



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

Saved and Healed for Service in Africa

A Loud Call for Plodders

Ernest Hooper, Missionary to Africa, in Stone Church, Nov. 25, 1917



I HAVE been very much blessed and encouraged as, in the will of God, I have been privileged to touch a number of Pentecostal centers since coming home, but very often after I have spoken about the need of our beloved land of Africa I have gone home with a deep ache in my soul that tongue can never describe, because of the failure of workers to respond to the call. I am here representing a land of tremendous need, and what we want out there are young men and young women, and I am asking you to pray from this hour as never before that God will thrust forth laborers into the whitened harvest field. My Bible tells me, (Luke 18:1) "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." We must not become discouraged or faint-hearted in prayer. Can we say tonight that we are still in the same place in our prayer-life that we were when God baptized us? Oh I marvel at the power of prayer when I look back to the days when the Lord for Christ's sake caused me to see my great need of a Savior! I was absolutely indifferent before this to the claims of the Gospel on my own life, but God hears and answers prayer. I was a member of church, a member of a Young Men's Bible Class, and I remember my dear old father and others came to me, asked me if I didn't feel the need of a Savior, and I said, "I am all right. I go to church every Sunday, and am a member of a Young Men's Bible Class. What more do I need?" But they knew I needed a Savior and held on in prayer. The time came when I found myself on a bed of affliction, my body racked with pain, and the doctor ministered to me for weeks. By and by I felt a little stronger and the doctor said, "You can get up a little tomorrow," so up I got, and like others I thought I had more strength than I had and walked around the house and over-exerted myself. The next day I was in greater agony than ever. The physician was called in, and as he took his tests he said, "This is very serious; it means a hasty trip to the hospital and a quick operation, and I do not know then if I can save his life or not." I lay in an upper room, my father, mother, brother and sisters gathered down stairs, feeling that my time was short. Just then some one stood by my bedside and said, "Do you not feel your need of a Savior? You do not know how it

will go with you. It may mean death. Are you prepared to face your God?" I began to look into my life. There is a time when every individual must examine his own life and deal directly with heaven, and I was at that place. I hated to show the white feather! I had been sufficient in myself in days gone by. I knew not the way of salvation and here I was, face to face with Almighty God, in a few days' time to go down to death. I knew if I were to die in that condition, in spite of my connection with that lovely church, I would go down to hell, and I said to the one at my bedside, "Oh please pray!" Several more came and down by my bedside they knelt, and together we prayed for my soul, and the burden of my sins rolled away. I said, "By Thy grace and by Thy mercy I am done with the world and the things of this world," and God then and there put a go through in my soul. The next day they took me to the hospital. My limbs were drawn up so I could not move and the region of my appendix was greatly inflamed. The nurse said, "This is an awful case. Don't allow the temperature to rise beyond a certain point. If it does, take him at once to the operating table." They were praying while I was in the hospital, and the next morning when the head nurse came in she said, "This is simply wonderful. His temperature has gone down almost to normal. I thought he would soon have to be on the operating table, but this is wonderful." Then the doctor came and he too was amazed. I grew rapidly stronger, and in a few days I said, "Doctor, I am going home." He said, "If you go home you will be back here in two years' time. It is a miracle how you have gained, but if you go home you will come back within two years' time as sure as you live." A week after I was taken into that hospital helpless, I walked out and walked home. God had healed me without an operation, to His name be all the glory. And it was because they held on in prayer. They knew how to hold on in spite of the discouraging outlook, and God touched and healed even though I was over there in the hospital, and I still have my appendix. That was about fourteen years ago, and I am still wonderfully and blessedly healed.

Then as I went on seeking the face of God, oh the hunger that filled my soul! And He will never, never turn away a hungry heart. The hun-

ger increased as the days went by, although I had never heard of Pentecost and never heard a sermon on the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I went back to my lovely church but it seemed like a ice-box to me. Then I went to a little evangelistic mission and God quickened my soul there; every time I went I was blessed. I went back to my church and testified that I had been saved. They said, "Saved?" "Yes, the Lord separated me from sin and gave me a vision of Himself or that bed of agony. God saved my soul and I pray for you," and I soon found myself sitting alone. I went back to the little mission and felt that God wanted to separate me from everything that was formal and associate with this humble people who had real spiritual life. They had no fine pipe organ, no Young Men's Bible Class, but the power of God was there and He made the separation.

The hunger in my life increased and we had real seasons of worship in the little mission. One Sunday afternoon a man rushed in and said, "Will somebody please pray for me? I have gone back on God and lost out." I said, "I will pray for you," and I knelt down crying, "Oh Lord, save this man! Restore him." The power of God came down upon me, and right there and then God gave me a blessed, Pentecostal baptism in the Holy Ghost and fire, with tongues and interpretation. I had never sought the baptism, but friends, if you are real hungry you do not need to seek very long. The reason so many people seek and seek is because they are not real hungry, but when they cry out from the depths of their souls, "I will not be denied," God answers.

Shortly after that God gave me a real call to Africa. I knew without a shadow of a doubt that His hand was on my life for Africa, and in my soul I said, "Yes." Oh friends, is there in your life an eternal "Yes" to God? You are having good times in the homeland, wonderful conventions, fine speakers, good singing, but if you want to know what real, pure, divine joy in the Holy Ghost is, it is seeing precious, sin-bound, benighted souls taken out of the kingdom of darkness by the transforming power of Jesus. I'd rather be a missionary in Africa than the President in the White House tonight, and I thank God for a heaven-given call.

When we left the people gathered at the pier to see us off, and every one said, "We will write to you and you will get a great many letters." I was very glad, and the first week after I got there, I received seven or eight letters; the next

week I went to the letter-box but there were no letters, and the week after, no letters. How would you feel in Africa if you realized you were forgotten? I said, "Oh God, why is this?" And the Lord said, "Didn't I send you forth? Didn't I say I'd supply all your needs? The just shall live by faith and not by that letter-box." But as you are there week after week you long for a little line and something within you will rise up, but you have to swallow it down and go right into the harness.

I cannot begin to tell you how wonderfully God led out there in those early days. We were just five workers, Brother Bowie and his wife, Miss Scofield, Miss Russell and myself; now there are forty-eight white workers, all, as far as I know, baptized in the Holy Ghost. Besides, we have fourteen native workers, but we feel we are just beginning to meet the need. There are about 55,000,000 of people who have never yet heard a messenger of the cross, who haven't yet seen one who had the message of salvation. Fifty millions of people bound by sin, superstition and the powers of darkness, which only God can break! But how shall they hear without a preacher? Oh the need of dark Africa! I want to ask you to hold the ropes by prayer and supplication until God stirs up our Pentecostal people in the home land.

I was reading the Word of God how Joshua was told to go down in the valley of Rephidim, and Moses went up on the mountain with the rod of God in his hand. There he stood in prayer and supplication. He was weary and tired because of the heat of the sun, and standing so long, and they got a stone for him to sit on, and then when he was no longer able to hold up his hands, along came Aaron and Hur, and they held up his hands one on either side, until the going down of the sun. They were there to see the battle through in that hour of crisis, and stood there and bore the awful heat and burden until the battle was won. Now we want God to give us some Aarons and Hurs in the homeland. Here you touch each other's lives, and divine love flows one for the other, but on the foreign field you work day and night, month in and month out with little or no fellowship. One dear brother whom God brought into our work, dear Brother Elliott, a real man of God, was called with others to go up into the Belgian Congo, and for months we knew not where they were, but they were tramping day and night down into the interior of the Belgian Congo, and there dear Brother Richardson, who received his baptism in the Stone

Church, was buried. They took out three sites there and Brother Elliott battled for three months with terrible fever, and then was healed. He was up about a week and then was stricken down with pneumonia. We held on for victory but it didn't come. He passed away. During the past four years we have lost eight workers, and the heartaches have been almost unbearable; the burdens and the pangs of separation almost more than we could bear. After I got back to the homeland one of our dear brethren came to me, "Oh Brother Hooper, I wish I were you." "Why?" "Oh, you are a missionary, and all you have to do is to preach three or four or five or six times a week, and pray for the sick, and have a real good time of service with the Lord, praying and singing." I thought, "How I do wish that dear man could know what we have to pass through on the field, the burdens, the heartaches, the trials and the problems, with all the powers of hell arrayed against us!"

Some people think the heathen are eagerly stretching out their hands to God, but it is not so with us. If you do not have a real, God-given sticktuativeness you will soon want to pack your grip and go home. Since I have left the field we have opened up a work in Swaziland where there are 400,000 men, and we have opened up another in Portuguese East Africa and up in Southern Rhodesia. We have two sites in the Belgian Congo, and unless very soon there are brought into the ranks a number of Spirit-filled men we will lose those two sites. If you were there to-night you would find a little mission station three hundred miles from the railroad, and three brethren laboring alone; no inspiring Pentecostal service, no good times, but they are waging a war against sin and need to be upheld by prayer. I wonder if there are those who in days gone by received a call from God and did not obey. "Oh I got married, I have a comfortable home, pleasant surroundings." Friends, I wonder how you will stand before God. I knew a young man who received a call of God years ago to a certain part of Africa, but he didn't go. He settled down, and there he was with a nice comfortable home, everything the natural man holds dear, but

he was not happy. He said, "It is misery. I haven't had real joy or peace all these years. Now I will go and take my place up there on that spot where God called me to minister. Some workers went and searched out that field and they found where there were thousands of people in days gone by, today there is not one man, woman or child left. They had all been swept off by plague. I wonder how that young man can stand before God who called him to that field. He said "yes," then he said "no." The world had the strongest pull and to the world he went. Now he has lost his opportunity of speaking to those people. They have never heard the messenger of the cross. Dear ones, if God has called you, put yourself in the hands of God, and say, "Here am I for the salvation of precious souls." You will have to give up friends and loved ones, but you will find out there in Africa sin-bound souls and God will pour in over and over joy no tongue can tell as you see Him bringing precious souls unto Himself, saving and healing them, and baptizing them in the Holy Ghost. God gave Brother Chauner a blessed work in Zululand. He was wonderfully blessed after he had endured, but he worked there two years without a sign of a soul being saved. One day he was down before God praying, "Oh God! What is the matter? I have worked for two years and nothing has opened up, and the message has been preached so many times." By and by he heard not far off two women praying for salvation, the very first sign of spiritual life. If he had given up and left that field those two lives would not have been saved, but now if you go down to Zululand you will find a blessed company rejoicing in God and baptized in the Holy Ghost.

We want young men and young women. Souls will never be saved unless some of you put yourselves in the hands of God. Though there may be barriers in the way, God will break those barriers down and they may become stepping-stones to the foreign field, no matter though you may lack gifts or eloquence. Out there gifts do not count for so much as real consecration and sticktuativeness, and a willingness to go through. God will give souls as you hold on to Him in prayer.

Prayer First in God's Program

Andrew J. Urshan, in the Los Angeles Revival.



OD can work only in pure, honest hearts. He will see that the work—His work—goes on. Our God is a God of order, sound and wise, and whatever He does, He does well. He has for every one of us a program, a path in which He

wills us to walk and if we walk in His ways we will shine for Him. But we must know His program in order to follow it, and tonight I will bring one of God's programs before us.

I Tim. 2:1, "I exhort, therefore, that *first of all* supplications, prayers, intercessions and giv-

ing of thanks be made for *all men*—that means for all in authority, from president to policeman. First of all then, let us think, speak and plan that supplications, prayers, intercessions be made for *all men*. The first thing in the morning before you begin to work, while you work and when through work, at the close of the day, and at all times, let supplications be made for all men.

We call this Word of God inspired, believe that not one jot or one tittle shall pass away, yet we let it pass unfulfilled in our lives. Is not this the reason why we have not the gifts of the Spirit? Why demons are not subject to us? God says to us, "first of all"—not second, not, when it is convenient, but "First of all let supplications, prayers, thanksgiving be made for all men." Had we done this thousands would have been saved for God everywhere. We preachers need not be dry and fruitless if we but follow this program. We will be like a fruitful tree.

With many of us the first thought in the morning is "What shall I eat?" or "Wherewithal shall I be clothed?" God says, "First of all, *pray*." If we give ourselves to God according to His program we will become filled and saturated with Him, through prayer.

You ask, "Why do I get cold towards God, why so dead and dry?" Because you are not walking according to the program of God. You miss the morning prayer. *First of all, before we start to do anything else let us get down before God. Bring the whole geography of the world before God. The Holy Spirit will help you. In ten minutes you will have such a spirit of supplication that you will be blest. You will have the health of God for spirit, soul and body.*

Daniel was a captive youth, yet he became one of the greatest rulers. Daniel never missed his special hour for waiting on God, but *you* tell me you have no time for prayer. Do you have more business than Daniel? He prayed always; no wonder he could work so well! He prospered because he worked according to God's plan.

There is a difference between prayer, intercession and supplication. Prayer is communion with God—praying through. Intercession is mediation for others, and is both prayer and supplication.

Prayer is hard work for the old carnal man; but it is natural for the Spirit of Jesus. Many people say, "I want to please God." Well, read verse three of this chapter and find the thing that pleases Him. We find that "this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Savior; who would have all men to be saved and to come to a

knowledge of the truth." What responsibility hangs upon our prayers! *All men shall come to the knowledge of the truth!* Your prayer for your fellow men will cause the power of God to come upon those for whom you pray. Prayer is ordained by God as a means to this end.

Ephesians 6:12, "Praying at all seasons and watching thereunto in all perseverance and supplication for all the saints." It is so easy to condemn poor, frail saints! The way out of their frailty is for you to go to God for them; not only for those of your own mission but for "*all saints*." Jesus said, "The harvest truly is plentiful but the laborers are few. Pray ye that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers into the harvest." So the harvest in heaven depends upon our prayers. There are so many man-appointed ministers and pastors, but we want God-appointed laborers.

Young men are dying by millions. What an awful atmosphere in Europe! I have been there, I have seen it and it is coming to us, too; but for the elect's sake who cry unto God day and night, those days of slaughter will be shortened. In Europe there are notices posted everywhere, even on telephone poles, for the people to *pray*. If this need is felt by the people at large how much more should we, God's Spirit-filled people, give ourselves unto prayer.

The coming of the Lord depends upon our prayers. The first prayer Jesus taught His disciples contained these words, "Thy kingdom come." The devil knows that the prayers of saints are God's channel through which to work, so as soon as you begin to pray he makes you feel indisposed with headache, oppression or weariness; or he diverts your mind. When you stop praying he withdraws his oppression. He knows that prayer will conquer him, so he is the enemy of prayer and he seeks to rob God's saints of this weapon.

Look at the churches! They have lost the weapon of prayer; on prayer-meeting night there will be about ten old men and twelve old women out to pray, while this, the vital power of the church, is forgotten by the mass of church members. Sunday morning there will be great display, crowds in attendance, organ recital and much enthusiasm, but no spirit of prayer. Pastors devote whole weeks to lectures and preparing big sermons, without prayer, but God's program is not so.

Billy Sunday is a wise man. For weeks before he opens meetings he has his representatives there stirring the people up to pray. Thank God, if I can't preach, I can pray. Greater than preaching

singing or speaking in tongues, is prayer. The "new tongues" are for prayer. When we fairly burst with prayer and our language fails us, then we pray in God's language.

One brother came to me this afternoon and said that after he received the baptism in the

Holy Ghost he was so happy and prayerful; now he has no prayer. I told him to *pray*. Make the old flesh pray. The only way to shake the devil off is by prayer. Pray as you did when you were seeking the baptism in the Spirit and glory will come.

Gospel of Healing Entrance into Heathen Lives Prayer the Remedy for Powerless Christians

Miss Sara Coxe, Missionary to India, in The Stone Church, April 14, 1918



HERE is a little passage in the Bible which was our stay in India, and if you are real good Pentecostal people you will know where it is: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust."

Some years ago when in the very heart of the jungle of India I took up a little tract and read it through. I said to one of the missionaries, "How did we ever get this tract?" She said, "I do not know, but read it and read it again." I read it over and over. We were in the midst of a great faith work, with 425 girls to feed and 150 native Christians in our church, and we had to depend on God, and that tract was a great incentive to me. It was the history of the very beginning of this work in the Stone Church when the Pipers stepped out for God. It just filled my life with faith and courage and we passed it all around in our mission station. This morning I want to praise God that we have found Him the same in India as He is in America. Have you heard from Him today? Did you hear from Him yesterday? We ought to hear from God every day. If we do not there is something the matter. I have a little friend in New York City with whom I work just as often as I can when there, and in writing occasionally, she invariably closes up her letters by asking, "Sara, have you heard from Father today?" One of the saddest facts today is that we are turning out powerless Christians, men and women who are not hearing from God. Isn't God on the throne? Does He not answer prayer? Is He not the same yesterday, today and forever? Do not let us be powerless, fireless, limpid, no-good Christians, but let us hear from God at least once a day. Let us go on with the Lord Jesus, filled and covered with the power of the Holy Ghost.

"He that *dwelleth* in the secret place of the Most High"—I cannot tell you how many times

we have proved this to be true when we were in India, with the temperature at 120 in the shade and 170 in the sun, and it seemed as if the enemy with all his forces were arrayed against us, for we were on his territory, but we found we had a "secret place" and when we were hid away in that secret place no power in all the world could harm us. The secret place is the place of power. So often I have said to people, "If you would only pray, get into the secret place of the Most High; if you would only begin to ask God for missionaries, for souls, for reapers, for the whitened harvest fields, for a burden for the men and women who are at the front, God would soon begin to work, because He does answer prayer. Some one said to me the other day, "Miss Coxe, what is the greatest need in all the fields?" And immediately, without a moment's hesitation, I said, "Why, *prayer*, of course." If men and women would only pray God would begin to work. Do you know what brought Pentecost? What brought the fire of the Holy Ghost? It was prayer. The church was praying, "Lord, send a revival, and begin in me," and when He sent the revival, the best He had to send, many people turned back, and of course these people are not going to pray again. Who will pray? The Pentecostal people must. Who will bring down blessing upon this old world? Those who are filled with the Holy Ghost and power.

A certain missionary Board sent a young man to India. He was a fine young man and those on the field said, "Now we will have a fine missionary. He is a college man, is from one of our best theological schools, he knows God and will do a good work," but his own words were these, "When I said my last Goodbye and the boat pulled out from New York; when all the people had left and I was alone, God began to speak to my heart. I got down with the open Bible and said, 'Lord, what do I lack? It doesn't seem now as though You could use me in India,' and as I searched through my Bible, God showed me that I was a powerless Christian; that I did not have the power of God in my life, and to be real serv-

iceable I must learn to know God and to receive His power; to know how to be filled with the Holy Ghost." He began to seek, and during that entire trip he was down on his face before God.

When he landed in Bombay a committee from this fashionable church met him; they were so glad to see him and so glad to take him up in the country and introduce him to the missionaries, but after awhile they were not so glad, and said "Who is this the Board have sent us? He doesn't talk, he doesn't do anything but pray." And all the time he wasn't studying the language he spent in pouring his heart out to God, and after he got the language, two, three, four, five, six, and seven years rolled by and he still prayed, and one day the missionaries got together and said, "Let's send him home, and let's write a note to the Home Board that we haven't any use for him," and so they wrote the letter. And just at that time he came in and said, "I feel like taking a cart and going out on a tour." He took his ox and cart, his cooking utensils and his native, and in the first village he stopped the head man was convicted of sin. If you can get the head man you can get the whole village. This head man was converted and baptized, and he said to this young man, "Is there any reason why my wife and family should not be baptized too?" And he said, "No reason whatever." So he said to his wife, "Come along and hear about this Man Jesus and get baptized for the remission of sins." So the wife and family came, and the whole village came to the Lord Jesus Christ. Then he took his tent, his ox and cart and native evangelist and went to the next village, and he went all through that part of India, a mighty evangelist, touched by the power of God and bringing men and women to God all the time.

One day one of our girls said to me, "Mamma (I had 400 girls under me and they all called me mamma) I'd just love to hear that man." We had a conference of eight missionary societies, eighty missionaries and a large number of native Christians; there were supposed to be 5,000 the last Sunday, and all wanted to hear this man who had been invited to the conference. He sat at the workers' table and never said a word during the meal. Immediately he was through his meal he would go upstairs to pray, and during that whole conference he was in his room in prayer when he was not preaching. I persuaded him to come over to our compound, and while he didn't think he was very wonderful, at first, he hadn't been there very many days before we began to feel his power on our lives. It had been

very hard for him to be rejected by his Board; it was very hard to wait on for seven years without doing anything, but it paid, and today all over India, he is known as the great big Sahib who brought hundreds of men and women to the Lord Jesus Christ. Will you not begin to pray? and to ask God, "Lord, what part have I in this ministry?" If you do, God will show you.

One day one of our missionaries said to me, "Miss Coxe, aren't you tired? Wouldn't you like to leave your classes tomorrow and go out with one of the older missionaries to preach the Gospel?" I said, "Yes." We called in two native Bible women and told them we were going out to preach, and the older missionary said, "We are going to get down here to wait on God before we go," and we did. One Bible woman poured out her heart in the vernacular, the other Bible woman did the same, and the missionary and I prayed and we asked God to lead us to the right place and to anoint us with the power of the Holy Ghost that we might have a real message for those people who perhaps had never heard the Gospel. The next morning bright and early we were on our way with our cart and oxen and native workers. The missionary said to me, "I feel led to go to a certain village, do you?" I said, "Yes." I had never been there, and we went. It was ten miles away from our station, and it takes oxen a long time to go ten miles. I'd like to transport you this morning and give you a vision of a walled village with its narrow, dirty streets, its little mud houses, its oxen and goats and camels, and the women and children sitting around in the sun, and the idols. Every village has its idols, and its gods, and it makes one shudder to see them worshipping idols. Around the top of the walls there is always a rope, and hanging from the rope are strings and bright colored paper, to keep the evil spirits out. They have three hundred and thirty-three million gods in India.

As we reached this village for which we were bound, the older missionary took a Bible woman to one part, and I and the other Bible woman went to the Mohammedan quarter, but they said, "We do not care to hear, we haven't time." We passed out and went to another part, and they said, "We haven't time to listen." The Bible woman said to me, "What shall we do? Shall we go home?" "Certainly not. We have come out to preach the Gospel and God answers prayer." We went outside and prayed, and asked God to what part of the village He wanted us to go. Then we went back. Walls separated the caste people, and we were not supposed to go inside the

wall, because even if our shadow should fall on the people they would consider themselves unclean, but there was a door through the wall and I said, "Here is a real open door," and we went in, and there was an old, old woman. I wish you could see the old women in India; you do not have any old women in America who look like these heathen hags in India. I have never seen any. But this old woman said, "Have you come back again? (I had never been there before in all my life.) Just sing a song and all the people in this part of the village will come together." So we opened up our books and sang:

"What can wash away my sins?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

At the close of the song all the people had gathered together, and they brought out a cot and spread down a filthy, dirty comforter and asked us to sit down. I stood and preached for an hour and a half, I prefer to stand when I preach, then my Bible woman stood and preached for an hour and a half, and still the people were not tired. The old woman said, "You always have a welcome in this part of the village. Don't you remember when you were here before? My daughter was so sick, and you said, 'I have no medicine, but if you will let me pray, we will pray for your daughter.' My daughter was healed and because of that this whole part of the village has opened up to hear the Gospel of the Lord Jesus." I could not understand this as I had never been there, but when I got home a missionary from another station was visiting us, and she asked me where I had gone to preach, and I told her. She said, "I was there once." When I told her the story of the healing of the daughter of the old woman we found that she was the one who had been there and for whom I was taken. She was about my size and had hair the color of mine. She said, "I remember how I preached and how I prayed for the girl, and I went home and called my husband who was sitting at his desk, 'Come out here. We must pray for this girl that she may be healed and that the Name of the Lord will be honored in that part of the village.' I did not know until today that that girl was healed." Oh there is nothing in the world that will reach the heathen like the prayer of faith! Don't you think it pays to pray?

After our senior missionary left the field we thought the bottom would drop out of everything. She had built up that work, rescued eight hundred girls for God, and there came a time

when she had to go home for rest. She gathered together the seven hundred and fifty native Christians, and they gave her a little farewell service, and at the close she put her hand on my head and said, "I am leaving Miss Coxe with you, and she will stay with this school until I come back, and I want you to be just as dutiful to her as you have been to me," and they said, "We surely will."

I cannot tell you how I felt when the old boat pulled out and we were left alone. One day at prayer I said, "Let us begin to trust God as we have never done before," and we took a new step of faith. Ours was a faith work, and one day one of our matrons came to me and said, "Do you know that we have no flour?" I said, "Grind some. Get a class of ten or twelve girls and in an hour we can have enough flour for three hundred girls." Two girls grind at one mill, which is still a custom of the East. But she said, "Mamma, do you know we have no more wheat?" "Go down to the bazaar and buy some." I opened up the safe and there wasn't a cent there. The girls said, "Mamma, don't you remember on Saturday you said we didn't have any more money. What will we do now?" "We will pray. We cannot have any debt. We promised God we would trust Him and perhaps He wants us to fast and pray." So we got together and prayed, and I went into the bungalow where there were four missionaries and we got down on our faces there and told God again of our need. I said, "If God sends food, well and good. If not, we will fast and pray and take it that He wants us to wait on Him," and we went about our work, some to sew and some to sweep, and I went to my desk. In the morning mail I had a big stack of letters. I knew there was no mail from America on Monday, but in this mail was one letter different from all the rest. It said, "Dear Miss Coxe: I have heard of your work of faith and love for God, and this is part of my tenth money. You may use it just as you like." I went to the girls and said, "Girls, here is your dinner. Hallelujah!" It took just \$5 to feed three hundred girls, and I sent them down to the bazaar to buy wheat and they ground it. After that He fully supplied our need and all our bins were full and running over. All we had to do was to pray.

You remember the Syro-Phoenician woman, how she prayed. God is jealous about the way we come to Him. If we don't ask for what we want we will not get it. If I have a sore finger and ask for something else I cannot expect God to heal my finger. The Syro-Phoenician woman

heard the disciples saying, "She is a Gentile dog," and she said, "I know I am a dog but give me the dog's portion," and she kept knocking until the Lord heard her prayer.

I was very, very ill one night in India. It was in the rainy season and we had been having tarrying meetings; it is a little bit colder after the rains, and one night about ten o'clock it seemed as if my whole system were drawn in pain from my head to my feet. My suffering was intense. A missionary came into my room who was a trained nurse, and said, "The girl is unconscious," and she wanted to give me something to alleviate my suffering, but another missionary came and said, "Don't you dare give it to her in that house. They are real Alliance people and never take remedies of any kind, and the girl thinks it is a sin. Don't give her anything." But the first missionary said, "She will die if we don't

give her something to get the poison out of her system," and the other said, "I will pray," and she knelt by my bed. How long she was there we do not know, but she laid hold of God for my life, and after a while I was much better, and by morning I was well. The only way I knew I had had an awful attack was that my eyes were sunken away back in my head. Friends, some one had to pray. There were two people praying for me. About a month later I received a letter from my father saying, "Child, were you not ill on such-and-such a night at such-and-such an hour? The Lord told me to pray for you, that you were very ill." It was the very time I was sick, and God heard and saved my life by that prayer. Friends, will you not begin to pray? If you could see the need, if you could see the difficulties you would not wonder that I ask you to pray.

Life Through Death Fruit the Result of a Hidden Ministry

John Cox, 802 W. 20th St., Wilmington, Del., in The Stone Church.



HE subject tonight is, Life through death, exaltation through humiliation and glory through the grave. I will read from John 12:24, 25. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." But He Himself had to die to give it to us.

About that time Jesus Christ had undoubtedly about five hundred followers as far as we can estimate. But now, in the upland of the other sphere and down in the lowlands of this sphere and conditions He has untold millions, and they are still increasing. Jesus through His death has won an eternal victory. In Himself the victory was complete when He rose again but in His members the victory is completed as they rise up into His life.

It is absolutely necessary in the Christian life that we shall not only die but we must also be buried out of sight, down out of sight. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." Do you know that I have been in places many times, when considering this thought in relation to Jesus I have felt what a lonely place our Lord would have had through all eternity if He had not died. He might have been sovereign as He would be; He might be far above

all other created intelligence, He might have been God over all the world and systems, He might have exercised dominion and authority universe wide, eternally long, but oh! how lonely. But because He died and was buried He rose again; led captivity captive and received gifts for men. I imagine just now I can see them streaming through the gates of gold in an eternal procession of the redeemed pouring in to His throne.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die!" Do you know that it is a hard thing to die? A man who has much vigor, a man whose life is invigorated and strengthened physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, for him it is an awful hard process to die. I am not talking now about the literal, physical death, I am talking about that death that is needed to live; that death which you and I have to pass through. It is a long process; we take a grain of wheat and put it into the granary and leave it there. Oh how alone it is! Just a single grain! But it has in it a germ of life. It is covered over with a husk but it has sufficient vitality to spring forth into life. You can keep it in the corner of the old granary forever and it would be just a single corn of wheat. You say, That is what people make flour of, but that little grain, in order to produce its kind, its living kind, its actual kind, has to be put down into the ground and die. "I don't like that process; I don't like to be put down and tramped upon; I like to stretch myself and let people see how large I am." "Except a

corn of wheat fall into the ground and die"—the old death to self, the crucifixion of the self is the hardest process any human being passes through. I believe that physical death is easy compared to the death which people pass through when they die out to self and to their surroundings; to family and friends and every other thing, that they might cleave unto Him. Listen to what He says, "*But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.*" After the corn of wheat has died then it will spring up, first the blade, then the stalk, then the ear, and finally the full grown wheat in the meadows. Then there is life and more than that, it has the property within it that sustains life and carries life along with it. Jesus Christ said that he came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. You know I am greatly in love today with God's measure. Heaped up, pressed down, shaken together and running over is God's measure.

Perhaps I have told you this little story. When I was a boy I used to go to the granary and measure oats and barley. For the customers I would fill up the bushel or peck measure but when some friend of mine would come I would always shake it together and you could just see how the grain would go down. Then I would press it down with my hands and then heap it up. My friends got much more grain than the regular customers. Beloved I learned a lesson at that time what God meant by the measure, "heaped up, pressed down, shaken together and running over."

You say, "I have salvation." Do you have enough to serve you all during the week? You say, "I am rejoicing over that which the Lord has given to me." Will you rejoice tomorrow at the wash-tub? You say, "My, how I enjoyed the service tonight." Will you rejoice when some one says evil about you? Will you rejoice then? "Blessed are you when men shall revile you and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in heaven." Life through death: the little grain of wheat had to be buried beneath the sod before it could bring life to others.

It is said that in the British Museum there is a mummy of the prince of Egypt that had been mummified for over three thousand years. When the mummy was taken out of the vault some one saw something in the palm of the prince's hand and as they examined it they saw that it was a grain of wheat. They claim that they took that wheat and planted it and that today whole countries are being fed with the products of the grain of wheat found in the mummy's hand and had

been there for more than three thousand years. If you will be willing to be hidden away, willing to die to self and surroundings and all that life holds for you, God will see that that death will spring forth into life eternal and that it will produce its kind in the lives of many others.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone. But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." You know God's estimates are quite different from yours and mine and when God says much fruit you may be sure that He means good measure. In the city of Wilmington where I live, there was a man found one time with his head frozen to the curb; he had been lying in a drunken stupor until his head was frozen to the curb. His face was so scarred and bleeding as a result of fighting until one could scarcely recognize him but they took him home to his wife who had formerly been bitter against him because of his ill treatment. But when they brought him in that condition her heart was softened and she took him in. She nursed him and brought him back to consciousness and then prayed for him until God saved him. Listen, that man couldn't read a letter previous to this time but the morning after he was saved he took down his wife's Bible, and sitting down together he opened it to the fourteenth chapter of John and just as he was about to pass the Bible to his wife to read something caught his attention, and almost unconsciously he began to read that fourteenth chapter of John without ever having learned to read. He died out to his vile and wicked life, he died out to everything that was opposed to God and began to work for Him. Quite a hard death! But the result is that thousands all over this land owe their salvation to that man's death; thousands, not scores and hundreds but thousands; there were revivals under him when thousands were swept into the kingdom of God. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone. But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

Exaltation through humiliation! When you are humbled then He will exalt you. He that humbleth himself shall be exalted but he that exalteth himself in the presence of God shall be brought low. "God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble." There is exaltation through humiliation. Do you know that the Salvation Army was never so much exalted in the sight of God and man as they were when they were the humblest people on this continent? The time was, but not now, when their one aim was to save souls, under any circumstance or condi-

tion. I don't say that they are not doing good now, but I do say that they are not as they used to be—at their best. There is the good, the better and the best. It is good to feed the hungry. It is good to clothe the naked, but what is the good of all that if after you have fed the hungry and clothed the naked body you let it sink into everlasting perdition?

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Are you willing to go down? If you are willing to step down to the lowest landing and become nothing at all then in due time He will exalt you. Take the lowest place that God may exalt you to the highest position. Jesus Christ gave us the example; "He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him" but now "through His stripes we are healed."

Glory through the grave! "But," you say, "I don't want to go that way." Then you will never have any glory. It means not only death but you must be buried. I had a friend in Eastern Pennsylvania who preached his own funeral service. He said to his wife, "Don't you ever let any one preach my funeral service. I have preached my own long ago and there is no one who knows me better than I know myself." So he preached his own funeral sermon. The point I want to make is this, that you ought to be ready to preach your own spiritual funeral sermon. You ought to be willing to die and be buried out of sight if you expect to rise into glory and into life. You say, "I am not ready. I have too much about me for that." Then somebody will preach it for you. The best thing you can do is to preach it yourself. I remember on entering a certain city some thirty-five years ago in the corner of the public square I noticed the figure of an old man in front of an old cigar store. Some years later I was in that same place and I looked for that man but he was not there, he was gone. I walked up North Main Street and there I saw him on a prominent corner. There he was, the same old man but the first time I saw him he was painted red and white and this time he was painted green and blue. I thought, well you are the same old fellow only you have on a different coat of paint. Some years later than that I was traveling around and stopped over in this same city and there as big as life was this same statue with still a different coat of paint. Now the lesson I want to give is that it doesn't matter where he may be, or what color of paint he might have on, he is the same old fellow, and that old man of yours is the same; it doesn't matter how much you paint him up, he is the very

same and the only way you can get rid of him is to let him die and be buried out of sight. Then you will rise into newness of life to walk with Jesus. I want to give an illustration of this. We read about Lazarus in the eleventh chapter of John. Lazarus had to die, he was buried out of sight and raised up by the power of Jesus Christ. Shortly after this they were all invited to a feast and Lazarus was there at that feast as the honored respected guest. As surely as you live, if you are willing to die out God will make you one of the honored guests at *the great* feast but if you are not willing to die out there is no honor in God's kingdom for you. Jesus Christ went the road of death in order to bring glory to His Father, to Himself and to His followers.

Do you want to be like Him? He fell into the ground and died and rose again. Let your life be buried out of sight, buried forever until you, in the likeness and character of His glory, rise up to do His bidding and then you will bring forth an abundant harvest.

Saved Thro' a Tract

ENCOURAGING to tract distributors is the following story told by one of our subscribers living in Minnesota, in a recent visit to The Stone Church: "A small tract was the means of my salvation. I was walking along the street one day when I saw a tract laying on the ground. I picked it up and passed it on to some one else. After I had walked several blocks I turned back and asked the person to whom I had given it to give it back that I might read it. On the back of the tract was an advertisement of a paper, *The Latter Rain Evangel*, a copy of which I sent for and found it was just what I needed. When I read about the baptism in the Holy Ghost I got down and prayed for it. I had never known of any one being filled with the Holy Ghost, and didn't know how it affected them, and as I prayed the power of God came upon me and somewhat frightened me, but I continued to seek the Lord earnestly until He filled me with the Holy Ghost. Do not feel badly if you give a tract and it is thrown away; some one will pick it up and be blessed through it."

Sometimes we become disheartened because we do not see results from our seed-sowing, but this is a proof that God's Word will not return void but will accomplish that for which it is sent. Give your tracts and papers out prayerfully, and they will prove a double blessing.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

World-Wide Missionary Conference

BY the time this issue reaches our readers we will be in the midst of the Missionary Conference, at The Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Ave., Chicago, which has been advertised in several issues of *The Evangel*. A number have been much in prayer for some weeks for this Conference and our hearts are expectant of God's blessing. No plans have been made but those who have called it have a consciousness that God has some specific purpose and aim in our coming together at this time, and that it will be a season of deep spiritual blessing to those who attend as well as a time of helpful discussion of practical matters. Three meetings a day will be held, 10 A. M., 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

* * *

We received word from our beloved brother Ernest Hooper, whose address appears in this number, that he and his family were expecting to leave for South Africa on April 19, 1918, sailing direct to Capetown. We ask prayer for God's protection upon them, and also for Mrs. Julia Richardson, who broke down in the Congo and was on her way to America, stopping in New Zealand for a rest. While there she received word from Brother Bowie that her return to the Congo was imperative, and she is now on her way back. She will need a special upholding prayer as she goes back to that hard, lonely field in her weakened condition, not having yet fully recuperated. May God lay this faithful one on the

heart of some intercessor, that she may be mightily upheld. She goes back joyfully for her heart is fully devoted to the people to whom God called her many years ago, and for whom her husband laid down his life.

* * *

God Uses a Child

A woman and her little boy walking down the street passed a man who was walking in the opposite direction. The woman was discouraged and disheartened and walked along absorbed in her misfortunes, when suddenly her little boy said, "Mamma, stop that man. That is God's man." The man's attention was attracted to her and he spoke to the woman, and she said to him, "My little boy said I should speak to you, that you were God's man." He asked her if she was saved, and she said, she was not. He commenced to talk to her about the way of salvation and as he talked a deep hunger arose in her heart and she asked him where he went to church. He told her he went to The Stone Church, Thirty-seventh and Indiana. She asked him when they had services and came. When she entered the church she saw the people praying with uplifted hands and seeing the joy on their faces, she raised her hands and went to praying. As she prayed the joy came into her heart and God blessedly saved her and cleansed her from sin. She had been Catholic and had never before known the joy of salvation.

* * *

The Work of the Spirit

A tent meeting was in progress. Early one Sunday morning the Spirit of God came upon the humble Christians as they gathered together for prayer at the beginning of the service. They began to sing in a low tone,
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,

Early in the morning our songs shall rise to thee."

Over and over, one after another took up the strain. The little band seemed to be held to their knees, and though the hour was speeding on and people came in for the service, yet there was no movement to arise. A holy hush was over all, and again the strains floated out,
"Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea."

The people who had come into the tent went out again, and finally the hour drew to a close. One, suddenly realizing that the time had gone by and no regular service had been held, said, "Oh, we have ruined the meeting!" but another said,

"No, if the Lord had His way the meeting is not ruined." When they arose from their knees it was twelve o'clock and the tent was empty. All had gone.

The next evening, Monday, a woman arose in the meeting and said, "I came into this tent yesterday morning and felt the place was so holy I could not stay. I have not been able to sleep since, and I want to give my heart to God." Another, a young man, said, "I came into this tent yesterday morning but became so convicted I could not stay. I have been in agony of spirit ever since, and now I want to become a Christian."

So far from the meeting being ruined, it stood out above all the rest as having the mark of the supernatural upon it, the invisible cloud of glory resting above it made it fruitful soil for souls.

Among the Soldiers

WE continue to emphasize the deep need of prayer on behalf of the soldiers, on the firing line, in the training camps, in the hospitals and prison camps. Souls of men are hourly passing into eternity, and only prayer will save them. Let us pray for the souls of even our enemies, that, misguided though they are and laying down their lives in an ignoble and unholy cause, they may not be lost eternally.

We hear of real victories in the lives of our own boys who are witnessing for Jesus in the training camps, and letting their light shine. One testified in a recent meeting that he doubted if it would take greater courage to face the enemy's guns than to kneel and pray in the midst of ungodly associates, but God gave him grace. He realized that he might have left some things undone that would have been unnoticed, but at heart he would have felt that he was denying his Master.

Another told of himself and another young man starting a song service and how others joined them and were deeply moved and made to think of their Savior.

Another young man who had been suffering for years with a serious nervous trouble, was wonderfully healed by the Lord, applied for a position in the base hospital corps, and was accepted. He was examined by eighteen physicians and pronounced sound and well. The story of his healing is nothing short of miraculous. When he first sought the Lord for healing he was practically helpless, his nervous system being in such a state that he was scarcely able to control himself, but now he is entirely healed, and doing

strenuous, hospital work, continually coming in contact with all kinds of disease and passing through various quarantines. He gives glory to God for his healing.

The following article from an exchange proves the value of prayer:

Will Prayer Stop German Bullets?

This was the question sneeringly asked a British officer of a fellow soldier in a railway compartment as he overheard his companion in saying good bye to his friends ask them to pray for him.

It received a pointed answer in the following double deliverance of one who knew how to pray at the battle's front. It is printed by Pastor Findley of Glasgow in his monthly Church "Evangel," as he received it directly from one of the boys on the field of battle. He wrote "One man who was down at the time you were with us (a Canadian farmer before the war), and who received a great blessing then, was telling me some wonderful stories of God's working and answers to prayers. I cannot do better than pass one or two on to you and the praying friends. He and a number of others were clearing out wells; one of them over 160 feet deep was suspected of being poisonous, and the officers decided that one of the men should go down by rope and investigate. W— was chosen. He got down safely, did what was required, then knelt down and had a few moments' prayer. While kneeling God told him to ask for another rope to be lowered. He did so, and was scoffed and jeered at by officer and men alike. However, he quietly told them that God had told him not to attempt the ascent on the rope he descended on, and would not come up until they grudgingly sent down another. A few yards from the top the first rope snapped, and if he had not had the other to cling to he would have fallen and been killed. This made a great impression, and afterwards when they were sent out on special duty the other men always asked to be allowed to go with him. This happened so often that the officer who had jeered was interested, and asked W— if he really believed that God had nothing else to do than listen to him. The day following this conversation two parties had to go out on a very dangerous piece of work. They were told it meant death to some, if not all. W— and his company got together and before starting he asked them to bow in prayer. Every man did so, and he commended his men to God. The other company went out laughing and swearing. The work was done, and the men in charge had to report to the officer. Nearly all the men in the first company were killed. When W— reported all safe, the officer would not believe it at first. Some time after he came to W— and another Christian corporal, and asked them if they would come to his dug-out and pray for him and with him. On entering they found other officers there, but before them all they knelt, and the major gave his allegiance to God and accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour (he is Major C— from Bristol). Thank God for a fearless testimony and thank God for your message in our but

on 'Putting on the whole armor of God.' It not only helped me, but made others brave and fearless in their witness for Christ. Shortly after the above incident he and a few others were singing hymns and having a little meeting in the trenches when a captain came along who had been a backslider for years. He joined them, and before the meeting was over had returned to the Lord. Hallelujah! what a Saviour! God's Word is still the power."—The Evangelical Christian.

To Evangelize Russia

THE world today is dealing in millions and billions. We speak of sending a million men to France as though it were an ordinary event, and it is stated that forty million dollars a day are being expended by the United States alone for the war. Those who have been burdened for the unevangelized lands of the earth have told us that there are millions and millions of heathen who have never heard the Gospel, yet the church has been indifferent to the great claim of the heathen world upon her. Christian America spends ninety-six cents on the home land and four cents for the heathen world. Yea, worse still, the total amount spent for chewing-gum in one year exceeded that spent for foreign missions by \$7,500,000. Is it not time for the Christian church to awake? Let us attempt great things for God. Again we repeat what a prominent speaker stated so pointedly, that if it was necessary for Jesus Christ to come to Judea nineteen hundred years ago as Savior of the world, it is equally necessary for us to carry the Gospel to those who have not the light. Their lives are just as precious in the sight of God as ours. An immortal soul is an immortal soul, whether it is found in the jungles of Africa or in civilized America.

The greatest missionary opportunity of the century is now before the Christian church; that of carrying the Gospel to the *one hundred and eighty-two millions* of Russia. A call to prayer and conference in behalf of these unsaved millions will be held in the Moody Tabernacle, this city, June 24-28, 1918. The call is sent out to the Lord's people everywhere, and has been signed by a large number of evangelical leaders. we quote from it as follows:

The Revolution in Russia has resulted in throwing open to the Gospel the largest country, with its largest population of white people in the world. There are 182,000,000 people in Russia, and yet there are not as many Evangelical workers there as in the City of Chicago alone. Many are eagerly waiting for the Gospel. When recently one of the leaders of the "Dom Evangelia" Mission in Petrograd, immedi-

ately after returning from Siberia, went with his Choir and Workers to the large Square directly in front of the Winter Palace, and conducted for the first time in the existence of that City an open air Gospel Service, large numbers of men and women assembled. After the Message was delivered the people turned to the Preacher and said: "Where have you been so long? and why did you not tell us this before?" "I was in Siberia," was the reply.

Never since the beginning of Christianity has such an immense population of our own white people become accessible to Missionary Enterprise. Our Evangelization plan must embrace not only the hundred million native Russians, but also the seven million Ukrainians, millions of Mohammedans (Tartars, Kurds, Kirghiz, etc.), Armenians, Roumanians and Greeks, and besides these the Bulgarians, Servians, Croatsians, Montenegrins and other related Slavonic peoples.

The propaganda of Atheism and Materialism is already assuming awful proportions. There is no time to lose. The Greek Orthodox Church is rapidly losing its grip upon the hearts of the people, and before long large masses of simple religiously inclined Russians may be led astray into complete infidelity. Millions of the people are looking for something different. What is it to be? Atheism, or the Gospel? If the latter then because of existing conditions in Europe AMERICA MUST ASSUME CHIEF RESPONSIBILITY for meeting the need else this greatest Missionary Opportunity of the Centuries may be turned into the most abysmal failure.

The greatest immediate need is the printing and circulating of at least a million copies of the Russian Bible, three million copies of the New Testament and a large supply of the very best Russian Evangelical Literature. Then several hundred Evangelists, Colporteurs and Christian Workers must be trained and equipped for service in Russia. Already one hundred Russians in America have offered themselves for soul-saving service in their native land and are now in training and there are also hundreds of converted and educated men in Russia who have suffered for their faith and who now need to be rallied and encouraged.

As a very vital factor in the realization of a comprehensive Evangelization plan for Russia we must immediately undertake the thorough Evangelization of the Russian and other Slavonic people in our own country and Canada in order that they in great numbers, being converted and trained here, may return to their native lands fully equipped for effective service. Last but not least the united prayers of God's people everywhere must be offered up in behalf of these long neglected multitudes.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of this move. Unless evangelical churches bestir themselves quickly, that vast country will be flooded with false teaching, such as emanates from New Thought, Christian Science, Russellism, etc., and after these false doctrines have taken root in people's hearts it will be doubly hard to plant the pure Gospel seed.

Let us pray for this Conference and pray for Russia that a mighty wave of evangelism will sweep into every city, town and hamlet, and thousands and millions will be born into the kingdom of God.

All communications regarding the Conference may be addressed to Rev. Jesse W. Brooks, Supt. of the Chicago Tract Society, 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Conventions and Campmeetings

Troy, N. Y., May 15-20. For information write, Pastor C. K. Henningson, 54 Harrison Place, Troy, N. Y.

Findlay, Ohio, June 1-16. Write T. K. Leonard.

Beulah Heights, North Bergen, N. J., May 25-June 2. Address 4741 Hudson Boul., North Bergen, N. J.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 21-Sept. 1. Address James R. Greig, 906 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Faith Imparts Faith

The following letter from a missionary tells of a victorious faith through reading of answered prayer in other lands. Mrs. Ella Burman, Sanjan, Thana Dist., India, writes as follows:

"I had just returned to my station, Dandi Maroli, after quite a long absence, having been obliged to go to the larger stations to help out on account of the scarcity of missionaries. When I returned I brought with me one of our mission girls who had left some years before and had gotten into bad company and married a Mohammedan. She was having fever when she returned, and though she had taken some fever medicine, said it was not helping her. She told us she was passing an idol one day and drank some ghee that some one had placed in front of it as an offering, and soon after drinking she fell in a fit, which she had frequently thereafter. In this condition she would lie for hours, stiff and senseless, during which time the people would get ready to dig her grave, thinking she was dead. About a day after she told us about this, she was taken with one of these fits and lay in this stupor all night and until nine the next morning. We prayed and fasted for deliverance. The Indian evangelist and his wife stood with me that she might be delivered from demon power. One day when it seemed that the battle was too great, I read in THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL what Mr. C. W. Doney and about the woman in Egypt who was a raving maniac; how they fasted and prayed and even went the seventh time, and God gloriously healed her. When I read that I took courage and sitting down in the next room began to sing hymns that she used to sing with us in the mission years ago, and became greatly blessed. We continued to hold her up in prayer and on the eve

of Nov. 23rd she broke out in prayer and earnestly sought the Lord. He worked in her heart and she is now about her work, 'clothed and in her right mind.' She had been cross and sullen but is now a changed woman. After she turned to the Lord, she told us how the singing had taken hold of her heart that day when she lay under the power of the evil one. Praise God with us and pray that God will mightily use this woman in His work in India."

Confession of Faith

By Andrew D. Urshan.

"So then faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Romans 10:17.

There has been reported from this city lately some thing that may create a wrong impression, that I am supporting the advocates of the "New Issue" so-called, in our great and blessed revival meetings in this city. This is absolutely not so but to the contrary.

I personally believe and stand on the blessed written Word of God concerning the great mystery of godliness, not on the conclusions of men, nor in their words of strife, concerning the God-head teaching, therefore I prayerfully and humbly confess that I believe in one God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Math. 28:19.

I believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, who is the true God and the eternal life. I John 5:20, II John 3.

I believe there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word (Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost) and these **three are one**. I John, 5:7.

I believe in the Spirit by which we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jew or Gentile, whether bond or free and have been all made to drink in one spirit, yea one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all who is above all, and through all, and in all. I Cor. 12:13; Eph. 4:5-6.

I believe this adorable Three-one God can be approached and seen only **in and through** the person or face of Jesus Christ, the Son. I Timothy 6:16; Matthew, 11:27; John, 1:18; John, 14:7-11. "For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the God-head bodily. Col., 2:9.

I believe in the one most glorious, eternal, incomprehensible and mysterious invisible Being of God and that Jesus Christ, the Son is the only true and full express Image of His glorious and bright Being. Heb., 1:3. Col., 1:15-19.

I believe also and practice the emphatic and definite commandment of God through the lips of His great Apostle to the Gentiles, who said, "And whatsoever ye do in **word** or **deed**, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus giving thanks to God and the Father by Him. Col., 3:17.

"Now, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all." 2 Cor., 13:14.

Brethren, "We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believe and therefore I have spoken; we also believe, and therefore speak." 2 Cor., 4:13.

Dear saints, pray for us.

The Importance of Winning Children for God

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

Ira E. David, Onarga, Ill., in The Stone Church



OUR thoughts are turned this morning to the Importance and Blessedness of winning children for God. Matt. 18:10, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." The Greek text runs something like this: "See that ye think not lightly of one of these little ones." It is thrown directly across the common temptation that we find is so easy for us all to regard as very important, the salvation of adults, and as exceedingly important, the salvation of elderly adults. We recognize this as important because we know that their opportunities are very, very limited, and unless they are saved soon they never will be saved at all. But on the other hand we are so prone to think lightly of the salvation of children; we recognize that they possibly may have many, many years in which to get saved, and altogether we are apt to grow careless concerning it, but the Lord in this verse says, "Think not lightly of one of these little ones." Now it would seem from the remainder of that verse that every child had an angel that represented it before the throne, and if God is so particular about all the little ones as to have an angel over there as a help and benefit, surely we ought to consider work among children for their personal salvation as being exceedingly important.

It is important from many standpoints. In the first place we ought to regard the conversion of children as very important because they have long years to serve the Lord, or long years to serve the devil, and it makes a vast difference whether they are serving the Lord or serving the evil one. A few years ago some one hunted up the record of a woman, a criminal, in the state of New York and her offspring, and it was found that the offspring of that one woman had cost the state of New York for trial, imprisonment, and poorhouse services, more than a million dollars. In a financial way it made a vast difference, did it not, that that woman was unsaved? And in a spiritual way it makes a vast difference when any child is really radically converted. It is a beautiful thing to reach a child early in life before the chains of evil habit are fastened upon it; to get its thought turned in the direction of God, to get

its time consecrated to God; to get its strength surrendered to the Lord early in life. It is important because children often make exceedingly choice soul-winners. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." Again it is said, "A little child shall lead them." How many times a little child has beautifully led when all other agencies failed. A few years ago my soul was deeply stirred in reading a true account of an infidel who went to visit an old college chum, to spend a number of days in his home. This man was a man of God; his wife was a woman of God. They had a beautiful home; they met their infidel guest with a beautiful carriage, took him into the home, showed him about the gardens, the library of choice books, etc., and finally the host said, "I have one more treasure to show you, the most precious treasure of all," and he led in a little golden-haired daughter, eight years of age, and introduced her to his infidel friend. As they conversed together, by and by the infidel made some scoffing remark about the Lord Jesus, and a startled, grave expression passed over the face of the child which he did not fail to notice. By and by the conversation of the elders ended and the child slipping up to the visitor, laid her hand on his knee, and looking up into his face said, "Oh sir, I wish you loved my Jesus!" Day after day went by, and in the mornings while the visitor was reading in the library the child came in, timidly approached him, and looking up into his face said with intense pleading, "Oh sir, I wish you loved my Jesus!" By and by this beautiful daughter sickened. The physician came, shook his head and said to the parents, "It is very grave." They watched over their darling night and day, and the visitor joined them in the watch, and one day she said to him, "I am going home to my Jesus." The tears flowed from the would-be infidel's eyes, and he bent over her and said, "Darling, I will love and serve your Jesus too."

We ought to get the children saved because they may be instruments in Christian service where you and I would be too clumsy and too set, perhaps, to reach others.

Then it is important that the children should be saved because they themselves die early in life. Indeed, I think Dr. Torrey talking along this line some years ago reminded us of a well-known fact that there are more who die between infancy

and the age of twenty than there are between twenty and forty. You may neglect the salvation of your child and that child may die. We hope he will live to be sixty or seventy, or even eighty years of age, if the Lord tarries, but he may die. Some of the members of your Sunday School class may die, and since there is a possibility of that occurring in your circle you ought to make every effort in your power to bring the children under your influence to the Lord Jesus Christ while they are yet children.

When I meditate along this line I so often think of a boy chum I had when I was a lad, less than twelve years old. We used to visit each other; he enjoyed coming to stay over night with me, and I always begged to stay over night with him. It was great fun for us both to get on one horse, climb the same apple tree and shake down the fruit together. By and by we had a real revival of religion in that locality, and this lad went to the altar night after night, and night after night. It seemed as though he could not get peace; but he stuck to it until he came out with a smile on his face and an assurance in his soul that his name was written in heaven, and of course, we all rejoiced, but we rejoiced still more over his experience when a few weeks later we attended his funeral service. He sought God as a child, and oh what heartache we would all have had who loved him if he hadn't been saved!

It always seems to me important to get the children saved, because a child converted ordinarily makes a stable Christian man or woman. Conversion late in life means a great many habits to overcome, a great struggle to get the victory. There is grace enough with the Lord to give the worst sinner and the oldest sinner complete victory, and yet, generally speaking, the earlier we are saved, the more stable we become in Christian life and character. I think it was John Wanamaker, the great Sunday School man, who said in some public address, "We have the best end of it. Get an old man saved and you have an addition, but get a child saved and you have a multiplication table." Now who are responsible for the salvation of children? First of all we may say the parents, for they are with the children more hours a day than anybody else. Parents have a big obligation and responsibility for the welfare of their own children, and yet it is not uncommon to see many, many parents devoted to giving shoes and clothes and food and schooling to a child, and forgetting all about the spiritual end and the spiritual needs of a child. God wants every parent to talk to his children, to win them into the kingdom, and our great mis-

take, I believe, is when we wait too long. We are too slow to begin, and many, many times there is a strange reluctance on the part of parents to talk to their own children about personal salvation. I never will cease to praise God that my father used to take me in his arms, away back as long ago as I can remember anything, and talk to me about the Lord. My earliest recollections of my mother were when I knelt at her knee praying to the Lord, and so it wasn't surprising that I was converted when I was seven years of age. How much I have escaped that a great many other people have had to struggle with because of that early winning of my soul to God by my parents! Many times a parent thinks a child of seven is too young to understand the Bible and spiritual things and so he keeps putting off speaking to him, but ordinarily, a child seven years of age is responsible; it knows the difference between right and wrong, and its character is being molded for time and eternity even at that early age. May God help us as fathers and mothers to begin in time to win the children.

Then again, pastors have a responsibility. I have heard the old people talk about the old-time pastors, how they used to visit every home in the parish, take the children on their knees and read a portion of God's Word to them, and how they dealt with them in the old-time Gospel way. Would to God we had that kind of pastoral oversight today! It does seem to me if God ever makes me a pastor again, I will take pains to make a personal appeal to every child in the church over which I minister. I will never forget how Bishop Taylor, long before he was a bishop, came into our home. He was a great, stalwart man six feet tall with a patriarchal beard down to his waist. He started self-sustaining missions in Africa and wrote Gospel messages years before he was a bishop. He came to our house when father was a pastor, with great suitcases full of books. He would preach the Gospel night after night, and afterwards the people would gather around and buy the books the proceeds of which he turned over to these missions. He was entertained in father's home, and he took us children one at a time on his knee, and oh how that saint of God talked to us about the Lord! Young as we were there was no doubt in my mind that this patriarch walked with God, and that one visit of three or four days left a lasting impression on the lives of us children we could never have effaced if we had tried, because he talked to us about God.

Then, too, Sunday School teachers have a big responsibility. If God has given you a class He

has given it to you not simply to entertain, but to bring them to Jesus. The purpose of your having it should be that you may instruct them in the Word of God and bring them into heart-fellowship with the Lord; that they may come to know Him in the saving of the soul. Oh to feel the responsibility, to recognize it, to pray it through and work it through until you come out into a place of complete victory!—that should be the aim of every Sunday School teacher.

I suppose you are all familiar with an incident in the life of Mr. Moody that changed the current of his entire career. He had in his Sunday School a teacher who was dying; that man had a beautiful class of young women. One day he came to Moody weeping, and said, "Mr. Moody, I will have to give up my class in Sunday School. I am dying by inches and will have to leave the city, and the thing that nearly breaks my heart is the fact that they are all unsaved." And Moody formed one of those sudden, impulsive resolutions to which he was given and said to this sick teacher, "Let us get a carriage and I will take you to visit every one of your young women." They did so and went from girl to girl, and ended each visit by pleading with them and getting them on their knees; after a few days every young woman in that class was born of God, and when the teacher left he had the joy of knowing that all that had been committed to him was accomplished. It made such an impression on D. L. Moody that he said, "I will have to give up business to devote my whole life to winning others to Jesus." Oh if you have a Sunday School class you have a big opportunity! God wants you to bring them under the influence of the Gospel and hold them before the throne until they are won to Jesus.

A day school teacher has a great opportunity. I knew a day school teacher who often conversed with her children about the Savior, and when she found one that was tender and receptive, she would say to that one, "Wouldn't you like to linger after school with me tonight?" and very often that scholar would say "Yes," and when the others were all gone the teacher and the child would have a heart to heart talk about the Savior, and by and by kneel down together and seek the Lord.

You may not be a parent, a pastor or a teacher, but if you are a Christian you have an obligation before God to help some child heavenward, because there are some children that come under your influence and God calls you to be a sort of a missionary to the children that are within your reach.

Now the question very often arises, "How shall we win them for Christ?" The first answer that occurs to me is "By giving time and attention to them." Everybody is susceptible to attention. There is no one who is not and a child is most sensitive to a little thought and attention the smaller the children, the more yielding and susceptible will they be. I remember a few years ago a pastor visited a family and shook hands with the elders and then with the children that were old enough to carry on a conversation, but he failed to notice the little tot that had just begun to talk, and by and by the baby went around and put his face in mother's skirts and said with a little cry, "He didn't shake hands with me, mama." He missed the little attention that he didn't get, and so it is through life. If you are willing to put yourself out to show attention to the young and even to the feeble minded child, God will bless it. He will use that attention on the part of the believer to draw the heart of the child towards the believer's God.

We are to win them through love. All of us enjoy being loved, and children perhaps appreciate it most of all. Years ago I heard about a child who passed two churches to go to Sunday School. Some one met this child and said to him, "Why do you pass those two churches in order to go on to the third one?" and he looked up and in boy-fashion he said, "Why they love a fellow over there where I go." He went by the place he failed to get love and went on until he got to a place where they showed love. So if your heart is warm and kind toward a child and you show attention and love, you will help to get that child to God. It is said of Moody that he noticed in the crowded streets from time to time a little girl with a strange, worried expression on her face. He tried to open up a conversation with her and every time she became frightened and rushed off pell-mell before he could get her attention. Finally, he determined to speak to her, and rushing after her found she entered a side-door of a saloon. On inquiring the circumstances he found the father in this family, the saloon-keeper, had sickened and died, and the widow, having no other means of livelihood was continuing to run the saloon. Moody immediately began to try to win the family. He got the children in the Sunday School and found other means for them to make a livelihood. By and by they were out of the saloon and into Jesus Christ. May God help us that our good resolutions will not evaporate. It may be that winning a child is often an open door to the whole family. Many people think that if they get

properly filled with the Spirit they will be called to reprove everybody, called to a life of denunciation and forget that the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of courtesy, the spirit of grace. I am not saying, of course, that He doesn't reprove and rebuke, but when He does it is with all long-suffering and love, and generally speaking, when the heart is filled with the Holy Spirit, that heart is loving and tender and gracious. And so in order that we may win children to God, in order that we may have a life of prayer for the children, everyone of us needs a mighty baptism in the Holy Ghost. Dr. Torrey tells a little story about some parents that got hold of a book on

the Holy Spirit, and as they read they surrendered to God and came to know the Spirit of God as a Person, and the wife and mother looked up to her husband with such a pleased expression and said, "Now we can get into the confidence of our children." If there was no other reason than just that, that would make us want the Holy Spirit, would it not? to be able to get into the confidence of our children and turn their faces Godward? Do we have Him? Does He have dominion in our lives? Does He regulate us or do we try to use Him! If we let Him rule us I am sure He will use us to win some children of God.

"I Will Love Them Freely"

Hosea 14:4

Lelia M. Conway, Hurlock, Md.



HIS personal experience which I am about to relate unto the honor and praise of God, occurred many years ago, yet it is as fresh to memory as if but yesterday. Oh, the gracious, compassionate Redeemer that we have, "whose tender kindnesses fail not and whose mercy endureth from everlasting to everlasting"! The ones of His sheepfold—even though they be the weakest of the weak, "a bruised reed or a smoking flax"—are as dear to Him as the apple of His eye and He promises that nothing shall ever pluck them out of His hand. Behold, the strong bond between God and His redeemed! "And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies: I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness." Hosea 2:19, 20. And we can look at this from the collective side, and in a national sense also. Very wonderfully it is illustrated in the case of the Hebrews, a people without a king or country, but which God has preserved unto Himself, a nation separate and distinct from all others on down through these many centuries. Fire cannot destroy them, water cannot quench them, and fierce persecutions and efforts to exterminate that chosen race have all proven unavailing. "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

A great wrong and tragedy befell one of my own. The stroke descended as a thunderbolt from out of a clear sky, and for many days I seemed like one in the clutch of some terrible

nightmare, and it was long months before I could awaken to the realization of what had happened. And even when brought face to face with the sorrow I could scarcely bring myself to believe that it was really a fact. I would never have thought the thing possible, nor believed that it could ever have occurred. The anguish and woe which filled my soul, no mortal could tell. Those of you who have been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction can understand, and know with me that words are inadequate to express the suffering. It is blessedly true that Satan our great adversary cannot get on the inside of the one who is kept of God, yet he is ever on the stretch after us outwardly and flinging his hate-tipped, stinging darts in a fiendish endeavor to wound and cause us to fall by the way. But though the righteous fall, "he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." Psal. 37:24. Valiant old Paul was often buffeted but not destroyed, and with a ring of triumph he exclaims, "As dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed"—"thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Through brooding over the bitter grief which so filled my vision that I could see nothing else, I found that unconsciously a dislike had crept into my heart toward the perpetrator of the wrong, and the Holy Spirit, the Dove of Peace, had departed from within. I was deeply grieved on learning that I had lost sanctification, the pearl of great price which it had cost me so much to obtain, but I turned a deaf ear to the gentle entreating voice of conscience which sought to remind me of Jesus praying for His enemies. I did not want to hear the admonition, "If thy brother sin against thee, forgive, even as God

hath forgiven you,"—but essayed to reason that I had just cause for offense. The "accuser of the brethren" gloated over my unhappy condition and taunted me with the loss I had sustained, "Ah," he would sneer, "you who were once so near heaven, where are you now?" I winced under the sardonic, cutting thrust for I knew that it was true. Satan can tell the truth when it will serve a purpose of his. "Think of the joyous times, the unbroken peace, and communion with God that you used to have," continued the foe. No hope now of ever re-gaining the Holy Spirit, since you have grieved Him away." Amidst my gloom and despair, and ignorant of the wily devices of the devil, I would have believed this suggestion had not God in mercy revealed it to be a lie. Sanctification could be restored then—the assurance was a buoy to my sinking spirits and eagerly I turned my gaze to the daystar of hope arising on the darkened horizon and sending a cheering beam across the turbulent waters. Oh the faithfulness and tender mercies of God—what mortal can sound their depths! "For the mountain shall depart, and the hill be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." Isa. 54:10.

During those long months of grief and suffering I was ever conscious that God had not forsaken me but waited oh, so patiently, till I should cease from justifying myself and become willing to hear Him and to heed any command. I realized I was still His child and in view of that, the foe brought to bear all of his ingenuity in an endeavor to get me satisfied with just living a regenerated life, but I cried, "No, Lord, I am not going to be content with anything but Your best and I must have the Holy Spirit restored." But to feel no bitterness toward the one who had committed the awful wrong, seemed a thing impossible. "Oh, God, how can I?" arose the moan from my heart over and over. "I wasn't to blame that the shame should fall upon me, Lord, how can I forget?" And right here in passing I would drop a word to those tempted to commit wanton, selfish deeds, to stop and think of innocent ones that may be involved and for their sakes also to desist from the wrong.

Driven to the final extremity by the burden of woe and pain which had become insupportable, I, at last, broken in heart and contrite in spirit reached the place of yieldedness and submission, willing to do anything, yea, to even pass through water or through fire, if by that means I might

have again the close union and fellowship with God which I had once enjoyed. Hope and encouragement began to spring within my troubled breast, and where before hard, rebellious thoughts had rankled, "goodwill" with its gentle, soothing influence entered in, and, I even felt an enkindling desire to love the one who had so sinned against me. Ah, that was through the Divine I knew! for I could never have done it of myself, and the Lord also gave me to see my helplessness and inability in the natural to take this attitude, except as I should yield moment by moment for the Holy Spirit to break down human resistance and get the right of way. I was determined to get through into victory, yet I did so shrink from coming out publicly; far rather would I have gone to the secret closet of prayer, but God led to an open avowal.

Availing myself of the first opportunity for outward repentance and confession I went to a neighboring campmeeting one Thursday afternoon for that express purpose. At the conclusion of the sermon the altar call was given to sinners, Christians desiring the Holy Ghost, and backsliders who had lost either pardon or cleansing;—"And," went on the evangelist, "there are professors of holiness in this audience that need to get right but who would sooner die than come and bow at this mourners' bench for prayer." The enemy was right at my elbow: "Ah, you know that is true, for Sister N—, sitting just ahead of you would drop in her tracks rather than acknowledge the injustice she did your unsaved brother several years ago." A big broadside, and the foe knew how to send it with telling effect—for a truth to accomplish his designs is one of his favorite weapons—but after a bit I succeeded in recovering my equilibrium. "If some of these people do get a little in the wrong," persisted that oily, ingratiating voice, "they keep on singing, shouting, and testifying just the same. And here is your Uncle Ben by your side, a noble, godly man—he has never professed holiness and were he to die, not a person in this congregation that knows him but what would believe he had gone to heaven." I was forced to acquiesce. "Then why should *you* be over-righteous?" I couldn't tell. But I did not see how one could have too much of grace, and though unable to give the whys or wherefores I knew that God was leading, and what others did or did not do, shouldn't hinder, for I was determined to look away from people, their faults, negligence, etc., and think only of my own need. I had counted the cost and was fully decided. The powers of darkness can-

not keep back the soul who has her face set as a flint to get God. It was an humiliation and required no little courage to get up in the presence of that crowd, many of them my home folks, and go forward to the penitent's bench. Weeks before, on thinking over the situation, I had tried to get out of it by saying that the matter was not public and practically no one knew but the Lord and I of the resentful feeling I had entertained toward the party. Nevertheless it was impressed upon me to take this course and come before the people and so I could not disobey. The Lord will invariably lead us in a way different from what we would choose in the natural, and this may be an explanation of what some are on the verge of concluding as "unanswered prayers," but we must watch lest we miss God's way.

Suiting the action to my convictions I walked up the aisle, a timid little creature, with oh, such a sense of aloneness, and knelt at the altar. Soon great light broke in upon me and while bowing there, the Spirit witnessed that I would regain the baptism ere long. For days I went on the strength of that precious assurance and much comfort and blessing it brought me! Even after I had left the grounds I felt the effect of the prayers of the workers in my behalf. Satan now approached me through the saints. "Well, I should never have made a public thing of it," remarked a church sister commenting to another, and she proceeded to tell of a certain Holy Ghost minister who counselled his parishoners losing out in their experience, to get restored again in their closets and shun publicity in order to avoid talk and reproach being brought on the cause. And to make the sting still more penetrating, my dear mother added a word of kindly censure: "Leila, couldn't you have gone about this in a more reserved way, why come out so openly?—it wasn't necessary, and people need not have known." Their words cut to the quick and the dear one I little knew the struggle I underwent to get victory over them. Handicapped Christian, would you know what impedes your progress in the divine life? You come up with something which you are unwilling to do, and duty unperformed immediately resolves itself into an obstacle in your pathway, and impedes further progress.

Our own spirit in the natural is antagonistic to the Spirit of God. David prayed, "renew a RIGHT spirit within me." One of the chief, if not the chief, characteristics of our unrenewed spirit, is pride. Some even among good Christians would almost rather die than humble themselves—forgetting the promise, "He that humbleth himself

shall be exalted." But the Lord has said, "Pride do I hate," but, "I dwell with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Isa. 57:15. "The SACRIFICES of God—what He delights in and loves to have laid before Him, are a broken heart and a humble (contrite) spirit." Brokenness!—every vestige of pride gone, and in its place a meekness which does not want to retaliate when mistreated nor "get even" with the one who does us an injury; even as Christ who set us the example and "humbled Himself," may we walk with all lowliness and meekness." Oh, to have "the ornament of a meek and quiet (subdued chastened) spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price!"

With unceasing prayer, and an eager expectancy, no matter what the tasks I was performing, I kept looking to God for the return of the Comforter. The following Autumn and directly after the campmeeting had closed I went to fill a business engagement some distance from home. Within two or three months the annual revival services began in the little village church in the neighborhood where I was stationed. The minister gave the altar invitation to sinners, and to Christians desiring the Holy Ghost. And oh, the cross that it was to get up before that refined, aristocratic congregation and go forward to the penitent form; how "the powers of darkness" gathered around in a desperate attempt to keep me from doing it! "What will the people think of you," hissed Satan, "holding the professional position that you do, and a stranger in their midst besides! They won't understand, and then again you have learned since being here that there is a bitter, deep-seated prejudice against holiness, and if you take this step more than likely it will result in your dismissal." I winced, for to forfeit my position and salary would mean such a loss, yet I could not turn back from God for worldly emoluments. If they did point the finger of scorn at me and even turn me out of the place, I must still be true to my own soul's interests. The Holy Spirit aided the fast flitting thoughts revolving in my mind in those few seconds of time and that was the crucial, pivotal point which decided the course I should take. I got up from my seat trembling it may have been, but God guided my faltering steps, and I went to the altar. The Lord blessed the deed of obedience, I felt it brought me near the goal and I went away from the church with the consciousness of having pleased Him. Though I did not obtain the victory I was seeking, my heart was greatly encouraged. I looked to the Lord continually and during the

hours of the next day though constantly employed with busy duties, my anxious, eager soul kept watching, waiting for the fulness of the Spirit. At the end of the day's tasks I went to my boarding home, and walked directly upstairs to my room as I had a little job I wished to do before the bell rang for supper. Taking my book and pencil I sat down to write, and little did I think of what I was on the verge of receiving. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." I had not much more than touched the chair when the Lord suddenly came to His temple (Mal. 3:1), and to my spiritual ear "there came the sound from heaven as of a rushing wind," a cloudburst of glory, and it filled all the room where I was sitting. My search was rewarded at last and the precious promises were being fulfilled. Oh, the faithfulness of God to His Word! "I will be found of you when ye shall seek for me with all your heart." We often hear people say, "I have sought for many years but have never obtained." Surely the lack is on the human side, for God cannot fail. Either some condition is unfulfilled, or else you have not sought with your whole heart, for "God is a rewarder of them that DILIGENTLY seek Him."

Under the Spirit's mighty visitation it seemed that I was lifted bodily from my seat, my feet were made as hind's feet, and running up and down the room my mouth was filled with the joyful, high praises of God. The windows of heaven were opened and I was deluged with the wondrous flow of grace. Yes, "it was a heaven below." Hallelujah! We have often heard the expression, "A baptism of love," and of the different manifestations of the Spirit; this was the one God chose to bestow upon me. Great, divine love coming from the very heart of the Father to my heart—fervent, white-heated, love, oh, it seemed that my being would melt in the sacred, glowing flame! The one who had so grievously wronged me, came first into my thoughts—nothing in my heart now but LOVE for G—, and I longed for the wings of the morning that I might fly to the dear one! With what joy would I have laid down my life on the spot for the salvation of that precious soul! Language cannot tell the grandeur, the unutterable bliss through "the Spirit of revelation" given me that hour. Jesus the great Physician drew near, poured in the oil and the wine, with His own hands bound up my bruised, suffering heart which had so ached for these long months. And I felt the Father rejoicing over me with great joy, (Zeph. 3:17) giving me to realize such an inexpressible, deep sense of

His love, as I never experienced before nor since. It was a most liberal fulfilment of His dear promise, "I will love them FREELY;" there seemed to be no end—I was lost, swallowed up in its immensity. Even the memory of that long ago time, is good for the soul. Overwhelmed with holy awe and wonder at the Spirit's marvelous working, I could only weep tears of contrition and gladness and cry out, "Lord, what am I, that Thou shouldst love me so?" And how I was put to shame at the recollection of the little indifference and coldness I had exhibited in the past, but not a word of chiding or reproach did He utter, nothing had He for me but love—all love. More fully did I comprehend and see into the adoration of the living ones before the throne (Ezek. 10: Rev. 4:8) who veil their faces and rest not day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Oh, the sublimity, far beyond finite mind and all human power to put into words! And "this God is our God"—glory and praise to His dear name forever!

I retired for the night, my happy heart beating to the glad refrain, "This is none other but the house of God (truly, the dear little room felt so to me) and this is the gate of heaven"—keeping tune with that of Jacob many centuries before and like unto him I was far from home and kindred. After midnight I presume it must have been, I was suddenly awakened by a deadening viselike clutch gripping me from head to foot which the Holy Spirit instantly revealed to be a physical attack from Satan. The thought came to pray, but I found that I could not move my tongue. I would have arisen but I was powerless to stir a muscle. The terrible rage and malignant, devilish hate vented upon me in that awful deadening of body, no language can describe. Yet not a particle of fear did I know. The sweet peace of God as a river within my soul flowed on as before; my rapturous spirit still rejoicing and revelling in the "joys of salvation" restored. And such a delicious sense of safety did I feel, hid away in the sheltring cleft of Christ, my Defence, my Fortress, that I wondered at the brazen audacity of the enemy in even attempting to get at me. But though I had perfect victory in soul, I was literally a bound captive in body. Lying there, I kept looking unto Jesus, knowing that in some way He would liberate me from the Satanic hold. And presently there was borne to my mind the faintest recollection—so faint, I could never have recalled it but for the faithful Holy Spirit—of once upon a time hearing that

the devil would flee at the mentioning of the BLOOD. Immediately I had confidence that this might prove the "way of escape." Anyhow I would put it to the test and see. I. Jno. 1:7, l. c., came before me,—“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” I was unable to utter a sound from my lips but with my mind, the only part of my being which was untouched, I began to say “Devil, the BLOOD (oh, the stand I took upon that word!) of Jesus Christ cleanseth me—” but I got no further for just at the word “me,” that diabolical hold was unloosed quickly as lightning’s flash and I heard a whir-r-r like the swishing sound of a wing as Appollyon the old dragon fled from the room. It was now near daybreak. Tears of joy and thankfulness rained down my face at God’s deliverance and I praised Him with both heart and voice, I know not for how long. My exultant soul called out, in glad refrain, “The Lord is my Shield and Deliverer! of whom shall I be afraid?” “Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.” Psa. 27:3, 5.

Beloved, are there any of you who are turned out of the way, and have not so much of the love of God in your soul as you once had? Are there others who have cast away their confidence and gone back into the world? I grieve to say it, but there are some who have forsaken their first love; they “have perverted their way, and they have forgotten the Lord their God.” “Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you.” God takes the highest earthly type of affection to convey some faint idea of His unfathomable, eternal love. Blest bond Indissoluble, spiritual union!—and not “till death do us part,” but to all eternity. For our heavenly Bridegroom will never sever that tie if it is done, ’twill have to be by our own hand. Behold, the unswerving loyalty of the Lord our God, “for with Him there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.” Yes, we can say with the Psalmist, “Great is thy faithfulness: who . . . is like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?” Psa. 89:8.

Wanderer, come back to Father’s house. Say to your troubled spirit—which, since you left Jesus has been so disquieted and sad—“return to thy rest, O my soul.” Take with you words and call every man to his fallen brother, “Come, and

let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.” And list! another silvery invitation comes pealing, “Therefore also now, saith the Lord, Turn ye even to me with all your heart. “Return unto me, O son, and O daughter, and I will return unto you.” And hear, oh, hear the wondrous, sweet assurance of God sounded forth so graciously, to all that come, “And I will heal their backsliding, I WILL LOVE THEM FREELY.”

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