sure if I had persisted in remaining silent I would have become a backslider and eventually renounced the Holy Ghost.

I am a Jew. My father was a Levite; my grandfather, and great great grandfathers, back to the time of Moses and Aaron have been Levites, yet I am not an archaeological specimen nor a curio out of the dark ages. I am a sinner saved by the unfailing mercy of Jesus Christ. My parents were English, and I came to this country with them, my father landing in New York City with less than \$500. As a Jew he was strictly orthodox. There are two branches of Judaism, the reformed and the orthodox. If I did not have the better light I would be an orthodox Jew, the type Paul was before his conversion. The Twentieth Century Reformed (some

have called them "deformed") Jew says the times have changed, that he cannot observe the Mosaic law; that if he closed up his place on Saturday the Gentile would get all his business, and by and by the sheriff would come and there would be an auction sale. Just as if God couldn't take care of that! During my father's business he closed his place on Friday evening, which meant it remained closed until Monday morning. He divided the 150 Psalms of David into seven parts, and every night he rose from his bed and read a portion of these Psalms so that when he was out he could meditate upon them. But he was an inveterate smoker; he smoked from ten to fifteen cigars every day of his life with the exception of the Jewish Sabbath, and he considered it would be a stench in the nostrils of Almighty God to do it then. In this atmosphere I was born and raised.

By and by, in a very extraordinary way the power of morphine came into my life. In my case the Lord manifestly brought a blessing out of a curse. As I look over this audience I doubt if there is one under the sound of my voice who realizes the force of that statement—the power of morphine. There are many others who do. There is at the present time before the legislature of New York City what is called the Whitney bill. It provides that drug users shall be provided with relief at the expense of the state, and that they shall be treated just as tuberculosis victims are treated, and further that \$50,000 shall be paid to the man who can produce an antidote. In my hand I hold a clipping which says there are approximately 300,000 addicts, and many of them of high social position.

Everything was done for me that money and medical science could do. I was sent to the Keeley Institute twice for treatment. My parents took me to Baden Baden, Germany, and I came back to this country after almost seven months, just as confirmed as before I went. Then I decided I would leave my parents' home and come to Chicago and let nobody know me. I changed my name so the disgrace would not reach my relatives. I called myself John M. Hays. I did not lack for money. The Palmer House was at that time the best and I went there to live. Later I went to Europe and lived abroad a number of years, thinking a change of scene might help. Again I came to this country and to Chicago, and on my return I decided I would go to a section of the city inhabited by other drug-

users as there is a bond of sympathy among those who are thus bound, and at the corner of Clark and Harrison Streets I found a flat. The time came that I was required to use 35 to 45 grains hypodermically every twenty-four hours, sufficient to kill many able-bodied men. The time came when I could not ride. I had been fond of driving, especially a tandem, but I could not drive, and life was only relieved at the time the drug was taken.

One day there came into that section of the city a man by the name of Lewek, a converted Jew. He came from St. Louis and worked with the Salvation Army which was operating a slum base at Clark, Van Buren and Harrison streets. He saw me at a drug-store where I was in the habit of buying the drug, and said, "You are a Jew, are you not?" I said, "No, my name is Hays." By and by he became connected with the Chicago Hebrew Mission, and one day he induced me to attend one of the meetings there. I went and was much impressed, and went again. Mrs. Rounds was of course connected with the work at that time, as she has been since its foundation almost thirty years ago, and the second time I went, Brother Lewek told Mrs. Rounds about me and I beat a hasty retreat at the rear entrance. At that time, nineteen years ago, it was the only station the Chicago Hebrew Mission possessed. Now they have five mission stations.

On my second visit several weeks after, Mrs. Rounds fearing I would make my exit the same way I had before, had gone around the mission house to the rear entrance and took her place on the balcony, and as I left the meeting before it was over she tried to talk to me. She seemed different from any woman I had ever known. I did not understand it then, but I do now. She is a woman of prayer, and a woman in whom the Spirit of Christ dwells. She tried to tell me of Jesus, but I was brought up, as I have said, as a strictly orthodox Jew, and was led to believe that Jesus was an impostor, the illegitimate son of Joseph and Mary. I had walked down the streets with my father scores and hundreds of times, and we heard the name of Jesus used in blasphemy, and as he heard it he would use the Hebrew name meaning "unclean one" and would spit out on the street. So I said to her, "I have no interest in what you say." She said, "This power of the drug, in which you find yourself, is simply one of the forms of sin. Jesus Christ was crucified to deliver you from the power of

sin. There is too much to you to waste your life. If ever you need a friend, come and see me."

Three months afterwards I began to think about her again, and I decided I would go and see her. She declared that Jesus Christ would deliver me from the power and guilt of sin. It was quite late in the afternoon and she prevailed upon me to spend the night in the mission house, and as I compared the Mission House with the despair and sin of the Clark Street house, I thought I would give anything to spend the night in such an atmosphere as that. At that time I did not realize the meaning of it, that it was a house of prayer, but I do now. I seemed to acquiesce to her request and she took me down stairs where there was a folding bed in a reception room off the lower hall, where I was to spend the night. I didn't expect to remain very long at the Mission House so I had not provided myself with the drug, and my nerves were rising up, so just as soon as she left I went out the rear entrance and secured 120 grains. In the morning when the rising bell rang, I went upstairs and she, not knowing the deception, was praising God for deliverance.

I went back to Clark Street and seventeen months went by. I had determined when my money was gone I would end my life and not appeal to my relatives for help. I had seen a score or more go by suicide and I was contemplating the same road. Just two cases stood out very vividly in my mind. Eva Morgan, born in New York City, had graduated at Vassar College and studied a year in the University. Her family had sent her to Paris and she was blessed with extraordinary talent, but morphine had come into her life and then rum, and by and by she found herself an outcast. On a certain day she went to the fourteenth story of the Masonic Temple and threw herself down, and they gathered up her poor, broken body. George Henderson, he called himself, a graduate of a great American University, and the gold medal man of his class, became a morphine fiend. His family allowed him fifty dollars a week with the proviso that he would remain away from his home city. On a certain Friday afternoon he was sitting in my flat, and said to me, "I tell you Hays the time has come for me to shuffle off." The policeman going through the alley between Clark and Dearborn Streets stumbled across a body in the blackness of the night. He had crashed a bullet through his brain.

One day I received a statement from the bank

showing a balance of \$28.41, and as I looked at those figures I said, "The time is just about here." But I was afraid to die. Some of those things Mrs. Rounds had said to me had left their impression on my heart and mind, and during the early months after I had been at the mission the workers came down to Clark Street to look me up. I could not be seen. In my extremity I went to see her again. She was not surprised to see me. In my dark, befuddled condition, I said to her, "You are not surprised?" "No," she said, "I believe God led me to pray for the salvation of your soul, and although months have passed and I didn't know where you were, I prayed for you once a day and the Lord has brought you back under His good hand." Everything I have in this world I owe to Mrs. Rounds. She told me I must accept the Lord Jesus Christ to the best of my understanding; that I must be willing to give up sin and make restitution for the past, as far as that could be done, and then she said, "After you have complied with the conditions we will lock you up in dependence upon God that He will deliver you." She had learned through her former experience with me that I was not to be trusted. No drug user is to be trusted. Men and women who find themselves as slaves of a drug will sell their souls for it. I said, "You mean I am to cut off the drug all at once?" "Yes." That was a very serious matter. I went down to see the doctor to find what the result would be, and when he asked me what quantity I was using he said I must not do it. The shock would be too great, I must taper off. I went to see another doctor and he said the same thing. "You would surely lose your reason, the shock would be so great. Taper off." I went back to Mrs. Rounds with the statement of these two physicians, and she said, "I care not what man will say. The power of God is greater, and there is nothing else to be done." I could not go on living as I was and I was afraid to die. I presented myself to be restrained. Those who watched me during the twelve awful days know the awful struggle much better than I can tell it. They tell me that the police came on three distinctive occasions, attracted by my screams when I was in the delirium. On the morning of the third day I came to myself. I will never forget that day, nor the man of God who was watching with me, with another, Brother MacArthur. I walked over to the window and looked up. Bars had been nailed over the windows so I could not crash them, and as I looked out that morning Brother MacArthur laid

his hand on my shoulder. Seventeen years have gone by, yet I can still feel his hand. He looked into my face and said, "Praise God, Brother Hays, the Lord has heard our prayers. He has delivered." I said, "I know not what has taken place but something has taken place."

It was several months before I could walk without the aid of a stick; the drug going out of my system had left me so weakened. It seemed to me it was my duty to go to New York to testify to what the Lord had done. I went to see my brother who said to me, "I can understand this in your drug-weakened mental condition. You came into contact with this missionary and you believed what she told you. You were locked up, willing to suffer and get out. Now if you are willing to cast aside this foolishness and do what is right, you may come down here; we will start you up in business for yourself." I said, "You refer to this as foolishness. You forget that everything was done that money and medical science could do, and nothing could deliver me from the craving of this drug. That which man could not do, God has done." He

said, "Take twenty-four hours to think it over, and if you insist in this we will call in the Jewish Rabbi to perform the funeral, pronounce a curse upon you that you shall be turned deaf, dumb and blind because you have turned aside from your fathers and rejected the teaching of your mother; besides, you will separate yourself from your relatives." I told him my pathway was very clearly marked out.

In the providence of God I went to the Moody Bible Institute. I had been rooted and grounded in the Old Testament scripture but knew nothing of the New Testament. I remained there for two years in the study of God's Word. Almost seventeen years have come and gone. God not only saved me at that time but He has kept me by His power. I do not know of any less experience than that through which I came that would have held me steady. He knew that was the experience for my case. So the Lord has manifestly brought a blessing out of a curse, and I declare that "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

Divine Healing in the Path of Obedience

The Signs Following the Word

Sermon Preached by Evan. A. T. Rape in Flint, Mich., Nov. 10, 1917



HAVE been searching the Scriptures and find that from Genesis to Revelation the subject of Divine Healing looms up from almost every chapter. I want to speak now from Exodus 15:26. The Children of Israel had just come out of Egypt and crossed the Red Sea. You remember how God had delivered them from Pharaoh and his army and how they sang praises unto the Lord. But when they had gone only a little distance they commenced to murmur and complain, because the water was bitter; whereupon Moses cried unto the Lord and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters they were made sweet. And there the Lord made for them a statute and an ordinance, and said, "If thou wilt diligently harken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I am the Lord that healeth thee."

Friends, how many people on the earth today

are harkening "diligently" to the voice of the Lord? This neglect of listening to His voice is the cause of the apostasy in the churches today. Instead of harkening to the voice of the Lord they listen to the voice of men, and then say, "I am as good as Sister Smith or Brother Jones," but we are commanded to hear the voice of the Lord. John says, "Whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." If you have not this experience this afternoon you need to go down a little lower and get deeper into Him. But I want to tell you that when you do the things that are pleasing to the Lord it will bring persecution upon you. People will say you are narrow, but it is the narrow way that leads to life. They will call you crazy if you speak of getting the voice of the Lord. Several different times I have spoken of not being sure of the leading of the Lord when asked to hold a meeting, and I have had preachers ask me what I meant. I told them I would have to wait until I heard from heaven, and they didn't understand what I meant by that. Friends, I never would have come to Flint for this series of meetings

if I had not heard from the Lord about it. And He would not have met me on a street car at 11 o'clock at night, sending a sister to give me five dollars for the balance of my railroad fare, if this had not been His leading. I prayed through and heard from heaven. I harkened to the voice of the Lord and He answered prayer. You are to do right in His sight; not in the sight of your wife or your husband, but in the sight of the Lord. Abraham was commanded to walk before the Lord. He did not say, "Walk before Sarah," but, "Walk before *Me*, and be thou perfect, and I will make My covenant between thee and Me."

We can prove from the Scriptures that while God allows sickness and disease to come, He does not send them. Sickness, disease, afflictions, sorrow and death come from the devil. God allows them to come, but they are not His directive will for you, but in His permissive will that He may be able to work out something in your life. A clear example of God's directive and permissive will is found in the story of Balaam. You remember Balaam wanted to go out against the armies of Israel and the Lord warned him not to go; but he persisted, and finally the Lord gave him permission, but you all remember how the angel of the Lord stood in his way and how he incurred the displeasure of Balak, the king, and was made to bless Israel instead of cursing her.

When sickness comes to me I ask, "Lord, where did I miss Your will?" There must be something wrong or the devil could not afflict you. Sometimes afflictions are permitted to come to us to try us, but oh that we might be like Job who said, "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him." He might have turned to the physicians but he did not. His policy was, "If I die, I will die trusting the Lord."

God's condition for healing is, "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments." Jesus gave us a new commandment, which embraced all the others, "that ye love one another." People get that turned around in their actions; they hate one another. Do you wonder that you are sick, carrying hatred around in your heart? You pass people on the street without speaking to them, those who have been your friends, because of some quarrel or petty jealousy. A young man was saved over in Detroit the other night, and the first thing he did after he was saved was to run to the back of the

room, put his arms around a brother's neck and kiss him, saying, "Jesus has come into my heart and I want you to forgive me." The brother was a Christian and of course, forgave him. I would like to have a reputation this afternoon for having a heart full of love. If people would say of us, as a company of people, "Behold, how they love one another!" what an influence that would have on this community! What will it cost you to love one another? The love of Jesus deep down in your souls will bring it about. I remember a brother telling sometime ago of how his wife was very fearful of thunder and lightning, so that she would go to the basement or closet when a thunder storm was on. One day he picked up a knife and acted as though he were going to strike her, but she just smiled at him. He said, "Why don't you dodge?" And she answered, "You will not hurt me because you love me." Then he said, "Do you know why I am not afraid of lightning and thunder? God has hold of the other end of it." It helped her to realize that God loved her and would protect her in time of danger.

We are to "give ear to His commandments." What are some of them? "Repent, and turn away from sin." A young man came to the altar in Detroit the other night, and the next night he came again. He said he was seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit but it was salvation he needed. I asked him if he was sure he was saved, and he said, "I think I am." As I talked with him he commenced to open up his heart, and I was convinced he needed salvation. When a dentist begins to put his instrument into a tooth that is decayed, we soon squirm and shrink, and don't want him to touch it again, but he has to probe until he gets at the root of the trouble. When we are dealing with souls at the altar we must try to touch the sore spot. When we find that, we can apply the Word of God, which is the remedy.

Another commandment is, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." How many have sought to put Him first in their lives? How many have sought Him today for His guidance and help? We read, "He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him," and "Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart."

Again He says, "Be not drunk with wine." All Christians believe that to be a command today, but how about the last part of it, "but be filled with the Spirit." That also is a divine command. You rarely receive the baptism in the

Holy Spirit when you receive salvation, although this is sometimes the case, but the Word says, "Tarry until ye receive power from on high," and this is one of His commands.

If we keep His commandments He will ward off disease; "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them." Some people do not obey the Lord's command in baptism; they are afraid of a little water and say sprinkling is just as good as immersion, but it is not what we think about it, but what God says. The word "baptize" is taken from the Greek which means to immerse, to submerge. You will find it all the way through the New Testament, it is going down and coming up out of the water. This was one of the hardest lessons for me to learn, and I fought it for nearly a year. My wife was baptized before I was and told me I ought to be, but I insisted that I had been. She said, "You were sprinkled." "Well," I said, "Is not that enough? Do you think the Methodists would sprinkle if that were not sufficient?" She asked me for the Scripture, and though I searched my Bible I could not find anything. I was traveling for a lumber company at that time, and as soon as I came to a town I would hunt up the Methodist preachers because of their stand on water baptism. I finally saw the truth and was baptized. The fire of God burned within me as I came up out of the water. When I went into the dressing room my clothing was as dry as if I had stood by the fire.

Some raise the question, How do I know that it is the Lord's will for me to be healed? but you might just as well ask, How do I know that it is God's will to save sinners? You say, "Because He died to save," and I would also give the same answer in regard to our bodies. He died to heal me. He bore our sickness and our infirmities on the cross, and "By His stripes we are healed." Isaiah looked forward to the cross and said, "By His stripes we are healed," and Peter looking back said, "By whose stripes ye were healed." Man lost his fellowship with the Father because of sin; I have no communion with Him, and am not His child until I am born into the family of God. What else did I lose as a result of sin? The health of my body. He came to restore, to save, to heal, and to redeem. He came to baptize with the Holy Ghost and fire. So we can come without any merits of our own, pleading only the merits of Jesus Christ.

I praise God that Jesus Christ is just the same today as He was yesterday when He healed the

centurion's servant. When he came to Jesus on behalf of his servant, Jesus said, "I will come and heal him." Then the centurion said, "I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." When Jesus heard that He said, "I have not seen so great faith, no not in Israel." The centurion started toward home, and on the way he met one coming toward him who said, "Your servant is healed." And when he asked when he began to amend, it was the same hour that Jesus spoke the word. Friends, let me urge you to come to the Lord in the same way, realizing His mighty power, and that He has purchased full salvation by His own precious blood. You never took a drop of medicine in your life in order to be helped, that did not also injure your body, and I do not believe it is necessary to take in poison to drive poison out. The blood of Jesus is a good remedy for poison; it cleans us up and makes us stronger than we were before. My wife accepted divine healing several months before I did. She simply swallowed the hook, bait, string and all. I took it a bit at a time. The truth began working in me and it kept going deeper and deeper until I said, "I believe You, Lord." Immediately after I stepped out my wife became sick. We prayed for her but instead of becoming better she grew worse. Her mother was visiting us at the time of her sickness, and as she had not then come into the light of Divine Healing she opposed us in the stand we were taking in trusting the Lord. So we failed to get deliverance on account of unbelief. I was called to my home town on some business and my mother-in-law decided to go home on the same train but before we separated she insisted that we have a doctor when I returned home. In the meantime the Lord perfectly healed her; in fact before we reached the depot to leave the city, she arose and did her work and was down to meet me when I returned home that night.

Down in St. Louis, Mo., a year ago last June, I was preaching one night and a sister became sick in the meeting. She felt she was ready to faint and turning to her husband said, "I am sick, help me to the altar." She fainted just as she reached the altar but the healing virtue from the Lord Jesus Christ came into her and she was healed. A woman sitting two-thirds of the way back, had come on crutches. She was a sinner and had never heard of divine healing. The power of God struck her as I was praying for

this other woman, and while she had not been able to raise her foot from the floor, while I was praying at the altar her foot began to straighten out and it touched the seat in front of her. When I gave the altar call, she came to the front.

In the congregation there was also a wife of a Methodist preacher who was deaf. We had about thirty people at the altar that night, and I said to the one who came on crutches, "Sister, would you not rather be saved than healed? If you confess your sins the Lord says He is faithful and just to forgive them, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness. Ask God to come into your heart." I went over to the sister who was deaf, anointed her with oil and laid hands on her and prayed. I held my watch up to her ear and she cried, "I can hear," and commenced shouting. I came back to the first sister and she said, "God has saved me. A ton has been lifted from my heart." I said to her, "Jesus will heal you in the same way." I went to others around that altar and then came back to her and asked how she was getting along. She said, "I do not feel any differently." I said, "You cannot go by feeling. Do you believe God's Word is true? Are you sure He will do exactly as He says He will?" "Yes," she said, "because He saved me." I said, "Jesus said, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' If you ask, who will receive?" She said, "I will." I took her by the hand and said, "In the name of Jesus arise and walk." I encouraged her to look up to the Lord, keep her eyes on Him and forget about the people. She commenced walking, slowly at first, then faster and faster. The tears began to run down her cheeks for she had not walked without her crutches for two years and eight months, and the Lord straightened her limb out so that one is just as long as the other. She walked home and the next day she did a big washing and ironing, came to the meeting in the evening and gave her testimony. The crowd could not get in because of the miracle God had performed.

Nothing is too hard for God. When the Lord asked Jeremiah whether there was anything too hard for Him, Jeremiah answered, "No, Lord, Thou didst create the heavens and the earth with Thy outstretched arm; there is nothing too hard for Thee." Oh friends, let us realize this afternoon that there is no disease too hard for Him to heal who said, "I am the Lord who healeth thee."

People say, "I believe in doing all I can for myself," but many are suffering in their bodies today because they have not realized that Jesus bore their sickness upon the cross that they might be free. Divine healing is a wonderful blessing. A touch from the Lord in your body will make Him more real to you than anything else. These material bodies of ours are very real; pain and suffering are very real, and when Jesus Christ delivers us, it makes Him a wonderful reality to us. Some critical preacher will say, "You prayed for Mr. So-and-so and he was not healed. He is no better than he was before." But I would say to that same preacher, "You prayed for the salvation of a certain man and he was not saved. Your failure is the greater because the soul is of more value than the body."

"If thou wilt diligently harken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for *I am the Lord that healeth thee.*" The Lord made this body, and He knows how to heal it when it gets out of order. The physician will come around and experiment, but it is no experiment with the Lord. He knows just what the trouble is. At His touch the healing virtue will flow and make you like a new born babe in Him. He came into the world to heal your soul and body; to set you free from every ache and pain, and the stain of every sin. Let Him bring you deliverance today.

Blackest Night in the Dark Continent

Amid the Horrors of Witchcraft

Mrs. I. S. Neeley, Cape Palmas, Liberia, West Africa.



HIDDEN away in memories of my childhood I found an oft repeated question that for years remained unanswered: Why should Africa be called the Dark Continent, when many others were not only inhabited by dark people but were without God? As time passed and I visited

Assemblies, Conferences, Presbyteries and Conventions where the expression was continually used, I became convinced that it was a much hackneyed phrase borrowed from missionary addresses. There was the degrading worship of India, the murderous worship of China, the temple worship of Japan--my heart would

cry, What can be worse? Thus it was we came to Liberia—on the alert for everything that would answer our question.

Our first three years seemed to show us much that was confirmatory, but it remained for our fourth year for us to get into the heart of heathenism. Twenty-five miles further back than any of the other stations we found a raw heathen people, without any form of worship whatever; knowing no God at all—not even an idol. Nothing but the devil to talk about and fear. Witchcraft flourishes in the devil's soil. If crops fail—hunt the witch. If some one dies suddenly—hunt the witch. If there is too much rain—look for the witch. One tribe in this section does not plant any farm of any kind. The witch is a bird that flies over their country and they fear to shoot it. Hence this tribe is a parasite on surrounding tribes.

As from time to time we discovered these things the powers of darkness seemed to gather, as it were, for battle. Their custom had been to kill the witch, by fair means or foul, generally foul. But they said, "This time *white men* live for our country. How we going to do?" However, because of sickness in their midst, the long continued rains, and other suspicious circumstances, we began to hear mutterings as of distant thunder. But never a word did they breathe to us. They knew to defy the missionary was to defy the law of the country.

I shall never forget one beautiful morning; the sun was shining, the birds singing. It was an ideal "picnic" day. The soft zephyr seemed to invite you to fill your basket and come where the breezes blow gently through the woods. As we were revelling in its beauty, we were brought suddenly back to realities by our yard boy rushing in seeming to forget the formalities of politeness. A witch had been caught in the neighboring village and they were taking her to *our* town for execution. What! Would they dare such a thing as that? But the devil dares anything once. While considering what steps to take, we heard a yell as though all the hounds of Inferno had been loosed and were straining to get at their victim. Something *must* be done quickly. Our boy ready and anxious, fleet of foot, left with authority to demand her release. A twenty minutes' distance seemed an hour as we watched and waited. The time was so long that my husband was prepared to go when the boy returned, but women are not permitted at these carnivals in this tribe. Soon the boy came rushing in saying they had detained him while they gave

her the first pot of sasswood, then told him to go and tell his master. My husband broke the rule by taking a woman interpreter with him, as her husband was away.

The approach to the village after crossing two small streams is over a half mile plain then up a steep hill about four hundred feet. The village is situated on the crest of the hill. Just before reaching it a terrace is formed by the jetting of many rocks and the washing of water. My husband said he could never forget the sight that met his vision as he crossed the plain. It had all the appearance of a holiday affair. Young men, old men, chief men, and little men and boys who were not men at all! Some came with their sun umbrellas, others had made a booth to be more comfortable. All of this he was taking in as he crossed that narrow plain.

Soon the word was passed, "the missionary is coming." Did you ever hear the snarl of an enraged beast about to be robbed of its prey? I have. I know the sound. For weeks and weeks the awful sound rang in our ears. Oh God, could such sounds come from human throats? We thought of hell and what it must be. Then we thought of the "Dark Continent," dark to an awful blackness in such time as this. Toiling up the steep incline he approached the surging, screaming mass of beings. Pushing his way through the crowd that tried in every way to impede his progress he found himself suddenly thrust toward the form of a being lying prostrate, nude, spewing and purging, moaning and groaning. The sight was enough to sicken the soul of an infidel let alone a child of God. His spirit groaned within him. Bending over her he rebuked the powers of darkness and taking her by the hand raised her to her feet. She seemed to realize that help was near, and just as quickly the devil recognized the opposition to his plans. At once a boy, yes a mere boy, but an officer for the devil, stepped forward with another pot of sasswood and put it to her lips. When my husband saw his intention, he commanded him in the name of Jesus to desist from his hell-born act. And for fear that he might not have the spirit of obedience, he helped him to obey by taking the woman by the hand and starting for the mission, where I was waiting and praying.

Did you ever hear noise? You have heard the college boys on Class day. You have heard the base-ball nine and the foot-ball team. Put them all together and you have yet to hear hell let loose in fury such as was heard that day. Then the king interferred. He begged permission to

let him take the woman to his house where he promised her every possible protection, but my husband decided to take her there himself to be sure of his word. Her strength was failing, and as they neared the house she again sank to the ground, and it was evident that the deadly poison was getting in its final stroke. In the same manner as we have seen hogs dragged about after having been killed, so they took her by one arm and dragged her first to one house, then around to another. The sight was too much. Turning from the place with drooping heart as well as head he retraced his steps home.

What hideous nightmare was this? Had he been dreaming? No. There was the booth and there the remaining pot of sasswood. He had simply been where life was not life, but the mere sport of demon-possessed men. The sun did not seem nearly so bright, nor the music of the birds nearly so sweet. He almost felt the jeers even of the leaves on the trees and bushes, out of which seemed to peer legions of evil spirits saying, "defeated, defeated." The sun was still shining, but there was no brightness for him.

The merry rondelay of the birds had been changed to the most sad funeral dirge. Oh God, that a soul should be thus brutally hurled into the face of its Maker and to judgment! Let our skirts be clear from the blood of her soul. Are yours? As he entered the mission yard he heard the "bum, bum," of the death drum and a shout of joy that one more soul had been cast into hell. Did we weep? I believe angels wept. Not for this soul alone but for the many who are meeting similar fate with no one to tell them. In a very short time they passed this place on their way to the high bush where the body would be given to the wild beasts of the forest. Do you wonder that we hasten here and there nor stop for wind and rain when any day some others may meet like fate? Think of your own boys without God being taught that life is a valueless commodity; something to be taken at will. Think of your own boy, your own girl, yes your own mother standing before God and saying, "Nobody told me." Think, think and then pray, and pray again. For *this* is the Dark Continent.

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