



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

How a Tract Changed a Prodigal To a Preacher

Miracles of Salvation and Healing in Japan.

B. S. Moore in The Stone Church Convention, May 25, 1919.



IN THE little over five years since we have been in Chicago, we have been through the waters and through the fire, but the Lord gave us the verse, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned." We are not working for the Lord; we are co-workers together *with* Him, and if He doesn't work with us, all our work is in vain. Everything that is done outside of the Spirit is in vain; all our natural works will be burned up and tried by fire, and what doesn't stand the test of fire will be destroyed.

Before we can get a real call from God, we have to see ourselves, as Isaiah did in the sixth chapter. By seeing the vision of God he saw himself. Paul saw a vision of Jesus Christ and it blinded him so that his natural sight was taken away, and then he saw himself as no man could have shown him, and he cried, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who can deliver me from the body of this death!" Thank God there was One who could deliver, and Paul found it out. When we get a vision of God, we get a vision of the mission field and the immense task that lies before us, the great untouched lands, the millions of inhabitants that are like grasshoppers upon the face of the earth, and have never heard the Gospel. Thank God I have had the privilege of breaking up the fallow ground.

We were privileged to go into the villages and settlements where they worship all kinds of idols. While the Japanese have made a peace treaty with the foreign countries and the ports of Japan have been opened to foreign commerce, these people that have feudal settlements are very averse to allowing any doctrine to come in there that will disturb them. But one of the sons wandered away, squandered his money, became filthy, emaciated and disgraced as he wandered over Japan into Korea, and finally back again. He came to our home as a milk boy. He had been very well educated, but had fallen from the top of the ladder down to the slough of despond, not worth a dollar, and was bottling milk. We dropped a tract into his hand, a full Gospel tract, and his heart was touched. He went back to

his people and they sent him as a mediator to us, and asked us to come to the village. No white man had been there. There was an old man there ninety-two years of age who was dying. He had never seen a white man, all his posterity had never seen a white man or white woman, and when they introduced me to that village there were about seven hundred people present, and the young man said, "I am very glad to introduce to you the son of a very wealthy man. His father is worth so much money they cannot count it. He is almost next to the President and the greatest man that ever struck Japan outside of the President." He heard me preaching about my Heavenly Father. I said that my Heavenly Father owned the cattle on a thousand hills, the gold and the silver in the hills, and the potatoes on the side of the hills, and he thought my father owned almost all of America. I preached the Gospel to them for an hour and they stood there and listened, and when we asked them if they understood, they said "No." We preached another hour and explained how sin came into the world, and how man had wandered into sin, and how the prodigal of Japan had wandered away from his family and gone into sin, until his feet were bleeding and sore, crippled and coming back walking with his stick; how the father takes him in and puts a new robe on him, gives him a nice warm meal and puts him to bed, and that is the way Jesus does when we come back to Him, receives us with open arms, and when I asked, "Do you understand what I am talking about?" they said, "We understand well now." Later we got a letter from there saying that a woman had a wonderful vision of Jesus and saw Him coming to her in shining garments. She had a complication of diseases, but when He laid His hands on her head the diseases went out of her and she was well and very happy that we had introduced Jesus to her in all His glory. After we got through preaching, about twelve o'clock, they hung around nearly all night. Wife and I felt tired and laid down on the floor in blankets, quite weary. We slept two or three hours, but when the chickens began to crow, a lot of Japanese who hadn't slept at all began to come back, and with their faces down on the floor greeted us. We got in our clothes as quickly as we could,

and in a little while we had thirty around us. They kept coming until the house was full, fathers, mothers, grandfathers, grandmothers, and grandchildren. They said, "We want you to teach us how to pray to your God. We know Japanese god, but we want to know how to pray to *your* God. So we taught them the Lord's Prayer, and as they said it the tears were rolling down, and after we got through they looked so thankful and with worshipful eyes, said, "Now we all become members of the Pentecostal church," and here came a great list of names of those who decided that the Western God was greater than the Japanese god. We had to turn home very speedily and waited six more months before we could go again, but we received another letter in a little while, saying a man twelve or fifteen miles away had heard the report of what God was doing, and he took his wife and son and daughter out and took a big bucket holding ten gallons of water and poured it over his wife's head saying, "In the name of the great Western God who is putting joy and peace in the Japanese hearts I pour this water over you and wash away all your sins." Then he poured another bucket of water over his son, and over his daughter, and at last one over his own head, and wrote, "Now we are all Christ believers." They got the real thing long before anybody else got around. The Lord was working by that mighty Spirit, the spirit of life in Christ Jesus which sets us free from the law of sin and death. We had been praying over that group of villages and missionaries have cried cupfuls of tears over them, and God opened that door.

Later we turned again to that village where the man poured the water over his family, and we found the most earnest folks we had ever looked upon; every one a consecrated worker. God gave that man a wonderful call to preach the Gospel, though he could not write his name and could not read. His son took down the holy Bible one of our workers sent him and taught him how to read, and when we investigated we found he had committed more Scripture to memory than our best preachers. Our best worker said, "He has more Scripture in his heart than I have." It was wonderful how God gave him the Bible. God gave him special compassion for the sick, and he goes and preaches to everybody he hears of who is in need. He went to a man and said, "I hear your son is sick." "Yes, but we do not need you. We do not want your Western God. We have all the

Japanese gods we need." So he went out and got under a tree and prayed three hours, and repeated that every day for seven days, and the seventh day the man looked up with his tears running down his face, praying for his son and his daughter, the latter of whom was lame. God let the young man die, but prayer was answered for the daughter, and she was healed of lameness and deafness; she threw her stick away. The father received the Gospel and accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior. He heard of another one at the time of the siege of the flu, when death mowed them down three hundred in one day in Tokyo and the same average in the smaller cities and towns. He went fifteen miles to tell them about Jesus and pray for a young man who was sick, but they would not let him in to see him. The next morning he came back, and said, "May I come in?" "No, we have the doctors working on him yet." He went back home very much oppressed and burdened, and the next morning when he got up he found the pull on him again, and he went and found the young man lying at the point of death. They said to his parents, "The Jesus man is here again." "Well, the doctors have given him up to die, let the funny man come in." So he came in and turned to the family and the doctors and exhorted them to yield their hearts to God. Then he sang and turning to the young man who was given up to die, said, "Now in the name of the great Western God I command the sickness to leave," and God healed him on the spot. The doctors realized that God had healed him, his pulse was perfectly normal. He went back feeling very much encouraged.

We call him the water man. There was a storm arose a little after that, a very severe storm and it was a fearful sight. They could see the black streaks in the clouds. The Japanese mocked at him and said, "Cannot you go and pray to the Western God to destroy the storm?" The preacher and a little company of others gathered in his house and went to prayer. They lifted up their hearts to God and asked Him to move that cloud and save the crops, and it split right open, half went east and half went west. Those who had prayed were very happy because God had answered prayer. The priest in the northeast village held a consultation "who is God?" He said the American who has come over has got that Japanese to pray and he has prayed and these powers have met together in that big cloud and had a fearful fight. Our god is slightly overcome, let us see to it that we persecute every

Christian and destroy this faith from our neighborhood," and he started out. Our preacher came along with his little Bible, and they hailed him and said, "What are you going to do? Why do you preach this Western God?" "Why," he said, "He has saved me, my wife, my son and daughter. He has healed my wife and made us very happy, and I am going to this village to preach about this Jesus." "No," they said, "you cannot go. Let us take this fellow who has turned against Japan, turned traitor to his country. Let us take him and finish him up." So they took him down to the water and put him in the muddy water where the rice crop grew. They pounded him, tried to break his bones and buried him under the water, but he put his head out of the water breathing the prayer, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." He started to crawl on the bank, and they struck him on the face, pounded him, and tried to kill him; tried to bury him under the water, but when he got out again he began to sing, "Ye must be born again." Our God is a wonderful Savior. To think that a Japanese who was untaught would so have the Spirit of God in his heart to sacrifice for the Gospel of Jesus Christ and go through that persecution, makes one feel that to have such fruit once in his ministry he could shout through all eternity. But thank God the end is not yet.

Just before I left Japan I visited the first village to which I had carried the Gospel. After the workers had gone up the mountain a woman came to me and said, "Teacher, I have a hard place in my side. I want you to pray for me." I said, "They have gone up into the mountain. When they return I will pray for you." But she said, "Pray teacher. Pray *now*."

She knelt on one mat and I on another. Didn't have any oil, never laid hands on her, but she prayed and I prayed; her faith was simple, and while we prayed there was a sense of feeling that the work was done. She lifted up her head and said, "God, I thank You." Then she turned to me, "My side is all right. The hardness is gone, and I am perfectly healed." In the twinkling of an eye she was well. She went across the river about a hundred yards, when it was flowing in a strong current and gathered some mushrooms from a pine grove, and brought me a bowlful to eat with my rice. In the meantime they brought in a little lad, ten years old, his bones almost sticking through the skin. My workers said his lips were turning purple; he hadn't been washed for three months and the odor was awful. I

turned to my workers and said, "Let's pray in Jesus' name. Great compassion came upon them for him, and as we united our faith and prayers, perspiration broke out on his forehead, his eyes wandered and his lips began to move. As we laid hands upon him, the power of God flashed through us like electricity, and I said, "He is all right, boys." He leaned up against his mother and I fed him some Chinese peanuts. We had to put them in his mouth as he was so weak he could not raise his hand. I told his mother to take him home, wash him, put on a new kimona and feed him good. We returned home, and in less than a week they sent a letter full of joy, "the boy is working, the mother is happy," and they are telling of the great miracle the Western God has wrought in the boy. He told his school teacher, "The Western God has healed my body." The teacher said, "He must be a very powerful God to heal you from that awful disease."

One of the workers went up to the top of the mountain and prayed. He prayed an hour, from four to five o'clock, and as he prayed the power of God came upon him and shook him. He didn't know what it meant, but resisted the fear and unbelief and prayed on. Then he said, "I felt I was in God's holy country and lost consciousness of my surroundings. When I came to myself I was speaking some new language I never learned in school." As he related all that God had done for him in the mountain it stirred up others, and it wasn't long before seven had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit who were staying in my home at the time. Then another preacher heard of it who had been educated in the Nyack Institute, and he went up the mountain to this same spot and he prayed until he received the baptism.

A man came over fifty-five miles one rainy day with the wind blowing from the North Pole, and at his request I took him out and baptized him in the bay. He had never seen a baptismal service before but just as soon as his head came out of the water he was saying, "Hallelujah! Jesus saves me! Hallelujah!" God has since baptized him with the Holy Ghost and fire and he is called to preach the Gospel. We have three or four waiting for us to train them when we get back. We have no tabernacle, no receiving station; we have nothing at all in Japan as yet. If we had had a sanitary place in which to live we could have worked a great deal longer.

An old woman got saved and went two hun-

dred miles to report that she had changed from idols to Jesus Christ. She returned very happy.

A young man who was healed of consumption was walking along the beach and saw a man who was planning to commit suicide. He urged him to believe on Jesus; said that he had been down to our mission, that his body has been full of pain and now he was healed, and that Jesus had also saved him. "Believe on Jesus and He will save you, too." Sato commenced weeping, and the young man who was healed said, "Mr.

Moore gave me water baptism; I take you out and give you water baptism too." The police thought he was trying to drown him and started to get him out, but the little fellow explained, "I wasn't doing anything wrong. This man was very despondent, peace came into his heart and I took him out and gave him water baptism and made him a Christian."

Pray for Japan and for our work as we go back there, that God will give us helpers and means to do aggressive work for Him.

Obedience and Disobedience to the Voice of God Contrasted

The Life of the Missionary Sustained by the Intercessor at Home.

Herbert H. Cox in The Stone Church Convention, May 14, 1919.



I BELIEVE GOD is speaking to our hearts this afternoon about the lost opportunities in our lives which have caused us to mourn many times, and the lack of power which has brought to us many regrets. There are a number of cases in the Bible that come to my mind and also experiences during our ministry that speak very loudly to us. The great man, Moses, the meekest man in all the earth he is termed in the Word of God, and yet there came a time when, being stirred by the murmurings of the people, he himself got out of touch with God and smote the rock instead of speaking to it. We know, according to God's Word, that this man lost his opportunity of entering into the Promised Land because of this disobedience. We can see even from this one instance what it means to disobey God, and if this great leader, who had been so wondrously used of God during these many years, because of this act of disobedience was kept out of the Promised Land, how much more are we, who are under grace and not under law, in danger should we fail to obey Him.

It was the greatest fear that possessed the Apostle Paul that somehow or other by a mistake in his life or a lack of obedience to the will of God he might be set aside from the ministry and be disapproved, and I believe we have a right to have such a fear these days. I do not mean a fear that will cause us trouble and discouragement, but a careful solemnity that will keep us on the watch-tower whereby, under all circumstances we shall know the will of God and have the power diffused in His favor. This is what I believe is necessary to do. As we look at some of these great men in the Bible, the experiences

wherein they failed God come before us. There are Samson and Saul, and even David, that great man of God who knew he should have gone forth with his nation at that period when they were in a critical condition; yet, resting on his oars, he sits down at ease when he should have been out to battle, and it was then that he made that fatal step in his life which brought such a blot on his character; and not only was his own life marred, but murder and adultery followed in his family and became rampant in his own children. These are awful consequences, and wherever we look we have these tremendous warnings given to us. It is a serious thing not to heed the voice of God when He speaks to us.

I remember hearing our dear Brother Burton tell of some very definite experiences of the voice of God speaking to him, and the serious results that would have followed had he not heeded. Brother Bouton was called out of the service of the Standard Oil Company to enter the ministry, and he told us how one day as he was walking along the street on his way to visit his mother, he saw a man walking ahead of him two or three yards. He did not take very much notice of him, they were walking about the same pace, and he kept about three yards behind, when all of a sudden the voice of the Spirit was speaking to him, saying, "You speak to that man about his soul." Brother Bouton said within himself, "I do not know that man. I have never met him. Why should I talk to him?" But the voice spoke to him again, "Speak to him about his soul." Brother Bouton continued to resist the Spirit until, walking up the steps into his mother's home, he had reached the third step, when in loud, thundering tones the Holy Spirit gave him his last warning, and he knew if he didn't talk to that man something would

happen. And so, because of the tremendous warning; right from the step he yelled to the man, "Stop, I want to speak to you a moment." He went up to him and said to him, "God has asked me definitely to speak to you about your soul. Are you saved? Do you love the Lord Jesus?" And the man said to him, "Do you know to whom you are talking?" "No, but I know God has told me to speak to you. I want to know if you are saved." The man was standing on one of those iron gratings on the street where they put the coal into the cellar, and as he stood there, he pulled a revolver out of his pocket and said, "Do you see this? I had a quarrel with my wife who lives right in this flat, and I went out and purchased a revolver and I was about to go up into my flat and make an end to things; I was so disgusted with the whole thing." Mr. Bouton said, "You had better pray and get right with God," and right down there they knelt, and that man gave his heart to the Lord Jesus, and then he said, "Will you not come up and see my wife?" "No, you go up and tell her what has happened to you." But the man insisted that Mr. Bouton come along, and he said, "If you fall on the neck of your wife and tell her you are very, very sorry, I will go into the room with you." So he said he would, and they went in. The woman, knowing what her husband had planned to do, was hiding in the cellar, near the hole where they put in the coal, in fear of what was about to come to her. But hearing him give his heart to God on his knees on that iron grate, she ran up into the bedroom with her children, and when he came she was ready to receive him. They locked arms and she fell on her knees and confessed her sins, and both were gloriously saved. They are happy in Him today, because Brother Bouton obeyed the voice of God.

Another instance comes to me of a young student at Nyack, who was on his way to tent work, just starting in the ministry. While waiting at the station he had to change trains, and saw a man with a silk hat and a walking stick hanging on his arm. The Lord said to that young man, "You go and talk to him about his soul." He hesitated and said, "What! a young man like me talk to him? He looks like a millionaire, and I have never dealt with such people. How can I talk to him about his soul?" But God dealt definitely with him until he rose from his seat and said, "Pardon me, but I have been dealt with by the Holy Spirit to come to you and ask you

if you are a Christian, and if not will you not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved?" And the man in all his grand attire looked up into the face of the young man and, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "Give me your hand, young man," and he gripped him tightly. "Thank God for one young man who has talked to me about the Lord Jesus. I have been living in America all my life and for twenty years have been longing for somebody to talk to me about Jesus, and you are the first who has ever spoken to me." And down on his knees he went, accepted the Lord Jesus and was saved.

In my native country, England, I remember a young man in the ministry who had been out of town preaching and, coming home late, went into a restaurant for his supper. While in the restaurant the Lord said to him, "You speak to the waiter who is serving you about Jesus." He went on eating his lunch, grappling with his conscience, but he didn't say anything to the waiter and finally paid his bill and went out of the restaurant. But his heart was burdened. He knew he ought to talk to that young man about his soul, but walked on a half mile, the conviction growing deeper all the while. He went back to the restaurant and found it closed. He knocked at the door and when the head man came he said, "Excuse me for troubling you, but I was here a half hour ago and had something to eat." "Oh, yes, I remember." "I'd like to speak to the young man who waited on me. I have a burden on my heart. Will you not let me speak to him?" He said to him in a solemn tone, "My dear young man, I am sorry I cannot give you the privilege of talking to him. Right after he had waited upon you he went to his room and, taking a revolver, committed suicide." The young man lost his opportunity and that soul went into a suicide's grave because someone failed under the pressure of the Holy Spirit to give the message of God.

Beloved, these are facts, and I believe we are in the age when Pentecostal people need to be awakened, need to be on the watch-tower and obedient to the voice of God, not only in speaking to souls, but in prayer and every other kind of ministry that God expects of us. The Apostle has given us one astonishing statement in the book of Thessalonians that I believe should burn home to all our hearts, and it is this: "And now we live if ye stand fast in the faith," and if there is one passage in the Bible that effects home and foreign fields, it is that passage of scripture. The

Apostle Paul was the mightiest missionary who ever walked the earth, save the Lord Jesus Christ. He was a man with a flaming passion for God. It made no difference to him whether before kings or princes, in a dungeon or on the sea; in house to house visitation or in the synagogue, the uppermost thing in his life was to witness for Jesus Christ and bring men out of darkness into His marvelous light. He was a man who also had learned the secret of travail of soul, that people might be brought to the birth, and it was he that gave this wonderful message that I give you this afternoon: We missionaries live if you at home stand fast in the faith. This is a tremendous problem. I know when missionaries come along and give messages we go to the altar and pray for them, but then we go out and forget about them. I would like to ask this congregation how many of you give fifteen minutes a day out of ten or twelve hours for the missionaries? I am afraid very few would be able to respond. But how can you expect the missionaries in the front of the battle to live in the midst of idolatry, witchcraft and climatic hindrances unless you in the homeland are faithful in prayer?

Oh, beloved, we live out on the field, if you stand fast in faith, and I believe the negative is just as true; if you fail, you must not be surprised if the missionary fails. We hear reports some times concerning certain missionaries who have failed, and we say they should not have gone to the field, but do we ever put the blame on the home constituency because they failed? There are 800,000,000 of people without anybody to tell them the Gospel story, and the district I had in India took me three years to cover; that meant some people got the gospel one hour in three years. Do you wonder why it is that we break down under the stress and strain? I tell you we need men and women at home who know how to touch God in prayer. I remember hearing our dear Brother Carner in the Alliance tell of Brother Moodie, a Scotchman, who was a wonderful man of prayer. Although he has long since gone home, his life is still speaking in India. There was a time when the siege of cholera broke out among the missionaries, and Brother Moodie went forth in the power of the Spirit with a courage and boldness that seemed to lift everybody up; and, as he would minister to the missionaries suffering under the awful pangs of cholera, he would see miraculous results. In an instant of time some were raised up from death

beds. But this constant ministry weakened his body, and suddenly the enemy took him with cholera also. I will never forget the pathos of Brother Carner's words as he looked into my face and said, "Dear Brother Moodie laid his hands upon me and I had been healed through his ministry, but I was still weak in body; his own dear wife was lying unconscious on one bed, and he in another room writhing in agony under the effects of cholera, conscious of the pains racking his system, and he looked at me and said, 'My God, is there no one to pray me through? My work is not done, and the enemy is crushing my life. I am not able to pray for myself.'" That mighty man swept to glory without anybody to pray him through. I believe somebody in the homeland is held responsible for that man's life being cut so short.

I remember another instance where a poor woman was greatly discouraged on account of a fever that gripped her body—and you people do not know anything about that and the awful battle we have with fever—this poor woman had gotten under the distress and the burden; malaria was racking her system, and she lifted her hand and said, "Oh God, why did you allow me to come to India? I have been a total failure; never have been able to accomplish anything for You. I might as well die or go home." She had a class of three or four girls, all unsaved, who laughed and giggled every time she read the Bible to them, and the poor woman could not get above the awful discouragement. But one Saturday evening in America—and remember that Saturday evening in America is Sunday morning in India—a man who knew this missionary, was about his duties when a voice said to him, "You go to your room and pray for Miss So-and-so." But he argued with the Lord and said, "Don't You know I have to finish this job?" Again the Lord spoke to him that he should give himself to prayer, and again he made excuses. With a tremendous pull of the Holy Ghost he went into his room and closed the door, and the burden for that suffering missionary rolled upon his soul, and in agony he began to plead that God would meet her. He did not know what was the matter, but he agonized before God for hours that whatever was needed might come to pass for His glory. Sunday morning over in India, this poor missionary went to her class, the same nervous wreck, but there was no one else to do it, and she took her Bible and sat down in the same place. The girls gathered together

and sat on the floor, laughing and giggling in the same way. But as she took the Bible and began to read, all of a sudden something stole over her being from head to foot, the malarial fever disappeared, and she felt her nerves getting settled; she was being revived and freshened, and the discouragement took wings. She wondered what was coming to pass, and while this was going on one of the girls came up and knelt down and said, "Auntie, please forgive me; I have been so naughty; I want to be saved." Then came the second, and then the third. There was a woman healed and three Hindu girls miraculously saved, and today I believe those girls are some of the best Bible women the Alliance has in India, because one man obeyed God and prayed.

You and I must not miss these opportunities that God has given unto us in these days. I remember a revival that broke forth in Nyack, and for three weeks preachers and teachers and students were lying upon their faces. When the awful confessions were made, lights were turned

out; they didn't want to look into each other's faces. It began at twelve o'clock noon and went on until the next morning. God had struck them with mighty conviction. Some tried to get away because they didn't want to confess, but they had to come back and go through it, and I declare unto you that when confessions were over and the mighty presence of God filled the place, we walked on tip-toes, the atmosphere was so holy. We were afraid to hear the sound of our own heels in that school. I do not know what other people think, but I believe that was the beginning of the Pentecostal revival we are in today. It was just about three months before it reached Los Angeles, and if ever you heard thunder rolls of intercession, they went forth from that school. You could have heard that body of students a mile away. They prayed as one man, and everybody as loudly as possible, but you knew God was back of the prayers. We need today the mighty conviction of the Holy Spirit upon our meetings. Then it is that God will come forth in power, save souls and manifest Himself in signs and wonders.

The Native African's Ready Response to Divine Healing

Mrs. I. S. Neeley, Returned Missionary.



FROM the beginning of our work in Africa the Lord seemed to give us a distinct ministry of healing among the natives, and during our stay there, many were healed in answer to prayer. They have a disease of the eye in that country, for which there is no earthly cure, and one of the most striking instances was the case of a young girl who was gradually becoming blind. When she came under our notice she was using some kind of medicine and had to be looked after every day, some one having to lead her around everywhere she went. It was during Mr. Neeley's illness that this girl was left in my charge and after helping her for a while I finally came to the place where I refused to use the medicine at all, telling the girl that I did not believe in doing so, and that it would only cause here pain and suffering. After telling her what the Lord would do, she agreed to give up the medicine and asked me to pray for her, so I had her come over to the room where Mr. Neeley was and we united with her in prayer. I told her to come again the next morning for prayer, but that morning, while Mr. Neeley was on the piazza this girl passed without any one

leading her. He called to me and told me, but I could not believe it, so we watched for her and when she returned we found she had been down to take her bath and was on her way to the house. She came over and said, "My sick all finish; my two eyes see good." We found the healing was perfect and her eyes from that day to this were well, I saw her shortly before we came away.

From this case, others, hearing of God's power to heal, came to us for prayer. Shortly after this a woman was hurt on her limb while she was "cutting farm." The cutlass made a deep gash on her leg, causing it to bleed profusely, so that she was scarcely able to walk; in fact she was carried to us. Of course we believe in using ordinary care and sanitary methods and usually wash off a cut with warm water; but this time we had no warm water and it was time for Sunday School, so we simply used clear cold water, putting on vaseline to keep the cloth with which we bound the cut, from adhering to it. Then we prayed for her and they carried her home. The next morning, while I was in the kitchen a woman came in and taking hold of my hand, dropped on her knees and began kissing my hand, speaking in her own language. Of course I did

not know what to make of it, and, not understanding her, I called the boy and asked him to tell me what she was saying. He said, "Why, it is the woman you prayed for yesterday and she came to tell you that the "sick finish." I could scarcely believe it but she seemed to have no pain at all, and on examining the limb I found there was not even a scar left from the wound. That day she walked eight miles.

At another station (Doroba) there were many healings among what is known as the "Cannibal Tribe." (Some of our boys in this station have tasted human flesh.) Not only the boys of the station came for healing, but people from the native towns, in cases of severe illness, would come for prayer and God answered in a remarkable way. We remember an instance of a woman who had been sick for some time before she was brought to that town. We did not know just what the disease was but it was something that seemed to be sapping her life away, and she was quite emaciated when she came to us. The people in that town told her that "this God that the missionary talk about be fit to do big thing for her." So we agreed that we should pray for her, and her faith was simple; in fact, they all believe that our God is real and expect Him to do what we say He will do. Therefore when we anointed her with oil and prayed for her she just took it for granted that she was healed. The next morning she got up and went to her work on the farm. She afterward became the mother of four children and was a fine healthy woman when we left there.

Another case was that of a real old man, who had a bad case of constipation. It had to become serious before he would come to us because he was one of the head men and did not want to humble himself by having to apply to the missionaries for help when they knew he was a big man in his tribe and believed in the witch-doctor and all the things the witch-doctor could do. Finally he thought he was going to die, which no doubt would have happened, had he not come, and so he called for prayer. When they brought him to the station, he was anointed and prayed for; his faith just took hold and God delivered him almost instantly. There were many cases of this kind in this town, where they were close to death and God delivered. After we went away from there they had numerous deaths among the people and they said it was because they had no missionaries to pray for them. They said "Our witch-doctor be no good. He no fit to do anything."

While at this station Mr. Neeley became suddenly ill and we could not get word to the other missionaries in time for them to pray, as we were so far away from them. We prayed but he seemed to get no relief whatever. The boys came in and gathered around the bed and prayed and then went out, but Mr. Neeley still tossed about on the bed, suffering. After a while one of the smaller boys came and asked, "Mamma, Mr. Neeley no better yet?" I told him "No." He said, "Can we pray again?" I said "Yes." He called the boys in and they gathered around the bed, and while they knelt there each boy prayed. They started to get up but noticed that this small boy "James" stayed on his knees, watching Mr. Neeley; so the other boys remained silent and were "praying softly" (an expression they use when speaking of silent prayer). This boy James was looking at Mr. Neeley intently, seeming puzzled as to why victory did not come. He bowed his head quietly for awhile and then began praying again. He reached out his hand and laying it on Mr. Neeley's head, prayed earnestly to God and then said "Amen." Then he suddenly arose from his knees and walked out of the room without saying a word, and Mr. Neeley turned over in bed and went to sleep immediately. The other boys withdrew. Later in the afternoon I called James and told him that Mr. Neeley was better. The fever was all gone and he was sitting up in bed. He said, "I know it. God word be true. I know He going to make Mr. Neeley well. That is why I walk out." I had wondered why he went out so suddenly. This was a blessed experience.

Another case in a town three miles from our station was that of a boy who was bitten by a tarantula. His name was also "James" and he was our hunter. The bite of a tarantula at that season (which was the rainy season) means instant death and no one expects deliverance from the effects in any natural manner. The boys came and told us that James had begun to swell, and we knew from this that the poison was going through his body. At once we went to God in prayer and sent one of our boys, who is faithful in prayer, to be with him. A native boy can make quicker time than the missionary in going through the bush. Later in the evening the boy came home and told us that when he arrived at the place the swelling had begun to diminish. A few days afterwards the boy himself came to testify what God had done for him and how he

had been completely delivered. To God be all the glory.

When we went to the Bwebo people, this tribe had never had any "God word" (Gospel) at all. They knew nothing about the Gospel, but after we had been there a while we had a number of boys who came to the mission, accepted the Lord Jesus and took God for their Healer. In fact, they seemed to expect that since they gave up "devil-way" and all that meant, they must accept "God way" and all that He could do for them. To them it was just as it should be,—an exchange of Masters. So they naturally expected that since they had trusted their devil for their bodies, when they turned to God they must trust Him in the same way. Consequently when any of them was sick they looked to God for deliverance. The year before the "Flu" here we had a light attack of it in Liberia. Our boys had been down to the coast with Mr. Neeley and the people down there had the "Flu," so they contracted it while there. Of course, after they came home the other members of the Mission were stricken, but not once did they look to any other help but God, and not one of them was ill enough to quit work. God delivered. Their faith was so apparent to the people in the town that in severe cases the native people thought the missionary ought to pray for them too, and the result was that we were able to go into the town and teach them about healing and thus make God more real to them.

We had a case there of blindness. A young man came to us who had lost the sight of one eye and the other eye was failing, so that he could scarcely see the trees. We prayed for him one day and told him to come back the next day

and we would pray again, but he failed to come, and it was quite a few days before we saw him again. When he did come back we chided him for not coming sooner. He said that he did not see the need of coming because "the sick it all finish" and his "eye it be well too much." His absolute trust was a rebuke to us. We expected him to come back the next day so we could pray again, hardly realizing we were doubting God. He fully expected God to do the work when we prayed, and God met his faith.

One of our boys fell from a palm tree where he was gathering palm nuts. When about fifty feet high he slipped and his body dragged down the tree trunk for some distance, when the rope which held him from falling to the ground broke and he came down, falling about twenty-five feet on the hard ground. They carried him into the house and we could scarcely lay him down; every position we tried caused intense pain. At once his people came from town and wanted to carry him home. We asked him if he wanted to go, and he said "No," because he was trusting God for deliverance. We found that the bone in his right elbow had slipped out of its socket and was protruding through the flesh. His shoulder blade was also out of position. This, with the bruises apparent on his body, made him a distressing sight, and we gathered the boys around him and began looking to God. While at first the pain did not seem to leave, yet it was eased sufficiently for him to lie down. We held on to God and in a few days he was able to go to work without any pain and without any effects at all from the fall.

We praise God for all these things and magnify Him as the Healer of His people.

Miraculous Deliverances from Demon Possession

I. S. Neeley, Returned Missionary.



NOT only has the Lord healed bodies, but there have also been a number of cases of deliverances from demon possession. These cases are very frequent in Africa and missionaries from other denominations recognize that they are cases of demon possessions, which God alone can deliver.

There was a young man connected with the Methodist Church in Cape Palmas, who was much troubled with epileptic fits. The Pastor, Dr. Price, after looking at him during one of these times and doing all he could to relieve him, asked me if I wished to say something to him or

could do anything for him. I told him "Yes," I would pray with him and if he would believe God, He would deliver him, for he was demon possessed. After getting down and praying a few moments I arose to my feet and stooped over him and commanded the demon, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come out. At once he began to go into awful contortions. His hands went up and, with fists clenched, teeth grinding and eyes set, he became a raving maniac. Up to this time he was in bed. In this awful condition he slid from the bed, in an uncanny fashion, and with neck and heels resting on the floor and the remainder of his body bowed upward, he man-

aged to get out of that room into the next one, and was only stopped by coming against the wall of the next room. All this time I was commanding the demon to leave him, calling upon the name of the Lord Jesus. This proceeding lasted for about half an hour or perhaps three-quarters, and finally the bowed portion of his body came down and he rested flat on the floor. Then he began to hiss like a serpent, puffing and frothing at the mouth, and emitting a very offensive odor which quite nauseated me. While I continued rebuking the evil spirit, the condition changed enough for me to be able to talk with him, and I told him to call on the name of the Lord. This he did and finally got relief enough to get up and praise the Lord, but his deliverance was only partial that day. I went back the next morning and he had a light attack of the same condition as the day before, but I kept praying and resisting the enemy, and this second morning he was completely delivered. This deliverance has continued to the present time, about a year after. About three weeks after his healing he was attending our revival meetings which I had been asked to hold in the Methodist Church, and at this time he received a wonderful baptism in the Spirit. He is standing today.

In Cape Palmas, three years before this, we had a case of like deliverance from demon possession. This man had been chained to the wall of his room, for he was very dangerous. He had attempted to kill several people when the attacks came upon him, and during such possession his face was so distorted as to be a fearful sight. His own sister would not live in the house, even though he was confined in chains. I was told that if I went to this man's house I would not dare to go into his room and certainly should not mention the Word of God or the name of Jesus in his presence, as this invariably brought on one of the demoniacal attacks. However, one day I was led to go to see him and to go into his room. I went in the name of the Lord and had my Bible with me. Seeing my Bible, he began to talk about it. He said, "Are you a man of God? Do you read that Book?" I said "Yes." He said, "All right." At once I began to talk to him about Jesus and the Bible and I read the Scriptures to him. He was an educated man and he himself, in a quiet frame of mind, reached over and got his own Bible and we read together for about two hours, after which I read to him from Mark 16 and James 5,

and told him what God could do. I asked him if he wanted me to pray for his deliverance, and he said "Yes." I prayed and then, rising from my knees, I commanded, in the name of the Lord Jesus, that the evil spirits come out of him. This man was very different from the other one. After I had rebuked the enemy he seemed to settle down and shrink into his chair as if he were greatly relieved and as if a strain had been removed from his heart and life. Immediately afterward he sprang up and began to praise God, and he is delivered today. Since then he has been preaching the Gospel. I saw him just before leaving the country. He is a member of the Methodist Church of which Dr. Price is Pastor. It should be added that before deliverance was given to this brother, who had once been a Christian but had backslidden, he freely confessed sins which had been committed and then God undertook. Usually in these cases of demon possession the door is being opened to the enemy by some sin which has to be confessed and put away. Only God can bring a person into the place of sufficient humility to take such a course.

We praise God for these deliverances, and, for His glory, we wish to say that, although sick unto death twice, God has delivered us and kept us alive without the use of quinine or any other medicine. We have a wonderful God and as the natives express it, "He be fit to do big thing" for all those who trust in Him.

* * *

One of our subscribers who was recently imprisoned by false accusation has had joy in witnessing for Jesus in the dungeon where men's hearts were heavy with sorrow and sin. He writes telling us of the blessing *The Evangel* has been to the prisoners there.

An unsaved man, a bank robber, was completely broken up and asked for prayers, promising that he would not cease to pray for himself until God answered and saved him. Many others were convicted of sin and the brother is able to praise God for the trial through which he has passed, counting it a joy that he has been permitted to hold up Jesus to hearts so dark with sin.

* * *

We have some copies of Faucett's Bible Dictionary and Encyclopedia that have been slightly damaged by water on the cover (otherwise in good condition) which we will dispose of at \$1.50 each. Regular price \$2.50. Order at once if you want one.

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Notes

"No loss so great as the soul.
No pains too great to save it.
No joy so great as over its salvation."

General Council Meeting

AS HAS been announced in our last issue, The General Council of The Assemblies of God will hold their annual meeting at The Stone Church, 70th and Stewart Ave., Chicago, Sept. 25th. The Missionary Conference will begin two days earlier, Sept. 23rd. From reports received a large number of missionaries are expected to be with us and we presume the General Council meeting will be well attended by the ministerial brethren. We are looking forward to a spiritual feast as well as a time of profitable and necessary discussions on matters relating to the churches and world-wide evangelization.

If convenient we will be glad to hear from those who are coming so as to provide accommodations for them. A postal card will be sufficient. We hope to entertain the Missionaries and workers, and if any of the friends care to help us in the service of love we will greatly appreciate it. Fruits and vegetables will be very acceptable from those who live in nearby districts. At this season of the year those living in the country often have an abundance which they cannot use, and if unable to give any monetary aid, provision of this kind will be much appreciated.

Missionary Rest Home

FOR some years the need of a Pentecostal Missionary Rest Home for returning missionaries has been deeply apparent to the Pente-

costal people both at home and abroad. Missionaries come home from the field utterly worn and exhausted, and immediately start on a tour from coast to coast, with scarcely no rest or recuperation. They have felt obliged, oftentimes, when not presenting their own work, to throw their energies into meetings and get under the burden of the home field, because they were being entertained. Indeed, they have sometimes shrunk from stopping at certain places for any length of time because the burdens of the work fell upon them, praying for the sick, reviving members of the body at home who had become cold and indifferent, and other duties for which they were not physically able.

Ever since the matter was agitated at the first Missionary Conference, two years ago in St. Louis, Mo., diligent prayer has gone up to God that a proper Rest Home might be opened up; one that the missionaries might feel was God's provision for them. Not where they would be considered boarders, nor visitors who would be expected to move on in a few days, but a home which they could feel was their own in which they could build up their worn and depleted bodies, so they might go back to their fields fully equipped for another term of service. Too often have the missionaries turned their faces to their field with heavy hearts feeling physically and mentally unable to face the duties that would again devolve upon them. It is true some have had homes to which they could return, but conditions there have sometimes not been conducive to rest and upbuilding of wasted tissues.

We now announce to our readers that prayer has been answered and this need is being met. A little praying band, stirred by an appeal that went forth two years ago, got under this burden, and through their instrumentality a property has been given to the Pentecostal people on a five years' lease free of rent. The owner is a godly woman who has consecrated the property to the Lord and wishes it to be used for His people. It is situated in Evanston, Illinois, lying just north of Chicago; near enough to the city for the missionaries to avail themselves of its privileges, yet away from its noise and unrest, and within a few blocks of Lake Michigan. The house contains seventeen rooms and three baths, and will, we believe, amply accommodate all our missionaries who are on furlough at one time, and wish to avail themselves of its privileges.

We believe every missionary who has spent a term of service on the field should have six months of absolute rest and freedom from an-

xiety. We understand the Mission Boards give this, and their missionaries, with but few exceptions, know nothing of the privations and hardships to which our pioneers are subject.

The lease or contract will be made out to The General Council of the Assemblies of God, and will be under their general supervision. This proposition will be subject to the approval of the General Council soon to meet in Chicago. It is now being considered by the General Presbytery, every one so far heard from has replied with hearty favor, and the brethren assure us that they believe it will be heartily endorsed by the Presbytery and by the General Council. We are making this preliminary announcement because of the urgency of the case, and because we have these private assurances from the brethren.

It is hoped that this Rest Home can be put in readiness for the Missionary Conference and General Council meeting which will convene in Chicago, beginning Sept. 23rd. There is quite a little repairing to be done on the property, both inside and out, in the way of painting and decorating, and also furnishing. Furniture for three or four rooms has already been contributed, and we have no doubt that there are a number of friends or assemblies that would be glad to assist in the furnishing of this Home, perhaps take upon themselves the furnishing of a room, or sending a contribution towards the decorating. We believe also that many of the Lord's dear people living in farming communities will be glad to send fruit that can be canned for the winter. If such supplies are sent, please *do not* send them to the Evangel Publishing House, but to Miss Esther Siegrist, 531 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill., at the same time notifying her by card.

God has already provided a matron for the Home, Miss Esther Siegrist, formerly of In-stow, Sask., Canada. To introduce her to our readers we would say that she is a sister to Mrs. Thos. Hindle of Mongolia, a graduate of the Moody Bible Institute, is thoroughly Pentecostal and a child of faith. Months ago God gave her a burden for this Home and she is one of those whom He used in prayer to bring it about. Pray for her and the Home that it may indeed be a place of rest for Missionaries with worn out nerves and where our dear co-workers tally, and be able to return to their field with renewed strength and zeal.

Launching Out in Canton

LETTERS from our faithful missionaries in Canton, China, Miss Bertha Milligan and Miss Lettie Ward, tell of important moves for the Pentecostal work there. On account of the city widening the streets they are compelled to move, as their old quarters are being torn down. The growth of the work necessitated a place three or four times as large as the one they have been occupying, and much prayer has gone up to God from these two faithful hearts that He would open the door that was of His choosing. They felt that others had trusted the Lord for big things, why should not they? As they prayed they believed that He was leading them in the purchase of a property rather than that they should rent. To rent and be obliged to spend money on repairing that which belonged to someone else, as they had done before and as many of our missionaries have done, does not seem to be a wise expenditure of money, but by paying down a portion of the principal, the interest on the remaining amount will be practically equal to paying rent. So after days and nights of waiting upon God they have made their first payment of \$700 on a \$7,000 property. Brother Kelley and business men of Canton have assured them that the place is well worth the price and will increase in value, as the street is being widened and the city rapidly improved. They realize this is a big undertaking for two women, but nothing is too big when God is in it, and they have not taken the step lightly, but in the fear of the Lord. Let us pray that God will send them the means to meet this obligation, so they will not be obliged to pay a high rate of interest.

They have just had a blessed season of refreshing, as they observed the three days set apart for prayer throughout the world, at which time the Lord used Mrs. Virden from Hong Kong, in giving helpful messages on the fruits of the Spirit.

An old coolie who had long been seeking the baptism of the Spirit, received more than he expected. During the past year this coolie has been going blind, and while prayer was not answered for physical sight, God gave him a vision of heavenly things which far surpassed the beauties of the earth. When he was able to use his mother tongue, he exclaimed ecstatically, "Look!" "Behold!" "See!" "The beautiful heavens!" "So much room!" "The angels!" "Our Lord!" He wanted to take everybody with him to heaven. Beside him was a man much

larger than he, and the old coolie, though not in his own strength as he was very weak physically, picked him up bodily as if he would carry him to glory. Then he called for the little orphan boy, "Jim," who had been particularly kind to the coolie, and picking him up in his arms lifted him toward heaven. Jim, who loves the Lord with all his heart, began praising Him, and was greatly blessed. Large crowds attended these meetings, standing outside at the windows, as there was no room inside. God's approval has been on the work in Canton and it has grown to a marked degree.

Chinese Women Eager for the Gospel

The Lord is blessing in a special way among the women in Sainam. Miss Willa Lowther writes she is greatly encouraged because of their interest. She and her Bible woman went out one day at 10:30 and returned at 3 because of an approaching storm. Both were hoarse from speaking, but when they got back they found a number of women waiting for them, so they had to preach and sing some more. Of late they haven't had to hunt opportunities and places to preach; all they have to do is to go out of doors and the women come and invite them from one place to another. She writes: "Today (June 8th) we went several places and had a most encouraging time. Then we started toward home, hoarse and tired, but some very nice looking women ran after us and just begged us to come to their house and preach. While we talked with them a third woman came and insisted on our coming there; said they had a large house and were very eager for us to preach. We went, and they did have a fine, large home, and appeared to be high class people. I think some fifteen women, six or eight girls in their teens and thirty or more children, listened most attentively to our singing and preaching for over an hour. They even caught hold of our sleeves when we started, and several of them accompanied us back nearly to the mission. While there, several of the well-bred women asked us if we could not form a reading class. We said we'd be glad to if a large enough class could be gotten together to pay us for the time.

"Last week my Bible woman and I were invited to a Girls' School up in the West End of Sainam to preach. It is a real large Girls' School of the better class, and we both addressed the School, after which we were invited into one of the nicest Chinese homes I have ever been in."

First Fruits in Kwangai

AN OLD man who was saved and baptized in Szooi, South China, carried the Gospel into Kwangsi Province, and when Brother and Sister Williamson reached there a few months ago they found a waiting company, hungry for the gospel. They said the first time anybody came to Waitsap and opened a mission they would join it, which they did. At their first baptismal service ten were immersed, and the people in the village gathered on their housetops to witness the ceremony. Brother Williamson writes: "It seemed all Waitsap had ceased its work a moment to watch this great event. From the water-carrier to the business man all classes came to watch the Christians buried with Christ, to whom they witnessed that from henceforth they would follow their Lord. It was indeed a sacred moment to us, as these were the first trophies from Kwangsi, which had been in our vision so long. Immediately following we observed the communion service and the Lord's presence was again made manifest. How happy we were with our little band who love Jesus and who have chosen to follow Him rather than worship idols of wood and stone. That same service witnessed them giving of their means for the spreading of the Gospel and setting the church in order by electing their own officers. At their request I go to the village once a week and feed the flock."

In their services at Waitsap, a number have been under conviction and some have cried out to God for forgiveness of sin. An old idol-temple-keeper, after attending services a time or two said, "I want to follow your Jesus." Since then he has been reading the Bible and attending every service. The only thing that hinders him from accepting the Lord is the fear that he will not have anything to do.

A man who had bought some Gospels when China was ruled by an emperor, came to the service one night, bringing the books, very much worn, with him. He said he believed in Jesus and wanted to know more about Him. The Lord has healed, in answer to prayer, and God's Name is being magnified in this open door.

Civil war is making conditions serious in China, and is hindering traffic between Canton and Waitsap, so that it is difficult to get provisions through. Because of the war the natives are facing famine, some not having had anything to eat for days.

Saving Lives at Awful Cost

THE following extracts from a letter from Miss Ethel Abercrombie, Shanghai, China, will give our readers an insight into a work which needs much prayer, and of which little is known in Pentecostal circles. On the death of that blessed woman of God, Miss Cornelia Bonnell, who was so wonderfully led to open the work of the Door of Hope, the Committee felt it to be of the Lord that Miss Abercrombie should take her place. The trials and heavy duties have been indescribable, but great grace has been given. She writes:

"The Lord laid on me more aggressive work at the Receiving Home. We were up an alleyway with a rental of \$52 Mex. a month. So with the good hand of our Lord upon us we moved on to the Foochow Road, where our Receiving Home began years ago and which Miss Bonnell had to leave, the landlord requiring the house. We have now three shops thrown into one place, rental \$156 Mex. a month, a day school, a teacher, and a preaching hall for evangelistic meetings. Last week we held five crowded meetings for the outsiders, giving away tracts, etc. China is in a turmoil. Shanghai is on a strike, all shops and schools closed, many workmen refusing to work until the officials who made a secret treaty with Japan are punished. So we felt it was a good opportunity to preach Jesus.

"Foochow Road is the 'far country' of China, where the prodigal wastes his substance in riotous living. At the back of our Home are twelve first-class brothels, patronized by the rich. Opposite us across the narrow street is a billiard room, open until midnight, a wine-shop and a first-class restaurant serving Western meals, where the rich Chinese go of an evening and send for singing girls to amuse them. We see many sad sights. A missionary who called on me about nine p. m. sat and wept, and she had been in China for years. Below us are hundreds of low-class brothels. The vice of the East and the West seem to meet here. We are keeping our electric light, with printed characters on the lamp, going all night, but we very much need funds for this work, as it is very expensive. Last year only ninety entered our Receiving Home compared with one hundred and thirty the year before, but the two months since coming here I have been quite busy.

The noise of the street traffic continues more or less all night; there is a garage two doors

away, and last night they put out their light about four a. m. Whether I stand the heat or not here, I have left to God. A lady offered to hire an electric fan for the summer for me, which is such a bountiful provision of God, for I think I could have slept last night if I had had one. Friday I had to get our doctor to give me a certificate for the mixed court, that a prostitute had come to us in too exhausted a condition to be taken by me to Court. Just then the strikers were parading the streets, and he asked me if it were always so noisy here. I said, 'The noise is the worst at night until about three a. m.' He remarked, 'What you Door of Hope ladies do endure for the Lord!' I replied, 'The Lord went all the way for us.' So often lately have come to me the words, 'He bearing His cross went forth.' The thought of Jesus bearing that cross for me fills my soul with love and gratitude.

"Pray for this Receiving Home that the Lord will protect it from evil men. Some days ago two prostitutes ran in, which made their owner so angry that about two hundred people gathered round our doors. They talked of forcibly taking out the girls, so I had to 'phone for the police. An English detective came along and put things straight. Miss Hinkley is helping at our Waifs & Strays Home, and we are very thankful for that. She is a good gift of God to us. I praise Him for sending her to us.

I have just heard from the Industrial Home that they had difficulty in buying meat this morning and that the trains may not run tomorrow. The people are threatening to stop all trains and steamers.

"There are 50,000 brothel girls in one police district alone in Shanghai; the one where our Receiving Home is situated. Some of the police think there are 100,000 altogether, and I believe they are right. Pray that those whom God has chosen may reach our Door, which is His door, and that all our funds may be supplied to His glory and the salvation of precious souls."

* * *

Pastor A. H. Jamieson has resigned from the Full Gospel Church, Youngstown, Ohio, and is open for calls as the Lord leads.

* * *

A five days' series of meetings with special workers will be held at Trinity Pentecostal Assembly, Association Hall, Yonge and McGill Sts., Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Meetings daily at 3 and 7:45 P. M. Sunday 11, 3 and 7:30. W. Pocock pastor, 22 Corling Ave.

South China Missionary Home

We trust that our readers will not forget the South China Missionary Home, being built by Brother Kelley, which has not yet been fully paid for. There is still an indebtedness of several thousand dollars and we believe that with a little more believing prayer and a little extra effort put forth this can be quickly met. Brother Kelley writes as follows: "The floods have come and we are not yet in our house. The contract called for eight months which were up yesterday but the house will not be finished so that we can move before a few days. We have just been presented with a bill for the amount of \$2,000.00. We have actually on hand about \$1,000.00. The other has not yet been received and we have not had any promise of any either, but we have no fear but that it will be forthcoming. It seems foolish to say that the needed amount will be forthcoming when there is no sign of any but we feel that the Lord will not desert us at this period when the house is nearing completion. The offerings have been coming in very slowly—the reason of this I do not know but one thing, I do know, God has promised and He can make someone sell a piece of land, a cow, an auto or something to meet the need. Whatever is His plan I do not know but leave it all with Him.

"We have just returned from the new house; the finishing touches are being put on by the painter and the boundary wall is being built, the drains and drain pipes, etc., are being fixed and the well will soon be started. We have planned for a well in the yard and we will have a force pump which will force the water into the tank in the attic, where it will be distributed to the baths and to the kitchen. The arrangements have been just as good as we think they could have been made."

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Prayer Calendar

We should have mentioned before this that we have a good supply of the little Missionary Prayer Calendars which have been arranged by the Missionary Conference, the purpose of which is to acquaint the Pentecostal people with the names of the missionaries and their various fields.

It is hoped that this will help in praying for the work in these various fields, and we should be glad to have everyone who is interested, to send for one.

The cost of these is five cents, not including

postage. Send for one and plan to pray daily for the missionaries. They covet our prayers more than anything else we can do for them.

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Bearing the Cross

"AND he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." "He that findeth his life shall not lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." One of God's children felt very much impressed it was God's will to have a Pentecostal tent meeting in the town in which she lived. Being a member of the Methodist Church at that time, and president of the Ladies' Aid Society, she realized that to be the instrument in God's hand of bringing this meeting about would mean persecution for her, both from members of her own family and from her friends, and that the lines of separation would be tightly drawn. But above friends and family, she was devoted to the Lord and determined to obey Him; so the cry of her heart for weeks was, "Lord, help me to go through, even compel me to go through."

On the day that the final arrangements were made for the meeting, the saints gathered together for prayer, and the Lord gave her strength and courage through a vision. She seemed to be walking along a rough, gloomy way in which were great boulders; the path was dark, although it was not night. After having gone a short distance she was conscious of a presence behind her, and as this presence came close she realized it was Jesus bearing His cross, so rough and ugly, staggering under its heavy weight. As He walked He fell, one beam of the cross falling on her shoulder, and a voice said, "And they compelled one, Simon, to bear his cross." Then the Lord spoke so tenderly and sweetly, "My child, do I have to compel you to bear my cross for just a little way? It is all you can do to help carry it for a little way, while I had to be nailed upon it." Her heart was broken and for hours she could do nothing but weep before the Lord, repenting of her unwillingness to bear the cross. Getting a glimpse of what the Lord had borne for her enabled her to gladly take up her cross and follow Him, in the face of persecution and loss of friends and family.

The results of the meeting were far reaching: One of her daughters was blessedly saved, filled with the Holy Spirit and called to be a missionary; a prominent lawyer of the town who had lived a dissolute, wicked life, was miraculously saved, also his wife and for ten years both have

been laboring in the vineyard of the Lord; others were brought in who have faithfully walked with the Lord in the face of much testing and many trials.

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In Memoriam

With deep sorrow we announce the home-going of our beloved leader, Sister Virginia E. Moss, on Saturday, June 28, 1919. She was the founder of the work, both assembly and school, at Beulah Heights, North Bergen, N. J. Funeral services were held in the assembly on Sunday, June 29th, at 3 P. M., Pastor E. L. Whitcomb having charge of same. Bro. W. K. Bouton preached from the text, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," Matt. 25:21. We can say of her in the words of Paul, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

In this time of sorrow God's Word to us is "Go Forward." We wish to express our deep appreciation to all those who have so faithfully stood

with the work in prayer and testimony and gifts, and we trust in the Providence of God that there will be a continuance of the same.

We expect to continue the work on the same principles as laid down by the founder, who exemplified the same by a laid down life, even unto death. The Beulah Heights Missionary Training School will open, D. V., Monday, Sept. 29, 1919. There will be no change in the course of study, but an addition to the staff of teachers.

The uppermost thought in the mind of Sister Moss was the sending of the Gospel to the regions beyond and the hastening of the coming of Jesus. Any young people who have the call of God upon them to this end, and want to prepare themselves for home or foreign missionary work, and desire information concerning the school can address Beulah Heights Missionary Training School, 4741 Hudson Blvd., North Bergen, N. J.

Sister Moss completed the seventh year of the school work, and has sent students forth to the different fields,—China, India, Africa, etc.,—and others expect to go out this fall. It was the joy and delight of her heart to get them ready and send them forth. It can be said of her life, "by it she being dead yet speaketh," Heb. 11:4.

Board of Trustees.

The Clarion Call

An Appeal from One Who Heard.

Miss Elsie Feary, to the Young People in The Stone Church Convention.



WANT to read Matthew 9:36-38, the call to the church. No one need tell you that this is to be a missionary service tonight, as you will see from the text that I will talk on missions. Let us trust Him that His Name shall be glorified and His kingdom on this earth hastened because of this service.

I feel led to tell you a little about my experience. I was born in England and about six years ago I came to Canada, an unsaved girl. My people were all unsaved; I never had any Christian training in my home or any Christian influence of any kind, but I thank God that when there isn't any Christian influence in the home He still has a way of reaching us with the Gospel. As I said, about six years ago I came to Canada and shortly after that I got in touch with a Methodist deaconess. I attended the Sunday School and one day this deaconess said to me, "We are going to have a little prayer meeting and I wonder if you wouldn't like to come." I went, and before we started to pray she said, "Now I want every one of you girls to repeat these words:

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine,
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchased of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood."

One after another of the girls got up and repeated the words and when it came my turn I

said I couldn't repeat them, but she asked me to say the words after her:

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine."

As I said the words, God began to make them real to my soul. He spoke to my heart and saved me that minute. God wrote my name in the Book of Life then and there, and I was saved through the blood of the Lamb. He knows just how to reach us.

I lived far out in the country and had to take the street car to my home, and all the way I repeated those words, "Jesus is mine," "Jesus is mine," and although I didn't have very strong feelings about it, yet I knew somehow that a change had taken place. From that day I realized that I had something which I didn't have before. I had loved the dance, theatres and cards, but from that moment God took out of me the love for those things. You didn't have to tell me, "You must not dance"; I had found something that satisfied now, when before, I had often said, "Is there nothing in this world that can satisfy?" But when I found Christ the hunger of my heart was satisfied, and from that time I had a real desire for the things of God; instead of the trashy books I formerly read, I began to reach out for everything I could get about God.

Then one day I pulled away from the Methodist Church. The minister of the Baptist

Church was away on a vacation and they had secured another minister to take his place. I don't think they knew what he believed, and when he started to preach I knew that he had something other people didn't have. He taught them about Divine Healing and told them about Pentecost. When I told some friends what I had heard they warned me against it, telling me not to listen to that, as those experiences were not for these days. But God kept after me all that week and knew just where to lead me. I came in touch with a dear woman who knew all about Pentecost, for she herself had received the precious experience. We talked together for a long time and she opened up the Word to me and then said, "Now let us go upstairs and ask the Lord to give it to you." We went up and knelt down together, and in ten minutes the Lord had baptized me with His Holy Spirit and I was speaking in other tongues. Friends, you don't have to know all the "ins and outs" of Pentecost to get it, but if you have a real deep hunger for all that He has for you, He will give it to you. When I found myself shaking I was so scared that I wanted to run away, but I find that the Baptism gets sweeter all the time and tonight I praise God for Pentecost. It was the beginning of my deeper spiritual life; salvation was blessed, but this was something that spurred me on and put in me a deep desire to do all the will of God. From this time the Lord began to talk to me about giving my life to Him. I thought I was yielded, but when He began to show me what He wanted of me it wasn't quite so easy to give Him what He wanted. I would go to church and sing, "I surrender all," but living it out was another matter. Don't you all do it? And have you meant it? God will take you at your word sometime.

The Lord began to bring duties before me and I said, "Lord, I do love You, but please don't ask me to do that." After I became a Christian and took God into my life everything was going on so beautifully, but when He began to ask of me these hard things I rather rebelled. I did want to do the Lord's will, but it seemed so hard. Finally I said, "Lord, I will," and He began to fill my soul. I had taken up a good business training, but was willing then to give it all up for Him. It cost me something, but I didn't want God to ask me to do anything which didn't cost me anything; I must confess that after I made my surrender I went to bed saying, "Lord, I wish You would come tonight."

Then my folks began to feel sorry for me; I had told my people that I had given up my plans and had consecrated my life to the Lord, and my mother really thought I had lost my mind. For days and days I felt ill at ease in my home, because my people just pleaded that I wouldn't do anything foolish. I knew the Lord was calling me, but I felt their opposition, so I would get up real early and stay out all day, going home after everyone was in bed.

The Lord soon opened up the way for me to go to the Bible Training School at Rochester, New York, and I put in two years there. I knew He had called me to be in His service, and He gave me a ministry while there, which caused me sometimes to wonder if He would keep me there. I often said to the Lord, "Please don't ever ask me to be a missionary," and above all I never wanted to go to South America, where He finally called me. I did have a desire to go to India, and thought if ever I went out as a missionary India would be my field, but I felt South America was too hard. But the Lord just put a real love into my heart for that country, and when He got me ready I said, "Lord, that is the place I want to go." I used to think, before I gave my life fully to God, that I would want the easiest place, but as my life in Him deepened I was willing to go to the hardest field if that was where the Lord wanted me; in fact, I coveted the hardest place he could trust me in, because I knew I would find Him there. I remember very plainly the day He called me to South America. The Spirit was on me in a wonderful way and it seemed to me as if I had to go the very next day. I lay on my bed and said, "I am going! I am going!" I was so sure of my call and wanted to go so soon that some of my people, to whom I was ministering on Sunday in a little country place, asked me if I would be with them the next Sunday. I had such a longing to go, I began to pray that the Lord would send me to the field the next year. But as the days went by I got a little indifferent. I felt that God had called me, but I didn't say anything about it and didn't push the call any more until one day one of the teachers came to me and said, "Didn't God call you to South America?" I said, "I think He did." "Well," she said, "if you are going at all you had better go quickly, as the time is very short." That struck my heart and I went to my room and laid on my face all that day before the Lord. I said, "Lord, forgive me for my selfishness." I

couldn't tell you how many handkerchiefs I used that day, but from that time I trusted Him to make a way speedily for me to go to the field, and He began to open the way before me. Young people, I feel sure that God has called some of you; He has asked you to go to such and such a place, but after the Spirit has ceased to strive, you just drifted idly along and some of you are missing the call of God. May God cause you to get down on your faces and say, "Lord, if You have called me I want to go, and if You didn't call me I want to know it." If you get in earnest before the Lord He will meet you. I continued to look to the Lord and asked Him to verify the call from His Word and immediately the reference flashed before me, Isaiah 48:15, "I, even I, have spoken; yea I have called him; I have brought him and he shall make his way prosperous." He has led me in plain paths and opened the way so that I expect before long to be on the way.

When I left home to go East I felt that I was leaving home forever, but I told the Lord I didn't care as long as I was in the center of His will. But He never holds back anything, and now in His goodness He is permitting me to go back to my mother for a visit before sailing, and I trust that you will remember me in prayer when I get to the field.

To return to Matthew 9:36, I want to emphasize these words: "But when He saw the multitudes He was moved with compassion." This was when Jesus walked on this earth and saw the needs of the people, but how His heart must ache as He sees the needs of this whole world, the millions and millions of people as sheep without a shepherd. Are you saying, "Here am I, Lord, send me to Your other sheep." I think I hear you say, "The Lord hasn't called me." Have you said to Him, "Lord, here am I, send me"? How many of you will say it from the depths of your heart tonight? These are the days when He wants us to get down to business with Him. If you are ever to be in the center of His will you must yield yourself to Him. I am sure that at the judgment seat of Christ there will be many regrets, for though we think that all tears will be wiped away, I believe there will be some real tears shed because of lost opportunities. You will then say regretfully, "Lord, I wanted to make money, I wanted to have my own business, and lost my opportunity to work for You." May God help us to have the eternal values in view. I don't believe when Jesus look-

ed down upon this world and saw its great need of a Savior that He sat down and waited until God said, "I shall have to give someone a call." I believe He went to His Father and said, "Father, here am I, I will go and redeem this people." He didn't wait for God to urge Him and press Him, but He went *willingly*. Then I just believe that God looked upon His Son and said, "It will cost You all You have, it will break My heart, but Son, go, and I will give you afterwards the Name that is above every Name, You shall be above principalities and powers because You dared to say, "I will go." Jesus says, "As my Father sent Me even so send I you." You say, "He hasn't called me." What more do you want? "*As My Father sent Me, even so send I you.*" If you would believe any of the Bible you must believe all of it. Will you hear His Word or will you wait for Him to speak out of heaven? When we want His will along any other line we go to the Word, but when it comes to the question of a call to the foreign field, we sit down and wait for a voice from heaven. He says, "Ye have not chosen Me but I have chosen you and ordained you that you should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." Are you praying for the fruit? If you are not, I believe you need another real dip of salvation, for this is what salvation means. Supposing Paul, that mighty man of God, had said when that call came from Macedonia, "Well, I have plenty to do here. There are heathen to preach to in Asia." He heard the cry and felt the need, and he went with the Gospel to those people. If Paul had refused to go we might have been in darkness today. What about your Macedonian call? You have heard the need; you have had it brought before you time and time again, and now you say your call was just imagination. May the Lord make our hearts willing to obey His voice. Look at the multitude who have laid down their lives that the Gospel might come to us. They will say, "We gave our lives that the Gospel might come to you and you withheld it from others." Will we let it stagnate with us or will we be a channel for it to flow to the regions beyond? This is what God's thought was in sending salvation to us. I don't want to come before the Lord just saved as by fire, but I want to have precious sheaves to lay at His feet. Don't you? You may. He is willing to make every one of us count in His kingdom, if we are willing to pay the price. It costs us something to go through

with God; I am not telling you that it is a bed of roses, but in the sight of God, if not in the sight of man, you will amount to something in His kingdom if you pay the price. You have heard of the needs of India, Africa, China, Japan and all the other countries. Will you yield yourself to the Lord and say, "I want Your perfect will for my life. I want to know Your will, I don't want to take it for granted?" There are thousands going into Christless graves. Does salvation mean anything to you? If it does, isn't it worth passing on? Some of our missionaries have laid down their lives because there was no one to take their place; some have been on the field five, ten and fourteen years without a furlough, and some of you think you never could stand it if you did not have your summer vacation. Someone will lay down his life if you don't go and take his place. They are saying, "Will anyone step in?" There are people "over there" who are doing the work of six and seven men, and they are not asking you to come and help them, but to come and find a work for yourself. We had a girl go to Africa recently from our School and she wrote: "We have been given a station (had been there only a few weeks). A great company of natives came over from another village and said, 'You must come over and give us the bread of life; you must come over and teach us.'" She wrote, "We didn't have anybody to send them. We had a station to take care of ourselves, and were forced to say to them, 'We have no one to send; you will have to go back to your darkness.'" Can you sit and say, "Yes, it is very sad!" or will you say in your heart, "Lord, send me?" I wish that God would stir your heart as He has mine. Deal honestly with God. You know that to be in the perfect will of God you will suffer, but if you reject His will you will be the loser throughout all eternity. His word to us is, "He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," and "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me." "Everyone that has forsaken father and mother, houses and lands for My sake shall receive a hundredfold and inherit everlasting life." Oh, I wouldn't change places with any in this audience! I know why some of you are not as happy as you ought to be; it is because you are not in the perfect will of God. What was Pentecost given to you for? Was it just to sit around at home? No, it was given to you that you might

go to the uttermost parts of the earth, and some of you haven't even begun in Jerusalem yet; and still you say that you have the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I feel that this message is especially for the young men. I was told just the other day that after a stirring appeal was given for workers and all those who were willing to give their lives to God for service in the foreign field were asked to stand to their feet, not one young man stood up. What is the matter with our young men? May God help them to search their hearts as never before and be willing to give their very lives for Jesus Christ, whom they profess to love. It makes me feel ashamed of our young men when I see none but poor weak women go to fill the gap in foreign lands. Some say, "Oh, there is plenty of need at home!" Then why don't you go and preach to those at home? There are young men and women who have never yet heard the name of Jesus, but you are engrossed in business and don't try to supply the needs even in the homeland. Will you not consecrate your lives to God as never before and tell Him you are willing to go anywhere He leads?

Are you folks who stay at home praying as diligently as you should? Or do you get down and pray just for a short time and then get up again? There are missionaries on the field who are going under because you aren't standing with them and praying as God wants you to pray. Does it cost you some real valuable time to pray? Does it cost you some effort? Will you not ask God to teach you to pray? Then there is still another work He has for you. Have you given as much as you can? You say, "Well, I give my tenth." May the Lord help you, many of you ought to be giving much more. You are laying up treasures on earth, but how many are investing in the Kingdom of God? Don't you know that you might be supporting some native worker and be working and bringing in souls which will be credited to your account? I am convinced that you are missing some precious opportunities. May God help us to go where He wants us to go; to pray as He wants us to pray, and to be faithful to the trust which He has committed into our hands.

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"They who pray much, study much, love much, work much, and do much for God and souls."

The Ministry of Sorrow

G. D. Watson.

SORROW is the normal state of a world that is fallen, and yet under conditions of redemption. Sorrow on earth is the root out of which can be made to grow and blossom the sweetest joys of heaven. Sorrow in man is his natural capability for the joys of the supernatural. Sorrow is a species of suffering with hope in it. Suffering with no hope in it is despair, and that is the normal condition in hell. On the other hand, joy, pure, boundless joy, without a trace of sorrow, is the normal state in heaven. In the true sense of the word, sorrow is pre-eminently a thing belonging to this world, because it occupies a middle ground between the hopeless anguish and hatred in hell and the bliss of heaven. Hell is a starless night, and heaven an endless, cloudless noon; but sorrow is a night into which is sifted the silvery light of moon and stars. Sorrow is the pathetic poetry of a fallen world in which hope still lingers. The heavenly life on earth is tinctured all through with many kinds of sorrow. When Scripture says that "sorrow is better than mirth," it is with special reference to life in this world, and not to the life in heaven. There is nothing on earth that is not in some way related to sorrow, or hedged in by it, or that does not partake of its color and tone. We are redeemed by sorrow. Our Savior, in pouring out His precious blood for our everlasting salvation, said, "I am exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Repentance is made up of many kinds of sorrow. The consecration of the believer is steeped in holy sorrow. Almost all prayer is saturated with various kinds of sorrow. The power of music depends on the sorrow there is in it. The poetry of the great masters, that holds our intellects spell-bound, derives its mighty magic from the sad strains of sorrow that run all through it. It is the sorrow element in everything that seizes and holds the hearts of mankind beyond any other influence. It is sorrow that immortalizes battlefields, and monuments, and tombs, and great heroes, and martyrs. It is the sorrow piled up in the Westminster Abbey that draws thousands annually to walk through its halls with silent, uncovered heads. It is the sorrow in the Bible that makes it the most natural as well as the most divine book on earth; and kings, philosophers, young men and maidens, beggars and lonely savages in the forest, are more deeply touched with

the pathetic lives of the dear old weeping patriarchs than with the shallow, heartless noise of mere fleshly events. Sorrow is the universal language of earth, and more easily understood by human hearts than any other one thing. It is the background of all our brightest joys. The Holy Ghost does not prohibit this element of our nature, but bids us "to sorrow not as those who have no hope." Though sorrow may have an Ethiopian complexion, yet, like the eunuch under Queen Candace, it is a thing of great authority, and has charge of the golden treasures of knowledge and wisdom and everlasting life (Acts 8:27). When sorrow comes under the power of divine grace, it works out a manifold ministry in our lives.

1. *It is the ministry of sorrow to break down hard natures, and melt stubborn wills.* There are men who have plenty of mind, and capacity to see truth, to sanction righteousness, but whose heart-nature seems made of flint. They lack feeling, warmth, tenderness. They look upon religion as a cold morality, or a set of business-like duties, or as a financial and political transaction with God. They look upon religious emotion as weak and womanish, and if they are church members, and make any pretense to religion, they are more like baptized mules than little children with their Heavenly Father. God takes His time, and watches His opportunity and slowly undermines these tough natures, till some day an uneasy feeling comes up from the fountain of their being and creeps all through them. Calamity takes hold upon them. God allows most bitter disappointment to crush some darling hope, or plan. Clouds gather; misunderstandings, separations, sharp and sudden turns in the intellectual or financial or social life transpire; or health breaks down, or bereavement turns life into a walking cemetery. Then sorrow gets in its beautiful work, and fairly laughs behind its mask of tears at the work it will do. As in the late afternoon, the shadows of the great rugged mountains stretch themselves across the low valley, as if the proud mountain peaks had knelt down to pray on the dewy meadow in the evening hour, while the stars of evening begin to light their lamps, as if to make a sanctuary of the spot; so it often happens that sorrow is an afternoon gospel on many a stubborn soul, and gets many a proud heart to bow down in the valley of tears.

2. *Sorrow weans us more effectually* than anything else from many things that prevent our perfect attachment to God and heaven. We are not only all of us children, but we are always children, and always taking on new kinds of childhood. When we drop one form of childhood, we simply take on another kind, or another degree of childhood, on a different scale of life. Children cry for toys, and men have shed tears for failing to get the White House, and Generals have wept aloud on battle fields for not being allowed certain positions of honor, and great doctors of divinity have cried like whipped babies when they failed to get some ecclesiastical toy. No nurse on earth can wean the soul from its old loves, its ambitions, its own good works, its manifold entanglements, like dear, old, dusky sorrow. As mothers pour sweet balm over the chafed limbs of their little children, so sorrow puts a quietness into restless characters, stills the noise, soothes the pain, and works such a revolution that the soul is perfectly content to lose everything and relinquish, let go, give up, and turn away from its dearest idols, its fondest dreams, its strongest ambitions, with a tranquil indifference that is in itself really sweeter than if all its old desires had been gratified. Sorrow over their failures has brought more peace than they would have had if successful. Sorrow is the great power of disenchantment. It takes the veneering from what we thought was solid mahogany. It pulls off the cheap paper that we thought was some great master's frescoe. It unties strong cords that seemed to defy every other power.

3. *Sorrow widens the soul.* Nobody ever suspects the little, mean narrowness in his heart till God's flint hammers have broken him all to pieces, and scattered the fragments over the great fields of time and providence. Human biography is filled with instances which show that the men and the women of great, world-wide hearts have been those who were the children of deep sorrow. Proud royalists dug up the bones of Cromwell and burned them, and scattered the ashes upon the winds of heaven. They acted in blind hate, but God saw that the grave was too small to contain such bones, and from that on, the spirit of civil liberty has been spreading, as if all mankind had sucked into their lungs a portion of the ashes of Cromwell's bones, which were tossed to the universal winds. This is the ministry of sorrow. It lifts the soul out of geographical lines and sectarian walls, and contemptible caste, and bitter racial preju-

ices, or little, narrow religious cliques, and makes it a citizen of heaven, a universal lover and friend of all mankind, and a princely heir of the ages to come. There is among some narrow Christians a water baptism which pens one up to what is called "close communion." The soul that God chooses to be baptized into sorrow is made a thousand worlds too large for such earthly littleness. Joseph had more sorrow than all the sons of Jacob, and it led him out into a ministry of bread for all nations. For this reason, the Holy Spirit said of Joseph, "He was a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches ran over the wall" (Gen. 49:22). It was through sorrow his heart, grew big enough to run over the Jewish wall, and feed the Gentiles with bread; and now Gentile Christians need a baptism that will lead them over the church walls to love and feed the scattered children of Israel. Sorrow is the Mary that breaks the alabaster boxes of our hearts and lives in order that the costly perfume may fill the entire house, instead of being pent up. God never uses anybody to a large degree, until after He breaks them all to pieces.

4. *Sorrow reveals unknown depths* in the soul, and unknown capabilities of experience and service. Gay, trifling people are always shallow, and never suspect the little meannesses in their nature. Sorrow is God's plowshare that turns up and subsoils the depths of the soul, that it may yield richer harvests. If we had never fallen, or were in a glorified state, then the strong torrents of divine joy would be the normal force to open up all our soul's capacities; but being in a fallen world, sorrow, with despair taken out of it, is the chosen power to reveal ourselves to ourselves. Hence it is sorrow that makes us think deeply, long and soberly. Sorrow makes us go slower and more considerately, and introspect our motives and dispositions. It is sorrow that opens up within us the capacities of the heavenly life, and it is sorrow that makes us willing to launch our capacities on a boundless sea of service for God and our fellows. We may suppose a class of indolent people living at the base of a great mountain range, who have never ventured to explore the valleys and canyons back in the mountains and some day, when a great thunder-storm goes careering through the mountains, it turns the hidden glens into echoing trumpets, and reveals the inner recesses of the valley, like the convolutions of a monster shell, and then the dwellers at the foot of the hills are astonished at the labyrinths and unex-

plored recesses of a region so near by, and yet so little known. So it is with many souls who indolently live on the outer edge of their own natures until great thunder-storms of sorrow reveal hidden depths within that were never hitherto suspected.

5. *It is through sorrow the soul learns obedience.* Scripture tells us that even Jesus "learned obedience by the things which He suffered." Many have stumbled over this Scripture. Jesus had in Him the principle of perfect obedience from His birth, and He never once disobeyed the Father in thought, word, or act. But that perfect spirit of obedience had to be brought out and unfolded in a thousand various applications and directions, and under all sorts of human limitations and vicissitudes among those who constituted the world's sinful society. Now, in the carrying out of His perfect obedience that were circumstances painful and sorrowful, and through suffering He learned the importance, the true value, and the best way of obedience. In a similar way, the true child of God finds out through sorrow the very deepest and most loving obedience. It is sorrow that brings the soul into the Calvary-life of Jesus, and introduces it into the priestly life of Christ, that of compassion and sympathy and prayer for others. As the mordant fixes the colors in a dye, so sorrow gives fixedness, perseverance, to the spirit of obedience.

6. *But sorrow will pass away.* It ministers now in the heavenly life, but its ministry will pass away when the curse is lifted from the earth, and the age of glory succeeds to the age of grace. It is the day when the saints of God shall be gathered at Mount Zion, "with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, that all sorrow and sighing shall flee away." It is when the Lamb is to gather His redeemed ones in the New Jerusalem, and "lead them by fountains of living waters, that God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Sorrow is the pathetic moonlight that in the present dispensation ministers to grace, and brings forth some delicate flowers that are not strong enough at first to bear the hot sunlight of supernal joy.

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An evangelist said to me the other night: "Rader, you talk about the will of God. What do you mean?" I mean that which has the cross in it; not that thing that would put me in a high position and give me a reputation. Whenever anything presents itself to me that gives me a reputation, I always turn it down, but

whenever I am in a place where I can be spit at, scoffed, misunderstood and maligned, I know I am in the right place. The best place is under the spit.

The best day you will ever know with this Jesus is the day you walk in the darkest valley, where you feel your brain is likely to pop; when you are in a place where you cannot move and there is nothing you can do but trust. There are few who will go with Him through the dark.—*Paul Rader.*

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Not Through with the War

Dr. John R. Mott, Secretary of the International Council of the Y. M. C. A., delivered an address at a luncheon given him by the Methodist Centenary movement, in which he sounded out the warning:

"We are not yet through with the war."

"All peoples are on their nerves," he said, "which are worn and threadbare. The spirit of criticism prevails everywhere. On the other side it is everywhere in evidence. Nations, whether victors or vanquished are torn and embittered. Deep chasms exist between nations. We are not through with war yet. I need not particularize. We have the Bolsheviki, and deep chasms not only exist between nations, but between classes within nations. They are gapping and yawning ominously to those who look with their eyes open. The people of the world are awakening to the price they must pay and they are fast drifting into the zone of pessimism. It is a *bewildered world, a confused world.* This all means an imperiled world. We see everything *disintegrated* and that leads to destruction."

Jesus foresaw the very conditions now existing when He said there should be "upon the earth distress of nations, *with perplexity.*"

Henry Morgenthau, former American ambassador to Turkey, addressing an assembly of soldiers last night, predicted that the United States would again be involved in war within fifteen or twenty years. He said that at present the world was only enjoying a suspension of hostilities.

Mr. Morgenthau's address was on "The Peace Conference and Its Problems."

"Do not go home and tell the people the war is over," he said. "We have got to prepare for a greater conflict, a greater sacrifice, a greater responsibility. The younger men of America may yet have to fight."

The former ambassador, who came to Coblenz from Paris, said many of the delegates to the peace conference would leave Paris dissatisfied and that that would bring on other misunderstandings.—*Last Days.*

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