



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

HAVTHORN - CHICAGO

Morphine Tablets of Hell

How the World Is Lulled to Sleep

W. H. Pope, Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, in The Stone Church, Nov. 24, 1918



AS I HAVE been speaking on the Second Coming of the Lord and the conditions existing in the world in the light of prophecy, and in view of the signs that indicate He may come for the Church at any moment, I have been wondering in my own heart why the world does not see it. It is beyond my comprehension why people can live so far from God as the masses of humanity are doing, when He is bringing them face to face with such mighty eternal truths. He has been speaking to this poor old lost world through the boys and girls that have been called from the farms and the factories and from places of business. He has equipped them for service and sent them out o'er mountain, hill and plain, to tell the story. God has also been speaking through the cannon's mouth, through the submarine, and the aeroplane; through the instruments of destruction and the awful devastation that has come upon the earth. If people's hearts would be open, I am sure they would hear the voice of God calling this poor, lost world to see their need of a Savior, and showing them that eternity's night is already upon us, and their only hope is that they may turn to Him for mercy. With all these conditions about us speaking so loudly, I am made to wonder why it is so hard to get the eye and the ear of the unsaved, and as I meditated, these words came to me, "Morphine Tablets of Hell."

Some time ago as I was walking down the street in the city of Tulsa, Okla., God whispered that thought to my heart, and as I meditated upon it, it began to enlarge and enlarge, and I saw the spirit of the devil doping men and women into unconsciousness and sending them into the regions of eternal night. In II. Cor. 4:3, 4, we read, "But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Our Gospel is hid from the masses of humanity today; it is true that it seems to be a mystery; to many people it is foolishness, but there is a reason for that condition existing in their hearts, and the rea-

son is discovered in our text, "the god of this world hath blinded their minds."

To illustrate the thought of my subject, I want to relate an incident I once read. It is the story of a man who at one time was very prosperous. He owned a beautiful country home, was the father of four children, had a fine Christian family, and was held in high esteem in his community. One day he suddenly became sick and lay for many weeks suffering the most intense pain, his life gradually wasting away. The doctor, many times in his intense suffering, tried to persuade him to take morphine; he said there was no hope for his life, and no use in his laying there suffering. The man being a Christian, and also knowing the effects of the deadly drug, refused to accept it, and continued for weeks suffering the agonies of many deaths. One morning, after a sleepless night, with his sufferings seemingly becoming worse and more intense, if possible, his brain racked, and reason almost gone, he called for his wife and said, "Somehow or other I must have deliverance. I am losing my mind because of this awful suffering. Call the doctor quickly." When the doctor came he told him he would do anything to be relieved of that awful suffering, so the doctor administered several little white tablets, and in a few minutes his suffering subsided and he dropped off to sleep, the first for many nights. After awhile the effects of the morphine began to wear away and on came his suffering again, with the same intense agony, and of course he was glad to be relieved that he called for more morphine, and repeated that over and over again, and though all hope for his life had been given up, the doctor came one morning and said that he would get better; that the disease was losing its hold upon his body, to the great rejoicing of the family. In a few weeks he was able to be up. Oh! how glad they were that the one whom they loved had been snatched from the hand of death. Everyone was joyous but the father, and the more he was restored physically, the more downcast and despondent he became. The mother pleaded with him to tell her the cause of his despondency, and with weeping and a broken heart he told her that the demon of morphine had become so deep-seated in his body that he was a helpless victim. Of course they didn't think so much about it,

believing that he could go to a sanitarium and be delivered, but he continued to grow worse, came and put notice on his gate-posts that on a place where he was ruined financially; the sheriff came and put notice on his gate-posts that on a certain day his farm would be sold for the mortgage, so enslaved was he to that awful drug. Sooner or later it will get every man or woman who tampers with it in just such a condition. He became so debauched that his family, who so rejoiced at his restoration, turned him out, and he became a vagabond, living out of the garbage-cans in the alleys. One cold winter morning as a saloon-keeper unlocked his back door, he stumbled over something in the snow, and discovered that it was the body of this vagabond, who had been living for weeks out of the garbage-can in the alley. That was the end of that life.

A sad story, isn't it? But it is a real picture of thousands of homes in the country, and hundreds in this city of Chicago today. But I believe God would have us see another picture this afternoon. As I meditate upon the conditions of the world, spiritually, this poor man is a picture of this lost world that has been drugged and doped by the powers of death and hell until it is wrecked and ruined and standing on the verge of eternal ruin. This world, with its teeming millions, is being fed by Satan on morphine tablets for no other purpose but to deaden its conscience toward God, until they fall into the place where there is no mercy. As the physician administered the deadly pills to this man to ease his pain for a moment, just so in my vision I see Satan administering many things that I call his morphine tablets, having upon the people of this earth the same effect morally and spiritually.

If the people's minds were free just for a little while, if they could shake off the spirit of the world, the influence of wicked spirits, and of those things which are keeping their hearts and minds from the things of God, and if they would get just one square look at their sins in the light of eternity, as God sees them, and as they will see them some day, there is not a rationally-minded man in Chicago who would not turn to God with all his heart and flee from the wrath to come. There is something wrong somewhere. People are treating the things of eternity as though they were matters of a moment, and the things of time as though they were matters of eternal import. If people in the light of eternal justice and righteousness, would not get rid of their sins and that awful load of condemnation,

they would surely go to a mad-house were their conscience not deadened by the devil's *dope*. Thousands have already been driven insane and are filling the mad-houses of this country today because of the terrible load of sin they could not shake off. The only reason a sinner is outside of a mad-house today is because his conscience has been deadened and he doesn't realize what it means to be lost. I say that many are there because of their sin, and to illustrate this statement will relate an incident that came under my own observation about eighteen months ago. One cold morning in winter, when the ground was covered with snow, I was called to a home to pray for a mother, a few blocks away. On arriving at the home I passed in front of her bed-room door to hang up my coat, and I heard this heart-breaking cry: "Oh God, my sins are too heavy to bear." How it sent a chill through my very being. I went in the room to find that mother a raving maniac, tossing from one side of her bed to another, and every little while coming to herself and saying: "My sins are too heavy to bear." What was the matter? Just a few months before, we held a revival in that city. Her husband and one of her beautiful daughters gave their hearts to God, two of them did not. The mother set herself against those who became Christians and finally became so enraged that she drove them from her home, and turned her home into a house of ill-fame, her two daughters with her. No wonder in the midnight hour the Spirit of God took her mind and made her look at her awful sin! And as the awful load of condemnation of sins began to weigh on her soul, no wonder the load got so heavy it immediately and successfully robbed her of her reason; and she awakened her household by exclaiming: "Oh God, my sins are too heavy to bear." If it wasn't for the morphine tablets with which Satan is feeding sinners today, there would be thousands like this. With a rational mind they could not live under the awful load that would rest upon them.

One of the tablets to which I would like to call your attention, is Prosperity. I do not say God doesn't want His people to be prosperous, for I believe He does. He doesn't want them to be beggars, and if they obey Him I believe they will eat the fat of the land. But in Luke 12 we have a picture of a man who became so blinded by prosperity that he forgot about the things of God, gave everything he had for worldly prosperity and said to himself, Soul, thou hast much

goods laid up for many days, etc., when he heard the voice of God calling for his soul. Through prosperity and through greed, many today are sliding down into the darkness of eternal midnight. They are forgetting God; they are forgetting eternity, and living as though they could convert the things which they possessed, stocks and bonds, and real estate into eternal values. I say it is a tablet of hell. For no other purpose Satan is permitting those things to come their way but to keep them from thinking of God and of eternity, until the door of mercy is closed.

Another I would dwell on for a moment is booze. There are many thousands today who are trying to drown their troubles with the rum bottle. Through its effect they forget their troubles for a few hours, and feel as though they never had a care; wake up in the morning and feel they have to have some more rum to drown their troubles for the next day. I heard a man say he had been drunk for fifty years. It had robbed him of his manhood, wrecked his home, ruined his wife and crushed the children. "Many times," he said, "I would go home and lay down on my bunk and pray that God might let me die before I awake. Many times I have pressed my gun to my brains, but was too big a coward to pull the trigger."

Another tablet is gambling! You who know nothing about gambling do not know the fascination there is in it. You do not know the awful hold, and the pleasure they find around the card table. There is something about it that after a man loses over and over again and has been driven from the gambling table because his last cent was gone, and going home, finds his children meeting him at the door, crying for bread, yet he will go right back to gamble again, when he gets his pay, regardless of his children's need. A tablet of hell! I am thinking now, not alone of the hell-hole adjoining the saloon, but the demerol of gambling which has crept into the church of the living God. He has doped her with it until her conscience has become deadened, and she doesn't see the pit into which she has fallen. In a little town in Oklahoma, a mother came in one morning as her son and husband were sitting at the breakfast table, and showed them a beautiful cut-glass bowl. The husband admired it, and she told them she had won it the night before at a church social. "Oh shaw, ma," said the young man, "I have you beat a mile," and he pulled out a roll of greenbacks, \$450. She

held up her hands in horror and said, "Oh! Oh! You disgrace your mother, you disgrace your home and friends." She had taught him the art around her own table, and friends, he wasn't a bigger gambler than she was; the only difference was that he won a little more. Morphine tablets of hell, not only deadening the conscience of the worldling but of the church member.

Another tablet that I would like to speak of is the theater. Some one will say, "Oh brother, go easy there." I want to say that the theatres in my judgment are nothing less than educational institutions for bank robbers, horse thieves and cut-throats, and through them is the "red-light" district being filled with mothers' daughters. Some one says: "We must have these things because they are educational." Yes, there are some pictures it wouldn't hurt anyone to look at, but where you get one of them, you get a dozen of the other kind. Do you think the devil is a fool? If he didn't have any truth or any good at all there would be but very few people who would bite at his bait. He gets them started and then he dopes them with poison. The moving pictures today are emptying the churches and they have just enough truth to deceive the unwary. To illustrate; down in Pawhuska, Okla., there were a number of horse-thieves who were in a click. One of the click would steal a horse here and another there, and that night he would take them a certain distance and be back home the next morning. Another set of fellows would take them another distance, and so on until they got them clean out of the country and sold them. A friend of mine had his horses stolen, and the marshal started out after them. He chased them all day and arrived at the place where they stopped at night. They could not go any further as it was night, but started out the next day, and came across one of the company of thieves, (of course not knowing who he was) who was stationed there for the purpose of giving information. The marshal said, "Have you seen anything of two fellows driving some horses?" "Yes, I saw them yesterday evening," and he told them just the way they went, and sure enough there was the trail. They came upon another place at sundown where they had camped the night before. There were the boxes with the signs of the town from which they had come. The next morning at daylight they started off and they met another fellow, whistling as unconcernedly as you please. They asked him if he had seen the men, and he told them "yes," and

which way they went. The following morning they met two men who told them they had seen the thieves and which way they had gone, but they told them wrong. The fellows they met previously had told them enough truth to gain their confidence, but at last they sent them in the opposite direction. Just so with the devil. He has enough truth and good, and educational dope in these things to get people going. After he once gets them there he has something else that he gives them on the side. Why is it an educational institution for such? Because it produces the same kind. How could it help it? A mother takes a darling baby girl to the theatre before she can walk, and from the time her eyes are opened until she is fifteen or sixteen she is fed on that stuff they call love; all kinds of love stories every night, false ideas of love fill her mind; it is ground and educated into her until it becomes a part of her being, and by the time she gets old enough to leave her mother, she begins to put into action what she has learned at those places. The consequences are that today there are over 500,000 mothers' daughters in the United States that are filling the red light districts of our cities, and thousands filling paupers' graves every year. Besides, there are over 600,000 that have been led off, drugged and stolen, and sold at the block in the traffic of white slavery, worse than the slaves in the South. Over 60,000 of these die every year and are buried in paupers' graves, with no one to mourn their loss.

The boy goes there from the time he is able to walk and sees the men with their six-shooters, their winchesters and their big long dirks. He goes there night after night and week after week, and watches the "heroes" and the cut-throats, and those scenes become part of him, and he doesn't get very old until he tries them out. If we could see as God's great eye sees today, we would look upon hundreds and thousands of natural-born robbers and cut-throats, and harlots. It was stamped upon them before they were born. Hear it! The father and mother take their beautiful family to the theatre; the girls come out before the foot-lights with scarcely enough clothing on them to dress a musquito decently; they are applauded and their girls think it is so wonderful they want to put on the same show before they are scarcely out of their mother's lap.

"Oh," they say, "we have to have some pastime." Yes, the devil has it all right, and he is

doing a fine job, searing their minds and deadening their conscience, until today there are thousands of families in our country who no longer ever pretend to go to church. Fathers and mothers take upon themselves the responsibility of parenthood, bring into this world innocent children, and lead them to these places instead of leading them to church, and they grow up never having heard of God or their Savior. Morphine tablets of hell, and they are doing their deadly work. Friends, this afternoon while I am talking to you there are hundreds and thousands of boys and girls who have already gone into Christless graves that would give thousands of worlds like this, had they had a father and mother who would have led a different life before them. The devil has succeeded in causing fathers and mothers to ruin not only their own souls, but lead their children down to hell, and absolutely get them to the place through these deadening influences, where they do not feel a bit badly over it; no responsibility to God, no pangs of eternal torment. I want to read a clipping from a newspaper, from a man who writes with authority: Dr. M. P. Shawnee, Supt. of Education in West Virginia, after a thorough investigation declares "that 75 per cent of the picture shows are bad. The concensus of opinion of many sources is that from 75 per cent to 90 per cent of the films shown in the movies of the country are shady, and made to appeal to a low intelligence. Robbery, murder, adultery, and all sorts of crime are discussed in such a way that it is shocking to all good people, and a disgrace to manhood and womanhood and an insult to all decent citizens. New Zealand, Australia, England and France have made vigorous protest against the corruptible pictures produced in America." This is a tremendous charge. "The low, sensual, love-making scenes in many of the pictures is an appeal to immorality, and the familiarity indulged in on the screen is an outrage against decent people. It is likely to make an impression on the minds of the young people that this is the normal condition in love when it is a serious violation of sex laws. It appeals to the low and the animal, and there is not a greater deception than to try to teach good morals by way of low suggestions."

The Chief of Police of Durham, N. C., was asked by rescue women of that city the cause of so many fallen girls, and of the three causes that he gave the moving picture was one.

A little while ago there was a picture

showing the operations of a band of outlaws in West Virginia. Soon after this picture was put on in a certain city in Oklahoma, nine boys were arrested for robbery. At the time they arrested these boys, they traced them to an empty house, and when they broke in there, what should they see but great stacks of merchandise that had been stolen in the community, and printed on the walls of the room was the name they had given themselves, "West Virginia bank robbers."

Another one of the evils that lure men to destruction and deaden their sensibilities, is the ball room. Some will say, "Be careful now. All the people who belong to my church dance." I cannot help it if they do. Hear me! The Chief of Police of New York City says that three-fourths of the fallen girls in that city have been ruined through the dance. T. F. Faulkner, Ex-President of the Dancing Master's Asso. on the Pacific Coast, says, that two-thirds of the girls who are ruined, fall through the dance. If you do not believe it, read his book, "From Ball Room to Hell." "Oh," they say, "it is just a little harmless pastime and fine exercise." If that is all the motive there is in it, why don't the men dance with the men, and the ladies with the ladies? If you were to make that a rule you would kill the dance from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I tell you it is nothing but hugging to music, and God have mercy on that man who is so degraded that he will permit another man to hug his wife in order that he may hug another man's wife. I used to be a ball-room fiend and

know what I am talking about. You people who dance know exactly what the exercise is. Hear me! Men will permit privileges with their wives and daughters in the ball-room for which they would shoot the offender dead in the drawing-room. Hundreds and thousands of mothers' girls are wrecked and ruined today because of the start they made in the ball-room. This is a well-known fact. If you want to read a story of despair and heartaches beyond our power to comprehend, read the confession of a young lady, who was about to take her life, written to Paul C. Brown, Field Secretary of the California Christian Endeavor Union. It is not fiction but a story from real life, told for the purpose of warning other young girls. She started on her downward course at a dance given in a church parlor. You can secure this story, "A Tragic End," of the Free Tract Society, 736 San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

This case is only one in a thousand in our Christian land. Sinner, will you not turn your back on the world and its allurements? Eternity is before you. Your little boat swiftly drifting down the stream of life is soon to be ushered into the ocean of eternity, while through these things you are forgetting God. "Awake, thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life." Will you not hear the voice of God and come to Him while the door of mercy stands ajar? Make haste! There is danger in delay.

Separation and Meditation—Psalm 1.

Max Wertheimer, in The Gospel Message.



THE word Psalm is a Greek word meaning usually an anthem. It was translated from the Hebrew into Greek. The Hebrew word means—Praise to the Living One. The Psalms were sung by people in covenant-keeping with the Living One. Sinners cannot sing these Anthems.

The Psalms speak of one Person. The subject is the Lord. They also speak of a covenant relationship with the Lord.

We are told in the Eleventh Chapter of Leviticus that certain animals were forbidden to be eaten by the people of God. The animal to be eaten had two characteristics—the divided hoof and the chewing of the cud.

The split hoof means a separated walk. The chewing of the cud is illustrated by the cow. You

feed your cow some fodder and then leave her for a time and think when you go back she will be through eating. You go back and she is still chewing away. Has any one given the cow more fodder? What is the matter? She is simply eating over again what she has already eaten. Chewing the cud means meditation. These are the two characteristics of a clean Christian.

In the First Psalm and the first verse there is found the separated life. Walk, Stand and Sit. This is the very first mark God desires in a Christian, the mark of separation.

"Whose delight is in the law of the Lord." The Hebrew word for meditation is the same as for chewing the cud. In the present age people have no time for meditation, no time to chew the

Word. The prophet Jeremiah said, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart."

In His law doth he *chew the cud* day and night. He meditates in the law. This is also a law of health, we should chew our food well. All over the world the disease of dyspepsia is found, but spiritual dyspepsia is the worst.

"In His law doth he meditate." Today some people are fed on sawdust. That does very well to stuff dolls with, but it will not do for the spiritual man. When our baby was a bottle baby she got from five to seven bottles of milk a day. The spiritual child gets one bottle a week. Such a baby cannot grow.

"Do you want us to learn the Bible by heart?" somebody is thinking—well, it would not be a bad thing to learn the Bible by heart, but let us see: Wherever you work you can get up in the morning and read the newspaper. You have time for that, why not for the Bible? The children of Israel got up in the morning and gathered manna. The Christian must gather manna for his soul in the morning. He can say, "Lord, I'm working hard with brain and brawn. Just give me a verse to chew all day. Let the Holy Spirit unfold it to me while I work."

For illustration, suppose tomorrow you want to chew on this verse, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding." You say, "Let the Holy Spirit unfold so I can chew." Suppose every day you have a verse,—365 verses a year. That is more than all the average Christian knows of the Bible. Some fear that if they do this people will call them pessimists, etc. What does it matter? "Happy is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord." There is no other law for happiness than this. Separation and Meditation. Is that all? That's all, but the man who does this has a job on his hands.

The New Testament also speaks of separation, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. Come out from among them and be ye separate."

God says that if we have this separation He will receive us as sons and daughters. The devil has a lot of recipes for happiness. Everybody wants to get happiness. What will they not do to be happy? Some cross oceans, climb mountains, dig gold, seek pleasure. Some have such fun, but fun is not happiness.

God can never bless His children unless they

are separated. There is permanent happiness in separation from the world. By the world we mean the world's way of thinking and doing.

"Now is the judgment of this world," John 12:31. The world as a system has been judged. The Church is called out from that which is condemned. The Lord Jesus said of the world: "Me it hateth because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil." Why is it that some people are not hated? They compromise. If the Lord Jesus Christ had kept His mouth shut He would never have been crucified. Had Paul kept still he would never have been persecuted, had Peter held his tongue he would not have suffered death from his enemies. The prophets died unnatural deaths because they testified openly for their God.

"And ye shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water." Who is this? The man that is separated from the world, and meditates. He is so saturated with the Word of God that it has a chance to soak in. The character of a tree thus planted is that it has vitality.

"His leaf also shall not wither." Is this the reason for withering Christians? Lack of separation and meditation, is that all? Yes, and it is enough.

"Whatsoever He doeth shall prosper." Here's another blank check from God. Everyone wants to prosper. God's way for prosperity is separation and meditation. That is the only way.

In Genesis 26, we are told, "And there was a famine in the land." "And the Lord appeared unto him—Isaac—and said, Go not down into Egypt; dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of." I can imagine Isaac said, "Why, there's a mistake here. Everybody is going to Egypt, there is no pasture here, and I must have something to eat." But the Lord said, "Don't go down to Egypt. Don't do what your father did." Abraham went down into Egypt and he got something to eat, but he also got Hagar, and when he got her he had a job on his hands. Well, Isaac stayed in Gerar and sowed in that land, and received in the *same year an hundred fold!* And remember there was a famine then. Isaac meditated on the Word of God and was prospered.

Every one wants success. God's recipe is separation and meditation. The Word of God is saturating us.

But "Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper," does not mean fine limousines, grand houses, etc., and the ability to go wherever you want

to. God does not mean that—nothing like it. If we ask *according to God's will* we may ask what we will. Here's God's blank check again for our filling in.

In Joshua 23, Israel's leader is on his death bed. He is not going to live, "And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth." He will profit nothing by not speaking the truth, and he says, "Ye have seen all that the Lord hath done unto all these nations because of you. Ye know in all your hearts and in your souls that *not one thing hath failed* of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you." This was forty-five years after God had spoken to him. You know you sometimes tell your boy you will whip him; he doesn't pay much attention to it, but God *does what he says*. David found this out.

The godly are like a tree, the ungodly are like chaff. "The ungodly shall not stand in the congregation of the righteous." This used to puzzle me. In my congregation were ungodly people, and I knew it. In the Hebrew there are two different expressions of the word "Stand." In the first verse of this Psalm the word "Stand" is *amad*, the second one *qum*. *Qum* means to rise out of the ground and refers to the resurrection.

In the New Testament we read that Jesus was met by Jairus, whose daughter was at the point of death. A sick woman detained Him while He was going to Jairus' home and the girl died. At the house the weeping women had come to wail, but Jesus said, "She is not dead, but sleeping." He takes three of His disciples in and

shuts the door and speaks to the maiden, "*Talitha cumi*"—The imperative of the Hebrew word *qum*. This latter word has reference to the resurrection.

What the Lord intends to convey in the Psalm is this, that if we separate ourselves now, He will separate the ungodly in the resurrection. In Revelation 20 we are told we shall reign with Christ a thousand years. The ungodly shall not rise with the godly, they shall not see His glory.

"The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish." "The Lord knoweth," this does not mean He does not know what goes on among the wicked, but He knows in the sense of regarding. In I. John 3 we have the word "Know" in the first verse, "The world knoweth us not because it knew Him not." "Know" in Hebrew means fellowship.

"Many will say to me in that day, 'Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name'—then will I profess unto them, I never knew you." No fellowship there. God knoweth the godly. He has fellowship with us.

Nahum 1:7, 8 has the same truth. "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him. But with an overrunning flood He will make an utter end of the place thereof, and darkness shall pursue His enemies." Listen! If ever you and I shall confront a terrible time, that time is approaching, but the Lord is a stronghold for us.

II. Tim. 2:19, "The Lord *knoweth* them that are His. And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

The "Yes" of God

Elizabeth Sisson



HI! THE RICHNESS of the Word, "All the promises of God, in Him are yea, and in Him Amen, to the glory of God by us." (2 Cor. 1:20.) Rotherham's translation is more emphatic, "*For however many God's promises are, in Him is the 'yes'* wherefore, also through Him, the Amen unto God for glory through us." But Weymouth brings out the wondrous truth still more powerfully, "It was and always is 'yes' with Him, *for all the promises of God, whatever their number, have their 'yes' in Him and for this reason through Him also our 'Amen' acknowledges their truth,*

to glory of God by us." This whole passage is a picture of God as a colossal, constant, *Yes* to the whole world. And here is nothing more than the simple statement, John 3:16, "*God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth*"—Oh, hallelujah!

The same is plainly set forth by Jesus in what we call the Story of the Prodigal Son, but is truly the Story of the Father's heart. The Father's heart, first in His attitude toward the prodigal and then in His unchanged attitude towards the elder brother. Before the prodigal could reach his home to unburden his contrite soul and ask for a servant's job and a servant's wages, it was a father running with kisses to stop his confes-

sions. Then it was best robe, ring, shoes, music, dancing, feasting, merriment, just a prolonged Yes, Yes, Yes, the throbbings of a father's heart. Immediately the prodigal looked fatherward, it was nothing but a Yes he heard or felt. He proved as our verse says, "In Him was the yes." But ah, there was something more! In the prodigal was an "Amen" to his father's "Yes." He received the father's embrace, he let the father's kisses stop his proposition, "Make me an hired servant." He said yes to the robe, yes to the ring, yes to the shoes; he feasted on the fatted calf, he danced to the music and was merry in his father's presence. In his father was the yes—in him was the Amen. And the giving and taking of mercy and grace was "glory" to the father and "glory" to the son. Then the grouchy old elder brother came along, who never had heard his father's Yes and never said an Amen to him; with nothing, only curses in his heart for the prodigal, nothing but hard feelings toward his father, nothing but accusations of father's injustice, nothing but piled up self-righteousness on account of his own long, life service without reward, and yet he met from the father's heart only the Yes, Yes, Yes of grace. "Son, *thou* art ever with *me*, and all that *I* have is *thine!*!! Oh, is it not wonderful that Jesus should come from heaven to lift the veil, and show us the heart of our Father-God,—for all our cleansing, for all our needs, for all our possibilities—one eternal Yes?

But that is just what this text gives us; that *all* the promises of God, however many there may be, in Jesus the Veil Lifter are Yes, Yes, Yes. Are you getting hold of it as you plead the promises these wonderful days? that you cannot before the throne of God touch one promise, without their booming back to you from the mighty cannonry of Heaven a "yes" big with the whole fulness of God? For God Himself is no bigger than His "Yes." If it caused the moving off their foundations of heaven, earth and hell to demonstrate that Yes *to him that took it*, God would deny His nature, Himself, not to thus demonstrate. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not "one jot or one tittle" of His Word shall fail. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand forever." "Thou hast magnified Thy *Word* above all *Thy Name!*" And our health and our prosperity, spiritually, physically, materially, in service, in *every way* is when we similarly magnify that Word. How magnify it?

By saying "Amen" to God's "Yes." God stands to us as an eternal Yes in His every promise. He cannot change His counsels. His unutterable heart's love is forever photographed to us, "Child, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine." We may be as unmitigated a grouch as was he of the sixteenth of Luke—and shall be if we do not, like the repentant prodigal, keep receiving what the father gives—serving, serving, serving, "lo, these many years," working hard for his religion, but "to him that worketh is the reward . . . but of debt." He only gets deeper into the debt of sin. Such a hard, unchanged heart, with only natural feelings working through it, could but unbrother the returning prodigal; could but spit in the face of his father. "Lo, these many years do I serve you, yet your injustice to me!" and anger increases and he will not go in. Starved to death and will not eat a crumb of love's feast. Floating around him the wealth of a universe, all his own! The Author of the universe calling to him in music's sweetest love tones, "Son, thou art ever with me and all that I have is thine." Yet so poor! hard, bitter, cold, sour! Poor? Nevertheless rich, so rich, fallen into possession of wealth so boundless that it would take all the eternities to explore it. What is the matter? Where is the fault? He has not "possessed his possessions." He is like the man with his back to the sun, walking and working in the shadow—the shadow of himself. Right about face! and what would he see? The flood gates of sunlight pouring upon him! The genial warmth reaching every drop of his blood, permeating every fibre of his being.

The difference between the grouchy and the prodigal at that moment was that the one was taking, the other was not. The prodigal, with his load of sins, in his degradation and pauperism was receiving his father's "yes" and putting his "Amen" to it. The sullen grouchy with all his piled up years of morality heard nothing but the voice of his own heart and that was giving him a brass band of discontented grumblings. It was the difference between white and black, joy and sorrow, fulness and emptiness. Poor old grouchy! All his life he had been working *for* his father instead of taking *from* his father. It had made a skin-flint of him, the longer he worked the harder he grew.

And this is the matter with the race. God is unto humanity, *every* creature of it, *all* the time, a vast "Yes," of boundless beneficence, radiating out on every side of Him, light and life and

health; hope, resource, refuge, wisdom, gladness, joy, peace, love, power—yes, every good thing that we can find words for in the dictionary and more. Yet the world goes on in dire pauperism—the Christian in semi-pauperism. Why? Failure to come into the Yea and Amen of God. We saved ones see clearly enough what is the trouble with the unsaved. They are out of joint with God and grace cannot flow until the pipe be connected with the Main. We understand that “God so loved the world” that Jesus wrought out salvation for every man, woman & child in it; that God is unto every last one of them a great “Yes” of salvation, and as soon as they say the little “amen” of faith to His “yes,” they have the immediate flow of God-life from the great Main into the pipe of their little human life. We saved ones know that if the much despised Kaiser and his suite, military and political—though justly by civil courts condemned to execution as criminals, for the awful work of the death of ten million men, and the whole of Europe plunged into a distracted, despoiled, war-torn condition—yet we know that if as lost sinners, they would now turn to Jesus, recognize their sins expiated on His cross, they would immediately meet the “Yes” of God. He would fall on their necks, for each He would bring forth the best robe, the glad ring, the festal shoes; and the banquet, the music, the dancing, the merriment would begin in heaven—and made by God—in their hearts. For Salvation is Grace. Grace is the free, full, unmerited love of God. If any of them are this moment without this joy of heaven within them, it is because they have not yet put their Amen to the Yes of God. They have not yet as lost sinners believed on Jesus their Saviour. If they swing from the gallows or are cut off in the electrocuting chair—to sink into hell, it will be because they failed to put their amen to the Yes of God. If at the last moment of a doomed life—they, on the gallows, put their Amen to the Yes of God, they swing from there to heaven! All we saved ones know that this is the only difference between saved sinners and lost sinners; between those who people heaven and those who people hell. There was an equal “yes” in God for every lost sinner now in hell, as for every saved sinner, i. e., every sweet saint in heaven. These last put their Amen to the Yes of God. The others failed to do so.

But initial salvation is only the beginning of the Yes of God. All the promises of God, how-

soever many they may be, in Jesus is the Yes. Some tell us that there are thirty thousand promises in the Word of God. They stretch over every conceivable circumstance or condition in which man may ever be, and cover with abundant provision every fibre and faculty of His tripartite nature, with a supply as vast as God Himself. “All that I have is thine.” “I am thine,” “Heirs of God,” equally so with Christ, “joint heirs.”

Many of these thirty thousand promises are like a bunch of grapes, grapes of Eshcol, each grape in the salvation bunch contains nutriment to sustain an armed host, because in each of these promises lives God as an eternal Yes. Dost hear Him as He speaks? “Lord save me.” “Yes, yes child, ‘whosoever believeth.’” “Lord, I believe. Thou art my Savior.” “Yes, I am thy Savior.” Every time we quote a promise to Him He answers “Yes.” “Oh Lord, Thou hast said, ‘Call unto Me and I will show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.’” “Yes, child, yes, great and mighty things.” “Oh Lord, Thou hast said, ‘I am the Lord that healeth thee.’” “Yes, child, I am.” “To foolish ones like me, dear Lord, Thou hast said, ‘If any . . . lack wisdom let him ask . . . it shall be given.’” “Yes, my needy ones, here I am giving.” “Oh Lord, I need Christ Jesus made of God unto me sanctification.” “Yes, yes, yes child, here I am your sanctification.” “Lord, I need to find some fish’s mouth out of which to bring my taxes.” “Yes, child, yes, I am here to supply your every need.” And so on through all the amazing continent of unexplored riches, ours is the promises of God.

“All the promises of God, however many they may be, in Him is the Yes, in Him also is the Amen by us,” and that “to the glory of God.” For God gets no glory in all His plan of salvation, in all His wealth of promises to us, but as we say the Amen. We see *that* in the world Jesus died for, but the world who will not believe, go to hell. No gain to them that Jesus died! No glory to God in these unbelievers! Salvation was theirs by the Yes of God, but they would not say Amen to God’s Yes. Through this failure they lost the grace and He lost the glory. Amen is: so let it be. It is an affirmation.. In other words, it is saying Yes to God’s Yes. Answering back Yes to God’s Yes. Oh how sweet! It brings us and keeps us dwelling in Beulah Land. Beulah Land is the land where the married ones dwell. When love has done its work on a lover’s heart and he goes

wooing, he is all "yes" to the object of His love. Love has done its work on the heart of our Creator, God. Oh how He loves! "Yea, *He loved the people*" (Deut. 33:3. Heb. He had the people in His bosom). "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, *therefore*"—the only reason He ever gives for drawing by His Spirit the sinner's heart—"therefore, with loving kindness have I drawn thee." He hates the sin, but oh, how He loves the sinner! "I drew them with the cords of a man, (the reason why Jesus must take upon Him man's estate and draw from thence) with the bands of love." But when a young man goes wooing with his heart all "yes" to his beloved one, how easy for him to be chilled in her if she has no responsive "yes." If he is all Yes and she is all Yes, how easily, how quickly are the two made one, and they are in Beulah Land.

This sweet verse which we are considering hangs Jesus out as the perpetual medium through whom all this can be accomplished. It is in Jesus Christ that God is to us a perpetual Yes, and in Jesus Christ we are a perpetual Yes to God. We cannot touch a single promise of God but to find Him an overflowing fulness of grace and accomplishment. And we touch the promise, make it and its Maker ours by saying Yes to it. And just as *by Jesus* God says Yes to us, in the promise, so by Jesus we may always be able to answer back Yes to God's Yes. Jesus is always in us waiting to bring forth through us that Yes. Every such flashing back of a Yes upon His Yes brings the glory of God into the situation. God is glorified by the opportunity to show forth His grace, and His love and His power in doing us good, and we are glorified in receiving what He is glorified in giving. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." A continual Yes on both sides and lo! we dwell together in Beulah Land. "All the promises of God, however many they may be, in Him (Christ Jesus) is the Yes, and in Him is the Amen by us to the glory of God." God wanting to bless Scotland, found a man into whom He could breathe the prayer, "Give me Scotland or I die." Jehovah was only seeking a man to whom He could say "Yes" and who would put his "Amen" to it, and behold! Scotland regenerated.

William Fetler, of Russia, going his way forth "by the footsteps of the flock," heard John Knox pray and he was stimulated to cry, "God give me Russia." How the Lord delights in the men and women of large petitions! In Russia He

has already done much through Wm. Fetler's prayer. Thousands saved, though Fetler suffered imprisonment and expatriation; and God will do very much more. He has upset Russia's throne, wiped out the dynasty, opened the whole land to Gospel liberty and in the coming days of wide evangelism God sends Fetler with a mighty host of Russian evangelists to sweep through the land. This is not an hour when Jehovah will do a retail business in answering prayer, nay, verily! but a wholesale work in Salvation.

I think it was A. T. Pierson who said, "Charcoal is carbon in humiliation; the diamond is carbon in transfiguration." And although after regeneration God has to deal with faculties in us all sin paralyzed; yet each time we hear the Yes of God, our spiritual ear is quickened, and each time we set our Amen to that Yes there is a deeper re-vitalization. Charcoal is changing to diamond, humiliation to transfiguration. Hallelujah! By each Amen of faith we *please God*. "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." But Jesus—if we will have it so—is our faith Godward and will keep in us or bring forth from us, the constant Amen to God's Yes.

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed." Every time we look in the face of God's yes, the water of our human living changes to wine. The wine of the Kingdom. Thus we go on from glory to glory of the Lord; the Spirit (2 Cor. 3:18 margin) transfigured! transfigured! transfigured! Bands of paralysis bursting in every direction. "With open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image !!! He is glorified. The world is enriched and it is the "glory of God, by us!!!"

* * *

"Humility, the fairest, lowliest flower

That grew in Paradise, and the first that died,

Has rarely flourished since on mortal soil.

It is so rare, so delicate a thing,

'Tis gone if it but look upon itself;

And they who venture to believe it theirs

Prove by that single thought they have it not."

There are consolations which pass away; but you will not find true and abiding consolation except in entire abandonment, and in that love which loves the *cross*. He who does not welcome the cross, does not welcome God.—*Guyon*.

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Notes

Christmas Meditation

UNTO you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

The heavens rang with angelic voices as they brought to the lowly shepherd the glorious news of the birth of a Savior, yet the earth gave no royal welcome to the King of glory. Heaven recognized the priceless Gift of God, and saw in the little animate form the World's Redeemer, but Earth saw only a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in the corn-crib of a stable. Heaven gave with great joy; Earth received reluctantly the infant Son of God. No royal apparel decked the holy child; no comforts or luxuries were bestowed upon Him. He left all these behind when He exchanged His throne and crown for a manger and a cross. Oh what condescension! What sacrifice! What wondrous love! Past comprehension! Beyond our human ken! Redeemed man can never know what His salvation cost. Little wonder that the angelic host swung low and carolled in the midnight air, "Glory to God in the highest," as they heralded the advent of the Prince of Peace!

* * *

As we send to our subscribers the Season's Greetings, we thank them for their prayers and support during the year that is drawing to a close. Without their help and prayers we could

not have continued in our labor of love. The year has not been without its testings, but we praise God that His grace and strength have been our portion.

A large number of our subscriptions expire with the present issue. We have also sent out notices to a number of back subscribers and are hoping for prompt renewals. No doubt many will find it hard to do so, owing to the strenuous times through which all have been passing, and perhaps some will feel unable to continue, but before you send us notice to discontinue, let us remind you that your renewal is necessary for the paper's existence. While an individual subscriber might not think his dropping out would be of vital importance, yet a number doing the same thing would cause the discontinuance of the paper. A year's subscription does not mean much to one person, yet in the aggregate it helps us to send out the printed word which preaches to thousands, and while our subscribers are *receiving* blessing, they are also *giving* by helping to sustain the paper.

A recent advance in printing would cause us to become faint-hearted were we to look at figures, and we almost feel obliged to advance the price of the paper, but if our subscribers will all renew and use their influence to induce others to take the paper, we believe we will be able to continue at the old price, unless something unforeseen should transpire.

We praise God for the hearty co-operation of His children and ask them to stand by us with their prayers, and back of the missionaries who are being sustained through The Evangel.

* * *

OUR special services, while attended with some hindrances, brought forth fruit for Eternity, and were a blessing to saint and sinner.

The epidemic that was raging throughout the country broke into them for a week or two, but never at any time were we compelled to close our meetings. We had with us Evangelist W. H. Pope, of Broken Arrow, Okla., who left no stone unturned in giving to a lost world the message for these days. One who has been in the way for some years said to us, "My life has certainly been deepened by these meetings."

The Spirit of God was upon the meetings and it was a cause for deep gratitude to see the conviction which rested upon the sinner. Indeed, almost every sinner who came into the meeting

was saved before he left the building, and a goodly number were reclaimed or found the Lord for the first time. Some were sincere enough to come for that purpose, and arose in the meeting asking for prayer for their salvation.

The darkening shadows of approaching events and the near coming of Jesus is leading men and women to think seriously, and the condition of the world gives an opportunity for personal work such as we have never known before. Some who have hitherto been unapproachable are willing to listen to a prophecy unfolded, or read an interesting tract, and eleventh hour laborers are needed for the last great gathering.

* * *

A Plea for Men

Now that the cry of Peace is on every lip, let us hasten to take advantage of the cessation of hostilities, to spread the Gospel of Peace in heathen lands. Oh that those who have been called to the service of our King, the Lord of glory, might respond with the readiness to which they have answered their country's call! For instance, there are about twenty-five young women who have answered the call of God to preach the Gospel in South China, and only about *five* young men. What is the matter? We cannot believe that God has not called the young men, for the need is appalling. Our Missionary Conference in May brought out a few of the duties that our women missionaries were compelled to assume, such as superintending the digging of wells, building of mission houses, chapels, native quarters, gardening, etc., etc. Surely God is calling our young men for these pioneer duties. Will they come behind in this crucial hour? Is this not a matter for which earnest prayer should be made by the Pentecostal saints? Doors that have been closed to the Gospel for centuries are opening, and we need young men of stalwart, Christian character and consecration to pioneer where the Gospel has never been preached.

* * *

Towards the Interior

An extract from a letter from one of our beloved Stone Church missionaries, Miss Bertha Meyer, breathes the spirit of the true pioneer. She has been stationed at Canton for four years and has recently gone to Lo Pau, but feels that this is only a stepping stone to the interior, to those who have never heard:

"Several months ago I felt God was dealing very plainly about coming to LoPau. My prayer, and ambition have been to go into untouched fields

and this step may be quite a link in the chain. Just what is ahead is not yet plain but I rather look upon my coming here as a stepping stone. We are still looking to farther fields beyond and have a place in mind some two hundred miles away. We have been able to make some investigations and they are favorable. My heart is filled with joy as I think of it. Anyone knows that such an undertaking would not mean a path of roses to walk upon, but if this should be an opening of God's own choosing for us, we will truly count it a privilege to step in. Is it not what our hearts have been longing and waiting for? Should be so glad to have you take this upon your hearts and pray for the furtherance of God's will in the matter. At present I am satisfied in being in God's will, and there are opportunities open to us in the villages round about; in one place a house is at our disposal to hold meetings, only we will need some benches. I do long to make the best of these openings. Five of us went to this place on Saturday. It meant a tramp of about fifteen miles there and back. Starting after breakfast we got back just at nightfall, footsore and weary, but with a gladness in our hearts that is worth having, for we had the privilege of taking the Gospel where they said white people had never been. The blessing of God was upon us as we addressed them in that ancient storehouse, old men and young, women and younger ones. Before leaving some of them bought Gospels which we trust will speak to them while we are gone. Now we are planning another trip in a different direction. The opportunity is good here, both in the chapel work and outside. Two of the Christian women are suffering persecution and dare not come to the meetings now. The enemy would like to make this a stumbling block to others, but we pray God will work it out for good, and know He will do it."

Good news comes from Sister Gray of God's blessing upon their work in Yokohama, Japan:

"Our beloved still tarries, and we continue to have opportunity to be overcomers. Still a little time to lay up treasures for the ages of ages! How we need to watch and pray lest we lose our crown and lest our Bridegroom who watches our progress be disappointed.

"In His name we work and witness, suffer and pray, and He graciously gives increase. Many souls have been at the altar lately, and though all do not come back, a number are meeting the Savior. The cloud of glory hung low many times over the tarrying meetings and hungry hearts were fed with heavenly manna and had a feast of fat things, but we are looking for greater blessings. We had a blessed baptismal service in the bay. One convert, especially, became lost to all, and with uplifted arms worshipped his Lord while the crowd of spectators watched with wonder.

"We had a good time visiting the inland stations, and earnest souls from Koga, Fujioka, Sakai, Isamagahara and Ijima were baptized.

one a woman sixty-nine years old, a man and wife, hitherto leaders of Tenri-kyo, a Buddhist sect, both over sixty, and others nearly forty-five. Praise God that the aged are sheltering under the precious blood!

"The Lord was also magnified in the healing of several sick ones, the most remarkable being a girl of about seventeen, and a middle-aged woman. The young sister had been in the Imperial University for six months, but no physician could diagnose her case or relieve her suffering. She gave herself to Jesus and He took away the pain immediately and it never returned. He also, in a remarkable measure restored her deaf ears. The next morning she arose at four, walked two miles to a large village and bought a sponge-cake for our breakfast, to show her gratitude. Both parents were saved and the girl and her mother were baptized. Another sister heard of this healing and came for prayer. Her limbs were so crippled she had to use a cane for four years, and sometimes had to creep. The Lord touched her and on her way home she threw away her stick. As in apostolic days the fame of Jesus spread, and since we returned many afflicted ones have been healed and saved, and eighteen await an opportunity for baptism. The harvest is white and there is much to do, so we praise God for Brother L. W. Coote who will come to strengthen our hands awhile. This brother came to work for a term of five years for a firm in Kobe. Later he was saved and baptized with the Holy Spirit and set on fire for souls. Practically all time out of office work was given to Gospel service, which the Lord graciously owned and blessed. Now in obedience to the Lord's call, his term of five years having expired, he steps out on God, no Board or Bank, or home friends to help. All the Pentecostal missionaries approve of him and covet his help. We know of no one more worthy of your prayers and support."

We rejoice in this addition to the Pentecostal ranks, and trust our readers will stand back of this brother with their prayers and means.

* * *

Miss Bernice Lee writes of the joy they find in village work:

"September is the fever month, and everywhere we go we find opportunities to get at the people because so many are unable to work. It is a good time to pour in the love of our hearts which certainly paves the way for preaching the Gospel. The other day we went into a village and the first house we came to the whole family were sick. All had fever and none cared to hear our message. We were just about to leave when I turned to the woman, felt of her face to see if she had fever, then gave her a little loving pat on the arm. It was a *little* thing and I did not think of its accomplishing anything at all, but at once she motioned to us to sit down and talk, which you may be sure we did. These poor, dear people are hungry for love, and their

religions are bereft of this beautiful fruit. Isn't it precious that we can take them a Love Gospel?

"In this same village we were asked to call and see an old woman whom we had visited before, and who they told us was very ill. We found her a poor, frail, emaciated bit of humanity, lying out under a grass roof on a string bed. We knew she could not take in much we might say, but I felt impressed we *must pray*, so asked her if she remembered the Name, to which she replied she did. We knelt down and poured out our hearts to the Father, and how near He seemed as we brought the dear old soul to Him, and we knew He had heard.

"Next day we came to one of the most pitiable looking objects I have ever seen. Before entering the door we heard piteous crying, and upon entering we found a woman lying upon a most filthy bed, without a rag on her poor, suffering body. Her feet and hands were drawn with what was evidently rheumatism, and the tears were raining down her face. The awful stench in the room was so dreadful that I simply had to cover my nose with my handkerchief, as we stood there. Again I saw plainly that it was not a time to preach, and that all we could do was to call on our Father. Such compassion as flooded my being! We just squatted in that tiny, filthy room and besought Him in some way to work through this poor soul.

"As we passed on to another village, we could but note with gratitude the face of a woman as she squatted upon the ground listening to the message. Her face was all attention and more and more interested she became until her face worked with emotion. The Bible woman was telling the story of His death, and speaking very much in the Spirit, her own voice quivering with emotion. Finally the woman could hold back her tears no longer, and had to wipe her face with her sari.

"Recently a young woman came to the house with her baby, who was very ill. The poor mother, who had already lost one son, and this the only remaining one, was simply grief-stricken, and we could scarcely comfort her enough to get to prayer for the baby, but we laid hold of God for the little one, and the next day the woman came back with the baby healed. Oh, it is precious to take His Name amidst these darkened people, and again and again He bids us labor on, just leaving the results with Him, assuring us that in 'due season we shall reap if we faint not.'"

The Victory of Faith

Pastor Hardy W. Mitchell in the Stone Church, Aug. 4, 1918



WE read in Hebrews 10:38, "The just shall live by faith," and in Galatians 2:20, Paul says, "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

It seems there are two classes of people in the church today; one who live as Paul testified, by the faith of the Son of God, and another class who live according to feeling. Faith has wrought great and marvelous things. We read that by faith the worlds were created, things unseen were made real, offerings accepted, translations experienced and kingdoms subdued. Many remarkable signs and wonders were wrought by faith, and God wants to bring us as a people where we live every day a life of faith in the Son of God. Then we will not say we are saved and have the victory because we feel like it, but that we are saved through faith in the Son of God. We can say this afternoon, "I have victory in my soul because I believe in the faithfulness of God." By believing we experience the victory. The Bible has very little to say about feelings in connection with salvation, although we do get the feelings, and there come times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. There are times of joy and rejoicing, but there come times when He wants us to live and walk by faith; times when we can believe God just as strongly without feeling as with it; when we can show to the world that we have victory and believe in God. There is this remarkable fact that while we read very little about feeling in connection with salvation, the subject of faith is mentioned at least three hundred times in the New Testament alone. And isn't it wonderful that you and I can live by faith in the Son of God? It seems our feelings are like the rising and ebbing tide. When the tide is high our feelings are up, and when everything is at a low ebb, then our feelings are down, but not so with faith. Faith rises undaunted, and stands firm amid the storms and wrecks of time.

The class of people who live by feeling are either on victory side or down in the valley; they are either on the mountain-top or down in the valley of despair; either on shouting ground or you do not hear a sound out of them, but it is better to have a living faith in your soul, one

that is firm and steadfast whether things run smoothly or not, believing in the faithfulness of our God to take us through. God wants to do a work that will get underneath the surface.

I was once in a meeting during the first part of which everyone was enthusiastic and rejoicing in the blessing of the Lord. It seemed every song caused the people to rise higher and higher in their enthusiasm and in the joy and blessing of salvation, and the same was true of the testimony service; there was general rejoicing, and some shouted and clapped their hands with joy, and apparently everybody had victory, but I noticed that before that meeting was over, as the preacher got up to give the message of salvation and announced his text, it seemed that those very people who shouted the loudest seemed to quiet down. There wasn't anything in his message that appealed to their emotions and they shut themselves up like a clam. One man, I noticed particularly, became so indifferent about the message that he picked up a paper and began to read. Beloved, an experience that doesn't go beneath the surface and give you a large interest in the salvation of the unsaved is not very lasting. What we need is a never-dying love for lost men and women, and even though there is nothing in the preacher's message that would appeal to your feelings, you should be interested in a message on salvation as much as one that brought heaven right down into your soul.

I believe that God wants His people where they can live by faith in the Son of God and when there is no enthusiasm to lift them up, they realize that they are saved through the precious blood, and that Christ is on the throne. Do not misunderstand me. I am not against emotion. I believe the Spirit of God can work on our hearts and cause us to rejoice, but that which should make us shout is to see souls brought to Jesus who said there was more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner that repented than over ninety-nine just persons. The greatest joy I know is when a sinner finds Jesus Christ an all-sufficient Savior, and this creates joy among the angels. What we all need is a greater interest in the unsaved, and to back up the message of salvation with our prayers.

There are too many of us talking about the

good times that are passed, and the blessing we used to have. If people would step out in faith and claim great things of God we would have greater victories than we now have. If we live a life of faith we can witness and testify for God whether we feel like it or not.

The children of Israel were just human folks like we are, and their actions and conduct were a great deal like ours. For example when they crossed the Red Sea and saw Pharaoh's host with their lifeless bodies washed up on the shore, and recognized that God had delivered them from their power, they all sang a song of victory. They shouted, not by faith, but because of what they saw, but the shout that comes forth when nothing is seen or felt is the shout that counts. The shout that goes up when things are against you shows how much victory you have. Anybody can shout when things run smoothly. The Israelites felt very jubilant, but three days later when they came to the bitter waters of Marah, what happened? Because they were bitter they lost all the shout out of their souls. There are many people like that spiritually; they shout today and tomorrow, but by the end of the week they lose all the shout out of their souls. Why? Because they live in emotions and feelings instead of by faith in the Son of God. I believe that God wants to bring us to the place where we can live by faith. Faith is not feeling; it is simply believing God in spite of feeling. The Apostle John said, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

The Israelites lost the victory when the waters were bitter, and when God gave good water they rejoiced. When the Lord rained heavenly manna they sang of His faithfulness, but when they lost sight of His goodness they murmured and complained. They forgot God's deliverance at the Red Sea; they forgot how He sweetened the bitter waters, rained manna out of heaven, and how He protected them through their journey from the blazing sun, and instead of living by faith they lived by their feelings and were affected by their environment. When everything went well they felt happy, and when things went ill they felt badly.

I have never preached a sermon yet but what I have been called upon to live what I preached, and I suppose I will be tested along this line. I preached on Patience, and before the week was over everything happened to provoke me. I preached on love, and God put me to the test to show me how much love I had, and I tully de-

lieve that if we preach on faith God will require us to live it, the pulpit as well as the pew.

One of the best examples we have of the victory of faith is when the Israelites marched around the walls of Jericho and they fell. I imagine that the third or fourth time they marched around, the people of Jericho looked down upon them in derision and wondered why they didn't try to fight. They were walking around in faith and looking to God to effect the miraculous. I imagine as they walked around for seven mornings there wasn't any sign of the wall falling, and even when they compassed the city six times on the seventh morning, there wasn't a crack, but the seventh time around brought the victory and the walls fell.

This is an example for us. No matter what may be the appearances; no matter how the enemy may compass us about, if we have faith in the Son of God we will shout regardless of our feeling. Do you have the victory just because you feel like it, or are you walking by faith?

God's order is first fact, second faith, and third, feeling. First, the fact that God is. "He that cometh to God must believe that *He is*, and is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." The fact that God is on the throne and can do anything; that He is interested in supplying my needs and that He has promised never to fail me, is paramount; and when we realize that God is so faithful, so loving and so true, that fact ought to put faith in us in spite of everything. When we put faith in the eternal God He will give us victory and we can shout in anticipation of the feeling. A sinner might come to this altar and be instructed to turn from sin to the Lord Jesus, and say that he didn't feel anything, and couldn't claim anything he didn't feel, but the fact that God's Word says, that if any forsake his sins he shall have mercy, is sufficient. The blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin, and when I put my faith in God's promise, He stands ready to confirm it, and as sure as a sinner believes God, he will get the feeling and go away from the altar rejoicing in the assurance that God has saved him. You may be in a hard place; things may appear dark and gloomy, and you feel anything but saved, that you would like to despair and give up the fight altogether, but you take a stand, even to those adverse circumstances, of faith in the mighty power of God, and by one ray of His light and glory will send the blessing and joy into your soul.

"The just shall live by faith," not by feeling. The devil works through the feeling to discourage the heart and cause one to give up the fight, but if he finds out you are a person who believes

God, regardless of feeling, he will let you alone. Let us trust in the unchanging Christ who gave Himself for us, and who has said that no one shall pluck us out of His Father's hand.

Intercession

Miss Trena Rist, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa



DO not understand an "Intercessor" to be one who has so little burden for what he is interceding that he will go to sleep on his knees; neither do I think it means a hermit's life; far from it. A person to be an intercessor in the sight of God must be too much aflame with the love of Christ for the sorrowing, struggling, perishing world, to live a secluded life. But I have heard of, and heard people talk to this effect: "I would that I might have the gift of intercession but my calling is to preach the Gospel." Now I believe that if there is a person on the face of the earth who is called to be an intercessor it is that man or woman who preaches the Gospel. What does prayerless preaching accomplish? What vital effect has a sermon delivered by one who does not feel the awful condition of the lost to such an extent that he will plead with all the power of his ransomed being that his message will cause some at least to forsake the path leading to destruction?

A minister that has not gotten close enough to the heart of Christ to realize in some measure what *eternity* will mean to lost souls, is not yet qualified to preach to them, and to be shown this is to plead in an agony of soul for their deliverance. One properly qualified in this respect for the ministry of the Word will be in a greater agony for other souls than he was for his own. Why? Because salvation clears the vision so that one can better discern what it means to be lost.

If I might speak of myself I would say that there have been times in my ministry when I have seen and felt the condition of the lost until it seemed it would kill me if they did not yield to God and be saved. And those were the times when they would come to God, bless His Name!

Bramwell's biographer said of him: "I almost imagine I hear his agonizing pleadings for souls, both in public and private. Yes; the house where he dwelt, the rooms where he took repose, the pulpits which he occupied and in short every place through which he passed if called upon, could attest that he offered up prayers and sup-

plications with strong cryings and tears for the salvation of sinners." The result of this kind of praying was great power and wonderful success in winning souls to Christ and believers to a deeper life.

Show me a successful soul-winning minister and I will show you an intercessor. Moses pleaded until he turned aside Heaven's red-hot thunderbolts of wrath from the people over whom God had made him shepherd. Elijah prayed until the heavens were shut for over three years and then opened again, that souls might be won to the true God. *And they were won.*

Baxter stained his study wall with the breath of intercessory prayer, in answer to which God sent a river of "living water" over Kidderminster which was the cause of converting hundreds of souls. Luther and his coadjutors were men of such mighty pleadings with God that they broke the spell of ages and laid nations subdued at the foot of the cross. John Oxtoby with his one talent, prayed, wept, fasted, groaned and repented for sinners, threw them on the atonement and bound them there for hours by faith's strong arm, then entered the pulpit and spoke such words of flame that hundreds of souls were saved.

Of course such ministers have no time for "lightness, jesting, and foolish talking"; no time to be "Hail fellows well met" with the unsaved and ungodly; rather we would think of them as having their conversation "always with grace, seasoned with salt," meet to the minister, grace to the hearers.

Dear brother, sister, whose desire is to become an intercessor, just be quiet, get still before God. Then begin to look at Jesus. Look at Him in every phase as Redeemer of sinful men. Be still, keep looking until your innermost souls will cry out to become like Him in your attitude toward the lost. Keep looking until your heart will burn with His love for lost souls, and until this precious love is like a fire shut up within your bones. Look until you are broken up, melted down, infilled and running over, so that you cannot stand any more. Then turn your eyes

in another direction and look at the whole mass of sinners wading recklessly through currents of Redeeming Blood; steeling their consciences against the Holy Ghost; pressing through the prayers of saints and making stepping stones to hell of God's Book. See how emphatically in earnest they are to ruin their bodies and souls forever! See how they dishonour God and pierce the Savior. How they grieve the Holy Spirit and push one another off the stage of action into perdition! Ask God to let your eyes pierce through the "outer darkness" and see the place of their eternal abode. Away out beyond the reach of a single ray of one twinkling star to cheer the eternal gloom into which they must sink deeper and deeper into the awful despair and remorse of an endless hell, while the ceaseless ages of eternity roll on, and then you will be making intercessions, such as you have never known before.

You will not be as popular among a certain class as you formerly may have been, but methinks your popularity would increase in Heaven as your intercessions prevail in bringing souls to Christ. You will find yourself pleading the Blood, the precious efficacious, all-cleansing Blood, the sacred Blood of Christ for immortal souls with such earnestness and persistence that you will soon see them plunging deeply into that fountain, never to find their way back to the path of sin and destruction. Amen, so let it be.

O brother and sister, get alone with God today, let no time be lost for if it be true that you may be a successful intercessor (and it is. John 14:13) and you fail to be the best one God can make out of you, will you be free from the blood of souls on that day when the Redeemer of those souls shall bring you to an account for your stewardship? May God wake us up for Jesus' sake!

Solving the Problems of the Home

Leila M. Conway, Hurlock, Md.



OME, SWEET HOME!" This famous song has girdled the globe, for

"A charm from the skies seemed to follow us there,

Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere."

Yet, many do not realize the inestimable blessing they have in possessing one, and it has taken the ravages and cruel desolations of war, with other forms of deprivation, to awaken them to a sense of its real value. The newspaper cut still lingers before my eyes, of the French peasant woman who, in deepest anguish and loneliness, sat looking on the ashes of what had once been her humble little cottage; then, if never before, she understood the meaning of a home. Let us look into the subject for a short while, for if "homes are the bulwarks of the nation," the question is a vital one. Another writer has said that homes are either a type of heaven or of hell—representing the highest pinnacle or the lowest depth. Sad to say, a vast number of people act as if they think home is merely a four-walled enclosure for shelter and a place in which to eat and sleep. For pleasure and entertainment they go to outside sources, and often we hear the light, flippant expression, "Anywhere, rather than home." Even the children are infected

with the same spirit from the force of example by their elders and get it instilled into their minds that home is the last place in the world to enjoy. I have seen parents regularly spend their nights at the neighbors; "so dull at home," they would say. And the little ones would be clamoring to go, too; the tiny feet happy in anticipation, would dance about in childish glee at the prospect. The friendly visit, exchange of thoughts, good cheer, etc., is in order at times and very helpful, but such a mistake to depend solely on seeking amusement elsewhere, when there is no happiness that can compare with what we can get at our *own* fireside. A store of wealth, a rich bounty of blessings showered as pearls at our feet if only our eyes were open to see! The husband and the wife are the home makers, and if the cornerstone is laid in love, what a fount of joys can be derived from the companionship of each other, in the building reared upon it. The marriage union when rightly consummated, embodies the deepest and richest in life, and is so sacred and exalted an experience, as to be typical of the bond existing between Christ and His church. Husbands and wives are commanded to love one another "even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it," (Eph. 5:25) and wedded lives modeled after the divine pattern will be most fruitful, wide reaching in influence. Fragrant, undying memories of such

a father and mother will be handed down from one generation to another, their devotion cited to those newly married as an example to follow.

The promise reads, "Your children shall be as olive plants round about your table." I have often heard parents regretfully express the desire that they might work for the Lord, not realizing that the greatest, divinest possibilities that can come to mortal are open to those who have the training of little ones in the home. "Take the child and rear it for Me," we can hear the Lifegiver say, for "children are an heritage of the Lord," and parental duty is not just to feed, clothe, and educate them, though many act as if it were; but the first and paramount obligation is to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The little, unfolding mind is impressionable and plastic as the clay, and the *first years* of its life can be moulded at will. You can wield a love-swayed, absolute scepter, and it lies within the power of the parent to have the children become what he wishes them to be. The future brings its changes. Mary and Tom may slip from your grasp and out of control. When adults, their souls may pass forever beyond your reach, but you can save them in childhood. A Christian mother whom we know, has waited long years for the salvation of her son. The time was, when playing round her knee, she could easily and surely have induced the little fellow to accept Jesus, but under the plea of "I'm too busy," or "wait till he is older," or "I will leave it to the church," the priceless opportunity was lost. And when Charlie came to be a man, the mother had lost her hold upon him. If he is saved now, it must be by some other way.

Beloved, why should we delegate the saving of our child's soul to the minister, the revival meetings, or to outside agencies such as he may meet. Wouldn't it be a far wiser and better plan to set up a church in our home? The thought is not impracticable. Paul, in sending salutations to the different saints, greets the church that is in the house of Priscilla and Aquila. Gathering the children about us and taking the Bible as our spiritual text book, shall we not drill them in the study of the Word, faithfully instilling into their young hearts its precepts and commandments? We read, "Thou shalt *teach* them diligently unto thy children, and shalt *talk* of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Deut. 4:7. Observe the continuity, putting God first, God last, and God all the time. How many of us walk by this rule? Then it will not be to wait until "grown up" to get saved—oh, no; for in such an atmosphere the children will turn to God as spontaneously as the flower turns to the morning sun. An evangelist at a meeting the writer once attended, introduced his burning message with the sentence, "Solve the problem of home religion, and I shall have solved the problem of reaching the masses, and of having a revival." Tremendous truth!

Let us look at some of the delinquencies and touch upon them as we pass along. Can any of God's children tell what legerdmain of the enemy it is that brings some of us to depreciate the true value and sacredness of home and family? We put on our best behaviour when visitors come, but the atmosphere of cheer and kindness lifts as our guests leave, while the children looking after them breathe a wistful little sigh, which translated into words would say, "Oh, if company would stay all the time!" We overflow with geniality and are graciousness itself to the visitors, but, through force of habit, we are unpleasant and grouchy to the family. Wouldn't one suppose that if either had unjust treatment, we would give it to outsiders rather than to our own? It would seem that a mere Hottentot from his mother wit alone, could tell us that the "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh" should be more to us than anyone else—yea, than all the world. Do our actions show this? The cross, peremptory tone, the frown on our face is a common sight to home folks, but should the minister or some of the neighbors walk in unexpectedly upon us at those seasons, how chagrined and covered with confusion we are. Does not this prove us to be wrong? We need to probe deeply for the root of the thing. The children, even when small, come to notice the contrast and draw the inference from the reasonings of their little, childish brain, that if papa and mamma won't scold them in the presence of others, then they must be in the right. And child minds get busy—for they know our Christian profession—trying to understand the reason, for in their blissful ignorance the little ones think that to be a Christian means to be good all of the time. Think how their faith is shaken if we are deficient. Should we get impatient or display temper, their thoughts fly back to our calm, godly demeanor on Sabbaths in the Lord's house and hastily compare it to what we are *now*, and they

are at a loss to reconcile the two. See how the enemy gets in his entering wedge and the *first* of doubt and distrust is sown into the soil of these young hearts! May not this be a reason why some persons find it so difficult to believe God?

Children naturally have clear instincts, and through an innate sense of right and wrong, are quick to detect if a punishment is unjust or if their privileges are infringed or trampled upon. For example: An ambitious young girl of the writer's acquaintance was denied the education she so craved, through lack of parental interest. Bitter, resentful thoughts rankled in her bosom and it was long before she could exercise a forgiving spirit. And at another time, when a child of some ten or twelve years, she was accused by the mother of having committed a trifling misdemeanor, despite the little one's earnest protestations to the contrary. It was proven that the girl was innocent, but hot indignation filled the childish heart and for many weeks the little breast smarted under the keen sense of the injustice done her in such an uncaring, rude manner.

"Can not I do as I please in my own house?" is sometimes snapped out to those broaching the subject, for we are "touchy" and swift to retort at what we term "interference" or "meddling into other people's business," especially if we are failing to fulfill our duty. There seems to be a current impression (which has originated from the pit) that one can uncloak, as it were, in his home circle. The little amenities, politeness, nice usages of society, and spirit of cheerfulness which help to make life pleasant, are set aside, and the command "Be courteous" (I. Pet. 3:8) is disregarded. Unutterably sad, yet nevertheless true, that in these last days it has come to be in many families as the Word says, "without natural affection"; not even possessing human love one for the other. Parents, untrue to their children, and children disloyal to their parents! A minister once said in conversation to another, that a godly, earthly home is a type of the heavenly. The writer can never forget a home of the kind she knew for a number of years. The air of graciousness and piety diffused like sweet perfume and pervaded every room from the attic down to the kitchen. Love, happiness and peace reigned within its portals, and the respective members of the family had the courtesy of a Lord Chesterfield toward each other. If there was any distinction made, their own was treated

with more kindness and politeness than the visitors, for "family first" was their motto. The family altar was observed at morning, noon and night; the beacon fire of Gospel light and truth kept brightly shining, and the very name of that godly people became a synonym for right living and piety, near and afar. The result was that running through the lineage for generations were men and women of noblest Christian character, who filled the higher walks of life and great spheres of labor in God's harvest field. Many will rise up in the Great Coming Day and call them blessed! If parents were as diligent to teach the children sacred lore as they are to give a secular education, it might be said of their boys and girls on arriving at maturity, "From a child thou hast known the Scriptures." Dear father and mother, "Tell ye your children of it (the Gospel), and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation." Joel 1:3. Behold, the far-reaching and on-going current which you set in motion—eternity alone can reveal the abundant fruitage! "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Many instances we see of little ones that exhibit fits of temper on attempts at governing them. They resist control, refuse to obey, and take a defiant, rebellious stand against authority over them, so the parents weakly, unwisely "give in." Imagine the conditions responsible for and leading up to such a state of infantile anarchy, when a child told to do a thing, is allowed to pout and whine and peevishly exclaim, "Why must I? Mamma, I don't want to,"—and he doesn't do it, either. And over on the other side is a tot of three or four summers with a highly offended air, crying angrily because the mother had ventured to lightly tap her a time or two for some naughty act she has done. Well did King Solomon write that "a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." When the rod of correction is needed, "let not thy soul spare for his crying." Be as "one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in *subjection*," with all firmness and love. And in future years Tommy and Mary will *then* understand, and realize that they can never thank you enough for it. God help us more and more to "show piety at home."

Along what other lines do we lack? One of the features very noticeable and sadly on the increase is the want of respect and deference on

the part of father, mother and child to each other. There comes to mind a Christian (?) home where this was so apparent it was distressing. The husband did not honor the wife, and the wife was uncivil to the husband. This was the starting point of disturbances and ready soil for the many ills to which unsanctified flesh and the "yet carnal nature" is subject. Henry would domineer over Sarah, and, strange to the parents would look calmly on, giving no reproof, but permit the boy "to lord it" over his sister. Justice was violated and childish rights flung to the winds. And that does not end it, for as there is a sowing, so there must be a reaping, and the seed sown will bring forth "according to its kind." Reverence seems to be largely a thing of the past, and courtly graces of the old school a lost art. A pert, young miss, with a flippant toss of her head, half in jest and half in earnest, remarked with apparent pride that she kept her manners in a bag hanging up in the closet and only brought them forth when company came. Why wouldn't it be just as well to say "thank you" and "if you please" in our home, the same as we do in somebody else's home? "Good morning" on arising and "good night" on retiring, was once an old, honored custom in households, but many are the homes now where it is never observed. May we be careful, also, to be impartial, so that none of the children can ever say, "You love John more than you love me." Let us be kind and loving to our own, eager to seize every opportunity of ministering unto their comfort and happiness; not to consider it a duty, but a precious privilege. "I don't want Ned down sick for me to wait on," says a mother, apprehensive of a threatened illness to her son. True, a long sickness would mean much care, etc., but oh, what a pity to look at it in that light. The round of daily duties, even the menial tasks of washing, scrubbing, mending, etc., can be performed in joy out of affection for the dear ones for whom we labor. Then again, why should not the kind thought and consideration of the husband and wife for each other be as it was in wooing days?—yet, far more, and richer and deeper with the passing years?

Another of the things in which some of us are deficient, is in giving respect due to children. In homes where a domineering spirit prevails, the boys and girls are not allowed independence of expression—scarcely even freedom of thought; they must say and do as another shall dictate,

and under this autocratic regime they are practically made human automatons—listless, spiritless creatures, with no will, self-reliance, nor originality of their own. A crime is done the child by taking away its individuality.

One more needful lesson for us to learn is to "Be keepers at home." Titus 2:5. How it is to be deplored that we have come to place a false conception on some of the deeper truths of life, and to look at them from a wrong angle. A mother whom I know chafes under what to her is a galling yoke of bondage in the every day routine of housework; murmurs at being "tied down" and sighs for release so as to be free to go "pleasuring" to divers places. The dear one seems to have forgotten the covenant and obligations that she assumed in the marriage vow, and to all appearances does not feel in duty bound to the children and home of which she is a founder. This illustration bears us out in the statement already made of the low estimate set by scores upon the home life. Father! Mother! Home!—agencies that can be the most potent force for God and righteousness this side of heaven. A mine of riches placed within our grasp! An immeasurable, heavenly heritage, that angels might well desire to look into and covet! The great deceiver has succeeded in keeping it hid to many, but may the Lord in mercy unveil our eyes and enable us to begin over again, in so far as we can, and yet "make good." Encouragement and hope is held out to us in the words through the prophet Joel, "And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm." In one sense the Lord God is a Restorer of the waste places, and under direction from Him, the great Architect, we may become home-makers and workmen "that needeth not to be ashamed." Though we be ignorant and unequal in our own strength to cope with the problems and trials which often confront us, yet we can lay hold upon the assuring promise that "our sufficiency is of God" and from the examples given in His Holy Word, and those of real life which we have known, may we "learn to show piety at home." One of the most important steps would be to erect a family altar. The blessings which accrue from this means of grace are inestimable, and the precious seed sown will continue to bring forth fruit long after you have passed from the shores of time. "Whilst their children remember their altars." Jer. 17, 2. The sweet, hallowed memory will follow our

boys and girls, and to their mind's eye in after years will come again and again the picture of how father was wont to take the Bible and, after reading, kneel and fervently pray. Mother would take her turn, too, and a queer little catch which we couldn't for the life of us prevent, would steal into our throats as she asked God's blessing to rest upon us, that we might be saved, and at the end of life's journey, one by one, be gathered to the Beautiful Home above. Dear ones, what a sure, abiding foundation you can lay for God and eternity, by far the most productive of all soil, and which is certain to yield a richly abundant and unending harvest! God help you to seize this unparalleled mission—
OPEN ONLY TO PARENTS.

First impressions remain. Childhood days and the springtime of life are the golden opportunity in which to sow the seed. Let me illustrate: That old man yonder, so feeble and tottering under the weight of years that he can scarcely recall the events of yesterday, sadly shakes his head and says, "My memory is failing." But mention boyhood days, and instantly his faded eyes kindle with the reminiscent fire of youth and though a span of a long lifetime intervenes, yet he can readily tell about them, even down to the smallest detail. The heart of the old easily travels back to the days "of long ago." Grandpa lives the past all over again. Dear grandmother takes a retrospect over the many years which have flown and thinks of girlhood days and the keen enjoyment which all had as they gathered round the family board to partake of the goodly spread of food. Charley and Nellie are grey-haired now and well over the meridian side of life, but they cannot forget the delicious cookies and the smile of love on mother's good face as she would give them one steaming hot from the oven. Simple, homely little factors these, and if indelibly stamped on their memories, equally would they recall the godly teaching, the prayer, and the pattern of an exemplary life. Busy mother, if you will just drop your tasks long enough to give at least a few moments every day to some spiritual teaching for the children, the deed will be enshrined in their hearts and handed down from generation to generation. Father, do not become so engrossed in the rush of business and stress of life's toil that you cannot take time personally to look after the souls of your boys and girls. Will you not invest in what will yield

unfailing, richest returns, which you can be sure will endure forever?

Here it is shown in an extract from a certain writer: "We are none of us very certain in our hearts that what we do in our offices is really worth while. Our shoe-store fails—what of it? There are a thousand shoe-stores. Our factory burns down—a temporary inconvenience, but in twenty-four hours the world has adjusted itself and gone on. Alexander conquered the world, but his ashes were hardly cold before the kingdom that he built up began to crumble. Nothing that we do in business or politics is of very much importance a hundred years after. But one thing we do the eternal importance of which we can be absolutely sure. We raise children. We can make them sons and daughters of God or we can let them go to the devil. And according as we make them, they make the children who come after them. The influence of a single life, good or bad, may extend itself down through the ages into eternity. I have watched progress being made in business and politics for a good many years. And I have noticed that the folks who make it are those that have come out of the best homes, where the mother is honored above every other person in the world, and where the father looks upon his business as being merely a necessary adjunct to his home." Inspiring and beautiful is it to know, that to bring up a child "in the way he should go" is the greatest of great work! The seal of heaven is stamped upon it. Oh, let us be faithful to this divinely appointed heritage! The children will have it treasured up in their recollection that mother was always kind, patient and good. The calm, even tenor of her Christian life was sure to direct the thoughts to God and heaven, and to create the resolve within that we must go to the place where mother was going when we heard her speak at the weekly prayer meeting of journeying toward a heavenly country, to "a City, whose Builder and Maker is God." And never an ill, angry word from father! Tender, self-sacrificing, and so righteous a life did he lead, that when we wanted to get some conception of what God must be like, we would invariably look at father. Neither is the spiritual dower confined to our offspring, for Solomon wrote, "A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children." And isn't it a fact that the righteousness (just as the sins) of the parents is visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation? The Lord speaks,

"These My words ye shall teach them to your children," and "which we shall command your children to observe." For "the promise is to you and your children." Oh, "teach them diligently to your children," and "thou shalt be saved, and thy house." Glorious end!

"Be ours the bliss in God's own way
To guide untutored youth,
And show to them from day to day
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

Almighty God, Thy help we ask,
To aid this task divine;
The honors of Thy name be spread,
And all the glory Thine."

Russia for Jesus

THE terrible, dark clouds of this horrible war are passing away and a man made peace is in full development. The highways in Palestine and Turkey, yea, to *Russia*, are opening for God's Messengers; the days of the last *priceless opportunities* to give the world the last message of the Gospel, *to enter these doors and take them for the Man of Calvary*, are before us.

God has graciously spared us from death through the present famines, pestilence, plagues, earthquakes, fires, revolutions and sword in this land for His work of these last days, although many have been killed by these things all over the world. Are we redeeming our precious time in these last days? Are we going to enter Russia and reap the last and great harvest of millions of waiting souls for the full gospel message? Will we stand on the walls of Zion and cry unto the Lord day and night until He will stretch forth His mighty hand to establish His church in Russia?

Russia has over one hundred and eighty million souls who have been groaning under the heavy yoke of the Greek Catholic Church for centuries, now at last the power of Satan is broken and God says, "I have given you Russia; go and take it in my name?" Will we obey?

The Russians are known as a people who are inclined toward religion more than any other Europeans; the refined, the highly educated and most intelligent classes are just as hungry for God as the peasants.

Churches with their creeds and organizations are hastening their propaganda into Russia, what will we do with this God-given open door? Have we the blessed truth, the full gospel and the latter rain message? Then woe unto us if we bury our talents and hide what

God has given us to enlighten the world.

Russia is eagerly looking toward America for political, commercial and religious reformation and its inhabitants especially honor and have great confidence in Americans. Shall we not take this advantage for God's glory and the benefits of those precious souls?

Beloved Saints, I and my wife have said to God, "We will leave the comforts of this life and the blessed fellowship of the Saints; the loving hospitality of our dear friends and relatives in this beautiful land of liberty and we will go to Russia and spare not even our lives for the Gospel." Will you not pray for us that God will give us sufficient grace from on high to fulfill our promise to Him and go to the needy Russians? Will you also not please pray that God will send with us at least ten other Spirit-filled workers who will renounce everything and with us follow Jesus to Russia?

All those who will be interested in Russia and who are moved by God's love to help His cause there, kindly write us for more information. We will be glad to tell you all that we know and we will appreciate your prayers concerning the same.

Andrew D. Urshan, c/o J. W. Arthur, 697 Rio Grande, Pasadena, Calif.

Under the strokes and daily troubles which befell me, my will was so subservient to Thine, O my God, that it appeared absolutely united to it. There seemed, indeed, to be no will left in me but Thine only. My own disappeared, and no desires, tendencies or inclinations were left, but to the one sole object of whatever was most pleasing to Thee, be it what it would. If I had a will it was in union with Thine, as two well-tuned lutes in concert—that which is not touched renders the same sound as that which is touched; it is but one and the same sound, one pure harmony.—*Madam Guyon*.

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