



The days of Heaven on the Earth

• • • • Contents • • • •

God's Creation to the Praise of His
 Glory..... 2
 The Secret of Usefulness..... 2
 The Whittened Harvest Field..... 7
 Nine Million Heathen Without the
 Gospel 7
 The Fruit of Obedience.....10
 Notes.....12
 Important Notice12
 Missionary Rest Home.....13
 Three Months' Report.....13
 God's Protection thro' Reign of Terror.....14
 "It Shall Not Come Nigh Thy
 Dwelling"14
 The Continent of Opportunity.....19
 Our Neglected Neighbors.....19
 Failing God.....21
 Small Sins Spell Disaster.....21

An International Monthly Magazine

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

HAWKIN - CHICAGO

God's Creation to the Praise of His Glory

Submission to God the Secret of Usefulness

Frank Lindblad in Belmont Hall, Chicago, Aug. 23, 1919.



FEEL tonight just like a boiler under pressure. It must be the anointing of the Spirit. The Spirit can bring to us just what we need and just what our souls are hungry for. It is vastly different from delivering a sermon which the preacher has written out. I will have to tell you an interesting experience. Last evening my baby sister was here. When I was here the last time she was a little girl and used to sit on my knee and sing Sunday School songs to me. Last night I noticed that she and her chum, who was with her, were listening very attentively. Later I said to her friend, "Are you saved?" She said "No." "Do you want to stay and pray five minutes?" She said "Yes." When she got up here she began to weep and cry out for salvation. My sister said, "Pray for me." The other girl was saved and then we two prayed my sister through to victory. That was getting busy pretty early after being saved only about five minutes, and with the tears still on her face.

Now then, what is this Salvation for? As we read the Word we notice that God has made great plans for us long, long ago, and His plans have been undergoing execution for a considerable length of time. Great events have taken place but greater ones are still to come. Now, what does God have in mind? What is His idea? Did you ever stop to consider why He created the world? Why He sent Jesus? Why is Jesus interceding before the throne of God? Why should there be a new heaven and a new earth? What is the purpose of all these things? Let us look at Ephesians 2:6, "And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." What else? "That in the ages to come He might shew the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." That is one reason.

Now if we look in the third chapter, verses 9 and 10, we will read, "And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ: To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God." Oh, hallelujah! Now we see our *salvation* has been in order that God might receive glory through it. You

and I are redeemed from sin not only that we might escape the torture of the lake of fire, not only that we should feel good, but that we should be to the glory of God not only now during our present life but during the ages to come.

How do we glorify God during the present time? Let us see: "*Now* unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God." How is His wisdom revealed unto them? By working out in you and me His will. You can be the means of glorifying God. You can be the means of revealing to the principalities and powers in the heavenly places the great wisdom of God, by allowing God to have His way with you. There are two ways to praise the Lord. One is the praise that comes out of our mouths and the other is the work that comes into our lives which God accomplishes and which men can see. Men and women see the change, the mellowness in the voice, the meekness and gentleness in the actions and the liberty and freedom in testimony. God is honored through it all and in it reveals His mighty power. Man cannot fix himself up. The devil cannot, and he would not if he could, but God can. You can glorify God by getting a good old-fashioned dose of salvation into your system. God doesn't get much glory out of the life of a partial overcomer, but He does out of the life of a complete overcomer. The person that testifies and then later smokes a cigar or uses snuff doesn't have much salvation nor does he glorify God. The woman that professes salvation and dresses extreme and paints her face, does not have very much salvation. Salvation fixes up clothes and everything else.

Now then, the principalities and powers in the heavenly places, the mighty angel forces of which we know little, were witnesses of God's mighty power "which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places; far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: And hath put all things under His feet and gave Him to be the head over all things to the church." These angel forces form a great audience, a great body of spectators, watching the work of the Holy Spirit

pleading with men, bringing conviction for sin. They watch men and women as they are cleaned up. They watch people receiving the baptism. They watch God using the things that come into people's lives to work out His will. They see how each person is being dealt with differently. They see how that when the enemy comes in like a flood and threatens to swamp the individual, God takes that very thing and turns it around and instead of defeat makes it a great victory. They see the great wisdom of God. The power of God is revealed through receiving Jesus Christ from the dead; His love through sending Jesus Christ into the world; and His wisdom through His great moulding, shaping, guiding and leading power in our lives.

When God wanted to get great glory to Himself He proceeded to do something that was hard. God could have prepared a people unto His own name by creating a new race. He could have taken some of the angels and arranged it so that they could be wedded to Jesus Christ, but He didn't. He picked up the hardest beings in the whole universe to reach, sin-burdened men and women. He reached down and picked them up and made something out of them. That man who can take old boards that ordinary people discard, and make something beautiful from them is the right kind of a man. The woman who can take an old piece of cloth and ingeniously make a dress out of it is the woman that counts for something. Anyone can make a dress out of new goods, but the person who can plan and make something out of practically nothing is a dressmaker. Men and women are soaked in sin and wickedness and God says, "Now I will begin to work on those folks and I will show to the powers and principalities what great wisdom and power I have." That is how you and I happened to get saved—not because we were so good but because God looked down and loved the world. He wanted something that could love back. It didn't satisfy Him to have the angels alone love Him. They could love only a little in proportion to the one for whom much has been done. When someone does a great kindness for us which we do not deserve, how our love goes out to that one! God wanted someone who could love Him, wonderfully love Him, and so he proceeded to do something for you and me and now we "love Him because He first loved us."

Sometimes after you are saved and receive the baptism of the Spirit, you feel you are on

the mountain-top and can skip from peak to peak. Nothing is too hard, and you can almost jump square into Heaven. But suddenly there is a letting down. You begin to have no feeling, and wonder what is the matter. You wonder if God is dead or gone on a vacation. It seems He has forgotten all about you and the devil comes and says "Now you are backsliding," and you really believe it. You haven't had any feeling for about three days, and you wonder if you really did get the baptism, and sometimes doubt your salvation. It seems as though a great big piece of sheet iron is over the heavens and you can't pray at all. It feels awful, but that is the time you are getting your biggest blessing. When you are on the mountain-top you are just getting ready to go down into the valley. It is in the valley that you grow. It is the valley experience that gives you the real back-bone, makes you trust God and stand by faith. It is in the valley that you learn to know God. You say, "Lord, I do not feel a thing but I know I am saved anyway. I just stand on Your promise." That is where you develop. And, oh, that is when God gets the glory! Pretty soon the clouds begin to break and lo, you see the mountain, and you are higher than ever before. That calamity that took you down was the deepest sorrow you ever had, but you see later it brought the biggest blessing. God is getting glory before the principalities and powers and taking the thing that you thought was the greatest hindrance and making it of untold blessing. Oh, beloved, learn to walk when you can't see or feel and when you haven't a thing on which to lean. Just stand. It is for this purpose God has given us this Word. You can say, "Lord, feelings are all gone but by Your Word I know I am saved." This is what makes us solid and rooted, and grounded. Many of us are only skin deep and when God brings these things to pass in our lives we begin to squirm and try to get away from them. One will pray, "Lord, I want to be established; I don't want to be up and down." "All right," the Lord says, "that is good," and then He proceeds to answer your prayer and you begin to go through difficulty. You squirm and say, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Lord, take away this thing." God is only answering your prayer and trying to make you solid. You should not pray like that. Say, "Lord, help me to stand it. Help me to go through it. Give me new faith that I may stand this day." The reason some people never

grow is because they run away from the things that develop them and make them grow. Pressure from the devil is one thing, but a burden of prayer is another. Don't try to run away from a burden of prayer. Pray it through. When things are going wrong and there is sickness in the house or misfortune, then pray, "Lord, fulfill your will in this man's life. Give him courage and faith and help him to stand the fire test." Through this the principalities and powers in the heavenly places will see the manifold wisdom of God. If you and I run away when God is working we are shutting Him out of the glory that He would obtain by our going through. God today is going through this world, looking for real men and real women that are solid and mean business for Him. That is why many things are happening to His children. Many are still infants and babies in the Lord, when they ought by this time to be well-developed. They are still floating when they ought to be anchored.

Jeremiah's day called for a man and God found one in Jeremiah. Isaiah's day called for a man and God found one in Isaiah. Samuel's day called for a man and Samuel was that man. So with Daniel and with many of whom we read in the Word. If any day in the history of God's great power calls for men and women it is today. He is looking for men and women who will stand on the rock Christ Jesus and will not move an inch. When things are tossing in every direction God is calling you and me to be rooted and grounded, firm and solid in Jesus Christ even through tribulation and trial.

Salvation is a wonderful thing. It is a dual thing. One part is that which has in it the element of time, and the other part pertains to that which is eternal. You and I are living in that phase of salvation today that pertains to time but we are coming to a part some day that spells eternity. We are now going through, in a large measure, our schooling time that will prepare us to receive and enjoy the possessions God has for us. Salvation is so wonderful and that which lies on the other side is so grand that God needs to prepare us for it and we are now going through that preparation. We determine our enjoyment of eternity by now submitting to the will of God to develop us. Write that down and you will never forget it. We will have a good time in heaven but if we let God fit us up we can enjoy it to the fullest. His only way of fitting us is through suffering. Jesus was made

perfect through suffering. We sing about heaven and its glories. It will be truly wonderful but let me repeat, you determine your enjoyment of it by your submitting to the will of God. Are you willing? Salvation! Oh, I wish you could find words for it. It is infinite, without end. It is immeasurable. What God is going to reveal to us on the other side is absolutely without measure. Therefore it takes time. One hundred million years will be only a fairly decent start of time for God to reveal to us His wonderful power. It is not just kneeling down and shedding a few tears. That is simply getting in through the door. You went down a little further and got the baptism. You have just got another good shove. You have just got fixed up so God can really do something with you. You are simply a good husky, healthy baby ready for business. God is an infinite God and, being an infinite God, He has infinite things for us and as "heirs of God and co-heirs with Jesus Christ," these things shall be our possessions.

Because these are without number and cannot be measured, God needs to create us anew in order to have the things that will live on, time without end. Without the new birth we cannot enjoy what God has because we cannot enter into His presence, let alone live for Him. When we are born again we have before us the ages and ages to come. We are in one age now, but there are ages to come, in which God may show His grace. How much of His grace? The *riches* of His grace. How great are His riches? The *exceeding riches*. How much is that? "The exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." Oh, say, I don't know what heaven will be with some people. Some may lie under the trees of life and eat fruit and do nothing else, but I want to be busy. When I get home I want to ask God for a job. Yes, sir, I want something to do. By the way, it says our first starter is to be kings and priests for a thousand years. That is just the commencement. If you want to be a king and priest you be a good child in God's school. You will have a good job in the Millennium. You may be Mayor of Chicago during the Millennium.

You know the nobleman went into a far country. That is a picture of Jesus. He gave the servants pounds. The one that had received ten pounds was faithful and received the Lord's "Well done." We will share the rule with Jesus Christ. If we suffer with Him now we shall share in His rule then. Jesus says, "To him

that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne." God is fitting you up today to be a ruler. Can you take your lessons real good now? Sure. You are getting off easily. What do you care for the lies people tell about you? They call you "holy this" and "holy that" and everything else. Pretty soon you are going to be a holy flier. They say and do all manner of things, separating you from their company. What do you care? You have something coming that is going to be worth the whole thing. You shall reign a thousand years. In these ages to come God is going to reveal the exceeding riches of His grace; revelation upon revelation of the greatness and the goodness of God. That is what heaven will be. Not just sitting around and doing nothing, but receiving revelations of the goodness of God. Why are you saved? Simply to escape the lake of fire? No sir. God has a place up there where He will reveal His goodness. Oh, we get such a narrow view of God's purpose and of what He wants to do and it is because of this that we ourselves are so shallow and narrow. In Jesus we have "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." He is made unto us "the wisdom of God." Enter into what God has for you in His possessions. One of these is *wisdom* and the other *knowledge*. Lord, open our eyes. In view of the deep, unsearchable things God has for us, in view of their beauty and grandeur, we are receiving much for very little. We do not earn this through our submitting to God. It is a gift from God and through our now submitting to the will of God we are prepared for the things we will receive from Him. The only work you and I can do is to submit to the will of God. If we will submit to His will we will have a burden for souls. We will get no reward because of our work but because of our submitting to God that we may become a channel through which He can work. It pays to pay the price.

This unsaved world today looks at life by a different angle from the one God gives us. They look upon death as dark and they do not know what it is, but to the children of God it looks bright. We look forward to it because at the other end are light and joy, and pleasures forevermore. As the Christian talks about it he shouts, "Hallelujah! I am not afraid." It means going out of this house into another which God has prepared. God is calling people today to submit to His process, to His will, to His shaping, His pruning, His preparation, in order that

they may enjoy that which He has prepared for them on the other side. God is so full of love that He wants something to love back. He wants something to pour out His goodness upon. We call it hardship now to go through the things which we are enduring. We say, "Oh! it is so hard." Here your husband is cranky; your wife is cranky; your friends do not understand you. God is using these things to mould us and grind us and purify us so that He may get us in a position to more greatly enjoy the things to come. Some people never see this but it is the key to the whole situation. There will come times when we will say, "Oh, that I had submitted more completely to the will of God!" Even now you can look back in your life and see where you failed God. You can see how your own stubbornness, self-will and determination to have your own way have hindered God's development in you. There is not one of us that does not realize that we would have been far more useful to God today if we had submitted to Him in the things that have come into our lives. Let us say, "God help me to more fully yield to Thee that I might be used to the fullest extent."

This world today is a world of efficiency. Friends, let us be efficient for God,—not sixty-five, or seventy-five, or eighty per cent, but ninety-eight and a hundred per cent. Let us be willing to take the schooling, to pay the price that we may be what we ought to be for His glory during the ages to come.

We pray, "Lord bless me, Lord bless me with Your power, Lord give me the gift of healing, Lord give me a wonderful anointing so that people will be affected when I speak or pray." Say, God is a whole lot more anxious to do this than you are to have it done. It might kill you. You might get the big-head and the thing would explode. God gives you just as much as you can stand, but if you will get down and say, "Lord, here I am, keep me low, thin me down until I am just a shaving," and mean it, then watch and see what God will do. Daniel was permitted to receive great revelations because he submitted to the will of God. We have such men as Isaiah and Jeremiah because they submitted to the will of God. If you want to be something for God, submit to the will of God. If you want to have more anointing, submit to the will of God. If you want to have more power, submit to the will of God. The way to go up is down. The most dangerous thing God could do would be to give a man great gifts and not keep him humbled by

his circumstances, because pride would simply puff him up until he was backsliding. Many today have gotten their eyes upon themselves instead of on God, and instead of letting Him advertise them, they try to do it themselves and run into the ditch. When you are small and feel you are nothing, God will use you, and you will say, "I never did much; it must have been God."

There is an old lady in Portland, Oregon. She is so poor that she hardly has decent clothes. She was not very refined either, and quite homely, but God could use that old lady and she would pray for the sick. She would say, "Now Jesus, You just heal them," and that was usually sufficient. One day the mayor of the city, Mr. George Baker, heard of this old lady, who lived outside of the city. He drove up to her home in a great big Cadillac, and knocked at the door. He asked for the old lady and they said she was not at home. He said, "I am George Baker, Mayor of the city. I have my wife here in the machine and I have heard that Mrs. ——— can heal her." The old lady came back before long and Mr. Baker introduced himself. It never flustered her at all. He said, "Here is my sick wife and I want you to pray for her." She got down her bottle of oil and said, "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I anoint you with oil. And now," she said, "Jesus, You heal her." There was something like a shock of lightning went through her. She sat up in her chair, and said, "I feel as if there were fire going all through me. It makes me feel so good. George, won't you please get me something to eat. I am so hungry." Mr. Baker said to the old lady, "Don't you have anything?" She said, "No." He got into the car and went to Portland, filled it up with sugar, flour and food, went back to the house and cooked a meal and furnished the table with everything. They ate in that humble woman's house, and his wife from that day to this has been well.

Governor Withycombe's mother was sick and this old lady received a telegram one afternoon telling her that Governor Withycombe's auto would be there that day and they would take her to his home, about a hundred miles away, to pray for his mother. She said, "Lord, I have never been to a fine home like that." The Lord said, "All right. You go." When she reached the home she began to preach to the Governor and all his rich sons and daughters and as the whole crowd were down praying she anointed the Governor's mother with oil and prayed for

her and the Lord healed her. He did it because the old lady was little. She did not get puffed up. She came up to my mission. She could not testify; she could not pray; she could not say anything. They introduced her to me as Mrs. So and So, who has the gift of healing. I said, "Now I understand it. It is because she is so little and humble." My, how some of us could preach if we would just stay small! We want somebody to come and say, "Oh, what a wonderful sermon you preached!" Don't you ever say that to me. Slap me in the face but don't say that to me. You may say, "God bless you," but do not say, "How wonderfully you preached!" Advertise God. He will work if He receives the glory. Oh, let us be little! Will you not search your life and see how you are only half a man or woman compared with what the Lord wants you to be? You have missed by ten times what you ought to have been by going your own stubborn way.

We need to get down before God where we will have baptism upon baptism. You ought to get a fresh infilling about every two weeks. Is that too hard? Finney had the baptism of the Spirit. When he felt the power ebbing away he said, "I am going away"; he would close the meetings and go and pray until the power came back. Do you know what you need? Just get down in a corner and tell God how you have failed Him; have been proud and puffed up and not yielded to Him. Then your spirit will be broken and you will have victory. Serving God is not child's play. It is a man's job. It is a woman's job. You would make God second. You must love Him first. Love your husband and your wife more than you ever did before, but above all love God. Make serving Him the purpose of your life, your preaching, your eating, your working. You will work to make a living but the purpose of your living is to glorify God. Be one hundred per cent for God. May the Lord burn this into us. Be efficient and effective for God. Be an expert for God. If you are a carpenter be a good carpenter. If you are a painter be a good painter. Anybody can praise the Lord a little bit but let us be out and out for God. That is what we need today. There are two types of Christians, the negative and the positive; the defensive and the aggressive. The best defensive warfare is that which is offensive. The best way to defend yourself is to take the battle into the enemy's lines. Get out and win souls for Jesus Christ, and gain victories by making use of the victory you have.

The Whitened Harvest Field Over Nine Million Heathen Without the Gospel

C. W. Doney in The Stone Church, Aug. 24, 1919.



IN THE GOSPEL according to St. Luke, 10:2, "Jesus said unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."

This whole world is God's harvest field. It is divided up into what we call mission fields, India, China, Japan, the great continent of Africa, Palestine, Egypt, South America, and the Islands of the Sea.

There are one billion, six hundred and twenty million people in the world today. Of these, 240,000,000 are Roman Catholics and 105,000,000 Greek Catholics. There are 192,000,000 Mohammedans and 150,000,000 Protestants, but only 15,000,000 real Christians. The number of Christians is small but by the grace of God it is on the increase. There are 918,000,000 raw heathen, men, women and children who are lost and undone, without God and without any hope. Of that number 200,000,000 are in Africa alone. They need God as much as we do here; they need salvation, and they are open to the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The heathen are dying at the rate of 40,000,000 every year. In the World War that is just passed there were 7,600,000 soldier boys who gave their lives for their country, but every year there are 40,000,000 raw heathen perishing without salvation; more than 100,000 souls a day. Every natural breath we draw marks the passing away of four heathen souls, and with every tick of the clock a soul is lost. I know there are ministers who preach from their pulpits that the heathen who never heard the Gospel message are sure of getting to heaven. If that were true your missionaries would all return to the homeland at once. There would be no need for the gospel in foreign lands; they would not need to suffer privation and tribulation, and even lay down their lives if the heathen finally would be saved and brought home to the glory land. I want to tell you on the authority of God's Word that every person in the world today who does not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation will be lost. That is why the missionaries feel this matter so keenly. Every true missionary feels that all around him souls are dying; that they are forever lost unless they are reached and brought to Christ. Every

missionary is responsible for about 100,000 souls, but Christians are giving at the rate of only one-tenth of a cent a day to send them the Gospel. It is estimated that for every four dollars sent to heathen lands, one soul is brought to God. Dr. A. T. Pierson, who was well informed along these lines, said there was enough bric-a-brac in Christian homes in America to build fifty ships, load them with missionaries, tracts and Bibles, and send the missionaries to the ends of the earth, and support the missionaries for fifty years to come—and I believe it. But, thank God, every cloud has a silver lining and we hear the sound of abundance of rain. God is beginning to move in the earth in a wonderful way.

A hundred years ago there were less than one hundred missionaries on the field; today there are ten thousand, and one hundred and twenty-five thousand native workers preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, beside a host of Bible women and others who are giving out Bibles and tracts which point the heathen to the Lamb of God. Jesus said, "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man. The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; the tares are the children of the wicked one; the enemy that sowed them is the devil, and the harvest is the end of the world (or of this Gospel age)".

About thirty years ago my father moved to the Canadian Northwest and settled on a farm, and we spent a number of years in that country in the early days when the virgin soil of the prairie was to be seen on every hand. I used to look around and see the beautiful mirages in the early morning, probably a town or city thirty or sixty miles away would almost seem to be setting up in the heavens, and the hills we could see as if they were right at hand. Later they began to turn over the prairie ground with the plow and sow the seed, and there appeared first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, until in the whole country 'round were fields of waving grain. As harvest time drew near you would see the yellow tinge over all; then a little later they were white unto harvest, and the farmers would say, "We must send for the laborers to gather in the grain or it will be lost." Sometimes there would be a delay and the grain become over-ripe; the heads would bend over, some of the grains would drop to the ground and be lost; it could never be gathered. Then perhaps there

would be a scorching wind from the South and acres would be blown down, and more grain would be lost. That is only a true picture of God's great harvest field.

I hold in my hand a bill: "15,000 men wanted in the Western harvest fields." 15,000 men wanted at once for the harvest fields of earth, but what about God's harvest fields where there are 918,000,000 raw heathen who never heard the Gospel. God's harvest field is ripe already for the harvest. Jesus said, "Say not, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest; behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And herein is that saying true. One soweth and another reapeth." We also read in Psalm 126:6, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." How oft we have sung,

"The tears of the sower and the song of the reaper,
Shall mingle together in joy by and by."

In the early days of missionary work the great pioneers of the missionary world went forth, William Carey to India, Robt. Morrison to China, Judson to Burmah, Robert Moffatt, Stanley and Livingston to Africa. They went forth in the name of the Lord, to give their lives if needs be to bring men to God. They in their different fields of labor sowed the seed with bitter tears, some of them laboring months and even years before they had a single convert, where today in foreign lands we are just reaping the seed that they sowed. It is estimated that in the last thirteen years in foreign lands there has been one million saved and baptized in the Holy Ghost. In Egypt alone God has marvelously blessed our work. We have hundreds of men and women saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost and fired with missionary zeal, not only to get the Gospel message to their own people, but everywhere. We have twelve native preachers ordained who are giving all their time to the ministry.

There are 6,000 villages in Egypt, and from many of them they are sending and asking for missionaries. They say, "Isn't there a missionary who can come to our village? Can you not at least send us a native worker? We want someone to bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We want salvation. We want God." When the war

broke out and all our missionaries excepting Sister Trasher of the Assiout orphanage returned to America leaving my wife and I alone, one of our converted Mohammedan boys came to us from Alexandria, where his people had persecuted him. It is the custom of the Mohammedans when any of their children are converted and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, to dishonor and disinherit them. They have done that with our own mission boys. One worker was followed to the mission several nights by his father with a gun, but God protected him from being shot. This young Mohammedan came to Cairo and attended our mission a few days; then went to the little village of Samalute and began holding meetings. Over four hundred of the people attended, among them the Arabs from the country, and night after night he gave out the simple Gospel. A revival came to that old village and scores of those people were converted. Then persecution followed, as it often does. Whether in the home or foreign field it makes no difference. When an old-time revival of Holy Ghost salvation reaches any community, persecution is liable to come. They brought this young man down to Cairo hand-cuffed and put him in prison. He begged them to let him come to see us, and they permitted him to come. We inquired what harm the young man had done. "Had he stolen any property?" "Had he killed anyone?" "Had he been using vile language?" "Oh no." But the soldier would not tell us what he had done. Then our young brother spoke up and told us about the revival; that sinners were coming to Christ and being filled with God, and of the blessing that was upon the meetings. They brought him down as a prisoner and were going to keep him in prison. He asked me if I would not go to the Judge and get him released. I did so and he was liberated on condition that he would never return to the village of Samalute. But the revival there has never stopped, and Brother Post writes me it is one of our best mission stations today. Scores and scores have been saved and baptized in the Holy Ghost, and now they are building the first Pentecostal church in the land of Egypt in that village. Oh beloved, God is working, but He needs responsive hearts and willing hands to carry this Gospel to the ends of the earth.

Jesus said, "The harvest truly is great." Not only are there millions in Egypt without God, but what about dark, heathen India with twenty-five million widows, many of them little girls eight and ten years of age, doomed to lives of

sorrow and despair. Their cries and pleadings have reached the ears of the Lord of harvests and He commands the church to pray that laborers may be sent forth in His name to bring them from the fields of sin. Equal conditions prevail in every other heathen land.

We were having a convention in Egypt and an old man was there over sixty-five years of age, who walked sixty miles to attend the meetings. He sat on the back seat and listened to the Gospel message, his heart trembling and his ears open to hear the Word. When the invitation was given he knelt at the altar of prayer and put up his hands, and in his own way said, "Oh Jesus! Jesus!" The Lord heard his prayer and while his hands were still uplifted God baptized him with the Holy Ghost. He began for the first time in his life speaking words in the English language, and they were these: "Oh see the light! Oh see the light!" He didn't know what he was saying but the missionaries knew. God had met the deep hunger and longing of his heart. There are millions in the earth today just as hungry as that man. They have no convention to attend, no meetings, and not even a missionary or a native convert to tell them about the Lord Jesus and His wonderful love.

"The laborers are few." A laborer beloved, is no sightseer nor a tourist—one who goes to a foreign land to see the antiquities of the land, and then in a few weeks or months says, "I am not called. I guess I will return." We have known cases just like that, without any conception of a call from God to the work of a missionary. We received a permit from the Egyptian government, permitting my wife and me to see the antiquities of Egypt free. Millionaire tourists sometimes pay from one to five thousand dollars to take these trips and see the ancient temples and antiquities. We never had the time to go but we did have time to pray for the lost in that dark land. In the large military hospitals in Egypt, there were wounded soldiers in some of the wards, and my wife and I, though so sick we were scarcely able to stand on our feet, went from one cot to another to pray for them. They said, "We have seen all the hell we want on the battle field; now we want God. Can you help us?" There were two or three hundred converted in and around Cairo, not only through our efforts, but the efforts of Bro. Louder and others. Great numbers have died and gone to be with Jesus.

Beloved, a laborer is a true missionary, a man

or woman who has heard the call of God and gone forth to the regions beyond, led by the Holy Ghost, willing to give his life, if needs be, to bring men and women to Jesus Christ.

"Pray ye therefore,"—pray definitely, pray because the harvest is great, and because the laborers are few. I believe the responsibility is just as great upon those in the homeland as it is upon the missionary. We have felt the responsibility deeply; we have been in prayer before God, the hot tears rolling down our faces as we pleaded with God for the lost. There were times when we were almost crushed, the burden of the lost and the darkness of heathen lands weighed so heavily upon us. Often we would be upheld with the thought that the dear ones in the homeland were praying for us. We would sit at the table sometimes scarcely able to eat, the burden weighed on us so heavily. Then we would lift up our hearts and say, "Praise the Lord, they are praying for us in the homeland," and we would feel encouraged to press on in the battle.

I am so glad that Jesus has called me, and I am going forth in the will of God. At the World-wide Campmeeting six years ago I had been praying that God would raise up missionaries, never dreaming for one moment that He would call me. I am a little doubtful now whether I would have prayed as I did if I had known God would give me the call, but I prayed for others, and as I was on the top of Mt. Hermon one morning before the break of day praying that God would make His will known, the Lord spoke to me and told me to make preparations for Egypt, and told me how I should go, up the coast to Vancouver, east to Winnipeg and down to Chicago. I knew God's call then and I have known it ever since. From the depths of my heart there rose real praise and thanksgiving to God, that He had called me to that land, I have been glad every moment since, and there has not been an hour or a moment I haven't known God gave me the call. It is worth everything to know that God gives you the call, that you are the being sent by the Holy Ghost, and absolutely in the will of God. Without that knowledge you will flounder and fail.

We are living in the last days; perilous times have come. Men are lovers of themselves more than lovers of God, heady, high-minded, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, and the world is in such confusion as it never was before. I believe the day of the Lord is at hand. I do not know the year, nor the month, nor the

day when Jesus will come, but I believe He is coming soon, and what we do we must do quickly. The day is almost gone; the night is at hand, let us work while it is day.

In this trip from Los Angeles up the coast, visiting the Assemblies all along the line, then east to Winnipeg, we have noted such a missionary spirit as we never had seen before among God's people. They feel that the time has come for the missionaries to move out and gather in the harvest ere the night comes when no man can work. I am ready for God to open the door that has been closed against us in Egypt, and to go forth when He leads. In Long Beach, Calif., while I was praying one day, the strong impression came to my heart: "When you return to Egypt you will never see the people of America again; you will never again look into the faces of your loved ones." I studied for a moment; I didn't know whether the impression came from

the Lord, from my surroundings, or from my own heart, but I said, "I am willing to be laid under the sands of Egypt and never see the faces of my loved ones and friends again if this is Your will, oh God. I lift my hands and surrender to Your will." Immediately God opened the heavens and flooded my soul with glory. We all want to live until Jesus comes, but if in the will of God He permits me to be laid away under the sands of Egypt as a martyr, I'd rather take that course than to live in America out of His will. The important thing is to be in the will of God, whether in the home or foreign field. I praise the name of the Lord that I know I am in His will. "The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." Pray! Pray!! Pray!!!

Address: 3635 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Fruit of Obedience

Mrs. C. W. Doney.



IT IS marvelous indeed to watch the leadings of the Lord in the lives of His children. One instance in our own lives where we saw precious results from following His leading has greatly encouraged our hearts.

While in Los Angeles, Calif., Mr. Doney and I met Sister Edith Priest and her mother from Bellingham, Washington. Our sister for some years has had a call to Africa but the way had never opened for her to go. Soon after they went home to Bellingham, we felt led to take a trip north and east, visiting the Assemblies *enroute* and wrote to the friends at Bellingham of our leading. They replied, saying they would love to have us come, but because of so many recent financial demands they would be unable to give us an offering. We wrote them that would make no difference to us, we felt it to be in the will of the Lord and having labored there in the early days of Pentecost had a desire to again have fellowship with old friends.

On our arrival we were met at the depot by Mr. Brosseau, a brother-in-law to Miss Priest, who took us to his lovely home where we spent five happy days. His wife, who had received the baptism of the Spirit ten years ago, had spent many an hour in prayer and shed bitter tears for her husband's salvation, for he had been, as Paul of old, a bitter opponent to all that was called "Pentecostal," believing they were all fanatics

and was nearly heartbroken to think that his wife had cast in her lot with such a people. However, he treated us very kindly, taking us through the country in his auto and showing us the beauties of nature. It was very refreshing after riding on the dusty train, and we loved him from the first with a peculiar interest in his soul, asking God that he might be brought to Himself. On Friday evening he took us all over to the meeting and on invitation remained for the service. Going home he said to his wife, "Is that what you call a Pentecostal meeting? I don't see anything wrong with that."

On Saturday morning about 2:30 we were awakened with a burden of prayer for him. That same evening he took us for a drive around the lake of Bellingham, just at sunset. It was so beautiful that our hearts rejoiced in the wonderful love of God in providing that which makes us glad and happy, and we prayed that in some way we might gladden His heart. Sunday morning, long before day-break, I was again awakened with a deep yearning for Mr. Brosseau's salvation. After praying for a time we heard moans coming from his room, and as we listened we knew that God had begun to break up the fountain of his heart. In the morning he said he had not slept much and was quite unwell. However, when meeting time came he was ready to take us over to the mission and stayed for the service. In the afternoon we had some singing

in the home, principally hymns of a missionary character, and as we sang together we could see the ice slowly melting and the Lord working in his heart. He went with us to the evening service, and the change in him was so marked that after coming home his wife and sister-in-law said, "We can scarcely believe our eyes; it seems just like a pleasant dream."

On Monday he took us to the depot and we left for Seattle. That night was a restless one, and early the next morning he 'phoned the pastor of the mission to be ready by eight o'clock and he would be along to drive them to the campmeeting. So just as we were eating dinner in Bro. Offiler's tent, they came along. Brother Welch preached in the afternoon, and at the close Mr. Brosseau said, "That man cleared up things that have puzzled me for years." He was loath to go home and wept as he bade us good-bye, saying, "Oh, I wish I didn't have to go." On the way home as he was driving his car and praying, he surrendered all and Jesus came into his heart. In talking about it afterwards he said it felt just like healing power going through his whole being, taking out everything that was unclean. How true the words, "I will heal their backslidings." He had been saved many years ago but had gotten far away from God. The intense desire for tobacco was washed away, and he went home a free and happy man.

On Friday he returned to the campmeeting, bringing his family with him. He earnestly sought the baptism of the Holy Spirit and received many precious anointings. One day we heard him say, "Oh Jesus, it is so sweet just to talk to you. I used to imagine what it would be like, but now I know. Oh Jesus, it is so sweet." Then came tears of joy. Monday was the crowning day, when God baptized him in the Holy Ghost and he became one of those "Pentecostal" people whom he had so much despised. The next morning he was buried with Christ in water baptism, and said, "When I got a taste I wanted it all." A week later his wife said to us, "I have to pinch myself at times to see if I am really awake or if it is only a happy dream." After all those years of praying for him, his conversion came about so suddenly she was much like the people who prayed for Peter; they could not believe when the damsel said, "He is standing at the gate."

Later he wrote to us: "Praise the Lord! I am happy to report that I have walked with God for one month and am still without a craving or

temptation for tobacco. Oh! it seems too wonderful for words. We are all so happy at home now. The Lord is giving me certain things to do for Him by putting opportunities in my way for testifying.

"I have such complete assurance that I am anchored on the rock forever; such perfect peace and quietness in my soul. Just abiding in His will and letting Him use me in His good way and for His glory. It seems wonderful to have such an increase in my faith, sufficient to take Him for body and every need. Dear friends, I do not believe you can realize how both of you seem to be linked up in a peculiar way with my final getting back to God."

We never were more conscious of being led of the Lord than in this visit to Bellingham, and have never seen Him work anything out more sweetly than in the conversion of this brother. It meant not only the salvation of his soul but was the link in the chain that opened the way for Miss Edith Priest, who has been caring for an aged mother, to obey God in her call to Africa. A telegram received from her a few days ago said, "Matter of going is settled. Will prepare at once and meet you in Chicago."

Our own lives have been enriched through this experience and we feel happier than had we received hundreds of dollars in an offering and no one saved. Friends, do not be afraid to invite a missionary to speak in your Assemblies if you cannot give an offering, for a soul is of more value than many offerings.

* * *

We sometimes receive letters ordering books and tracts, but on which the address in some cases and in others the name of the sender is not given. We would call attention to the following instances and if you are the sender kindly furnish us with name or address or information necessary for us to send on the package:

We have an order from Dryden, New York (no name) for 47 cents' worth of tracts, etc.

Another from Bro. Hooley Frank, but no address. Order was for Bro. Awrey's book, "Telling the Lord's Secrets."

An order from Martha Bodycott, Philadelphia, Pa., for tracts. No street address given. As the package is rather large we do not want to send it with possibility of having to send postage for its return. May we have street address.

Books ordered by W. J. Smith, Gen. Del., Casper, Wyo., were returned to us in May, 1919, unclaimed.

* * *

The Apostolic Faith Church, New Rochelle, New York, will begin special revival services Oct. 12, to continue indefinitely. Services every evening at 7:30. Sunday Services as usual. Full Gospel will be preached. Earnest prayer is asked that sinners be saved, believers baptized and the sick healed. Thos. Thompson, Pastor, 104 Webster Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

The Latter Rain Evangel

3635 Michigan Avenue - - - - - Chicago, Ill., U. S. A

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5s-2d) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD \$0.65 (2s-8d) six months in advance

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express or money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents added for exchange.

Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly add "LATTER RAIN EVANGEL," Chicago, U. S. A.

A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

Notes

Important Notice

OUR readers are well acquainted with the constant steady rise in printing, cost of paper and advance in wages. Our printer informs us that within the last year wages have increased a number of times. In order to meet these demands they have been obliged to increase the cost of production and we were obliged to assume our share of this burden. We hoped at the close of the War matters would become normal and so when other papers advanced we continued *The Evangel* at the old price even though we had to make sacrifices to do it. Now there has been a second advance of 20 per cent which, together with the previous advances, makes our printing bill alone nearly forty dollars a month more than we have been paying. In order to meet this demand we are obliged to advance the subscription price of the paper to \$1.25 per year.

We have no desire to use *The Evangel* to lay up treasure, except in heaven, and have had great joy in giving ourselves to days and nights of toil in His service, feeling His approval was our compensation, but we now feel it is not displeasing to God to ask our subscribers to share this added burden. The additional twenty-five cents will not mean much to them but in the aggregate it will materially help us, and enable us to continue the work God has so signally blessed in the past. While our circulation has not been large, our mail contains many letters of appreciation which are an encouragement and strength to us, especially in times like this.

We cannot close these notes without recording our deep gratitude to God for His bountiful provision for us these eleven years, which are closing with this issue. Had it not been the Lord who gave grace and strength, we would sometimes have been tempted to shrink from some of the responsibilities, but we can truly say "His joy is our strength," and with the prayers and co-operation of God's own, we shall hope to continue until He shall say, "It is enough."

In accordance with the above explanation, we beg to state, that beginning with the October number (Vol. 12, No. 1), the price of the Latter Rain Evangel will be \$1.25 for all renewals, \$.65 for six months. To those who have overlooked some of our notes, we would say that when the rate of postage was increased on letters and cards we advised our readers that we would acknowledge subscriptions by a red X on the wrapper. In other words, that would indicate to them we had received their renewal. Some have gotten this confused with the blue cross on the editorial page, which indicates the subscriptions have expired. They each mean the opposite of the other. *A red X on the wrapper will mean your renewal has been received.*

* * *

One of our greatest pleasures in connection with the paper has been the part we have had in being in touch with our beloved missionaries all over the world. No service we could do for them has been a burden but has brought its blessing into our lives. We are glad to forward funds at any time to worthy missionaries and appreciate the trust our readers have placed in us. Undesignated funds are made a matter of earnest prayer, and letters telling of timely help make us feel we were led by the Lord in our disbursements.

It has been a real joy to us to have had missionaries make the Evangel Home headquarters while in Chicago, and their fellowship has been most precious. We have always been conscious that God's blessing rested upon this little service of love and we felt amply repaid for having them.

* * *

We have enjoyed having with us recently Brother and Sister Doney and Sister Lillian Trasher, all from Egypt. To those to whom Miss Trasher is a stranger we would say God has most blessedly set His seal upon her Orphanage work in Egypt. She has not only taken the waifs and castaways to feed and clothe but gives them a splendid spiritual training, and teaches them

trades so they can grow up to be useful men and women. It has been her desire that the Assiout orphanage shall be the mother of the coming evangelists of Egypt.

Missionary Rest Home

THE friends will be very glad to know of the encouraging outlook for the Missionary Rest Home. From the very first we have felt God's smile was upon the plan and His providence since the opening of the Home only confirms our belief that He will continue to bless. A number who have heard of the Home have sent in contributions and been enthusiastic in their interest. We are diligently working for the completion of all details in the fitting up of the place ready for the missionaries at the coming Conference and General Council. We know many others will want to have a part in the good work.

A number have spoken of the burden of prayer which God has for some time placed upon them for such a place of rest for the missionaries and now that God is answering they feel encouraged to believe for larger things. Brother and Sister Doney from Egypt have been among this number, having been interested, not for themselves, but for other returned missionaries who are worn in body and need quiet and rest. They have left Chicago, but before going, felt it a privilege to spend a day at Evanston helping to get things adjusted and cleaned up.

If you have any spare linen, quilts, rugs, household accessories of any kind which you would like to give, or food, fruits, vegetables or anything in the way of canned goods, kindly remember that the sooner it is sent the better, as we do not want to fall short in our equipment at the time when we will have a full house. Such things can be sent by express to the Matron, Miss Esther Siegrist, 531 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill. "Let us arise and build," for He has said "Occupy till I come," and we desire to do all we can to help further the Gospel to the uttermost parts. Our tested and tried missionaries will be able to do far better work than ever before after a rest and refreshment in body, mind and soul which we believe this provision of God will enable them to gain.

The missionaries will be given a hearty welcome and urged to remain indefinitely for a rest at the close of the Council meeting.

Those who wish to go direct to the Missionary Home upon reaching Chicago, will kindly note the following directions: Take the Evanston Elevated Express in the city and ride to Calvary,

about forty minutes' ride from the Loop. Calvary is the next stop beyond Howard, the city limits. Upon reaching the surface go north for several blocks to South Boulevard. Then turn east toward the Lake and go two blocks to Judson, turning north. The Home is the second from the corner on the right-hand, No. 531.

* * *

Ministers and all visitors who wish to go direct to the Church upon reaching Chicago, can take the Englewood Express (Elevated) taking the front car, and go to the end of the line (69th St.). Walk several blocks east to Stewart Ave. and then south one block on Stewart to 70th St. The church is on the left hand corner. Or take Wentworth Ave. (surface car) at Clark St., going south to 70th and walking west on 70th about three blocks to Stewart.

Three Months' Report

The following is our Three Months' Report of Missionary Disbursements (June, July, Aug.). If, after due course of mails, the missionaries do not receive amounts opposite their names, we shall be glad to hear from them.

Geo. M. Kelley, So. China Miss. Home.....	\$451.00
Geo. M. Kelley, Native work	20.00
Miss Edith Baugh, India (\$40 native work).....	250.00
Adolph Wieneke, China.....	249.00
Robt. Cook, India	165.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, China.....	163.00
W. H. Johnson, West Africa.....	150.41
W. H. Johnson, West Africa, Native work.....	30.00
Mrs. H. J. Johns, Honolulu	147.50
Pandita Ramabai, India	140.00
Mrs. Violet Schoonmaker, India.....	121.50
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo.....	115.00
Missionary Rest Home	110.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China.....	110.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India	108.50
I. S. Kaufman, China (Native work \$100)....	150.00
James Harvey, India	163.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, China.....	150.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, Africa	94.06
Miss Leonore H. Parker, India.....	92.00
Miss C. B. Heron, India.....	90.00
John Norton, India	88.00
Wm. Norton, India	86.00
L. M. Anglin, China	85.00
Albert Norton, India	85.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India.....	80.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, China.....	80.00
Mrs. Marian Wittich, Africa.....	60.00
A. Kok, Tibet	60.00
Miss Phoebe Holmes, China (native work)...	55.00
Mrs. K. Goldie, So. Africa.....	50.00
Wm. Turner, China	50.00
Miss Bernice Pottorf, Africa.....	50.00
Clarence Johns, Honolulu.....	45.00
Miss Ethel Abercrombie, China	45.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, China (native work)	45.00
Miss Myrtle Bailey, China.....	40.00
B. S. Moore, Japan	40.00
Mrs. P. R. Rushin, China.....	40.00
Lloyd Cramer, China	40.00
Mrs. Lillian Denny, India.....	40.00
Miss Eva Bietsch, India.....	38.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt.....	31.25
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	30.00
R. S. McBride, So. America.....	35.00

Thos. Hindle, Mongolia	27.00	Daniel Berg, South America	15.00
Herman Mader, China	25.00	John James, China	12.00
Miss K. Kirsch, West Africa	25.00	Bartholomew Dean, India	10.00
Miss Martha Jewell, China	25.00	Mrs. Wm. Johnson (on furlough)	10.00
Zava Carnapas, Palestine	25.00	Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Neeley, Africa	10.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt	25.00	Lucy Leatherman, So. America	10.00
Miss Josephine Cobb, China	25.00	Mrs. Miller, B. E. Africa	10.00
George Doyal, China	20.00	Miss A. E. Brown, Palestine	10.00
Alfred Blakeney, India	20.00	Miss Cora Fisher, Africa	10.00
W. W. Simpson, China	20.00	Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Mueller, for India	10.00
Frank Moll, B. East Africa	20.00	Raymond Ritchie (soldier work)	5.00
Mrs. Nettie D. Nichols, China	20.00	Amelia Bucher, India	5.00
Wilbert Williamson, China	20.00	I. G. Shakeley, Africa	5.00
Sophia Nygard, West Africa	15.00	Miss Alma Doering, Switzerland	2.50
Amanda Rediger, for China	15.00		
Adam Brandt, Central America	15.00	Total	\$4,844.56

God's Protection through a Reign of Terror

"It Shall Not Come Nigh Thy Dwelling"

Miss Lillian Trasher, Assiout, Egypt.



THE Armistice had been signed some time when Egypt, like other small countries, wished to have her voice in the World Peace Conference. A small number of Nationalists applied for permission to go to Paris. This was refused and they then held some private meetings with the result that the Government deported some of their leaders to Malta. This stirred up every patriotic Egyptian, both Mohammedan and Christian, as well as the Arabs, one of whose chiefs had also been deported. The people asked for the release of these men but were refused. Then the riots started, first among the students in the Law Schools, then among the schools all over Egypt. These were at once closed and everything was in confusion. Crowds stood on the street corners discussing the situation. One of the trains from the south, passing Deir Mois about eight o'clock in the morning, was attacked by natives and Arabs. Finding seven English officers on board, they cut them to pieces and threw their bodies into the baggage car. This stirred the English people and feeling ran high. The lower class of natives began to tear up the railroads and burn the stations. All telegraphic connection between upper and lower Egypt was destroyed, and nearly every station between Beni Souf and Assiout was destroyed. Such was the condition of Egypt during the last part of March, 1919.

We had hoped that Assiout would escape, but were not sure of the outcome. One afternoon, about March 18th, Rev. Thompson of the American College, came over to my orphanage and told me that the people of Assiout feared the Arabs would raid the town, and that all the Europeans had moved into the large Secondary

Government School which was well fortified and protected, and that the Americans wished for me to come in and stay with them. I thanked him but told him that I did not think it would be necessary and even if it were I could not go and leave the children just when they most needed me. He was very kind indeed and came every day for three days trying to get me to come in but, of course, this was quite impossible. We felt sure that God would care for us.

I needed some money, so I went to the bank to draw two hundred dollars, but the cashier told me that I could not draw out so much at once, as the bank was unable to get more money from Cairo owing to the fact that all connection with the Cairo banks had ceased. He let me have one hundred dollars and said if I came back in a day or two he would give me more. This bank situation worried me quite a bit, for what could I do? No mail and no money and one hundred and ten children, with women and men also, to feed. Saturday morning I had a long talk with my chief native woman "Zackeah," who is now in charge of the orphanage during my absence. We decided to cut down expenses as much as possible, and that all the children from Assiout should go to their relatives, where they had any, and remain there until the shortage of money, etc., would be over. Then we let Abo Mousad (the gardener) take some of the other children down the river in boats to their relatives. Many were left, however, with no place to go.

I felt heavy-hearted and burdened all day, and finally I spoke to Zackeah about it and said, "Do you suppose anything has happened to the children who went to Nakalah in the boat?" She said, "I don't know, but I feel as if something awful were going to happen." That night I had my class as usual in my room and started to read

to them, but my heart was so heavy I could not go on, so I talked to them a long time about the Lord, and we all wept, but we had little thought that this would be our last evening together.

On the following day (Sunday), as everything seemed quiet, all of my women went to Church. They came to me in the yard and said "Good-bye, Miss Lily." Ah, if I had known this was to be my last sight of them at the Orphanage for many a month, how I should have felt! It is good that God hides the future from us.

After the women left I sent Frank (one of my orphans) to town and a little later he came back saying, "Mama, I cannot get into Assiout; the draw-bridge is open because there are riots in the town." This frightened me and I gave orders to have all the children gather in the school-room for prayer. I went to my own room and knelt down by the window and prayed. While there I heard a gunshot and some of the larger girls from the prayer room, told them about it. We went out in front of the house and heard a great commotion from the direction of the bridge. In a few minutes about twenty men came running toward our house, stopping when half way there, waving flags and calling. They seemed to be giving signals to someone in our direction. I said, "Come, girls, let us see if there is not something at the back of the house." We went and looked and oh, what a sight we saw! The white-turbaned Arabs, like swarms of ants, were running toward our place waving their flags, guns, knives, swords, sticks—in fact almost every kind of weapon imaginable. We knew they were on their way to Assiout and would pass within a few hundred yards of our house. What they would do to us we knew not. I screamed "El Arab jaen! El Arab jaen!" (The Arabs are coming! The Arabs are coming!) and ran back to the house and called to the children, "Tjry under el tahoon!" (Run to the brick kiln.)

Our house faces west overlooking the Nile, and the Arabs were passing our house on the north. On the south, about three blocks down, out in the wheat field, was an old brick kiln which had been in disuse for a long time. This I felt would be the only place of safety for the children. As they were all in the school-room, having gathered for prayer, there was no trouble to get them together and they immediately obeyed. One of the little girls who was holding baby Margaret, became so excited that she dropped the baby on a piece of iron, nearly put-

ting out her eye. The cut was made just below the eye from one end to the other, but she never cried. I remember stopping to open her eye and saying, "Thank God! Her eye is all right."

I told the children to hurry on to the brick kiln, while I went back into the house to get any that might have been left. I ran through every room in the house and found four babies, three of whom could not walk. These I carried and called for some of the larger girls to come and help us. They took these babies and I again ran back with Farieda and we broke open the trunk and got what money we could find (about \$150.00). I also got my comb, my Bible and one or two little things. Then we shut the door and ran. Our cow was in the courtyard and we knew the Arabs could not get her without breaking into the house, so we left everything in the care of the Lord.

By the time we reached the kiln the greater part of the Arab crowd had reached the other side of the river and the war began. Machine guns, cannons, rifles, pistols were fired off as fast as they could be loaded. Bullets were shot across the river and came all around our house. On reaching the kiln I divided the children, giving each large child a small one to care for. Then we sat down to wait. I heard some loud talking near us and looking about, I found a crowd of Mohammedans quarreling with a young Christian boy. One of them asked me if he belonged to the orphanage, and when I said "No," they began to beat him as hard as they could. I rushed up and grabbed one of the sticks but the others kept on beating him. So I threw my arms around the poor boy's neck, and they stopped. I told him to hurry to his village, and he started, but when I went back to my children these Mohammedans started after the boy again. I ran out and stayed there until he got away. They said to me, "We wanted to kill him and we would have done it but for you." They meant it, for they were truly blood-thirsty.

By this time the Arabs had set fire to a lot of houses and a large hay (Tiben) factory, and from the whole town the smoke and fire poured forth. From our side of the river it was impossible to see what was burning and what was not. I went out and sat at the edge of the Nile, looking at my dear Assiout burn, and listening to those awful death shots being fired by the hundreds of guns, but I could do naught but pray for God's protection.

All at once the children called me and said,

"Come here quickly, Mama." I said, "What is the matter?" The man who was in charge of the kiln said, "You must get the children out at once because some of the Arabs have returned from town bringing the loot with them, and they are shooting and fighting on the other side of the kiln." This was an awful time for me, for I had thought that we would at least be safe there. The man showed me a large dug-out not far away which was covered with planks, and in there the children went with never a word. I talked to them very quietly and said, "Now children, we may live only a few minutes, so if any of you are not ready to die you had better pray in earnest, only don't make a bit of noise for we don't want anyone to know that we are here." That was a solemn moment for us, when each little one was searching his heart, not knowing the moment all would be over. After we had prayed I read the 91st Psalm in English: "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling," etc. Then Edward read it in Arabic for the benefit of those who did not understand English.

After a while I went out to see what was going on, and I saw Arabs and natives running by with the loot they had taken from Assiout. Everyone was carrying something taken from the English houses—doors, windows, curtains, tables, chairs, in fact everything they could lay their hands on.

Several houses near us belonging to the English were completely destroyed, the floors, porches, fences, etc., being taken as lumber, which has been very scarce in Egypt since the war. All Christian shops in Assiout (about forty-two) were looted and some were burned, but none of the Mohammedan shops were touched. We were much afraid our house would also be looted, so Edward and Farieda said they would dress in native clothes, take some of the natives and go up and see the situation. I tried to hinder them, but they were anxious, and I knew if I went I would be killed, for many of the Arabs, not knowing me, would have thought I was English.

When they reached the house they saw a large

troop of Arabs, about a hundred, start towards it armed with weapons. In Egypt all of the lower floor windows are protected with heavy iron bars, making it difficult to get in, but these men began to climb up on the windows. Then one of the native farmers near us came over and took charge of the place. They told him to let them in, but he said "Never. I will die right here before I will see a single thing touched." The Arabs brandished their swords and said, "If you don't let us in we will kill you right here." He began to talk to them, saying, "Men, be ashamed! These are our own orphans, our own Egyptian children for whom the lady has given her life to take care of, and she has never done you any harm. Be ashamed and go somewhere else but to the home of our orphan babies." After using this method of persuasion for some time, the head man of the mob said, "You have melted my heart. Come on, men, let's go somewhere else." So they left our house untouched. Thus did God verify His promise, "It shall not come nigh thy dwelling."

Then the children, with the aid of some of the women from the field, brought to us bread and a large pot of lentils and we gave them their dinner down in the dug-out. The babies were so good. We had not been able to get any milk for them, so we filled their bottles with dirty river water. After dinner I put on native dress and decided to risk going up to the house. I reached there safely, and everything seemed quiet, so I sent for the children.

That evening after prayer and supper, I put the little ones to bed, but the larger boys and girls went into the courtyard with me. Our house is built with the rooms surrounding a large open court where we have trees and flowers and there we have our evening prayers. This evening, however, a number of native men and a few women were there sitting on the benches ostensibly for our protection, but I found they were more interested in pocketing everything they could lay their hands on. I could not leave them a moment. The mother of one of the men was with me, and I told her to go to bed. She said, "No," she would stay in the courtyard, but insisted that I go to bed. I told her I would if she would shut the outside door and come and lie down also, but these men would not allow her to shut the door. Then I insisted on staying up and watching with her. "No," they said, "you must go to bed." "Never, as long as you men are inside the house and the door is open."

I got my hatchet and a big butcher knife and we brought a cot out into the court and the large girls and I sat there all night. The natives would go off together and talk and then I would bravely sharpen my knife and polish up the hatchet and talk about what I would do if any of the Arabs tried to bother me. (Of course I had no intention of doing any harm, but did it to frighten them.)

During the early evening it was almost amusing to see my boys, who had found my table knives and stuck them in their belts, follow me around as a body guard.

The shooting kept up intermittently all night. Several times we went up to the house top and watched the fires burning at the hay factory, and destroying the homes of some of our friends. In Egypt the roofs are, for the most part, flat, and we frequently use them as you do your roof gardens here in America. Once while we were standing on this roof one of these men who had been pocketing things in the court, came up and stood next to me. I saw, by the movement of his hand, that he was reaching for a weapon in his hip pocket. I asked one of my girls (in English) if she had noticed it. She said she had, and she then slipped in between me and this man, knowing that since she was an Arab her life was not in danger. Nothing further occurred that night, and again God protected my life.

Matters continued thus for three days, and although the Arabs passed our house all this time, with plunder, they never once attempted to do anything to our home. I kept the children inside, for bullets constantly whizzed about the house.

About ten o'clock one morning, while trying to get a little sleep, one of the children ran to me saying, "Mama, a man wishes to speak to you." I went out and found a friend who said, "Miss Lillian, we think too much of you not to tell you what some of the natives are planning to do." "Well," I said, "what is it?" He said, "There is a crowd of rough men at El Massarah who are planning to come tonight and kill you and then loot your house, so you had better go with me to the Mayor's house and stay there." I thanked him but told him I could not go. I said I would do something if only to hide in the wheat field, but I could not leave my children.

I called my three large girls into the drawing room and told them what the man had said. I was truly very frightened, for the people were

bloodthirsty and mad for plunder. They knew our house was full of clothes, bedding and food-stuffs,—just the things they wanted. We felt we could not sit still, and let them come and kill me, for apart from my own feelings there would be no one left to care for the little ones. The poor girls were nearly mad with fright but at last we decided to get the children across the river in a boat. It was impossible to use the bridge for all the shooting was going on at the other end of the draw-bridge. So we dressed the children in their best and I called Mohammed (the man who had kept the mob off the first day) and Islaman, our guard, and told them I would leave everything in their care, offering them a reward for keeping the Arabs out of the place. I started with the children but when we had gone part way we were met by a crowd of people who said that everyone who tried to reach Assiout was shot before reaching the shore, and that two men had just been killed. Our nerves were completely overwrought, and the children and I both cried; also the men. It was heart-breaking to see those poor little babies crying and sobbing, "Oh, Mamma, if you go back they will kill you. Oh, darling Mamma, don't go back." But we could do nothing else. The horror of those days cannot be put in words, and were it not for our trust in God we would have lost our reason.

As night fell it was decided best for me not to say anything to the neighbors as to where I would stay, but after it became quite dark the children would stay and talk to the people in the courtyard while I slipped upstairs and made arrangements for the night. Up over the second story there was a flat roof and we used a table, boxes, etc., to climb up to it; the children helped me up, handing me a small mattress, my hatchet, butcher knife and some long heavy iron bars. Then they took away the table and boxes, and all went quietly down. I lay down, tired out, and dropped to sleep not knowing whether I would ever awake alive or not. The next morning the children threw pebbles up on the house top to see if I were alive or murdered, but I was so tired that it was a long time before I really woke up. Oh, how happy they were when they saw me look over the top at them! It was with such a strange feeling that I saw the sun of another day. I learned later that the men did not come because the crowd were divided, and were "shamed" out of their purpose to kill me, but I am sure that the Angel of the Lord had encamped round about us and protected us.

That day we saw on the other side of the river a large steamer which had come down from Cairo and later on we saw a hydroplane and some aeroplanes. This had a quieting effect upon the natives and they stopped some of their plundering and tearing down of the neighboring houses. They said, "We can fight them on the ground, but what can we do with those things in the air?" The aeroplanes dropped about thirty bombs on the little village of Walledeah, just at the western edge of the river between our home and Assiout, until the whole village was entirely destroyed.

By this time, the natives who had been "protecting" my home became quite well established and took liberties. They would walk into my room without being invited, and sit down in my Morris chair, which they had never dared to do before. At night they wanted to sleep in the girls' room and a little later one of the dirty old women asked for a quilt. One of the children took out one and she sent it back saying it did not smell clean. She sent a second one back, saying it was one of the children's. By this time I was deeply stirred and went out where they were. I said, "Now I have stood this long enough. You have been trying to take the place for nearly three days and I've said nothing. Now it is ended. I expect to command respect in my own house and I'm not one bit afraid of you. I'll take no more of your insolence. You have tried to steal all you could get your hands on and I will permit no more of it." While I stopped for breath one of the children spoke up and said, "Yes, you don't even stand up when Mama comes in the room; why, even the Moudir (Mayor) always stands up if she is standing!" At this, two or three who were squatted up against the wall began slowly to rise and they begged my pardon and said they had no intention of being rude, etc., but they certainly changed after that.

Wednesday morning things were a little more quiet, and the Arabs began to feel they were losing ground. Numbers went back to their villages. We began to feel the worst was over. The girls washed the clothes and arranged them in the storeroom. I had not been able to undress since Sunday, so I decided it would be safe to take a bath, but just as I had finished I looked out and saw a lot of English soldiers on our side of the bridge. Never did I see people look so good as those boys! I ran out to the small bridge and asked them to come in and have tea and

they said "All right," and then they said, "Miss Trasher, you will have to leave here." "Leave here?" I said. "Leave Assiout? I leave Assiout? Indeed I'll not do that. Why, can't you see that I cannot leave these children?" "Yes, we know, but you may have to. Do you see those two steamers on the other side of the Nile? Well, the Government has sent them down to take all foreigners away. The refugees will leave some time tomorrow, and everybody is going, so you will probably have to go also." "But, can't you see that it will be absolutely impossible for me to leave this family of babies? Oh, what shall I do?" "Well, Miss Trasher, we cannot tell you what to do but you can see the General and tell him your case and he will tell you what you must do." I dressed and, leaving a number of the soldiers in charge, went first to the Inspector of the Interior. He said, "I know it will be hard to leave but I cannot give you permission to remain as all foreigners with the exception of Government workers, are leaving. So I'm afraid you will have to leave also, but you can speak to the General." The General's reply was short and to the point, "Absolutely impossible to remain. The boats leave at ten o'clock, March 28th, 1919, the Puritan and the Victoria." They also told me I could not remain in the orphanage that night, so it was decided I should get all the children and take them into the American School or Hospital.

I went back and told the children, and Oh, how they cried. I can never forget the night of March 26th. Our house is just about an hour's walk from Assiout, so into the town we ~~started~~, everyone of us crying, even Solomon the guard, whose eyes were still swollen the next day. I carried one of the babies and the crowd of crying children followed me, screaming, "Oh, Mama! Darling Mama, we won't see you again." It was a time of deepest suffering for me and I was nearly crazed with grief. I feared I would lose my mind. No, I will not say feared. I did not care. All I had passed through was minor compared to leaving these poor children. People tried to quiet us as they could not bear the sight. Reaching the American School we were given supper but none could eat excepting the smaller ones who did not understand. The boys remained at the school and I took the girls and the babies over to the Hospital.

All I could do when I heard their cries was to walk the floor and hold my head. I had no more tears to shed. I had given my whole life

for these children and was my whole nine years of labor, of love, sacrifice and toil to go in one night? Was I to leave my own darling little children just when they most needed me? "Oh, Lord," I cried, "it is too much for my brain and heart." I feared my brain would give way under the strain. I walked the floor until about an hour after midnight asking myself, "How can I feed them? Egypt is in an awful condition; it is impossible to get money through the mail, and I am leaving for Cairo. Will I be able to get back? Will the Arabs destroy my home?" At last I threw myself across the bed exhausted, and Farieda said, "Mamma don't cry so, you will go crazy." "Oh Farieda, what shall I do?" Then it dawned upon me, that if I got quiet perhaps there was something I could do. So I stopped and began to think: "In Egypt I will not be able to get money for many months. In Cairo I can do nothing. What shall I do?" "A m e r i c a!" loomed up before me. "Ah, yes, that is just the thing to do—go to America and send money from there until Egypt is quiet." "Oh Farieda, come here. I know what I'll do. I'll go to America. That is the very thing to do. I can

send money from there and Zackeah and the women can care for you as good as I can if they have the money." From that moment I had peace. I knew at once this was the Lord's will. Instead of staying in Cairo and worrying I would go home, see my mother and sisters and get a rest from this strain, and best of all have a way to feed my poor children. Farieda said "Yes, Mamma, that is just the very thing." I said my prayers, went to bed and slept until morning.

This is why I am here in America, that I may interest you in my Orphanage. It is impossible now to get help from Egypt as we have been doing, and we are dependent upon the Lord's children here in America for help. Owing to the shortage of funds we have not been able to bring back to the orphanage some of the children who were sent to the villages, and they are missing the spiritual training which we give in the orphanage, also the schooling, and we are very anxious to again have them under the care of the teachers. May the Lord lay this burden upon your hearts. Last year our average expenses by the week were about \$115.00. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and we feel sure He will continue to be our help.

The Continent of Opportunity

Our Neglected Neighbors

Alice Wood, Argentine, So. America.



WHY IS IT that I cannot sleep tonight? It is because He who so loved this lost world and gave His only Son to redeem it, has awakened me to show me anew the deplorable spiritual condition of South America. He has shown me to arise in the cold at 3:30 A. M. to write to the homelands about it. Please stop and take a few minutes to think about what the Holy Spirit wants to lay upon your heart.

Will you tell me why South America, if mentioned at all, is always the last to be named among the mission fields, and is generally put down in one corner out of sight? Why some so-called "Globe Trotters" boast of having travelled around the world, yet have never laid eyes on South America? Indeed, they seem to forget that there is such a country. Notwithstanding it covers no less than seven millions of square miles, is divided into twelve great countries, and is self-governing.

South America has a population of about forty-five million (cosmopolitan). The racial divisions are Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Indian,

English, French, German, Syrian, dark-skinned natives, etc. It is a land rich in minerals, industries, animals, grains, banks, railroads, automobiles, telegraph and telephone conveniences. Many boats run on the large rivers and the railroads lead everywhere, making transit easy. The Postal system is well organized. But a great drawback to the progress of the country is its heavy taxation on almost everything that a man possesses.

The nominal religion is Roman Catholic, part of the parish of the Pope, worshippers of saints and images, whose history is no credit to the country, but as Bishop Stuntz says, "Her hold upon South America is the hold of a dead man's hand." In most of the Republics, the Church and State are still united. Her bigotry places monster obstacles in the path of the Gospel missionary for here they burn our Holy Bible, believe in the infallibility of the Pope, and practice the abominations of the Confession box.

South America's climate is beautiful. Four-fifths of the country lies within the tropics and the land is watered by irrigation in some parts,

in the south just now (July, 1919) by super-abundant rains. The scenery is made beautiful by snow-capped mountains or green prairies dotted with animals, where grain is not cultivated, dense forests, lakes and almost numberless rivers, large and small. It is a country where "every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Food is abundant and in great variety.

Commercially, both exports and imports are very active again. Since the Peace Treaty has been signed, strikes are diminishing and business is being organized and adjusted. One of the largest establishments is the Liebig factory in Entra Rios Province. There they slaughter twelve thousand head of cattle daily. The cost of native produce in June (according to "La Prensa," one of the leading dailies) was seventy per cent higher than before the War, while that of the imported products has gone up two hundred per cent in the same period. We are informed that seven hundred business men are coming here in November from North America, who are keenly awake to the situation, and are going to open business in these countries as never before. They come on a fast boat which is to make the voyage in fourteen days instead of five weeks, which is now required. After that we are to have three or four mails a week from North America. Oh that seven hundred trained, Spirit-filled missionaries were to follow them! How much more should the Church be active in giving this benighted people the Gospel light. Beloved, there are millions at your door, perishing without the bread of life. We are concerned for *your* salvation as well as theirs if you do nothing for their evangelization.

As a mission field, there is now religious liberty in every republic. The first missionary to South America, except to the Guianas, was Captain Allan Gardiner of England, to Patagonia, in March, 1842, whose history is one of the most noble and pathetic in Christian missions. He and a party of four men, amid hostile natives, died of starvation in 1851, owing to strange mistakes and delays of a vessel which was to take them fresh provisions. The captain and crew arrived nearly two months after these saintly heroes had lain down their lives in good faith and love for Christ and neglected souls on the shores of Tierra del Fuego. From the seed corn that was buried on those shores have sprung up some six hundred missionaries, as many more native preachers and Christian workers, and thousands of natives, converts in answer to Captain Gardi-

ner's dying prayer. His diary, which was found, concluded with these words: "I have had no food or water for four days, but God is a gracious God. I have a place to lie down and no pain whatever, no cravings of hunger, and I am kept in perfect peace. My prayer is that the Lord my God may be glorified in me, whether it be by life or by death, and that He will raise up and send forth other laborers into His harvest." Since then, sixty-eight years have elapsed. Twenty missionary agencies and several Bible societies are doing a great work. By the help of scores of colporteurs they have put out millions of Bibles and portions of scripture in all the languages of the country. Oh that the noble examples of those pioneers might call for imitation by hundreds more! for there are still hundreds, if not thousands, of towns in South America where there are no Gospel missionaries. In the interior are seven millions of Indians, few of whom know that Jesus came to save them. Comparatively few on the continent ever read the life and teachings of Jesus in the Gospels. We are finding them every day.

Orphanages, hospitals, Bible training and educational schools carried on by the missions, are coming more and more into evidence. Praise God, the "Latter Rain" has fallen in nearly if not every one of these countries, but the very thought of what yet remains to be done is almost overwhelming. The vast majority take no interest in religion; have turned to agnosticism and rationalism. There is a tremendous need, particularly among the educated classes, and a lamentable dearth of Christian literature generally.

In Argentina there are said to be one hundred and fifty missionaries. Each one of these can have a parish of 35,294 persons. *In the whole province of Corrientes, as far as our knowledge extends, there are no witnesses for Christ.*

Dear reader, in the day when every man's work shall be judged, what will *you* have done for dark, neglected South America? Will these people, your next door neighbors, be able to witness against you, "No man cared for my soul?" It seems to us that the saints and angels, and God Himself in glory must be jealous for South America. Then awake, begin at once to do something for these perishing souls or their blood will be required at your hand. Deliver your soul quickly! The Lord is at hand! You can either go or give or pray, and you *must* do something to be right with God yourself. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and more: "A new

commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another *as I have loved you.*"

The writer is over twenty-one years a missionary to Latin America. She is worn and needs a rest, and would like to go personally to bring these needs before the Church, but there is no

one to fill the gap. Besides, the expense is too great, but remember, God is calling to you loudly, "Do something for South America quickly." Do not forget that though you may never see or hear from us again, in your inmost soul we are shouting at you, "Come over and help us."

Hailing God!

Small Sins Spell Disaster

W. W. Pelton, in The Stone Church, Aug. 10, 1919.



ONE of the greatest secrets in life is for a person to know himself. Very few people really know themselves. They do not know their own weakness; that which they think is their weakness is not as great as the one they do not understand. I have found out in dealing with people that they are over-confident, apt to be boastful, and do not really know their own heart. So the Psalmist cried out, "Search me, oh God, and know my heart." When he searched himself he did not find out where his failures were, and that is true in these days. When people search themselves they cannot see their own failures and sins; therefore it is necessary for them to cry out, "Search me, oh God! Let me see myself as Thou dost see me." When people in true humility ask God to turn on the searchlight they will see things in their lives they never knew were there. May that be our cry, that God will search our lives and show us where we fail. Perhaps you will think you are an exception, but I have never known even strong Christian characters who did not fail in some things. I believe it is possible to absolutely overcome, but we find weaknesses and failures in some of the mightiest men God ever used, and it maybe that some here this afternoon are tailing God most seriously, and do not realize it.

Let us study some of the Bible characters who were mighty men of God and yet made some very serious mistakes, some terrible failures. I believe we can get some very helpful lessons by this study. Did you ever stop to think of Moses, that mighty man of God, how he was carried from his very birth and trained for one special purpose, that he might lead the children of Israel out of the land of bondage into the Promised Land? But Moses failed to get into the Promised Land himself. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." If a man like Moses, whom God had trained for a special purpose, and led all those years, right up to the

Promised Land where he could look across and had his heart set on leading the people through, failed, how about you and me? Isn't it time that we cry mightily to God? The Word of God is written for our instruction. It doesn't white-wash things over or minimize sin when found in a godly man, but shows us the exceeding sinfulness of sin. In these days people white-wash sin and it doesn't look so terrible, but we need to get a glimpse of the real danger, the deadly poison.

Some of these Old Testament characters fell from great heights and they were brought down low through some sin. When the children of Israel traveled from Egypt they were brought right up to the Promised Land, and were driven back into the wilderness. Every one perished over twenty years of age except two, and then after forty years Moses said, "We are almost home." Perhaps he was counting the days, but the last, sorrowful message that God gave to him is found in Deut. 32:48-52, where God said to Moses, "You can look across to the Promised Land but you will die right here in this mountain." We might say this was severe, but God who is full of love and mercy, knew what was best. He said, "Because ye trespassed against me among the children of Israel at the waters of Meribah-Kedesh, in the wilderness of Zin."

"Moses, why did you get angry at the last moment and sin against God? Why didn't you continue in humility?" After all those years of labor and patience with the children of Israel it was indeed sad that he himself should fall, but this circumstance is recorded in God's Word that we might take warning. I have heard people boast about how they had a good temper and when they got started they could do things, but God's Word proves that it is sin. Moses failed to get into the Promised Land at that time but thank God, a few hundred years after he stood upon the Mount of Transfiguration. When Jesus was transfigured before the apostles there stood by the side of Jesus Moses and Elijah, so

he finally stood in the Promised Land.

Other noted characters failed God. As you read the Old Testament you will find that though they were mighty men they failed God in some way or other. King Saul, a man of God's own choosing, ended his life in disgrace. God didn't want Israel to have a king, but they determined to have one, so He chose the man. The monarchical form of government is wrong and not in accordance with God's Word. We have seen enough of kings. Thank God the days of the kingdoms are just about over; they are crumbling, but there is a King coming whose right it is to rule. Israel cried, "Give us a king." They liked the idea of a king wearing gold braid, a sword by his side and strutting around. It appealed to the people. God said, "If you want a king I will give you one, but it will be to your sorrow. It will mean heavy taxes, military service, war and bloodshed. But if you are bound to have one I will help you to get him." When people insist on their own way God lets them have it. A little child sometimes has to put his hand upon the stove to learn that it is hot, but when it gets burned it learns. That is the way with some people; they have to get a good burn.

So God chose Saul, a man of humility; yea a righteous man. One who served God, and when the time came for him to be anointed king, where do you think they found him? He wasn't on the job, and after awhile they found him hiding like a school-boy. They brought him out, God put His Spirit upon him and Saul even prophesied. When he became king the first thing he did was to drive out all the spiritualists. He set up the worship of Jehovah and made great strides for a time, but he fell. A little jealousy sometimes will do a great amount of damage. David had gone out to battle and had come back victorious, and as he came back at the head of his armies the women came out shouting and praising and dancing, and they sang, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands." Oh, how that went to Saul's heart! Right then and there was the entering wedge through the spirit of jealousy. He said, "They might as well give David the kingdom. They ascribe more glory to him than they do to me," and jealousy kept growing, just like sin does. It grows just like a ball of snow they roll along, becoming larger all the time. That little jealousy in his heart kept growing until it developed into hatred and he tried to murder David. Finally Saul, who

drove out the clairvoyants and the witches, himself sought the witch of Endor. What a strange thing that a man would turn around like that! and yet we see the same thing today. It wasn't all at once that Saul fell. He kept getting deeper and deeper into sin, hatred and murder filled his heart, and when the enemy came he could not get hold of God and he trembled with fear. When you let fear come into your heart you will fail God. I have known many earnest Christians whose usefulness was destroyed through fear. Why should a person be afraid if God is with him? Isn't He able to take care of His own people? Do not let fear get into your heart. Fear is a sin. "The fearful lead the procession to hell." Saul consulted the witch of Endor and she told him something that brought him down to despair: "Tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be with the dead." That wasn't the message that Saul wanted to hear, and it pierced his heart like an arrow. He could not pray, he had fallen away, and the next day as they went into battle those sons were killed, and Saul in despair threw himself on his sword and died a suicide. The beginning was just a little jealousy, followed by other sins, hatred, disobedience to God, murder and a suicide's grave. If you find something in your life that is wrong and sinful immediately get it out or it will keep on growing and cause your destruction. Unless it is stamped out and put under the blood it will dwarf your spiritual growth and perhaps cause an early death. Let us take warning from the serious mistakes of King Saul.

Another character we will consider is King Asa. He made a beautiful start when he became king. He began by repairing the house of God and by calling the people together to worship the Lord. He knew right well that his success depended on his loyalty to God, and the Word says, "He did that which was good and right in the eyes of Jehovah," not in the eyes of the people. When you purpose in your heart you will do right in God's sight, you will not be afraid of what people will think. I have known people who were slaves to public opinion and could not shake loose from it. Asa made a splendid start. He did that which was right and prospered. God gave him wonderful success in serving the people as king.

The Spirit of God came upon the prophet and he went out to meet Asa when he was first made king and said, "The Lord is with you, while ye be with Him; and if ye seek Him, He

will be found of you; but if ye forsake Him, He will forsake you." And when Asa heard these words he took courage and put away the abominable idols and restored the worship of Jehovah. But in the thirty-sixth year of his reign he made a league with Ben-hadad, king of Syria. There is a great deal written and said these days about leagues, the league of nations in particular, but I tell you on the authority of God's Word that any league that is not made in accordance with that Word and recognizing God, that league will be broken asunder; it will not stand. I trust the League of Nations will stand. I believe the President has noble ideas but he can make mistakes as others have. Asa said to Ben-hadad, "Let's you and I make a league; I have sent you gold and silver, you come to my rescue against Baasha and if necessary I will help you." Many a Christian man has gone down through making a league with some ungodly person. You cannot walk with the ungodly and be true to God. You can mingle with them to help them and lift them up, but when you chose for associates those who do not love God they will drag you down. King Asa was a mighty man but when he made a league with Ben-hadad the prophet came and said, "The Lord is against you. You have made a league with an ungodly man. Jehovah will forsake you if you do not repent of that. Heretofore you have relied upon God for help, but now you are relying upon man." What did Asa do? Did he bow his head and ask God's forgiveness? No. He made another serious mistake. He got angry with the person who rebuked him. When you get angry at a person who gives you a rebuke you may depend upon it you need the rebuke and you had better take it. Sometimes the best friend you have is the one who has the courage to come to your face with a good, sharp rebuke, and tell you where you made a mistake. Don't be afraid of a rebuke if it is given in the spirit of love. This man came with love in his heart but the king didn't take it, and that was another nail in his coffin, so to speak. He said, "Put that man in prison."

As the king grew older he became harder in heart and lost his zeal. Sometimes people grow old and crabbed. I do not see the need of it, and believe there is something wrong with them. I believe we ought to keep sweet, for the older a person becomes, the closer to God he ought to be. I thank God that my father when he was over eighty years of age would rejoice and laugh with the children. He always kept sweet because he

had a joy within. Asa got cranky, threw the man in prison and continued his league, but after awhile something happened. It always does. Asa got diseased in his feet and that disease became exceeding great. Yet in his disease, the Word of God says he sought not to Jehovah but to the physicians, and he died at forty-one years of age. He might have lived many years longer but he got out of touch with God. Affiliating with ungodly people, he lost his faith in God, got angry at His servant, and went on in sin until sin's penalty came upon him. He could not pray and leaning on the arm of flesh he died. Some people say they believe a person will live out his days and when his time comes he will go. That is all a mistake. There are thousands of people who are in their graves before their time, and so it was with King Asa. He might have had victory. Heretofore he prayed and got victory; when he went to battle he was successful because he cried unto Jehovah, but now in the latter days he woefully failed because he placed his trust in the arm of flesh. They had a great funeral and didn't talk about his mistakes, but God's Word tells the secret. The league with ungodly people caused his downfall.

Hezekiah was another example of a man who made a splendid start and failed. In II. Chron. 32 we read the story of how he was sick unto death. He prayed unto God and God gave him a sign. He told him through the prophet He would lengthen his life fifteen years. His time had come but when he turned his face to the wall and cried, God heard and gave him an extension. You would have thought he would have rejoiced over that and never would have forgotten how God spared him, but poor Hezekiah made a great blunder. A heathen king sent him presents and finally came to visit him. If Hezekiah had only treated his visitors as he should, but he got puffed up by their visit. He didn't tell them what a wonderful miracle the Lord had wrought, but he showed them through his palace. "Do you see these wonderful paintings? They cost so much money; and this jewelry. And wait until I show you my new robes. Aren't they beautiful? Wait until I get dressed up in them," and so he made a great display and strutted around. I know a Christian woman who whenever anyone comes to see her, would get out all her dresses for display, but God doesn't want us to glory in these things. "Hezekiah, why are you running around in your palace displaying your jewelry? You ought to know

better than that. Why don't you tell how God healed you and lengthened your life?" In the midst of all this a prophet comes up to him—God always has a servant who will obey Him, and the prophet said to him, "What said these men? and from whence came they unto thee?" And Hezekiah told him they came from Babylon and that he had showed them all his treasures. Then Isaiah the prophet said that all that was in his house and all that his father had saved would be carried into Babylon; his sons would be taken prisoners because of what he had done. He never realized the sin he had committed, and that is true of people today. They do not realize the sinfulness of sin.

That is the way with character after character in the Old Testament; one failed here and another there, but it was failure, failure, failure. Fear got into the heart of the mighty man Elijah over a woman's threat. Solomon made a horrible mistake by marrying all those women.

Further back we find that the priest Eli failed because he did not restrain his children. That is where many people fail today. They have their children running the streets and do not know where they are. These are perilous times and we all need to search our hearts and see if there is any failure on our part.

We find that in the New Testament there is tri-

GOOD BOOKS.

- OUTLINE STUDIES OF THE BOOK OF REVELATION, by C. W. M. Turner. Paper 55c, cloth \$1.00.
- FOREGLEAMS OF GLORY, by E. Sisson, \$1.10.
- THE BOOK OF REVELATION, by D. W. Myland, \$1.00.
- LATTER RAIN PENTECOST, by D. W. Myland, cloth, 55c; paper, 35c.
- DEATH TO LIFE, by Anna Prosser, cloth \$1.00; paper, 50c.
- MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF PROPHECY, by W. H. Cossum, 55c.
- AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAM GUYON, 70c.
- IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, by Sidney Watson, \$1.00.
- THE MARK OF THE BEAST, by Sidney Watson, \$1.00.
- THE MINISTRY OF WOMEN, A. W. Bell, 10c.
- THE WORLD WAR, by F. M. Messenger. Four Horses of Revelation. Paper cover, 25 cts.

SONGS OF CALVARY.

"Songs of Calvary." It contains some of the very best old songs and a large number of new ones equally good. A better collection for revival meetings would be hard to find. We cannot speak too highly of this book. Just a few of the more than

umph and victory, and Jesus told us the secret. He told His disciples, "The Holy Spirit has been with you and shall be in you." We may feel a little discouraged over the failures in the Old Testament but when we think of the mighty men of God in the New it is encouraging. When we think of Stephen and how when his spirit was going to God he uttered that sublime prayer for his enemies, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," we realize what God is able to do for His children. He uttered those words as they threw the rocks upon his bleeding body. Thank God there is victory over the power of Satan. Those Old Testament men did not have the light we have today. That light is increasing day by day with marvelous brightness. Are you walking in that light? Are you searching for the hidden treasures in God's Word?

I thank God for the victory the Apostle Paul had. He didn't sit down in despair. Note the triumph in the words, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course." There wasn't failure there. It was victory. There is victory for every one of us through our Lord Jesus Christ. There may be deep humblings for us; we may be called upon to suffer and endure; we may be scoffed and mocked, but if we are true to God He will cause us to triumph in spite of all these things.

260 hymns are:

- Are You Ready now to Go—Widmeyer.
- Is your All on the Altar—Hoffman.
- Cleansing for Me—H. Booth.
- The Royal Telephone—Lehman.
- Jesus, I'll go thro' with Thee—Gilmour.
- God is Coming—Mrs. Hoffman.
- Filled with God—Jones.
- Christ is Coming—Macomber.
- Down in the Valley—Bradley.
- Nailed to the Cross—Graves.
- Our Lord's Return to Earth—Kirk.
- Power of the Holy Ghost—Harris.
- Joy Unspeakable—Warren.
- If Jesus Were Coming Tonight—Harris.
- The Penitent's Plea—H. Booth.
- Washed in the Blood—Jones.
- The Fire is Burning—Hugg.
- Honey from the Rock—Gabriel.
- I've Believed the true Report—Jones.
- The Grand Excursion.
- The Year of Jubilee.
- The Song of Redemption.
- Victory at the Cross.
- Like Jesus Himself, etc., etc., etc.

There are also some choruses and duets, as well as quartets for ladies' and male voices, and a large number of hymns of worship which everyone loves. Price, Pebble cloth, 20 cts. a copy postpaid, \$17 per hundred, not prepaid. Board cloth, embossed covers, 25 cts. by mail, \$19 per hundred, not prepaid. Send for a copy for examination before ordering elsewhere.

Missionary Conference and General Council meeting of The Assemblies of God will convene at The Stone Church, 70th St. and Stewart Ave. beginning Sept. 23rd.

Hardy W. Mitchell, Pastor

351 W. Seventy-Second Street

Telephone Stewart 5243