



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

HANFORD - CHICAGO

A New Regime In The Holy Land

The Outlook Among the Moslems

Miss A. E. Brown, Jerusalem, Palestine, in the Stone Church, Dec. 19, 1918.



IT HAS been some months since I was here, but in these few months wonderful things have happened, which have amazed us all. The wisdom of the wisest of earth has been overthrown, because the very wisest of people said that this war could not stop for many many years to come, and the very shortest time that could possibly intervene before peace was declared, would be three or four years; some even said five, but behold what wonders God's workings are! There is a verse in Daniel which I expect you all have read, but I read it over and over again. It was my rock and stay while I was in Jerusalem during the three years of the war there. It is a little word that Nebuchadnezzar, the heathen king, spoke, but now it speaks down in our hearts as we look up to the Almighty One. The king said it in verse 34, as he blessed the Most High, "whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom is from generation to generation: and all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest thou?" The Arabic reads a little stronger, "Not one is found that can stay His hand or say unto Him, What doest thou?"

This is our God who is ruling tonight. Some places in the earth it doesn't look as though He is ruling, but He is, nevertheless, and there is not a move made in all the earth that God's hand is not right there controlling it. This war began just when God meant it should. Do you know why it began? In Leviticus God said a number of times to the children of Israel through Moses, "If ye walk contrary unto Me, and will not hearken unto Me, I will chastise you seven times for your sins." Over and over again in the twenty-sixth chapter does God speak of punishing them seven times for their sins. This word "times" they tell us, is the same word that is used in Revelation where John speaks of "time, times and half a time," and we understand that means three and a half years. "Time," means a year. The children of Israel were to be punished seven times, or seven years, because of their walking contrary

to God. His numbering in His dealings with Israel is that for every day mentioned He gives a year of punishment. You remember when the twelve spies came up they were gone forty days, and with the exception of two of them they brought back an evil report and discouraged the hearts of the people, who in unbelief, rebelled and turned back. God said to them, "Forty days were ye spying out the land; forty years shall ye wander in the wilderness." Over in Ezekiel the same principle is laid down; there God says explicitly a year for a day. So we see that Israel was to be punished seven years of days, and as the Jewish year was 360 days, it figures out that it was 2520 days according to the Word, or 2520 years that Israel as a nation was to be punished. This punishment began when Nebuchadnezzar came down to Jerusalem in 606 B. C., burned the temple, took captive the king of Judah and many of the nobles, among whom were Daniel and his companions. From that time Israel has been under Gentile dominion. If we subtract 606 B. C. from 2520, it brings us to 1914 A. D., the year that this war started.

I spoke of this to a Jew with whom I was conversing, and said, "This war began the very week that the Jews in Jerusalem were mourning the destruction of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar in 606 B. C." He said, "Let me tell you something further; it began the very anniversary day they were mourning and commemorating the destruction of that temple." The beginning of Judah's captivity, the supremacy of the Gentile over the Jew fell on the ninth of the Jewish month Ab, which corresponds to our month of August.

The whole world was surprised when the war stopped, and a friend writing from Washington, D. C., said there was never a Presidential election attended with greater demonstration. The whole city was out making all the noise it knew how, and the stately and dignified senators were just like boys; men coming in all directions would meet and shout and kiss each other, and no doubt this was repeated in every city in the States, and no wonder that the whole world rejoiced because this awful war is ended, but do you know that just as soon as Turkey surrendered negotiations for peace began. The very minute that Turkey laid down her arms Germany was sending messages to the President to mediate with the Allies.

I haven't talked with many about this subject, but it seems very clear to me, and I give it to you as my interpretation of it. God has promised this land to Israel, but because of disobedience and sin He said they should be turned out of it during Gentile dominion. The time came when He was finished with that little government which He set there as His watch-dog over the land, and it was to be turned back to the Jewish people, and there was no further need for this war, and while God has been working everywhere during the war, every bit of it was necessary to fulfill His will and to prepare the earth for the reign of righteousness, for the coming of Jesus. God has been doing very important things in that little land. This awful, Western front carnage has, I believe, been just as Jesus spoke in the parables. The disciples said, "Why do you speak in parables?" And Jesus said, "That seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand." God, no doubt, has been letting the Western front rage in war, to keep the eyes of the world off the important thing He was doing right over there.

A year ago a commission went out to Palestine to establish a University on the Mount of Olives. This commission went with the consent of the Jews of the United States and Great Britain to look into the sanitation of the land, into the industrial problems, and into the relation of the new Jewish state which was to be formed with the surrounding nations, Armenia and Arabia. Doesn't it look like the nation is going back? They have their national flag, and it will not be long until they have their country in which to float it. I read at least six months ago that there were over three million Jews whose names were enlisted as ready to go back at once to possess the land, and the Zionists have millions of dollars in bank, ready to send these Jews the very minute the way is open for them to go. Isn't this the restoration of the people to their land?

There is just another little fulfillment of prophecy that came under my notice last summer while I was in North Dakota for a few months in evangelistic work. At one place I was being entertained in the home of a railroad man who was an engineer in the freight service on the Great Northern Road. Time after time he would come back from his run and say to us, "I had a heavy load today." He carried heavy carloads of steel gathered from all over the land, old farming instruments of all kinds, broken rails, unused rails, anything that was

steel, they were hurrying on to the East as fast as possible to be melted down and made into guns and cartridges and shells. Do you remember the passage in God's Word where it says to "beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears"? One day this engineer came home and said, "I had sixty cars loaded with this old steel." Wasn't that an exact fulfillment of prophecy? Farming implements being turned into weapons of war? Just think of sixty cars in one day on one road! What would it mean all over the land? But don't we thank God that the time is coming when these will be melted down again and turned back into farming implements? The nations think they will have the right of way; maybe they will for a little while. They think they will make the world safe for democracy and that they will have an everlasting peace. It may last for a few years, but the Word says that when they cry peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh. Oh, aren't you glad that you have God's Word? Aren't you glad He has taught you to read it and understand a little bit of it? Doesn't your heart long to understand it better? I praise Him that He has let us know that the time is not very far ahead of us. I should not wonder if the oldest one here might live to see Jesus coming back again.

There will be a break in this peace that is being negotiated for. It will not last very long; it cannot. Have you noticed that while they are talking about a peace league, there is not a nation except the conquered ones, that is not adding to its navy? Doesn't that look like a strange kind of peace? Praise God, the coming of the Prince of Peace is not very far in the future. And do you know that just before He comes, there will be one whom the nations will all think is He? This one will rise up, a wonderful man of peace, bringing prosperity all over the world. His power shall be mighty, but "not in his own power," and we are told of wonderful things which will happen. The nations will not recognize him, and I'm sorry to say that many, many Christian people will not recognize him when he comes, but there will be wonderful times of prosperity, and remarkable times spiritually as well as politically and other lines, and we are told that his workings will be with "all power and signs and lying wonders." Now if we knew a lie was a lie we would not believe it, and so this man will work wonderful things and the majority of the people will not know that they are lying wonders. Do you know, friends, I almost

tremble as I think of that time that is just ahead of us. I believe you and I will pass through it unless God sees fit to call us home before. But that time is very, very near upon us, and there is nothing but this Word that will keep us.

Jesus said, "He that heareth my words and doeth them is like the man who built his house upon a rock; the floods came, the rains descended, the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." "But he that heareth the words of the Lord and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand, and when the floods came and the winds blew, it fell, and great was the fall of it." Oh friends, let us hold to this blessed Word. Reject everything that has not its foundation in this Word. I do not care how much power there is in it; I do not care how wonderful it is; I do not care what mighty signs there may be, unless there is a "Thus saith the Lord," unless it agrees with this Word and is along the line of the blood atonement of Jesus Christ, reject it and have nothing to do with it. I am afraid for some of our dear Pentecostal people. So many have had a taste of the wonderful. That was indeed a wonderful time when we received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and we have had a taste of it, and who doesn't like to know more of this power? but it is hidden in God alone. Let us not seek for power but seek for God. Let us not seek for signs and wonders, but seek to be low at the foot of the cross, keeping under the blood of Jesus day by day, keeping this blessed Word in mind and heart, and obeying it the best we can. Nay, more than the best we know, because the Holy Spirit has been given us to teach us and strengthen us, and enable us to do better than we know.

I am glad that the way seems to be opening for me to go back again to Jerusalem, and I am on my way to New York City to see about sailings, etc. My heart rejoices that God seems to be opening the way for me to go back to our dear people, and I want to ask you to stand back of me with your prayers. I do not know what conditions I will meet when I get over there. This is the third time I go back to Palestine. When I went out the first time I knew not what to expect, but the second time I went out I knew a great deal about conditions. But things are so changed this time I know about as little as I did the first time. I know this, however, that I am going to destitute homes; I am going to people who have not yet regained their

strength after the awful pestilence and famine that swept the land. They tell us that there are over 400,000 orphans in that land to be cared for, and hundreds and thousands of widows. These were not made widows and orphans in the ordinary way; they are only those who are orphaned and made widows by the most atrocious means ever heard of; by those awful deportations where people were driven from their homes and sent into the desert to starve. People are busy over there caring for these refugees, feeding the hungry. I had a note from the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian relief not long ago saying they were expecting very soon to have control of one or two of the United States collier vessels, and they expect to take from one to three hundred people back with them—doctors, nurses and agriculturists, and those who know the language and conditions of the people, in order to help them back to their homes again. This is all very necessary, and it is something to which our hearts respond, but friends, I want you to pray, not only for this part of the work, but for the souls who know not Jesus; those who cannot read this Word even though it were in their hands. People often say to me, "Why should we pray for Jerusalem? That is where all the life and salvation came from, and everything we hold dear." I want to tell you that Jerusalem today is one of the darkest spots in this whole world. You go into heathen lands and you will find conditions appalling, but I have had missionaries tell me who came through Palestine, that they had no conditions like that to meet among raw heathen. There is no place so dark as that which has been lighted and the light has gone out, and that is just the condition of Jerusalem. I want you to stand back of me as I return, in real, earnest, believing prayer. So far as I know, I will be the only representative there of the Pentecostal people, at any rate for a time, but I want to hold up the light, and I want you to be with me in spirit. We may not be able to do much among the Jewish people, because when they get there they are satisfied, and the usual reception they give us is, "Go on. We do not want either you or your Book." Some times they will listen, and God has given some precious fruit among the Jewish people, but it is rare and hand-picked. But I believe these will be golden days among the Mohammedans. Up to this time the government would uphold anyone in killing a Christian; instead of punishing him he would be rewarded; but now that will be changed.

There will probably be great domestic opposition, family opposition, but the greatest opposition will be removed, and there are noble souls amongst those Mohammedan people. If you could just see them and know them in their homes, and understand them as they talk to one another, your heart could not help loving them.

There is another thing that I believe will help in missionary work amongst them. There is a noted writer among the Mohammedans who has written a book which is very largely circulated, and which tells them that Jesus is very soon coming back to earth again to reign, and that when He comes they must be prepared to receive Him as their Prophet. The claim that Mahomet had of being the greatest of the prophets is because he was the last one who came, but this writer goes on to tell the people that when Jesus comes back He will be the last and they must receive Him as the Prophet of God. To you that may not mean very much, but to us as missionaries working among these people it means the setting aside of the false prophet and the holding up of the true to their own people. So in view of this, I believe the prospects are very, very bright among the Mohammedans.

Then again I ask you to pray for the peace of Jerusalem, for the Book says: "Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers take no rest, and give

Him no rest until He make Jerusalem a praise on the earth," and that will be when His feet stand on the Mount of Olives. In the meantime pray that many precious souls will be gathered out and brought into the Kingdom and prepared to meet Him when He comes.

January 7, 1919. A letter just received from Miss Brown tells of the way being opened for an immediate return to Palestine. She expects to sail shortly after the 15th of January on the Relief Ship of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian relief. Privilege has been given her of traveling with the expedition the committee is sending out as far as Constantinople and she is believing God to open the way for connection further on. She writes: "I am glad to go forth with Jesus, depending upon Him for all I need. I will have abundant opportunity to do relief work and must do much, as conditions there are yet very distressing. I go forth to minister in Jesus' name to those who are destitute and suffering more than you can conceive. I am going out, not as a relief worker but as a Pentecostal missionary under the General Council of The Assemblies of God to carry the glad tidings to whomever I can reach. I ask a very great interest in your prayers."

"Roll Ye away the Stone"

A Message to the Church of God

W. H. Pope, Broken Arrow, Okla., in The Stone Church, Nov. 18, 1918.



IN JOHN 11:29 Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone." If this raising of Lazarus is not the greatest miracle on the earth, it is among the greatest. In this chapter we have the story of how Lazarus was taken ill and died. Before Jesus got there he had been dead four days. I read to you of how He was affected by the sorrow of His friends until He wept. I do not believe He wept as Mary and Martha wept, because they had seemingly lost all hope of their brother being restored to them until the resurrection. They had hope in that, and there is something in that blessed hope that scatters the darkness even in the hour of death. Jesus knew that they would not have to wait until the resurrection to see Lazarus, but He wept with them because their hearts were bleeding, and so He went to the grave after they had told Him where Lazarus had been buried.

Jesus said to them, "Take ye away the stone." I have thought upon this many times and wondered if the same power that was so soon going to meet death and defeat it could not have moved the stone away. I believe it could. I believe the same power that rolled the stone away that glorious morning when the Son of God came forth from the grave, could have moved this stone away, but I see in this a lesson for us and for God's good people. This stone was between Jesus Christ and Lazarus. It separated Lazarus from Jesus. Of course, Jesus could have called him through the stone. I am a little like an old man in our church in Tulsa, Okla., who has been saved and walks with God, a very consecrated man, and one who has great faith in God. One day some of his old associates met him on the street after his conversion, and began joking about his religion. They asked him how he had been delivered from the drink habit, and he said: "Why, friends, Jesus can do everything."

And I believe that He can. I do not limit His power to save and to deliver.

This Lazarus, to my mind, is a type of poor, lost humanity, dead in trespasses and sin, beyond all hope but in the saving power of the Son of God. I can hear Jesus saying to the Church today, "Roll ye away the stone." There are many stones which are standing between Jesus and poor, lost sinful man, and He is expecting His people to roll them away. There are stones of heathenism, stones of carelessness, stones of infidelity, scepticism and unbelief, and I believe He is telling us this afternoon to roll them away. And the very fact that He tells us to do it, is an evidence that we can do it.

My mind naturally runs across the seas into the dark, heathen countries where there are thousands who have never heard the name of my Christ, where the huge mountain of heathenism and ignorance is standing between souls and the Son of God. I can hear Him calling from Calvary today, for someone to say "Good-bye" to home and friends, loved ones and country, to go yonder and by their lives and efforts roll away the stone of heathenism that is standing between the lost and Jesus Christ. They go. Now and then we meet some who come back, and others have gone, and God is helping them; by their testimony and by their lives they are bringing those people in contact with Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life.

Through the preached Word the stones of difficulties and obstacles that hinder the people from coming in contact with Jesus, are rolled away. Some people think that the preacher is the only person that has anything to do with having a revival; they seem to think all they have to do is to come and sit down and feast for a little while, but there are different ways of working for God. There is personal work that every member of a church has a part in, that will roll the stones away that are standing like mountains between the people and the Son of God. There are stones of despair that are piled up mountain high in hearts, and I venture you would not have to go very far to find some of them. You might meet them on the street at any time. People trip along in silks and satins, and look as though they never had a care, but if you could follow them to their homes, if you could peep through the key-hole, if you could hear what goes on behind the locked door, you would find that many a life has been blasted, many a home has been ruined because it hasn't known God. They need some

one to help them; they need some one to come along with a word of cheer, a word of hope, some one to deliver them from their sad condition, and Jesus is saying to His Church today, "Roll ye away the stone." I believe as this Church is entering into a revival that every member ought to feel his responsibility to God and to this lost community. I once heard of a motto the like of which I have often planned to have made:

"If every member of my church was just like me, what kind of a church would our church be?"

If every one works just like I in this revival, what kind of a revival will this be? If we give ourselves unreservedly on the altar for service or sacrifice, God in His power will see that we have a revival. He is depending on the pew just as much as on the pulpit, and if we will all fall in line with the revealed will of God, the results will come to that heart that has been broken, that life that has been blasted, that home that has been ruined, that soul who is on the verge of despair. Hope will spring up in the despondent one, a hope that reaches beyond the grave, a hope that drives away the blackness of midnight, a hope that brings the soul in contact with God Himself, purifies it from sin and the world and fits it for that home that Jesus Christ has gone to prepare.

But Jesus is depending on us to roll away the stones. God has made no other provision for this poor lost world to be saved than for the Church of Jesus Christ to rise up in the strength of the risen Christ and roll away the stone and carry forth the Gospel message. Go yonder, this afternoon to the dark jungles of Africa. You will find hundreds and thousands who have never heard the name of Jesus. The church of Jesus Christ has failed; some one has failed. If in the days gone by the church of Jesus Christ would have obeyed in the great commission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel, I do not believe there would be these millions today who have never heard God's precious name but for the fact that the church has failed. But God has made no other provision than for you and me to be true to Him and give Him our lives for sacrifice and service, and in that way He will do the work.

There are stones of unbelief that God expects us to roll away. Perhaps He doesn't always expect us to do it by preaching or testifying, but by living. There was more than one stone at that place at that time. There was one that

stood at the mouth of the cave where Lazarus was buried, but there was another stone that was standing between the people and Jesus, and that was, unbelief. In that momentous hour when He was expecting to defeat death and call forth the one who had been dead four days—in that moment when His own heart was breaking and the tears of sympathy were coursing down His blessed cheeks, when the sisters of Lazarus were weeping aloud and the mourners mourning on every side, and when that terrific struggle was on between the powers of death and life, I believe that then Jesus had in mind the man on the outside of the crowd, the sinner; that man whom He expects you and me to keep in mind in every motive of our life. There was a stone there. We discover it when we read how He lifted up His voice to God in prayer and said, "Father, I knew that thou hearest Me always but because of the people which stand by I said in that they may *believe* that thou hast sent me." We roll it away, not only by our preaching or our testimony, but by having the life of God in us. Men and women who are unbelievers will be convinced that God is true and will by our good works turn and glorify our Father in Heaven. Oh the life of Christ in the individual has rolled away the stone of unbelief and despair in many a heart, and brought him in direct contact with Jesus!

I remember just now an incident that illustrates this point. There was in a certain community a very wicked man, and every church in that community had tried for years to reach that man with the Gospel. He professed to be an infidel, and every time the churches had a revival they would all center their ambitions on getting that man. They had tried for years and years but failed. One time, one of the congregations were planning to have a revival, and one of the elders called on this man inviting him to the meeting, and he agreed to come out to the service, and the elder said, "If you come the preacher will get you." He came and heard the first sermon the evangelist preached, and at the close of the sermon, at the very beginning of the altar call, to the amazement of the congregation this man came from the back of the house, crying like a baby. After weeping through to God he came out shouting the victory, and the elder came around and said, "Tom, I told you he would get you." He braced himself up and looked him in the face and said, "My friend, that man's sermon didn't touch me. I hardly heard a word he said.

I will tell what touched me. That old grandmother over there at the end of the amen seat. When they bowed in prayer her heart was going up for her lost boy; that woman's prayer broke my heart."

Friends, it is our privilege to be so filled with God, and so filled with a passion for a lost world until by our very lives we will roll the stones away and bring the lost ones to Jesus. But much depends on the church being true to God. I hear Paul over in the Epistles exhorting us to put on the Lord Jesus. We cannot roll away the stones unless we do. Thank God for the privilege. There is nothing in this world or in the lives of human beings that brings such despair and sadness as physical death. Death is our worst enemy, physically. How it crushes our lives when death visits our homes and takes away our loved ones. Only those who have gone through it know what it is, but I want to say that spiritual death is far worse. It would be much better if we would look at it as God looks at it and as eternity will reveal it. It would be much better for us to kiss every one of our loved ones good-bye in death, and they be taken home to God saved and washed in the blood of the Lamb, than to have them living with us in sin and spiritual death.

I remember a few days ago I was called to the bedside of a dying mother and wife. God in His infinite mercy and love saved her on her death-bed and took her home. Oh how her husband's heart was broken and the lives of her children were crushed! Suppose I would have had within me the power to have restored that mother and wife back to the family, and through being half concerned about the matter I would have let the opportunity slip by and not have rendered to them that great blessing, what would people have thought of me? But friends, what about the man who has it within his power to roll away the stones of difficulties standing between Jesus Christ and lost dying souls, and is so taken up with other things that are so trifling that he hasn't time, and through his carelessness and unconcernedness men die in sin ad go out into eternity without God? I say the responsibility is far greater on the man who has power to restore spiritual life than the man who would have power to restore physical life. You have that privilege, Christian. You are able to do it, and they are dead all around us. Let us rise and go to the work of the Lord. Let us see to it that not one stone shall be unturned that would hinder God from bringing salvation

to lost souls. They are slumbering and sleeping all around us, and if somebody doesn't bring them in contact with Jesus Christ they will go out into the darkness of midnight.

In the 41st verse, Jesus said to His Father, "I knew that Thou hearest Me always but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they might believe that Thou hast sent Me." Jesus has the individual person on His heart, and He expects the church to think of that man continually; He expects that every motive that prompts the church to move will be towards that man out yonder, unsaved and sinking in sin. Do you know why there are not more revivals these days? Because the church has forgotten that man. She is wrapped up in her own desires. She is letting him go out into eternal night to meet his God while she is quibbling and wrapped up in selfish desires. Never will she be successful until the passion that caused the Son of God to bleed on Calvary

will grip her and enable her to reach out after the lost.

In the 28th verse we read, of Martha, "And when she had so said she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." I believe He is here this afternoon. I feel His presence burning in my heart. I would not take a world for what is going on in my heart. Sinner friend, He is calling for thee. There is power in His words to save you. That voice that at the word of His command stilled the troubled sea, that caused the fig tree to be dried up from its roots; yea, at whose words the world came into existence, that voice is calling for thee. He is calling for your life that has been racked and ruined by sin, driven to discouragement and despair, and will cleanse it in His precious blood, and fill it with the power of the Holy Ghost. "The Master is come and calleth for thee." Hear His voice today.

Where Hearts oft Faint and Tire



WE HAVE received a number of letters from West Africa telling of famine conditions there because of failure of crops. The Neeleys writing of the condition of the country, say that if it continues the natives will be literally starving to death. The winter just passed has been the coldest and driest in many years. Vegetation all dried and parched. "When rice began to head droves and droves of birds pounced upon the fields like the half-starved things they were, and destroyed whole farms. They simply drove the people from their farms and even came on moonlight nights and ate the rice by the wholesale. The monkeys came in and beat the people away from their farms, and people wailed over their losses as over the dead."

Brother William Johnson in a visit to The Stone Church told of similar conditions and also of the great need of new recruits to take the place of those who ought to return:

"As I see eight or ten missionaries absolutely at the end of their strength, worn to a frazzle, low in supplies, nothing they can buy at the coast, I am almost tempted to be discouraged, but when I look into His Word, I hear the words, "Lo, I am with you always," and I know He will undertake for them, as He has always done. The last time they were able to buy pro-

visions was away back in the beginning of this year. Some may think they can live on native food, but let those who think so, cook fish-soup and rice, and tomorrow do it again, and every day for a month and see how much strength they will have.

"But the need of missionaries for West Africa is great. Those who are out there are feeling the necessity of coming home and must do so, and we need others to take their places. Brother Perkins writes and says, "For Jesus' sake get hold of some missionaries. Do not leave us so handicapped." I wrote back saying, "Why are there so many men satisfied to ride around in their automobiles and living here in luxury?" Years ago we could live on ten and fifteen dollars a week; now it takes twenty-five, thirty and forty. "Oh," you say, "prices have risen." Yes, but not in accordance with the way money is being spent. I travel a great deal and have made some observations and I fear we are becoming unfruitful. People say to me, "Why don't you settle down?" Settle down? Never! God has put that work in Liberia on my heart, and I believe if I lived in America a thousand years it is there to stay. I see the people reaching out in every direction, and the missionaries are worn until they cannot go any more. God saved Samson and Isaac, and John and Timothy, and a number of others, and they keep writing to me begging me to come back so we can go out and preach again. They say, "We want to go to Bwebo, we want to go to Blebo; we want to go

to all these places but we haven't any one to go with us." Oh, young men, if you have never thought seriously, I beg of you to think seriously this afternoon of going to the regions beyond. It is a shame that in Liberia today there are only three men in the Pentecostal missions and ten women to evangelize that part of the country. Bishop Taylor said once, "My women are my men." There are places in the homeland where the women have to take a back seat, but if it were not for the women in Africa and in India, where would the missionary cause be today?

It is over a year since I left Blebo Station, and there are four missionaries there with one hundred boys and girls that cannot speak a word of English; they have to make clothes for them, give them their food, teach them and preach to them morning, noon and night, from 5:30 a. m. to 10 p. m.. Day after day they plod on and on. Miss Fisher wrote us, "My strength is absolutely gone; I can hardly get on my feet. What I eat causes me terrible pain." Miss Bingeman has had to leave the station and go to the Cape for a month's rest to see if she cannot hold out a little longer. One has passed on to be with Jesus, and dear ones, I feel like saying today like they said in the last liberty loan campaign, "What you have done let us double it." Let us forget our own pleasures, our own desires a little and double up. I see bills around your city announcing a new registration day for Chicago. Let us have a new registration day for the Pentecostal Movement. If my little finger gets hurt every part of my body will throw some strength to recuperate that member. I'd hold it to my mouth and hold it in my hand. If you do not believe the church should be interested in the Pentecostal missionaries over in West Africa and every other place, then cut off your thumb and say it doesn't belong to your body. The missionaries all ought to come home. What will we do with the stations and converts? It would be hard on a home assembly if the pastor and those associated with him were to leave. What do you think would become of the poor flock that has just come out of heathenism in the last five years if they were left alone? May God get us down to business and make us men and women who will go through like the boys have gone through in France. We need the spirit that America put into the war, on the mission field. We need the spirit of the apostles who counted not there lives dear unto themselves. Sleeping church, we need to wake up and realize that the time is short and that what we do must be done quickly! If we do not realize our privileges God will sweep on and get a people who will be on the alert. Some of us need to get beside ourselves in order to get people anything like normal and lift them out of their lethargy and indifference. Pray for Africa. Pray for missionaries to go out and take the places of those

who must come home. Pray that our young men will be willing to throw their lives, their talents and their strength into the mission fields. The need is great because the night is coming when none can work."

Recent letters tell us of the influenza epidemic having visited Liberia. Mrs. Neeley writes of four times in twenty-four hours they were called upon to visit the sick and dying. Lack of food has weakened the bodies of the natives and made them an easy prey to the disease.

In spite of sickness, or perhaps *because* of God's judgments on the land, there is a reaching out after God and a hungering for the Word of God. Brother Harry Bowley writes under date of Oct. 26th, of blessed meetings held with the natives:

God in the Midst

"In the past month God has been with us. Brother Neeley was up and we had a good time together. Brother Perkins came also; then went to Glebo tribe for some business and returned saying the people were expecting a meeting from us soon. We went a week ago yesterday. Miss Bingeman came with nine of her boys from Blebo and Mr. Knoll brought five boys with him from Doroba and we took our boys from here. There were seven white missionaries and a sickly-looking crowd we were. It seemed foolish to think of our going to a heathen town to hold a meeting, with nearly everyone in poor health. But we leaned harder on Jesus and He helped us. This people to whom we went are a hungry people, and they are pleading for a white teacher. They were ready for us in their way.

"Brother Perkins had gone on ahead to help in the arrangements. Our very first meeting was blessed of God. Sunday was a wonderful day and the result was some powerful conversions; not so many but those we had were genuine. The Lord mightily anointed Brother Parkins in the morning and spoke through him in a *clear, plain voice*. Before he had only been able to *whisper* when he talked, but now he talked plainly and the glory and holy presence of God filled the place. We could do nothing but weep for joy. In the afternoon he spoke in the presence of the old chief men, and they were awed and touched by the power of the Spirit. The fire fell and such a meeting! Some were saved from this meeting.

"Monday was a busy day. The people gave us a bullock and we all had a feast. In the evening we went to the water-side and had the blessed privilege of burying sixteen souls in baptism. There again the power fell; some while on the bank and some while in the water, especially after we had baptized them. The older missionaries said it was the first time in Africa they had wit-

nessed the power of God fall upon the people while being baptized. Some nearly spoke in tongues as they came up out of the water. Oh it was a precious sight! After we had come out of the water two other boys decided to be baptized and back we went again. The last was better than the first. Hallelujah!

"The Lord was also present to heal and demons were subject to the name of Jesus. The enemy fought us hard. Mrs. Bowley was sick and Mr. Knoll had fever but God delivered them both. We came home feeling better in

body than when we went, but very tired. On the way home Miss Arnold's hammock broke and she received a terrible fall. She was badly hurt, but Jesus delivered from awful pain, though she is not fully healed. This tribe is one day's travel from our station. They sent twenty-six carriers for us. It pays to carry the good news to the heathen. God willing, we want to spend Xmas week in heathen towns getting people saved. There is no time for anything but to be about our Father's business."

The Christian's Revenge



HE newspapers of the country have been filled with suggestions as to the disposition of the Kaiser, all of which convey the thought of the most horrible cruelty and torture the mind of man can conceive. Of course, this is not surprising, as the spirit of the world has always been that of retaliation, but sad indeed is it to note that the spirit of hatred has permeated the ranks of the Christians. Religious magazines have fostered the spirit of hatred among their readers, and Christian ministers have unnecessarily inflamed their hearers by their unchristian utterances, and some have even condemned as unpatriotic those who did not voice the same sentiments, but one is not devoid of the spirit of patriotism because he strives to be Christ-like. The only course open to the follower of the Lord is that which He manifested toward those who pierced His hands and His feet, and drove the spear into His side, when He uttered the sublimest words ever spoken, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." We have no other standard than that which He set up.

God has permitted Christians to be engaged in the war and many a one has been a beacon light to those whose lives passed out on the battlefield, pointing them to the Savior, but the spirit that should characterize every soldier of the cross is that found in Luke 6:35, "Love your enemies, and do good . . . and ye shall be children of the Highest: for He is kind to the unthankful and the evil." The story of a poor, fainting, Belgian woman shows a spirit of true nobleness of character rarely seen, even in a Christian. She was found by a relief worker in a school-room crowded with sick people, with a baby in her arms only a few days old. When she was sufficiently revived to talk, he asked her, "Have you no other place?" "No, I have

been here two months," she murmured. "How do you sleep at night?" "I lay the baby on the desk in front of me and lean against the post at my back." "Surely we can find you something better," he assured her. "But no," she cried, "if you find me a better place, I am sure I will never learn to forgive, and until I do, God cannot make me a mother fit to train this child. My baby must grow up with something other than hatred in his heart."

Such nobility of purpose can be understood only from the Christian's standpoint, and because of the fact that suffering brings out the best that is in people. After the Boxer uprising in China, an ex-Boxer said sneeringly to a native Christian, "What evidence have you that your faith is of any avail? Why, your Jesus allowed all your family to be put to death." "Evidence, did you say?" inquired the native Christian calmly, "Why the evidence is just here, that although you have destroyed my own flesh and blood, I have not sought to be revenged on you. Surely you need no other evidence to prove that this is a heavenly doctrine."

The Gospels abound in precepts of returning good for evil, and doing good to those who despitefully use you. When our Lord in that wonderful Sermon on the Mount enunciated a series of ethics which startled His hearers and completely overthrew all their previous education, He knew that He Himself would be called upon to exemplify them in His own life; He knew He would experience in the deepest anguish of His soul the humiliation of being reviled and mocked and scourged—yea drinking the cup of suffering to its dregs. He was the first to put into practice the teachings He set forth, and while He trod the wine-press **alone**, He paved the way for all who follow in His train. No untried path for the Christian today who puts into practice those immortal precepts! A noble army of saints and martyrs have followed

on, and by the side of every humble pilgrim walks the blessed Savior.

With the blotting out of the life of sin and the enthroning of Christ within, comes the impartation of the divine nature which enables us to endure as He endured. This works the transformation and changes hatred to love. A unique story of the Christian's retaliation is told of an old Maori woman who had won the name of "Warrior Brown" by her fighting qualities when in drink and enraged. She was converted and gave her testimony at an open-air meeting, whereupon some foolish person hit her a nasty blow with a potato. A week before the cowardly insulter would have needed to have made himself scarce, but what a change! "Warrior" picked up the potato without a word and put it into her pocket. No more was heard of the incident until the harvest festival came around, and then "Warrior" brought a little sack of potatoes and explained that she had cut up and planted the insulting potato, and was now presenting its increase to the Lord.

Missionary annals give an example of the Christian's revenge which shines out with great brilliancy. James Hannington went to Africa, leaving his wife and children behind him. He labored there for some years and was cruelly murdered by order of the King of Uganda. Some years later the king was banished by the British to the Island of Seychelles, where he studied the Bible, became apparently a sincere believer, was baptized and died a Christian. The chief who had carried out the orders of the king and put Bishop Hannington to death became friendly to the mission although he did not accept Christianity, but his own son was baptized in 1906 by the eldest son of the murdered Bishop, who had followed in his father's footsteps and avenged his death by proclaiming the message of divine mercy to the people of Uganda.

"Love your enemies. Do good to them which hate you." Peter Miller was pastor of a little Evangelical Church in Pennsylvania during the American Revolution. Living near him was a wicked man who was noted for his abuse of the pastor and the Christians in the neighborhood. This man was found guilty of treason to the government and for this was sentenced to death. When the good pastor heard of the sentence he set out on foot to visit General Washington to intercede for the man's life, but was told that the petition could not be granted. "My friend," said Miller, "I have not a worse enemy in the

world than that man." "What," exclaimed Washington, "you have walked sixty miles to save the life of your enemy? I will grant you his pardon." The pardon was made out and Miller at once proceeded on foot to a place fifteen miles distant where the execution was to take place on the afternoon of the same day. He arrived just as the man was being carried to the scaffold, who seeing Miller in the crowd remarked, "There is old Peter Miller. He has walked all the way from Ephrata to have his revenge gratified today by seeing me hanged." These words were scarcely spoken before Miller gave him the pardon which spared his life. This was the kind of revenge meted out, the kind that addeth no sorrow. A. C. R.

A Warning from Africa

A number of black native boys who have gone from Africa to America or Europe have announced themselves as being African princes and heirs to large mahogany, coffee, cocoa or banana estates. This is done to secure money or obtain for themselves white wives, and not a few foolish girls are entrapped in this delusion, for in nine cases out of ten it is a falsehood and a delusion.

We had two cases in Liberia of this kind, in recent years. One was that of a pretty Scotch lassie, who met a so-called African prince in America where she was preparing herself for mission work in Africa. This "prince" purposed becoming a missionary to his own people and Christianizing his whole tribe. They married and came to Liberia, but in a very few days she found out her mistake. In a month or two she had quite enough of her African prince, borrowed money from some white traders and took a ship for home.

November last a native Krew boy landed here with a young Bengian woman as his wife. For over a month she has been living in a poorly made booth in the bush, with no shoes, no clothes to speak of, no hat, or helmet for her head, and nothing suitable to eat except what some white missionaries have sent her. She too has had enough of her African prince and of native life and treatment in Africa.

J. M. PERKINS.

Our readers will facilitate matters if they will send all orders for tracts and subscriptions, also missionary funds to The Evangel Publishing House, 3635 Michigan Ave., instead of to Brother Mitchell, the Pastor.

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Notes

IN GIVING our Missionary Report for the last three months of the old year, we cannot refrain from saying with one of old, "What hath God wrought!" When we consider that the year has been one of soaring prices; when foodstuffs and clothing have been so high that people sacrificed and did without, and yet the missionary offerings through our little channel alone have increased until they have almost doubled within the year, we feel there is great cause for rejoicing. Then when we consider that this is only one channel and there are a number of others through which funds flow to Pentecostal missionaries, besides a number of private avenues, we believe it bespeaks a healthy condition of the Movement. Praise God, we are developing into a strong missionary movement and we believe as long as we make the evangelization of the world the *prima facto* in the Movement, the blessing of God will rest upon it. As the Church of God reaches out for *others* she will grow, and only in that measure.

The month of December has been our banner month for missions, we having sent out for this month \$3,110.61, an increase of one hundred and fifty per cent over December, 1917.

During the year that has just closed, the Lord enabled us to send out through the Stone Church, the Sunday School, and *The Latter Rain Evangel*, \$18,437.94. Last year we sent out \$11,000, and some of our readers asked us to set the goal for this year, twenty thousand,

which we did. We praise God for what He sent in and are encouraged to ask largely for next year.

We trust the publishing of this Report will have only one effect, and that is to spur our readers to larger giving and greater sacrifice, for as yet our missionaries have been unable to do their best for God because of lack of funds. No real missionary is satisfied to go to the foreign field and get just enough for his bare living expenses. He must have money for native workers, to open up new stations and go out into untouched lands. We have between three and four hundred Pentecostal missionaries in the field, and the number is constantly growing; consequently, our gifts must increase. More than one faithful missionary has been compelled to dismiss some of his native workers because of lack of funds. With kerosene \$1.92 a gallon, peas \$1 a can, sugar 60 cents per pound, butter over \$1 a pound, etc., we can readily see the need for greater sacrifices at home.

¶ **A Bible woman can be supported for \$6 a month; a native pastor for \$8 or \$10 a month.** Who would not be willing to sacrifice in order to have a Bible woman or a native pastor working while he sleeps—winning souls that will abound to his account? The native pastor at Canton at one time worked in the dock-yards at Hong Kong, but the native pastor who is supported by our Sunday School, influenced him to attend a Pentecostal meeting a number of years ago and God wonderfully set him on fire, even before he received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Both are preaching the Gospel and perhaps others whom they are instrumental in saving. On such an investment the interest is compounded in souls and souls, and no one can tell the end of spiritual blessing and power that will result from the support of one native worker.

One of our Sunday School classes alone, a class of girls eleven and twelve years old, gave ninety dollars out of their savings, and it is the most aggressive and active class in the school, kept in a healthy condition by the spirit of sacrifice imparted by its teacher. This class is the happiest in the Sunday School on Missionary Sunday. With them it is truly "hilarious" giving and they look forward to the day with joy. As an example of their sacrifice, two of them walked eighteen blocks on a bitter cold day in order to put their nickels in their missionary barrels. Just a little agitation and encouragement of the missionary spirit in the Sunday School enabled

us to give over three hundred dollars during the year, which we hope to double next year. Let us encourage missionary giving in our Sunday Schools. If we foster the spirit of sacrifice in the young, it will be natural for them to give when they become older.

Three Months' Report

We give below our Missionary Report for the last three months of 1918. If any of our missionaries have failed to receive the amounts opposite their names, we shall be glad to furnish duplicates.

Geo. M. Kelley, China (Building Fund)....	\$1647.00
Geo. M. Kelley, China	186.00
I. S. Neeley, West Africa (Home Coming)	266.00
I. S. Neeley, West Africa	120.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo Belge.....	386.00
James Harvey, India.....	210.00
Willbur R. Williamson, China.....	200.00
Ivan S. Kaufman, China	195.00
Miss Cora Fisher, Africa (Home Coming).	187.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, China.....	185.00
Adolph Wieneke, China	168.34
Miss Cora Heist, China	165.00
Mrs. Esther D. Lawler, China.....	160.00
C. H. Schoonmaker, India.....	140.00
John James, China.....	130.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, China	125.00
Pandita Ramabai, India	118.40
Herman J. Mader, China	115.50
Miss Ethel Bingenian, West Africa (\$60 native work)	115.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India.....	112.00
Thomas Hindle, Mongolia.....	110.00
Miss Edith Baugh, India.....	96.98
Miss Phoebe Holmes, China (\$30. native work)	85.00
Miss Margaret Clark, India.....	85.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, China.....	85.00
Miss Josephine Cobb, China.....	80.00
Clarence Johns, Hawaiian Islands.....	80.00
Wm. K. Norton, India.....	80.00
H. E. Bowley, West Africa.....	79.00
Russian Work	77.79
Miss Blanche Appleby, China.....	70.00
Miss Leonore H. Parker, India.....	70.00
Miss C. B. Herron, India	70.00
A. H. Post, Egypt.....	60.00
John H. Perkins, West Africa.....	57.00
Mrs. P. R. Rushin, China.....	55.00
Miss Myrtle Bailey, China.....	55.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	55.00
John Norton, India	55.00
Lloyd G. Cramer, China.....	50.00
Chas. Personcus, Alaska	50.00
Mrs. L. Denney, India	45.00
Mrs. Nettie Nichols, China.....	45.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt.....	43.25
Miss Elizabeth A. Brown, for Jerusalem.	42.00
Wm. J. Taylor, Japan	40.00
Frank Gray, Japan	40.00
George C. Slager, for China.....	40.00
Wm. Turner, China.....	30.00
Miss Sara Coxie, India.....	29.00
J. R. Jamieson, West Indies.....	25.00
Mrs. Sarah Weller Boyce, India.....	25.00
Miss Alma Doering, for Congo.....	25.00
A. Kok, China.....	25.00
Alfred A. Blakeney, India.....	25.00

Miss Mae Aikenhead, China (\$13 for na- tive work)	23.00
Miss Eva K. Bietsch, India.....	21.00
G. Dahlstein, China	20.00
Miss Mary Chapman, India	20.00
Miss Mary Posey, Hawaiian Islands.....	20.00
Miss Elizabeth Jones, India	20.00
Miss Lettie Ward, China	19.26
Miss Mattie Personcus, India.....	15.00
Miss Ethel King, India.....	15.00
Albert Norton, India.....	14.00
Fred Knoll, West Africa.....	12.00
Mrs. Susan Chester, India.....	10.00
Benjamin Surtees, China.....	10.00
Frank Moll, British East Africa.....	10.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa.....	10.00
Constance Skarratt, India.....	10.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India.....	10.00
E. M. Scurrah, South Africa.....	10.00
Robt. Atchison, Japan.....	10.00
Mrs. Mattie Virden, China.....	10.00
Miss Olive Maw, China.....	10.00
George Hanson, China	5.00
Miss Florence Bush, China	5.00
Raymond T. Richey (Soldiers' work)....	4.50
Miss Pottorf, West Africa.....	2.00
Miss Martha Hisey, West Africa.....	2.00
Miss Arnold, West Africa	2.00
Miss Kirsch, West Africa	2.00
Total	\$7,248.82

Auditor's Report

January 4, 1919.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Having audited the Missionary Account of The Evangel Publishing House (Miss Anna C. Reiff, Manager) for the year 1918, I wish to state that I have found the same to be correct.

(Signed) N. ALBERT IVER.

South China Missionary Home

We promised to keep our readers informed as to the progress of the South China Missionary Home. The contract for the building was signed Oct. 29, 1918, and work is now in progress. In a letter dated Nov. 20th Brother Kelly writes that the foundations are almost complete and they are expecting the brick masons next week. The building will not be elaborate at all, but substantial and will contain eight rooms. They have been assured that it will be practically fire-proof and white-ant proof, both of which are very important. They have no facilities for fighting fire in Sai Nam, to speak of, and the destructive qualities of the white ant are well-known to a large number of missionaries. Brother Kelley felt that it was economy to put up a building that was proof against both of these destroying elements. He writes that the building will cost very much more than was at first estimated, owing to the low rate of exchange and the increased cost of material. He has in no way altered the plans, and was tempted to put up a cheaper building, but in consultatio:

with the other missionaries and after much prayer, they decided it would be economy in the long run to put up the permanent building, rather than to build a poorly constructed house and have to repair it in a short while. The building completed will cost about \$18,000 Chinese money, and while this no doubt seems a great deal to our readers, as Brother Kelley says, yet he did not feel it would be satisfactory to those who had contributed to put up a cheaper building, neither did he feel it to be the will of the Lord, and he writes us that he has confidence that God in some way will meet the extra expense needed to build the home well. So far he has received about \$8,000.00 and we believe the Lord wants us to stand with him in faith and prayer until the funds are all in.

We have an interesting item for our readers, of consecration and sacrifice in connection with the funds for this Home. On Missionary Day during our May Conference as contributions were being pledged, a young man arose and said, he had a piece of land and if the Lord would enable him to sell it he would give the proceeds for the Missionary Home in South China. Some months after, his wife said to him one evening, "Let us pray that the Lord will send us a buyer for the land." The next day a purchaser came and gave him the price he asked—\$1200.00. Then came the temptation. The enemy said, "You know how long you wanted an auto. Now is a good chance for you to get one, and you can still give a part to the Lord." He and his wife live on a few acres outside the city and are very hard working people and it looked very reasonable that they should have an auto; they could ride to church and use it in so many ways. But there was his promise to God, and together they resisted the temptation, got the victory on their knees, at the expense of being thought fanatical by their relatives. The \$1200.00 is now on its way to China and they have some treasures up yonder. A few more gifts of this kind will free the Home from all indebtedness.

* * *

A Pentecostal Convention will be held at Binghamton, N. Y., from Jan. 17 to 26, 1919. Ministers and missionaries will be present. The pastor, Bro. Kellner, writes that the Lord has been working in Binghamton in a special way in preparation for a blessed time. He revealed sin in their midst which was confessed and put away, and they feel very conscious of the presence of God and believe that He will meet them because they obeyed the warning of the Spirit.

Some one has said that we are if'd and but'd out of the Kingdom of God,—that is to say, that in approaching God, our prayers are invalidated by the introduction of the word "if," as our confessions are rendered null and void by the introduction of the word "but." When we pray for God to search us, the introduction of the word "if" implies a doubt as to the necessity of our being searched. This effectually prevents the operation of the Holy Spirit. We must be positive and insistent. We must say, "Lord, there must be some sin of omission or commission, that hinders the full manifestation of Thy presence in heart and life." Souls must be blind indeed to imagine that they have obtained such a degree of holiness that the eyes of fire cannot discover a flaw or a defect. There is no place for an "if" in this prayer.—*W. T. M. in Practical Righteousness.*

* * *

Miss Leila Conway, Hurlock, Md., writes that if there is a tired, worn sister among God's laborers, either evangelist or missionary, who would like a place of rest for a time, she will be glad to hear from her. This is an opportunity for some missionary who wishes a quiet place to recuperate.

* * *

Beware of impatience of contradiction. Do not condemn or think hardly of those who cannot see just as you see, or judge it their duty to contradict you, whether in a great thing or small. I fear some of us have thought hardly of others merely because they contradicted what we affirmed. All this tends to division, and by everything of this kind, we are teaching them an evil lesson against ourselves.—*John Wesley.*

* * *

A friend gave a Comfort Box of precious promises to a young lady, a nominal Christian, whose brother was drafted for the war. Before leaving home she asked him to take from the box a promise, which he did. The promise read: "Ye do not need to fight in this battle." They were encouraged, but did not at the time realize it would be verified. Later, a cousin who was also called to the colors, got the same verse, and before either were called for overseas the armistice was signed. The whole family now feel it was "comfort" from the Lord, given to encourage them, and His Word now means more to them than ever before.

As a sister was filling the boxes one day, she said to herself, "Does it pay?" Immediately the Spirit spoke to her, "Crumbs from the King's highway." She felt it was a rebuke to her, and was also uplifted by the spiritual touch from heaven.

The Cigarette Menace



WHATSOEVER a man soweth that shall he also reap." One of the most alarming evils that has developed out of the war has been the cigarette menace, for those who come back from the scene of battle and the camps will have their bodies greatly impaired through the excessive use of the cigarette, besides having the life-long habit fastened upon them. A prominent man in war circles said some time ago that more young men have filled the quarters for the insane through excessive cigarette smoking than through shell-brain.

Every effort has been put forth to encourage the soldiers in smoking. Cigars and cigarettes have had precedence on the merchant vessels over necessities. Chocolates or sweetmeats which they craved and for which they asked, could not be sent because of lack of space, yet a great tobacco concern sent one hundred carloads a month of that which impaired their brains and weakened their hearts. One young man wrote back from France, "I never smoked cigarettes until I got here. They are forced upon us."

Strange indeed that athletic trainers will not permit a man to use either tobacco or liquor when in training, yet nations, which need men of steady nerves and clear brains above everything else give their soldiers that which destroys both. An Exchange asks, "Is the war of less importance than a game of sport?"

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Supt. of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, who has had years of experience with people of broken nerves and debilitated constitutions, writes, "Nicotine weakens the heart, lessens endurance, diminishes breathing capacity, benumbs the sensibilities, impairs the eyesight, stupefies the brain, and depreciates every mental, physical, and vital power of the man. In the writer's opinion it is at the present ~~moment~~ the American soldier's most deadly foe."

The Sunday School Times gives some startling figures of the achievement of the Tobacco Companies during the year:

"The American Tobacco Leaf says we are using 100,000,000 cigarettes a day in this country! Three thousand miles, if laid end to end, in an unbroken line! One for every man, woman and child in this country every day. The year 1918 is a notable one indeed, and marks the highest achievement in the history of the tobacco trust. Never has it made so many friends; never has it enrolled so many new followers in a given period of time. Fifteen hundred new boys enrolled every day in the cigarette army. It is estimated that fifteen hundred more of adult age joined their little brothers in the ranks. The consumption for one year will total almost if not quite 40,000,000,000 cigarettes.

"The tobacco trust found that the war cut off almost its entire export trade; it was compelled to find a market at home, or see its profits lessen. Its dividends last year were only \$14,000,000! And the profits must be maintained at any cost.

"An advertising campaign involving the outlay of millions of dollars was entered into; space was bought in every publication that was for sale; the alluring advertisements came into every home; sympathy with the boy in the training camp and trench in his loneliness and monotony was aroused by appeals for something to relieve that situation; the cigarette was hit upon as the only relief, and thousands of good men and good women were prevailed upon to give their support to a cigarette propaganda that under any other circumstances would have found them bitterly opposed. In some places even the school children were appealed to to contribute to the "Tobacco Fund" and in not a few places the church lifted no warning voice. Today the cigarette has a place in the nation's life that it has never had before. Not only not condemned, but even condoned and upheld, it has a respectability that it has never known before. To dislodge it from its fortified positions is going to be the work, not of a day or a month or a year; but of years, demanding the combined efforts of good people everywhere."

A friend riding on the train recently entered into conversation with an army officer returning from France. She noticed that he wore several medals and he modestly told her he had won them by being the best pistol shot and the best rifle shot in several contests. In the course of conversation she asked him, "Do you smoke?" "Do I smoke?" he replied. "Lady I couldn't have won those medals if I smoked. I had five hundred men under me on the Mexican

border before we were called to France and I would not permit any of my men to smoke cigarettes. I attended the officers' banquets from time to time, and when the wine was served I would take a sip of that, but when the cigarettes were passed I refused at the risk of being ostracized. I will not undermine my manhood by smoking them."

This is the way a manly soldier looks at it. An army chaplain said that men in his hearing made this statement more than once, "I wish those foolish girls and women would quit sending me cigarettes. I am smoking too many."

The nation by encouraging and upholding the deadly cigarette in the training camps and

in the armies and navies is sowing seed that will reap an awful harvest of debilitated young men, with mental, physical and vital powers destroyed. Has the time not come for Christian people to rise up against this deadly foe that is undermining our nation's manhood? Our young men become enslaved by the habit and are ruined for life. And over and above the harm to the physical and mental is the benumbing and deadening of the spiritual life. Any spiritual impulse that might be quickened into being is crippled by that which destroys the God-given endowments. The inspired writer sends forth the warning from Holy Writ, "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

The Land of Covered Faces

Minerva F. Guthapfel.



HE minutes dragged slowly on. The sick missionary's watch ticked away each individual second of the long night. From twelve midnight, when the two hundred native women left, until dawn, the missionary had listened to the "tick, tock, tick" of her watch. At times the "tick, tick" sounded like the booming of cannons. That was when the fever was mounting, and a distorted brain worked unsteadily. Then again a chill overcame the fever, and the "tick, tock, tick" changed to low slight clicks that sounded like the screwing of the lid on a coffin.

Her cot felt as if hard boards were being pounded against her fever-racked body. Her six-by-eight-foot room, with its mud walls, looked like a prison cell in the weird light of the solitary candle she was burning. The room was comparatively clean, a native Christian home; for this she was grateful indeed.

Suddenly the watch began to talk: "It's getting light, now," it said. "The night will soon be done. It's almost five o'clock." Was it the voice of the watch or her eyes that told her this? She could not remember; she only knew that it was true. Meanwhile she listened for further conversation and the watch went on with slow emphasis: "Tick, tock, tick, tock—you are a foolish young woman. How can you expect anything else than to be sick when you let those natives stay here and question you until midnight? It was the same last night and the night before, yet you felt the fever even then, but in spite of it you got up at dawn this morning be-

cause the 'congregation' had come back; you taught till noon with scarcely any breakfast, because they crowded you so you couldn't eat. Then you traveled the six miles, rolling around in that uncomfortable chair part of the way and walking part of the way, even though this fever was burning; and what did you do when you got here?" The watch paused and seemed to mutter to itself.

"Well, what did I do?" said the missionary aloud, irritably. "What did I do? Nothing but what I had to do." And raising herself on her elbow she glared at the watch laying half under her pillow.

"Tick—tick, tock—tock, tick, tick," said the watch meekly.

"Oh, out with it," scolded the fever victim. "Don't pretend you were through, because I know you are not."

"Tick, tick, tock," thundered the watch, cannon-fashion, while the sick one covered her ears and moaned. When she uncovered them and looked at the watch again it meekly said, "tick, tock, tock, tick. Better lie down and I'll tell you the rest." A tired sigh, and the listener lay quietly. "What did you do?" The watch was very gentle now. "Why you did as you did the other night: ate little and taught and answered questions for the women here until midnight again, yet your fever has been getting worse all day."

"But I—why, I did dismiss the women last night three times, just as I did the night before. I"—she laughed hysterically—"I closed church three times, but they seemed to think it was only part of the service."

"Why, certainly they did—tick, tick, tock," sputtered the watch; "but you knew they always want to stay all night when they haven't had a missionary to explain things to them about the Jesus religion for two whole years. Don't—tick, tick, tick, tock—try to hide behind that excuse," fairly thundered the watch.

"Oh, please," said the sufferer, "don't scold so loudly." A pause. Then, again: "I—I can hear better if you'll tell me more quietly."

"Tick, tick, tock—well, I'll try to be more patient with you. Listen. You know that this isn't America, and that you cannot close meetings here in these country places by dismissing the people as you can in our country." The watch took a whole round of ticks to sigh in. It was homesick. "You knew that congregation, or else you never would get a moment to sleep or be sick, as you are. Why didn't you come in here and get lost by nine or ten o'clock, instead of holding on until midnight? A nice pickle you'll be in if you are sick, out here twenty miles from the station and ten miles from the railroad!

You cannot get rest here, so you better go back to the station and wait till those church members at home in dear old America decide to send that missionary waiting in your town over here. She could take the crowds while you rested and you could take them while she rested, and maybe that way keep well. Jesus sent the disciples two by two, and there ought to be two of you right now." And with a booming "tick, tock, tick," the watch's voice choked with its own indignation. After which it ticked more quietly, and taking courage, the missionary again protested feebly:

"But the ladies sending us out haven't enough new members who promise regularly to pay at least a dollar a year. Many of the folks give \$5 at a time, but the next year they forget, and then there isn't enough regular income to pay our support. People don't want to be 'tied down' to being regular members—they are 'too busy' to go to the meetings and hear about us, and so on."

"Bang, boom, crash—tick, tock, tick," stormed the watch. "I am out of all patience with such talk. If those people really loved Jesus they would not care how much they joined things—at least they would be regular paying members, so that the Jesus way of doing things might be carried out, and you wouldn't be here alone. But no use; you cannot do anything with those half-Christians by scolding, so all I want you to promise is that you and I will go back to the

station tomorrow, if you're able to travel, and let the other villages go. Then, if they cannot send out the other lady, you pack up and go back to America, where you can live and do some good. It's all very well to die on the field and be a martyr, but a dead missionary is no good to these natives, and a live, returned missionary *might* stir up a few people to join the society, and finally get two people here instead of one. God wants live missionaries, not dead ones. Tick, tick, tock—now will you promise?—tick tick. . . ."

"I guess you're right. Yes, I'll promise. If able to travel, I'll give up. I'm no good anyway. Another woman might have stayed well in spite of working months alone, but evidently I couldn't. I love these folks and Jesus, too, but I can't help them while I'm like this. I'll give up tomorrow and do as you say. I'm a failure—" A burst of tears startled the watch.

"Tick, tock, tick, tock,—there, there, never mind, you are no failure—it's the people who won't join who are the failures, but Jesus knows all about that. There, there, the day has come; sleep now. I'll be still—tick, tock, tick, tick, tick, t-i-c-k, t-o-c-k, t-i-c-k," and the woman slept while the morning came in through the paper windows.

The morning grew brighter. Over the little village, nestling at the foot of the mountain, a soft radiance spread as the rising sun climbed higher. Sounds of native village life became more pronounced, but the exhausted missionary slept on. The Bible-woman had looked in upon her, and, frightened by the pale face and evidences of a night of suffering, had recklessly driven all the native inquirers away from the room of the much-sought-after missionary. So passed the time until noon, when the sick one awakened.

"Mary," she called, "what time is it? My watch must be wrong."

The brown face quickly peered in through the low door. "Why, lady, the sun is high overhead—it is the foreigners' meal time."

"But the people, Mary—why have they not come?"

"Oh, they have come and gone again, lady; I managed all that. They will be back soon, I fear now. Are you well enough to see them? No, you are not," she answered herself quickly. "But if you will eat the canned soup of your country I have made ready, perhaps you will be able to see the people a little while, and then, lady, don't you think we had better send a mes-

senger to the other villages to tell them that you cannot travel farther, but must to your own house go back and get well?"

"Yes, send the messenger. I cannot travel farther. I will go to my own house, Mary." "To my own house," she repeated softly to herself, as the faithful woman disappeared on her errand. "To my own house, as the watch bade me go in the awful hours of last night. Dear God, forgive me if I am a coward. I cannot even think to pray, the room runs around so; only, if You've got anything for a failing-hearted missionary, send it to my help this day, for Jesus' sake. Amen!"

The long hours crept by. Two hundred women, eager inquirers after truth, passed and jostled the missionary. Questions poured forth, were answered as rapidly as possible, and at last, one by one, the eager natives reluctantly scattered to their homes.

The missionary watched them go—her last country district meeting, for she was going to give it all up, because she couldn't be bright and workable twenty-four hours a day. "If I were a perpetual motion machine I might not have to give up." She smiled faintly at her own weak voice, when a soft voice called: "Missionary, may I ask you one question?"

The lady turned and looked into two eager dark eyes. A native woman stood there. She had an unusual amount of silvery strands in her dark hair, yet she could not have been more than thirty—the missionary's own age. The face, too, was intelligent, but there was in it a peculiar look, half sad, half resentful.

"Yes, you may ask a question. I'll try to answer. Did you forget it when we were holding the meeting?"

"No, lady, I wanted to wait until the rest had gone. I've waited two years to ask this question. You have the fever? Too bad, I'm sorry. It will not take long."

"Yes, I have the fever; but ask your question. Are you a Christian?"

"I have been a Christian two years, but I've never seen a missionary before. There's been none in this village for two years, I think, lady."

"You are right. I was not in the country myself two years ago. But what is the question?"

"Just this, lady. How long have you known that Jesus loved us over here?"

"All my life."

"Did your mother and grandmother know it?"

"Yes."

"Were they missionaries?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well," answered the missionary, passing her hand wearily across her forehead, "everybody cannot come here. Folks have home cares, too, in America. Not every woman can come—"

"Did your mother and grandmother ever read this?" Turning instantly to the last chapter of Matthew, she read from her native Bible, 'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Did they ever read that?" she demanded as she finished. "Then they knew that Jesus loved us too, over here, and told them to come and teach us? But they did not come. Why not?"

"Well, as I said, folks have home cares—everyone cannot come here. But my mother and grandmother prayed for you, and told me about you, and I have come."

"Oh, you are too late for some people, lady. Listen: One day, on the floor of our home, my old grandmother lay on her rice-straw bed dying. My mother and I were working over the cooking out in the courtyard when we heard grandmother cry out. Mother hurried into the room, and I followed. I was only a little child and was frightened. I crouched down back of my mother. Grandmother's old gray head was tossing, and her hands were trying to push something from before her face. 'Is that you, daughter?' she called to my mother. 'Yes,' sobbed mother. 'Oh, what is the matter, mother? Mother, what is it? Are you worse?'

"'I'm dying,' sobbed my grandmother, and I'm afraid. Quick, pick me up in your arms! I can't see you, but I can hear you. I'm afraid to die. No, don't cry. There is no time for that. Pick me up and hold me tight. Don't let me go. The spirits are waiting out in the darkness, and I don't know what to say to them. I am afraid of the spirit! Don't let me go!' She stopped for breath, panting.

"'Oh, mother, don't die! But if you must, don't be afraid. You have worshiped the spirits—you have done the best you could. You have been a good mother to us; you need not be afraid of the spirits.' Mother's voice fairly shrieked as she tried to make my grandmother hear.

"'But I *am* afraid. That doesn't help me. Yes, I've worshiped the spirits, but who can worship them enough? Hold me closer to you—hold me tighter! I'm so afraid! Quick tell me what to say to the spirits!'

"I don't know, I don't know—but oh, mother, don't be afraid—oh, don't."

"Suddenly, lady, there was a shriek that I will hear as long as I live, and my grandmother's old gray head was still and her hand dropped. She was gone where she was afraid to go. My mother moaned in fright—'Oh, if I had only known what to tell her! But I did not know—I didn't know.'

"By and by she took a clean piece of linen and covered grandmother's face, and we buried her that way. Lady," the speaker turned sharply, choking dry sobs making her gasp rather than ask, "they tell me that in your country you look at your dead when they die. Do you?"

"Yes," whispered the missionary, dry-eyed, burning-cheeked, and yet fascinated by the dark eyes peering into hers, "we do."

"We don't," bluntly went on the questioner. "We cannot look at the fear and misery, the horror and agony. We *cover* the faces of our dead." Then, with a half-smile of misery, "You might call this the *land of covered faces*."

"*The land of covered faces!*" murmured the missionary, looking off into space; but the voice of the native woman went on, quieter but clear, and penetratingly deadly:

"Yes, lady. When I grew up my mother died that way. I held her tight, I told her not to be afraid, but she too went out of life shrieking, and I *covered her face* and buried her that way. I suppose, lady, that your grandmother and mother died about the same time in America—we are about the same age—"

"Yes," said the missionary, feeling as if she understood what was meant by a third degree.

"Then I guess you were reading this to them." Opening the well worn Bible she read: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"It was read to my grandmother when she was dying."

"Ah, then *she* had that to die on, and *mine* died this way. Was it fair? Didn't Jesus mean my folks too?"

Aroused at last to making the effort to comfort, the missionary replied: "But, see here, my sister, listen. Jesus is a good God. Your mother, and grandmother did not know about Him, and He will be fair. He is even now doing what is right for them. Don't worry about them." As she spoke the missionary caught the dark-skinned sister's hand in hers, sure that she had at last answered well, and comforted. Was that not what the nice people of her own country were

saying? Surely—how often they had said it to her before she left home—"Why do you go there? Why don't you let those people alone? If they do not know the way of salvation, they are not responsible for following it. God is just; there will be no punishment for the untaught heathen." Well, here was an *almost untaught heathen* talking of *entirely untaught heathen*. She could now comfort with the words of the Americans.

The eyes of the native woman flashed and grew darker until they looked like great pools of black waters, in which the satisfied countenance of the missionary was reflected. The lady felt as if she were being drowned in those eyes, even as her life was being slowly burned from her down here in the black pools of heathenism. But she could not look away. What was the woman saying? If only the fever would not make her head ring so! But she must listen.

"What do you mean, lady, by 'Jesus is not punishing them now'? I didn't ask you that, did I? Jesus is a good God. He has saved me from my sins, and I know here in my heart, that *whatever He is doing with my mother and grandmother now is all right*. He'll do what is best. I'm not afraid to leave them with Him. But I didn't ask you that, for that is not the business of your people. He does not say in the Bible, 'Attend to them after they are dead'—no, not that. He says, 'Go while they live.' What is He going to say to you and your mother and your grandmother for letting us live that way and die that way? *That* was your work, not what will happen after we are dead, but to come here and tell us how to live and how to die in peace and joy and comfort."

The voice ceased with a sob. Once more the listener gazed into those eyes. Her defense had fallen from her. The wise sayings of the "folks at home" had dissolved into thin air, despised and sneered at by the first heathen upon whom they were tried. Stunned, she stood in silence. In as profound silence stood the questioner waiting—as the whole heathen world is waiting—for the answer to that question. But there was no answer, and the missionary turned her head. She must get away from those eyes.

The woman thought she was indifferent, and did not care. Casting herself on her face at the feet of the worn-out worker for God, she clutched the white hands, and with streaming eyes said: "O lady, will you not answer? Don't your people care over there? Listen then once more:

"In my home long ago there were two babies.

When disease came into the village my two babies, two years apart, died in one day. They were all I had. I was like a crazy woman when my babies died. What do mothers do in your country when two babies die in the same day—all they have?"

The missionary slowly turned. Her dry lips parted. "Death is the same in all countries. Don't kneel to me," she said, sitting down close to the questioner. The woman of the East and the woman of the West sat side by side; their tears mingled; and the story went on, passionate, full of longing.

"Then your people must forget that death is the same to us over here. I was like a crazy woman when my babies died. I took a dead baby in each arm, and rocked them backward and forward. The neighbor women said: 'Give us the babies; they are dead. Give them to us that we may bury them.' But I cried, 'No, no! mothers love them dead if they can't have them alive,' and still I rocked them. So they took them from me and got them ready for the burial. By and by I followed up over the hillside, and there by my mother's grave men had dug two little graves—such tiny holes! Just big enough for my babies! They put them in while I watched, stunned, and then they started to put the dirt on my only babies. I couldn't stand that. I cast myself down between the two graves and put a hand out over each one. I tried to call to the women, but they were crying so they wouldn't listen. I spoke then to the men, saying, 'Please don't put any dirt on these babies. They are my babies, all I have. Don't cover them up until you tell me where they have gone, and who has got them. You see,' I said 'you see, they cannot fight the spirits, they are too little. Big people have to fight the spirits; they are always doing wrong anyway; but babies could not. They are too little. Tell me, have the spirits got my babies?' I waited but the men answered not.

"I cried out again, 'Oh, please tell me where they are.' Why, there must be somebody that gives babies to mothers and who ought to take them back again when mothers can't have them. Please, sirs, listen: if you will tell me of some one like that caring for my babies, keeping them from the spirits, I will not cry; only tell me where the babies have gone.' I said it again and again, but the men just hung their heads. I guess they didn't know either. By and by the women helped me up and made me go to my house. When I got to the top of the hill I looked

back, and the men were putting dirt on my only babies, and my questions were not answered."

The speaker paused—only sobs broke the stillness. Soon she continued: "See my hair, lady. It turned white in the front like this that day. When I got to my house I flung myself on the floor of the room. Soon one of the women came over, shook me, and said, 'Don't! It won't do any good to cry. We have all had to go through it. We have all lost babies. You have only one hope.' 'One hope!' I cried, 'what is it?' 'Why, just be careful—don't tread on a bug, or a worm, or anything that crawls on the ground. You see, the spirits have your babies, and they'll bring them back in some form. If you never kill anything, you are sure you'll never crush the soul of your child. If you kill something—well, that may be your child.' And that, lady, *that* was my only hope. I had walked for two days since the babies died—what had I *not* killed? Oh, lady, all this time in America you knew, didn't you, that Jesus had my babies, and that He is keeping them for me. I know it now. For two years I've told all the mothers I could reach, but I'm only a poor ignorant woman. I can read but very little. So many I cannot reach. Oh, lady, why didn't you come before? Why don't you come faster from your country? It is not fair, oh, it's not fair! What will Jesus say to the Americans!"

One week later, a convalescent missionary left that village. Her body was weak, her brain was tired, but her face was calm and peaceful. At the corner where two roads met, one leading *home*, the other to the next village on her district, she took out her watch and looked at it.

"Lady, which road shall we take?" asked the Bible-woman.

"The one to the next village, Mary. We will go right on with our work."

She spoke to the Bible-woman, but she looked at the watch. It never answered, save by a faint reproachful "tock, tick, tick, tock, tick," as it was carried onward still farther into the "*land of covered faces.*"

* * *

COMFORT BOXES.

These boxes of "Precious Promises" are just the thing for your table. Take one every morning. It will be surprising how it will help you thro' the day. Daintily gotten up in white and gold. Nothing better for a gift. Cannot help but prove a blessing. Send for one and you will want more. Price 35 cts each, 4 for \$1.15.

How My Savior Led Me to Pentecost

The Power of the Precious Blood.

Little did I dream until the morning of June 27, 1915, that there was today the great Pentecostal blessing for those who would ask, seek, knock. To teach me the wonderful lesson my Father had to lead me through the furnace of affliction—the loss of our only child and then sickness and suffering, followed by three years of invalidism, before I could hear the still small voice calling me from the world. On the above morning while seeking rest in the country these three words were spoken to me by a voice from the unseen, “the Holy Ghost.” To the readers of *The Evangel* this will not seem at all remarkable, but to me at that time it seemed strange phenomenon, as the church in which I had been reared taught little or nothing of the “Holy Ghost.” With hearing this voice came a great love and longing for my Bible. I began to search the Scriptures to learn more of the Holy Ghost, and as you will well realize I had not gone far until I saw plainly that there were wonderful truths in this Book which seemed to have been left untouched by the churches.

On returning to my home some months after this I sent for my pastor and asked him why it was that all these teachings of the apostles had been set aside. He answered me by telling me that my desire for these things was due to my state of health. But praise the Lord, when the Holy Ghost speaks we are not so easily turned aside by man.

I then began to attend a small drawing-room prayer-meeting where a number of the worshippers while praying would break forth into a foreign tongue and seemed to have a real living, vital sense of the nearness of Jehovah. After one of these meetings I said to two ladies who were standing side by side, “My friends, you have something I do not have. Will you kindly tell me what it is?” Then they told me that they had the baptism of the Holy Ghost. From that hour I began to cry to my God to bring me into the center of His will, and give me this greatest of all earthly blessings. And again I will say, praise the Lord. “He is faithful who promised, who also will do it.” Whenever I could I went to some Pentecostal prayer meeting. I studied my Bible and prayed night and day and claimed the promise of Luke 11:11-13. Sometimes I would grow desperate and many times the enemy would tell me that I might

just as well give it all up, or that I must wait until there was a great outpouring of the Spirit. But my Savior in His undying love kept giving me little personal touches of His power, so that I knew He would not forsake me no matter what the arch-enemy might tell me, although I was so tempted that at times I even doubted my salvation.

Shortly before Christmas I heard a sermon on the Power of the Blood, the minister saying that at times the Holy Ghost would take control of him and cause him to repeat the word “blood.” While calling at the home of another minister he led me to passages of scripture in both the Old and New Testaments teaching of the blood, and especially to the passage of I. Peter:2, “Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.” Also Rev. 12:11, “And they overcame him (the accuser) by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony.” He told me as we would kneel in prayer he would lay his hands on me, according to the scriptures and for me to keep my eyes on my Savior on the cross, and my mind centered on His blood. In a few minutes I was singing in a strange tongue. I arose with tears of joy streaming down my face, for I felt that the Lord had met me. Then some ten days after this while at a small prayer-meeting the Lord again anointed me, and the two following mornings in my own room gave me very wonderful fillings, and revealed to me the power of the precious Blood. Oh how I pray that our churches may be brought to see these wonderful truths that seem to have been so completely set aside.

MRS. ISABEL BENNETT.

30 Lonsdale Rd., Toronto.

A Plea for Unity

TO THE saints scattered abroad, greeting in Jesus' Name: God has laid it on my heart to appeal to every lover of Jesus who can earnestly and sincerely join in with Him in His prayer for unity among His followers, John 17:21, and who has a desire that His will may be done on earth as it is in heaven, to pray and labor to this end, and to put away everything

that produces division, and separates from other true children of God.

"He that is not with me is against me," said Jesus. Matt. 12:30. Jesus is not divided. I Cor. 1:30. He prays for unity, and you should do the same. Every one who has the hope in Him of being like Him when He comes will purify himself even as He is pure, from all that separates from His saints. 1 John 3:3. The hour of God's judgment is come and He is going forth in power before Jesus comes. Matt. 13:41.

The Bride of the Lamb is, of course, one with Him in all His desire for His followers. Jesus is for unity and His Bride must consequently be for unity. "Mark them that cause divisions and offenses . . . and avoid them." Rom. 16:17. God has made all one in Christ Jesus, but men have corrupted and defiled the body and endeavored to draw away disciples after them. Acts 20:30.

How shall the perfect unity of the saints be brought about? God will do it. He will open the eyes of the saints to see what His will is, and show them their privileges. He will again set in the church apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints who, knowing the will of God, will teach the saints aright. He will show the saints that

the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible is all-sufficient for faith and practice. II Tim. 3:17. And cause them to put away the things that offend. Matt. 13:41.

Jesus is coming, but to be caught up to meet Him in the sky you must be one with Him in faith, in love, in practice. "You are My friends if you do whatsoever I command you." John 15:14. But how can we claim to be friends of Jesus unless we are really in earnest in doing His will?

The results of perfect unity will be glorious. The power of the Holy Ghost will again be realized as in the days of the apostles and signs and wonders will again be seen in the name of the Holy Child Jesus. Acts 5:30.

But perhaps one of the greatest results will be seen in the united prayers of all the saints, ascending to the throne of God with much incense in the angels' hands. Rev. 8:1:5.

Do not pass this by unconcernedly. Unity is the will of God and must be accomplished. Are you for it or against it?

Will you kindly let me hear from you in some way about your feelings in this matter?

A. J. BENSON.

5005 H. Boul., Houston, Tex.

Devil Worship in Guatemala



WE have just had a terrible experience. A few nights ago three of our finest young men, two of them members of our congregation in this city, took advantage of the beautiful moonlight to scale the volcano, Santa Maria, at whose foot our city lies. With them went two Indian servants. They reached the top of the volcano without mishap and, tired out by the climb, lay down to sleep in a cave near the summit, expecting to awaken in time to see the glorious sunrise view which this mountain affords and to return to their homes in time for dinner. They thought they were alone on the summit, but no sooner were they asleep than a company of Indian witch-doctors came up behind them, having seen them pass farther down the mountain. They came armed with guns, axes and machettes, and before their five victims were well awake they had murdered them all. Their bodies were then thrown into the crater of the volcano as an offering to the spirit which dwells there. The bodies were extricated from the crater with great difficulty two days later and brought here for burial. About thirty suspects are held in the jail,

and it is probable that several of them will be shot very shortly. We had long known that the witch-doctors threw babies into the volcano as an offering to the spirit. It was also known that a young Indian had recently taken his half sister up the mountain, a girl of about ten years, and returned without her. When tortured to confess what had become of her, his only answer had been that "the spirit had swallowed her." But these things were happening among the Indians themselves, and we did not take much notice. Now that three of the finest young men of our city have perished, two of them foreigners, we are aroused and many are for rounding all the witch-doctors up and killing them off in one grand hecatomb.

But there is a more excellent way. Let me illustrate this with a personal experience. Across the river from Santa Maria is another volcano, the Semala, which is also used by the witch-doctors as a sanctuary to worship the sun and the spirit of the volcano. About its foot, as about the foot of Santa Maria, live a lot of Indians, mostly witch-doctors who make a living from their black arts. But the good news of the

Gospel reached these latter, and two families of the witch-doctors believed it and threw all their paraphernalia into the river and began to pray to God instead of the devil and seek to do His will. Last February Mrs. Burgess and I with three children spent our vacation living in the woods with these same witch-doctors far from the strong arm of the law, with no weapon but love to defend ourselves. The non-believing Indians were at first suspicious of us, but we went to visit them, held service in the woods for them to which some of them came, and sought to explain the love of God in Christ as best we could. At first we could get no milk from them and had to send a servant on a sixteen-mile tramp to get it every day. After we had been there a couple of weeks, however, these same Indians came and offered us a cow which should be ours as long as we needed it. When we came to leave, three Indian men who had formerly had only hate and suspicion for the Pale-face came up to tell us good-bye, put their arms about us, and called us "brother."

The poor Indian has been oppressed and kept in ignorance, exploited and denied justice for past 400 years. It is a wonder that the tragedy of Santa Maria is not enacted much oftener than it is. It is the blind revolt of beings who have been denied justice and who nevertheless long for more life and fuller even as you and I.

Yes, the Gospel does make a difference! It does not convert every one, but I am sure that if the Church at home had been true to its light, and if we here on the field had not been so busy with the many things which are not always "that better part," this awful murder would never have occurred. God help us to be truer to our work. Amen.—Paul Burgess in *Missionary Review*.

Faith and Works in India

It is an inspiration to faith and an incentive to further effort to hear a response from those for whom the labors of Christian missionaries have been spent. In 1844 Pastor Gossner sent four missionaries to India with the instructions:

"Believe, hope, love, pray, burn, waken the dead! Hold fast by prayer! Wrestle like Jacob! Up, up my brethren! The Lord is coming and to everyone he will say, 'Where hast thou left the souls of these heathen?'"

For five years these four missionaries worked without gaining a single convert. Utterly discouraged, they asked for permission to seek another field. To this request Pastor Gossner answered as follows:

wered as follows:

"Whether the Kols will be converted or not is the same to you. If they will not accept the Word, they must hear it to their condemnation. Your duty is to pray, and preach to them."

Presently four natives were baptized, others came to inquire, and a church was built. When it was begun there were sixty members of the congregation, when it was finished there were three hundred. So thoroughly was the work of evangelization done, so well-grounded were these degraded people in the faith, that in 1857, at the time of the mutiny, the nine hundred adherents of the Gossner mission refused to give up that faith to which they had been baptized! Here is an extraordinary episode in missionary history. In 1845 the deepest degradation, misery and superstition, which included the worship of idols and demons and even the recollection of the sacrifice of living beings—in 1857 exalted Christian faith and courage.—Selected.

* * *

The Burnt Offering

A Prayer of Consecration,
by Susan C. Mendenhall.

Make Thou an altar of my heart,
Lay on the fuel—pile it high;
My pride, my passion, foolish greed,
Self-righteousness—that too must die.
Heap Thou my whole life's dry dead wood
Upon this altar to my God.

Bind Thou the sacrifice upon
The altar with the cords of truth;
My wealth, my time, my talent, too,
My intellect, myself forsooth,—
Then shall my prayerful thought arise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

Now is the offering prepared,
Now is the dedication made;
Come Thou and touch with love my heart
This altar where myself is laid.
See how the flames leap higher and higher,
O Father, God, quench not the flame,

Consume the dross—compel the fire
To purify my life and mind
And feed and strengthen my desire
To lift, to serve, to do my task,—
All this for Christ's dear sake I ask.
The flames of love—Thy holy fire.

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