



*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

• • • • Contents • • • •

**The Subdued Believer**..... 2  
 Sifted as Wheat ..... 2

**"And the Iron Did Swim"**..... 5  
 Touched by the Despised Stick..... 5

**God Working in Darkened India**..... 8  
 Ready to Preach, to Do, to Die..... 8

**A Trench Conversion**..... 10  
 What Came of It ..... 10

**Phenomenal Record in Brazil**..... 11

**Notes**..... 12  
 The Guiding Star ..... 12  
 Gathering Clouds ..... 12  
 Akron Revival ..... 12

**Among Our Letters**..... 13

**Letting Her Candle Shine**..... 14  
 Amid Afric's Millions ..... 14

**The Bride, the Lamb's Wife**..... 17  
 Lessons from Genesis 24 ..... 17

**Healed of Blood-Poisoning thro' Prayer**... 19

**Called and Trained for India**..... 21

**Worshipping the Devil**..... 22

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

## The Subdued Believer

Sifted as Wheat.

Ira E. David in The Stone Church, Nov. 16, 1919



THE subject that the Holy Spirit has laid on my heart for the afternoon is The Subdued Believer. I have no special text, and yet there are several suggestive texts I would like to repeat. In Phil. 3:3 Paul says, "We have no confidence in the flesh." In Gal. 2:20, he says, "I am crucified with Christ. Nevertheless I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." Then in Luke, 22:31, we have these words, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." That has been translated sometimes like this, "Satan hath obtained you by asking that he might sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for you that your faith fail not, and when you are turned again, strengthen your brethren."

Now the subject of the afternoon needs no definition, but rather illustration and emphasis, that we may all be encouraged to become subdued believers. There is something very beautiful about the subdued believer. By subdued believers we mean those who are so brought under the dominion of the Spirit that they do not blurt things out in the flesh; so subdued that they do not talk nor act from the carnal nature. The texts suggest that the subdued believer has no confidence in the flesh, that is in the carnal nature, his own or in anybody else's. They also suggest that the subdued believer is crucified with Christ; that he has been tremendously shaken and sifted, until the chaff, the self-life, the egotism and the self-conceit have been shaken out.

Years ago in a great convention on the Atlantic seashore, a little woman was invited by the leader to take charge of a sunrise prayer-meeting. The hour came and the people assembled as the sun was rising, a goodly company of several hundred intercessors. The little woman of God picked up her Bible and stood up in front of the meeting and read a few verses of Scripture by way of introduction and in order that the whole assembly might be led out in the spirit of prayer and meditation. While she was opening up with a few verses trying to prepare our hearts, some brother on an impulse,

without much tact or courtesy, jumped up and blurted out, "We came here not to study the Bible but to pray." And the little woman, without a flush of the countenance, without the slightest sign of resentment, closed the book and said in the quietest tone, "Very well, brother, if any of you have the spirit of prayer let us kneel and pray." I was a younger Christian then than I am now, and I looked at her in astonishment, and said: "Here is a soul that is subdued." It would have been so easy to have said, "I am leading this meeting," but no, she had been too long on her knees before the sun rose to say anything like that.

It was my blessed privilege to watch for a good many years a pastor, a real teacher of the Word of God, who was an inspiration and a comfort and strength to me many and many a time. This pastor had an invalid wife who at times was mildly insane. She was a very, very hard woman to live with. At one time she wanted a nice house, and our brother pastor prayed and planned until one day he was able to lead her into a good, comfortable, roomy home. After she got into it she could not take care of it. It was more than her feeble strength could accomplish and she complained that the home was too ample and she must have help, and so our brother in compensation went off and found her the best housekeeper he could get, and by and by the wife was jealous of the housekeeper and fretted again. Then he said, "Very well, we will let the housekeeper go, and now what will we do with the house?" She didn't know. He said, "How would it do to rent the upstairs and you and I live downstairs?" It went only a few weeks until the companion of his bosom said, "I cannot stand this. There is too much walking over our heads. I will fly to pieces." They rented out the whole house, and went to boarding. She tried going to the dining-room and said, "I cannot stand this. There are too many people coming here." "All right, we will have our meals sent up to our room." She had nothing at all to do except a little knitting or crocheting and she was sick all night and he had to wait on her. He had his regular duties during the day and when he was ready to go to them, she would go to sleep. He saw that would not do

and they went out of the boarding establishment and built a tiny bungalow, and she had only three or four rooms, and he said, "I am having the greatest comfort of all my married life." A little later I heard this man of God preaching and he read that passage in Ephesians, and after he had read it he said, "The husband in his relation to the wife is a type of Christ in His relation to the church, and as Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it, so ought the husbands to love their own wives." He said, "For many years I have regarded myself in my relation as a husband, as a type of Jesus Christ." Then I understood how that man could for five, ten, fifteen and twenty years go on loving and caring, providing and protecting, and humoring every whim of that poor, feeble-minded, sickly woman. How could he ever do it? Oh he was a subdued soul, feeding on the grace of God, indwelt by the Holy Spirit. I never heard him speak, never looked into his face without saying, "Here comes a subdued soul, an illustration of what I ought to be in my own family."

Years ago I heard some one say, "Why is it so many full Gospel preachers have sickly, fretful wives?" A woman of God standing nearby said, "In order to make saints out of the pastors." Profound philosophy in it, you see. If you have the grace of God in you; if you really have the life of God in you, then somehow, somehow along the dusty trail of life the Lord will let you have enough of trial to make you a subdued believer. Sometimes the question arises, Why is it that full Gospel churches have so many little difficulties that many others seem to escape? The answer is that wherever there is a church that really believes the Bible, the devil is on hand to wage war and bring in every trial conceivable to necessitate the grace of God in its membership, and there is another reason deeper than that, and that is, the Lord has to let all of us who are full Gospel Christians, have our measure of trial to make us subdued believers. This rushed over me the other morning at family prayers. We read for our morning lesson the story of Peter, and I reckon if there was ever an impulsive believer, Peter was the one. He apparently never stopped to think; always blurted out the first thing that came into his mind, and we read about his boastfulness; how he said that the other apostles might stumble and fail to stand by Christ in His trial, but he never would. He was ready to go to prison and to death. And the Lord shook his head,

"Why Peter, you are not acquainted with your own self. You do not know what kind of a man you are." And then He said, "I will tell you a little secret, Peter. The devil has already been after you that he might sift you as wheat, and you will have tremendous suffering, but never mind, Peter, I have prayed you clear through the trial before you get into it." The best thing in all that chapter is that glorious statement, "I have prayed for you," and so when you are running through the threshing machine and things are mighty hard around your way, just remember, if you are a real believer, He has you prayed through on the other side before you fall in.

Now you know I watch threshing machines. That is my business some days in the week. If the sheaf of wheat could talk it would say, "Please excuse me from ever getting into that thing." You know how we do it: We run a steam or gas engine, and we hitch it on to a big threshing machine, and that machine has what they call a feeder. It has big knives as long as your arm, and they have sections with saw-teeth, which run with tremendous rapidity. The moment the sheaf strikes the table these arms begin to cut into it. There are six sections on each arm, and they cut the straw into shreds and the shredded straw runs into a steel cylinder, which runs with tremendous speed and eats up grain and straw like some devouring demon. After awhile the grain runs through shakers and then it is sifted down into the bottom of the machine and eventually runs out as clear wheat. If any sheaf of wheat could talk, it would say, "Don't let me go in there." The Lord saw that egotism in Peter and He said, "Peter, you are going in, and you are going to be tremendously shaken, but when you come out the chaff will be shaken out. You will be wheat. And furthermore, when you are turned again, out of this deeper experience of bitter sorrow and heartache, you will be able to help somebody. Oh if I can only get under somebody and lift that somebody up to God I am willing to go through the threshing machine.

Now look at Peter's downfall for a minute. First there is that self-confidence! and then boastfulness, and then we see him a little later following afar off. Then he goes with the world's crowd and warms at the world's fire, which is a mighty poor place for a believer. He denies the Lord. He lies, and finally claps the climax by blasphemy. Seven long, hard despe-

rate steps down until at last Peter falls, broken and shattered, at the bottom of the pile. About that time Jesus looked upon him, and Peter went out and wept bitterly.

The crucifixion is past, and an angel sends word by a woman, "Go and tell His disciples *and Peter*," and you remember how it is recorded elsewhere that Peter had a private meeting, a heavenly, holy wonderful session with the Lord. I reckon when Peter fell broken and shattered that day, he thought the Christ would never want to see him again, but He sends for him and they have that heavenly session. By and by God puts Peter back again, minus that ego that used to be so prominent.

Years ago I heard Madam Baracat, a woman from Syria, lecturing on oriental customs and Bible figures. She said in the course of her lecture, that an oriental had discovered a cement to put together broken vessels. The vessel the potter makes, is fashioned, burned and glazed, and sometimes like poor Peter, it gets shattered. The oriental had discovered a way to put these broken, shattered vessels together, using as the principal ingredient the blood of an ox. Thank God there is the heavenly Potter that has found a cement known as the blood of the Son of God. He can take broken vessels and put them together. When He does, He leaves that old conceit, that devilish pride out of the combination and we have a new creation in Christ Jesus.

Now look a little at another Bible Christian. Notice how Paul was broken and subdued. Paul had his great fall before he became a believer. You remember that he was a strict Jew, a member of the church of the Pharisees, and as such he had no use for Jesus of Nazareth, did not believe that Christ was the Messiah. As a member of the church of the Pharisees, he felt that it was his duty to persecute Christians, and so when they were on trial for their lives he gave his vote against them. He went out with a party to arrest them and hail them to prison. He traveled the Damascus road with the thought of finding Christians and of seeing them led to prison; but instead of arresting Christians, Saul on the way to Damascus was arrested. He saw a brightness above that of the noonday sun, and he heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Saul said, "Who art Thou, Lord?" And he heard those wonderful words, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." He went into the city in blindness, and three days later Ananias was directed to the street that is called

Straight and found Saul of Tarsus. He said, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Thus Saul was healed and filled at the same time. He was a subdued Saul from that day on. You remember in Corinthians he says: "I am the least of all the apostles, not meet to be called an apostle because I persecuted the church of Christ." Here was a man with a marvelous gift of language, a marvelous logician with a wonderful conversion and experience of the infilling and indwelling of the Holy Spirit. If there ever was an apostle, Paul was one, and yet he says: "I am not meet to be called an apostle." Why? "Because I persecuted to the death the saints of God while I thought I was doing God's will." Then after years had passed, this man further subdued and further humbled, says in Ephesians 3:8: "I am less than the least of all saints." That is going down, isn't it? That is being subdued and humbled. But time goes on. The old hero of the cross continues to preach the Gospel and suffer persecution and trial until he gets to the end of his life, and he takes his pen once more and writes to Timothy: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Oh what a confession! "The Son of God came to save sinners. I am the chief of sinners. He saved me, and because He could save the worst, He can save any of them." That is a life broken and subdued. That is a life that is hid with Christ in God.

Now how are we to have this life? Well, when we are broken as we surely will be, don't get up in defeat. Don't sit and pine and say, "Why did I have this awful failure? Why did I fall so low? No, not that, but look up into the face of the Redeemer, "Lord, re-make me, and when You re-make me leave out that pride and self-confidence that makes it necessary for me to go down"; then take your place in the death of Christ and reckon yourself dead, to the allurements of this world, its honors, its criticism, its flatteries. Reckon yourself dead. Say with the Apostle Paul, "I am crucified," and because of this I cannot do like the worldly Christian. My life is hid with Christ in God.

You know the old illustration about the young preacher who lived with the old preacher, and one day the old, white-haired saint said to his young companion, "Go over to the cemetery,

read the names of the dead on the tombstone, and tell them every bad thing you ever heard about them." The young man went over and spent an hour in the cemetery, and came back. The senior pastor said: "Well, what did the dead folks say?" "Why," he replied, "they never said a word." "Now brother," said the elder, go back again, tell them all the complimentary things you have heard about them; tell them all the good things you can possibly think of." The young man came back again and told the old parson they never said a word.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God." But what am I to do when people find fault with me

and criticize me? use me for a pincushion? Well since I am crucified with Christ, and my life is hid with Christ in God, I will keep still.

The third thought about leading this subdued life: You remember when Paul says, "I am crucified with Christ," he continues, "Nevertheless, I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me." And so when the bell rings at the door of your heart and there are many callers that come your way, sometimes fault-finders, sometimes murmurers, sometimes complainers, what are you going to do about it? Why just say, "Lord Jesus, You are at home. Please answer the bell today." "Christ liveth in me." Do we all want the subdued life?

## "And the Iron Did Swim"

At the Touch of the Despised Stick

Jack Saunders in The Stone Church, Nov. 2, 1919



THE most of us are acquainted with the events that lead up to this wonderful miracle in II Kings, sixth chapter, one of the first miracles performed by Elisha after he had received the mantle from Elijah. You are all familiar with the story of how Elisha was promised a double portion of Elijah's spirit if he would see him go up to heaven, and how the mantle fell upon him, and as he came back he smote the waters of the Jordan with the mantle and said, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" and He was right there. You challenge God and you will find Him right there.

In the sixth chapter we have this little incident of how the sons of the prophets told Elisha, "the place where we dwell with thee is too straight for us." That is the trouble with the world now, things become too straight for us. That is the trouble with young men; it was the trouble with the prodigal son who wanted to have a good time. Young men are sent to theological seminaries; but they are so filled with higher criticism that when they come home they have no use for the faith of their fathers. A young man a few years ago who was brought up in a godly home, went to one of those colleges back East, imbibed higher criticism and infidelity. Mother spoke about the family altar, and he said, "Mother, that is too old-fashioned, we have to live now on a different plane altogether." Mother pleaded with him, begged him to reconsider his decision not to go to church and give up all his connections, but all to no avail. He brought home for a visit another young man, introducing

him as the young man who had influenced him to give up his old-fashioned teaching. As they were about to leave and return to college, the mother said, "Won't you come back to God? I have a strange feeling something will happen"; but he held aloof. He went to get on the train at the depot and he slipped; the car went over him and crushed his legs. He was brought home and the doctor was sent for, who said there was no hope. Just before he passed away this man who had sown the seed of higher criticism in his heart, came into the room. The moment that dying boy saw that young man he said, "You demon, if I could get at your throat I would take you with me," and passed out. That is what higher criticism did for that boy. "The place is too straight." Dear ones, the religion of Jesus Christ is straight. It will straighten a man or woman up. When Jesus was on earth He said, "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it." I want to declare to you if you enter into heaven you have to *strive* to enter in. That word "strive" carries with it the thought of agonizing. You are not to sit down in a seat and be carried along in a Pullman to heaven. You have to fight. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by storm." It is a warfare from start to finish. Paul found it so and you and I will do the same.

The place where they dwelt was too straight for them so they decided to go and build another, and when they came to the Jordan one was felling a beam, and the axe head fell into the water, and the natural consequence was that it sank. The human heart will sink in sin. Man's natural

trend is downward, and if left to himself he is surely going, hell-bent, right to the devil. Just as that axe-head sank, you and I would have sunk, had it not been for the hand reached out to save. I, if left to myself, would have gone pell-mell to hell, natural inclinations were that way, and other men and women the same. Many young men have said they will never go that way, but unless they recognize the power of sin and take the Remedy that can conquer sin, they will go. I am not saying they will go as far as some men, but anything that will separate us from God is a trend downward. As Job said, the human soul "drinketh iniquity like water," and in the sixth chapter of Genesis we read that "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Think of it! The world had been made only a few years and the devil was young on the job; hadn't begun to get in his best licks, and yet God could see in those few years what sin could do, and He brought that awful indictment against the world: "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Further down we come to Sodom and Gomorrah, and if the human heart could descend to such depths in those years, now that the devil has had 6,000 years experience and hatched up billions and billions of schemes of getting men down, how much more will the ax sink.

"Alas, master, for it was borrowed!" I have often heard men say, "I am a law unto myself. If I do sin I will not hurt anybody but myself." But you are not your own. You are "bought with a price, not with silver or gold, but with the precious blood of Jesus. You are not your own even by right of creation. In God's own creation He owns you, and from every man and woman here radiates influences for good or for evil, influences that have to be reckoned with.

"And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he showed him the place. And he cut down a stick, and cast it in thither; and the iron did swim." Jesus, the despised and rejected of men, the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, is the Stick that causes the iron to swim. The moment a human soul who has been sunk in the muddy waters of sin comes in contact with that Stick, he will swim. I remember there was a man who came into the mission for help. I'd never give men two bits on the street, but I'd take them in and feed them and then bring them up to the meeting and show them the way of salvation. This man came in, and in all my

experience in mission work I have never seen such a body. The odor was simply fearful. I had seen some pretty bad cases but this was the worst. At first I had to hold my breath he was so filthy, and the vermin was all over him, but finally the compassion of Jesus came into my soul. I went over to him and said, "What is the matter, boy?" "Mister, for God's sake, do something for me," and he began to cry. I said, "I cannot do anything for you, but Jesus can." The poor wreck began to stagger and I said, "Let us get down and ask Jesus what He can do for you." He had been living from garbage cans, and had delirium tremens. I rebuked the devils that bound this poor soul, took him into another room, stripped him and scrubbed him. I had to keep him in bed for five days and fed him on strong coffee. The fifth day he came walking out and went to the telephone and began to call up an address. I looked at him in surprise, knowing that the neighborhood was aristocratic. He was telling how, four nights before, he had been in an awful condition and had gotten saved. Then he turned to me and said he was going to see his sister. I asked him to tell me something about himself before he went. He said he was one of the head chefs in that city and commanded a large salary, but he had to mix in with a hard bunch and that dragged him down. He had to taste wines and that was what made him a drunkard. In the stress of duties I forgot about him, but one day while I was reading the lesson in Sunday School there came in a man wearing a fine, broadcloth suit, and following him was a magnificently dressed young woman, all the ear-marks of wealth about her. He said, "Mr. Saunders, I want to introduce you to my sister." I could do nothing but stand on that platform and weep. The iron did swim. When the despised Stick came in contact with that man who was an absolute wreck, no hope in the world, he rose from the mire and was transformed.

In December, five years ago in that same mission, a man came walking in. The moment I look at a man of that description I can tell pretty well what kind of a person he is. He kept looking at the door rather uneasily. Services went on and I gave the invitation. The man tried to get up to go out, I saw him making a desperate effort to go, but he was held there. Finally he came up to the altar, but I did not deal with him any differently than with the others, told them all to call on God. At the close we asked him if he wanted a bed. He said,

"That is nothing to me. Probably you will understand better if I tell you I am the last remaining member of the Jesse James gang. I am the fellow who held the horses. They gave me a thirteen-year stretch in Sing Sing." Then he went on to tell how the police had watched him. He went to two jobs and the police had him turned out of both. It is a crime how they put men behind prison bars, and when they get out they will not let them work. I know of hundreds of cases of poor convicts whom the police will not allow to work. He said, "I just had to go back to the old game of highway robbery. I went to get some nitro-glycerine and was going to blow up the express car on a Sunday eve and beat the country to Seattle. I knew the police were hounding me, but knowing they would never look in a rescue mission for me I went in, and God got hold of me that night." The iron did swim. If you could see what I saw in that man's life, how he would glorify Jesus! He was transformed. We used to hold noon meetings regularly every day. That man would walk up to Central Park about noon and pick out the toughest-looking customer he could find, sit down by the side of him, size him up and get into conversation with him. They would say, "What is your name?" "I am Bill Style, Jesse James gang." "What? You that fellow? Say, what job have you next?" And Bill would be interested in watching the expression that came over their faces. "The next job I have is to take you down to the Rescue Mission," and regularly every noon that man would walk up and in his poor, stumbling way help them to Jesus. Oh, the iron did swim! I came in one day, Bill was sitting over in the corner, had a Bible in his hand. He was reading and the tears were streaming down his face. I knew what was the matter with him, but I said, "Bill, what is the trouble? What are you crying for?" He said, "Why, Jack, I cannot read about Jesus without crying." He will take out the stony heart and put in a heart of flesh. There was that man who had this murderous record, yet he came into contact with this despised Stick and the iron did swim. God melted him up and he became a winner of souls. Just before I came East I was in the Mission and whom should I see but Bill. Those eyes that at one time could look down the barrel of a revolver and pull it without a qualm, are doves' eyes now. It pays to come in contact with this despised Stick. How wonderfully God can take

these old bits of scrap-iron that the devil has almost thrown aside, and change them from glory to glory. How the divine lapidary would take those diamonds in the rough and polish them! One year over four thousand men knelt at our altar to seek Jesus. Over four thousand men came in contact with this Stick and many were the times when the iron did swim.

Charley Alexander came into the mission wearing only a pair of ragged pants, no stockings at all, one shoe No. 8 and another No. 10. Some woman got up and sang, "Tell Mother I'll Be There," and he broke down and wept. He had been at the head of one of the large corporations, had a wife and three beautiful children, but had gotten down into the gutter. Dope had hold of him, he had beaten his way all over America, Europe and Australia, and finally landed in a rescue mission, no hope in the world. They had to form a ring around him while at the altar so his nakedness would not be seen, but he came in contact with this despised Stick and he was sent out to Japan to preach the Gospel. I have seen men and women for whom there seemed to be no hope at all, rise on the pinions of God's grace, rise into heights and lengths of power and usefulness. It is not in the natural but in the supernatural life of God. He will take anything that will yield itself to Him, polish him up, and make him fit to dwell with Him forever.

The last thought is in the seventh verse, "Take it up to thee." Be careful, dear ones, that you do not despise those who have been down. There is a prevalence among people to look upon those who have been down with a little bit of scorn, but "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Paul said in another place that if any fall, "ye which are spiritual restore such an one." Some people read it this way: "You who are spiritual go right away and get as many clubs as you can; biff him and knock him down where he came from." Is that what Paul said? "Restore such an one, considering thyself." Have the divine compassion of the Son of God in your soul. If any are outside the Ark of safety, you had better get hold of the despised Stick before you sink. If you will come in contact with that Stick the iron in your soul will swim, lift you up above all the world, raise you up to the place where you will be fitted to dwell with Him forever. When Morrison died there were but three converts in China. Today there are nearly four thousand.

## God Working in the Darkened Hearts of India

"Ready to Preach, to Do, to Die."

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



EVER since I came into Pentecost and especially since the Lord called me into the work, I have loved the Stone Church because I knew that the Stone Church loved the missionaries and you know we have a natural tendency to love those who love us. I thank God for giving me the privilege of being here and meeting God's children.

When the Lord called me to carry this Gospel of Jesus Christ I was willing and anxious to go forth; and I remember of one dear old pastor coming to me and saying: "Miss Olga, you are going out as a missionary? I said "Yes." "Well, there are three things which you must always be ready to do; you must be ready to preach, to do and to die." It has been such a worthy calling and my testimony tonight is that I love Jesus with all my heart. All this day the word, "Emmanuel," has been coming to me; "Emmanuel" God is with us. You know when God is on our side no matter how big the hosts are on the other side, we are in the majority because wherever God is, there is the majority. When the Lord called me to the field it seemed hard as I had an aged mother and father, and I thought I ought to stay at home but the Lord knew best. At first I was willing to go but then I held back until the Lord put His hand upon me again, and He spoke these words to me: "According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death." I was glad for that Scripture when on my way to India. A terrific storm came up while I was on the water; the boat was floundering and things looked very serious. All the passengers were ordered to go below in their cabins and so I went down, crawled into my berth and was just about to go to sleep when the other girl came running in and rebuked me for being so calm when we were facing such terrible danger. Then the Scripture came to me again, "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death," and I knew that I was still in the will of the Lord on my way to India to carry this precious Gospel and that God had called me. I went to sleep and the next morning when I

awoke, we were again sailing in beautiful waters. It means everything to know that you are in the will of the Lord and it is very precious to me that He is able to keep all that we commit into His hands. We know that by prayer all things are accomplished; if we have faith in God it shall be done unto us. Sometimes it doesn't seem that God will answer prayer. My mother prayed that she might send out two of her sons to a foreign field but as the boys grew up it seemed that neither one had a call, but still mother continued to pray and the time came when the Lord called out her two daughters. I shall never forget how mother smiled as I said "good-bye" to her. Shall we ask God for things and then cry when He gives them to us? Many times while I was in India I felt the prayers of my mother and father and of the saints. Often when I was rising in the morning to begin my daily work it seemed that the Spirit of the Lord quickened my body so wonderfully and finally I remembered that this was about the time when the saints at home were gathering in the meetings and praying for the missionaries.

I remember when I first arrived in India, perhaps the second day I was there, I saw a marvelous manifestation of answered prayer. A little girl not far from our village was very sick and they had sent for my sister to come and pray for her. Sister took me along and as we entered the village the mother-in-law of the little girl came out and wept and said, "For three days my daughter hasn't opened her eyes." It was the time of the year when typhoid fever was raging and about seventy-five per cent of the people have typhoid at this particular time. We went into the place and found the child on a thin little bed which had been thrown on the ground. She seemed to be lifeless and was just burning up with fever. I prayed in English and sister prayed in Hindustani, and as she prayed the old mother-in-law prayed right after her. When we got through praying the little girl opened her eyes and was smiling at sister. It was so precious to me to know that God was healing the sick in India the same as in America. So many times God touches sick bodies over there; He, is the same all over the world.

One morning when I was returning from my village Sunday School, I saw a woman coming,

perhaps fifty yards away from us, with a large basket on her head. We could hear her moaning and groaning with every breath. I had been in orphanage work before I went to India and had seen some people who were afflicted so badly with asthma that they moaned like this old lady did, so I concluded that she had the asthma. She had never heard of Jesus but we told her that when He was here on earth He healed all that came to Him, and that He was the same yesterday, today and forever. We took her up to the station and as we were praying for her, the power came down upon her in such a precious way and she threw up her hands. In a few moments, this dear, darkened woman, who had never known what it was to serve and pray to God, was praising the Lord with all her heart. You know sometimes it seems that the Lord hears the missionaries on the foreign fields more quickly than He does those at home; it is really surprising how ready and willing the Lord is to answer prayer and it is so encouraging. Satan's work, of course, is to get us discouraged and to make us look back and see our failures and short-comings but I am glad, friends, that we can always see that the past is under the blood, the present under the blessing and the future under the promise.

I want to tell you another instance of how the Lord works in India; how He delivered a dear old woman from tobacco. This old woman was sitting by a little mud hut knawing on a piece of sugar cane. I went to her and asked her if she was hungry, and she said "yes." We took her up to our house and fed her, and she was so hungry that she seemed to forget all about her caste. You know sometimes they will not eat because it breaks their caste, no matter how hungry they are; but this woman had been starved for so long that she didn't seem to care. She came to live with us then and we fixed a little room in the front of our house. Every day we told her about Jesus and one of our people was teaching her to pray. When she had been with us three days she wanted tobacco very much, but of course, there was none on our place. She came to us and said she wanted tobacco and we told her that children of God didn't use it, but she was determined to have it. The next day she came again and begged for tobacco and we didn't know what to do about it; we didn't want her on the place if she used it as it would hinder others. We told her that no one ever used tobacco on our place and if she had to have it she would have to go away.

After we told her this we all got down and prayed, but she went off to get tobacco. We knew the Lord could answer prayer in a little matter like this. She came back to us shortly and was perfectly delivered, never again mentioning it.

We have so much in America to be thankful for that we never think about until we are thrown into heathen darkness. From babyhood I had known that Jesus was crucified on Mount Calvary as a sacrifice for our sins but it was never made real to me until I saw the multitudes of India offering up sacrifices for their atonement. I am so glad that we can tell them that the atonement was made two thousand years ago on the cross of Calvary. I never knew what it meant to preach in the name of Jesus until I went to India and saw thousands and thousands who had never heard that name.

In India we wrestle not with flesh and blood but with the powers of darkness. One morning just as we were entering the village we saw a large crowd gathered together around a little mud altar worshipping an idol composed of stones. In the same place was a priest whom they call a sacred man—he is so sacred that he doesn't have to wear any clothing at all. Down before the priest was a woman. I started to go to the woman but my Bible woman said that Satan was there. I said, "Sarah, we have a God who has power over all demons." She saw that if we had God with us nothing should harm us, so we walked up a little nearer to see if we could help this woman for it was evident she was under the power of demons. She was shaking from her head to her heels, and was giving out, in a very loud voice, some demoniac prophecy. It seemed to me that I had never before felt the power of Satan as I did there, but we continued to plead the blood of Jesus. We went to the other end of this village and began to pray. We felt that the power of the enemy was very strong but we continued praying till it seemed that the Lord was encamping round about us. We stayed there several hours, when a very sick boy was brought to us for prayer. He was healed in a very miraculous way that day, and I knew then why the Lord held us there. A few days later when I was passing by that way the people hailed me from quite a distance and I went up to them. They gathered quite a number of sick people together and we prayed for them all. The Lord has worked marvelously in that village simply through the healing of that boy.

I am so glad that the Lord's children know His voice; Satan's power is very strong in India but God's power is stronger. To see the Gospel of Jesus Christ being preached in heathen darkness is one of the sweetest things in all this world to me; to see a heathen woman taking her baby to the heathen gods and then to be able to tell her the story of the resurrection and see her face brighten up—friends, you cannot wonder that we don't want to come home. We can hardly bear to stay here because we love to tell the sweet story.

My work in India has been mostly among the children. We are trying to teach them to give

their lives and hearts to Jesus Christ. I had a little fellow who loved Jesus very much when he was small and he could pray long prayers, but as he grew older he was naughty and I prayed very earnestly for him that he might give his heart to Jesus. Only last May I received a letter from Brother Harvey and he wrote that among several others that boy had come to the altar and was weeping and crying his way to God. He said he wanted Christ and it was very plain that He had been speaking to this boy.

It does my heart good to know that the Lord is moving on in India. Pray for the work there.

## A Trench Conversion and What Came of It

**A** YOUNG Christian man, after entering school and finding he would not be allowed to take extra studies at another institution, refused to attend that school any longer, and left in a questionable frame of mind, little realizing he was "advancing backwards." This experience continued until he was conscripted for service in the war in Europe.

One day while in the trenches his surgeon captain received a wound caused by the explosion of a shrapnel shell. Sensing his perilous condition the captain called this young man to him and said, "I have been watching you for some time, you appear to be of a serious turn of mind. I am wounded unto death. I feel I am soon to die, but I am not ready to die. Will you point me to Christ that I may die right?"

The young man was staggered at such a proposition, knowing not what to do or say, for the moment. But recovering himself, his mind immediately went back to the day he left school and the blessed experiences he had lost there and not yet regained. Telling the captain to wait a moment, he withdrew to a secluded spot in the trench and falling on his knees he confessed his sins to God, asked forgiveness, and then for grace to help his captain in his dying moments. It did not take long for the soldier to get right with God. And with a heart touched and tendered by God's good Spirit, he returned to the officer. Feeble and few were the words he used, but it did the work. The captain found the joy and peace which comes to the soul who accepts Jesus as his Saviour and as coming King.

When the boy had commended him to God's care, the officer motioned he also wished to pray. Slowly the words issued from his dying

lips as he thanked God for his new found joy and peace, and as he concluded he said, "Lord, I thank thee for what this brother has meant to me. I am passing away, but if ever he should get into a hard place, help him as You and he have helped me."

The captain was carried to his last resting place, but the battle went on. One day this young man himself was found unconscious on the cruel battlefield and was carried to a first-aid station. The seriousness of his condition caused him to be removed away behind the lines and eventually he was located at a large hospital. But still his case baffled the physicians so that they gave him up as hopeless. A beautiful young nurse standing by heard their report and going up to the senior surgeon begged to be allowed to take this desperate case to nurse. The colonel remonstrated with her, in what appeared to him and his colleagues an unnecessary demand. She refused their request to go and take her rest after being on duty for several days and nights with but scarcely time for repose and recuperation. "Doctor," she said, "that may be true enough, but somehow, I cannot explain. I cannot let that young man die without another effort." Her pleading won consent and she took the case in hand.

The efforts and treatments were rewarded and consciousness returned, followed in due season by freedom from pain. The nurse was given the reward of her importunity and as her patient convalesced they began to converse together. One day they discovered that she was the sister of the captain whom he had pointed to Christ and whose dying prayer had now been answered.

Now he began to tell the sister of the Saviour

who had manifested His love to her brother and himself. As they talked together, she too, yielded her young life to God for the work of soul winning.

When the soldier boy had recovered sufficiently, leave of absence was granted to them both and the nurse took him to visit her home, where the glory was again rehearsed with the result that several others besides the entire family were led to accept the Saviour, and thus prepared to meet Him at His coming.

Dear reader, how is it with you? Are you drifting away from the Saviour? Are you unprepared? Go alone and tell Jesus. Get right with God so that you may be ready to meet your next emergency call.—P. J. L. in *The Life Boat*.

### Phenomenal Record in Brazil

**D**ANIEL BERG, missionary from Para, Brazil, spent some weeks this summer in Chicago visiting the Assemblies. Brother Berg is not a very fluent speaker, having spent over eight years in Brazil, using nothing but the Portuguese language during that time, but his recital of what God has done in Brazil through the circulation of the Word of God and the giving of the simple message, shows the wonderful possibilities that are open to the Spirit-filled missionary.

Brother Berg and his coworker, Gunner Vingren, have a sailboat which they use in carrying the Gospel up and down the Amazon river. He tells us that many a time when there was no wind for their sails God would cause the wind to rise so that they could proceed on their way to other towns. At one time they found a huge, poisonous snake coiled in the bottom of their boat. They went into the cabin and prayed and the snake crawled out into the water.

Brother Berg tells us they have about twenty-six Pentecostal assemblies now in Brazil, and fully five hundred people have been converted to God, the most of whom have also received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. His experience of going into a town scattering the Word, preaching the Gospel and having the signs follow, has been very remarkable. In a list of fourteen towns, from four to twenty people were converted in a single meeting, and a good proportion baptized in the Holy Spirit.

Brazil is a country as large as the United States and Alaska combined. It is controlled by Rome, and there are very few missionaries in that great area. Here in the homeland Christian

workers are stepping on each others' feet; there hundreds and thousands of square miles are without a Gospel preacher. When we hear what has been accomplished by the brethren who have sown the seed and so faithfully given out the simple Gospel message, surely with renewed zeal we can pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into the needy harvest fields.

\* \* \*

"The Lord Jesus employed a very practical business man and gave him instructions to carry out a plan whereby he could secure funds to pay his taxes. I do not know of anything more practical than to go a-fishing. He sent Peter fishing to get funds to pay his taxes. Now there was miraculous power in it but there was form in it too. Some people want all power and no form, and others no power and all form. The first runs into fanaticism, the second becomes dead. He says, "Do business until I come," and He uses a banking term. Jesus is a practical business Man, always was, and ever shall be, and it agrees with me exceedingly to be linked up with Him, a practical business Man in the glory, doing business down here."—D. W. Kerr.

\* \* \*

"Garibaldi, the great Italian patriot, said to his countrymen: 'Young men, I have nothing to offer you but cold, hunger, rags. He who loves his country let him follow me,' and thousands of young men, the wealth of Italy, arose to rescue their country. Jesus Christ says to you and to me today, 'Young men, young women, I have nothing to offer you but sacrifice, a deeper consecration, a greater death. I have nothing to offer you but the pestilence of India and its fever-blistered plains and probable death; I have nothing to offer you but the heart of Africa with its black water fever, sleeping sickness and death; I have nothing to offer you but China and all its sorrows and heart-aches and a life of incessant sacrifice, but if you love Me, come follow Me. I will let you plant the banner of the cross in India, in Asia and in Africa.'" Sara Coxie.

\* \* \*

Our friends will be glad to know that Sister Blanche Appleby is recovering from typhoid fever. She writes us that for eight weeks she was bedfast and many thought she would pass away, but she had confidence from the first that Jesus would raise her up.

\* \* \*

Fear God and work hard.—*Livingston*.

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**Notes**

"Bright was the guiding star that led,  
With mild, benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed  
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo! a brighter, clearer light  
Now points to His abode;  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our God.

Oh, haste to follow where it leads,  
The gracious call obey,  
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,  
The Christian's destined way.

Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,  
While light and grace are given;  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth  
Shall reign with Him in heaven."

These are days that make us long for the coming of the Prince of Peace. The peace that was heralded by the angelic host has come into the hearts of those who have accepted Him as Savior and Lord, but the world today knows naught of peace.

The physical darkness that enshrouds our cities because of the coal famine is but a faint picture of the heavy pall that is settling on the nations through the political, social and religious upheavals on every hand. The labor troubles which are paralyzing industry have grown in the last few years from a cloud like a man's hand to one that spreads over the whole world, black and ominous. No human reform, no legislation, no plenipotentiary authority will ever remedy conditions. The blackness that is settling down upon

every phase of life, political, social, industrial and religious, will only be dispelled by the brightness of the Coming One, the Lord from Heaven, who will reign in righteousness.

**The Akron Revival**

Pastor C. A. McKinney of Akron, Ohio, writes of their hearts being overwhelmed with gratitude and praise to God for His goodness in sending a mighty outpouring of the Spirit and a wonderful revival at the time Mrs. McPherson held a campaign in that city.

The Armory, with a seating capacity of 2,500, was secured for the meetings, and every night the place was filled with people from all over the state and adjoining states.

From the beginning, the presence of the Lord was very real. Night after night the altar was filled with sinners and seekers after God, and many were prostrated under the power. It is estimated that about eighty were saved and an equal number received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Such songs of praise and shouts of victory were never before witnessed by the people of Akron!

Thursday was set apart for a day of prayer, and all through the day the presence of the Lord was felt. As the lame, halt, and afflicted ones came for prayer, God was there in power to meet them. Nearly every one that was prayed for was touched by the power of God, and rejoiced and praised Him as in the temple of old.

\* \* \*

Mrs. McPherson will conduct a Revival Campaign in Baltimore, Md., Dec. 4-21, in the Lyric Theater. For information address, James E. Feidler, 1652 Ashburton St., Baltimore, Md.

\* \* \*

One of our missionaries recently visiting us, showed us her record book of money received when on the field, and we thought her arrangement an excellent idea for other missionaries to follow. We have been trying to trace some money sent during the war, but owing to incomplete records kept on the other side we have been unable to secure the information desired. A careful, tabulated record of all money received and properly dated, will make the tracing of lost amounts an easy matter. The arrangement shown to us was given on two pages of a day book and contained the information in the following order:

Date of draft (or money order), Date rec'd, No. of draft, Amount of draft, Name and ad-

dress of sender, date acknowledged, date of disposal, manner of disposal, Remarks. These headings should be separated with lines drawn from top to bottom of the page, and then every amount received can be carefully and accurately noted.

### Among Our Letters

“**T**HE angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them.” Sister Bernice Lee recently realized this promise in a very precious way. As she was walking through one of the rooms of their bungalow at Uska Bazar, she stepped on a very poisonous snake which had gotten into the house. It struck her with its tail but did not bite her. She realized God’s hand in protecting her when a few days later a little boy was bitten by a snake and died immediately.

Miss Lee and Miss Baugh have their hearts and hands full, ministering to the poor, the needy and the outcast. Sister Lee was awakened by the Lord one morning at 2:30, when He began to talk to her about the poor and gave her Isa. 58:7, “Is it not that thou deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house.” A few days after an old outcast woman, deaf, and poor and ragged, came to beg, and the Lord showed Miss Lee she was to take her in. While she was sitting on the veranda, another, equally old, ragged and blind, came up the pathway who had the same pitiful story, cast out by her children and left to beg. She asked to stay and being short of room Miss Lee was just about to refuse, when the Lord said,—“that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house,” and all she could say was, “You may stay.”

The people are eager for Gospel portions. In two hours they sold about one hundred and sixty copies besides having eight blessed meetings. Miss Lee says, “I love to go into the homes of the heathen, sit right down on the floor beside the women and have a little quiet talk about Jesus.”

\* \* \*

Miss Myrtle Bailey writes of good results from special meetings in Fat Shan, where she and Miss Ledbetter have been witnessing for Jesus. Brother Kelley recently held a baptismal service for them when five were immersed in the river. She says it was a blessed sight to see the rich and the poor go into the water together, but all meant business with God. Five others

show evidence of a change of heart but are hindered from obeying God fully. One, a high-class girl, whose father objects; another, a slave girl whose master says if she is baptized she will have to buy her freedom, for \$86.00. Another girl who received Jesus in her heart was beaten with a stick by her mother, for coming to the prayer-meetings. Another, a young student whose father is wealthy, came every night and earnestly prayed at the close of the meetings, but his father has forbidden his getting baptized. We little know what it means for the heathen to become Christians. Persecuted, beaten, ostracized, disinherited, yea, oftentimes their lives are endangered and forfeited for the Gospel’s sake. How much these dear natives need prayer that they may be able to stand the testing day!

\* \* \*

Brother Harold Hanson, now on furlough, receives most encouraging reports from his native workers. Eight have just been baptized in water, one being a captain of soldiers; another, a young man whom Bro. Hanson met in a barber shop over a year ago, and spoke to him about Jesus. The seed sown was not in vain. When the young man lost his health and had hemorrhages of the lungs, and when there was no earthly help, he remembered the words of the missionary telling of the power there was in the name of Jesus. And when he came to the meeting he was saved and completely healed. He is now testifying to what the Great Physician did for him. Sowing beside all waters will surely bring some harvest. A testimony for Jesus in a barber shop resulted in the salvation and healing of one who would have been cut off without God, but is now a living witness to His saving, healing power.

\* \* \*

Exchange on American money in India and China is becoming worse all the time. A recent letter from the field says that \$100 in American money brought only \$96 in China. This is equally true in India, and we understand that English money is still less. Brother Kelley writes “It is evident now that we built our house in God’s time, from the fact that American money is depreciating in value every day.” There is still a balance unpaid on the South China Missionary Home, and we trust the friends will help pray in this amount so the burden will be lifted from dear Brother Kelley’s heart. He writes that he has kept cheerful in the face of some very severe tests to their faith, and the

Lord graciously delivered him from worrying.

A mission which has been in charge of some Chinese has just been turned over to them, and a five days' meeting there brought blessed results. About six received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and others were healed, one woman of a deadly disease. The Lord spoke through a little boy about six years of age and gave a warning that we were in the last days and that Jesus was coming soon. Fourteen were added to the church through immersion.

\* \* \*

Miss Mary Macdonald writes from Mukti that they have been preaching the Gospel to hundreds of people at their very door during the famine. Ramabai asked God to send them a thousand to whom to preach the Gospel, and this prayer has been more than answered. Men, women and children have been employed, the preference always being given to widows and children. They are taught all through the week on the Word, and on Sunday they were examined. They join in the morning service at Mukti

Church. It is rare indeed for so many heathen people to gather quietly in a Christian church to hear the Gospel.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Lillian Denney writes of a new station being opened up in Lucknow. The Lord began to lay this place on her heart and at the same time spoke to two brethren who were about to get their discharge from the army and who felt called to mission work, J. Kelly and W. H. Clifford. Recognizing the Lord's leading, Mrs. Denney asked God for a further proof of His will by sending a large sum of money for this purpose aside from the offerings. Just about the time she was praying for this there started from America the largest amount she had ever received from one person. When praying what she should do with this offering, the Lord showed her it was for the Lucknow Station. Later on another substantial offering came from an unknown source, which she felt doubly proved His will. She asks the prayers of God's people for this important center.

### Letting Her Candle Shine Amid Africa's Millions

Miss Ethel Bingham in The Stone Church, Oct. 26, 1919.



HERE are two things of which we cannot hear too much, and one is, the love of God the Father as revealed to us through His Son long ago, and through the Holy Spirit day by day, and the other is, the need of the lost and dying world. The enemy tempted me about speaking here on missionary effort; he said, "These people have heard such splendid speakers from the field," but the Lord said, "Those who have heard much want to hear more," and I find it so in my own heart. The more I hear, the more I want to hear, and I believe that these two things are closely united; that it is only as we are channels of God's blessing to the needy world that the Lord will continue to shower His love and His blessings upon our own soul. And who should bring to the lost world Jesus, more than the Pentecostal people? I was surprised the other day as I was reading through Acts, how as they were filled with the Holy Ghost they went forth preaching Jesus. Jesus is the great need of this world. Jesus Christ the One who can save and keep and baptize in the Holy Spirit; the One who can heal and the one who is coming again. And that

is our commission, to bring Jesus to these people in the dark, heathen lands. And if we could tell you the whole story this morning of this people in dear, dark Africa, tell you about the mothers and the little babes, how they suffer and die; tell you about the boys and girls, how they are brought up in lives of sin, and how the women are little more than slaves, and the whole country is steeped in sin, immortality and superstition—if we could unveil the whole thing to you this morning, it would only be that you might see their need of Christ, and say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

Now Africa is a very large continent, containing, I believe, about ten million so-called Christians. You know there are white people in the north and in the south, and a good many of the natives have been Christianized, and altogether there are about ten million. According to the latest statistics that I have read there are forty million Mohammedans and eighty million Pagans, those who do not worship God nor know about His Son, Jesus Christ, who came to save the lost world.

Of these, there are about two million living in the small republic of Liberia on the Western Coast of Africa. It is about four hundred miles

long, right along the coast, and about two hundred miles inland at the widest part. Along the Coast and on some of the larger rivers, there are sixty million descendants of freed slaves that have been sent there from America. These are supposed to govern the country which is recognized by the greater powers as a Republic, to be under the government of these black descendants of the people who have been sent back by the United States. They, of course, have heard the Gospel in this country; are Episcopalians, Baptists, etc.; they have a few churches, but are doing absolutely nothing to Christianize the native people; in fact they fear them. I do not know of one Liberian work, but there are a few American missions along the Coast and up the larger rivers, but as far as I know, ours is the only interior work in the Southern part. The climate is perpetual summer; no winter. It rains eight months in the year, and of course, this means a very hot, humid atmosphere, and very hard for us people to live there. The sun rises at six and sets at six, and daylight comes practically with the sun and leaves with the sun, so there is no dawn or twilight to speak of, and this means that the missionaries go to bed early as a rule, which is one good thing. We have to rise at 5:30 and all gather together in our little mud house and have our morning prayers. We have had blessed seasons of prayer, gathering there at six and staying sometimes until seventhirty, and then we all scatter, the boys working on the rice farm or planting vegetables for their food and ours. We do as much as we can toward our own support, but we have never been able to be self-supporting.

The missionaries like to visit the towns around every day. There are eight little towns and we usually choose the morning hours for this work, and at ten we have school and teach the boys to read and write. Many can read the Bible quite easily and are able to give out the Gospel for themselves. Then at two o'clock they all scatter and gather again in the evening for prayers, and retire very early, usually quite weary. I do not suppose there is a day in Africa that we do not feel quite exhausted when the day closes.

God has so wonderfully brought us through times of sickness when we knew there was nothing but His hand, for there is nothing in that climate you can draw from; it is very enervating. There doesn't seem to be any place where we can go to gain strength so we have to conserve

every bit we can.

Many people asked us how we got along during the war. Our food was very short; couldn't get tinned stuff, and we had to live largely on native food, but yet the Lord did help us and we never really got out of anything we needed. We had flour right up to the very last, and we were able to help others, but it was only through God.

The natives depend upon us very much. They come to us in every time of trouble and distress, in sickness, when in trouble with the government, and at all times. I remember one bringing a child to me with a long wound on its leg from which the bone was coming out, and we had to take it out. I remember the first time I was asked to pull a tooth. I have been a nurse and people think I can do anything from taking out a splinter to a major operation, but I had never pulled a tooth though I never told anyone I hadn't. Mr. Johnson was away and I heard Mrs. Johnson talking to the natives. The partitions of our house are very thin, only split bamboo, tied together. I heard her talking to these men, and gathered from the conversation that he had a tooth he wanted to be pulled. She called me and I went and got the forceps, and went tremblingly up to the man and asked him to open his mouth and here was a tooth just hanging on a tiny bit of membrane, so I took courage. I have pulled many a tooth since then, and the Lord has helped me every time. I remember one time a man came with a bad tooth and I put the forceps on and pulled and pulled. I had a boy pull my hand and somebody holding me and another holding him and we could not pull it out. Suddenly I thought, "I haven't asked the Lord to help me with this tooth," and I looked to God and He helped me to give the right twist and out it came. In all these things we have to lean on the Lord.

I remember one of our boys fell from a palm-tree, and he said to me afterward, "You know, Miss Bingeman, I never climb a palm-tree but I ask God to help me, and this time I forgot to ask Him." This people seem to recognize that we in some way are going to bring them deliverance. They do not really see the pit in which they are, and yet somehow they seem to reach out after what we are bringing to them, and the Lord has in a wonderful way prepared their hearts to receive the message. They have heard of a good Man who came into this world and lived without sin; they know about God but they

worship the devil. They say, "God is good and He will do us only good; the devil is very wicked and very strong, and so we must appease the devil that he will not do us evil," so they worship him. We tell them how Jesus came not only to live a sinless life but that He came to die a sacrifice for sin, and they know all about sacrifice. They never commit a wrong but what they sacrifice a cow or bullock, and so the way is prepared for us to tell them of Jesus and the great sacrifice. In their towns they have one little house called the high-priest's and in it they have the ju-ju—sacrifice to the devil.

Whenever it rains heavily you will hear the drums beating, making a great noise, and they say they don't want the sky to come down so they make this noise that the devil will be pacified. So we tell them very often after there has been a storm, that some day the clouds will part and Jesus is coming and those who are not ready will fly to the rocks and the mountains, and thus the way has been prepared for us to give them the Word.

Our method is to take the boys into the mission away from their own families. There is no place which they can really call home. They practice polygamy and of course there can be no homes in families like that, and every babe that is born doesn't belong to the father or mother, but to the chief men of the town. So there is no home-life in the town and the people there are so closely bound by the customs and the heathen sacrifices and superstitious laws that no man can be a Christian and live in town, and so the Lord has laid upon our hearts to take these boys and girls into our own mission station and teach them the Word of God and the things they ought to know, make them useful men and women in their own country; keep them there as our children until they are old enough to have homes for themselves, and that will mean Christian towns in Africa, which will be wonderful.

The boys are truly and wonderfully saved. I think you have heard about the revival we had at Blebo Station. When I had been there two years we felt the time had come for a real revival. Our boys were saved but we needed a refreshing. We sent for dear Brother and Sister Neeley, for in times of revival they seemed to get hold of the hearts of these people in a wonderful way. In two weeks seventeen of our dear boys received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I will never forget one Sunday when our dear

Robert, who had just been saved, spoke under the power of the Spirit, the town people looking on in amazement. Robert looked at the boys and said, "Oh you poor, poor boys. You do not know Jesus. You poor, poor people." Now isn't that the same Spirit He has given to us? That Spirit as soon as He enters into our spirit will be reaching out after others, that they too shall taste and see that the Lord is good. I am so glad I can tell you it has paid. There are souls in Africa today saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit and ready to meet Jesus, and I want you to stand by them as well as the missionaries.

I want to tell you a little incident which will give you an insight into one of their customs. When I was down at Garraway, a Coast town where the government is supposed to have power if at any place, I was called to a native hut. We found the woman had been in child-birth for three days. She had nothing to eat for that is the way they treat the sick and dying. After we got in there they started to wash the woman with hot water, and while they were washing her she passed away. We went back to the town, our hearts saddened, and the other missionary said, "I am afraid this will make trouble," and sure enough, the people of the town said some one had bewitched the woman, and the one who had done it must surely take sasswood. Sasswood is a poison they are made to drink, and if they spew it out they are not guilty, but if they drink it and it kills them, they are guilty. So they started to give a woman sasswood, but someone kicked over the pot and we thought the trouble was over. Then one beautiful morning when it would seem God just talked to the people through the sunshine, we were called in haste, and there on the side of the town all were gathered together, and off a little distance was this woman. She had just drunk a bowl of sasswood and passed away as the missionaries got there, and then as the woman breathed her last they dragged her body into the bush and allowed it to lay there for the beasts. They thought they were doing right, but we have to break this superstition, and bring them not only to a knowledge of Jesus, but a knowledge of what sin is.

There are in North Africa, I recently read, schools to train Mohammedan missionaries, and there were ten thousand young men in training in these schools to carry the Mohammedan message throughout Africa. Surely the Christian church must get ready to meet this. The Mohammedans have already come into the northern

part of Liberia, but we have had none in the southern part, and I feel we must cover the territory before they get there because it makes the work doubly hard to fight Mohammedanism as well as heathenism. The Roman Catholics are in one place only, a town where they had begged us to come for years and bring them the Gospel, and we had no one to send. I am quite sure if we had had our missionaries to send, there would be no Roman Catholics there today.

While I was in Africa there were four dear ones who laid down their lives for Jesus, Miss Marr from Winnipeg was just there one month. Some did not understand, but even that short time yielded much fruit. And our dear Brother

Blocher also laid down his life. When I went to the house where he had lived I just felt that man's prayers, and I believe a great work will be done in that place because of them. Our dear Miss Snyder had charge of the Sunday School and the last piece she taught the children was, "Jesus may come today": far sooner than we thought it was the crowning day for our sister in that dark land. Our Sister Bowley had a most triumphant death after years of service for Him. I do not know why He has spared my life except that He wants me to work for Him a little while longer, but I mean to be faithful to the trust He has given me.

## The Bride, The Lamb's Wife

Some Lessons from Genesis 24

Pastor H. W. Mitchell in The Stone Church, Aug. 17, 1919



I WANT to speak a little while on the subject, "The wife of the Lamb hath made herself ready." I believe Jesus is to have a Bride, and there will come a time in which He will be united with His Bride. The Apostle in Revelation 19 is exhorting God's children to rejoice and be glad. A wedding is an event in which there is much rejoicing; the time in which the marriage is to take place is not a time of dread nor of sorrow or fear, but the very thought of being united with one whom she loves inspires the heart of the bride to be filled with joy and rejoicing; and beloved, I feel this afternoon that we as God's redeemed people should rejoice in the hope of His coming and of our being united with Him. The Scripture is very clear, the Bride, the Lamb's wife, is the redeemed of the Lord.

We find back in the beginning, the history of God creating man. We read in Genesis that He formed man out of the dust of the earth, and He saw it was not good for man to be alone, so He caused a deep sleep to come upon Adam and while Adam slept God opened his side and removed one of his ribs. From this bone that came out of man's flesh He made the woman and called her Eve, giving her to be the wife of the man. That is a type of what God is doing today. Adam, the first man formed of the dust of the earth, was earthy, and the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, was divine. This second Adam came into this world, and there on the cross of Calvary as the nails were driven through

His hands and feet, He slept the sleep of death, and while hanging there a Roman soldier came up and rent His side, and forthwith there came water and blood. God will redeem and prepare a Bride for His Son, and it is to be through the blood of Jesus. He is doing that very work today as the Gospel is being preached. Through the riven side this Bride is being prepared; it is to be bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh, just like it was in creation. We must have His divine nature, and must be partaker of that divine nature. There can be no other way of becoming a member of the Bride of Christ save through the riven side of Jesus, for we find in Revelation that she was granted to be arrayed in clean linen, the righteousness of the saints; purified and made white through the precious blood. It is not our own righteousness, nor our own goodness; nothing we possess, but His righteousness that is imparted to us through the precious blood of Christ and through the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost.

We want to take a few Scriptures in the Old Testament with reference to Abraham sending off his servant Eleazer to select a bride for Isaac, which is a type of that portion of believers who are to be united with the glorified Lord at His coming.

We first want to notice that he sent his servant down to Mesopotamia, and he arrived there in the time of the evening. It is in the evening of this age that the Holy Spirit is getting ready the Bride of Christ. I believe the day is almost over, the Gentile age is just about to close, and the Spirit is moving out upon people's hearts

today and preparing them to meet the glorified Lord. One of the characteristics of this woman was that she was willing to follow the servant and I believe today if we are to be in the Bride of Christ we have to be willing to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit. Sometimes it means to be severed from our own people like it did with Rebecca, but Jesus taught that if a man love father or mother more than he loved Him he was not worthy to be His disciple. We must be willing to leave our own people. In Psalm 45, through the Spirit, God calls upon the Bride, "Hearken, O daughter, and consider and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty: for He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him." God is calling His people to follow the leadings of His Holy Spirit, and He is leading them to sever all their connections with the world, be wholly separated unto Him. If a young woman contemplates marriage she must be willing to sacrifice her name; so we must be willing to lose the name of a sinner and take the name of Christ. She must be willing to leave her own people and many things that have been dear to her, and go with her husband; so God calls His people to give up their association with sin and the ways of the world. Oh, if you have a hope in your heart of being with that number who are redeemed, caught up to meet Jesus, you must put yourself at His feet and be willing to follow the Holy Ghost wherever He may lead. When the test came and they asked Rebecca, "Are you willing to go with this man?" she didn't hesitate for a moment, but said, "I will go." May we have that same readiness to say, "I will," when the Holy Spirit asks us to go with Him.

Another characteristic in which Rebecca was a type of the Bride, was that she was willing to serve, and the Bride of Christ must be willing to serve the people, and to serve God. Not to serve Him because they felt they ought to; not from a motive of fear, but because they love Him supremely. You remember as the servant of Abraham prayed he asked for this sign; that when he should ask her for a drink God should cause her to offer it to him and also to draw water for his camels, and without his even hinting about the camels she said, "I will also draw water for the camels." They were animals that could go days and days without water, but when they drank it meant a great deal for the one who was drawing the water, but she didn't mind it at

all. I imagine it took an hour or more to draw water for these camels, but she didn't question her own physical strength, how weary she would become, how hard it was to draw the water for all the camels; it was a willing service, and so will it be with those who are called to be the Bride of Christ. They will give a willing service. But alas, there are many today who are not willing to serve, not willing to be a blessing to this lost world, although they covet a place in the Bride.

When Rebecca heard what was the mission of the servant of Abraham, that he came to select a bride and that she was to be that chosen one, she went to her people and told them all about it; showed them the jewels and the gifts the servant had given her. Even so when God blesses you, reveals to you that you are to be of that company that is to be caught up to be with Jesus, He not only wants you to tell it to others but He also wants you to have some of His gifts manifested. The Holy Ghost is giving gifts to the church and He wants them used for His glory; He wants you to show to the world what He has given you; not to put your light under a bushel, but to go out and tell what God has done. The man who was demon-possessed and came out of the tombs—so violent was he that when they bound him with thongs, he broke them as though they were threads—when he was clothed and in his right mind he pleaded to go with Jesus, but Jesus said, "No, you go back to your people and tell what great things the Lord has done for you." When Jesus cleansed the lepers He told them to go and show themselves to the priest, the most critical people of His day. Perhaps God will call you to go and witness to the ministry, and while the devil will come along and say that you will make a fool of yourself and not accomplish anything, yet the testimony in time will have its effect, just as that of the little maid who told the wife of Naaman there was a prophet in Israel who could heal him of his leprosy. God will use the testimony as you are obedient to the Spirit. The woman of Samaria went back to the city and said, "Come, see a man who told me everything I ever did." God wants a people who will be like Jeremiah, "His word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones." That is the Holy Ghost, friends. When you get an experience that sets you on fire you cannot help yourself. If you are to be a member of the Bride of Christ you will have to make room in your heart for

Him to abide. You cannot crowd Him out with the things of the world and the flesh.

We find here the servant told Rebecca of the rights of his master. So the Holy Ghost tells us today of what our Bridegroom has in store for us. We read in I Corinthians 2:9, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." That is the way God works out this wonderful plan of redemption. All the riches of the glory world He turned over to His Son, Jesus Christ. He was rich but for our sakes He became poor that through His poverty we might become rich. So if you are to be united to the Bridegroom who has all the riches this earth possesses and all in heaven above, you must walk in the steps of the crucified Christ.

The test came when they said, "Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at least ten," but the servant said, "Hinder me not seeing the Lord hath prospered my way;" so when the time

comes for the Holy Spirit to take the Bride out of this world, there is no power on earth can hinder. We find they started on their journey, and as they drew near to where Isaac was abiding it was eventime, and he came out and watched for their coming, and I believe the Lord of glory is longing for the time when His Bride will be ready for Him. He is watching her preparation. He looks down on this world as the Holy Spirit is gathering up the people, with deepest interest. Are you willing to follow the Holy Spirit? Are you willing to let Him guide you? Oh, it is hard work to draw the water out of the well but the church must be willing to do this if she would be the Bride of Christ.

My prayer is that God may hasten the time for Jesus to come, that His Bride may be caught up to meet Him, that we may be delivered from this mortality, and as Eve was of Adam, flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, so shall we be made like unto Him, the second Adam, and be made partakers of His divine nature.

## "Thou Shalt Cry, and He Shall Say, Here Am I"

Healed of Blood-Poisoning thro' Prayer

Mrs. Lydia M. Piper, 4557 Oakenwald Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**T**HEN shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here am I." This Scripture came to me with blessed reality in a recent experience that we have had as a family. God verified it and answered our cry of deep distress.

A few months ago my eldest son, William, struck his knee while swimming, causing an abrasion of the skin. Being at an age when a boy's blood is not normal, his knee was a long time in healing, but finally a thin skin formed over the affected part. About the middle of October, while running for a train he tripped over a wire which threw him and caused this thin skin to break. He paid no attention to this, thinking it was a slight mishap and went on about his work, but the following Monday while in his office his foot began to swell and take on a very ugly, reddish hue. It became so bad that he 'phoned me he would not come home that night, not being able to get his shoe on and suffering excruciating pain. I immediately 'phoned to the Missionary Home in Evanston asking them to unite with me in prayer for my boy. They did so, and the burden of prayer fell particularly on the matron of the Home. At that time there was a slight cessation of the awful pain, and we felt encouraged.

Because of lack of heat in the office and fearing he might take cold, he felt compelled to come home which he did with great difficulty at a late hour, having his foot wrapped up in two towels and leaning on two improvised sticks. When he reached the house he was white with pain, but after we again prayed he retired.

In the morning his foot seemed to be in the same condition but his knee was throwing off corruption, both green and white matter. On examining it and pressing it with the finger we soon realized that we were battling with the awful demon of blood-poisoning, the blood having been affected down to his foot, and the pain running constantly from the knee to the foot, a gangrenous substance coming from the knee. We held on quietly during the day feeling that God would answer prayer, but for some reason He did not put the real fight of faith upon us at that time. At six o'clock I called him to come to dinner. He tried to get to the dining-room, but fell on the couch, exhausted and crying in an agony of pain. As I looked at him I saw the fever as a demon leap into his face, his lips became red, his eyes blood shot, and the tears of agony rolled down his cheeks. He said, "Mother, I cannot stand this suffering." One of my daughters feeling the

awful pressure of the moment suggested that we call a physician, but I knew that if I did that I would not be able to pray the prayer of faith, as I would be too scared by the physician's diagnosis of the case. I realized our help had to come from God and that it had to come quickly.

I left the family for a few moments and went into my room and closed the door. Kneeling before the Lord, I said, "Now, Lord, Thou knowest I have no one but Thee to call upon. Even the minister of the church is out of town, and Thou knowest this boy will not last very many hours in this awful condition with this poison surging through his system. Now put the real prayer of faith upon me and let me go into his room and fight in Thy Name." With that I arose, feeling that the power of the Holy Spirit had settled upon me and that I could fight a troop, if necessary. I picked up the Word of God and went into his room where he was lying, and putting my arm around his shoulder, said, "Now son, we are up against it in the natural, but the Lord has promised to be a Father to the fatherless and a Husband to the widow. If your father were here he would fight this battle with me, but since I am alone, I know that God, my Father, will fight for me." He looked up into my face and said, "Mother, I am not afraid to die," and with all the vehemence of my nature, arising both from my mother-love and from the consciousness that God had already met me in faith, I sternly told him not to talk about death or defeat; that we were on the winning side. Then I opened the Word and repeated every promise I could remember. Every moment or two I would look at him and say, "Son, have you felt the power of the Lord, yet?" And with the tears running down his face he would look up into my face and say, "Mother, I cannot lie. I wish I could say 'yes,' but I cannot." I held on, realizing the fight was a terrific one, but that God was able if we would not faint. I continued to repeat the promises, asking him at intervals whether he felt the power of the Lord. Finally I said, "Lord, You will have to answer now. I will not go through the night like this. I command deliverance," and in my desperation and real anointing of the Spirit as I believe, the Lord met me, and I repeated these words with all the force of my being, "Then shalt thou call and the Lord shall answer. Thou shalt cry and the Lord shall say, Here am I." I said, "William, He said, 'Here am I,' and He will heal you if you will believe."

He said, "Mother, I believe as far as I am able." I realized, he being nineteen, that he might have some preference, and I had asked him before if he wanted a physician but he said, "No, I want to trust the God that father trusted." So as I repeated that verse in Isaiah 58:9 the power of God swept over me and down my right arm into his body, and the perspiration immediately broke out upon him. He said, "Mother, I am better." I began to praise the Lord for this, yet holding on for complete deliverance from the pain. Presently he said, "Now you can go to bed; the pain is gone and I am going to sleep." I went to my room but not to sleep very much. I continued to pray that every vestige of the disease might be taken out of his body, yet making supplication with praise and thanksgiving for what He had done.

The next day he was able to sit up with his foot propped up, but the corruption was still oozing from his knee and the swelling remained in the foot. Thursday night I went to the service and while there felt impressed to testify to what God had done. When I returned home and reached the second landing on the way up to my apartment a voice said in my ear, "Your boy is dying." I shook my head and said, "Nonsense, that is the devil." When I opened my door my youngest child met me with a white face and said, "Mother, William thinks he is dying." I could not believe after what God had done, that such a defeat could be possible. I went to his room and found him asleep, but felt the same Spirit upon me as I did the night God so wonderfully met us. I put my hand on his brow and he awakened and asked me what was the trouble. I chided him for speaking of dying and allowing the spirit of doubt to come in when God had so wonderfully undertaken. So he promised the Lord then and there that he would trust Him fully and not look at symptoms.

The next day there was a marked improvement in the size of the foot and in a few days he was able to resume his work. At this writing I am happy to say he is completely healed of the disease. Our hearts are filled with gratitude for the wonderful goodness of God. I am glad to say that my boy has consecrated his life to God for whatever He may call him. This healing has had a very blessed effect upon him spiritually, making the reality of Christ more to him than ever before.

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"If we wait until there is no danger we will never go at all."—*Livingston.*

## Called and Trained for India

Paul Andreason in the September Conference.



**I** PRAISE God for the way He led me from the old country of Denmark. When I got over here I became a "wandering Jew," but I wandered into the Moody Bible Institute. Later I wandered into Winnipeg, Canada, at a time when God wonderfully blessed that town with a three years' revival. I went there at the very beginning of it, and found out the Pentecostal work was not of the devil, as I had thought, but of God Himself.

The Lord kept me for about two years, working as a missionary in the lumber camps, but I felt the need of something I didn't have, in this work. I have had to walk as high as forty miles a day to reach my destination, through the intense cold and snow, in places where there were no roads, to reach the precious lumbermen. I told my committee I needed a dog team, a horse would not be any good there. They said, "You can have a dog-team if the Lord will give you one," and I began to pray. After four months I had a dog-team. I traveled with my little dogs through the cold of Saskatchewan and Manitoba and preached the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

As I think of that great field of one million men, some of whom have never heard the Gospel, I think there is still much need for Pentecostal evangelists who are not afraid of hard work to enter into these places. If you have a fire in you you can keep warm. When I was in this work, once in awhile I came to Winnipeg to get warmed up, and one time I came too near the fire and I caught it. I remember one Sunday night I had heard a message in tongues and the interpretation was one of the most wonderful Gospel messages I have ever heard; to this day I have never heard anything like it and it brought conviction to my soul. I was thoroughly convinced that Pentecost was of God. The devil does not preach salvation through the blood of Jesus. I remember some that night falling under deep conviction of sin and getting saved; others got the baptism, and I have no doubt if I had had courage enough to walk into that prayer-room I'd have gotten through myself, but not so. I went out and met one of the elders getting into his automobile and he invited me home with him. After tea he suggested having a little time of prayer. I didn't feel a bit like praying, but we all got down on our knees, and as He has prom-

ised to be with two or three gathered in His name, He was there that night. I didn't feel like praying at all until the power of God came, and then I said, "Here, Lord, everything goes." From that night I have been on the go, preaching this wonderful Gospel, which includes not only salvation through the precious blood, but healing for the body, the mighty baptism of the Spirit of God, and the soon coming of the Bridegroom of our souls. God kept me in the needy fields of Canada and other places where they never heard of the baptism, and not until the last Stone Church Convention have I entered other Pentecostal assemblies. God has blessed our labors. Souls have been saved and healed, and others have been baptized in the Spirit.

I found a great and needy field in Canada. Some of you will be surprised if I tell you I preached the Gospel of the Lord Jesus for the first time to young people twenty years of age who never heard the name of Jesus before. They never saw a preacher until they saw me; never went to a Gospel service or Sunday School. Some of you may think it strange that Canada, your next door neighbor, is so destitute, but if you go and investigate you will find it even as I have told you. And while America has twenty-two times more ordained preachers than all the Christian world put together, souls in Canada are dying without having heard the Gospel.

I would not have left this needy field if I had not felt it was in the will of the Lord, and I pleaded that He would send another man in my place, which He did, so I felt free to leave. I have said good-bye to Canada and the work which was dear to me, though it took all the grace God could give me, and I am now on my way to India. I believe I shall find at least one to five millions over there who never heard the Name of Jesus. It is my ambition by the grace of God, not to build on another man's foundation, but to get out there where the need is so great and where Christ is not named.

I have my passport with me, and in a wonderful way He has supplied almost every need of mine, and I believe when I put my foot on the steamer the last dollar will be there. I have twice visited the British Counsel at Washington, D. C., and he has promised me surely I would have my permit within a month, so if you pray and if you stand fast in the Lord, even as Paul wrote to the Church in Thessalonica, we live. I

believe if those who know how to pray would lay hold on God, everyone of these outgoing missionaries would get their permits. Millions of souls are dying without the Gospel, and calling, "Come over and help us," and as these missionaries tell us of the need my heart bleeds to get out. I believe God Himself sometimes wonders about His Spirit-filled church, those to whom He gives the mighty baptism that they may become witnesses unto Him. I believe He is wondering whether we mean business or not. Let us by the grace of God set the time of the evangelization of the world in this generation. I know the trials come, the testings come. I am not here to speak about them, because I have found out where the devil tests you the most and even sometimes when you are tempted to speak of persecutions or trials that have come to our lives, He makes the voice of praise to be heard unto Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, who saved us from a life of sin, healed our sick bodies and baptized us with His Holy Spirit and put the hope of His soon coming in our hearts.

### How God Provided

WE omitted to state in our last issue that our dear sister, Hattie Salyer, sailed with Brother and Sister Doney to Egypt on Nov. 6th.

More than a year ago the Lord began to speak to Sister Salyer about getting ready to return, and gave her some very tangible tokens that it was His will. She told us of a very precious experience she had along this line which proved to her own heart that He was leading toward Egypt.

She told a sister one day that the Lord had said she was to go back, and the sister said, "Yes, I have known it since last Spring, and He told me to help you get back." The woman was a poor widow, earning her living by washing and cleaning house, and Miss Salyer felt she could not afford much. Shortly after that a letter came for the widow, and as Miss Salyer handed it to her, the woman said, "Will you ask the Lord to show you about the contents of that letter?" Miss Salyer hesitated, knowing she was a poor woman and that she expected some interest money. But the sister kept pressing it and so she prayed, and as she waited on the Lord He said "fore and aft." This was repeated three times. She didn't know the meaning of the expression in this connection, but on

looking it up in the dictionary found it was a nautical term and meant, "the whole length of the boat." Then she realized it meant the whole amount in the letter, and when she told the widow, she replied, "That was just what the Lord showed me, but I wanted to be sure it was His will." Miss Salyer said, "But I couldn't take your interest money," knowing how hard she had to work. She told her it was money she had paid a friend for settling her father's estate, and the friend got under conviction about it and returned it. The amount was \$100. When Miss Salyer remonstrated about taking it, the Lord said to her, "Would you deprive her of the privilege of giving it?"

Thus did He so manifestly verify His leading in a practical way and use one of His little ones to give out of her poverty. He wanted this poor widow to have a part in Miss Salyer's going to Egypt, and so He convicted this man to return the money to her. If all His children were as quick to hear His voice and minister toward the sending forth of laborers, how it would hasten the gathering of the precious harvest!

### Worshipping the Devil

Few people realize the depth of depravity and wickedness to which the human family has sunk in these enlightened days. We quote an extract from an article in *The Last Days* by an evangelist in England on "Worshipping the Devil," which depicts the inroads this Satanic cult is making not only in England and the continent, but also in America. Missionaries tell us of devil worship in pagan countries and the awful darkness that hangs over the Christless lands because of it, and now that it is coming to our own shores, what will the blackness be to this land that for over four hundred years has had such glorious Gospel light. Surely we need to pray, "Come Lord Jesus," to deliver us from the Satanic storms that are pouring in upon this old world, for the enemy of our souls has come down in great wrath. We quote the article in part:

It is a most difficult thing to get the average person to believe that devil worship is fast becoming popular in most every country of the world. It is commonly believed to prevail only among superstitious and ignorant savages. But as a matter of fact it exists in the most positive and literal sense, and is daily becoming a force in modern life, and developing in the form of a new religion in the great centers of European civilization; and it is fathering within its folds

all classes of people, from the wealthiest of the wealthy, to the poorest of the poor. In our journeying from one city to another in England we found many important societies of this strange sect. Attending a meeting of devil worshippers in the city of Sheffield, we were requested to leave the house by the man in charge of the service, saying to us: "There are unbelievers present; will you please leave the room? We cannot carry on the meeting," etc. An old lady kept the door to whom we said, "This is all of the devil; this is devil worship." She rebuked us sharply, saying, "Oh shame on you; he (meaning the devil) is a beautiful old man. I love him with all my heart," etc. We found they sang hymns to his satanic majesty, and went through a form of worshipful adoration, much the same as Christians do.

Great Britain, Paris, Belgium, and all the chief cities and places of the world are permeated with this form of occultism. The society has its headquarters also in New York. There is little room for doubt that Satanism is an actual fact. M. Jules Bois, who is quite an authority on the occult, makes the following statement as published in the "Humanitarian," so explicitly and circumstantial as to leave no room for doubt that devil-worship is an astounding fact in the city of Paris. He says, "It has an elaborate creed, elaborate prayers, and elaborate ceremonies. The black mass is daily celebrated by the votaries of this extraordinary cult, which not only embraces numerous men, but many middle-aged women, tired of life and seeking, perhaps, a renewal of youth." He goes on to say: "It is well known that there are even priests among the more advanced section. They soon become known to the ecclesiastical authorities, or rather, they are vaguely suspected, for it is extremely difficult to prove an accusation of the kind." "An especially important place of meeting for Satanists exists close to the Pantheon," in Paris. "The form of theology which is most popular among those classes of French society which have any religious belief at all, is understood to be largely responsible for the growth and spread of Satan worship; because, as it represents the devil as exercising a much more powerful influence over human affairs than God, a good many people consider it to be the wisest policy to be upon the strongest side." "This cult of devil-worshippers, whose scandalous orgies shocked all Paris some years ago, has (since the war) been revived, within a few yards of the detective office; a quiet cafe has been selected as the temple where the blasphemous ritual. . . . is conducted. An upstairs room, fitted up as a church, is the scene." Here the "black mass" was celebrated every night, the worshippers quietly gathered below, afterwards proceeded to the upstairs room, which had been fitted with thick doors and iron shutters, and further protected from prying eyes by the addition of heavy curtains. Persons of both sex, of all ages, well-dressed men and women, frequented the place.

All the band were furnished with a pass-word. There was an altar, covered with black, on which was set up an effigy of the devil. The whole ceremony was a travesty of Christian worship. It was in fact, a close parody of a Roman Catholic mass. Some of the women who frequented the place were closely veiled, and others wore male attire. The congregation appears to have been a most fashionable one. "The leader, or chief priest, drove up in a carriage drawn by a pair of white horses." "The night of shrove Tuesday, 200 persons attended, and the initiation of novices took place. They remained until next morning." "The devil worshippers appear to have been made aware of the intended domiciliary visit, and so they fled in time, thus evading the police; all they left behind were a number of documents dealing with the ritual and luxuriously fitted roms."

We might quote more, but the remainder is a description of a meeting in which the devil held high carnival, and we feel it is too uncanny to any one who comes in contact with its damning influences.

\* \* \*

### "Afterwards"

"God's ways are equal: storm or calm,  
Seasons of peril and of rest,  
The hurting dart, the healing balm,  
Are all apportioned as is best.  
In judgment oft misunderstood,  
In ways mysterious and obscure,  
He brings from evil lasting good,  
And makes the final gladness sure.  
While justice takes its course with strength,  
Love bids our faith and hope increase;  
He'll give the chastened world at length  
His afterward of peace.

\* \* \*

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