



The Latter Rain Evangel



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

The Two Gardens

Failure in Eden—Victory in Gethsemane

John J. Scruby, Dayton, Ohio, in the Stone Church, December 8, 1912



AM going to talk to you about Two Gardens, and will quote two verses, in each of which a garden is mentioned. The first text is Gen. 2:8: "The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom He had formed;" the other text is John 18:1: "When Jesus had spoken these words, He went forth with His disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into which he entered, and His disciples."

The two great crises in human history and the two great tragedies of the ages occurred in gardens. I sometimes wonder what the garden of Eden was like. Certainly the Garden of Gethsemane was in no wise equal to it. The Garden of Eden must have been beautiful, passing our highest comprehension. I believe God would have us love the beautiful. I don't believe any man is normal who doesn't enjoy beauty. One Sunday morning I was sitting in Epping Forest, a few miles outside the city of London. With me was a brother who was supposed to be a very spiritual man. It was a rare day in June. The sunlight was filtering down through the leaves, the feathered songsters were singing their anthems and carols, all nature was exulting in the glorious day. I said, "Abraham, isn't this beautiful?" He said, "I am dead to all this." I remained silent for a moment, for I did not want to practice the Scriptural injunction, "Answer a fool according to his folly," Prov. 25:5. Again I looked around upon the beauties of nature, listened once more to the song of the winged carolers, and then said, "Abraham, when God gets things as He wants them, we will have a world that puts this present world utterly in the shade, so far as beauty is concerned. If you are dead to this beauty there will have to be a mighty resurrection in your case before you can enjoy that beauty."

Friends, I never knew what it was to love nature until I gave myself absolutely into God's hands. Soon after I did this I was walking with bowed head along a dingy street in the East End of London, thinking what I might say when I got to the meeting to which I was wending my way. Just before I reached the meeting house I raised my eyes. In front

of me was a little tree, the only one on that street, just unfolding its leaves. I stood and looked at it in amazement. I had never seen beauty in nature before, though I had been raised in the county of Kent, which is well named, "the garden of England." I had always taken the beautiful scenery as a matter of course; but when the Holy Spirit took possession of my life He made me love everything God made, and caused me to see an exquisite beauty in that budding tree. From that day to this I have been an intense lover of the beautiful in nature and in art. I have learned this lesson: we are to die to nothing but sin. We are to forsake a great many things for Jesus' sake and in doing it we shall receive a hundred-fold farther on; as a soldier is told to forsake wife and home and kindred so that he can go and fight the battles of his country, only to come back and enjoy them a hundredfold more. Learn to distinguish between dying to sin and forsaking beautiful things temporarily for Jesus' sake; learn to see beauty in things, but never permit yourself to be captivated by them.

Since my eyes were opened I have seen many beautiful gardens in which man has done his best to co-operate with nature, and as often have thought, "If, after six thousand years of sin, degradation and sorrow; if, with the trail of the serpent over everything, man can still produce such magnificent results, what must the Garden of Eden have been like before the trail of the serpent ever touched it, or sin set its mark upon it?" I walk along the street and see a magnificently built man, robust, active, all his being aglow with life; or a beautiful woman with the face of an angel, and I say, "Oh, God; what must the first man and woman have been like if, after six thousand years of disease and degradation and sorrow and hell upon earth, we still see such splendid specimens of humanity?" Don't talk to me about Darwinism! Those men and those women back there were types of beauty such as we have never seen; but, bless God! one of these days we are going to be even better-looking when we get our glorified bodies.

In that first garden, a garden of unequalled beauty, with a man and woman in it such as our eyes have never seen, the first tragedy and crisis of the human race occurred. All that

beauty could not prevent it. The beauty only made it all the more sad. Thank God, that later there was another garden. In it there was another man; not so handsome, I dare say, though it was Jesus Himself. To be frank with you, I do not think Jesus was physically the beautiful man the painters picture. I have good, Biblical reason for saying this. It was not His animal magnetism, neither was it His commanding presence that won men; but it was the purity of His life, the love of His great heart yearning over a lost world, that drew them to Him. Many preachers have won men because of their personal magnetism who could not touch them by the Gospel of God; won them into the church but not to God. My Bible says of Jesus: "When we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him;" "He shall grow up as a root out of a dry ground." Isa. 53:1, 2. This was written for something. He was not a magnificent specimen of humanity as far as the physical was concerned; but He was a Man who faced all the powers of hell and who won in the supreme battle of the ages for you and me. Father Adam, the federal head of the old creation, lost that fight in the first garden, but our Elder Brother Jesus Christ, the Federal Head of the new creation, won. Adam brought me the curse through his disobedience in Eden, but Jesus brings me the blessing through his obedience in Gethsemane. Defeat without parallel in human history was in one garden, but there was victory, complete and eternal in the other.

What was the trouble in the first Garden? It is all summed up in this, "Not *Thy* will but *mine* be done." You do not find it in those words, but it is there in effect. Self-will triumphs. Man takes his own course and oh what a foolish thing that was to do! I am going to give you a little hint of a great truth. The forbidding to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil was merely temporary and the prohibition would have been speedily withdrawn if man had kept in line with God's will. When man fell God uttered these remarkable words: "Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil." Gen. 3:22. The fruit made man Godlike. The tree never did him any harm; the tree bore him something which God intended him to have. The Word does not say that by the eating of a piece of fruit sin entered into the world and death by sin, but "By one man's disobedience." Rom. 5:19. The fruit of that tree was not evil.

It was the tree of the *knowledge* of good and evil. Before he could be what God intended him to be he must eat of both trees; but temporarily, to test his obedience, God put an embargo on one tree, saying in effect: "Don't touch it."

One day the devil came to Jesus with a suggestion. By the way, the devil is better versed in the plans of God than some of us who claim to be Bible students. He knew God intended Jesus to have the kingdoms of this world, but not until after Calvary; so he took Him up on a mountain and said, as he showed Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time, "All this power will I give Thee and the glory of them, if Thou wilt worship me." Luke 4:6, 7. He knew Jesus could get them later by the way of the cross—obedience unto death—but he offered them to Him then without the cross and without obedience to God, and Jesus would not accept them on such terms. That is exactly the temptation that came to Adam. The devil knew God was going to let him eat of this knowledge-giving fruit after he had said "No" to the devil. There are many things you have to say "No" about now, and God will give them to you afterwards. Many fail to get the best God has for them because they cannot say "No" to the devil. They get something good in itself from Satan but the curse comes with it. Jesus knew His Father wanted Him to have the kingdoms of this world, but He also knew they could come to Him with eternal blessing only by way of Calvary. Adam failed in Eden. Jesus Christ won in Gethsemane. What was the secret? "Not *Thy* will but *mine*" on Adam's part; "Not *My* will but *Thine*" on the part of Jesus.

What did this defeat in Eden bring us? Absolute bondage to the devil, body, soul and spirit, and the loss of our inheritance—the earth. The victory in Gethsemane brings deliverance to a man so far as he will follow on to obey God and let his faith operate and strengthen and develop; it can lift him just as high as the other brought him low. Tell me what I lost through the first Adam in the first Garden and I know at once what I gain through the second Adam in this second Garden. Disobedience in Eden brought sickness, because if death came in through sin, certainly disease came, for it is death's fore-runner; it belongs to the same family, has the same father. Then, logically, you must believe in Divine Healing. The most logical doctrine

in the world as far as sickness is concerned is Divine Healing. Some of my friends are practicing physicians and I often talk with them. Sometimes I say to them, "Are you busy?" "Yes," they reply. "Not on me!" I say. They tell me they will get me yet, but I think even if I lost faith in the Lord Jesus they would not have much chance on me. Thank God, they have had none in twenty-eight years. Those cranky people who believe in Divine Healing have compelled the whole medical profession to sit up and take notice. If you and I advocate Divine Healing we ought to know something of the other side. I can get people to believe more quickly in Divine Healing after I have destroyed their faith in doctors and drugs. First destroy their faith in these, then give them something better, Jesus and faith. It is easy to take things away from people. Your moral reformer is always doing that, taking things away because they are bad. But do not fail to give them something good. Take a sour apple away from a child and he will scream himself into a fit. He might as well have colic, but put in his hand a nice rosy apple and he will not care about the unripe apple. I read a most interesting article by Doctor Wood Hutchins in the Saturday Evening Post in which he said in effect that a few years ago the medical profession was inclined to ridicule people who believed in "faith healing;" (of course he didn't know any better than to class Christian Science and mind healing, etc., with Divine Healing), but he said these so-called cranks so mercilessly ridiculed many of the medical theories that the medicos were compelled to re-examine and abandon many of their methods. The fact is, the medical profession has made more progress in the last twenty years than it made in a thousand years before. The doctors are learning to help nature now, but not by drugs. My contempt for that profession is not nearly so strong as it was a few years ago. In some things it has won my admiration. It is preaching "prevention is better than cure" and I heartily agree with that.

If Adam brought us sickness through sin, Jesus Christ brought us health through holiness. We do not need to have a college education to learn some of these simple elementary lessons:

Sin brought sickness; holiness brings health.

Disobedience brought death; obedience brings life.

Through Adam's disobedience death entered, through Christ's obedience we are going to reign in life. The failure in the first Garden brought us death, which causes us to look into the open grave with breaking hearts; through the success in the other Garden the graves are to be opened, and our loved ones are going to come forth in resurrection life.

The victory in Gethsemane provided for the deliverance of this dear old earth of ours. Do you think the devil lied to Jesus when he said, "All these things will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me?" I have heard preachers say that he lied, but the devil was not so foolish as to lie to Jesus. Had this statement of his been false, Jesus would have told him so, but He did not contradict Satan, which means that He recognized that these things did belong to the devil. How did Satan get them? When God made man He gave him to have dominion over all the works of His hands, and when man sold himself to the devil (Isa. 52:3) all his property went with him. That is how the devil got possession of this world. Man not only lost himself, his health and his holiness, but he also lost his inheritance, this blessed old world of ours; and from there you can trace the awful things that have devastated homes and wiped out nations, and that makes the human race pass off this death-doomed world of ours about three times every century. One sin brought all this evil and one act of obedience is going to change the whole thing back again. Not only will Jesus get *us* back, but He is also going to get possession of this old world of ours. I am not anxious to go to heaven; in fact, I am not expecting to go there excepting on a visit. Does the Bible say, "Blessed are the meek—for after being nice and good here they shall die and go to heaven where they will be like a puff of smoke sitting on the edge of a cloud?" Is that what it says? No, "Blessed are the meek for they shall INHERIT THE EARTH." I believe that when we die our spirits do go to God, but the Word teaches that one of these days there is to be a great uniting of spirit and body and that then the meek inherit the earth. They cannot inherit it as things are now. The man that is really meek is living up to the Scriptural injunction, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." How long could such a man hold real estate in

Chicago? The man that is meek may be permitted to occupy a place about six feet long and two feet wide, but even then the world would like to plant corn over him in order to save space and make money. I am not working for real estate now, but I am hoping to get a slice after awhile. We have a real God and a real Christ and we are going to have real estate when God's will is done on earth as it is in heaven. Daniel says the kingdoms under the whole heavens shall be given to the saints of the Most High. God will put one man over five cities and another man over ten cities and still another man over a whole kingdom—if he is fit to look after it. That is what we are in school for now. We are being trained to become the landed aristocracy of the future. I believe in a landed aristocracy. It is not the man who gets most of the earth now who will have the most of it in the millennium. The earth is to be restored to man and, like him, will be transformed and glorified. It has been washed with water once, it will be scorched with fire after awhile, and then what a change! What does John say? "I saw a new heaven where all the good people go when they die?" No! a thousand times No!! "I saw a new heaven *and a new earth.*" The great trouble with so much of our preaching is that we have divorced heaven from earth. I wish to take those divorce papers and tear them into fragments and do my best to re-unite heaven and earth, because they both belong to my God.

As with heaven and earth, so in our modern theology is it with spirit and body. There is little place for the body, the spirit is everything. But the Book says my body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and because of that I am trying to find out how to take care of it. I especially like this about Divine Healing: it takes you into your pantry and makes you take stock of what is there; escorts you to your wardrobe and makes you examine its contents; inquires as to your personal habits, whether they are violations of God's law, physical or mental or moral. Why is it some people are not being healed today? I could give you twenty reasons from this old Book. The doctrine of Divine Healing is a tremendously searching doctrine. It demands of a man that he live a common-sense Christian life. I have gone into people's homes and, as a matter of courtesy, remained for hours, but with stomach nauseated and head splitting. I have said, "Oh God! to think that people who profess to

know you as Healer will shut out your blessed sunshine and pure air and go on breathing in these deadly poisons that make me feel so sick, and then wonder You don't heal them!" I'd like to teach some of them hygiene instead of Divine Healing and give them a little exercise out in God's sweet air and bright sunshine and make them stop talking about unfulfilled promises and quit their useless praying for a while. I have gone into places where the people were praying for healing from typhoid fever, but unless men clean up the filth that caused the fever, praying will not avail. If there is anybody who ought to know how to take care of these temples of the Holy Ghost, it is we who believe in Divine Healing.

We lost the presence of God in Eden. One of the beautiful things to me is this fact brought out so clearly, that God actually walked and talked with Adam in His sinless condition. You have read that title of Jehovah, "The Most High God." That is an unfortunate translation. It should be rendered "The Ascended One." Dr. F. L. Chapell brings out beautifully in his lectures on "Names of the Diety" that God walked and talked with man until sin came, even continued in some form to do so down to the time of the flood, but there came a day when He went up, and from that time He has been called "The Most High God" or "The Ascended One." Are we to see Him again? Turn to the twenty-second chapter of the Book of Revelation, verse four, and read, "They shall see His face." Since sin entered man has not been able to look upon that uncovered face. Even John, although he was so near to the great loving, throbbing heart of Christ while on earth, when He saw Him in glory, "fell at His feet as dead" because the glory was unbearable. But one of these days we are to see His face and be like Him. In Daniel we have a description of the Father and there is also a description of the Son in Revelation. The Son, in person as well as morally, is like the Father, "the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person" (Heb. 1:3), and we, in body as well as in mind are to be like the Son. Some people go to spiritualistic mediums and pay fifty cents to learn about the future. I can unveil your future without your paying me fifty cents. By means of this Book and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit I can take you on into the ages of the ages. Thank God the Holy Spirit has been so faithful to His trust. What was He to

do? Jesus said, "He shall show you things to come." And He has done so.

Now, one other thought: I have shown this world turned over to the devil. Do you remember what came upon the earth? The curse of thorns rested upon it. Man was lost, spirit, soul and body because of what occurred in the first Garden. We have seen every part of him, spirit, soul and body, won back. This grand old world was lost to us then, but it is to be restored and made fit for a redeemed race. In the thirteenth chapter of Matthew are some parables; one of them is concerning treasure hid in a field. A certain man wanted this treasure so he bought the field the treasure was in. The field was the world. What was the treasure? Malachi tells us in chapter 3, verse 17, where he speaks about God's "jewels", which word should be rendered "treasure." The Lord bought back the earth as well as man; the residence as well as the resident and He is going to get it; the goods will be delivered on time. When man sinned there came a curse upon this earth. Even that, however, is a blessing in disguise. The curse was, arrested development. Why did God arrest development? That man by hard work might be kept out of mischief. No matter how much money a man makes, the moment he quits work he is outside the will of God. While a man has physical and mental strength he has no right to give up work. God never intended anyone to be idle. Those who lead idle lives are a curse to themselves and to others. If people earn more money than they need let them use the surplus for the extension of the kingdom of God. I have seen many lives blasted by idleness.

The curse came upon the ground and the earth brought forth thorns. Did you ever stop to ask yourself why they put a crown of thorns on the head of Jesus? He not only took the curse that was upon your body and soul and spirit; He not only tasted death for you and bore your sicknesses and carried your sins and your sorrows, but He also took upon His dear head the thorns that had been pressed upon the face of mother earth and she, too, is to be delivered and some day instead of thorns will come up the fir tree. Oh, friends! what will this world be like when there is no devil here? when there is no sin here? when sorrow and pain and disease and death have been taken out of the world and we, immortalized and glorified, can come and go as we please? Talk about aeroplaning! It is only a taste of what

God is going to do for us by the Holy Spirit later on, as He did for Philip. Acts 8:39.

All that was undone in Eden is going to be restored through Gethsemane and we are to have it as soon as the King comes. Don't you want to be age-to-come people? I am glad I am an age-to-come man. I expect to be engaged in very active work in the next age. I am an extreme literalist. I take every text in my Bible as meaning what it says, unless the passage is clearly a parable or a symbol. When you get into the realm of faith you must not admit impossibility. These are days when even science does not admit as impossible things that are beyond our present reach. If I go to an electrician and ask "Do you believe the day will ever come when I shall be able to carry around in my pocket a telephone receiver and transmitter and be able to talk to any one from anywhere?" he will say, Well, all I know is, you can't do it yet." The scientific world is getting very cautious about saying things cannot be done. It is said that the first steamship entering New York harbor brought a little pamphlet written by scientists to prove a ship could not possibly cross the ocean by steam. If the scientific world is not now admitting impossibilities let us, as believers in the old Book and believers in an Omnipotent God, refuse to admit impossibilities. Over in Dayton, Ohio, two men set to work to see if they could fly. Everyone laughed at them; but a minister in that town, long before they began their experiments had declared from his pulpit that men were going to fly. He was talking on the return of the Jews to Palestine as necessary before the Lord's return, and in connection with that he repeated these lines: "Who are these who fly as a cloud and as the doves to their windows?" Isa. 60:8. He said, "I believe that means just what it says, that some of the Jews will go back to Palestine in flying machines. His hearers laughed at him, declaring that men would never be able to fly with a machine heavier than air.

Think about these two gardens and what happened in them. Sin, sickness, sorrow, death, bondage and thorn-cursed earth came out of one because of the disobedience of "the first Adam;" and a flower-crowned earth is to come out of the other because of the obedience of "the second Adam." The blessing is to reach as far as the curse reached *and farther*. At his best our father Adam was imperfect; we are to be "perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

Miracles of Grace

W. K. Norton, Boy's Christian Home Mission, Bahraich, U. P., India

DURING a famine some four years ago in North India, over two hundred poor widows and orphans were gathered in some grass huts, the missionaries in charge living amongst them. The spiritual, moral and physical conditions of these poor famine people cannot be properly described. The awful marks of sin, heathenism, starvation and disease were stamped on their emaciated faces and bodies, seemingly forever.

The missionaries in charge broke down in health and had to leave. New missionaries took their places, who also in a short time broke down under the awful strain and had to leave, going away sick in body and physically worn out. Still other new missionaries stepped in and took their places. The trials, burdens and spiritual battles were tremendous. More time was spent on knees praying than in sleep or in any kind of work.

The poor people fresh from famine were ravenous. They would steal and fight for food that would do them much more harm than good. Old bones were found, crushed and eaten. Rats were caught and eaten raw. Hand to hand, rough and tumble fights, accompanied by screams and curses, were almost of daily occurrence in the meetings held with the people. The missionary in charge could only drop down on bended knees and ask God to drive back the power of the enemy and give victory.

After the famine was over, more than half of the people returned to their relatives who had deserted them. Those who had no relatives stayed with the missionaries.

Since then four years have passed. The Gospel has been preached to these famine people twice every week-day, and four times on each Sunday for four years. Now they cannot be recognized as the same beings of four years ago. Fighting has given way to loving one another. Stealing from the helpless has given way to helping and cheering those in need. Screaming and cursing has given way to praying and singing Christian songs. A great miracle of grace has been worked in all their lives. The diseases of the body as well as those of the soul have been washed away by the cleansing Blood of Him who loved us to the uttermost. The forms and the very facial features have been changed. Their faces now are full of light, joy and peace. Excepting the

old widows and the little children, all can read the Bible for themselves, and their sense of spiritual understanding is wonderful. Nearly all have the baptism of the Holy Spirit with power.

Best of all, they are not only truly saved themselves, but now they are filled with the desire of helping others to get saved. They are missionaries to their own people. Nearly every day bands of them go out to preach in the villages all about us. They say that they are never so happy as when they are telling the story of Jesus and the Cross to their own people, and many are believing the word of their testimony. God is blessing in the school and orphanage in many ways, but especially in the healing of our bodies.



These Colporteur boys are from the Boy's Christian Home Mission, at Bahraich, U. P. India. They have been with the B. C. H. Mission for twelve years. As pictured they are about to start on a journey distributing Scripture portions. This photograph was printed in the September Evangel and ascribed to the Nanpara Mission, which error we now correct. (Pub. Note.)

The burden is now being laid on all hearts to get the gospel to the heathen with a determined effort that many may be saved. We are after souls for Christ. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap," is a promise recently given to us which we are claiming. In the city of Bahraich we have opened up a Christian Reading Room, where students and others come in to read the Bible and are talked to by one of our Spirit-filled young men. In this little room many anxious souls are inquiring the way to true salvation. Please pray for them.

Just to the north of us there is the great country of Forbidden Nepal with over four

millions of people. We do not believe that the souls of the heathen in Nepal are more precious in God's sight than the souls of the heathen in the villages near us, yet we feel in an especial way called to get the Gospel into Nepal.

We would like all readers to remember us and this country in prayer. It is by your prayers that you can help us most. We have asked

God for one hundred native workers for Nepal. We already have twelve earnest young men for this work, and we trust more will soon follow. Please remember to pray for us all.

"Away in Foreign Lands they wondered *how*
Their single word had power!
At home the Christians, two or three,
Had met to pray an hour."

Endued and Called to Service

"Go Find My Sheep"

B. A. Schoeneich, Matagalpa, Central America, in the Stone Church, July 23, 1912



THE LORD has been burning some truths into my heart and mind and one is that God's people need to press on into greater fulness in the life of the Spirit. The enemy would delight to have us settle down and be satisfied. While I know we are to be contented, yet the Lord does not want us to settle down and, like a pool of water, become stagnant. God wants us to be running water. He says out of our inmost being shall flow rivers of living water, speaking of the Holy Ghost. As the living water flows through us, the stream may not be very large to begin with, but as we yield ourselves unto God, it becomes broader and wider and fuller, until finally we are running over and those around us are being refreshed by God's grace through us.

Let us follow on to know God. Everything is centered in that one thought of knowing God, and if we know God we will, like the men of old, walk with God and talk with God. Don't let us discount what God has done for us in the past, but hold on to everything He has given, and keep moving on in Him.

The Scripture I call to your mind is, "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord: His going forth is as sure as the morning; and He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter rain that watereth the earth." This is what He wants us to do—follow on to know Him, and He wants to bring men and women to the places where they will not rob Him—God hasn't many whom He can trust, who won't become exalted. I believe there are many men and women whom God has been compelled to lay on the shelf because they rob God of His glory, because they have become exalted by the gifts He has bestowed upon them. God is a jealous God. It is written: "My glory will I not give to another." In con-

nection with this there is a precious Scripture I love so well. In Phil. 3:7, 8, we read, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things and do count them but refuse, that I may win Christ and be found in Him." Let us follow Paul in this, as he goes on to say, "This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto the things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Oh, as I look into that verse and see the worth of it to my own soul I do realize we must move on with God and lay aside everything, experiences, blessings, gifts, everything, no matter how wonderful and how precious they may have been.

About eight years ago I came from Honduras to the United States for the purpose of finishing my education and settled down in one of the large Eastern cities. I joined a church because the rest of the family did, but knew nothing at all of salvation and regeneration. I finally got in touch, first with the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and then with a little place of meeting in the slums. As I got into this mission in the slums the first question asked me was, "Are you a Christian?" I said, "I hope so." My interrogator said I might know it to be so. I was seriously engaged in thought as I sat there listening to the speaking in tongues. The brother came to me a second and third time and asked me if I was ready for Jesus' coming. I said I hoped so, and in reply to his question whether I was afraid to go to the altar, I said I was not. As I went forward and knelt at the altar, I heard a voice say, as plainly as you hear my voice tonight, "What are you doing here? Are you mocking?" It

took hold of me and I said, "Lord, I want all you have for me." With that I closed my ears to everybody and sought for God. I wasn't there but a few minutes when His mighty power struck me and I was prostrated. It took a long while for me to become fully yielded to God. I began to realize the weight that pressed on my soul, the burden of sin, and in the distance I saw an object approaching. Everything was as black as night, my sin was so awful and so dreadful, and as the object drew nearer I could see a cross with a figure on it, whom I realized was Jesus. The burden became so heavy I thought I would die under it, but as the Savior on the cross passed before me, my great load was lifted and I was quiet and calm.

Some people say they have a hard time to give up tobacco and a hard time to quit swearing, but when Jesus came into my life that night He made a new creature of me, everything went with that burden. I was the captain of a base-ball team, and the next morning instead of being in the base-ball team I was at home with my Bible. I read the Bible for the first time, and as I read I seemed to be closed in with God. That was four years ago that God saved me and on the following Easter Monday as we got down to pray at our evening worship, the power of God came upon me in our kitchen. Mother knew nothing about the baptism in the Holy Ghost and I cannot express to you how I felt as the power of God came upon me. A mighty rushing wind seemed to penetrate every fiber of my being and again Jesus on the cross passed before me and as He did there came that quiet restfulness, and then the first thing I knew I was rushing up and down the kitchen, speaking in tongues and glorifying God, which continued until one o'clock in the morning. The blessing did not stop there, but ever since God has been leading me on and I can say it is better than I ever knew it before.

I was then working at real hard work, drilling through concrete; I often mashed my finger, and every time I did it I'd swear and sometimes throw my chisel in anger, but the week I found Jesus when I was drilling and hit my finger, away down in my innermost being something said, "Praise the Lord." It was very faint, I could hardly hear it, but as I kept on drilling, and again hit my finger, it came a little louder this time, "Praise the Lord," and the third time I hit that finger the voice came

still louder; then I said, "Praise the Lord." Men who worked with me and had told me to quit swearing now asked me to leave the room when they would swear, they didn't want me to hear them. Jesus is mighty to save under all circumstances and can keep a man even when he is working side by side with the hardest sinners.

After that God gave me a call to Central America. There was no romance in it, no pleasure trip ahead of me. I knew what it meant to go to Central America to preach the Gospel. I knew what the missionaries had to go through; we had been in touch with them. You do not have to be a Christian in Central America to see the conditions. A Roman Catholic in this land would turn in shame from the religious conditions there. Catholicism as it exists in Central America is shamefully degrading. I said, "How can I go, Lord?" but as I waited on Him that fear, that unrest, began to leave me; and now I feel my call to preach Jesus is not only a duty but a glorious privilege. I rejoice to witness for Jesus in that dark land.

Some people say, "We have need of missionaries in the homeland. Look at the city of Chicago with its heathen temples right in our very midst, and the United States with 14,000 sun-worshippers." Yes, because the people of this and other Christian lands have failed to do their duty in taking Jesus Christ to the heathen they are now coming to this land, bringing with them their false religions and filthy rites and secretly and craftily inveigling Americans to fellowship them. We do not seem awake to the danger of having these false religions obtain a foothold amongst us; but there are plenty of people in America who are credulous and gullible enough to be taken in by them.

I praise the Lord for the many missionaries who have gone out in the last few years, but there are 894,000,000 heathen who have never heard of God, much less Jesus Christ, and when I realize there are 15,000,000 people today offering human sacrifices, and 10,000,000 who are cannibals, it brings my heart to a standstill, and makes me desire to be able to stir people up to go forth into these dark lands. We need today, not only the power of the Holy Ghost in our lives, but as Jesus is the Vine and we the branches, we need the power that is in the Vine to flow through us, the branches, so that we produce fruit. When Jesus went to the fig-tree he found leaves instead of fruit. How

many of us today are bearing leaves instead of fruit? There is plenty of show, plenty of outward manifestation, but we want to see the branches bringing forth fruit. "Except a kernel of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." In the vegetable kingdom we find the grain must first go into the ground and die before life can spring up and bring forth fruit, and thus it is in our lives. The life that is unyielded, the life that is easily hurt, the life that wants its own way all the time, is the life that has not died and cannot bring forth fruit, and Jesus says He wants much fruit. So let us yield ourselves unto Jesus and reckon ourselves dead in Him.

If we enter into an experience or a certain place of blessing in God, or have a revelation from Him and stay in that experience we will dry up, but if we keep moving on with God and let His life flow through us, His life will be seen in the power to bear fruit. He has baptized us into one body that we may bring forth fruit, not only thirty, but sixty and one hundredfold. Apart from Jesus we can do nothing. There are many of God's precious children laid aside because they are severed from the Vine. They go forth in their own strength and own energy and bear no fruit. It is fruit the world needs to see; it is fruit that God longs to bring forth through us.

I feel led, for the encouragement of some, to tell of a vision the Lord gave me. In spirit I found myself going out of a large city and I met a man who asked me if I wanted to be a farmer, or where he could get one. I had an idea that all a farmer had to do was to stick the seed into the ground and it would grow, so I offered myself. He said he would take me and I went with him. He gave me a pick and shovel and a hoe and took me into a beautiful garden. I said, "I'd like to work here," but we went on into a second place which was more beautiful still. I said, "Wouldn't it be nice to work in this spot?" Then he took me to an open space where there were only a few little twigs to be seen above the ground. He said, "I want you to till this ground." "These dead twigs?" I asked. "Not dead; these live twigs." So I went to work, but as I grubbed, my pick hit stones and bounced back. At the end of the day my hands were blistered and sore. I worked all the week and at the end of the week I said, "There is no use in my working any more." He said, "Just be patient and work a

little longer; I am paying you." So I worked away week after week. I became discouraged and disheartened, but every time I wanted to throw it all up the farmer repeated those words in such a kind way I could not refuse him. At the end of six weeks I saw at the top of those little twigs one little green leaf, so I started in with new courage. I watered them with a sprinkling can, but the work got harder; my feet were sore and my body tired and I complained every week, always meeting with the same kind reproof and assurance that he was taking care of me. At the end of about three months of toiling at my work I passed again through the first garden that was so beautiful—oh, how I did envy him that garden—and after I had gotten through that and the second garden I looked for the third one—my garden—and couldn't find it; everywhere there was the most exquisite beauty. Then I realized that this very garden was the one in which I had worked so hard training the plants to grow. The old tree I thought dead turned out to be an oak; I never saw leaves so bright. Everything was one mass of beauty and I was full of joy in the work of my hands.

I told my master about it and he said, "Now I want a shepherd."

I thought I could tend sheep, so he gave me a shepherd's crook and he said, "Go find my sheep, my lamb; it went astray." So I went to look for it and I wandered around for about a week, then came back and said, "I cannot find your sheep." He said, "Go find my sheep; I'm taking care of you." I started out again and the second time I came back my clothes were torn from the briars, my flesh was scratched from the thorns and I was discouraged. I came back several times with the complaint there was no use in my trying, but my master always impressed it upon me that he was taking care of me. Finally I came back completely discouraged and said, "I cannot find your sheep," and as he said again, "Go find my lamb," there was something in his voice I could not resist, that made me feel I must go, though heavy-hearted and bleeding. After two or three days I got to the foot of a precipice, where the water ran down the side of a mountain. There was a little path that you could hardly distinguish, and it seemed as though nothing living could find its way up there. As I climbed up two or three steps I wanted to go back, but kept on, and just as I got near the top I saw two eyes looking down at me. That is all I saw, but

oh! such yearning, such longing in them! They awoke such pity in me. Just then I saw a wild beast start to leap toward those eyes, but I took my crook and got rid of him. Then I went to the lamb, my master's lamb, and it was one mass of corruption. I looked at it a little while and went back to my master and said, "I have found your lamb." "And you haven't brought it?" he said. "I pick up that dirty thing?" "Go bring me my lamb," he said. I went back and stooped down and picked it up. It was such a mass of corruption, the vermin crawled up my arms and the stench was so awful I could hardly stand it, but I carried it to him and said, "Here is your lamb." He said, "Take it out and clean it." "I clean this dirty thing?" "Go clean my lamb," he said, so I went and I can see myself yet pouring water on it and cleaning it. The task was so repulsive to me I wished I had something else to do instead, but I washed it and bound it up. Two or three weeks passed and I hadn't seen the little thing, but one day over in the corner I saw a little white lamb, the sweetest little thing

you ever saw. I took it and showed it to the farmer. He told me to take it down and give it some water, and while the lamb was drinking, the sheep from every part of the pasture came around and they all went up to the garden. The farmer came out to me and said, "Behold the patience and the tenderness of the Lord in bringing thee to Him."

I have seen some of this vision fulfilled in my experience in taking the Gospel into the mountains of West Virginia, and I believe in Central America I will see the completion of it. When I came into the light I knew nothing about the Word and this was one way He had of teaching me. It was such an encouragement to me and taught me to be patient and long-suffering. Let us keep digging around the old oak, remembering that the Lord is paying us as we keep working and keep patient, remembering what a time the Holy Spirit had striving with our hard hearts to get us to yield to Him, and let us not be weary as we go to seek and save the lost.

Egypt Eager for the Gospel

THE following letter from Miss H. A. Salyer, Cairo, Egypt, was not written for publication, but has been sent to us by her mother, living in this country, and we feel it will be of interest to our readers. We often find personal letters to be of more interest than those which have been especially written for the public, as they contain details and heart touches of interest to all.

Mr. and Mrs. Post have gone to Assiout to take charge of the work there. . . . Oh, we certainly need reinforcements here. God is rapidly calling out native young men into the work, but they need much teaching. My language teacher and another young man have begun to take Bible school work and I am teaching them English, but it takes time to get these young men ready. Souls are perishing for the bread of life and we can reach only a few of them. God keeps me marvelously well, but I cannot be in two places at a time or do two things at a time. I come as near to it as I can by having my book in the kitchen to study the language while I work. I have a very full week this week, there are homes to visit on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday. This is the only way we can reach the women. We take our interpreter and go into the homes, for very few women go out on the street, they are not allowed to go into the presence of strange men. Most of the women are virtually prisoners, and are treated like cattle, as if they had no souls; very few of them can read at all.

In all this great city of 800,000 souls we know of only two missionaries besides myself who are doing

this kind of work. God has set His seal upon the work in many souls saved. It would wring tears from your eyes could you see the hungry upturned faces as they listen to the word. They are literally starving for the bread of life and as the word enters their souls and they grasp it, to see the light that illumines their dark faces is worth any sacrifice. It brings glory to my soul. Oh, it pays to obey God. Then we have meetings every evening and the people are getting more hungry and more in earnest, many stay on until near midnight, it seems as though they can not tear themselves away. God has given us some precious young men and some of them are going on fitting themselves for active service for God. Here, again, we have to cry to God for help to care for these converts, for they are but babes in Christ and need much teaching. I sometimes wish that the days were twice as long, or that there were two or three of me instead of one. Even then I could not begin to do all that comes into the day.

I do praise God for the strength and grace He gives me in abundance just as I need it. Oh, we do not half realize what a dear precious Jesus we have until we put Him to the test in the hard places.

* * *

Everywhere I found my proper center, because everywhere I found God. My heart could then desire nothing but what it had; for this disposition extinguished all its desires, and I sometimes said to myself, "What wantest thou? What fearest thou?" And I was surprised to find upon trial that I had nothing to fear. Every place I was in was my proper place. *Guyon*

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Notes

MUCH is being said today about *compromise* and there are those who are very quick to accuse others of compromising the truth because they do not take a radical stand on some questions dear to their own hearts.

It takes far more grace and self-denial to refrain from thrusting upon our hearers a doctrine or opinion that is precious to us than to give expression to it. Controversy over doctrine is oftentimes very gratifying to the flesh, and has always divided the Lord's body. We doubt not He is far more grieved at the spirit of controversy in those for whom He died than that they should be willing to have no opinion, that love and unity might abound.

There is a wonderful lesson for those who are fearful of compromising, in the inspired words of the Apostle Paul, who wrote that for the Gospel's sake he became all things to all men, that he might by all means save some. Paul certainly had convictions, but he was willing to appear to have none if by that means he could win a soul to Christ. No one who is familiar with the life of Paul as recorded in the New Testament would accuse him of being weak or vacillating, but the value of a human soul was so paramount with him that he says, "To the Jews I became a Jew that I might gain the Jews To the weak I became weak that I might gain the weak: I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some."

We think we hear some modern Peter say: "Paul, you are compromising. If you fellowship those brethren who do not believe as we do, we cannot fellowship you, nor invite you on our platform. Take your stand, Paul, tell us which side you are on."

But Paul's business was soul-saving and he went his way becoming all things to all men, thus making himself an example to us.

* * *

Wherever there has been religious zeal the spirit of intolerance has characterized the Church. If Satan cannot fasten indifference upon the Church of Jesus Christ he seeks to drive her into bigoted intolerance. Had the Church been united, the world would have been converted long ago, but division and strife within her ranks have barred her progress at every step.

It is a sad admission that in almost every age those who have been filled with religious zeal have allowed themselves to become intolerant of their brethren who had different convictions. During the period of the Reformation, while the leaders were still suffering persecution from the Papacy, they were intolerant of those who differed from them. It was the spirit of intolerance dominative in the Church of England which persecuted the Puritans and put John Bunyan in jail for twelve years for holding meetings contrary to established order, while others were fined and imprisoned, had their ears cut off and were even burned at the stake.

The Puritans who left England because of persecution and for the sake of religious liberty, were as dogmatic and intolerant when power fell into their hands as their persecutors had been before them, and threatened their brethren who dissented from them with imprisonment and death. Indeed, they whipped and imprisoned the Quakers and even publicly hanged some of them on Boston Common.

Oh, to be able to hold the truths of God in love! to contend for the faith and yet have the spirit of toleration toward our brethren in non-essential matters. Let us not be a laughing stock to the world and to the churches by differing over insignificant matters, spoiling our testimony and causing those whom we are endeavoring to influence to despise our precious truths because of our failure to have them exemplified in us.

Let us not forget that the more spiritual we become the less dogmatic we are inclined to be, and that the opposite is also true. As we be-

come dogmatic we lose in spirituality; people have often lost blessed experiences of divine grace through contention over doctrines. Because we have a conviction as to the meaning of some passage of Scripture let us not insist on others sharing our conviction but give them the liberty we claim for ourselves, and forget not to be gracious even in our differences.

Burdens Laid Down

A GAIN from over the seas comes the news that another soldier has fallen in battle. Mrs. Annie Murray, who went out two years ago to take up Miss Orlebar's work in Bombay, has gone to her reward. Mrs. Murray had previously been a missionary to Palestine, and when in her blindness she went out to India, many a heart in the homeland felt reproached that the Lord's people with all their faculties should lack the consecration to go, and she in her blindness and advanced age was willing to face the trials and hardships of the heathen world.

The Lord blessed her and used her in India. Her deep knowledge of the Word made her a valuable teacher.

She had been in failing health for some time and recently became very ill, then rallied. During this time she turned her work over to Miss Margaret Clark, a missionary of twenty-four years' experience and one who knows the language and the people well. Miss Clark wrote to a friend concerning Mrs. Murray's death:

She told me that the Lord had pleaded with her to go home to Him, but that she had said, "I don't think You would be satisfied with me now, Lord." Then He said it was going to be much harder, and gave her such a wonderful vision of heaven that she said, "You must choose now, Lord," for she felt then she must arise and go. Not long after she became very ill and they telegraphed for me to come. Putting all the work into my hands she asked me to care for everything till she recovered, but the Lord would not let her rest till she had made a simple will, leaving the house furniture and a little cash to carry on the work, to me, telling me that the Lord would provide if she did not recover, but saying at the same time, "The Lord says it is to be life and joy." Yes, truly, so it was; but He showed some of us that it was to be *eternal* life and joy in His presence, not here. On December 14, 1912, our dear sister passed away to be with the Lord.

How strange the house was after she had gone! There was no more need for the hushed voice and quiet movements, no more nursing night and day; but the Lord gave us all such peace and rest, for now she is seeing the King whom she loved and served, and why should we grieve? The blindness has passed away, and there is nothing between.

Will you not all pray for me as you have prayed for her? and for the work that it may go on and not fall to the ground?

We need to pray much for those who are taking up new burdens and assuming responsibilities that are thrust upon them through the removal of those who have been at the helm. Truly, "one sows and another reaps."

Hunting Arabs at Sinai

A. Forder, Jerusalem, Palestine

EVERY year quite a number of people go to Sinai, but I doubt if any have ever gone with the idea that I went with recently, namely, to preach the gospel to the Arabs that live in that most interesting region.

I traveled by way of Suez and Tur, because that route was quicker, easier and safer. Tur is a small village on the sea coast and from there I hired a man and his camel to take me to the mountains. For two days we journeyed through magnificent mountain scenery, but all the way along I saw no Arabs and began to wonder if, after all, I had come on a wild goose chase. I made the Greek monastery at Sinai my headquarters and from there made tours into the surrounding country, visiting the Arabs wherever I could find them.

The first day I started out alone, and for hours wandered about without finding any Arabs, although I knew there must be some about somewhere. On my way back to the monastery I met one man to whom I commenced talking, and the outcome of our talk was that he should come with me on the morrow and go with me to the Arabs.

Early next morning he was on hand and we started. I soon learned from him that the Arabs did not all live in tents but that some had only booths to live in and others made caves their home. This I soon proved, for after walking about an hour we came upon a small camp of reed booths, six in number, hidden in a hollow surrounded by great rocks. There were women, children and a few men there. The children ran at the sight of me and the women drew their veils over their faces and hid away in their booths. The men received me kindly and after salutations I was able to engage them in conversation and give them the Gospel message.

I noticed in what a strange way the women dressed their hair, quite unlike anything I had seen elsewhere. From girlhood they draw their hair over their foreheads, knot it on the bridge

of their nose and twist it tightly into a kind of horn that protrudes from the middle of the forehead. This is ugly, but the women are very proud of their adornment.

From the camp of booths we passed on over some rough country, and again, all unexpectedly, came on a few families who were living in huge caves, the front of which were protected by boughs of trees covered with dry grass. Into these we went, but the only occupants were some old men and one sick woman; to these I spoke simply and had a very attentive listening, with a request to come again on the morrow, which I did.

Our next stop was at a camp of six tents of the right kind, large, square goat's hair erections, and my guide told me that these were rich people or they would not have such fine dwellings. Here I was welcomed and given of their fare, which consisted of dry dates. Bread is a luxury among these mountain Arabs, as all their wheat or flour has to be brought from the coast and this requires a two weeks' journey. While drinking our after supper coffee I told these people the Old, Old Story, and have reason to believe that some, at least, realized that they were sinners and their only hope was in the Saviour Jesus Christ.

I spent the night at this place, but the next morning was off again. Our first stop was at a camp of tents made from old sacks, but the occupants were away. We passed on and found a family who were living under the shelter of a huge rock; here I found an auditor in an old man and, after telling him of the Saviour, I passed on and found other families living in stone huts, to whom I preached the Gospel. The day was now far spent and rain threatened, so I made my way back to the monastery, thankful indeed that unto me the lines had fallen in more pleasant places and I had a goodly heritage.

Thus for some three weeks I hunted Arabs in the region of historical old Mount Sinai, otherwise these Ishmaelites of the wilderness would never hear the great salvation that has been provided for them in Jesus Christ. The people, as I found them, are a simple, open, non-fanatical lot, and of all I have met during my twenty-one years sojourn among the Arabs, none are more approachable. Nominally these Arabs are Moslems, but they know comparatively nothing of their religion. They are a poor people, as the nature of the country is such that agriculture is impossible, hence they cannot

grow grain as do the Arabs of the uplands. Whenever there is a small spring of water it is utilized to irrigate a few palms from which dates are procured. Of flocks and herds there are few, but nearly every family owns a camel.

As I rode for twelve days across the desert back to civilization, only occasionally coming across some isolated family, I over and over again thanked God that He enabled me to visit those regions and I am looking forward to making another trip to Sinai and staying longer among these neglected people so long without a knowledge of a Saviour.

Miraculous Interpretation of English

Some time ago I was invited to speak to a congregation of Xosas, and was assured by the native superintendent that a good interpreter would be there. Arriving there I found there was no interpreter and the native minister knew nothing of English. After the Xosa minister had given a short exhortation he sat down and motioned me with a smile to rise and speak. It was useless to answer in English, so I motioned as definitely as possible that I could not speak the Xosa tongue. He continued motioning and I stood up and began speaking in English. After three or four short sentences had been spoken, to my utter surprise, this dear man jumped up as if forced by a spring, picked the words out of my mouth as fast as I could talk and handed them out to his people in their own tongue. Only once did he hesitate for an instant, and I put it down to his getting a trifle out of Spirit. When the Lord was through using me I sat down, and immediately the power to understand me had left the Xosa. It was wonderful to me to see God work when man was at the end of his tether. I felt ashamed that I had so limited the Holy One of Israel in days gone by and there and then resolved to put my full and complete trust in Him who is equal to all things. The poor Xosa man could not tell me his surprise in intelligible words, but let loose a flood of Xosa and the shine on his Jesus-face told me the story he tried to tell. Let us lean hard, for our God is a Rock.

E. M. SCURRAH,

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Brought Low

A Study in the Book of Job

Ira E. David, Onarga, Ill., in the Stone Church, December 1, 1912



WE ARE introduced to Job in the first chapter of the book as the greatest man among the children of the East. He was great in wealth, great in intellectual capacity, great morally and in benevolence and he was exceedingly great in influence. Besides all this, Job was a real worshipper of the true God. He understood the significance of blood atonement. The Book of Job is considered the oldest book in the Bible, and yet even here in the first chapter we find that Job was honoring the atoning blood. He had seven sons and three daughters; his children were grown and had homes of their own, and there seems to have been a large measure of family affection among them, for they were given to visiting one another, to holding family reunions and thanksgiving parties. Whenever these children visited among themselves and held a Thanksgiving Party, Job sent and sanctified them; that is, he made a sacrifice for each individual child, for he said, "While their conduct is outwardly proper, it may be that in their hearts they have sinned and renounced God;" so we see Job recognized a clear line of demarkation between the inward life of the heart and outward conduct.

The sons of God came to visit, to present themselves before the Lord and Satan as a son of God, though a fallen one, came with them. God called his particular attention to Job, and asked if Satan had considered that there was on the earth an upright man that feared God and eschewed evil. Satan declared that Job had discovered that godliness was profitable unto all things having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come, and that while Job was living a righteous and God-fearing life, yet after all the root of it all was selfishness. Then God declared that He would allow Job to be tested. God knew His man. He knew that He had a man who could be tested and He proceeded to allow the devil to do it. Satan said, "Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?" That was true. God had done so. I once heard Mr. Le Lacheur say the devil knew all about that hedge, for he tramped a path around it trying

to get in to Brother Job, but he could not as long as God kept up the fence. God turned Job over to the devil with limitations. The first time God turned him over He said, "Only put not forth thine hand upon his person." Satan went out and did his worst. Job's property was taken and his children, and when Satan came again God called his attention to the fact that Job maintained his integrity and still lived a righteous, God-fearing life. Satan answered that selfishness was still at the bottom of it. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth Thine hand now and touch his bone and his flesh and he will renounce Thee to Thy face." Then once more God turned Job over to the devil, but with the one limitation that Job's life must be spared. It is a good thing to be turned over to the devil with limitations. Some one has declared that the devil is God's whip and when God gets done with the whip He will drop it into the fire. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." It is a great thing to know when you fall into the clutch of the adversary that it is with limitations, that God has said to the devil, "Thus far shalt thou go—as far as will yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to My child—but not farther." So if you are going through an hour of tribulation, a year of persecution, a decade of awful trial, remember that God's child is never out of God's hands; that God never delivers a child of His to Satan without limitations; therefore a change is bound to come.

When I was in college we studied this book of Job as a great piece of literature, and the professor who taught the class declared the purpose of the book was to prove that suffering is not always the result of one's own sin. This is indeed one purpose of the book; and it is a great truth that is clearly set forth in the Word of God. Generally speaking, suffering is the result of sin. If a man uses tobacco he must not be surprised if he dies eventually of the tobacco user's sore throat. If a man uses liquor, he must not be surprised if eventually he suffers from delirium tremens. If a man abuses his body in any way he must expect premature

decay, for physical suffering in general follows sin; and in general, freedom from suffering follows righteousness; yet it is a great truth set forth in the Word of God that suffering is not always the result of one's own sin.

But to my mind there is a far more important lesson in this book than the one of which we have just spoken. The whole movement of this book is toward humility. The book is written in the form of a drama. Who the human author was we do not know; possibly Moses; but certainly the book is inspired by the Holy Ghost and every new chapter advances the characters of the book toward lowliness, so you can write over every chapter in the book, "I was brought low and He helped me." Job himself was brought low. The devil had a great opportunity to be brought low but he didn't accept it. The three friends of Job, as we find them in the last chapter, have been brought low. Notice the ways that God chose to bring Job down. In the first place He used the devil. Satan was God's agent to discipline Job. Possibly some one says, "Doesn't the book declare at the start he was upright and feared God? What more was needed in the life of Job?" I would remind you that outwardly correct conduct and inward lowliness are two very distinct things. Job needed to be brought to the place where he abhorred himself and where he depended wholly upon God. And so all the way through there is a great effort to bring the characters of this book to no dependence upon themselves and to bring them to entire dependence upon God. Job was brought down through the loss of property; the Sabeans fell upon the oxen and asses, killed the young men that cared for them and drove off the cattle and asses as plunder. The fire of God—lightning and thunderbolts—yielded by God to the prince of the power of the air, came down upon the sheep and they were consumed with fire; the Chaldeans made three bands, fell upon the camels and stole them, and Job who had been immensely wealthy in oxen and asses and sheep and camels, found himself suddenly bereft of all his property. It is a great deal easier to be humble if you do not have property than if you do. Property brings with it a certain power, and it is quite easy to get to depending upon property and upon one's self in connection with property, rather than upon God. Property brings employees, men-servants and maid-servants, and the man or the woman that directs them has to see all of their weaknesses

and foolishnesses, and correct them over and over again. The natural tendency of all this is to cause a person to become dictatorial and proud in spirit. So when Job's property was suddenly swept away from him, apparently in a single day, he had a great opportunity to get down and humble himself under the mighty hand of God.

Job softened again through the loss of his children. Sudden calamity came upon them. The devil raised a tornado in the wilderness and it smote the four corners of the eldest son's house. The house was destroyed, and ten children were killed at once. Some of us have found it a hard thing to bury one child. You remember the day when you closed the eyes of that son or daughter, when you folded the hands across the bosom, when you carried the casket to the grave. It was a hard day. I often look back to the day when I carried the casket of the only child I then had, in my arms. I didn't feel I could give it up to anyone else. As we rode to the grave in the carriage, I held it on my lap; and when the carriage stopped I got out and laid it down on the earth beside the grave. It was a mighty hard day, but God gave grace. Think of Job following not one but ten caskets in one day to the grave! Job was softened and humbled and out of it all he came a victor. He said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." In all this Job sinned not.

Notice the means by which he is brought low. He is in the hands of the devil, given over to the machinations of the evil one. He has lost all his property, all his family, and he still praises God.

The next time Job was delivered into the hands of Satan he was smitten by the great adversary of souls with a loathsome disease. He had lost all his property; he could not pay a trained nurse twenty-five dollars a week to take care of him and his wife went back on him, so she wouldn't do it. His friends had turned their backs upon him and he was put in the trying position of having to sit in the ashes and take a piece of broken crock and scrape his loathsome body. You know there are a great many people that can stand trial until it touches their bodies. Many a believer who will keep sweet and patient under the loss of property and children and friends will, under divers sicknesses, become fretful and murmur;

but it wasn't so with Job. Without a doctor, without a nurse, without a friend, without a disinfectant, with nothing but a piece of broken crock, he still sat in the ashes and praised God. That is victory!

Again, his wife proved to be the means of humbling him. When a man loses all his property and all his family, when he is going through the deepest, hardest trial of his life, it is a great thing to have a companion who stands faithfully with him; but Job had a fretful, murmuring, scolding, complaining wife; and when he had lost his property and was well-nigh in despair, she called upon him to renounce God and die. He told her, "Thou speakest as a foolish woman." That was his only answer, and he went through that trial getting lower and lower, but maintaining his faith in God.

Possibly the greatest means of humbling, up to the present, was the misunderstanding of friends. Job had a multitude of friends; he was exceedingly influential. The twenty-ninth chapter of the book tells how people looked upon him; the eleventh verse says, "When the ear heard me then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Further down in the chapter they said, "Job has spoken and wisdom is with him, therefore it is of no use for the rest of us to try to say any more." That was the way Job was looked upon by people in general, but in the thirtieth chapter he tells us how he was treated when he lost his property; when he was stricken with disease, and after his wife had gone back on him. "But now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock." Then he tells about the poorest of the poor, those that were in such dire distress they didn't have any of the ordinary comforts of life but gathered roots and herbs out of the field to eat, and he says, "The poorest of the poor have me in derision. They abhor me, they stand aloof from me, and they spare not to spit in my face." And so Job had an awful humbling through the loss of property, through the loss of children, through the failure of his wife to stand by him through the loathsomeness of his disease and through the change of attitude of the people in general to

him. Moreover, he had a great deal to humble him from the attitude of influential friends. You remember there were three friends that came to visit him. These friends appear to have been kings, or heads of tribes. They were preachers, and when they came and saw Job's sorrowful condition they rent their mantles and put dust on their heads and sat down with him for seven days. They came to comfort him, and for seven days they didn't say a word, but looked at him in amazement. During all that time they meditated upon his suffering and his condition, and were preparing sermons. These sermons were made in poetical form. If you look at the revised version you will see that all these messages are in the form of poetry, and it is likely they studied them all out and preached them at Brother Job. They all had one text, "Suffering is the result of sin, Job is a great sufferer; therefore Job is a great sinner." Imagine yourself in Job's place. You have had about all you can bear, and a well-dressed preacher comes along with a specially prepared sermon and preaches at you. You try feebly to make some reply, to maintain your integrity, but a second man comes with a second sermon in which he berates you, and while you are answering him, a third preacher gets ready and he preaches especially for you. By that time the first man has written a new poem and he comes at you once more. So it was with Job. Day after day he was continually misunderstood. In general the things that these preachers say are true, but they were not true as applied to Job. These all fail to convict Job of unrighteousness, and a younger man with a little better understanding of Job and a little better understanding of God, comes; he tries and fails. When everybody is done speaking then God comes on the scene and Job at last is humbled by hearing God. The last chapters of this book are filled with the messages of God. He declared His own greatness and man's littleness; He declared His creative power manifested in inanimate creation and then in animate life. Finally He declares, practically, that his great work is to look upon man that is haughty and bring him low. It is a great thing for God to spread out the north over the empty space, and to hang the earth upon nothing. It is a great thing for Him to create the firmament, it is a great thing for him to create animal life over all the earth; it is a greater thing for God to take a proud man and make him a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. God

looks at Job in the fortieth chapter and says, "Wilt thou condemn Me that thou mayst be justified? Canst thou look upon everyone that is proud and abase him? Canst thou look upon everyone that is proud and bring him low?" Job had to say, "I cannot." But God could say I can and I do, and in the Book of Job He proves it to the universe.

Now that is an ideal way to be brought low. I believe the Lord would like always to bring us down by some easy method if we would let him. If we would harken to God and appreciate His boundless grace every one of us would humble ourselves in the dust. We would realize that the dust is our proper place, and would say over and over, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall see God." But our ear is not open to God. He often has to use hard means to bring us low enough so we will listen. When Job finally harkened he said, "Hitherto have I heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." That was faith. He saw God and then he said, "Wherefore I abhor myself." That is humility, that is lowliness. So we see that out of God's conversation, Job got faith and received humility. If we get those two things we can afford to pay any price. Oh, beloved, I would that this thought might be written upon all our minds and hearts, that faith on the one hand and humility on the other are of such infinite importance to the human heart that we can afford to lose everything, but we all stagger at the price. Talk to me about the loss of every cent I have! Talk about the loss of all the children! Talk about the criticism of all my friends, and I stagger at the price, but I know, and you know, that humility down to the bed-rock and faith that reaches to the throne are of such infinite value that I can afford to lose all I have if the loss brings me those two things.

Now look at the movement toward humility in the life of Satan. He declared that if the hedge was taken from Job's property and Job's house that Job would lose his godly fear and renounce God. The thing was done and Job didn't renounce God and the devil was proved to be false. He had a great opportunity to confess it but he would not do it. Then he declared that if the person of Job were touched, Job would be unfaithful. The person of Job was touched from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, and Job maintained his integrity. Satan was proved to be false again, and still he would not confess it. We need to

see that when we will not admit that we are mistaken, and that we have sinned, we are standing, not with Job, but with the devil. It is a great thing not to sin, and a lovely thing not to be mistaken, but when you do sin or when you are mistaken, it is a great thing to confess it.

These three friends of Job had a great opportunity to come down, and they took it. I read the book for years without seeing it. I don't know why I didn't see it, but I didn't. All the events of this book were so planned, all of this suffering and sorrow and heart anguish in the life of Job was so planned as to help these three preachers get low. They were so self-righteous in their messages and in their attitude before God and before Job that you do not wonder Job cries out sarcastically, "No doubt you are the people and wisdom will die with you." They went on in the attitude of self-righteousness day after day and week after week, and finally there came a message from the throne to Eliphaz the Temanite, and it ran something like this: "Thou hast not spoken of Me the thing that is right as My servant Job has;" then Eliphaz and the two friends were directed to make sacrifices and come to Job and ask for prayer. Imagine the situation! These three men in their fine raiment with their carefully prepared poetic sermons, were told if they wanted access to God and fellowship with heaven they would have to condescend to come to the man they preached at, and get him to pray for them. Do you need prayer? "Oh, yes," you say. "I like to go to some cultured, Christian gentleman who is in health, and living a victorious life;" but God said to these men who had been so self-righteous before Job, "You will have to go around and get the man that sits in the ash-heap, scraping his boils with a piece of broken crock, to pray for you." And so the three took their sacrifices and made their journey, and called once more on Brother Job, and they had to say, "Job, we have found out that you are right and we are wrong, and now will you please pray for us?" Thus these three men had to get down lower than you will if you go to the altar of prayer, and ask somebody to pray for you.

Then there is another wonderful chapter to all of this story and that is this: Job was so humble he could pray for his critics and forget himself. Did you ever have people use you for a pin-cushion and stick you with those petty criticisms, little nagging complaints day in and

day out until you were desperately tired of it? Then did you ever try to pray the prayer of faith for them? Well, it takes great victory and great humility to be able to pray the prayer of faith for those who treat you thus. But Job had seen God—yes, seen God—and in the effulgent glory of the presence of God Job forgot all the nagging and all the murmuring, all the criticism and all the fault-finding of his friends. When there was an opportunity to pray for them he went into the presence of God with an open heart, and he found access for his friends. He prayed the prayer of faith for his friends and the power of God went through his own being like an electric shock; he got up, the boils dropped off, his disease was gone. Wasn't that a blessed experience?

Oh to be so exercised for other people that you forget that you have any need yourself! When that is the case, God frequently does miraculous things for you. Job's friends came back and when they returned they each brought a golden ring. God began to work for Job in providential circumstances and he came to the place where he had twice as much as he had before his affliction; twice as many sheep,

twice as many asses, twice as many camels and oxen, and he was so humble God could trust him with all this and not spoil him. Job had seven manly sons once more, and three of the most beautiful daughters on earth, and he could have this beautiful family and not get proud. "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord." It is marvelous in our eyes. Oh, for such a love, such humility and lowliness so that God could trust us to use property to His glory, and that He could trust us with a beautiful family and with multitudes of friends.

May the Lord make it real and help any who are going through hard places; we have no doubt that there is suffering in this audience too deep to be mentioned, that there are trials and temptations so deep and dark and hard that the mantle of silence is thrown over them. We doubt not that there are hearts here that are wondering if they can hold out until the trial is over. May God take all such by the hand today and hold them still; hold them victorious until they see Him and see the "end of the Lord, how that He is full of pity, and merciful."

Displacement

Miss E. Sisson



DISPLACEMENT, or the "I live, yet not I but Christ" life, is the purpose of God in every Christian life. Each believer comes to see clearly that Christ is our substitution in the matter of substitutionary death. Ours the sin, His the punishment. Ours the guilt, His the wrath of God. His the death, ours the life flowing therefrom. Our blackness on Him, His purity on us. Wonderful indeed! Yet more wonderful the substitutionary life: "For if we are saved by the death of His Son," "much more . . . we shall be saved by His life!" Living, "yet not I," Christ instead of me!

"Not I but Christ' my every need supplying
 'Not I but Christ' my strength and health is He.
 Christ, only Christ in spirit, soul and body
 Christ, only Christ lives now His life in me."

We look at this as an experience; we talk of Paul's experience of "not I but Christ." We think of it as a high attainment, scarce think we may aim so high. Have we ever thought how Paul came into the experience and maintained it? In Col. 2:12, 13, we are told this transference of the life from us to Christ was

done 1900 years ago at the cross of Calvary and materializes in us now moment by moment: "Through faith of the operation of God." What operation? That of putting us out of the way, nailing us in Christ, with Christ (not our sins merely but *us*) to his cross and then at His resurrection raising us with him. Paul, "through faith of the operation of God" took the bold step of declaring "now, as I venture on Him, I live, yet no longer I, Christ does my living *this very moment* instead of me. That old nuisance 'I' is out of the way. When Christ was crucified I in Him was crucified. In His glorious resurrection I rose in Him! I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I *now* (mark the faith, *from this minute out*) live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the *Son of God!*"

It seems almost too good to be true that Christ wants to repeat once again His life in your flesh and mine. Yet this was exactly what the faith of Paul apprehended for himself and what his faith appropriated that he had in harmony with that eternal principle of grace "According to your faith be it unto you." It became Paul's experience in answer to Paul's

faith. "Christ is your life," as a Christian you have no other. But "your life is *hid* with Christ in God." Christ could not live His human Christian life on the earth except as He denied all power and life in Himself and drew constantly from a hidden Source, His Father. We hear Him constantly saying: "The words I speak are not Mine," "the works . . . not Mine," "not come of Myself," "sent," "I judge not of Myself," "as I hear I judge," etc. See the whole gospel of John. Now as Jesus' success was in drawing a hidden life from a hidden source, so is ours.

Years ago, the writer, then in London, England, had an engagement for meetings in the south of England. The day before the time to leave for them she became violently ill. Prayer was made and we all believed there would be healing, but all day the illness became more severe. The question came up of sending someone in her place, but that seemed incongruous, as she had been called to teach on Divine Healing where there was great opposition to that truth. To say she was ill and send another in her place seemed to forestall the truth. So we all held on to God the more vigorously for healing. All night the fever raged and sickness increased. Morning found her very languid. "May we send another?" "No, I shall be healed by train time." Time came to call a cab, yet symptoms (vomiting and purging) were unabated! She had looked for healing, instead of healing came the words, "Your life is *hid* with Christ in God," and with it the suggestion, "Draw from your *hidden* life in God." Drawing it by the second she rose and dressed, got into the cab momentarily holding in the unseen life, and thus, moment by moment she pursued her journey of several hours. The hidden life which she drew had checked the symptoms from the moment she in faith ventured from the bed. Arriving under great languor and with sensation of a numb skull, she was ushered immediately into large drawing rooms filled and found herself the center of a large reception. Leading conversation and plying her with questions was a very antagonistic Church of England clergyman. As she recognized her own vacuity God brought before her again the text, "Your life is *hid* with Christ in God." She must not look to her brains but to her hidden Source of life for mentality. Thus He made the season one of the great power of God, "When I am weak *then* am I strong."

Meetings commenced next morning. I had now come to faith's fruition in my body. I was feeling fine and well. Three times daily came the crowds, interested, listening, but no move Godward. Each service the crowd seemed a bag of sand on which I was tugging. By the time meeting closed the bag was slightly lifted. Next session I found things as "sot" as ever and the pull was to be gone all over. Moaning before God, again He brought "life *hid* with Christ in God." "Your expectation is from the people, but their life is hid with Christ in God." Oh how slow I had been to get eyes off self for my body, off self for my messages, off the human for the people! But now that I could truly say, "*hangs my helpless soul on Thee*" all went marvelously. Souls were converted, sick ones healed, Christians were quickened. The Spirit made the atmosphere. "He hangeth the *earth upon nothing*." He stretcheth out the north over the *empty place*." "My strength is made perfect in weakness." In the Christian life He does not want us, He wants an empty place in which to work. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal (i. e. human or natural) but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." These strongholds — our reasonings, our imaginations, our thoughts — are powerful against God! They are powerful in aid of Satan! Our help, our hope, our holiness, our fruitfulness in service, *all* depends on our having each one of these thoughts, reasonings and imaginations brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Christ stands ready to do this every second—to displace the human with the Divine—"Not I but Christ." Paul took the attitude that he was dead and out of the way and Christ lived instead of him, and he maintained that attitude by faith even in the details of his life. Christ answered to the faith and displaced Paul, working out His own thought and purpose through the life constantly yielded up to Him by faith. He waits to do it by every life that will say, not only in consecration *but by faith* "it is no more I but Christ." It is a minute-by-minute faith's venture and a blessed minute-by-minute faith's victory.

In a Highland village in Scotland lived "Blind Aggie," an Irish peasant, who lost her sight at sixteen. No longer able to work for her living, in her deep sorrow and helplessness she found God. Then began a wonderful history of His life in a little one. Kind friends gave her a Bible for the blind. The parish paid

the rent of her one room up two flights of stairs. She used it well, a meeting every night, and sometimes of an afternoon. Constant salvation of souls and quickening of believers went on there. God had seen to it that she was domiciled in a place where there was a Water Cure Establishment. Many a Divine who came there for rest or treatment heard of the saint of God, Blind Aggie, and in soul hunger made his way down the crooked lane and up the rickety stairway to get a new illumination upon God in those obscure quarters. "Well, but does the devil never come after you, Aggie?" querulously asked the disconsolate widow of a celebrated college professor. "Sure." "And what do you do with him?" The militant, triumphant old soldier, with her strong Scotch-Irish burr, cries, "I hur-r-r-I a text at him."

To a Christian countess, weighted with some impending financial embarrassment of the count, her husband, Aggie (whose every mouthful came through the kind compelling of God—through some charitable person) said, "Sure, Darlint, Heavenly Father will never see a child of His want. Yes, He's always taken care of me these thirty-four years. I have always had enough and every meal something over for the birdies." There outside of her tiny window hovered a cloud of these tiny pensioners on Aggie's bounty. A maid came in one day with a dish of food from her mistress. As she stood, unrecognized a moment on the

threshold, admiring Aggie so perfectly scrubbing each board the length of her bare floor, she cried, "Oh, Aggie, how white and even you scrub every board, and you not seeing!" Aggie on her knees, scrub-pail by her side and brush in hand, answered, "Aunie, it's not me you see scrubbing, it's Jesus," and on her face shone an unearthly radiance that lit up her testimony. "Now," said she to the writer, "would you like to see me thread a needle and niver try twice?" "Indeed, I would," for I often tried the second and third time. With greatest alacrity, thread, needle, fore-finger thumb and tongue were brought in contact, the needle was instantly threaded. When, with a holy gleam she added reverently, "It's not me that threads the needle, it's Jesus."

His infinite condescension answered to her conception that it was not she that lived the life, thought the thoughts, spoke the words, prayed the prayers, sang the hymns, led the meetings, scrubbed the floor, threaded the needle, etc. "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God." Oh, wonderful God-life in which the lowliest acts are all Divine! The Son of God living over again in mortal frames, all His holiness, all His gloriousness, where faith *lets Him in*.

"If our love were but more simple
We should take Him *at His word*
And our lives would be all sweetness
In the sunshine of our Lord."

Providential Protection from Storms

C. W. Reinhardt, New York City



HOW well I remember dear old Dr. Mockridge's testimonies in the old John Street noon-day prayer meetings in New York! How often was I impressed by his quaint way of putting things, his delving into the original Greek version, his deductions from the Greek roots, etc., but especially by his childlike trust and faith in the simple Word of God!

He related upon one occasion how he was on his way from a meeting to his home in Philadelphia, and a midsummer storm just about to break. The sky was getting darker, the clouds lowering; the thunder rolled and the lightnings darted hither and thither. He had still ten minutes' walk before him and his old legs would not move very fast, but he bethought himself of his unfailing refuge in God and started to pray, claiming the prom-

ises, and especially the fact that a child of God could not be forsaken. It did not seem possible that the storm could hold off any longer—still he kept on praying, while gradually getting closer to his home. Finally, reaching his own doorstep and entering the house, his wife, with a startled exclamation, said, "Did you ever see it rain like that?" The rain just then descended in torrents, but not a drop touched him!

About a week after listening to the above testimony I was led into a similar experience of trusting God. The Holy Spirit used our dear brother's words to strengthen my own weak faith. I left my office, near St. Paul's Chapel, for the train to Brooklyn. As I started out I perceived that after an exceedingly sultry afternoon a thunder storm was imminent. In a thin summer suit, without an um-

rella, I would be drenched to the skin in a moment; then Dr. Mockridge's testimony recurred to my mind and the Spirit whispered, "Cannot you likewise trust Me?" It seemed not possible that the rain would hold off for another minute, but I prayed as I hastened along, "Lord, grant that I may not ask presumptuously, but, oh! increase my faith, for Thy servant has no other refuge but Thee. Here Thy child is praying in Jesus' Name and thou hast promised that whatsoever we shall ask in His Name Thou wilt do." The wind was blowing a gale, the temperature was rapidly falling, on all sides people were running for shelter. The thunder began to roll and the lowering clouds were furiously driven before the storm which was at the point of breaking. I still had a few minutes' walk before me and began to pray more boldly, becoming more importunate as I recalled that Elijah was a man subject to like passions as we are and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain and it rained not for a space of three years and six months. I told the Lord that here was another child of His who was asking in that it might not rain, not for years or months, but for a few moments until he could reach shelter. Meanwhile the sky had fearfully darkened and was illuminated by terrific lightning flashes, and just as I reached the Bridge entrance and was under cover I heard the deafening roar of the pent-up volume of water descending in torrents. Call it coincidence if you will—I know that my God answered prayer according to His promise.

Since that time I have upon many occasions proved God to be true to His promise, "According to your faith be it unto you." Often, when almost overtaken by drenching rains when out in the open I have invariably been enabled to reach shelter before the storm broke. Once wife and I with baby had driven from our home in Huntington, L. I., to Dix Hills M. E. Church grove-meeting. The preacher of the afternoon service noticed a thunder storm coming up and cut short his sermon, stating that it was going to rain. I had already established communication with my Father when I perceived the wind blowing furiously, swaying the old chestnut trees surrounding the church, and the thunder rolling more threateningly every moment. As I had been appointed to take charge of the after-meeting I mounted the rough board platform and announced that it was not going to rain

just then, but it was God's will that souls should be saved. A few people remained and one precious soul came forward and found Christ, during which time the storm seemed to pass around us. We drove home through the open country, the weather still threatening, and just as I reached the barn and wife had entered the house with the baby the rain descended in veritable torrents, continuing almost without intermission until the following afternoon.

Some far more striking instances to God's direct answers to believing prayer were graciously given to me a few years afterwards, and I take special pains to relate circumstances correctly, so that He who ruleth the winds and waves may be glorified. Our entire family spent the summer vacation in Connecticut, and as the time for our departure for home drew near I engaged staterooms for a certain date and we were to be at the Steamboat Company's wharf at 6 P. M. After an exceedingly dry season it began to rain shortly after dawn on that day, the downpour increasing in intensity, so that at noon it was raining quite heavily. I realized that my faith would be severely tried, for unless the rain ceased (which seemed altogether improbable), we would be drenched by the time we got to the landing—a drive of from twelve to fourteen miles. I besought the Lord with trembling—never before had I realized how weak my faith really was—to give us fair weather until we got to the boat. I spread the circumstances before Him, as it were, told Him that umbrellas and borrowed blankets and raincoats would be alike ineffectual in an open wagon with such a downpour. About an hour before we were to start I again went to my room with the rainstorm roaring outside, and got down before God. I then noticed that there was some hindrance to my prayer and realized God was trying to get my attention to speak to me. He spoke to my heart, "Child, you know in the next room lies your father-in-law, an unsaved man who may be upon his death bed. You have several times mentioned salvation to him, but have never definitely pressed upon him an immediate surrender to Me. I want you to clinch that matter with him now." I knew that God was speaking and dared not disobey. I went in to the old man and found him awake, and no sooner had I spoken to him of salvation than he broke down and weepingly confessed that he was a sinner and want-

ed to find Jesus as his Savior right now. It was evident the Lord had gone before me and prepared the way. Giving him the simple and beautiful promise of the gospel, I prayed with him, and had the joy of seeing him accept Jesus as his personal Savior, and left him rejoicing.

From that moment my faith took hold of God for a cessation of the rain. I have noticed that implicit obedience always begets faith. Meanwhile, the horse and wagon were in readiness as it was nearly time to start. My family and I knelt with the household and acquaintances—nearly all formal church members—and I prayed definitely that the Lord would hold off the rain until we got home. I noticed how peculiarly the dear people regarded me when I told them that the rain would presently cease, while, as if mocking my prayers, the rain roared without. With the little ones all bundled up, and in borrowed raincoats and blankets, we climbed into the wagon. Just then there came a perceptible lull in the storm and in all the hills around the sound of the rain died away. Within one minute from the time of starting the rain had absolutely ceased; a half hour afterwards the sun shone brightly, and we reached the Glastonbury Landing in time, despite the heavy driving through the mud.

At about five o'clock the next morning I was awakened in our stateroom by the rain beating upon the deck above. Looking out upon the Sound I noted that we were opposite Oyster Bay. I then thanked the Lord upon my knees for His mercy to us the preceding afternoon and implored Him for a further continuance of His goodness that we might have fair weather to get home. When I arose from my knees the rain had ceased.

We drove over to Jersey City and through the meadows into A—— in bright sunshine. I had just time to put up the horse and my wife had just entered the house with the little ones when, at that moment, from the seemingly clear sky, the rain descended. Throughout that day and the one following we had an exceptionally heavy downpour, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The Lord had held back the rain to the very minute and then released it again.

"If I ever doubted," exclaimed my wife, "I must believe now after seeing such signal answers to prayer. I can doubt no more."

Africa is Waiting

H. A. James

AFRICA is waiting! Hear her cry of pain!
Africa is waiting! Shall she wait in vain?
Shall, oh shall she wait in vain?

How very few of us, comparatively, realize what this means. Africa is waiting—waiting for the message of salvation—and while she waits thousands of immortal souls are passing through the gates of eternity Christless, with no hope and without God.

Christian brother or sister, does this awful fact make no difference to you? Or do you perhaps heave a few sighs over it and offer a few prayers when your attention has been freshly drawn to the subject? Let me say with all earnestness, that if this is all, you do not understand the gravity of the situation.

These souls for whom the Son of God laid down His life are dying with no knowledge of His salvation—going down into that awful abyss of woe from which there is no escape, because those who *do* know Him and His wondrous power to save *have been disobedient* to His command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15.

We cannot all be missionaries, you say. This is true, but what are you doing to help those in the field? The messengers of peace are few in number and to a great extent their hands are tied because the saints at home are forgetful of the great needs of this vast field.

Have *you*, dear reader, truly sacrificed anything to enable your substitutes to do the work? You bade them God-speed when they left the home land; you assured them they would never be forgotten, but have you kept your promise? Do you honestly wrestle in prayer for them? Do you earnestly ask the Lord to send them money, and have you done all *you* could to answer this prayer? Even in the little corner entrusted to us there is great need of money for the work. God has enabled us to plant seven little stations, from which the gospel can be preached, and He has recently set before us an open door for itinerating in Sekhukhuna Land. But in order to do this work properly we must have a gospel wagon and four mules to draw it; and should need, besides, food supplies for the party and tents.

Another urgent need is a training institution for native evangelists. Experience has taught us that it is not wise to send out men who have not been trained in the Word of God. They may be very zealous and eager to win souls, but

besides these very necessary qualities they need a thorough knowledge of the Bible in order that they may discern between truth and error.

At Chief Manamela's kraal they need a school and a native teacher. At Chief Marabha's they want to build a church, for at present they have no meeting place whatever.

Do you think we are asking too much? The initial expenses are always somewhat heavy; but remember, oh remember, it is to save dying souls. Thousands can be reached from our centers but the workers need to be properly equipped. Listen!

A cry of pain,
Again and again,

Is borne over the deserts and wide-spreading plain,
A cry from the lands that in darkness are lying,
A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are sighing;

It comes unto me,
It comes unto thee,
What! Oh what shall the answer be?

It comes to the soul
That Christ hath made whole,
The heart that is longing His name to extol.

It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing,
It comes with a plea that is strong and prevailing,

"For Christ's sake" to me,
"For Christ's sake" to thee,

What! Oh what shall the answer be?

Unanswered Prayer

Like some schoolmaster, kind in being stern.
Who hears the children crying o'er their slates
And calling, "Help me, master," yet helps not.
Since in his silence and refusal lies
Their self-development, so God abides,
Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf
To any cry sent up from earnest hearts;
He hears, and strengthens, when He must deny;
He sees us weeping over life's hard suns;
But should He dry our tears, and give the key,
What would it profit us when school were done
And not one lesson mastered? What a world
Were this if all our prayers were answered! Not
In fabled Pandora's box were such vast ills
As lie in human hearts. Should our desires
Voiced one by one, in prayer, ascend to God
And come back as events, shaped to our wish
What chaos would result! In my fierce youth
I sighed out breath enough to move a fleet,
Voicing wild prayers to heaven for fancied boons
Which were denied; and that denial bends
My knees to prayers of gratitude each day
Of my maturer life. Yet from those prayers
I rose always re-girded for the strife
And conscious of new strength. Pray on, sad heart!
That which thou pleadest for may not be given.
But in the lofty altitude where souls
Who supplicate God's grace are lifted, there
Thou shalt find help to bear thy future lot
Which is not elsewhere found.

—Selected.

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