



# 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 Preparations

### Removing Obstacles to Christian Usefulness

Charles A. Blanchard, President of Wheaton College, in the Stone Church,  
October 6, 1912



PREPARE ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." Isaiah 40:3.

"Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people. Cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people." Isaiah 62:10.

These two scriptures bring before us very vividly indeed the duty of saved people. If saved people do their work God is always faithful to attend to His. We never need to have any anxiety about His unfaithfulness. Our whole prayer should be that we may not fail on our part; because as surely as we do what God requires of us, He more than makes good that which He has promised to do. I should be perfectly willing to stop any meeting I was ever in and take testimony on that point. I would ask God's people, "Did God ever fail you when you came honestly according to direction?" and you would all say "No." Then I would ask "Did you ever know God's work to go on successfully and prosperously when you were neglecting the things God has given you to do?" We know that failure is always on our part and never on God's, so as Christian people we want to be sure, first, that we belong to God, and second, that we do the things God's people ought to do, and in the third place to have a great, glorious, abounding, ever-triumphant confidence that God is going to make good His Word to the last syllable.

Now here we have the two thoughts, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," and "Prepare ye the way of the people." Is there any connection between these two thoughts that God's way is to be prepared and man's way is to be prepared? Evidently there is a relation. If I need to come to you and you need to come to me, and there are obstacles in the way, when you are taking away the things that hinder me from getting to you, you are also taking away the things that hinder you from getting to me. Christian people all know that the great longing desire of God's heart so far as men like us is concerned, is that He should have a chance to get to us. That is a great mystery. You cannot imagine why a pure

and holy God should be anxious to get to you. Now you may be miserably self-righteous; but when you think of your own heart, your own life, you cannot imagine why a holy God should want to come to you when there are millions of sinless angels all around Him. There is only one explanation why He should desire to come, and that is this: God wants to make us like Himself, like those sinless beings that are around Him. He triumphs over the difficulties; in a certain sense, the more discouraged we are, so long as we are not rebellious, the more anxious He is to have us. There is not an old man, gray in sin and hardened through years of evil living, to whom God doesn't want to come. If such a man has by what the world calls chance stumbled in here tonight, we say to him, "My brother, it would be a great glory for the Lord to save you, compared to what it would be to save a young man who hasn't yet begun the ways of sin." Isn't that so? And if it is so, ought you not to take courage out of your very miseries? You might well say, "Life is a failure with me; it is not at all what it should have been. I have spoiled it, but if God would make me the sort of person I ought to be it would bring glory to Him."

I remember a meeting in which my father was assisting, down the Ohio River. The leader of the meeting read that Psalm in which occurs the verse, "Oh, Lord, pardon my iniquity, for it is great." A man had been attending the meetings who was a proverb in that region for avarice; he had a hard, unfeeling heart. Everybody knew him. He had lived there many years and nobody who knew him ever thought of going to him for help of any kind—his was a selfish, hard, ungodly, worldly life. When this Scripture was read he was sitting at the back of the house, and at once he sprang to his feet and said, as he walked up the aisle, "Read that again." The minister read it a second time, "Lord, pardon my iniquity for it is great." By this time the poor old man was well up in front, and as he reached the front he asked the minister to read the verse again, and a third time the minister read the words, "Lord, pardon my iniquity for it is great." Then the man turned and faced the congregation, and lifting his hand said, "I am that man." Well, you know as soon as he got to that place

the Lord was ready to receive him. Now I am affirming, God wants to come to folks. There is not a harlot in this city to whom God does not want to come; there is not a thief or murderer so vile whom God isn't reaching out after. A man may be so mean that his friends have to cast him off, possibly even his mother (though mothers seldom disown a worthless son; we hear of fathers doing it sometimes, hardly ever a mother); but even then God is longing to come to him, and all that man needs is to come to God. A great many think they need something else, but what they really need is to get to God.

A man whined out to me one day in Farwell Hall, "It isn't any use for a man to talk to another about religion when he is hungry. Some men never find God until they are hungry and ragged and sick and miserable. They seemingly never can find God until distress drives them to Him. This man thought he needed a breakfast, he thought he needed lodging, he thought he needed good clothes, but he had all those things before, and they hadn't done him any particular good. Here he was, walking the streets of this city with the soles off his shoes and nothing in his life excepting what was discreditable to him. He had been given breakfasts and suppers, and lodgings, but they did him no good. Now he thought if he had another breakfast, and another lodging, and assurance of other dinners, he would get on, but what he needed was God. There are thousands and tens of thousands of sick people in this city tonight who think they need medicine. I am not going to say they might not be helped by it, but what they really need is God. A lady of this kind came to a physician's office one day and said, "Oh, doctor, I do not know what is the matter with me, but I wish you would give me something." The doctor said, "Madam, go home and read the Bible an hour every day for thirty days and then come back and talk to me." She said, "You must think I am a heathen." "No, I don't think that, but I think you need to do this." She went home, and as she walked along she thought, "It won't cost anything; I have a Bible; I won't have to go to a drug store." She went home and adjusted her household duties and sat down to read the Bible an hour. Never had she read the Bible an hour at a time before, and when she thought she had read an hour she glanced up at the clock and found she had read only ten minutes. It startled her for a little, for she was a saved woman, though imperfectly saved. So she read again until she was sure she had read

an hour, and glanced once more at the clock. She found she had been reading twenty-five minutes. That woke her up clear through, and she said to herself, "Is it possible that the Word of God is so heavy to me, a Christian, that when I have only read it twenty-five minutes, it seems as if I had read half a day?" Then, with a resolute will, she settled herself before the Word of God, and long before the thirty days were up it became sweet as honey to her, yea, sweeter than honey in the honey-comb. In a month she went back to the doctor, and he said to her, "I see you have been taking my medicine." She replied, "Yes, and it was good medicine. I am perfectly well." He said to her, "I knew that was the remedy you needed when I glanced at your face. I saw you didn't need anything but God. Now, you keep in touch with God, and that is the only kind of medicine you will need."

People need God. Every now and then some man says, "If I just had money to meet that note before banking hours are over I'd be perfectly happy." He would not be perfectly happy. The very fact of that terror hanging over his head may be the means of bringing him to God. It is not always best a man should have money to meet his obligations if he has been careless about business. It may be a splendid thing to have a good case of heart-break, but this you can always be sure of, there is not a man nor woman, young, old, sick, well, rich or poor in the world who does not need God and whom God does not wish to visit. Now, when you go out of this church, don't go out thinking you need this, that and the other thing, but say, "Oh, if I could just know more of God. If God would come and live in my home, come into my heart in new power, how blest and happy I should be."

People need to get to God, and God desires so continually and so tenderly to get to the people. The prophet says here, "Get these things out of the way. Give those people a chance to get to God. Prepare the way of these poor, ignorant, heart-broken people so they can get to Him." That is the business of Christian people. Nobody else will do it. The world doesn't care to have God. But the business of Christians is to make a road so that God can get to the people, and that the people can get to God. If you are not about that business now you ought to be. You say, "What are the things that hinder? Why isn't there a plain road? Why can't folks get to God and why can't God get to folks?" In this fortieth chapter of Isaiah you have a description

of the things that hinder God from getting to people and people from getting to God. The prophet says, "The valleys shall be exalted and the mountains and hills shall be brought low; the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." The things that hinder are valleys and hills, and crooked and rough places, and we are to get these obstacles out of the way. You might ask, "Why doesn't God take the obstacles out of the way?" Because He cannot. "Oh," you say, "can't God do everything?" No. If you do wrong, God cannot repent for you. Can I repent for you? Can your mother repent for you? Even though a friend would die for you he could not repent for you. Now there is not an obstacle between God and man anywhere that God has had anything to do with. God never put a stick as big as a straw between a human soul and Himself. All the while He has been desiring that the road should be open and plain between man and Himself, and when we had heaped our sins between us and Him He melted them down by the blood of Jesus. So all these things that are between souls and God are from men, and men have to put them away. Not because God has any arbitrary will, but it is in the nature of the case. If I put an obstacle in the road I have to take it away.

Let me run over these obstacles that are imaged by the mountains and the valleys, the crooked and rough places. The valley is a place of darkness. You get down between two lofty hills and even at mid-day it is dark. We have imaged here the unbeliefs and the doubts and the fears of God's people. You sit down by a person and say to him, "I wish you knew my Savior," but if there is a doubt in your heart at that time, a question as to the power of God, as to the fullness of the plan of salvation, it will reflect itself in every look, and word, and you cannot win that soul even if you try. Of course you would not willingly want to deceive anybody, but you go through a religious exercise as though you believed he might be saved, when down in your soul there is the virus of unbelief. You will find God will use you only according to your faith, and use a church according to the average of faith in the church. If you expect small things you will see small things; if you expect large things, you will get them. Mountains and hills I am inclined to think in the prophetic vision were the pride and self-righteousness—the loftiness of spirit, which is a terrible obstacle, hin-

dering God from getting to the people. Isn't it strange that human beings like you and me should be able to be proud? And isn't it natural to be proud? Even some of you said the other day, speaking of another person, "I don't see how he could do that. I know I never could." That means you have a pretty good opinion of yourself. I doubt whether there is any one thing that hinders God's work in a church more than a self-righteous spirit on the part of the people, and I do not believe that there has ever been a time of divine power in a church but what the first step has been a humbling of the people before God. Last winter at the college we had a remarkably powerful sermon by one of our most humble evangelists, and at the end of that sermon he gave an invitation for any person to come to God who might choose to come. Nobody moved, not one soul budged, and I was afraid he was going to close the meeting, so I asked permission to speak, and I said, "Now, aren't there people in this house who know in their own hearts they have real need of getting near to God? I do not ask whether you are saved or not, but aren't there some who need to get near to God on some definite point?" I invited them down in front, and a young lady, a member of the volunteer band, who had left a fine city position and salary, with a pension at the end of it, came up to the front, and then the others began to come. It seemed as if the leading of that young woman opened the gates. Next Wednesday night she said, "Satan fought a great battle that night before I went down in front, but I knew what I needed." About this time she has landed in Persia, in a country that is almost as big as California. She is holding forth the Way of Life to a besotted, oppressed, oriental people. What would have happened if she hadn't followed God? If you have any of these mountains of pride and self-righteousness by all means ask the Lord to level them.

"So wash me Lord, without, within,  
Or purge with fire if that must be,  
No matter how if only sin  
Die out in me! Die out in me!"

Among all the sins that God loathes and that make men offensive in His sight, a "fire that burns all the day," there is nothing like this sin of pride. "He toucheth the mountains and the hills and they smoke." Oh if He would touch them tonight and let them go up in smoke.

Crooked places! Dishonesty! You think there is no dishonesty among church members?

There is plenty of it. Who of you here tonight when the conductor passed you in a street car didn't slip the nickel back in your pocket and say, "Well, there is a nickel saved anyway." I know a woman who said she had her children rob the street car company on the ground that it was a general thief and that it was all right for people to steal from this big thief. A lot of little thieves steal from a big thief! Is there no person here that ever looked at an article and said, "That is defective," even when you knew the price was below the real market at the time, and you thought you could get it a little cheaper by making complaint. What does God think about dishonesty? What does the world think about dishonesty when it is seen in Christian people? You know the story of the two Christians who quarrelled, both men of God and real Christians. It was along towards the close of the afternoon and each of them really desired a reconciliation, but both were too proud to seek it. Finally one of them said, "I must go to his house quickly," and so he hastened over to his house and said, "Oh, my friend, my friend, the sun is going down."

Rough places? Bad tempers! Never find those in a church? Never find those in Christian homes? No husband here tonight that ever spoke unkindly to his wife? Complained of the coffee or toast? No wife here that ever, under nervous impulse, answered back in an unkindly way? No parent here that ever spoke in an unkind tone to a child? No parent here that ever forgot his child had to fight a battle which his own sin had placed upon the child-shoulders?—that child staggering under the weight of his father's sin. No parent here that ever did that? I do not believe it. You know it is not true. Rough places smooth! And what a terrible heart-break there is oftentimes in fathers and mothers, not because of actual transgression, but because of a lack of the kindly expression there. I think one of the most pitiful stories I ever heard was that of a mother who raised six boys to manhood; when the youngest was big enough to go away from home, the nervous reaction came and she weakened under the assault of disease and was dying. They were decent fellows, none of them had disgraced her before the world, and they went home to be with her when she died. Her eldest son, a big man, knelt down by the bedside; he passed his hand over her forehead and wiped off the drops of sweat that were tokens of the coming end, and said, "Mother, you

have always been a good mother to us boys." She shut her eyes, and big tears pushed out under the lids and ran down her cheeks. Then she opened her eyes and said, "Do you boys really feel I have been a good mother?" He said, "Indeed we do. We often talk about what a faithful mother you have been to us six boys." She looked at him as if her eyes would search his very soul, to see if there was a trace of insincerity, and then the eyes closed again and the big tears pushed their way down the cheek and she said, "My boy, that was the one thing I prayed for all my life since I became your mother. I was afraid I would not be a good mother to you. When you boys were asleep I used to pray God I might not fail to be a good mother, and I never knew whether you thought I had succeeded or not. There is not one of you ever told me until now." Oh my Lord! to think of the birth pangs, to think of the long hours of watching and fighting for the life of the little child at the sick bed, of the thousand meals prepared every year until the boy has grown to be twenty-one and gone away from home, a thousand dish-washings every year—more than that, fifty-two washings and ironings and mendings of the clothes every year for those boys—and the boys grow up decent and self-respecting because they had a mother who would fight that kind of a battle for them, and not one of them to tell her that her work was appreciated until she was ready to go out of the world! Isn't it terrible to think that such a thing could be?

I have no doubt that the young men and young women I am talking to would average very well, but let me tell you, I do not believe there is one of you as good to his father and mother as he should be. My father and mother have been asleep many years. I do not believe the neighbors would ever say that I was mean to them, but I would give my right hand tonight if I could be better to them than I was. Don't let there be any rough places in your lives as regards your fathers and mothers. Make the rough places smooth between husband and wife. Remember life is altogether too short for one hard word, and remember if you get the rough places out of your lives it will help to keep you from crooked places; it will help to keep you out of the darksome valleys of unbelief or from freezing to death on the mountain tops of self righteousness. Oh what a blessed thing it would be for man to prepare the way so the Lord might get to folks and folks get to the Lord. How much would you give if I

gave you a little document and say because this person prepares the way of the Lord in his own life in his own house, because he gets all the valleys of unbelief and of doubt filled up; all the mountains of pride and self-righteousness leveled down, and all the crooked places absolutely straightened out at whatever cost, and all the rough places made smooth, I am permitted to promise him that in the next month he shall be permitted the unspeakable privilege of leading one soul lost in sin, into fellowship with Jesus. If I could certify that, don't you think you would like to live out this text? I do certify that if you will prepare the way of the Lord, the Lord will come to His possession, and if you will prepare the way of the people, if you will do the things God tells you to do, humbly, with broken hearts, with many tears, perhaps, but with a resolute purpose and with a lofty faith God will never play you false. He is the Almighty One, Jesus Christ is His manifestation to man, and He is determined to save every soul that He can reach. Oh men and women! I wonder if you do not really know some mountain or valley in your lives, some crooked or rough place that you will determine to take care of, not by and by, but immediately. Can you say, "There is some definite thing in my life, something I do not wish to mention to anybody but God and the parties interested, but God help-

ing me I am going to make it right in order that I may get people to God"? Not an indefinite, general desire that your life might be right, but some definite thing that you are determined to change. Remember when we work between souls and God we are co-operating with Jesus Christ, and that is a wonderful privilege. God keeps the account and He knows what you are thinking about. In our meetings last winter we didn't any of us know what was in the hearts of the people, but one young man came to me and said, "I stole money from a store in Toledo which I want to restore," a young girl said, "I was a cash girl in Chicago and there was a little trouble between me and another girl. I will make it right." So she opened the gate for God to come. She hadn't been altogether to blame. Perhaps she was not so much to blame as the other, but she wasn't living in a Christian state of mind toward that young lady, and she was determined to have it changed. God blessed her and it opened the gate for others. Oh wasn't that a privilege! The people came and crowded up toward God.

Clear the way for God to get to the people! Gather the hard stones out of the way! "Lift up your heads O ye gates and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts. He is the King of glory."

## The Transforming Vision of the Lord

"Where Wert Thou, Lord, When My Heart Was Tried?"

Lydia M. Piper, February 16, 1913



THE one thing we most need is a vision of the Lord. Everything else will follow. Job said, "I had heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eyes seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." Job had not realized his self-righteousness in the days when God was blessing him; neither did he realize it in the days of his adversity; but when he could say, "mine eye seeth Thee" he could truly say, "I abhor myself;" and so will all who have had a vision of God's holiness. I believe if we could get face to face with God it would settle all the difficulties that any of us have—even our domestic and business troubles would vanish before a transforming vision of the Lord, as in the case of Job.

What wonderful transformations have been wrought upon lives brought face to face with God! Think of Jacob who, before that memora-

ble night at Peniel, was anything but a man to be admired. In his dealings with Esau we see his mean, tricky, contemptible and grasping nature. His name, which means "supplanter," truly betokens his character. But the time came when Jacob was brought low. He saw that the retribution of the terrible wrong he had done Esau was about to come upon him, as his brother approached with an armed host, and he desparingly threw himself upon God. Yet it was not till he was broken down and clung in helpless dependence that the nature of his angel visitor was revealed to him and his name was changed to Israel, a prince of God.

Then there was Daniel whom we are told was "greatly beloved" by God Himself; yet when he got a vision of the Lord his natural strength failed him and he saw, as it were, his own comeliness changed to corruption in the light of God's holiness and glory.

Oh, what must it have been to be brought face

to face with God as these men were! It seems to me it would burn every bit of selfishness, every bit of conceit out of us. We meet with some people who really make us hungry for God, but how few they are! It is not what we profess but how we hold up Jesus in our lives that makes others desire Him.

But even after the Lord reveals Himself to His children there come great testing times. Think of Joseph to whom the Lord manifested Himself when he was yet a mere youth, singling him out from among his brethren to be the recipient of visions that gave him an exalted position above them all. We would naturally suppose that one so favored of the Lord would be spared the ordinary lot of temptation and trial, yet as we follow his history we come to believe he had a larger share of testing than usually falls to the lot of God's children. We see him sold as a bondsman and carried to a strange land, where he was cast into prison under false charges and found his reputation lost, his hopes blasted—everything gone. It was then "the word of the Lord tried him until the time of His word came to pass."

Doesn't it help us when we know what Joseph went through? If Joseph went through all that haven't we got to be tested if God has a place of trust for us? In Isaiah we read, "Behold, I have refined thee but not as silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

We remember the lesson in the life of Moses, who felt he was called of God to set his people free. He was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and exalted to a place next the throne. He must often have mused on the wonderful providences of God in his life. We are told that when Moses smote the Egyptian who was wronging a Hebrew, "he supposed that his brethren would understand that God was by his hand giving them deliverance." But Moses had run ahead of the Lord, acting in his own strength with a self-sufficiency that came of his man-made wisdom and consciousness of power; and before God could use him, Moses had to spend forty years at "the backside of the desert" tending sheep. Can you imagine what he must have suffered after being educated and honored as a royal person, to come to the lowly position of herding sheep? It took forty years to get the "big I" all out of him; but he became so humble that he is spoken of in Scripture as "meek above all men that dwell upon the face of the earth," and when God was ready to send him forth to deliver Israel he felt himself so small he "begged

off" and God could hardly get him to go. That is where God wants to get us—to where we think we are nothing at all and cannot do a thing. "Lord, won't you send somebody else? Lord, let me tend sheep." When will we learn that we are not sufficient of ourselves? but "our sufficiency is of God who hath made us sufficient" for "when I am weak then am I strong." Moses went out of that desert a very different man from what he was when he went into it forty years before. He came out in true humility of spirit, and he had had a vision of God that enabled him to face any king and cope with any difficulty.

George Whitefield, as a boy was wild and unstable and reckless, a thoroughly unreliable young man who even stole from his hard-working mother; but the Lord got hold of him and he was transformed by the power of God. He became a mighty evangelist under whose preaching multitudes were converted. Oh, what might it not mean for each one of us to get such a vision of the Lord as would really transform our lives! Don't you want your life transformed? Nothing will do it like a vision of Jesus. We may resolve and endeavor and pray; but unless we pray until we get to the place where God can reveal Himself to us we will not come to this place of victory and power. Without a transforming vision of the Lord, we shall not come to the place of real fellowship where we can say with John, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with the Son, Jesus Christ." It means so much more to be in fellowship with God than to be merely a child of God. So much more! And it is our privilege to live in the place of fellowship and power. Will we pay the price? Will we let the Lord bring us low as He has brought others? If we do we may come to the place of that transforming vision that will bring fellowship and power.

The Lord has been saying to me again and again, "Cry out against sin." This is hard to do, for we all like to emphasize the love side, and discourse on the joy of the Lord. But it is a blight on the Pentecostal movement today that there is not more crying out against sin. There is too much covering up of sin by those who claim they are going on with God. When the fire of Pentecost first fell some years ago, what conviction of sin the Spirit brought! Oh, what a searching there was, what unearthing of hidden sin and what humbling of ourselves before God and before each other! and now we are lifted up with spiritual pride and occupied with doctrines

and theories. In the days when God's power was upon us what did we care about hair-splitting theories and shades of doctrine? Our faces were set toward God and our one purpose was to be pure in heart and clean in life that the Holy Spirit might fall upon a prepared vessel. It is a serious thing to seek the Holy Spirit when our hearts are not clean; it opens the avenues for other spirits. The sooner we swing back into line and uncover sin, the sooner we will get results. Let us have such a crying out against sin as will bring saint and sinner down on their faces before God.

Some who have received a wonderful baptism and rich experiences of grace have not kept humble and, being a law unto themselves and refusing to be taught, they have gone into error. They say, "I am taught by the Spirit; I have no need that any man teach me," forgetting that "the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated. . . without wrangling and without hypocrisy." Some even discard instruction from the Word of God and after awhile error merges into real sin. You see, if Satan cannot hold us back he is bound to drive us to extremes if he possibly can. I have seen him do it time and again. When I was in the East last summer a woman who was living a very questionable life said to me, "My sister, the Spirit wonderfully anoints me every day." I said, "But the life you are living doesn't measure up to it." She said, "Oh, the Spirit witnesses with me that I am right." Ah, the subtlety of Satan in these days, leading people with great light into sins that even the world would not countenance—and this under the guise of the Spirit's leading! Friends, let us try the spirits, let us not be afraid to test them. Remember that even Jesus after his baptism was led into the wilderness where He was tempted of the devil.

For several days last week the Lord had been impressing me with a message on sin, and while I was delivering the message the Lord had given me for the Young People on Friday night, I suffered in the flesh; but after it was over He preciously met me and amply repaid me for my obedience. That night I went to sleep with such a consciousness of the presence of God; but in a short time I awoke feeling as if hell itself were let loose on me. Instead of the room being filled with the presence of God it was filled with demons. It seemed as if I should smother in the presence of the demon power in the room. Mind you, this was sprung upon me without any inter-

vening temptation or my having in the least deflected from God. The last thing I remember on falling asleep was God's gracious presence, and I awoke to find the room filled with demonical power and Satan hissed, "You will fight sin, will you!" For a moment I was tempted to fear, then I said, "Lord, Thou hast promised to surround Thy children with the hosts of heaven, and I call upon Thee to bring that host now and put the evil power to flight." Then I rebuked the powers of evil in the name of the Lord and in a few moments the atmosphere cleared and such a sweet peace swept over me. I fell asleep and awoke much strengthened.

I wondered why it was possible that Satan should have the power to come to me like that just when the Lord had seemed to be nearer than ever. As I was thinking on these things I was led to take up a book, in which I found the experiences of a noted saint of God, Catherine of Siena, who had shut herself in with God for three days of waiting on Him for closer fellowship and a fuller endowment of the Spirit. But instead of this, it seemed as though all the hosts of darkness were let loose upon her, filling her mind with evil thoughts which she was not able to banish, and she was sore distressed. When the Lord came to her deliverance she asked Him, "Lord, where wert Thou when my heart was so tormented?" "I was in thy heart," He replied. She said, "Lord, Thou art everlasting truth and I humbly bow before Thy word; but how can I believe Thou wast in my heart when it was filled with such detestable thoughts?" "Did these thoughts give thee pleasure or pain?" asked the Lord. "An exceeding pain and sadness," she replied; and then the Lord showed her it was because He was in her heart that sin was so hideous to her. He had permitted the conflict and, at the right moment, had come to her succor. So we see that the hour of holiest communion may be made the "hour and power of darkness" because of evil spirits. Some do not understand this. I have a friend who had been going on with God very preciously, and when Satan made such onslaughts upon her soul she threw up her hands and said, "My God! before I was a Christian I was not tempted like this, and how can I bear it now?" But the Lord showed her the devil did not fight unless there was something to fight against. The unconverted and the lukewarm Christians he can afford to let alone. It is those who are determined to go on with God at any cost that he comes against with all his hosts of darkness. So let us

not be discouraged if, when we get down before God, we find ourselves beset by the enemy. Rather let us be encouraged since the adversary finds us worth fighting against, and let us remember that the battle is not ours but God's.

But there is a more subtle snare of the devil than this of oppressing us with thoughts that we know to be evil and repel with horror. He disguises himself as an angel of light and makes evil thoughts seem pure. People who have been wonderfully touched in their lives and blessedly taught of God have accepted the suggestions of Satan as coming from the same source and have been beguiled into sin. Remember, Satan can quote Scripture. He did to Christ when he tempted Him to make His divinity apparent to all by casting Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple. Christ tested that suggestion by Scripture and found it false, and if we would faithfully "try the spirits" as God tells us to do, this Pentecostal Movement would be spared much reproach. I know of a case where a person thought everything that came to him was the voice of God. One day he started out on that premise and followed a suggestion that brought him right up against a wall, as it were; he could go no further, and the whole thing was ridiculous. It was not of God at all; but he had thought he was above

having the devil speak to him and did not recognize the source of his so-called inspiration. We never will get to a place where we are impervious to the devil's attacks, and let us remember that the hour of our devotions is just the hour when he seeks to come in. I thank God now for the experience I had Friday night, and I am trusting He will let me help others through it. Let us not feel condemned when we are tempted. There is no sin in being tempted; it is when we yield and absorb the evil into our lives that it becomes sin. There is not a saint living who has not had temptations; but we do not have to yield because we are tempted. As the Chinese proverb says, "We cannot prevent the birds from flying over our heads, but we are to blame if they make their nests in our hair."

If we keep our hearts pure and our lives clean the vision of Jesus need never fade from our view; and though Satan's forces may be permitted to swoop down upon us, the "Captain of the host of the Lord," our blessed Jesus, is at hand to succor us when we cry to Him. Let us not be discouraged because Satan finds us worth fighting against but let us more steadfastly "lift up our eyes to the hills from whence cometh our help."

## The Ideal Church

Elizabeth Sisson



WHO is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners?" S. S. 6:10. While it is true that this is no description of the Church in form in Christendom, as witness the great Greek Catholic Church, with its ecclesiasticism and the rich Roman Catholic Church with its similar observances, yes, and much that is not Christ in the ecclesiasticism of Protestantism—yet the above words disclose a real purpose of God which He is working out in the earth: the ideal Church. It is the Mystical Church of Christ, not visible in any one body.

Of this ideal Church it is our privilege to be members. Let us look into her riches and God's provisions for her. "She looketh forth as the morning." Her "light shall arise in obscurity" and her "darkness be as the noonday." Truly, she is "the light of the world," "a city set on a hill which cannot be hid." Oh, blessed Church! whose course is one of unclouded light, who

brings the morning rays wherever she moves. And why? Because she is "fair as the moon." And how is the moon so fair? She is opaque enough in and of herself, let but the earth come between her and the sun and she emits no more light than a coal pit. Could we fancy her even bending to look upon herself to see how fair she is (and how often Satan tempts the Christian to a self-reflexive look!) and lo, the shadow of self has obscured the only rays by which she can shine! No! the soft lambent light, by which she bathes the night and makes it a thing of beauty, is only the sun's brilliancy with which she has filled herself by an unobstructed gaze of the God of day; she shines with a borrowed light. So the ideal Church and every blessed member of it, has a "not I but Christ" light and life, and her fairness depends on her uninterrupted occupation with Him. "Looking off unto Jesus" is the whole of her philosophy. A moment not occupied with Him is a lost moment in the power of her salvation. David proved this when he said, "I have set the Lord always before me; because

He is at my right hand I shall not be moved."

Looking off (i. e., away) from people, things, times, events, is our wisdom; "seeing no man save Jesus only," for oh, that blessed Sun withholds nothing from us; as we look we are "complete in Him" in whom "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Complete in Him "who is the head of all principality and power"! Complete in Him "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." "They looked unto Him and became radiant;" Ps. 34:5 (Heb.) "Clear as the Sun;" "With open face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." 2 Cor. 3:18. Oh, blessed Jesus, do I indeed become like Thee, even here below, in this world of anguish and sin, by simply refusing to look at anything but Thy blessed Self? Thou hast said it, I must believe it, I will believe it. I will trust Thee to keep me each moment, in each event looking to Thee, worshiping Thee, adoring Thee who "performeth all things for me." Ps. 57:2. I will see "What will Jesus do" with each person and thing left to Him. "I live, yet not I" Christ comes forth to make for His child each moment a glory moment, each event a glory event. Thus the light of Him plays around the people, the place where we live, and we become "terrible as an army with banners." Wherever He shines forth the shining of His face brings confusion in the ranks of the enemy. Rather would Satan meet a hundred thousand armed hosts than one human face *radiant* with God—one Holy Ghost filled shout!

The writer well remembers being in a company returning from camp on the little island of Rhode Island. God had done great things for us at that camp; the Holy Ghost was filling and the love of God abounding. As we stood on the wharf three or four miles from the campground, waiting for the steamer that took us through Narragansett Bay to Providence to scatter by rail to our widely separate homes, blest ones began to worship God in song and the fire burned. When, an hour later the vessel touched the wharf, a company of perhaps a hundred, inflated by the Holy Spirit, marching arm in arm, four abreast, boarded the steamer singing; each eye filled with the vision of Jesus, each voice exultant with His praises, faces like streaming banners, radiant with joy. I remember my thought, "This is the tread of a conquering host, kept like this everything must fall before us." It proved so. In a body we marched through the vessel to the

upper deck. He, to whom for the time being all were so fully yielded, began to conduct a meeting with great grace. Each move was a surprise to us, but like the well-regulated members of a healthy body yielded to the head, all fell into place, and what a meeting He made! First it was all for the saints themselves, as one led in a solo, another read the Word, another gave the exposition; and then followed the testimonies. There was a strong and invincible Leader. Soon all the passengers crowded around us, then came the captain and officers and sailors as they got off duty. A backslider broke down and with strong sobbing and cries called on us to pray for him; others followed his example and soon they were kneeling all about the deck. The backslider became radiant, adding his testimony. All this time nothing had been said personally to sinners—just the joy of the Lord *shone* through His people. Later the meeting dissolved itself (under the power of its Invisible Leader) into button-hole talks with the captain, crew and passengers. The Captain gave us leave to go everywhere and we went through the ship. If there was one undealt with as to his soul's salvation we did not know it. Eternity will give the issues of that day—a day, an hour in which all aboard were face to face with God. As we left them they crowded the deck rails; the men raised their hats and the women waved their handkerchiefs. It was a "looking forth as the morning."

Again, into the interior of a God-forsaken country district went two Christian workers. Satan did not mean that there they should break the silence of years of neglect of the Gospel, and there was great opposition to their opening the school house. Notwithstanding, God answered prayer and the use of the school house was granted. The two workers had their eyes on God only. Arriving at the place of meeting they locked arms and sang a song of victory as they walked up the aisle. God had drawn in a crowd of people; the house was more than packed. Praising, the workers essayed to press through the crowd up the aisle, eyes on Him (moon looking to the sun). "The high praises of God in their mouth" was "a two-edged sword in their hands" (Ps. 149:6); the few saints present wept for joy; sinners turned pale and fled the house. (Someone said, "as if the very old fellow himself was after them." I suppose he was!) However, though Satan drove them out he could not keep them out. They gathered around the windows and doors and soon most of them were drawn

back into the room. How God wrought! He only wants everything given up to Him and He will show how He can work. It was the beginning of a mighty revival that laid hold of whole families throughout all that community. The slain of the Lord were many. "Terrible as an army with banners" He makes His foolish little ones.

A simple child of God was called to the bedside of one dying—a Christian, cast out by a hard, cold, aristocratic family who for years had refused communication with her. She asked this humble visitor to go and attempt a reconciliation with her sisters and bring them to her bedside. They were formidable. The visitor trembled but went in the name of the Lord. Even on the threshold of the palatial residence Satan sneeringly withstood her. "You have nothing to say; you cannot cope with these stubborn wicked ones." All too true!—Satan loves half truths. But while we have no sufficiency of ourselves "God is our sufficiency," so long as the moon looks toward the sun! The younger and less obdurate sister listened while the messenger said, "Your sister is dying and sent me to bring her two sisters." She lifted her lofty head and spoke: "I will call Amelia; but in all probability she will not see you." "Oh, make her come!" was the inward cry Godward. The second sister came and stood before her humble visitor who, uninvited to a seat was standing in the center of the drawing room. She realized an iceberg of scorn and grandeur had borne down upon her. The shock of the impact chilled her to the bone. She looked up and gasped, "Your sister is dying." She could go no further; the frozen silence became unendurable. She hung on to God for words; he gave none. Then, all at once He made her realize the love and compassion of His heart toward the poor-rich woman before her and sent a wave of that Divine love and compassion through her soul, which welled up to her eyes and found expression in a tear. As it rolled down her cheek, God with it smote the Iceberg and she melted and said, "I will go to my sister." Thus this ignorant errand-child became "terrible as an army with banners."

Some district visitors in the East End, London, found dying on a heap of filthy rags an abandoned woman whose whole body was a mass of cancerous disease, the outcome of an evil life. The discharge from the eating sores made the tiny room as bloody as a butcher's shambles, stench intolerable. They brought her food, she

only wanted "brandy." They tried to read the Word of God to her, she repulsed them with oaths and streams of vile language. Finally they said to the lady with whom they were cooperating in Christian work that they could go to this abandoned woman no longer; the poor wretch must be given up. "I will go myself," said the lady. They could not dissuade her; twice a week thereafter she went. On her first arrival in the doorway the dying woman stared at her, then closed her eyes and turned away her head. The lady read and prayed with her. The sufferer made no sign, but the cursing and obscenity were absent; a sullen silence took their place. When, at last, the lady was called for summer holidays to her beautiful estate, her childhood's home in the Highlands of Scotland, she made her last visit to the rotting, dying woman. As usual she read and prayed with her and as usual the loathsome bleeding heap made no sign. Then as the lady rose to go, her heart swelling with Divine compassion lifted to God (moon to the sun) to know if there was anything more she *could* do, a soft whisper came stealing through her, "Kiss her." She could not at first think it was God, but as she waited on Him He made her sure of His voice—but *where* should she find a spot on that bleeding, corrupting mass to kiss? However, amid the putrid sores on the forehead she implanted LOVE's kiss and went her way. Weeks after, upon returning to London, the district visitors met her with, "Oh, Miss B., a *wonderful* conversion! that poor cancerous prostitute died the second day after you left but not until she had called us in and told us of her unutterable joy, for all her sins were forgiven. God had made her His. She told us, 'You see, it was this way. When you came to me I knew I was dying. I hated you. I knew I was going to hell. Oh, the mountains of my sins! But I said to myself that I only did it to make money and these two are preaching for money; where was the difference? I steeled my heart against all you said; but when *the lady came*'"—class distinctions are so much more easily recognizable in England by manners, dress, appearance—"I knew she did not do it for money; I could not curse at her. But all she read and all she said only locked me in a deeper hell. She told me God loved me; but oh! what did she know about me and my sins with her pure life? But the last day, when she said good-bye, something happened'"—the dear soul had now become too delicate to tell what!—"and I knew the lady

loved me; then the thought kept coming, "If she can love you the God who died for you can love you too; ask Him to save you." At last I did and oh! the joy and peace that flooded my soul! The love of God just filled me! Thus she went on in an ecstasy of bliss and triumph till she passed away."

Only a song of praise! Only a tear! Only a kiss! yet in each the Church looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon because gazing on the Sun, and each time oh, how the devil was routed! She is to him "terrible as an army with banners." Yes; Jesus' banner always waves in the face of him or her who is gazing alone upon Him who is "the health of our countenance," and Satan each time has to fall before that radiant banner. They stoned Stephen but he saw not the flying missiles, noticed not the mortal wounds they made in all his bleeding body; but, "being full of the Holy Ghost he looked up steadfastly into the heavens," and looking saw "the glory of God," "Jesus on the right hand of God" and Jesus rose to meet him as he passed on and up. Stephen saw Jesus instead of death, and oh, the face of Stephen, "as it had been the face of an angel" looked

forth as the morning! This moon also looking at its clear-shining Sun became to Satan "terrible as an army with banners." As they stoned Stephen the rioters "laid down their garments at the feet of a young man named Saul." Poor, persecuting Saul never forgot that scene! The pricks began to work; in vain he kicked against them. Soon Saul became the mighty Paul whose epistles, through the ages, have made such havoc in the devil's kingdom, and so built up the Church.

"Looking unto Jesus,  
Never need we yield!  
Over all the armour  
Faith the battle shield!

"Look away to Jesus,  
Look away from all!  
Then we need not stumble,  
Then we shall not fall."

Thus, through the ages, there have ever been some who "looking unto Jesus" have been "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners." God wants to make you one of this number. May He?

## It Is High Time to Awake!

Bertha Pinkham Dixon, Gilroy, Cal.



CONSTRAINED by the love of Christ and immortal souls, I wish to call your attention to certain facts which press upon me for notice and expression; and I ask you to consider with me certain conditions as they exist on the foreign field and in the homeland in connection with the Pentecostal Movement.

### FACTS RELATIVE TO THE FIELD.

1. Missionaries have gone forth "without purse or scrip"; that is without boards or known financial backing at home.
2. Doubtless nearly all who have gone forth thus would testify that rich spiritual blessing had come to them in this life of utter and alone dependence upon God. (I can testify that in our own case Phil. 4:19 was fulfilled.)
3. Again and again missionaries have returned home after a brief stay, and before acquiring a working knowledge of the language.
4. Again and again they have been ill, and some have gone Home to Glory very early in their career.

(Before going further, let me say that my actual knowledge is of the field in China—yet these

facts, no doubt, have a general application.)

5. There are no stationary, sanitary receiving homes to which the missionaries can go, and study the language under reasonably healthful conditions.

6. There are practically no large sums for building purposes received on the field, making it possible for those going inland to build suitable sanitary homes in as healthful locations as possible.

7. From the above facts, we see that the present Pentecostal Missionary is practically a pioneer on the field (unless he has become a part of some already established mission work), and must over and over face difficulties which have long been recognized and largely obviated by missionary organizations.

8. Our missionaries, in writing home, hesitate to mention any of their needs or trials, lest in so doing they should not be properly trusting God, or lest others should think this. Or, perhaps, more often, they do not have the slightest desire to allude to these things, accepting them as God's appointment, and rejoicing in them.

9. Our missionaries go forth, doubtless with

a dedication and zeal which make them willing to face these difficulties and even death for Jesus' sake.

10. Obstructed and often short-lived efforts on the field cannot result very largely in the evangelization of the heathen.

Does all this lead to the supposition that called ones are being misled or that they are going out hastily?

While there may be such cases, there can be no doubt that God has led many to go forth, like Abraham—"not knowing whither they went," has instructed them and led them about, and kept them as the apple of His eye, and in some cases, has just as clearly led them back home.

What conclusions are we to draw from this, and what should our attitude be? Certainly we conclude that God has had a purpose in it all. Then may we not as His "friends" take the attitude of inquirer, learner, and ask Him if it be His will to reveal His purpose, or something relative to it? Or may it not be that God is wanting to say something to us which hitherto we were not able to bear?

And now let us consider facts relative to the homeland.

1. In the Pentecostal work in the Homeland there is but little organization and very little united missionary effort.

2. There is not only little organization but much opposition to it.

3. There is great diversity of thought relative to proper modes of procedure, rendering united effort difficult, if not almost impossible.

4. As a result, a shifting of responsibility, or great laxity concerning it, becomes easy.

5. Doctrinal divisions and discussions have the effect of diverting the attention and cooling the ardor along lines of vital importance. While those laboring on the field are needing our co-operation and prayers we are divided, and an army fighting in its own ranks cannot make a very successful advance against enemy.

6. For the reason given in point 9, people at home do not get a very comprehensive knowledge, either general or detailed, of conditions and needs on the field.

7. Owing to the lack of solid, satisfactory, business-like arrangements between home and foreign workers, those who could and would give sufficient sums of money for building purposes and for advanced missionary effort, cannot but hesitate to send these sums, not knowing to whose management they may fall, nor to what

definite purposes they will be applied, nor the qualifications of those on the field to manage them independently.

8. It may be objected by some that the coming of the Lord is so near at hand that it is not worth while to put up buildings, etc. In this country, we do not hesitate to have as comfortable and healthful homes as possible, and far above this, we have Christ's own commission, "Occupy till I come."

It is not the purpose of this letter to attempt a full solution of the situation, but to inspire to prayerful thought, and perhaps to fruitful action, those whom this should concern.

If national union such as that of England is out of the question, it may be time for individual missions to inquire, "What is expected of us? What can we do? Also for individuals who have means, to consider facts, and inquire diligently into the will of God on this question.

Could there not be committees appointed by assemblies, or conventions who could co-operate with such committees on the field, for the proper oversight of the work and funds?

May it not be that the following Scripture applies to the present time and condition: "And He said unto them, When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said Nothing. Then said He unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip."

Blessing, leading and training in the past are to lead us to God's purposes for the future, and may we learn our lessons, catch His thoughts, and move on in His will.

### The Expected One.

I know not if He comes at eve,

Or night, or morn, or noon;

I know the breeze of twilight gray,

That fans the cheek of dying day,

Doth ever whisper—**Soon!**

I know not why our souls should doubt

His promise to appear,

When every flower's opening eye

Looks up into the changing sky,

And seems to murmur—**Near!**

I know not round His blessed feet

What peerless glories throng;

I only know from rending tomb

The good shall burst in beauty's bloom;

And faith assures—**Not long!**

I know not if we years must wait

The summer of His smile;

I only know that hope doth sweep

With thrilling touch my heart-strings deep

And sings—a little while!—**Sel.**

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

**Notes**

FOR a number of years we have been sending The Evangel to Christian workers and missionaries at half the regular price, believing that these two classes of readers most needed any concession we might be able to make. We should be glad to continue this very special rate, but our accounts show a considerable loss on these half-rate subscriptions. The shortage is in the printer's bill alone, not counting the many incidental expenses that must be met monthly in getting out the paper.

We have made this a subject of prayer and reflection for some time and have come to the conclusion that we should at least meet the printer's bill and postage on every subscription. If we charge seventy-five cents a year to Christian workers and missionaries we can do this; but even then we need the full one dollar rate from other subscribers in order to maintain the paper. This advance in the special rate will go into effect as the subscriptions come due.

We will explain further that we are obliged to pay two cents postage on each copy mailed to a foreign country and one cent for Canadian postage. It is the custom of all periodicals to charge extra for foreign and Canadian subscriptions; but we have felt led to send The Evangel for the same price as to home subscribers, believing that an advance would debar many from the benefit of receiving the paper. Seventy-five cents will but cover the bare cost of printing and

mailing the paper to foreign subscribers, not reckoning office expenses.

We appreciate the interest many of our readers show in the paper and their efforts to enlarge our subscription list. Without this help, and the many prayers that have ascended for the work, we do not see how we could have continued the paper from month to month. We are glad to say that its circulation is growing—if slowly, at least steadily.

We have always carried a number of missionaries on our list to whom the paper is sent free because of their deep appreciation of it and inability to subscribe for themselves. We have no fund for free literature except as our readers sometimes help us with their offerings. Such help is greatly appreciated and we should be glad to receive what anyone may feel led to send for this purpose.

It is now our custom to continue sending the paper after the subscription has expired, as this gives the recipient time to renew without missing any numbers and meets the wishes of a majority of our readers. But we desire to do this only when the one who receives the paper has paid for the subscription himself. Will our readers who sometimes favor us by sending in subscriptions and renewals kindly designate such persons as are receiving the paper as a donation? If such are not heard from when the subscription expires we will drop their names from the list, thus saving ourselves from loss on unpaid subscriptions and from the embarrassment of sending bills to those who never intended to subscribe for the paper.

We trust that all subscribers who do not intend to renew will, upon receipt of their last number marked with a blue cross and stamped wrapper, promptly notify us to discontinue. If the paper continues to be received by them it is equivalent to an understanding that they wish to subscribe and will pay for it. It is an easy matter to drop us a card requesting that the paper be stopped, or at least cease to receive it from the post office. In that case it would be returned to us and we should discontinue to send it.

**Things Missionary**

WE HAVE received many sympathetic and interesting letters regarding the missionary problem as presented in the January Evangel, and we want the missionaries to know that the people in the homeland are not indifferent to their needs. We do feel that we who dispense monies should keep in closer touch with each other, so

we might better know the needs and conditions in the foreign field.

Then, there are times when serious questions arise regarding the workers, that those who are responsible for funds ought to know, and it is our right that we should be informed of any deflection in the lives of those who are carrying the Gospel. Those who bear the vessels of the Lord must be clean, and we feel obliged to withdraw our influence and support from those who are leading questionable lives.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction among people in the homeland who have the evangelization of the heathen on their hearts, at the frequent traveling to and fro of missionaries. Experienced workers on the field have repeatedly told us that no effective and lasting work can be done in the foreign field in a year or two, and it is a cause of general regret among the home supporters to have the missionaries spend so much time and money in traveling. A business man would never expect to succeed if he remained in a place only a year or two, and often would not lease a building for less than five years, knowing it takes that length of time to establish himself, and in the Lord's business effective work cannot be done unless there is steady, concentrated, determined effort. This is especially true of the heathen field. How true it is that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

We do not wish to be thought unsympathetic with the tired, worn missionary, and we do not believe anyone who has followed us in our columns would so accuse us; neither would we be considered as sitting in judgment in this matter. We are simply giving the consensus of opinion of ardent supporters of the mission field, and voicing the sentiments of tried and experienced missionaries.

It does seem that the restless spirit of the age has entered into our religious activities to a serious extent, both at home and abroad, and we should make it a matter of earnest prayer that we who have such a high standard should not cripple God's work by getting out of His will in these important matters.

If those who have gone out find they have been mistaken in their call and have not the burden for the heathen that will make them endure hardship for the Gospel's sake, the sooner they come home the better.

More than once we have received word from the foreign field saying that certain missionaries

had gone home and it would be a great mistake if the Pentecostal people sent them back again. The work among the heathen is crippled and hindered by one who puts his hand to the plow and then looks back, and the home-helper wonders if the money he gave has been wasted or if his investment brought returns.

We praise God for every effort we have been able to put forth toward maintaining missionaries in the field, and making their burdens lighter, and will still continue prayerfully to stir up the spirit of world-evangelization and the grace of giving as far as our influence can reach.

### Our Six Months' Report

Money for the mission field has been received and disbursed during the last six months (September, 1912, to March, 1913), as follows:

Geo. E. Berg, South India .....	\$ 252.90
Robt. Atchison, for Japan .....	222.50
Wm. Johnson, West Africa .....	106.00
Miss Edith Baugh, India .....	101.50
Miss Gerber's Orphanage, Armenia .....	90.65
Miss Bernice Lee, for India .....	88.00
Pandita Ramabai, India .....	80.50
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt .....	75.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America .....	69.50
Miss Lillian Doll, India .....	68.50
Mrs. E. A. Bernauer, Japan .....	61.00
Miss Alma Doering, for the Congo .....	55.00
Mr. and Mrs. G. Brelsford, Egypt .....	45.00
A. Forder, Arabia .....	45.00
Miss Minnie F. Abrams .....	41.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cox, Iceland .....	40.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, South China .....	38.75
Miss Rebecca Krikorian, for Armenia .....	37.00
J. L. Bahr, India .....	30.00
Mrs. Annie Murray, India .....	30.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America .....	30.00
H. M. Tournay, South Africa .....	26.70
Paul Bettex, South China .....	24.10
E. M. Scurrah, South Africa .....	22.00
Miss Minnie Houck, India .....	21.00
Mr. Whistler, India .....	21.00
Miss Mae Kelty, South America .....	19.91
Dick Mahaffey, North India .....	16.00
H. L. Faulkner, South China .....	15.05
Miss Agnes Hill, India .....	15.00
Miss Ethel Abercrombie, South China .....	14.50
Miss Blanche Appleby, South China .....	13.00
Geo. Hanson, China .....	13.00
John Perkins, West Africa .....	12.00
John Preston, for Mexican Mission .....	10.19
Mrs. M. Chapman, returned from India .....	10.00
Miss Blanche Cunningham, India .....	10.00
Miss H. A. James, South Africa .....	10.00
Mrs. D. A. McCarty, India .....	10.00
Miss R. Mendenhall, West Africa .....	10.00
Chas. F. Hettyaratchy, Ceylon .....	7.00
Horace Houlding, North China .....	5.25
Mrs. S. R. Chester, India .....	5.00

Mrs. Lillian Denny, North India .....	5.00
Miss Hattie Hacker, India .....	5.00
Clyde Miller, British East Africa .....	5.00
Frank Moll, British East Africa .....	5.00
Wm. Wallis, South Africa .....	5.00
Frank Bartleman, England .....	1.00

Total .....\$1944.50

**Campmeetings and Conventions**

**T**HE Apostolic Faith people of Los Angeles, California, are announcing a world-wide campmeeting to be held on the old Apostolic Faith Campground at Highland Park, from April 15th to May 15th. The principal workers expected at the Campmeeting from a distance are Mr. F. F. Bosworth and Mrs. Woodworth-Etter. For information address R. J. Scott, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 39, A, Pasadena, Calif.

Mrs. Etter is now holding meetings at the Garden Theater, San Jose, California, where she will continue throughout the month.

From Los Angeles Mrs. Etter is expecting to go to Long Hill, Conn., to the Mt. Moriah Campmeeting, beginning June 1, 1913. For information address D. H. Dickerman, Goffe St., New Haven, Conn.

Special meetings for the sick and afflicted will be held at both these campmeetings and we ask our readers to pray that from West to East the name of the Lord will be magnified; that He will "rend the heavens and come down, that the mountains might flow down at His presence."

We are expecting (D. V.) to hold our regular Spring Convention at the Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Ave., Chicago, beginning May 18 and continuing for two weeks. Full particulars will be given in the April Evangel.

**In German Circles**

**T**HREE weeks ago I was seized with a burden for the thrusting forth of two baptized brethren from this large congregation. For the first time in weeks I spent a sleepless night. Everything seemed blocked and so many were harping on the need of waiting for a greater outpouring of the Spirit before doing anything at all for the salvation of the heathen. All my efforts along this line were opposed publicly and so God again taught me to stop working and let Him work. Now four of the choicest young men we could ask for, with spiritual gifts and practical training have volunteered. In the midst of the meetings a sister was called home and left a legacy of 6000 Mark for the sending forth of one of the brethren.

Last night, after another missionary talk, God touched the hearts of sinners and one unsaved wo-

man came to give me a gold coin, and also to ask that I stand with her for her own salvation. One of the Brieger papers boldly published a letter which gave to missionaries the open lie in their reports. The Christians wanted me to answer this challenge publicly. I did not feel led to do so to vindicate ourselves, but instead a burning message was laid upon my heart showing that where light was greatest God's judgments would always be most severe and how He had set aside Israel for the Gentiles because they did not respond to His call to conquer the heathen. Some people were mightily gripped, but on the faces of others I could see, as I spoke, Satanic opposition. Half the congregation were unsaved, as they had come expecting to hear a volley of arguments in answer to the printed challenge. God is working.

I am very happy to have now come in direct touch with a Pentecostal writer. He is a professor of Church History in the great Bonn University, and his father is a professor of Theology. That means much in Germany, where professorships can be granted only after years of study and after the writing of a book on one special line which shall have received the sanction of the professional world. This brother proves in his book from Church History that the Gifts of the Spirit have been in operation since Pentecost among the true believers, though often hidden. The book is very expensive, as these text books are published in limited numbers. Remarkable, however, that this very book secured for him the professorship! He is still a young man and will represent Pentecost among university professors.

Another young man who is rejoicing in a definite baptism in the Holy Ghost is soon to complete his university course as State Church Pastor. After his baptism he felt definitely led to take up theology in order that God may have a real light in the State Church, and his learning, of course, only opens the door for him in the church. He realizes, like Prof. E. among the instructors, that he has a special mission among the materialistic theological students. Thus in Germany the Pentecostal movement is not specializing on creating another organization, but simply endeavoring to scatter the testimony in all classes and churches, and while not a special denomination, but simply a movement, witnessing among all classes and societies and working harmoniously as a movement. Each center is independent of the others as to its church order and modes of work, while at the same time all the leaders gather in the conferences and meet twice a year in Berlin to discuss vital questions which affect the unity of the Spirit. This is really ideal. For instance, Brieg will send out at least two on their own account and assume all the financial responsibility, and these workers will appear before the Berlin council, so that all the brethren may pray for light from God and a word of prophecy if need be, and each delegate will have the sanction of the whole body before proceeding.

Alma E. Doering.

Brieg, Germany, December 20, 1912.

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### In the Jungles of Africa

A GOOD letter from Brother Johnson, Liberia, West Africa, written New Year's Day, praises God for the blessings of the past year. He says in part:

Much spiritual blessing has been ours during the year. Our conventions have continued to increase in power. Not the power alone that is judged by outward manifestations but the power that works out the Christ life in us. A number have been baptized in the Holy Spirit and others saved. Some have found the way too narrow and have gone back to their own people. Others were unwilling to obey God or man, and we have had to send such away, but the seed has been sown in their hearts and we rejoice because God's word cannot return to Him void. Our needs financially have been supplied, and God is so good. We have been enabled to take on new territory, opening up a new station in the Doroba tribe, where Miss Mendenhall is stationed.

During the year three new workers have come to help us, for which we praise God, although He has seen fit to call one of these workers home. Miss Tee, of Kylsyth, Scotland, joined us in November. She was a beautiful character and sweet singer, and God had already made her a blessing, but on December 7th she went with Miss Mendenhall to open up a new station, and after two weeks there she became ill. She was only sick a week, and on December

29th went to her eternal home. This makes two of our workers laid away in African soil (Mrs. Harrow in October), as a witness that these people have had an opportunity to be saved.

I thank God for the strength He has given me to carry the Gospel into new territory. Twice this year I have made visits into the bush country, once in February and again in November. On this last trip I traveled seventeen days through forest and jungle, fording rivers and wading swamps until almost exhausted, but through it all I thank God for the love that constrained, and the grace that made these trials as nothing. I witnessed to the people of about twenty-four towns, besides visitors from other towns and tribes. Thank God for the privilege of sowing the seed.

One of the tribes I visited is the largest in all this country, and yet this was the first time they ever heard of Christ who died to save them. From this tribe many others can be reached. The darkness is terrible, but He is able. I should have continued my journey longer, but my shoes wore out. Shoes do not last long on these roads. This evangelistic work lies closest to my heart, but I am content to fill any place.

My health is very good at this time, but Mrs. Johnson does not get the desired victory over her nervousness. The many snakes and rats, and insects of every kind are very hard on her. Continue to hold her up before the throne.

### New Missionary Methods Helpful Suggestions for Pioneer Workers

Alma E. Doering, Brieg, Breslau, Germany



NO department of Christian activity is the subject of so much criticism (often justly so) as the foreign missionary movement. Indeed if our home methods had not been introduced into foreign lands, present barren conditions would never furnish the much sought for material for the critic. In America not the absence, but the number of churches is conspicuous. In a small town can be found four or five churches of various denominations, each trying to hold its own; when one pastor and one church would adequately supply the needs of the community. In Europe every village has its church, notwithstanding the close proximity of these villages to each other, which would enable a nature loving people who indulge in long, Sunday walks to gather in one church from several of the surrounding villages, thus saving the expense of providing several pastors. The result of this unscriptural and expensive congestion of Christian effort is that the members cast the whole burden upon the pastor, instead of becom-

ing propagating factors themselves. Moral indolence and spiritual stagnation set in and the pastor instead of being able to reach the unsaved masses, must overwork himself caring for the overfed, spiritual dyspeptics of his parish.

Any society which carries the spirit of such a home church into heathen lands accomplishes little more than the foundation laying of a financially extravagant and spiritually dead native Christian community. However, while we must admit that this has been the outcome of much of our foreign missionary effort, no one would dare to insist that our past mistakes authorize us to ignore Christ's oft-repeated missionary commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." This command was never recalled. Thus it is incumbent upon the church of Christ to advance, and in the advancing lies the remedy for the disease of self-centeredness which has been eating into the very vitals of the church at home. We need to recognize our mistakes humbly, profit by them, revise our whole system, and then go on in rigid obedience to Christ's command.

Happily many of the large and tried foreign mission boards have come to recognize that the success of the church lies in its scattering power, and not in the congestion of its workers. Already years ago the General Conference of all Missions in Congo Belge decided that the mission stations were planted too close together; notwithstanding the fact that at least two days' journey (on foot) separated one mission station from another. After twenty years of work on the lower Congo it was found that the number of native evangelists had grown so that old mission stations could be abandoned and turned over to native teachers, who in turn would be under the supervision of the missionary at the nearest mission station. The abandoning of main stations, however, involved financial loss, as the foreigner needs better houses than even the civilized native cares for, and the property with the exception of the chapels, is practically superfluous after the white man leaves the premises. In order to forestall a repetition of such conditions, the Congo Missions advise planting the main stations at least five days' journey apart and then depend upon the native converts to evangelize the intervening territory.

The Edinburgh Conference touched this point with unusual emphasis. The hope of foreign missions lies in the raising up of spirit-filled native men, and the conference recommended the planting of mission stations *only* at strategic points, so as to *most* widely influence the entire field.

The reasons for this departure from the old way are obvious:

1. The native evangelist knows his own land, people and language better than a foreigner possibly can, even after a residence of many years in heathen lands.

2. In most districts in Congo Belge a native worker costs from \$30 to \$50 a year. Only by dint of severe economy and often privation, can a European get along on \$300 a year, especially if he is located in the interior as he must transport about half of his provisions from Europe. Add to this a periodical change of climate to the homeland, every three to five years, and it is safe to say that the cost of one missionary will support twelve to fifteen native workers.

3. The responsibility of evangelizing his own people develops the native, morally and physically. Only a flowing stream remains fresh and useful; standing water breeds disease. The inactive convert at home and abroad always proves to be a weight upon the whole church-life, and a source

of much care to the pastor or missionary in charge.

Fortunately, The Congo Inland Mission cannot boast of a mushroom growth. It has traveled the way of the grain of wheat (John 12:24), beginning with one worker, sent for training to cooperate with an established society along the Congo Coast. Then another worker was added and both were sent out to work with a larger society. Some years later the number of workers swelled to twelve missionaries. It was thought best to work toward the formation of a new mission, but as the Belgium Government closed the doors for all Protestant societies at that time, the course of the stream was turned to British East Africa. It was there, in a certain tribe that we learned to know the evils of congestion. After having been burdened for the millions on the Congo, who were still without Gospel light, it was well nigh heartbreaking to see mission stations in another part planted a distance of only two to ten hours apart with the mountains and rivers no greater a barrier than in Congo Belge, a better climate and better traveling facilities prevailing. What were the results? The native is naturally indolent, and with ten missionaries at one station in a very poorly populated district and then a continuous unbroken line of stations so close together, the native saw no reason for putting a shoulder to the wheel. Let figures make a long, sad story short. A certain mission laboring there fifteen years, under less adverse circumstances than the Swedish Mission on the Congo, has but one or two evangelists (native), at work, who are in charge of their own parishes, while the Swedish Mission, after about twenty years, has almost two hundred native outstations. As another example we mention the station Luebo, on the Kasai river, where but five or six laborers have been fighting against the ravages of an unhealthy climate, deaths in their ranks necessitating the repeated interruptions which come when new recruits must step into the places of experienced missionaries. They had only one station in their large territory, comprising a number of tribes, but after twenty years, were able to open two hundred outstations, with a native teacher at the head of each. Let the reader ponder well these facts, and let it serve as an incentive to investigate the policy of missions, for the working power of life and money may be increased a hundred-fold where workers are under the guidance of the Lord and yet ever ready to learn from past failures. Indeed, a certain mission quoted

above does announce the above plan to be its policy, but the extremely crowded manner in which it has distributed its forces, contradicts in practice the principles which it endorses theoretically.

With such observations in various parts of Africa to profit by, the Congo Inland Mission has the advantage of starting right. In order to avoid overcrowding and overlapping, the various missions at work in Congo Belge have agreed to ask new societies starting work from the West, not to locate in fields already occupied by an existing mission. As there are many tribes, and each tribe has its own language, the dividing up of the whole field among the various missions, will bar from any one tribe conflict in teaching, and the native will never suffer the confusion which must result where various denominations locate in one tribe. In the essentials, the missions practice co-operation; in the non-essentials, liberty; and in the differences which may exist, charity.

The Congo Inland Mission, by agreement with the nearest mission neighbor, has for its territory a line of 1000 miles advance, in which immense field, it will be the only Protestant mission. Five or more large tribes occupy this territory, and their first station which is now well in progress, is one of the links in the chain of missions to be stretched across the continent of Africa. Its second station, Kalamba, according to the aforementioned policy of scattering forces over a large field, is located one hundred and fifty miles, or ten to fifteen days' journey (caravan) further interior. South of Kalamba the territory is without limit entirely unevangelized for about a thousand miles or more. North of Djoko Punda, the first station, we have Luebo, likewise a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, hence congestion there is forestalled. It would seem like the boldest presumption for a newly organized mission (though it has workers with fifteen years' experience in Africa) to accept the responsibility for so large a field, if it did not depend upon the native convert to do the work.

The missionaries will be the evangelists during the pioneer stages of the work only. As the band of native teachers increases in number, and in spiritual and moral power, the missionary will be kept busy re-enforcing the native evangelist and shepherding those members of Christ's body who are to become the pillars of the native church. Ours is not the work of converting the

masses, but of calling out a separate holy people unto His name, according to Acts 15:14-17. After each of the first two stations are supplied with a force of about five missionaries, further recruits will be sent further into the interior there to open new centers of training for native teachers.

Nothing so inspires the missionary as the training and thrusting forth of native workers. The writer had a share in opening a school for forty nude, wild, heathen boys, at a pioneer station twelve years ago. Out of those forty, fifteen have gone forth as preachers of the Gospel. This percentage is unusual as compared with the results obtained in our home missionary efforts. Africa is ripe for the Gospel. Psalm 68:31. The Lamingu Lualunene (big Sunday), which came every three months, was beyond description. Every teacher would bring his flock to the main station on a stated Saturday. They would travel for days, bringing their provisions with them, carefully balanced on their heads. The missionary in charge would listen to the many difficulties of the evangelist often until after midnight. Then followed the big Sunday, with its sermons, testimony meetings, Lord's supper, baptisms of new converts; thus renewed in spirit, these brave teachers would return to their various fields of labor.

It is scarcely fair to call these methods new. We find the Apostle Paul, instead of crowding into occupied fields, striving to preach the Gospel where Christ was not named. Romans 15:20. We see him devoting his strength and time to certain cities only until elders from among his converts could be ordained and then he pressed on to regions beyond. II. Cor. 10:16.

In uncivilized countries we must tarry at a place a bit longer, but, nevertheless, as we keep closely to Pentecostal methods in principle, God will also confess Himself to the work in old-fashioned Pentecostal power.

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## Stepping Stones to India

### God's Providences in a Life

Bernice C. Lee, in the Stone Church, January 19, 1913



THE Lord has put before me this afternoon just a single verse of scripture, found in John 10:4, "And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them. And the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice."

I am glad that even from childhood the Good Shepherd called me to be one of His sheep. Though I have oftentimes disappointed Him, His love and tenderness have been so great that He has borne with me through every mistake and failure, and today I am conscious as never before of His love for me.

It is on my heart this afternoon to tell you a little of the Lord's dealings with me. I feel so unworthy as I remember the tenderness with which He has led me; and yet it is just like Him and I feel that I have nothing to do but follow on as He leads. I praise God, first of all, for godly parents who brought me up to know that I owed it to God to give Him my heart. From my earliest childhood I recall having had deep desires to follow Jesus; and yet, with those desires, there were in my heart plans that I wanted to carry out. But all the time the Holy Spirit was speaking to me, and when I was twelve years old the day came when I said "Yes" to Jesus. It is with joy that I look back and think of that day in which the Spirit bore witness that I was a child of God, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost flooded my being. But about six years after my conversion a great heart-hunger seized me. I saw that there was something more than I had; that as a sheep I was not feeding in the best pastures and the Holy Spirit put a deep cry in my heart. I remember well how the plans and desires I was entertaining seemed to drop away and there was within me a great reaching out after Jesus. I hungered and thirsted after Him, though hardly knowing how to state my need. God did not disappoint me as I sought Him with my whole heart. "He satisfieth the longing soul and the hungry soul He filleth with good." He came into my heart through His Holy Spirit and did a marvelous work in me such as I had never experienced before. I remember how Jesus became so much more to me than I had ever dreamed of. He was indeed "the Lily of the Valley, the bright, the Morning Star," and "He

put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God."

From that day my life was never the same; and yet as the days went by I saw that my life was not one of victory as He meant it to be. I believed there was a "deeper yet" for me and my heart craved a closer fellowship with God. It was seven years ago when I was in the home of dear Brother and Sister Piper that God again caused a great hunger to take possession of me; and I believe I may say this time the hunger was more intense than it had been a few years before. It seemed as if my whole being went out in a longing cry after God and I said to these friends, "I know that God has more for me than I have yet received." I felt that just before me was something which was going to bring me into a closer walk with Him and I was filled with anticipation.

I would like to say right here that I believe when we are seeking God with the whole heart there should not be strain or stress or fret; but as our hearts are seeking Him there will be along with the intense desire a great love reaching out after the living God. The Spirit of God was upon me in this heart-hunger and I well remember the joyful times I had alone with Him, for He was calling me and those were hallowed days. The memory of them is most precious as I recall how He used to awaken me in the early morning hours and call me apart with Him and He opened up the Word and showed me things I had never understood before; but, while this was blessed, I had a feeling I must not stop until I had gone through with God. I had spent a number of years in the school room as a teacher, and while He had blessed me in this work I felt at this time that God was leading me into other fields, and I said to Him, "Well, Lord, I don't know just what You want of me, but of this I am sure, You want to possess my whole heart. You want me to know You better." So I went on seeking God and at the same time taking up the duties that came to me from day to day.

Just at this time God, in His wonderful provision; brought me in contact with what we know today as the Pentecostal Movement. I did not at first realize this was God's way of blessing. I began attending the meetings, perhaps more from a sense of curiosity than anything else, but in a

few days God showed me this was the place and time in which He was going to give me the coveted blessing. I did not name it to myself. I only knew that I wanted Him to rule over me and control all my life absolutely and fill me as never before; there was such an earnest desire that I might really be of some use in His kingdom. This was in the fall of 1906, and after a few weeks of seeking, God met me one evening at the twilight hour. Oh, He came so near! it seemed if I reached out I could touch Him; and He gave me such a vision of the cross as I never had before. I had known that my sins were pardoned, but at this time I seemed to *see* Jesus lifted up on the cross for *my* sins; my heart cried out to Him and I loved Him with an abandonment of love I had never felt before. Then He came and filled me with His Holy Spirit; and, beloved, words fail to tell of the joy and peace that came to me, and the wonderment of it all as the Spirit filled and flooded my being and caused me to rejoice in a new tongue. Sometimes those who do not understand these precious manifestations feel critical; but I want to testify that when the Holy Spirit came in He did that for which I had been longing. He made Jesus more real to me than ever before, and for six years He has been a living, bright reality in my heart and life.

With His coming all the problems that had confronted me began to fade away. I had been wondering what I should do; now He showed me what *He* would have me to do, and I was made conscious of the fact, which to me was a wonderful surprise, that from henceforth I was called to His service—called simply to be a witness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and I feel today that wherever He shall send me, this is all He is calling me to be. I can say before Him, I covet no place in life; but I do covet to be continually His own. He wanted me to go and tell the sweet story of His love, the Old, Old Story of the cross. The sweetness of this story to me can never be put into words, but my heart is filled with the joy of it. I was sure He had spoken and called me forth and I knew I was going very soon. I wish I might make you understand how sure I am this never came from my own mind and how I would never have dreamed of it any more than the merest babe; but something in my heart said "Go," and that momentous night when the Holy Spirit took possession of this temple of clay I turned to a friend and said, "Oh, the Lord is going to let me go." A few hours before that He had given her the assurance of my baptism

and she said, "Yes, He is going to let you go." In less than a week God opened the first door. It was in a humble little way that He first led me to witness for Him in my new-found experience, but His Spirit rested upon me and I was filled and flooded day and night with the presence of God. I did not care whether I was with friends or not; I felt that Jesus was all I needed; and today it is the same. From that time He began opening one door after another. He never let me open the door, but He opened it: "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them;" He went before me and gently pushed open the door and said, "Follow Me," and every step I took in following Him brought peace and wonderful joy.

I believe in these days of restlessness we need to be very careful about listening for the voice of God. It is such an easy thing to move out in our own wills; but God caused me to pray very much before I took a step. It has been a little more than six years now that He has had me witnessing for Him; often when He has shown a new field He has had me wait, sometimes quite a while, before He opened the door and said, "Go in." I believe if we as God's children would wait more before the Lord to know what He wanted of us, there would be no confusion. Oftentimes when God has given me a little vision, as it were, of something He wanted me to do in the future, I haven't had liberty to speak of it at the time, but had to wait until He really sent me forth. These waiting days I have found most precious; the time spent before Him has been days in which I have grown spiritually and have learned to know the voice of God more surely as He held me back from consulting with others.

A little over two years ago, while I was in New York State, the Lord awoke me in the night and began to show me He was going to send me South. I did not know how this would come about, but it was at a time when the Holy Spirit was very tenderly dealing with me, and while I saw no open door, I thought I would just wait and see what He had for me. You know we are told to try the spirits for we are very apt to get into the self-life and be mistaken, but as I waited the conviction grew and deepened that I was to go South. The time came in a little more than a year when God opened the way and proved to me that it was really He who had spoken, and with joy I entered the open door. All last winter I was down in Texas; but soon after arriving at our destination it began to rain and for weeks

and weeks it just poured so that we could hold no meetings. At first I was tempted to wonder why God had sent me there; but I found He had for me a blessed and wonderful experience, a new manifestation of the Spirit's working. During the six years since my baptism God has frequently filled and flooded me with His glory so that I have been transported with the spirit of joy and praise; but at this time God did an altogether new thing for me. He put a spirit of prayer upon me such as I had never experienced. There are new things in the Spirit-life continually; as God leads us from one step to another He is continually opening up new spheres before us, and at the time of which I speak a mighty spirit of intercessory prayer took possession of me. I had known little about such prayer before; but now for hours at a time the Spirit's prayer was laid upon me in groaning and crying that others might be saved. In the past I had felt a measure of love for the heathen world; now God intensified that love a thousand fold. Day after day my heart was filled with a groaning cry that, many times, was too deep for words, and I came to realize a little of what Jesus felt when He wept over Jerusalem and was willing to go to the cross because His heart went out to a lost world. I was experiencing a little of what Paul felt when he counted all things but refuse that he might win Christ and know the *fellowship of His sufferings*—yes, the fellowship of Jesus' sufferings for a lost world. I praised God for the burden and prayed on and on, as the weeks went by, until one day, just like a bright cloud settling upon me, God appeared and whispered to my heart that He was going to send me to India. It was more wonderful to me than the revelation when He called me out to be a witness for Him. I felt it was so sacred a call that I could say nothing to anybody about it; I kept it in my heart and prayed on. I asked the Lord to keep the burden on my heart for those in heathen darkness, and He continued to pour prayer through me so there were whole days when I could scarcely converse with my friends, and even when I was about my daily duties I could not talk, but my heart, like Hannah's, went out in prayer; her heart prayed and her lips moved but there was no sound. After that the Lord gave me precious times in ministering and then He again poured in the burden of prayer until I hardly knew which was the more wonderful, the ministry or the privilege of prayer. I believe I have had the most blessed experience when the

Holy Spirit has taken hold of me in real heart groanings and I felt I was bearing the cross with Jesus in intercessory prayer.

As time went on I was more and more sure the Lord was leading me to India, and then I began to be a little troubled about what my friends and loved ones would think. It seemed such a big step to take that I wondered whether they would believe the Lord was really sending me. He opened the way for me to visit my relatives in California, and I felt in my heart that this was a last visit. God kept the burden of the foreign field on my heart but I did not know how to break the news of my call to my sister until the Lord Himself opened the way and prepared her heart for the message. One day we went together to call on a missionary and had a precious visit with a mother whose daughter was in Siam; this mother told how God had blessed her in giving up her daughter. I knew there was something in this for my sister, who had been as a mother to me for many years; and when we left that home I opened my heart and told her God had burdened me for the foreign field and that I felt He was going to send me to India some day. Imagine how glad I was when she said, "I feel it too." I did not know she was going to say this, but "when He putteth forth His sheep He goeth before them." As we rode home on the car I wept a good deal of the way, not for sorrow but for joy.

Then, in His own good time, God led me up the coast to Oakland and gave me a little time of ministry in the Home of Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery. When God led me into the beautiful Home of Peace I felt it was for a time of waiting as well as ministry, and one day when I was tarrying before Him I found myself still a little troubled in spirit. The Lord had let my sister in Southern California know my leading was from Him, but would He let my brother and the friends in Oakland know? My heart went out in this one cry, that He would witness to their hearts and prepare them for my going. Then, as I opened my Bible, these words stood out as if they were the only words on the page: "Thou hast delivered me from the strivings of the people." With that I seemed to soar up into the very bosom of God, and from that moment to this there has not been a particle of fear in my heart as to what others might think or say.

Just about this time the Lord began to put a conviction in my heart that I was to come to Chicago. I didn't know how I was going to get here,

but I had the assurance, as before, that God had spoken and felt that He would open the way. It was not long before I received a letter from Mrs. Piper in which she said, "You have been keeping me awake nights praying for you; the Lord has been speaking to me about your going to India." It was so wonderful to me, all I could do was to fall upon my knees and say, "Unworthy am I, Lord!" Who was I that God should deal so tenderly and definitely with me? The letter went on to say she felt led to invite me to stop in Chicago on my way East; so you see, without my turning my hand, God opened this door. Again my heart was filled with gladness and joy as I realized that "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them."

These are precious days and I want them to be days in which I shall make no plan of my own; days in which I shall be open to the Spirit's guidance along all lines. I am not going to India on the impulse of the moment, or because I have read or heard some stirring missionary appeals—though these have always moved me. I am going because God has put into my heart a deep conviction

that this is His will for me. I see the pathway along which He has been leading me, even to India, and I am going because I have heard His call and love His will supremely. I am going because it means following on as close to the Lord as I know how in the pathway of obedience and faith; and though I do not know the crosses that may await me, I would rather die today than fail God or miss His best.

I feel that in these days, when there are many in the foreign field whom God is calling home to Himself, there are others whom He is calling to step into the ranks and fill the vacant places, and in the strength of Jehovah God we must go forward, laboring faithfully in the short time that is allotted to us. I have been praying that God may make me a missionary whose meat it is to do the will of my Father in heaven. The way of the cross has become to me a way that I want to go, because it leads to Him who has gone before. By His grace I shall follow on, believing that as "He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them."

### The Story of a Rajput Girl

**B**ORN in a rich family, she was married when very young. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father eight days after her marriage. She was thus left to the tender mercies of her husband, his older brother and wife. They gave her scanty and coarse food, and made her work very hard. They beat her till blood trickled down her back. For two years she bore this ill-usage, during which time she tried to put an end to her life. Then her husband died, and three days after a baby girl was born, who also died. Her cruel relatives then turned her into the streets, all weak as she was, and having lived in the seclusion of the zenana all her life, she did not know where to go.

The plague was raging in the town; she was found by the government officers and sent to the plague hospital. Here a kind nurse befriended her and gave her money to telegraph to her own brother in another city. Her brother sent a messenger with money to fetch her to his house; she then sent for a Brahmin and went through the ceremonies of widowhood as prescribed for her caste, which consisted of the breaking of bangles, necklace, etc. Her brother met her at the station, received her kindly, listened with sympathy to the story of her trials, and finally installed her as house-keeper in his own home.

Had her brother lived, this story need not have been written, but in about four years he died also, and then his widow began to cruelly persecute the hapless girl. Now there was no one to care for her, and her days and nights were given up to weeping; forced again into hard work and harder fare, she fell ill and became helpless. The evil-minded sister-in-law then tried to murder her. She ground up some glass and mixed it with the dough for making cakes, which she gave her to eat. But the glass sparkled in the light, and roused the girl's suspicion, and she did not eat the cakes. Another attempt was made by putting poison in her medicine, but here again a kind providence intervened. The glass slipped from her hand, and the medicine was spilled.

One night the sister-in-law and her brother seized her, stripped her of her personal jewels, worth about two thousand rupees, gifts from her father and brother. They cut off her hair, beat her cruelly and turned her into the street, driving her through the gate away from their abode. Again, providentially, a plague inspection nurse, who had before met the girl and spoken kind words to her, happened to be passing on her way home from her duty at the railway station. She listened to her tale of distress and took her home with her. Another relative, a sister's husband,

was sent for, but he only wanted to know what money and jewels she could give him, and when he found he could get nothing, he went away without a word of comfort and sympathy. The girl endeavored to live a modest, respectable life under the protection of the lady plague-inspector. But her relatives brought cruel and false charges against her in the court; in this way they contrived to make the girl's life a terror to her for months, and finally succeeded in depriving her of every vestige of her share of the family property.

Some one then told her of my Training Home. She wrote me two or three letters, and at last came to stay here, where she is quite happy.

This is the way thousands of widows suffer

even now, and thousands perish. Who can describe their suffering? My heart bleeds to see them looking full of misery and shedding bitter tears, without hope in this world and none whatever in the world to come. The women of India are *never* free. When children they must obey their fathers; when young they must obey their husbands; and when old they must obey their sons! Not the obedience drawn by tender love and chivalrous attentions, but that of bondage imposed by the rules of a religion that has drawn out all that is selfish in man and made him see as his god nothing but his own ugly self; that has made woman nothing more than a soulless animal to be used for the pleasure of man.—*Sonderbai Potear, in Fruits of Hinduism.*

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