



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

Out of the Mouth of Hell

Wonderful Conversion of a Prize Fighter in the British Navy.

Jack Saunders in The Stone Church, Oct. 4, 1919.



It is never easy to tear the veil, as it were, from my past life. My heart palpitates as I bare the sordid past, but I am glad that after all the misery, there comes forth the glory of Jesus. Out of the darkness, out of the midnight blackness and the despair of those thirty-seven years, there shines forth the marvelous, matchless grace of God. Oh, the wondrous grace of God that found me!

And perhaps in this reticence I am not alone. Had it not been for some divine power in your nature which had control, you would perhaps never have known where you would have landed, and had I the possibility this afternoon of putting up a screen here and having some machine back by the door that was able to look through every one of you, and have your past life depicted on that screen, I doubt if in five minutes I'd have a very large audience. Is it not true? Thank God for what I am, by His grace.

I was born in England, father was pretty well-to-do; had the largest building and contractor's business in the town, a typical man from Devonshire, and as the majority of men are from that district, a very large man, stood six and a half in his stocking feet. My father's family was a most remarkable one, thirteen in the family and they were all over six feet. It was very striking to see those thirteen marching off to church on Sunday. They tell me it was a wonderful sight, grandfather and grandmother leading the way, with two girls and eleven sons bringing up the rear.

My father was a man of wonderful strength. They built their big ladders, 75 feet long, 5 feet wide at the bottom, and I remember one day, he got hold of that ladder and uprighted the whole thing against the building. I am simply telling you this about his strength to show you what I had to endure later. He hated me from my birth with a bitter hatred because of his absolute idolatry of my mother, who was a little slip of a thing, about five feet high. I have seen her run up to him and make that big mountain of flesh cringe and make him do absolutely what she wanted him to do. My coming into the world sent mother into a decline; she contracted consumption, and my father hated me from the mo-

ment he realized my birth had caused her decline, so you can probably guess the boyhood I had in such a home as that.

There are some things implanted in a child's memory which he never forgets. Listen to me, parents: Don't think that children do not understand; there was something implanted on my mind that occurred when I was three years old that will never be effaced. I remember an Italian man coming around with a bear and a rope. Father was angry and the devil entered into him. I do not know whether he meant to do away with me or not, but he got the bear up to the door, where mother stood with me in her arms, and as that bear was dancing around, suddenly my father snatched me, a little fellow of three, and put me into the bear's paws. That thing has never been effaced from my memory. Neither will I ever forget my mother grabbing me with one arm and pounding the bear on his nose with the other. As she came back, she gave my father one look and slapped him in the face. That big man cringed before her.

Such was my life until I was nearly five. Mother seemed to feel her passing on was near, and every afternoon she would get me on her knee and begin to sing little songs to me. She knew by intuition what I would have to go through when she went, and how she would weep and cry over her baby! I used to ask her why she cried, and she would say, "Oh, mamma is going to that radiant shore." "So am I. I dare not be left alone with father." And she would say, "Oh, Denny, you cannot go yet, but you will come some day." In all my years of sin and wickedness, when the enemy seemed to absolutely possess my being, now and again my mother's face would flash between me and the whiskey glass, and the words ring in my ears, "You are coming there some day." Oh, praying mothers, praying fathers, never stop praying. Remember God hears and answers prayer, and though you go on before, that prayer will be answered some day.

After mother's death, father sold out his business, for something like \$125,000 and went to London. I remember hearing him pace the floor night after night in agony of soul over the loss of mother. He felt it more keenly than we did, as his whole life was wrapped up in that little

woman. Since I have come to years of maturity I can understand his attitude to me through his love for my mother. I was simply an incubance to him, but his wife he deeply loved.

He went to London, hit the high spots, threw his money right and left, while his little ones at home were hungry many times. If an aunt hadn't come clear across London to give us something to eat, we would have suffered. Whenever he did come home he would usually be in one of his tantrums, for he had a violent temper. The first thing he would say when he came was, "Where is Dennis?" and would get me by the leg and lift me up with his big hand, saying, "You little devil. You killed your mother," and then throw me off in a corner like so much rubbish. Can you wonder that my heart became like a stone? I hated everybody, my father more than anybody else, but oh, when Jesus came in how He opened up my heart to love! In fact, I never knew love until Jesus came into my life.

I had to suffer this until I was eleven years old. Someone said, in speaking of it, "I'd have run away." I didn't know where to run. I couldn't trust myself with anyone, and wherever I would have gone he would have found me. We went back to our home town, and father, through his excesses and grieving over mother, contracted bronchitis and died. I was in swimming at the time of his death. Can you think of anything worse than for a boy not to care whether his father lived or died? The last of father I can remember was when they carried him out to the village cemetery and put him down into his grave. As I stood over his grave, the only thing that came into my mind and which I gave vent to right there was, "*You cannot hate me now.*"

They sent me to London to an uncle, who was an ultra-religionist. It was religion from morning till night, until I got to hate the very sound of the name of Jesus. On Saturday nights in England they used to take me to prayer meetings, and I, a mere child, would have to sit there until twelve and one o'clock in the morning, so that I got to detest the very sight of a church. I went to my uncle and said, "If you do not send me to school, I will run away," and he saw something in my face that evidently convinced him I would do it. So he found a place for me in the northwest of London. I had visions, of course, of a wonderful life I would lead, thought I would be as free as a bird. Professors and teachers never bothered me, but I was a

puzzle to them. The very demon of mischief seemed to enter into me from the moment I entered that place. I would hatch up and carry out schemes that were simply outrageous, but I had been tied down and crushed so long my spirit rose up and gave vent to everything that came into my head. I got into trouble with the authorities and they threatened to expel me half a dozen times, which they ought to have done.

One day, which I shall always consider the crucial time in my life, a well-dressed gentleman came to look through the college. He was a dark-skinned man, an *attache* of the Argentine Legation in London. He walked through the class-rooms with the principal professor, and, coming to ours, turned around and remarked, "Why, what a smart, bright-faced looking lot of boys! How I would like to take one of them to South America with me." "Well," I said, "me for South America." South America possessed me at once, and I was just aching for recess to come so I could get at this man. In twenty minutes they let us out, but I didn't want to play. This man was dressed in a Prince Albert, and I began to tug at his coat, as he with Professor Smith was looking over the playgrounds. "Well, little man, what do you want?" "Oh, I am going to South America with you." He smiled and said, "Why, what do you mean?" "Why, you said in the class-room you would like to have one of the boys go with you." "You will have to get the consent of your parents." "I haven't any," "You will have to get the consent of your guardian." "I don't think I have any." By that time Professor Smith turned around, "Saunders, go to your class-room." "But I am going to South America," and that was all they could get out of me. It so impressed this man that he came back again, and said, "If you can get the consent of your guardian you shall go." I said, "Guardian or no guardian, I am going to South America." I wrote to my uncle and said, "Uncle, a gentleman wants me to go to South America with him, and I am going whether you want me to or not," and he knew enough about me to know that I meant it. He sent word to Prof. Smith not to let me go, and the professor sent for me to come to his study. Many times I had been in that study; and painful were my recollections of it. I wondered what I had been up to this time, but for the first time in my life I was asked to sit down in his presence. He said, "You want to go to South America with Senor Lastra?" "Yes," I said, "I am going." "Do you know to whom you are talking?" "Yes,

I am talking to Professor Smith, but you won't be my professor much longer." He threatened to write a letter to my uncle at once telling him not to let me go. Then I told him very plainly that I had been a nuisance there in his college, that he had wanted to expel me half a dozen times for my outrages (not that I was vicious but bubbling over with mischief) and the opportunity had come of getting rid of me, possibly without any fuss. Fancy a boy like me talking like that to him, but he finally said he would write to my uncle telling him that he had better let me go. From that moment I was the hero of the place, the only time I had such honor. The time came when I said good-bye, and we took a boat for Buenos Aires, landing there in 1890, right in the middle of one of those South American revolutions. The gentleman who took me out was intimately connected with the governmental situation and his brother was a leader of the People's Union. To understand the real significance of that you would have to be acquainted with South American conditions. There is the government party and the people's party, and there is continual friction between them, and my boss, if you would like to term him so, was Vice President of the People's Union. So I landed in hot water with the government at once by remaining with him. I remember the first intimation I had that there was trouble brewing. All the servants were huddled together on the housetop. I said to a man, "What is the matter? Is there any fun?" He said, "Come and see. It's a revolution. They are coming back tonight within a half block of our house." That was in Liberty Square, and two and a half blocks away were the government barracks; on one side the people, and soldiers from the government on the other, and they clashed. I stood on the parapet and watched them. Some people think a South American revolution is simply a storm in a teacup, but they mean business. I have seen blood run like water on the streets of Buenos Aires, men slain and cut to pieces. That lasted for about two weeks and there were eight cannon-ball holes in our house; they tried to capture the Vice President of the People's Union. The soldiers were there, and they would rush down and protect us, and I enjoyed the excitement. It was pampering all the animal nature that had been bred in me by my father's inhuman conduct. Every good feeling had been crushed out, and do you wonder that when I was in Brazil three years later and heard there was another revolution I went to see the fun? The beginning of it

was when a big Russian Finn—what we would call now a Bolshevik, really a propagandist, trouble-maker—walking down the streets of Rosario, pulled the Chief of Police off his horse, took his sword from him, walked him up to the corner store and pinned him like a butterfly, leaving him hanging there. When that happened I thought it was about time for Jack Saunders to make himself scarce, and I went. Nothing had happened to curb my animal nature or bring forth any good in me, but all pampered to the love of excitement, love of evil, and there is no place in the world where you can get that thing fed like South America.

When there was nothing stirring I joined the Mercantile Marines, and that satisfied my love of excitement for awhile. Then I heard that the British Navy wanted to send an expedition against the West African Benin tribe. I said, "That is my time," and I went home and joined the British Navy in 1896. In 1898 there was the Boxer uprising and the Boer War in 1899-1906, and I was satisfied for awhile.

Someone said, "Why don't you go in for the prize fighting game. You sure love to scrap. If you start in that game you will satisfy all the animal in your nature." I used to think it a delight to go into the ring and knock some poor fellow around until he was senseless. Not that I was necessarily brutal, but it was the only thing in me that was brought forth, and it had to be satisfied somehow. Prize-fighting naturally led to drinking and I drank very heavily until I became just a common drunkard. They put me in prison in different places. In Hong Kong there is a prison ship called the Tamar. While I was at sea on the Monmouth my very soul was craving for drink, and I could not get it. I had plenty of money but could not buy it. I broke into a wine store in the midshipmen's room and helped myself. They put me down in this prison. Talk about prisons! You haven't any prisons in the United States. They are just play-houses. I have been in San Quentin, and saw them playing ball, but my experience in prison was vastly different. The name of the ship was Tamar, and they said, "We tame lions here." They wanted to tame me right away, but, dear ones, you can never do anything that way. It takes love to do that. Think of that, some of you parents. Love will do what cruelty never can do. When I went down there I weighed 196 pounds when I wasn't in strict training. When I came out, after spending weeks and months there, I was a living skeleton, weighed 99 pounds. You

had to do things down there that were simply awful. I remember particularly a great big circle of blocks of wood placed around. On each block of wood was placed a 36-pound shot. We each had to take one of these 36-pound shot in our hands and walk around with that for one hour. Before we had carried it five minutes it began to feel like 36 tons, and if the warder saw you not carrying it properly he would come up with his stick and hit you until you would collapse on the floor. This experience engendered in my heart a positive, deadly hatred for everybody and every authority. Many times I said, "If I get out of this place I will kill half of these fellows." The authorities heard of it, and knowing my disposition and character, when I came out they kept me closely guarded on board the ship until a relief ship came from England, and they put me on board at once to take me home. And so I could go on with this sordid story, for when the devil has a fellow on the run he greases the path.

When I left the Navy, after twelve years, feeling free of all restraint, all authority and discipline, I went headlong to hell; went all over the world, having a good time, getting as drunk as I could to the very verge of delirium tremens. Three times I went over, and that condition naturally began to play on my physical. I became a physical wreck. On the ninth of May, 1913, two fellows I had been beating the country with, said to me after a particularly heavy carouse, "Jack, you are a fine fellow when you are sober, but when you are drunk you are hell let loose. Won't you go and get a room by yourself?" I said, "Fellows, good-bye," little dreaming that it was a literal "good-bye" to the old life. I went to the landlady and asked for a room by myself. The only two men in the world whom I thought were my friends had turned me down cold, so I walked out. I remembered how I had stood up in my window and looked opposite to the Apostolic Faith Mission, run by Will Trotter on First street, and thought of what a crazy bunch of folks they were; and that if ever I should turn religious they would be the last I would get in with, but I am here.

I walked up to the corner. Everybody that passed me and looked happy I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to pull my fist out and give them a wallop. Some might smile at that, but you never felt the depth of misery that comes into a human soul when he feels he is deserted by God and man. I had a touch of it that night.

I felt I was absolutely forsaken and nobody cared. I stood there thinking, "Well, what next?" Don't forget whenever a man gets to the end of his tether the devil is always there to tell him what to do. He got me to take a retrospective view of my past life from college to gutter, and then suggested, "Now, what do you think there is left for you to do?" "I guess I had better efface myself, get off the earth." I stood there that night wondering which was the easiest way out. You say, "Oh, you coward!" I may have been, but do not forget I had suffered, body, soul and spirit, for nearly thirty-seven years. What was life to me? All I wanted was an easy way out. Did I believe in a God? No, I didn't believe there could be a God. When a man is in that condition, what does he care about God?

As I stood there meditating I happened to look up the street half a block and saw a sign flashing, Rescue Mission, and wondered, "What kind of a dump is that?" I had never been in such a place in my life, and curiosity got the better of me. Thank God for curiosity. Many folks have come into Pentecostal meetings out of curiosity, and God has hooked them. I walked up there and thought I'd sit down for a few minutes meditating what I would do. I thought the best way would be to get a little strychnine, go down to the river, destroy all identification marks, and then go out. I was too miserable to think of the hereafter.

I went into the mission and before the meeting started, a tiny woman came back to me and said, "Good evening." There were five seats in that row. I said gruffly, "Good evening." I didn't want anybody to speak to me. "How are you feeling?" "None the better for your asking," I replied. I wanted by absolute discourtesy to make the woman go away. That would have satisfied ninety-nine women out of a hundred, but she was the hundredth one. She was fishing that night and she meant to land her fish. I sat one seat away from her, and sized her up and down, although I was trembling from head to foot. "Will you promise me to remain for the service?" "No, ma'am," and I went another seat away, she coming after me. By this time my nerves were in a terrible condition with rage whiskey and dope. I was almost in a state of collapse. "Madam, will you please go away?" I moved next to the wall, and she came to the fourth seat. I have often said to her since, "Mrs. G., however did you have the nerve to corner me that night?" "I do not know, God just

told me to go after you." She didn't weigh more than eighty pounds, but she was filled with compassion for a human soul and when you have that compassion nothing in the world will turn you down. You say, "Oh, I am not cut out to talk to anyone." I want to tell you if God tells you to talk to anyone, you had better act. He will do the rest. Finally, to get rid of the woman, I said, "What do you want?" "If you will promise to stay for the service I will go over and pray for you during the whole service." Just to get rid of her I said, "All right, madam, I will stay. An hour or two won't make much difference." I was over against the wall where she crowded me, and I took a song-book and naturally liking music began to hum the hymn over, when suddenly I realized the service had practically ceased and the man was making an altar call. Suddenly without any premonition of what was going to occur my hand went up in the air. I said, "What in the world, Jack Saunders, did you do that for?" I'm sorry if anyone says it doesn't fit the situation, according to their theology. I know the Spirit of God that night made me put up my hand, and about six great huskies came marching down my way. If you want real good ushers, send to a Rescue Mission. They just hook right on and say, "Come," which these six fellows proceeded to do. With some pulling and some pushing I had to go somewhere. I said, "Fellows, I do not want to go up there." They asked me to go up and shake hands with the preacher. I looked up the aisle and saw the altar and there was another aisle leading down to the doorway, so I thought I would just go up and shake hands and shoot across and down to the door. I had it all planned out beautifully, but I had left God out of the situation. I walked up, shook hands with Sammy Mitchell and turned around to complete my program, but saw something in the way. A man who weighed about 315 pounds blocked the whole of the gangway. I looked at the situation and unconsciously I began to comment aloud, "I cannot get around it, I cannot get under it, I cannot get over it, what shall I do?" He solved the situation. All he did was to lean up against me. When 315 pounds leans against 128, the 128 has to go and I went. Listen, you who would doubt the convicting power of the Holy Ghost, that moment that man leaned on me and my knees touched the floor, God began to pour on me such an awful weight of conviction as I had never experienced before. I had faced men in the ring without a quiver. I had been through different

crises in my life. I wasn't troubled when I swam through a school of sharks in New Zealand, but right there, absolute, physical fear fell on me such as I never experienced in my life. I began to feel cold chills up and down my spine, my hair stood on end, sweat-drops broke out on me in great beads. I trembled from head to foot, so that I turned around and said, "Fellow, what in heaven's name is this?" And a man admitted to me afterwards that he had never seen a man under such awful conviction in his life before. "Boy, you had better pray the publican's prayer." I got down and prayed from the bottom of my heart the only prayer laid down in God's Word for a sinner. I have since been superintendent of that mission, and heard men come up and say the words, but that night I really prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner and save me from all my sins, for Jesus' sake." He is a wonderful Savior because He did it right then. I got up off my knees and said, "Oh, my, I feel good! Oh, Mister, I feel good." Sammy Mitchell told me afterwards he didn't have a spark of faith in me; he thought I had put it on, and was after a bed. I walked down to the door; didn't know they gave away beds and meal-tickets. Somebody called, "Don't you want a bed, boy?" "No, I want to go home and tell those two fellows what I got." I declare to you on the authority of God's Word, the moment a man is really saved and born of God, he is after the other fellow. My first thought as soon as I was saved was those two boys in that room and I made a bee-line for the Toronto Apartments, went upstairs, and right there I met the devil for the first time after my conversion. As I got up there ready to open the door, he said, "What will they think?" and with my hand on that door I hesitated. I have fought a good many fights, but that was the hardest ever I fought in my life. For quite a time I stood there debating. The Spirit of God was pulling one way and the devil another. Finally I pulled the door open and walked across the room. They were playing cards, and a bottle of wine was on the table. They looked up. "Hello, what is the matter?" I walked over to the table, and said, "Boys, I have something I want to tell you." There was something in my face that made those boys listen. "Boys, I have been up to a little rescue mission on North Main street and given my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ." Jesse immediately seized hold of the glass of wine and lifted it up. "Here, Jack, wash it down," the devil trying to the very last to get me, but with

all the power that God put in my soul and into my fist, I brought it down on that table and said, "Boys, by the grace of God, that stuff never passes my lips again". The other one turned around and said, "Ho, Jack has another bug in his brain." Yes, it is still there, growing bigger on my hands every day. I went out and immediately God called me into His work. I resisted and rebelled, but didn't backslide. Finally God had to lay me on my back. I went to the Catalina Islands, took charge of the Y. M. C. A. camp and God marvelously used my simple message. There were two hundred and thirty-eight boys converted in one month. The Bible I now use was given to me by my first convert.

I cannot stop to tell you how God helped my body, took the marks of sin off my face, straightened my nose, and gave me a new stomach. I could not do anything else in those old days but eat soup and liquid food, but two days afterward God marvelously healed me. Two months after I was saved, I was standing decorating the mission. We like to decorate the mission when the boys are having their spiritual birthdays, and in walked one of my old cronies. He came walking up to the front and said, "Say, can you tell me where I can find old Jack Saunders?" "Yes, here he is." That man gave one look at my face and dropped down. That night he came to the altar and gave his heart to God. Two months later I was walking up Second street and saw a man coming down. I saw it was one of my old companions, one of those two men in the room with me. I was about to pass him to see whether he knew me or not and something stopped me. I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Hello, Jess." He looked at me startled and the tears began to stream from his eyes. "My God, Jack!" "Yes, Jesse, it is Jack." "But, man, what is the matter with your face?" "Oh, God just straightened it out." He began to cry, and said, "Jack, I don't know what you have gotten, but it certainly made a man of you." I tried to convince him it was for him, too, but he would not take it.

God led me into the ministry and gave me a beautiful Christian girl for a wife. I became a Nazarene preacher, but fought this wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost. One time I was holding a meeting down in a little town close to Los Angeles, and a man came to see me who said he was Dr. Woodworth. I had never set eyes on him and didn't know anything about him. Listen, some of you skeptics who don't believe in the supernatural workings of the Spirit, account for

this if you can. I said to my wife, "Well, tell him to hurry up. I am trying to get my sermon ready." I had a whole table full trying to dig it out of books instead of on my knees. The first thing he did was to take me in his arms and kiss me, the first man who ever did such a thing. I excused myself and went out and told my wife, and she told me those people did that. I went in a little more calmly and said, "I wish you would kindly deliver your message. I have to prepare a sermon for this evening and am in an awful hurry." "Well, Brother Jack, I will be brief. My name is Dr. Woodworth. God saved me a number of years ago, baptized me in the Holy Ghost, healed my body and told me I would have to give up the practice of medicine." I wondered what that had to do with me. He went on, "I threw all my instruments and medicine away. My neighbors for weeks were hunting my garbage cans. I had a continual stream to see if there were any more being thrown away. God has given me some wonderful visions."—I didn't even then pay any attention to what he was saying—"but last night, or rather early this morning, God showed me your face in a vision." Now, mark you, here was a man I had never seen in my life before, who said, "I saw your face in a vision with your name written over it, and the name of a song underneath. The song was, 'I Walk and Talk with the King.'" He continued, "The Spirit spoke to me, and told me to find that man and tell him to go and sing in the Temple Auditorium." I think you will agree that was a very hard mission to give anyone. I have learned to know that man intimately since, and he is a man who immediately obeys God when He speaks. He said, "Brother Saunders, I have been hunting for you since the early hours of the morning, trying to get trace of a man called Jack Saunders." Think of the tenacity of the man who would not give up. He said, "I have delivered my message. I will not keep you any longer," and he went out. I could not preach that night or the remainder of the time I was there, that thing was running through my brain. I tried to throw it off but could not. My wife kept prodding me that if I was not going to sing, I should tell them. Saturday night I tried to 'phone but could not get him, so I went to sing, and God so marvelously blessed me and the response of the people was so wonderful I didn't understand it. I wanted to walk off the platform when I was through, but wife said, "No, let's stay for the service." I heard a man get up and exalt the blood of Jesus in a way I

had never heard before, and I said to my wife, "Whatever this tongue business is, I don't know, but that fellow knows God." I got outside and said, "Well, anyhow, that finishes me with these folks." Outside the door this doctor was waiting for me, a very apologetic look on his face. "Brother Jack, I cannot help it, I have to deliver my message. The leaders said, 'Get that fellow for next Sunday.'" The following Sunday I was there again with my wife. We sang a duet and she was just walking down to take her seat in the audience and I was going to sit on the platform, when that building rocked from side to side. I have always said God sent that earthquake for my benefit. Right there God showed me what was going to occur on the Judgment Day. You will not need God to tell you which side to go; you will hunt your own crowd. Immediately that building began to rock, the goats ran for the door; they were tearing each other's dresses to pieces, and it was pandemonium let loose, but the sheep stood on their feet with their hands uplifted and began to praise God, thinking Jesus was coming. I wasn't afraid; was curiously watching this wonderful scene. God spoke to me definitely and said, "These are my people." "Yes, Lord, I believe it."

On Tuesday afternoon I was in the services in the Ice Palace. In those days the power of God was falling in the Ice Palace. As I stood looking at the seekers my heart was hungry. A man whom I had known as a Presbyterian minister came along. "I said, 'Brother Palmer, what do you think of this?'" "Brother Jack, it is the only thing on earth." "Why, have you got it?" Immediately his lips began to quiver and he shook from head to foot and he began to speak in

tongues. I looked at him with my eyes bulging out, wondering what strange sounds were issuing from his lips, and right there a hunger came upon me and my poor old heart cried out, "Oh, I would to God I had it!" I never sought for it but once, but while a brother was preaching I was praying a peculiar prayer, "Oh, God, shut that fellow up quickly," and God did it. It seemed peculiar but right in the middle of his discourse the preacher said, "I do not know, I feel like making an altar call now." I remember having read in God's Word, "In the day that you seek me with all your heart, I shall be found." Right there I began to seek with all my heart, and it wasn't fifteen minutes before the mighty power of God surged through this being until every joint and bone and muscle of my body became limp. Some may say, "Bro. Saunders, why lay on your back?" There are a lot of people God has to get flat on their backs before He can really talk to them. He cannot talk to them standing up; they think too much of themselves. God began to talk to me hour after hour. I said, "Lord, You can take everything You want, but give me Jesus, and immediately the Spirit of the Lord began to seize my vocal organs, and they told me I spoke in seven or eight languages. I do not know, but I know that something came into my soul that brought joy and peace and as I leaned up against Brother Palmer's knee He spoke these words, "Sealed unto the day of redemption." Now you can count me among you. The moment you are willing to turn yourself over to God He will make something of you. You may think if you are outside of God you amount to something now, but I want to tell you we are nothing without God.

How God Answered By Signs

J. Narver Gortner in the Council Meeting, Sept. 25, 1919.



HAVE planted, Apollos watered, but God giveth the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase."

I used to be a Methodist preacher, and Brother Jack who has just sung was a Nazarene preacher. God has baptized us with the Holy Ghost, bless the Lord who quickeneth the dead. The first time Brother Jack Saunders saw me he rather liked me, and he so expressed himself, "I like that Methodist preacher." "Oh

look out for him he speaks in tongues." Brother Jack told me that after that he kept his eyes open and looked through his fingers.

God is looking for empty channels through whom He can pour His blessings on hearts and down into the souls of the people of the earth. May God help every one of us to be empty channels for Him.

I was the President of the Coast Side Conference of Southern California. We had had our Campmeeting, and I said to my wife, "I need a little rest, and I am going up among the redwoods to rest. I had read in Sister Carrie

Montgomery's paper that there was to be a camp-meeting among the redwoods, and I thought I'd take that in, and I did. I was there from Tuesday to Saturday. A sister said, "Are you seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost? If you are we would like to have you come over to Sister Montgomery's Cottage meeting, but if you just come to look on, we haven't any room for mere on-lookers." She looked at me and I looked at her, and presently some one said, "Sister Montgomery has sent you a special invitation." I went over and waited with the saints that Saturday, but God didn't baptize me that night. We had a wonderful time. Nobody who has been to the Cazadero Campmeeting will ever forget it. It was a wonderful time. The power of God just surged back and forth over the assembly of the saints like the billows of the mighty deep. I went to my tent about twelve o'clock and committed my soul to God and slept like a child. I awoke as day was breaking and God reminded me of the words of Scripture, "And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him," and as I said it the power of God fell on me from on high, my body was convulsed and I began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. I forgot all I said, but I remember the last two words, "*Logo faka*" and the devil said, "That means it is all a fake." There is nothing more real than this. It is just as real as the Son Himself. This baptism of the Holy Ghost is as true as truth, and as mighty as God Himself. The devil said, "It is a wonderful experience, of course, but you had better not say anything about it. Just live the experience and keep still." I opened the Word of God and the first passage of Scripture my eyes rested upon was this, "I will declare what He hath done for my soul." Then the devil said, "It was just by chance your eyes lighted upon those words, and besides if you tell these Pentecostal people here at Cazadero God has baptized you, you will have to testify in your Church down at Arroyo Grande. They will think you have scandalized yourself and your Church, and maybe they will put you out. I opened the Word of God again and the first words my eyes lighted upon were, "Nevertheless among the chief rulers many believed on Him, but because of the Pharisees they would not confess Him lest they should be put out of the synagogue." I said, "Lord, I will tell the people God has baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire," and at the first opportunity I did.

God also wonderfully touched my body that day and healed me of a long standing spinal trouble, so that two or three days later when in a hotel in San Francisco I hunted all up and down my spine for the sore spot and could not find it. I went home to Arroyo Grande, and said, "The day of miracles has not passed." A superannuated minister said, "What now?" I said, "God has wonderfully touched my spine and healed me." He said, "I hope it will last." The next Sunday morning I preached to my people on the passage, "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit." It was my privilege to preach to the people that day that the latter rain was falling on the earth and the people were being baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire and that God had baptized me. Well, they didn't put me out of the church. I suppose if I had known before I received the baptism that I would have to get out of the Methodist church I should have been scarcely willing to receive it. God knew that and so He didn't say anything to me about it. The days and weeks and months and years came and went—it was in 1914, as the great world-war was breaking out that God baptized me in the Holy Spirit—and one day the old trouble seemed to be returning, and I had to give up my work for a little while. I was in Los Angeles, not able to preach and somehow God was impressing my mind with the thought that I had to get out and do Pentecostal work; that my ministry in the M. E. Church was somewhat restricted and God wanted to give me a larger field. I knelt down and prayed, "Lord, You have spoken to me in a very wonderful way in dreams and visions many times in the past, speak to me tonight. Let me know if it is Your will that I should leave the Methodist Church. Let me dream a dream or see a vision and I will do Your will."

I got into bed and fell asleep, and immediately I saw a wonderful sight. I saw a horse, and, strange as it may seem, the horse was running backwards, and a man was mounted upon it. I looked on in utter amazement. Some distance away was a hill, and the hill was covered with stones, and the horse ran rapidly until it came to the foot of the hill and there it fell. The man was thrown very vigorously from the horse. I said, "What does that mean?" And the Spirit

seemed to say, "That horse represents the M. E. Church, and you are clinging to it, and if you do not get out gracefully you will be thrown out very violently one of these days and the church is going to disaster." Strange as it may seem to you, I clung tenaciously to the horse. Weeks and months went by, and last February I was in Los Angeles attending meetings in Bethel Temple. I asked the people to pray for me that I might be delivered from this old trouble that seemed to be fastening itself on to me again. The saints prayed and I seemed to get a little deliverance but not complete. I went to my room and said, "Lord, what is the matter? You have spoken to me from Your Word in the past. Speak to me again now. I am going to open Your Word with my eyes closed and put my finger upon a page. Direct me, Lord, so that the words my finger shall be upon will be a message from Thee." I opened the Word at random and with my eyes closed put my finger upon a verse, and read these words, "God rewardeth both the fool and the transgressor." I said, "Lord, which am I?" God didn't say anything. He just looked at me. You know how Jesus looked at Peter. I told a Pentecostal sister about that experience, and how I looked up to God, and said, "Which am I, a fool or transgressor?" and before I had time to finish what I was saying, she said, "Both."

I concluded I would ask God for three signs; signs that were worth while. My wife and I had been praying for a long time that our boy might be saved. He had been going to High School and was becoming very indifferent, and skeptical; our hearts were burdened and God didn't seem to answer prayer. So I got down on my knees. "Lord, if You will give me three signs inside of two weeks I will know beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is Your will I shall get out of the Methodist Church and give myself, soul, body and spirit to Pentecostal work."

Save my boy from sin, baptize him in the Holy Ghost, and give some messages through him in other tongues, messages that will be interpreted." I confess to you when I asked for the last sign it seemed to me that I was asking for the impossible, for he was of a very retiring disposition and shrank from publicity. But do you know that inside of ten days God saved that precious boy, and two or three days later He mightily baptized him with the Holy Ghost and fire, and a few nights afterwards under the inspiration of the Spirit he leaped to his feet and began to speak in another tongue, and the message was interpreted by one who had the gift of interpretation. I could scarcely believe my own ears, and I said, "Lord, I have no further excuse," so I said to my district Superintendent, "I am going to say farewell to Methodism. God has definitely shown me it is His will that I shall devote myself to Pentecostal work. The gulf between me and Methodism has been getting wider and wider. Methodism has been going one way and I have been going the other, until the rope that once held me has become a cord, and the cord has become a thread, and now the thread is snapping, and thank God, I am about to be free." He said, "We are very sorry to have you go, but if you must, God bless you. Our prayers will go with you."

I am a Pentecostal preacher tonight. I am justified by faith, my heart has been cleansed through the power of the blessed Holy Spirit. I have been baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and I have been buried with my Lord in baptism in water in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. I would not exchange what I have for all the wealth of the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers, and the Carnegies of the earth. To be saved from sin and baptized with the Holy Ghost is worth more than ten thousand worlds like this.

Among Our Letters

During the summer Bro. Will Norton wrote that they fed more than 400 of the helpless sufferers, mostly widows, daily. They opened up a small shop in the heart of Benares and invited the people to come at a certain hour to get a portion of free grain. The news that they were opening such a place spread like wild-fire and even the first day they were almost crowded out. He wrote, "The sights we see daily defy description. Prosperous America knows nothing of such scenes and such poverty. Haggard, pitiful women, with nothing but three

or four yards of dirty, ragged cloth to hide their emaciated frames, perhaps holding naked, starving babies in their arms, weakly attempting to push their way up near enough to the front to get their portion of grain. At first, fat, Brahmin priests were there also, shoving the women aside, but we very soon gave them to understand that there was nothing for them. We first preach the Gospel to them and then give them the grain."

* * *

The story of several remarkable cases of healing comes to us from Bro. Williamson in the

Kwangsi Prov., So. China. They were called to pray for a boy whom the doctors despaired of helping. He had an abscess in his head which was going to his brain, suffering extreme pain at times. The first night after prayer there was a noticeable improvement, but in the days that followed there was a fierce conflict for his life. Now the boy is going about as usual and able to eat a good meal, which he had not been able to do for months. He had been suffering with this trouble for five years. Another healing which led to this one, was that of a man whose case baffled the physicians, and after spending hundreds of dollars, the prayer of faith brought deliverance, and he witnessed over the city what the Lord did for him.

* * *

Brother Robt. Cook writes from South India that the work on all the stations is going on splendidly. He baptized an Anglo-Indian woman who had been a Catholic. The Gospel of healing manifested in her body was the means which opened her heart to see her need of salvation.

He writes, "We have had a big earthquake in the island of Java which is not far from here. The volcanic eruption was immense and also very destructive, causing the loss of 50,000 lives, besides cattle and fields being destroyed. It is said that the hot river of lava was ten miles wide and four feet deep. Truly these are the signs of His coming."

* * *

E. M. Scurrah, Sterkstroom, Cape Colony, writes of encouraging results in their meetings. "My interpreter a year ago was unsaved when he came to me from the Diamond Mines. He is a clean, hungry man of God today, and a very useful vessel, as he speaks about six languages besides English and Dutch. He had the joy of seeing his heathen wife stand up and give her heart to Jesus at our second meeting in Location. Her smoking habit has gone and she is trying to live pleasing to God."

* * *

Some snatches from a letter from our dear Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo Belge, whose husband laid down his life while exploring for a site, will give our readers an insight into the trials of pioneering in new fields:

"We are truly in the heart of things. We have 2,500 miles of freight charges from Cape Town to Elizabethville, and another 500 miles to this place (Bukama, Katanga). I have before me a bill from Elizabethville, sugar 20c per lb., syrup 60c per small tin, tinned butter about \$1.10, flour 25c per lb., etc.

"I am cooking over stones on ground in a little grass house. I have to leave most to boys because the smoke blinds my eyes. And I bake in a hole in an ant-hill, so I have no desserts, unless syrup and rice or bread, or dried fruit (which is expensive). I tried to use only native oils in cooking, but found my system getting out of order. I want, as soon as I can, to get milk goats. I economize in flour by using corn meal

and Kasava root flour. Of course this is the dry season and only sweet potatoes and little marble tomatoes (make good soup) and chalots to be had.

"In getting a station in order it will take several pounds per month for workmen alone. Aug. 11th I met by appointment the 'Commissionaire Territorials' and the 'Administrateur du District' and they went with me to the place of my choice and made out papers and then gave me permission to build. I had waited long and now the rains threatening, but came home praising Him for giving me favor with the Government. The 12th, I went over and measured site for house, and had boys commence to dig up roots, stones, etc. 13th, pitched tent so I could go over and stay during days and plan and supervise. I concluded to put up a 10x20 house and an eight-foot verandah along the front, to be used as a boys' house later, put up a fowl house 9x9 and my boys can sleep in a double-decker bed in one-half for the time being. I must also get garden ready and this means clearing the roots and stones and much digging. Now the 26th we have the framework of poles up for the house and fowl house, the bamboos mostly tied on ready for mud, and the frame work is now strong enough to put up framework of roofs, ready for the grass. I have women and children carrying dirt for foundation of mud. And I am encouraged.

"I realized it was too hard for boys to carry me and work so I tried walking but had to stop a day and rest. The workmen shirked, so I docked each a half a day and sent for a bicycle, which I need in the visitation work.

"Did I tell you that Kingamadi and Kitambala, who have been with me nearly four months now, tell me they want to follow Christ? I can have the house full of boys as soon as I have arrangements made, and I count that by having double-decker beds and enclosing part of verandah I can house twenty boys and give them tables for writing and a place to gather about the fire, which they love. I have undertaken the impossible! But the mountain is being removed and the worst of the battle seems fought. And it is all of Him. I am sure my letters reveal my utter weakness, my fears, my frailty, but oh, haven't you some young people to come out and meet this need? A dense population two days from here which should be entered at once. This seems a comparatively good climate. I find I'm as I thought, on a plateau, and the commissioner is pleased with the whole district. Haven't you some young married couple? There is plenty of land for another home."

We trust that God will lay this need on intercessors, that they will pray that God will lay it upon the heart of some of his called ones to enter this open door and stand with this lone pioneer, who, Mary-Slessor like, has undertaken the impossible, and God has set His seal upon the step by already giving her souls.

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Notes

"Others"

"Lord help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—Others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true
And know that all I'd do for You,
Must needs be done for—Others.

Let 'Self' be crucified and slain
And buried deep: and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for—Others.

And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven's begun
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—Others.

Others, Lord, yes, others
Let this my motto be
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee."

* * *

WE are drawing near to the time when we think of "others." Returned missionaries tell us there are two periods in the year when there is a falling off of funds. One is in summer time when home folks go to campmeetings, and the other is at the holiday season.

We are living in a land of plenty, a land of wealth, and we trust that at this time above all others, as we near the time when we meditate on the Unspeakable Gift of God to this old sinful, sorrowing world, we will not forget that

our gifts to Him can ameliorate the suffering, stem the tide of sin, and strengthen the hands, and lighten the burden of those who have forsaken all to plant the cross in the regions beyond.

May God help us, before we are lavish with our gifts here at home, to sit down and picture the lone missionary, living, perhaps, in a mud hut with a grass roof, eating native food which under nourishes the body and does not satisfy. Picture, if you can, two missionaries on a station as Christmas dawns and no mail has come from America. Each has a heavy heart but tries to be brave and not let the other know of what she is thinking, but their thoughts wander to the homeland, to the bright, happy fireside, the table bountifully spread, the piano piled with gifts—not one was forgotten at home. Dear ones planned long into the night that each might be remembered, and then suddenly think, perhaps the day before, of the lone missionary, and they say, "Oh, I forgot to send that check that I wanted them to get on Christmas Day." And it reached them the end of January!

Friends, this is a common occurrence. *Now* is the time to send your gifts and your offerings to the foreign field to have them reach there by Christmas. Do not delay. We shall be glad to forward at once any gifts of money that may be sent through us, and if it is a Christmas offering we will make special effort to get it off quickly. May God's great example be a pattern for us at this time, and let us first of all remember the "others" who are making oases in the great heathen deserts.

* * *

Many of our readers have heard of the very serious illness of our beloved sister, Blanche Appleby of South China. She has been very low with typhoid fever for some weeks, and in the natural, they wrote us, there was no hope, but God worked supernaturally, and after many days of hovering between life and death, she is now improving quite materially.

Missionaries wrote us the summer never was so hot as it was this year in South China, and some of them were not able to go to the coast as soon as they should have done owing to the extra expense it would entail. Missionaries who have stations are obliged to meet the expenses of their stations, and unless extra money comes in for them to leave the interior where the weather is almost unendurable and go to the Coast, they are obliged to stay on their stations.

No one can overtax his body without suffering

the consequences, and while the dear missionaries may not realize it at first, it is bound to cripple them and shorten their lives. We occasionally hear missionaries say of each other, "She stayed too long on her first term of service." The consequence was, her body not recovering its vitality during her furlough, she was nervously broken on her second term and not able to resist the inroads made upon it by the deadly climate and unsanitary surroundings.

We have some very vivid examples of missionaries who have collapsed on their second term, and we have no doubt that it has largely been because they did not have sufficient rest and upbuilding during their furlough. They do not stop long enough in any one place to relax and give their broken, wasted bodies time to recuperate. This is an absolute necessity, and while the missionary in the past has been obliged to keep on the go, we believe this is no longer needful. With Missionary Rest Homes in different parts of the country we invite them to "come apart and rest awhile," and believe they owe it to themselves, to the home constituency who support their work on the field, and to God, to take time to build up.

The Missionary Rest Home in Evanston, Ill. (531 Judson Ave.) gives a hearty welcome to returned missionaries, and the matron and local committee will do their best to make them comfortable. We covet the prayers of our readers that God will help to make this Home a place where missionaries will love to come. One who has been there writes, "We praise God for the blessings of the Missionary Rest Home. It is certainly a precious place for missionaries."

* * *

The Lord is blessing the services at The Stone Church. Evangelist Jack Saunders, the story of whose miraculous conversion is given in this issue, was with us for a few weeks, and his ministry in song and the Word has been made a blessing. A number of missionaries stopping at the Rest Home have also been with us.

Good word comes from Denver, Colo., where Brother and Sister Mitchell are at present. Sister Mitchell writes: "We had a splendid healing service last Sunday afternoon. One woman came in on crutches, and after being prayed for, walked all over the church without crutches. Others were healed also."

Brother Mitchell has been assisting Pastor Collins, who has recently located in Denver.

Two Months' Report

We submit to our readers our two months' (Sept. and Oct.) Missionary Report of money received and disbursed:

Miss Ethel Abercrombie, China	\$ 23.00
Miss Grace Agar, China	15.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, China	90.00
L. M. Anglin, China	25.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, China (\$16 for native worker)	45.00
Miss Edith Baugh, India	75.00
Miss Eva K. Bietsch, India	25.00
Miss Ethel Bingeman, for W. Africa	10.00
Miss A. E. Brown, Jerusalem	20.00
Miss Margaret Clark, India	20.00
Robert F. Cook, India	10.00
Miss Stella Cooper, Jerusalem	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Doney, Egypt	115.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, West Africa	60.00
Miss Ella Finch, for China	15.00
Mrs. K. Goldie, Africa	25.00
James Harvey, India	40.00
Miss Phoebe Holmes, China	40.00
Mr. and Mrs. L. Jacobs, for India	60.00
John James, for China	50.00
Clarence Johns, Hawaii	38.75
H. J. Johns, Hawaii	30.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa	85.00
Ivan S. Kauffman, China, for native worker	70.00
George M. Kelley, China, for Bldg. Fund	105.00
George M. Kelly, China	129.50
Miss Grace Kenning, for China	15.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. Harland Lawler, China	90.44
Miss Willa B. Lowther, China	25.00
Miss Olive Maw, China	25.00
R. S. McBride, South America	10.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, China (\$125 for return fare)	250.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, China	50.00
Missionary Rest Home, Evanston (\$250 from Pen. Evangel)	473.20
B. S. Moore, Japan	65.00
John Norton, India	25.00
Miss Leonore H. Parker, India	75.74
J. M. Perkins, West Africa	25.00
Miss Edith Priest, for Egypt	10.00
Pandita Ramabai, India	10.00
Miss Zella Reynolds, for China	88.79
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo	142.00
Mrs. P. R. Rushin, China	30.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America	30.00
Mrs. Violet Schoonmaker, India	75.00
E. M. Scurrah, South Africa	25.00
Ira G. Shakely, Africa	5.00
Stanley Smith, China	15.00
J. W. Taylor, for the Soudan	5.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, for Egypt	24.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, for Japan	5.00
Adolph Wieneke, China	108.34
Mrs. Marion Wittich, B. E. Africa	40.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America	100.00
Total	\$3,113.76

Pastor C. W. Doney and wife sailed for Egypt on the S. S. President Wilson on Nov. 6th. Their address will be Apostolic Faith Mission, Cairo, Egypt. Miss Jessie Wengler and Zella Reynolds sail from Vancouver, B. C., on S. S. Monteagle, Nov. 24th; Miss Olive Maw, Miss Ella Finch and Miss Grace Kenning on the Empress of Russia, Nov. 27th, D. V. All are bound for China excepting Miss Wengler, who is going to Japan

Seven Years As One Day

For the Love of India's Millions.

Miss Almyra Aston in The Stone Church, Sept. 21, 1919.



I WAS going through a severe trial one time while up in the hills and when attending a prayer meeting the Lord spoke these words to me. "See how they grow!" Then on my way from the hills down to the plain I stopped at a certain place where a lady had some beautiful lilies and as I looked at them the words came to me, "Consider the lilies," and the Lord said to me again, "See how they grow!" I looked up to God and said, "Lord, teach me the lesson," and He showed me how the lilies grew; first the beautiful leaves, then the fringe and the bud, and then the waxy blossom. How we all love the blossom of the lilies! He also showed me how the blossom was cut. Sometimes we cut it to give it to friends and other times so that new blossoms will develop. I said, "Yes, Lord, if You have to cut off the blossoms so that others may be produced help me to say "Amen," help me not to strive against the cutting."

One of the hardest things I had to go through in India was that of waiting to be able to speak the language. The Lord blessed my labors in America, but when I got to India I was as one deaf and dumb. I would go out with the Bible woman so as to grasp some of the language and they told me I was getting along beautifully, but it was such slow work and then when I was able to speak it seemed that the people didn't grasp the truths of the Gospel. I am from Oklahoma, and I have seen much land cleared for the sowing of the seed, but the farmers never counted much on the first crop. They had to wait until the second and third crops before they realized much on them. The seed had to be sown over and over. It was so in India. I had thought before I went that the people were just reaching out their arms for the Gospel, but I had much to learn. My heart ached and the Lord had to speak to me, for I didn't see the things accomplished which I thought I was going to see; I didn't see as many souls saved as I longed to see; but I tried to be faithful to the Word of God and He has promised that it shall not return void.

A short time before I left India I had to go up to the mountains as my health was not very good

and while there I was permitted to bring one soul back to God. One day I was in the Methodist Home where the Bishop of the Methodist Church was staying, and he asked me about my seven years' work in India. I said to him that it was just like the years which Jacob served for Rachel. When Jacob served seven years for Rachel they seemed unto him as a few days for the love he had for her. The love which God gave me for the work in India made the seven years seem as a few days. I would have been so willing to stay in India, but the Lord saw that for my own good and for the purpose of stirring up the church at home, it was best for me to come, though it nearly broke my heart.

The people were crying and weeping when they saw me leaving, especially one old man whose name was Cornelius. We find that we have to reach people there temporally before we can reach them spiritually. This man was such a nuisance, but one morning in the Sunday morning service the Lord poured out His Spirit upon this man and after that dear old Cornelius was a joy; he was a troublemaker no longer. One morning he came to me after the Lord had blessed him, and he said, "If you have time I want to tell you something." I went out to the porch where he was and he said, "Last night I was in my bed and a white Being came to me. Oh, He was so bright and dazzling that I could hardly look at Him and He put out His hand and touched me and said, 'What are you doing, Cornelius?' and I said, 'I am praying!' He put His hand on me again and said, 'Pray on.' Cornelius is blind and as he is eighty-two years old he is very stooped and bent and I said, "Cornelius, you are blind and lame and cannot go around like the men and the Bible women, but the Lord has given you a work in this place; He has given you the blessed ministry of prayer. Don't fail God in prayer as we go out daily." He loved to work and when he heard that I was going to leave he came to my house and said, "They tell me you are going away." "Yes," I said, "my people are getting old and they want to see me, but you must not cry when I leave or I shall be unhappy while I am away to think that you are sad over here." He said, "I won't cry, Missahib, you go and have a good time." He made the rope for my trunk and whenever he

heard me crossing the yard he would call me and ask me to come and see that he was making the rope just right. My mother thinks that rope is very precious and is keeping it treasured up.

The Lord does give us many encouraging things along the way. In India we have to have men to cut grass for our water buffalo and also the horse. This man who was our grass-cutter was a sorcerer. When people got stung by a scorpion they would come to him and he would say little magic words and they would be healed. He was very faithful about his work, but one time he got sick and the morning after he came to me and said, "I had a high fever last night." We prayed for him in the name of Jesus and our God heard and answered prayer. Some-time after that he came to us again, saying he had a high fever and asked us to pray for him. I called the two men who were with him then and we knelt down and prayed. The custom of the people, when they hear you praying and they are able to hear what you say, is to say the words right after you, so this man would say every word that he was able to catch, after me. When we were through he looked up and said, "Missahib, it is all gone," and the perspiration was just trickling off of him. After that I really felt that the Lord had saved him but it means so much for those people to come out and confess that they are Christians. He never made an open confession but after this he would come to the Bible class and he was so eager to hear. He learned Scripture very well and loved the Word of God; one of his favorite passages was, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and we could often hear him, as he was cutting grass, repeating those words, and also that Scripture, "There is no other name under Heaven whereby we can be saved but by the name of Jesus." One day he didn't come to work and his wife came and told us that her husband was very sick, and asked if I couldn't come to pray. One cannot go out in India after dark, especially the lady missionaries; it is not the custom; so we got some of the other missionaries together and knelt down to pray, but it seemed that we couldn't get hold of God. One of them asked me how I felt and I told her that I felt a check. Early the next morning I started down to the house and as I got near someone met and told me that the man was dead. It nearly broke my heart, it seemed to crush me so. The people were weeping and wailing for the dead, but I stopped them and told them not to cry. I talked to his

wife and said, "Didn't he leave some message for me?" I felt that the man had loved Jesus, although he didn't confess Him publicly. She said that for some time before he passed away he repeated over and over, "Jesus, take me, Jesus, take me." Do you wonder that the Lord didn't want us to ask Jesus to heal him when the man wanted to go? Truly he loved Jesus though he never had the courage to step out and confess Him. It means so much; sometimes they are beaten terribly and always they are turned out of their home and a Christian is not permitted to touch a vessel that is used by the others. He has to be an outcast.

I do praise God, however, that there are some who will step out. The place where our station has been is about 1090 miles from Lucknow and in a very unprosperous part of the country. One party thought we were foolish to go there and said that we would never get anyone there only during famine times. But I know that Jesus is able to save even there. I arrived in India in 1912 when Brother and Sister Massey and Mr. Harvey were there. It was a place where the people had never known anything about the Gospel before and we couldn't get any Bible woman so we got one of Brother Norton's orphan boys to help us in the work. Sometimes as we went to the villages some of the women would peek out of the doors. The customs of the country and the low morals force the women of India to keep their faces covered, and we even encourage our women to keep their faces covered before the men, as the morals are so very low there. In fact, the missionaries often feel that they would like to cover their faces from some of the vile things they see. Many of you have read of the early ages at which they marry in India. They oftentimes marry when they are babes in arms, but they do not go to live with their husbands until they are about ten years of age, although sometimes if the father feels he cannot afford to raise his daughter he will send her, as a very small child, to her husband's home so that her mother-in-law will have the trouble of bringing her up.

The average laborer in India gets ten cents a day, but as prices are getting higher and higher there, we missionaries feel that we must raise the wages of our laborers, as ten cents will buy only two pounds of flour now and when we teach them to wear clothing after they are saved we feel we must give them a little more than the average wage, so that they can buy some clothing. We find it is much better to let the people

work for the money than to give it to them. When I first went to India I thought they ought to be given the money without having to work for it, but I have found out differently.

I praise God that He has privileged me to preach this wonderful Gospel in India to brighten up a few lives there. You know the Gospel of resurrection is something so new to them. One time I was speaking to them on the twenty-second verse of the ninth chapter of Hebrews. All the men who work for us always have to come to the 11:30 Bible class and this was the first morning they ever came. They said, "Are you telling us that everyone who has died on the earth is going to live again?" "That is just what I am telling you." I shall never forget the expression of one man as he said, "And I have to see them all again?" When I came home the first thing we heard was that my father had passed away while we were on our journey and the verse which came to me was this, "But we sorrow not as they which have no hope." We have all known the pangs of sorrow but we have known One who comforted us. I shall never forget the first death wails I heard in India; the people were wailing and wailing until I was frightened and said, "What does it mean?" Our loss was heavy, but we are comforted and I long to go back to India to comfort them with the comfort wherewith I am comforted. You know when they die they throw the dead bodies into the river. Sometimes if they can afford it, they will burn the body. They think that the body is carried on and on down the sacred river until it is carried into eternity, and that it will return to the earth in another station of life; if they haven't worshipped idols as they should have they will return in the form of an animal, and if

they haven't been quite so bad they may return as a human being but in a lower form. It is pitiful to see the way the old people are treated, the old women especially are very much mistreated and they are considered with less respect than the animals. I remember one family where the man and wife had one room and in another room were their boys, but the old mother had just a little corner out in the yard and she had to do all her cooking herself. I said something to the man about their treatment of this old mother, but he said, "She is so old. The oxen work for us and we have to take care of them, but she won't die." We used to give warm clothing to a dear old woman who lived near the compound, but we found that the men took it all away from her and finally she was willing to come and live among the Christians. One old soul told me about a long time ago when a missionary came to her village and told them the story of Jesus. This old soul finally got so feeble in mind that she was considered a great care and came to our place. She was the first one of the native Christians at Nawabganj. I do praise God for a few trophies which I will have to lay at His feet. The man who died asking Jesus to take him, his body was thrown into the river because he had never broken his caste, but I praise God there will be a few, and I believe he is one of them, who can say, "You told me about Jesus."

I praise God for what the prayers of the people at home have meant to us while we were out in India; when we give out the Word it means much to have the people behind us in prayer, that the Word which is given out may find soil where it can grow and bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

In Christ's Stead Not I, But Christ

Elizabeth Sisson.



SOME years ago in a little California town when God there held me in His work, in my bed-chamber, as my eyes opened in the morning, the first thing they rested on were the above two texts, strung in that order from an opposite window. They were placed there, that my first waking thought might catch both the solemn import and the glorious provision of the new day upon which I had entered. Let us meditate upon the two precious

texts for a few moments, for the *all* of the Christian life is there.

"In Christ's stead." This means wherever I am in the earth, being God's child, "a new creature" (2 Cor. 5:17) I am sent into the day, and *every moment* of the day, instead of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself! The obligation cannot be dodged. Having put on the name "Christian"—a Christ-one, He, whose name I wear, has sent me into the hour, its circumstances, its service, its trials, its ignominy, its humdrum, its poverty, its wealth, its martyrdom, etc., etc., to re-

veal *how Christ would live in such a place*. I come to present Christ on that occasion. If I do not accept the responsibility I should cease to wear the name "Christian." It is given me only as His representative. I am on the earth as Heaven's Ambassador to act Christ, to live Christ in every minute of my life.

How gross would be the injustice of an appointee of the Government of Great Britain, sent with its power plenipotentiary, to the United States, should he come here, immerse himself in private interests and fail to represent the country which sent him! He would soon be called back, robbed of his titles and his office, and find a traitor's dishonored grave. Oh, how Paul panted lest he should similarly become a castaway! (I Cor. 9:27. Gr. unusable.)

If the thought of God were fully brought forth wherever one bore the name of Christ, there we would see Jesus living, moving, acting;—His miracles, His meekness, His teaching, His industry (Christ in the carpenter's shop), His calmness, His heavenly mindedness, His heat, His indignation (John 2:14-17), His tears, His prayers, His devotion to God. Just Jesus, as occasion served Him. If the thought of God were fully wrought out, we would be so many reflections of Christ shining upon the earth. Each one of us is here in His place, "in Christ's stead." That the people in my neighborhood may see Christ God has sent me; that the shop-mates may see Christ, God hath sent me into the shop; that the fellows associated with me in College may see Christ, the Lord hath me now in College; that the men with whom I transact business may see Christ, I am fixed in my business relations; that the Church where I serve may actually hear Christ all the time from that pulpit, I have been called to pastor the church. Do they see *me* or Christ only in me?

It *can be* me in Christ's stead, for the glorious provision of infinite grace is, Christ *instead of me!* Christ using my personality instead of *my* using it; I deposed and Christ gathering up my faculties, and living in me, "Not I but Christ." This was the "mystery hid from the ages" that Paul said had been revealed to him, and afterwards revealed through him, as his testimony proves; "I am crucified,"—dead—"nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." When Christ did the living, how well it was done among those proud, cultured, luxurious Greeks at Corinth, though Paul himself was

to them but a barbarian, rude, standing before them "in weakness and fear and much trembling." Yet He that was in Paul was there "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Result: the church in Corinth, and flowing down to us of all the ages, the marvelous Corinthian Epistles! What mattered it that a turbulent mob in Lystra stoned Paul to the death, as they supposed, and dragged his inanimate body out of the city! Paul might be senseless, lifeless, but the Christ that was in Paul rose up and lo! Paul *was on the march* to preach the Gospel to other cities and other wild mobs. "And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul," and though that body often felt dull and lifeless indeed (for how else must it feel if Paul continually counted it a dead thing, would not God answer his faith and give the experience of the death?), yet the Christ who lived in his stead rose up, as aprons and handkerchiefs touched Paul's crucified body, and "the diseases departed" from those on whom the bits of cloth were laid, and "the evil spirits went out of them." Paul was, instead of Christ, on the earth to heal the sick and cast out devils. Why? Because Christ was instead of the helpless good-for-nothing dead Paul. "Not I but Christ," says Paul.

Once I saw an exquisite tiny etching of a mountain, a river and a bit of wild forest. At the lone edge of the wood a rudest one-story house. Underneath, the legend: "It was noised abroad the Master was in the house." (Mark 2:12.) Along with it came to me the memory of "Blind Aggie," as the villagers called her. It was a Scotch town with a Sanitorium and some medical waters, to which people of leisure and culture came from all parts of Britain, also clergymen, out of health, for the drinking of the waters. But never a spiritual man among them, but sooner or later found his way to the alley and the court, and the two flights of rickety stairs that led up to Aggie's one room, whose rent the parish paid, and where, with her fingers, Aggie pored over the raised letters of her Bible. She knew the book; she knew nothing else but what the book taught her. She lived a life of exuberant wealth. Once a duchess, a young Christian, though an elderly woman, came to tell her of her great troubles and impending poverty, for a large part of the Duke's vast estates threatened to disappear. "Oh," said Aggie, "that is nothing. For thirty years I have

lived here in helpless blindness, yet God gives me a house (her one room) and three meals a day, and always something left over for my birdies!" of which she had a great flock who flew daily to her windows to be fed of Aggie's bounty. The duchess took heart of faith in her Lord's grace, and went away strong and comforted. A widow of a celebrated D. D., in the sorrow of her widowhood, was nearly unbalanced in mind. They sent her to talk with Aggie. "Yes, Aggie," she kept interrupting, "but what do you do when Satan says so and so?" "DO?" says Aggie, "I hurl a text at him," and the bereaved one learned to drop her thoughts (our thoughts at the best are but weapons of carnal warfare) and to hide herself in the Word of God; reason ceased to totter on its throne and God righted her. With greatest glee Aggie said, "Would you like to see how Jesus threads my needle?" and with the adroit use of the end of her tongue and her fingers, the needle was threaded so swiftly that my slower eye could not follow the motions. "He always hits the eye of the needle the first time," she laughed. A wealthy woman sent in a plate of dinner by her maid. As the girl rapped at the door, a blithe "Coom in" responded. You could always hear the Master's tone in Aggie's voice. The maid, with the eye of an expert, looked admiringly at Aggie scrubbing the floor—"My, Aggie, how clean you make those boards." "Oh, Mary," was the reply, "it is not me you see here scrubbing, it's Jesus!" For her, to live was Christ. It was not Christ helping her, nor she helping Christ, but in her simplicity it was the "Master" who had come into the house and He was doing the living. And oh! how it was noised abroad among high and low, rich and poor, the broken hearted and the sinful. A great meeting was held nightly in her room with its one chair, its table and its bedstead—the three bits of furniture, and the people sat on the bed and sat on the table and sat on the floor, and always somebody was saved, or some wanderer was brought back in "last night's meeting!" Notes of triumph were ever sounding in Aggie's room. "Now thanks be unto God which *always* causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of His knowledge by us in every place." "Noised abroad," it will have to be, if "the Master" does *all* the living in the house, no matter how humble that house, or how retired its situation.

Travelling by railroad last winter in Pennsylvania, I came across a wide brawling sheet of water labelled "Muddy Gulch." It flowed about an inch deep over a great surface, dragging all the mud and sticks and loose pebbles along with it. On miles and miles of railroad it disappeared and reappeared. A muddy gulch indeed! And then it changed. Its lazy waters had entered a narrow bedway of stones and its pent-up stream flowed on with force enough to be a river indeed. As we rode on, the stream constantly increased in volume and then there was an actual waterfall, and then another and another. Skillful engineering had gotten hold of its conditions, and cut thick slices out of the river bed, and the volume of waters, with many a tiny tributary hastening into it, was booming a mighty river. More skillful engineering yet, deeper cuts in the river-bed, and now we come to a town through which the river flowed. On either side of its banks were the factories, machine shops, and other industries, the turning of whose wheels by that water power, made all the wealth of that town and vast surrounding regions. And I had marked its first source Muddy Gulch! Oh what a parable of the possibilities of my own life and that of many another.

Muddy Gulch was indeed my own status, as I flowed on in my natural estate, running only on the surface of things and dragging earth's filth with me as I went,—all in the outward and human, a mere worldling, "dead while she liveth." But when the waters of my life struck the Rock of Ages, were dammed up from the world and unto God, then existence took on *Life*. I began to be a river, but Oh! how God wanted to deepen the river-bed—me—till I should make room for mighty torrents to flow down from heaven through me, and bless wide ranges of arid area, and turn with holy power the wheels of heavenly industries! "Not I, but Christ in me." Would I let Him? Should He cut recklessly, with my full consent, into the inner core of my being and waste my heart's fibre in making room for Himself? What a cry there has been in my soul since then, "Lord deepen the river-bed. At any cost to Elizabeth, deepen the river-bed." How? By the mighty torrent of the Holy Ghost flowing through the human river. It will be me dead, and "not I but Christ" living within me, if the blessed Holy Spirit is uninterruptedly taking of the things of Christ and revealing them unto me. "He shall glorify Me."

As one came to me at the close of a meeting and asked me to lay hands on her for healing, I discerned (or the devil made me think I discerned) that she was a chronic seeker, which means a chronic doubter, and unbelief tried to assert itself in my mind, "Oh she will get nothing and you are in no special faith!" but a swift cry to heaven, "Oh strengthen me by Thy Spirit *that Christ may dwell in my heart* and come forth into this situation while I hang crucified on His cross!" Instantly (so swift is God's answer to the heart's cry) I was impelled to say, "Now look up and receive God as coming upon you with *Great Power!*" She raised her head and eyes to heaven. I believed Christ laid His hand, *through mine*, upon her. Over she went under the power of God, on to the floor. When later I left the room they were making arrangements for someone to stay with her through the intermission, or till God should lift the power from her. I returned for the evening meeting. She still lay under the power—face radiant with "that light that never was on land or sea." Still later in the testimony meeting she (who had then arisen) gave a burning witness to her healing, and the mighty spiritual touch of God through all her being.

The very putting on the name "Christian" is saying, "Here is a Christ one." I live, "yet not I but Christ liveth in me." Vast is the audacity that clothes itself with His Holy name and says "I am a Christ one." But it is the audacity of faith based on the Word of God. But this treasure is "in earthen vessels." Christ dwelling in our flesh and clothing Himself with our personality. The moment faith lapses, the flesh (your human nature and mine) comes down from the cross where Christ nailed it, and begins to live again. The human revives and Christ dies, i. e., is nullified or powerless in our life. "Ye stand by faith," "Ye walk by faith," "Christ dwells in the heart by faith." "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by *the faith* of THE Son of God." Oh, the high possibilities of faith! "All things are possible" to just two parties,—God and him that believeth! Would you live Christ? Let Christ (in response to your faith) live instead of you. He longs to.

"This is my wonderful story,
Christ to my heart has come—
Jesus the King of Glory
Finds in my heart a home.

Was there e'er story so moving,
Story of love and pain,
Was there e'er Bridegroom so loving,
Seeking our hearts to gain.

How can I ever be lonely,
How can I ever fall?
What can I want if only
Christ is my all in all?"

But it can never be permanently, uninterruptedly, effectively Christ *in* me, except it be, Christ *instead* of me. He loved you and gave Himself for you to *this very purpose* that it might be *no more you*, but Christ that liveth in you. By faith you have touched this life again and again. By the continuity of faith you make the life continuous. Oh, how Paul yearns over the Ephesians and other Christians! And how the heart of God yearns over us today, that we may be a body of Christ-ones, letting *Him* live throughout the entire being and every moment of our lives. To this end Paul prays that God would "Grant you according to the riches of His glory, to be *strengthened with might* by His Spirit in the inner man; *that Christ may dwell* in your hearts by faith." Well may we pray for ourselves and each other for this strengthening, and with *might* for such a life, for it is a martyr life, in the closeness of its separation from all about us, and *most* from ourselves! from our human thoughts and desires; separated from our naturalness to His heavenliness, to be "Not I, but Christ."

Thus was Christ Himself separated from His human life, turned from the natural to the Divine. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." And whether they failed to discern it or not, they never saw anything else in Him but the Father. In the flesh God manifest He was, and the union was so absolute, so uninterrupted that He produced God everywhere and every moment. To the end that we might be as manifest a reproduction of Christ "Come in the flesh" (I John 4:3)—He lived it. May He live it all over again in me? In you? Impossible but as we are strengthened by His Spirit *with might*, moment by moment.

That such a life as this may be developed and maintained in you and me, has God led us into that submerging in the Holy Ghost which Jesus terms the "baptism" (Acts 1:5) and which was accomplished in the first waiting company, (Acts 2:4). Oh, how the groaning, travailing creation

labors for the sight of such sons of God, in whom *nothing* appears but *the* Son of God! It is God's only remedy for present earth conditions, whether in the political, social, financial or religious world. In Pentecost and out, this only is the all-corrector of all evils. Saved creation, unsaved creation, alike "waiteth for the manifestation of the Sons of God." When they are fully matured, fully manifested, "Creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." It is good to enthuse over the final victory of the Church and sing:

"Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way.
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.

Stay not until the lowly
Triumphant reach their home.
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

But know thou, Oh soul, the only river-bed for that river to flow through, is the yielded lives of the Holy-Ghost-filled saints, who are hourly, momentarily, being strengthened with might by His Spirit—the river "in the inner man." Strengthened *to this end* "that Christ may dwell in the heart by faith." God is willing. Are you? Oh, the glory which beckons us on!

"Triumphant Zion, lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead.
Though humbled long, awake at length
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength."

Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy varied charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness."

"Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!"

Wisps From the Harvest Nooks

Leila M. Conway, Hurlock, Md.



AND she said, I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves. And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, 'Let her glean among the sheaves.'—Ruth 2:7, 15. Not unto me, the least of His laborers, was it given to be in the great swaths of the harvest, but to reap in the corners of the field and to pick up the scattered straws left behind—"here a little and there a little"—that at the end of life's day, I might have some few sheaves to lay down at the Master's feet. The next time we returned to Pine Bluff Sanitarium for another service, they told us that the T. B. patient who had received the Saviour when first we were there, passed away two weeks after. Our soul rejoiced that we had been in time with the blessed tidings and for the hope of meeting him again in that Country where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick." Thank God! We hurried to the Peninsula Hospital, for there was but an hour before our train was due. As we went through the wards speaking to the inmates of Jesus, and distributing Gospel literature, a cot in the far end of the building attracted our attention. Going to it, we found a young man with such a boyish face and very ill. "Do you know what ails me?" asked he. "No," I replied. Looking up so anxiously he said, "I have typhoid fever,

and last Christmas I lost a brother with the 'flu.'" In response to our inquiry as to whether he wanted salvation, he assented that he did. "Oh, tell me how to find the Lord," sobbed he, the tears streaming down his cheeks. Opening my Bible, I read a few Scriptures showing the way. "Read that again," eagerly cried he, trying to raise his head from the pillow in an effort to see the words, but just at that juncture a nurse stepped forward and told us as the lad was very sick we could not remain with him longer. Reluctantly we went, but with the confidence that the Great Shepherd would watch over this seeking soul and complete the good work begun. Blessed is it to know that no power on earth nor hell can prevent the operations of the Holy Spirit, for none can withstand God's counsel and might and say unto Him, "What doest thou?" Glory!

And again we returned to the Home for the Aged at one of our neighboring towns. The death angel had been there, too, and some of the ladies told us that the youngest of their number, who had been so powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Ghost in one of our previous meetings, had crossed over to the other shore. Memory quickly flew back to the day when this dear one, her face bathed in tears and with deepest longing written upon her countenance, listened to our message on the Spirit-filled life

and the soon coming of Jesus, but reticent, she did not answer our question as to her soul's need; though she evidently wanted to, some unseen power seemed to be hindering. We left determined to follow her up by prayer and encouraged that God would take care of the case. Our mind returned to the present moment and we overheard one of the old ladies saying to another, "There was a change with Mrs. B—— before she died." Replied the sister, "Why, I thought that she was a Christian." Quickly the answer came, "She was, but realized a need for something more than what she had." My heart overflowing with thankfulness I looked up to God and praised Him for this dear child of His that had gotten right and gone safely home.

One of the boys in war work visited our community at certain periods, to whom we gave Gospel reading and told of our interest in his soul. He was not free to converse, but we trusted God to give the increase to the seed sown. Many months passed, but still there was no hopeful sign outwardly. The young man would return after long intervals and after a short stay, hurry back again to the great ship building works, where he was employed. On looking over the past, we can now see how God's hand was directing. The last (as was supposed) of those flying trips to his country home, the boy reported that soon he was to sail for France. The answer to our prayers seemed further away than ever. But as a writer has said, we must leave room for God to appear in the leeway, by an unexpected route, for oh, the marvels that He, whose name is called "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God," can perform in just a little time. When during the next few hours I again saw Fred, it was at the table taking tea with a neighbor's family. I unlatched the door, not dreaming of what was going to meet my eyes, and there sat the lad, tears glistening on his cheeks and a look on his face which told he was a newborn babe of the fold. "Mr. S—— has been saved," burst forth the neighbor. "And he has been walking the floor and rejoicing," volunteered another. The joyful boy reached his hand in greeting to me: "Yes, I was saved this afternoon all alone in the woods. And I was so happy I couldn't keep it to myself; I had to tell somebody, so I came over to tell Mr. Brown's people." We united our voices in praise with his, and angels must have hovered round, for "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Truly, we can say, "As

for God, His ways are past finding out." Here a man had traveled far and wide, in contact with the multitudes, possibly having met many Gospel workers, yet God had him come apart into a lonely spot, away from every human being, that He might save him. Christians, cease not to pray and to labor for souls. "In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that," but committed unto the care of God, we know that the faithful Husbandman will give the increase to the seed sown, "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundredfold." Dear sower of the Word, hasten your steps. The soil is waiting in all of earth's harvest fields. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." Isa. 32:20. Is there a child of God standing idle? "Go ye also into the vineyard." There is a place for you to fill. From war posters—discarded relics of the world battle—the piercing, accusing eye of "Uncle Sam" is fixed on all passers by, and not alone to call loyal, true citizens to the defence of their country's flag, but also as if to ferret out someone that might be in hiding, a "slacker" and unfulfilling duty. And has not the King of Heaven given the call to EACH of His redeemed subjects, "Go your ways: behold I send you forth." Heed the command, and under the blood-stained banner of Jesus take your stand in the harvest. Constant at your post of duty in the home, at the office, over at the schoolroom, behind the counter, by the sick bedside, among your Sunday School scholars,—oh, how MANY places—and "be ye... ALWAYS abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." I Cor. 15:58.

One bright Monday morning we went to another of the almshouses. Some there confessed to their lost condition. The keeper of the institution was depending on what he believed would be a chance for salvation after death. We showed him that there is mercy only this side of the grave and held up to his gaze, redemption through Christ and the regenerating work which must be wrought in the soul. The Holy Spirit pierced his armor of self-righteousness, his false security was shaken, and he admitted to believing that there is such a thing as real conversion. Pray for him, beloved. These poor folks seemed to appreciate the little service and literature given out, then the keeper's wife led us to the room of an aged lady too feeble to attend the meeting. We read to her from the

Scriptures and the dear Christian soul wept for joy on hearing that Jesus is soon to come. With what eagerness did she listen, breaking in with praises to her God, and after prayer we clasped glad hands together, expecting when we should meet again, it would be in one of those mansions which Jesus has gone to prepare. Oh, the longing hearts among the rich and the poor, the high and the low! Souls that sit waiting for someone to come! "Will ye therefore pray the Lord of the harvest that He thrust forth laborers into His harvest?" And as you pray, will you not ask God to send a handmaiden to help me bear the burden for I toil alone. I wait before God, trusting all to Him, that the sister shall be the one of *His* choice. Write me that you are praying and believing.

The present time will soon be gone, only a few brief days, then the cry will sound, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet Him." Laborer, "thrust in thy sickle and reap" for "the harvest of the earth is ripe." Count no labor too great, but "go over the top" to save a soul sinking into hell. The first thought which probably will come to many of us on entering the portals of Eternal glory will be, "Oh Lord, if I only had done more down on earth to show others the way and induce them to come to this beautiful place, that they, too, might enjoy it with me. Thank God, we are yet on this side and the opportunity is still open. Let us hasten to redeem the time, leaving no stone unturned, "to spend and be spent" on behalf of a dying, perishing world. "Say not ye, 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." All about us is the waving grain. Every one to his work, "you in your small corner, and I in mine." And "herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth." And "he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." John 4:36. May we water the seed which we sow with our prayers and our tears, for "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." And "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126:5,6. Yes, soon the glad acclaim of "Harvest Home" shall go resounding through the skies as the gleaners lay their sheaves at the feet of Jesus, saying, "Here I am, Lord, and the souls that Thou hast

given me." So let us press on, beloved, in the strength of our Lord and not shrink from the trials and obstacles which like lions confront us in the path, for "the toils of the road will seem nothing when we get to the end of the way." May the Lord our Leader give courage and wisdom. For "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. Dan. 12:3.

* * *

From Our Letters

Brother and Sister Harvey are working untiringly both for the souls and bodies of the poor, famine-stricken of India. Their family now numbers over 300, two-thirds of whom are widows, orphans, lepers, blind, lame, sick and old—all very poor, who hear the Gospel once a day. Many have been supernaturally healed, and these signs, together with compassion for their needs, have been the means by which the Gospel entered their darkened hearts. Three women have been healed of scorpion stings, a boy of a severe fall, when unconscious, Indian sore eyes, boils, poisoned hands, fevers, and other numerous diseases.

A Brahmin village burned, and Bro. Harvey took up an offering for them, the famine sufferers contributing out of their poverty. This touched the Brahmins as nothing else had done and opened their hearts to hear the Gospel.

Miracles of grace are constantly occurring among the natives. A dying baby, marvelously healed, brought a mother to renounce a life of sin, and pray in faith for her two children, six and eight years old, to be delivered from sons of a sorcerer to whom they were married.

Nawabganj is surely a refuge to poor, deserted wives and children, oppressed widows and orphans, and God is cleansing and purifying so that into their benighted souls the glory of God shines. It is a big undertaking to be responsible for 300 people, and Bro. and Sister Harvey and their workers need our prayers and co-operation, especially for clothing, now that the winter is coming on. If you can make up a box of *good* clothing for them we can tell you how to send it. We have no doubt many assemblies could get together a box of good, warm clothing at little expense, if they would be willing to take the trouble.

* * *

Mrs. Schoonmaker writes encouragingly to our readers: "Five months have passed since the translation of my dear companion, and looking back over the solitary way I can truly say, 'What God hath wrought!' One of the first messages He spoke to my heart as the clouds began to lift, was, 'Be strong and of good courage.' I had leaned, more than I had realized, on

the strong human prop God had trained my life around, and then suddenly it was torn away and I was left alone. But God in His infinite mercy reached down, picked up the broken tendrils and bound them up so tenderly to His own strong heart. Again and again as I looked into the dark future and found my heart shrinking, He told me to be strong and whispered that His grace was sufficient.

"He laid me on the hearts of His praying saints at home and I can never express the comfort and strength derived from their letters. Many times a day I thank God for you all. He has not let me or my little ones lack one good thing. Month by month I have been able to make out the check covering the three girls' expenses in school, and have had over and above to distribute to the necessities of others. It has been lonely and the work at the station has been heavy. Burdens have been thrust upon me that made me tremble at times, but He has strengthened me.

"We are now having splendid rains and the poor people will soon be on their feet again. We have given work to a large number through the hot, dry months. We praise Him for a fine well with about twenty feet of fresh, pure water, which was a great need as all the water used in this station had to be carried from the Railway Station, quite a distance from the mission bungalow. We prayed as the men blasted their way through solid rock, and the God of heaven and earth heard. Hallelujah!

"We have been enlarging and walling up the mission compound, also improving the roads and doing some building, all with famine relief work. We have had to help our village school children with food and clothing. We have seven schools in the villages, ten little orphan girls in an adjoining station and are gathering boys in another district under our charge. Have already gotten over twenty bright, promising boys whom we trust will be a power for God in this dark land.

"Our little Joseph is very poorly at present. He has been having bowel trouble for nearly two months now and has worn away to a little shadow, but we are trusting for speedy deliverance. We covet your most earnest prayer."

* * *

There is a real harvest of souls in North Congo. Some new missionaries who have gone there, Mr. and Mrs. Lowder, writing to a friend say they have had the time of their lives. Mrs. Lowder writes: "It was the time of getting new tax-medals, and about 5,000 people were in Wamba. Our boys went fishing for souls; my husband also, with the result that thirty-six were converted in one day, sixteen the next, thirty-five the next, then ten and fifteen, until the number reached 300 souls.

* * *

Brother Johnson in Liberia has been very ill with fever. The dear native Christians on his

station prayed for hours that his life might be spared; the heathen came to the mission to see him, and they begged God to spare his life and not let him die. While he was so ill, his great burden was for the perishing millions that some one might be sent to tell them of Jesus. He is now recovering.

* * *

The following letter came from one of our new missionaries in Liberia, Miss Ruth Erickson:

"We have now been in Blebo a month and the time has passed quickly for every day has been full. They have been days of happy service. I have never been happier nor more contented. Right here with these dear, black faces around me, is home, and I have scarcely had a moment of homesickness. Or course, I realize that as yet I know very little of a missionary's life, but in the fear of the Lord is strong confidence. He will never fail us.

"Mr. Johnson certainly had a hard attack of fever and suffered intensely for a few days. How the boys prayed those days! and they know how to touch God. I have never witnessed a more touching scene than one night during his illness, just before going into a delirium, the Spirit came over him and under the anointing he gave us missionaries an exhortation to be faithful for the sake of Africa's millions, and also an appeal to those in the homeland to thrust forth laborers. His words oft repeated, were deeply significant, "dark, dark Africa," and with our heads bowed we could not refrain from weeping. All about us so humble; the grass and mud hut (the men's sleeping apartment) with no comforts except the bed, bare mud floor, and no dear wife at his side in this trying hour. All seemed hard to me, and for a little I thought, 'Africa is indeed dark,' but praise the Lord it has its sunshine as well as shadows.

"Bro. Johnson left with two of the missionaries for Nynebo. From there he will go on to Gwebo and perhaps arrange for a big meeting next week. We are all looking forward to going."

* * *

The Beulah Heights Pentecostal Assembly and Missionary Training School of North Bergen, N. J., will (D.V.) hold their semi-annual convention from December 20th to 28th inclusive. A special course of Bible study on Revelation will be given during the convention. Pentecostal workers and Missionaries expected. Missionary offering to be taken. "Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest to thrust forth reapers." For further information write Beulah Heights Assembly, 4741 Hudson Blvd., North Bergen, N. J.

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