



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

Transformations through the Gospel in India

"How Can I Live with Idolators when the Blood is on Me."

Mrs. Mary Courtney Norton, in the Stone Church, Aug. 20, 1916.



HERE comes before me now a picture of two people away off in the jungles of India. As far as the Christian fellowship you have here, they realize very little of it, but in the morning when the mail comes there is a link that binds them to this distant land. We very quickly recognize the wrapper of *The Latter Rain Evangel* and are always glad to get news from The Stone Church. The messages you have here are a blessing to us in our far away home. These things mean more to us isolated as we are, than we can tell you. When I reached Chicago I was very tired and a little depressed, but when I came into this church the other night the Lord spoke to me and blessed me in the song service.

In Phil. 4:6, 7, we read, "Be careful for nothing: but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus." This is a precious Scripture which was very much in my heart when I sailed from the United States to India. I did not know then what I was going into, I only knew that God was calling, and I had promised to follow Him. I knew His voice and I followed the rugged path. If we choose the rugged path we will find beautiful flowers by the way, but if we choose a flowery one, there are many pitfalls for our feet. He trod the rugged road before us and with Him we are safe.

Mine is a very simple story. I was in India seven years to the day, and in all those seven years God never failed. I went out trusting in Him. He has let us have our trials, and they were severe, but I can look back now and praise Him for every one of them, because they drew us closer to Him. I had a vision of myself doing a great work in India when I went out, but that faded. India is a big proposition and I am a very small person, but God is big. India, with her three hundred and fifteen millions of people, is staggering. Three millions only are Christians and you can hardly find them. But when you do find them they are like lighthouses if they have real salvation in that dark land. You do not stay in India very long before you know the difference between a Christian and a heathen, and you do not judge by their clothes,

either, so much; you judge by their faces. There is a difference here in the homeland, but it is not so marked. If we are students of human nature we soon learn a real Christian's face even here, but out there it is very marked. Heathenism stamps its followers with sorrow and woe. They tell me there are a number of places here in the states where people are worshipping Krishna, the vilest of all heathen gods, but if they could see heathenism as it really is, I am sure they would not do it. The degradation and suffering is horrible. Every false religion degrades womanhood. The little girls there are married in infancy, and if the husband dies that little girl is held guilty of his death, although she may be only two or three years old, and perhaps has never seen him.

But the greatest curse of India, that awful thing that I would write over all India, is CASTE. It touches everything connected with India. There are four main divisions of caste: the Brahmin or priestly caste, the soldiers, then I think the farmers come next, and the merchants, and these are subdivided into many hundreds of minor castes. No one caste will associate with another. A low caste man must never touch a high caste man, never think of touching his food or cooking vessels or anything of that sort. Here is a little picture of heathenism and Christianity that came under my observation. Once when my husband was away, Miss Baugh was visiting us, and the boys in our Home, our Christian young men, came in and told us that back of our house in a mango grove a man was dying of starvation. I said, "Can't you get him to take some milk?" "No," they said, "he will break his caste. He is a Brahmin." Our boys were patient with him, and after that man lay on the ground for hours, he agreed to take some milk from our boys. He was a stranger in the town of Bahraich, a high caste Brahmin, but no Brahmin would help him because they didn't know him. They said, "That man may not be a Brahmin after all," and if he wasn't they would break their caste. A lower caste man would not touch him because he was a Brahmin. It seemed as though nothing could be done, but our young men finally persuaded him to take some milk. Now that was a big thing that that man should break his caste. After he broke his caste they brought him to our Home. I gave him a room and put some of our men there to watch over

him. I saw he was dying and Miss Baugh and I went out to talk to him. We told him about Jesus and it was a case of the thief on the cross. I didn't have time to argue with that man about doctrine; doctrine didn't count then, except the glorious doctrine that Jesus Christ bore his sins and if he believed in Jesus he could be saved. That man had never heard that before. We both talked to him and then we prayed, and as I went out of that room I looked back. He held his poor, emaciated hands over his breast, and he was saying, "Yasu, Yasu." The Word says, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved," and I believe that poor man was saved, though he had never heard the story but once.

My husband came home after he died and he immediately made inquiries about this man's people. He sent them word of his death, and that they should come and get him, but do you think they would do that? Oh no. That man had broken his caste, and his own family would not touch him. That caste system rises up before us like a huge stone wall. By it the Hindu sits down and rises up; he sleeps and eats and walks and talks in accordance with the rules of his caste. This is the horrible thing that makes it so difficult to reach the people of India, and makes it the hardest of all fields, this question of caste. But there are other equally horrible customs. The question of child marriage is a fearful evil. Many a young wife has run away, even hundreds and thousands of them. I scarcely ever go out but what I meet young children running away from their husbands. In the beginning of our work at Bahraich we took in two hundred, mostly young girls and widows, and among the girls one was named Mahade. The name means "great goddess." She was a pretty girl, learned well at school, and was saved. She stayed with us about three years, but she had parents, and they finally decided to take her away from us. They, of course, had a perfect right to her and we could not do anything. They took her off to a heathen village and married her to a young man. She was about fourteen or fifteen, and it would have been a suitable marriage if he had been saved, but she was a Christian and he a heathen. We went touring in that district some time after that, and one day my Bible woman came to me and said, "*Maushi*, we saw Mahade today." I asked where, and they said they saw her in her husband's home but the old mother-in-law dragged her into the house and wouldn't let them speak to her. I wanted to see her and the next morning I went to this heathen village. They were on the lookout for

me, evidently expected me, particularly the mother-in-law and father-in-law. He was the head man over three or four villages, and I said to him, "You have a girl here whom I want to see." They said they hadn't, but I insisted they had. They had restored her to caste, which cost them \$135 and was a very horrible procedure. They didn't want that caste broken and withstood me for a long time, but finally I rose up and said very sternly to that man, before his people, "Here you are, the head man over three or four villages, and you telling a lie right in the presence of your people." Well, he wilted right there. He had been calling me *Mem Sahib*, but now he called me *Maharoni*, which means "great queen." He changed his whole attitude, and asked me to come right in. I told them I wouldn't break her caste, but when I got in there I was so glad to see her I raised her *sauri* to see her face, I rather forgot myself, and the old mother-in-law came and gave her such a knock that it sent her flying against the wall. I apologized and said I wouldn't do it again. I loved that girl. She always called me *Maushi*, which means Auntie, but she dared not speak to me. I said, "Mahade, do you pray? Do you read your Bible?" She looked at me appealingly, and I talked to her a little about the love of Jesus. When I asked her if she didn't want a Bible, the mother-in-law said, "No, your Christian book can never come into this house." I went back home, and some months passed, and one day the child appeared. She was then only about fifteen or sixteen years old, a mere child. I was glad to see her, but it is against the law for us to encourage anything like that, and so my husband said, "I will have to send your husband word you are here." But Mahade knew what she could do, and she came to me and said, "*Maushi*, are you going to make me go back there where they worship idols? How can I live where they worship idols when the blood is on me?" The child had been true to God all those months. I said, "Well, child, if you do not want to go, you will have to take the matter in your own hands. We cannot do anything." Her husband came for her, but she told him she wouldn't live with him. He said, "It has cost me four hundred rupees (about \$130) and you have to go," but she would not. Finally he said he would divorce her, and he demanded she give him every bit of the jewelry and clothing he had given her. She went upstairs and changed her dress and our girls loaned her other clothes. She gave her things to her husband and that was the close of her heathen career. She is now out preaching the Gospel.

I will tell you another story of the power of the Gospel in a girl named Indera. The father and mother came to us in famine time and brought their children. We would not take in men at this time; we thought they could probably keep themselves alive, but we took in women and children. The man loved his family very much and left them there, and went away again. Of course, they heard the Gospel all the time they were with us, and finally he came for them; they belonged to him and he had a right to his family. They went about ten or twelve miles to another town, Chilwaria, and the father wanted to marry Indera off. She was about twelve years old and thoroughly saved, and she said, "No, I am not going any further with you. I am going back to the missionary." The father was very stern and said she dare not, but she stood her ground. Finally the father said, "I will kill you," and the mother said, "Yes, kill her." So she said, "All right, you can kill me, but I am going to be a Christian." Well that was a brave thing for a girl that age to face. I have never faced such a crisis. I do not know what I would do, but she took her stand. He didn't carry out his threat to kill her, I suppose he really loved her in his heart, but that night she managed to escape and went away to some native Christian people and they hid her. After days and days of being frightened nearly out of her life, she came back to the Mission. God blessed her—He had to bless her, for she risked her life for Him. She learned well in school and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and gave the sweetest testimonies. Once she got up in meeting and quoted that Scripture about Jesus feeding the five thousand, and she said, "*Dada Sahib*, (addressing my husband) is it only the front rows that get the Bread of Life? How is it the people in the back rows don't get any? Why don't we Indians get the Gospel in the back rows? I want the Gospel to get to my father," and she was so in the spirit that day as she pleaded for her people it was very touching. From that time she continually begged us to pray for her father and her mother. The fact that they had threatened her did not phase her at all. She loved them and wanted to get the Gospel to them. The girl *had* to preach the Gospel; her heart was so full I took her with some others out on a preaching tour. We do much of our preaching on the roadside, and as we were going along the road one day we saw some men coming toward us. She said to me, "*Maushi*, there is my brother; may I speak to him?" He was really her cousin, but it is the

custom in the East to call a cousin a brother. I said she might, and she said to him, "Are my father and mother living?" He told her they were, and she never asked another question or had any interchange of words regarding them. She had gotten a messenger who would carry the news of salvation, and she preached Calvary to him. The cross meant something to her, and she made him feel it. I wonder if the cross means as much to us in America as it meant to her. It was very real to her that day on that hot, dusty roadside, and as she spoke of the nail-prints and pointed to her hands, she tried to make it real to her cousin so he could make it real to her father. Quite a crowd gathered round to listen and she thrilled them as she spoke under deep feeling, but so engrossed was she that she was unconscious of her listeners. If Jesus is real to us we can make Him real to others. She told of Calvary and she took two bits of sticks from the ground and made a cross and showed him that Jesus died an awful death for his sins so he could tell her father. The girl was completely overcome, and she was not the only one. There were heathen men standing near and they wept. I heard a short time after that, that three or four of those men died of bubonic plague; they die very quickly from that. Perhaps that was their last opportunity to hear the Gospel that day.

Indera sent the message to her father. I do not know how it was conveyed, but one day her father appeared on our veranda. He said, "I have come to see that girl. She is not mine, I will not own her, but I have come to see her." He had walked forty miles to see her; he was tired and dirty and thirsty; she had food and water, but she could not give him any, it would break his caste. But she could give him the Bread of Life and the Water of Life, and she preached to him. He wouldn't eat with us, but he could go off and get food and come back on the grounds. Everywhere he went he got the Gospel. Our Christian men showed him the way to the river and he heard the Gospel on the way. When they took him to the bazaar he heard about Jesus. The man became softened and he called her "daughter" again, for he did love her. He had loved her all the time but wouldn't show it. All the while we and Indera were praying for him. Finally he came to my husband one day and said, "I am going back home. I have a little crop planted and if I can I will sell it, and I will come here and give you all of my children; we will all live here and be Christians." Wasn't that sweet? But heathenism is

a dreadful thing, and that man before his crop ripened, was dead. Of course we never knew, we could only surmise, but he no doubt was a martyr. It is not a bad thing to be a martyr. He was no doubt killed for the name of Jesus and his daughter will meet him in heaven.

This is just a glimpse of what it means to be a Christian in India.

We are now living in the city of Benares, with a population of 250,000. The people come in large pilgrimages to worship the gods and feed the Brahmins, and we are giving out the Gospel there. The little girl I have just been telling you about is living there with us. She is married and she and her husband are with us in the work.

India at this time is a land of opportunity. The Methodists baptized 35,000 people and they could have baptized 150,000 more. You don't have anything like that in the States. Just think, 150,000 people saying, "Please baptize me," and you having to say "No." The Methodist Church said, "We cannot do it. We haven't the men to teach you and the money to pay teachers to put over you and we have to say no." This is a stupendous fact, 150,000 people saying, "We want to be Christians." There are whole villages turning to God at one time. How many are really saved I do not know, but it means something to break their caste and call themselves Christian. They at least put themselves in a place where they are willing to listen to the truth and receive it. The Methodists are getting out a special paper called The Mass Movement. They state that in a certain community there are from a half million to a million whom they believe would become Christians with very little encouragement. Figures do not seem to mean much, but that is a big thing. There are big opportunities in India now. I wish we could wake up to it. I wish we as Pentecostal people could do something to get the full Gospel into that mass movement.

I have a very dear friend, a Swedish missionary. She was on the edge of this mass movement. She went every day for weeks and weeks to a certain village and finally the whole village was baptized. When you have that kind of a condition, that does away with persecution. When one person in a village is converted, he receives so much persecution it is hardly possible for him to stand, but when a whole village turns there is not this trouble. The heathen said to one dear man whom my husband baptized, "We are going to put out your eyes." He and his wife were persecuted fearfully. Many a time she has taken

her little baby in her arms and walked ten miles to our bungalow, and when we asked her what she wanted she just came for prayer. They were dreadfully poor, but they never asked help a single time except in prayer.

Miss Magnusson had this whole village baptized, and shortly afterwards there was a Convention at Uska Bazaar, and she brought there some of her native Christians who had just been baptized, great, big, strong fellows with their simple childlike faith in Jesus; it was beautiful to see them, and to hear them testify. It was in the Minnie Abrams Memorial Chapel and they stood on their feet one at a time and told how they had been saved. Miss Magnusson wept, and she said to me, "Mary, this room is full of angels." I said, "Oh, it is!" There was surely rejoicing in heaven when that village full of people were baptized. We wept as we thought of what it meant for them to come out of heathenism into this glorious Gospel light. Mission work pays. It pays better than anything you can do.

A party of missionaries were coming over from China, and on the boat they discussed what one word more than any other would express the Christian life, and they decided on the word "others." The only way we can ever live for Jesus is to live for others, and a church that is missionary in its interests, is a church that is true to the heart of the Lord.

There are other things I could tell you about which would be heart-rending—the two and a half million widows under ten years of age, and that means they are despised and cast out. Nobody wants them; they are a curse in the house, absolutely despised. Think of what it means, two and a half million children, almost the population of this great city of Chicago, cursed and blighted because of this wicked custom. I am glad I went as a missionary. I think my call is strictly to the women of India. God is mindful of us over there. Sometime I think He is a little nearer the missionary than the home folks because we are so lonely. But he lets the missionary down sometimes. I expect we wouldn't keep close to Him if He didn't. He will always meet the trusting heart, though, whether in home or foreign lands. The Lord is mindful of His own.

Primitive Church Government

By Wm. G. Schell

This sets forth the form of government instituted by the apostles and the Early Church and gives the reader an interesting bit of church history. If you want an insight into church history without taking too much time you will get it in this little booklet. Should be in the hands of all ministers and Christian workers. 64 pages. Price 15 cts. each.

Praise at the Midnight Hour

Mrs. Lydia M. Piper in The Stone Church, July 10, 1916



WE READ in the sixteenth chapter of Acts, twenty-fifth verse, "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God." My experience tonight reminds me of some years ago when the Lord gave me a message on Praise, and just before I was to give it I was so burdened I thought my heart would break. I said to Him, "Lord, I cannot talk on Praise with a heavy heart, and He said to me, "Bring forth the sacrifice of praise." He filled me this afternoon and I thought I had a wonderful message, and then such a burden rolled on me that I thought I would die, and I felt I could not talk on Paul and Silas singing when my heart was heavy, but that is just the experience they had.

Paul and Silas sang at midnight. It is very easy to sing in church, where there is a response in other hearts and the spirit of worship is in the atmosphere, but to sing at the midnight hour in prison, with your feet in the stocks and your back scourged by many stripes, that is another matter. Oh how easy it is for us to say "hallelujah" when everything is bright, but to bring forth the sacrifice of praise at the darkest hour of our lives—that is where we shrink; that is where we are found wanting.

Only a true disciple of God can praise Him in the prison; only a true disciple can know what it means to praise Him when you have been scourged and maligned and ill-treated. That is your midnight hour. Paul and Silas sang and praised God in the midnight hour. I wonder how we would have felt had we been in their places. Wouldn't we have pitied ourselves and said, "Oh Lord, why have you allowed us to be mistreated?" But according to the record, not a murmur came from their lips; they offered their worship to God in the midnight hour, with their backs bleeding.

Christians can make a very gate of hell a sanctuary and an entrance to heaven by their worship to God. It is not the place that sanctifies the person but the person that sanctifies the place. This place will be nothing for God unless you sanctify it. When God comes into our hearts midnight hours and prison doors are of little consequence. As we think of that sanctuary that Paul and Silas had, that church meeting they had in that prison, the untimely hour, their audience, the prisoners in their cells, it was

very wonderful. And how did heaven look upon that scene? What did the great God of heaven do? He pronounced the benediction upon their service. When Paul and Silas sang in the midnight hour God Almighty pronounced the benediction and a great "Amen" in the shape of an earthquake. Isn't it wonderful what a God we have! When the Lord was pouring this message through me I was so lifted up it seemed I could ask anything of Him, and it would be a shame ever to become discouraged, but just as soon as the message was finished and a burden fell upon me I felt I wanted to hide away and weep. Then the Lord said to me, "Can you sing and worship me when the hour is dark?" The great song of victory rolled up from that prison and an earthquake shook the place to its foundation.

If we as a body of Christians will take hold of God in faith as Paul and Silas did, and let our praises and our worship roll up to God, I have no doubt that this place will be shaken by a mighty, spiritual earthquake. We do not realize our privileges in God; we do not realize what we can get, but are living too much in the superficial. We do not go down and find the real power of God as He wants us to know it. God will not thrust these blessings on us, but He is waiting for us to reach out after them. When I thought of God Himself pronouncing the benediction at that prayer meeting I said, "Yes, the prayers of the saints are needed to move heaven and earth." I am beginning to realize more and more the great power in prayer. Some time ago in California when things were very dark and I didn't quite know what God wanted me to do, I was preparing to go into some kind of work of a secular nature. An awful darkness came over me, and I said, "Lord, I will never move a step while this darkness is over me." I cried and cried to God, but not a word from Him. I became desperate. Then the words of Job came to me, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," and I went down before Him and said, "Lord, you are God whether I hear from You or not. You do live whether I know it or not, and You are watching over me whether I realize it or not," and when I reached that place God answered, but He didn't answer before. We cannot sit quietly and say we are waiting for the Lord to do wonderful things. He wants us to come out boldly and appropriate what he has for us. In other words, he

wants us to wake up and realize our privileges in Him. We may not have to suffer as Paul and Silas did; we may not have to be beaten with many stripes, maligned and misrepresented, but is there great praise in our hearts in our midnight hour? When everything seems dark around us is that light of faith burning in our souls? Then the spirit prevails over the flesh, and faith and patience prevail over tribulation, but we have to walk out in faith and take our stand. Everything I have ever gotten from God has nearly taken my life, but when that grit comes into us born of His Spirit, we can get what God has for us. I praise Him for His willingness to help us through, and when we take the first step He is there to help us through. Sometimes when we occupy the lowest position in the sight of the world, that is the time when God can lift us to the very heights of glory. When you are lauded by your friends and by the world, that is not the time when you get the greatest blessings from God, but down on your face in the dust; that is the place where God meets you. It would not be fair to us if He did not permit us sometimes to have a "midnight hour." I do not covet the dark hour, the going down, but He would not be fair to me if He did not cut me down sometimes. You have heard how the grass is cut down and cut down, and then watered; it is cut again and watered, and it makes such green pastures then to feed upon. But if it were not cut, how coarse and how weedy it would become. It would not be good pasture. May God help us to stand the "cutting down" process.

Sometimes our suffering is physical. I had an experience in Cazadero at the time of the camp-meeting there. I overworked in taking my family up there, and broke down nervously. It seemed as if there were a hundred insects jumping underneath my skin; that was the sensation I had. I consulted with a retired physician on the ground, and he said, "You are on the verge of nervous prostration, Sister Piper, you had better take the next train home." I told him I could not do that. I didn't feel it was the Lord's will for me to run away from the meeting, so I went to one of the ministers and asked him to pray with me. I felt I would go wild if this sensation in my flesh continued. After prayer it seemed as if the very demons of hell filled my room, and the more I prayed to God the worse I felt. I felt the demon power was settling down upon me, and I began to wonder about my children and how the people would find me in the morning. All at once something said to me,

"Why don't you cry?" I said, "Lord, I am praying the best I can." But again came the voice, "Why don't you cry to God?" Then I put up both my hands and cried with all my might, "Lord, don't let me die like this," and with that there was a heavenly presence came into that room and I felt God's power filling all space. It seemed to surge back and forth in the room, and while I wasn't a bit better physically, yet I had the consciousness that God was in the room in power. I said, "Lord, what do you want me to do?" And the Lord said, "I want you to worship Me." Then I praised God with all my heart, though my flesh was jumping so I thought I would go insane. In a few moments there was a burst of heavenly music came into the room and floated over my bed. The unseen host sang over and over again, "Glory to His Name," and I was lost in worship. I sang with them, "Glory to His Name," and when we had finished I was healed. I do not know when the Lord touched me, but I was lost in worship and praise in the midnight hour. When it seemed as though the very next hour would be my last, He touched me and made me whole, because I praised Him in the darkest hour. He wants us to cry to Him; not just simply to lie down and say, "I am waiting to see God work." It seemed that night as though the Spirit took me right up to heaven and made me take hold of God, as it were, by violence, and when He told me what to do I had to do that.

All we need to do to bring down God's blessing is to forget ourselves and be lost in worship to Him. He is just waiting to bless such a people. No one could tell the wonderful power that would sweep this place if we would be lost in worship and praise to God.

You can go through the Bible and find instance after instance when everything was dark and find that God always met the trusting soul. It is true of His people individually and true of them collectively. God had a Moses in the darkest hour of the life of the Israelites, and He kindled the light of faith in the heart of Moses. Have we forgotten the wonderful promises God has given us in the past. He had a David to deliver the armies of Israel from the hands of the Philistines. Are we trusting in the living God, or do we see nothing but Goliath marching up and down, Goliath in all his pomp and splendor. Goliath had great strength, but there is a great difference between strength and power. As the church of God gets lost in Him they will be given the power and that power will slay every Goliath. I am not afraid of **any Goliath**; not afraid of the hulking flesh that parades itself. If

we can get the power of God in our lives, then everything will be slain before us. The God of David still lives. What should we care for opposing forces, for prison walls or dungeons. Jeremiah was put into a dungeon, but that dungeon was a mountain peak of glory to him. There he poured out his heart in prayer, and what did God say to him? "I am the Lord of all flesh." Suppose we are put in prison; suppose we are maligned. In the darkest place God wants to give us the greatest blessing. Let us not look at the obstacles nor the barriers, but look to God; then we will see His mighty power displayed. God will answer as by an earthquake if necessary, in order to be true to His Word. I had a revelation given me on the Pacific Coast of the future of this church if God would have His way, and I am holding to that vision. I know God will bring it to pass if we cry to Him in the midnight hour. We need to take hold of God when everything looks black, and may He silence every voice that would hinder His best in this place. It will not come by talking or by reasoning, but only by prayer. If the vessels are

clean through whom He can pour the intercession, then He will ride forth in this Church in power. But oh that we might lay down our own desires, that we ourselves might be slain. May He take the big "I" out of us, no matter how it hurts the flesh. May He cleanse us from every state of sin. I know of a man who used to come to the altar night after night asking God that a certain thing might be taken out of his life. He said, "Lord, I don't understand why you don't take this sin out of my life. I have cried to you so often." When he got quiet the Spirit of God said to him, "You have never wanted that thing out of your life." Why Lord, I have cried to You to take it out." "Yes, but the cry has come from your lips, not from your heart. Your heart has been hanging on to it." Finally he said, "Lord, what shall I do?" and the answer came back, "Cry from your heart," and he did, and though it nearly killed him, he was a changed man from that time forth. If we will really cry from our hearts, He will purge us both as individuals and as a church. Then He will visit us with a mighty earthquake of spiritual power.

Saved by Suffering

W. J. Bennett, 663 W. 63rd Place, Chicago, Ill.



THOUGH He were a Son yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him."

Perfection, like patience, is made evident through suffering; the Gospel of Christ appeals to the heroic in man.

The tendency today is to make Christianity a social playground where, after conversion (?) man can feast on the spiritual joy and peace God is always so ready to give without once thinking the most necessary thing for him is the disciplinary chastening of God to make him fit for the kingdom of heaven.

Suffering is not always as a punishment for breaking God's law; indeed, it is often given as a moulding process, fashioning him into the likeness of his Master, who was made perfect through suffering. The child of God who endures the scourging of his Father, has often, shall I say always, come in contact with an Eliphaz who sees only one reason for suffering in God's children, i. e., sin. Our High Priest was tempted in all points as we are yet without sin. So there is a suffering without sinning; indeed, it is needful to suffer so that after we have suffered a while we might be perfected in Him.

Like our Master, we shall have to endure our agony, "outside the gate" of people's understanding or sympathy; even those we thought understood us best and were nearer the perfect ideal than we, might become the first Eliphaz to our tortured minds. But if we have prayed for the crucifixion of self we shall be forced to endure the excruciating agony of the cross as He did, the black cloud of seeming desertion must hang over us and we cry in agony, "My God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Yet however painful will be our lot it will not compare with His who carried a world's sin and sorrow upon His heart.

The Christian's prayer should not always be freedom from all suffering, but that God's will might be accomplished in him. If the cross seems too heavy it is His will that it should be so, so that you will be forced to cast it upon Him. If the way seems dark it is for you to have Him lead you by the hand and if you will let Him, His "rod and staff shall comfort" you even through the valley.

Saints are not made by serving but by obedience, and if we become "sons of God" sacrifice is demanded; for saints are made out of it and when Christ shall come for His bride He will call first those who made a covenant of sacrifice

with Him. Do not despair when physical or mental suffering comes upon you. Remember Christ bore your sins upon the cross! But you have to be patterned like unto Him so that you might be presented as "chaste needlework"; but this cannot be done until we endure the painful formative process so necessary to the finishing of the work.

Many modern church-goers live in a world of illusion where life seems to be one long round of gaiety and social pleasure, religion a profession instead of a life, and church membership a key to respectability and good fellowship. Not so the Christ! His austerity and sacrifice repelled those who considered religion a playground; His voice rang not uncertainly over the heads of the crowds who followed Him out of mere curiosity or selfishness when He shouted, "If any man come to Me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yes, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple."

As we enter this blessed covenant with Him we shall discover it is a compact of death, and death is not experienced unless there be first a suffering; yet, thank God! death but precedes the resurrection and He who triumphed over death has become the way-shower and first-fruits of the resurrection. Do you desire to work as do others, but find there has been a limit placed to your efforts through incapability or circumstances? Remember, God has many servants but few sons, and He might be answering your prayers for humility and contrition. Are those you love *most*, taken from you until your heart is empty of all earthly idols. It is because He wants your love to be centered on Him and He found this hard way the only way to His desire. Do circumstances bring you naught but disappointment and discouragement? He is allowing it so that your trust might be stayed solely on

Him as He seeks to bring you nearer His loving breast. Just lean there, weary child, and He will become unto you the all in all of your desire.

Once you were a busy worker for Him but He was forced to bring you low upon the bed of affliction so that you might hear His still small voice whispering to your tired soul. Your prayers for healing might open a door for your escape from suffering, but if you rest awhile upon the mount with God He will accomplish His will in you and make you free after that you have suffered awhile.

When we are put to death in the flesh we shall be quickened by the spirit, for it is those who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth who are the first-fruits unto Him. Enter not this covenant of death unless you are determined to live only for His glory, caring naught if it brings nothing but disaster and you can stand before God as wrought gold purified by fire. There are many who will be saved "though as by fire," but only a few will allow Him to sanctify them by the fire of affliction and sorrow. You shall be forsaken by all as He was; indeed, you will suffer most through those you trusted most; but it is only that you might be taught to trust Him alone and follow no one but the Lamb.

So tired soul! trust Him to finish that which He has begun in you. He knows best and whatever happens is not by accident, but designed for your glory in Him; He must bring us low to raise us, and the way of the cross leads home. There is no other way but what He chooses for us, for it is written, "He that would come after Me let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me."

So let us obey the call of Him who for our sakes lived a life of suffering which was ended by a death of shame, so that we might be counted worthy to suffer with Him until He calls us also to reign with Him.

The "Crowns" at the End of the Way

S. A. Jamieson, in the Stone Church, July 10, 1916.



THE passage to which I desire to call your attention this afternoon is found in the second epistle of John, eighth verse, the correct rendering of which is, "Look to yourselves, that ye lose not those things which ye have wrought, but that ye receive a full reward."

God wants to give to you and to me a full reward. The question is, "What is that full reward? God is a wonderful paymaster, and

there is a great deal said in His Word about the rewards He has for us. He delights to reward His people. If we comply with the conditions there are great rewards for you and for me. Some might say the highest reward is to be a king but that is not the full reward. There is something still better than that.

The subject of "Crowns" is always an interesting one, because it presupposes kingship. The crown of the king of England has 1800 precious stones; the crown of the Kaiser has

1700, the crown of France, which it was my privilege to see when in the city of Paris twenty-two years ago, had in it 5500 precious stones. That was the most beautiful crown ever made by man, but what are the crowns of England, Germany and France, compared to a single crown mentioned in the New Testament? Nothing to be compared. I thought at one time when it said, the "crown of glory," the "crown of rejoicing," the "crown of life" it meant the same thing, but I have since learned they are different crowns.

We read in James 1:12, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried (that is when he is tested) he shall receive a *crown of life*"; when he patiently endures anything and everything that God may permit to come, and does not grumble, that we may be disciplined and made more like unto the Son of God. But to grumble and growl when we have testings and trials, is not pleasing to God. I know a brother in Dallas, Texas, who was visited with a terrible affliction. He chafed under it and didn't know why God permitted it, but finally said, "Lord, if you want me to suffer like this, I am willing to do so as long as You want me to and I will praise You for it." In a few months he was healed. He was willing to endure. A man in Philadelphia who had been bed-ridden for fourteen years, said to his pastor, "Every time you preach and every time you take a prayer-meeting I hold you up before God, asking Him to make your ministry a success, and I know God has answered my prayer." Instead of chafing under his affliction He had fellowship with God. That is the man and the woman who will receive the crown of life, the one who endures trials patiently. But the crown of life is not the full reward. I turn to I. Cor. 9:25 and read, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." What are the conditions for *this* crown? Aggressive work for Jesus. Friends, if men in the business world today did not take any more interest in the success of their work than many a child of God, they would go into bankruptcy. There is an enthusiasm in the world today that would make one ashamed when one compares it to the Christian world. People in the world are not leaving a stone unturned that they may win success, and we, the children of God, should be equally aggressive for His cause that we might obtain an *incorruptible crown*. When He commanded us to go into all the world and disciple all nations, He didn't mean for us to stay at

home and fold our hands. Croesus had a son who had never talked in his life, and the enemy came one day to kill his father; the son saw him take the sword from under his cloak, and he was so anxious to save his father's life he put forth every effort and cried out, "Oh spare the king," and with that energy put forth he broke loose the ligaments of his tongue and spoke ever after. Why? Because he was determined to save the life of his father. Friends, let us be aggressive. God wants every Christian man and woman to be a worker in His vineyard. But that is not the full reward. I turn to I. Thess. 2:19, "What is our hope or joy or crown of rejoicing?" This is the soul winner's crown. Do you want to wear that crown? Then win souls for Jesus. That is the crown that reformers, and Spurgeon and Finney and Moody will wear. God will give them a *crown of rejoicing*. You remember the story of the young man lying upon his death-bed, and he seemed to be sad. His mother said, "Are you afraid to die?" "No, I am not, but must I go before God empty-handed?"

Ah God wants us to bring sheaves to Him; He wants us to bring souls to Him. Many a Christian goes to God empty-handed. They may be saved themselves and even have the baptism in the Holy Ghost, but they haven't brought anybody to God. The greatest Sunday School man in the country when he was saved; wanted to teach a Sunday School class. He would go to a place and say, "Madam, have you a boy? Will you send him to my Sunday School? I will be his teacher." Thousands and tens of thousands of boys and girls have been gathered in and I don't know how many thousand found the Lord Jesus precious to their souls through his instrumentality. One day the first boy he brought in his class who had become saved took sick and was on his death-bed. He sent for his Sunday School teacher and when he came he said, "I want to thank you for leading me to Christ." And the teacher said, "When you get to heaven and see Jesus you tell Him I want Him to let me live a little longer that I may win souls for Him."

I was in Duluth last week and I preached in several Presbyterian churches and several came to me after the service and said, "Brother Jamieson, if what you stand for is of God, we want it." A man and his wife said, "We want to be soul winners for Christ, but how can we unless we have the baptism in the Holy Ghost, that we may be set on fire for souls?" If you want

to be a soul winner get the baptism in the Holy Ghost.

In I. Peter 5:4, we read, "And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Now what is the condition for that crown? If you read the chapter you will find it is a helping crown. It is where the undershepherd meets with his people; where he helps them and teaches them. In one sense we are all undershepherds. Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ. That is what God wants us to fulfill; "the law of Christ." God doesn't intend a few in the assembly to do the praying. He wants all to carry the burden. All through the book of Acts by that one Spirit they worked together and pulled together and were united. I would prefer to work with fifty or seventy-five that were united in everything, than to serve in one of two thousand where there was friction and division. God wants us to help each other; the man of wealth must help the poor man; those who are well must help the afflicted. When one member of the body suffers the whole body suffers.

In II. Timothy 4:7 Paul says, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." From the day Paul was converted to the day of his death he kept his eye centered upon the goal. He was determined to win and he did win. It was a beautiful testimony. Would to God every Pentecostal Christian would be able to say with Paul, "I have finished my course, I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." He didn't have to ask for the crown. It was laid up for him because he had fought a good fight. We have our mission in this world to keep the faith, and when we do that we shall have a crown of righteousness.

But this is not the full reward. There is another crown I must mention. I wish I didn't have to. "And they platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head,"—yes, Jesus wore the crown of thorns that we might wear the other five crowns. Why are we here today? It is because Christ wore the crown of thorns.

The crown of life is a great reward, the incorruptible crown is a great reward, the crown of rejoicing and the crown of glory that fadeth not away are great rewards; the crown of righteousness is a great reward, but Christ has still another reward for you and me, and when He

gives us that full reward He makes us His co-equal. This is the full reward, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne, as I also overcame and am sit down at My Father's throne." Friends, the full reward that God wants to give us is not only to make us kings and priests, but to sit with Him on His throne. Jesus Christ holds the power of the universe; His scepter reaches to the remotest parts of the universe. He will share His glory with us throughout the endless ages of eternity. By the grace of God I want to be able some day to sit with Him on His throne. May He enable us to be overcomers, so that His purposes for us may be carried out.

Of Missionary Interest

KOREA is turning to Christianity at the rate of three thousand conversions a week.

* * *

A missionary in Syria had a heart burdened for the salvation of eleven Mohammedan men. He was intensely in earnest that they should be saved and shut himself up in his study for a week of prayer and Bible study to discover the reason for his own lack of power. As he read of the fall of Jericho a sense of God's power took hold of him and he received a new impetus to faith. Before the week ended two of the eleven came to him and found the Savior in his study. Within three weeks the remaining nine were brought to Christ.

* * *

It was because of the Arab Revolt against the Turks that the Holy War proclaimed by the Sultan of Turkey and the Sheik-ul-Islam at the beginning of the European war was a failure. This divides Islam and is an encouragement to Christian missions. The Arabs threatened the flag of the Turko-German army intended to invade Egypt. "The Arab revolt splits the Moslem world into two warring halves. The Arabs are under the control politically, of Great Britain, the Moslems of India have enlisted under Great Britain, and the Algerian Moslems are fighting valiantly for France. The pilgrimage cities and holy places are consequently in possession of the Moslems affiliated with the allied powers. Bagdad, Jerusalem and Damascus are old seats of Arabian power, and the pressure of revolt may help to seal the fate of the Turkish armies fighting in the Caucasus and on the shores of the Aegean and the Black Sea."

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Notes

EIGHT volumes of The Latter Rain Evangel have been completed with this issue. More than 400,000 copies have been sent out in the past eight years, carrying to all the world the message of what God has wrought in the hearts and lives of His people. A wonderful record has gone forth of saving grace, miracles of healings, remarkable answers to prayer, providential leadings, etc., besides most helpful teaching and expositions of the Word of God.

As we look back upon the past eight years, crowded so full of toil, we praise God for the strength given and that He has kept us faithful. The service has been a blessed one, and we can truly say that where sorrow abounded grace did much more abound. With apostasy rife on every hand and a growing coldness and indifference fastening itself upon God's children, together with doctrinal differences which face us everywhere, we feel thankful most of all that we have been kept in the narrow way.

A brother writing to us recently said, "The Lord must love you dear ones at the Stone Church very much to let you go through so many tests." We had not thought of it in just that way, yet we had sometimes sung the refrain,

He knew He had one that could stand the test,
And He wanted the finest gold,
To mould as a crown for the King to wear,
Set with gems of a price untold."

If there were no dross in us there would be no

fire, so it little becomes us to squirm or whimper because of the heat; let us rather give thanks because we are being purified. A Christian worker passing through a furnace experience because of misunderstandings and misrepresentations, had a vision of her own body being bound with cords to an altar of wood. The fire burned fiercely, and as she looked at that body it writhed and twisted in the flames. Her face portrayed a look of intense agony and she would have torn herself from the altar could she have done so, but she was bound with thongs. Her eyes were riveted on that face, and as she looked she saw it undergo a transformation. The look of agony changed to one of calm resignation, and a light that was heaven-born shone out from her soul. As the fire burned her body ceased to writhe, and though the cords were burned off she lay perfectly still, not caring to get out of the fire—all the resistance and the struggling gone.

Perfect submission to the will of God will make us like Him who "learned obedience through the things which He suffered." Thank God for the purifying fires! A consciousness of His dealings and blessings is upon the entire assembly, and the recognition of His hand upon us in a peculiar way, brings to us a sweetness and confidence in Him which is unspeakably precious to us. The furnace experience can be made the most blessed of our lives if we remain in the fire until all resistance is gone.

* * *

WE NOTE with deep regret that there has been a heavy falling off in missionary interest, especially during the last two months, and we urge upon our readers not to be indifferent to the great need of the workers on the firing line. If ever there was a time when we should redouble our efforts to evangelize heathen lands it is now, ere the tribulation days crowd upon us, for soon the "night cometh when no man can work." There are yet many precious souls to be gathered in before the coming storm bursts upon this old world. We know that many who have hitherto been ardent supporters of the mission fields have been compelled to retrench because of war conditions, but some are using their money in other ways. These words from a woman to a missionary who has been traveling, are significant: "I haven't the money for the mission field this summer. I spent it going to a convention." Were we to probe to the bottom this shortage of missionary funds, we would find that this admission would be voiced by many.

While we are in hearty sympathy with conventions because of the opportunity it gives isolated saints to be strengthened spiritually, it is indeed to be deplored that attendance at a convention is at the expense of the worker in the foreign field and means suffering and loss on his part. Where is the spirit of sacrifice when the thirty dollars that two months ago provided bread and butter for the workers in Africa is now spent on "self" having a spiritual feast? And how will the African missionary be tided over the summer under such conditions? He cannot do without eating for the summer months while we are feasting, and he must pay his rent. No one would sanction his running into debt, and yet we, by diverting funds on ourselves, force him either to one position or the other.

This is one of the weaknesses in our haphazard giving. Put yourself in the missionary's place and ask yourself whether it is pleasing to God to use money in this way that would otherwise sustain your brother? Would it not be better to sacrifice some of our luxuries than to cut off the necessary food and shelter of God's faithful servant who is toiling amidst hardship and difficulties? A missionary wrote us recently they had a special treat on the Fourth of July. They bought ten cents worth of ice and had some ice water. She also wrote of a new hat that was given her, the first one she had had since being on the field, nearly two years.

We indulge in ices as a matter of course, and think nothing of buying two hats in a season, yet our brothers and sisters on the other side of the water have not the real necessities. Let us resist the love of ease and luxury and cultivate a spirit of self-sacrifice. One who has the cause of missions uppermost, writes: "How incongruous it would be at a moment when whole nations are stretched on a Calvary cross, for any Christian to continue to lead a selfish life or a life of ease!"

We often think of the words of the brother in Germany who, after the war had devastated

his property, said, "It is all gone but what I gave to the Lord." "He that saveth his life shall lose it," and what we try to conserve for ourselves will be dissipated, while that which is scattered in Jesus' name will be multiplied.

A brother in a western town said to a missionary, "I have ten thousand dollars to invest. I know of a mine that has proven good. Everybody says it is good and it is just about to pay dividends. Now I am going to put this ten thousand dollars in this mine and when it brings in returns I will have something to give to the missionary cause." The mine went up and the ten thousand dollars was lost forever. What a precious investment had that been put in immortal souls! What dividends would have accrued in incorruptible crowns! Let every Christian be systematic in his giving, and set apart a certain sum monthly for the foreign field, and then be as conscientious about it as in the discharge of his other obligations.

Missionary interest has lagged and, strange as it may seem, just at a time when prospects in the field were never more encouraging. Traveling missionaries recognize this, with a heavy heart; they tell us that the assemblies that at one time were the most liberal are giving practically nothing to the field, but on the other hand are using the money to publish literature that contends for non-essential doctrines.

We gladly forward money to the field and always send it to parties designated. We are glad to have our readers pray through as to the disposition of their funds, but if left to us we can assure them it will be well placed. Every foreign mail contains needs, and lack of funds to meet them weighs heavily upon us. Will you, dear reader, ask God to supply those needs?

* * *

A Pentecostal Convention will be held with the Assembly of God, at the Gospel School, Findlay, Ohio, October 10-22, 1916. For special information write T. K. Leonard, Findlay, Ohio.

With the Soldiers in the Trenches



TELL me," Mr. Norton asked one wounded soldier back from the front, who, with bandaged head and arm, had clambered stiffly into a train, "tell me what you and the other men first think when you file into the trenches for the first time." The soldier's lips closed grimly: "We think of God and our sins," he replied tersely. Many another soldier

back from the front has told a similar story. Another said that although his battalion filed into the trenches singing a music hall ditty, when they were entrenched and the shells began to burst overhead, he had seen a whole line of men fall on their knees in prayer.

Mrs. Ralph C. Norton tells in *The Sunday School Times* of Peter and John, two soul-winning heroes of the trenches in the Belgian army. God is using these young men to distribute thou-

sands of New Testaments, and they are eagerly read. Peter and John had been boys together at school and had also been associated in business, but later had lost sight of each other. John had been wounded in the early days, during the siege of Antwerp and was carried from the city the night before the Germans entered. In a year from that time, fully recovered, he re-entered the army and one day came face to face with Peter. Peter's first words to John, as he pulled a New Testament from his pocket were, "Do you see that? That little Book and the words of Mr. Norton, who gave it to me, led me to Christ. I am going to give you a little Book just like mine and I expect it to do for you what it did for me. And furthermore, I expect you to read in that Book every day."

John demurred at first, being prejudiced against the Bible and having been taught that it was not a book to be read, but Peter insisted and he took it, promising to read it. That Book brought John to Christ. These two boys and another have distributed thousands of Gospels and Testaments and have formed a League among the soldiers. John had a list of thirty-five names and addresses of soldiers who had been won to Christ, and Peter had over a hundred.

One of John's first converts was an old man who, with two comrades, was thrown into a large hole made by the bursting of a shell. Half blinded and stunned they came to consciousness finding themselves in the very presence of death.

They had no possible thought of escape, as shot and shells were falling around them unceasingly. The old man turned to his companions and said, "It is all up with us. We cannot hope to get out of here alive. But for myself I want to say that I am through with my past life and shall turn to Christ." They each shook hands and expressed the same determination and went forth from the "pit of death." One was made a prisoner and the other two walked through a hail of shells unharmed. When John approached this old man with a Testament he found him ready to accept Christ. His heart had been prepared as he faced death.

No one can realize the hardships of the soldiers in the trenches. Oftentimes the trenches are half filled with water, in which the soldiers must stand all day and be deprived of sleep at night. Sometimes they roost on poles over the water in their dugouts, like chickens, and suffer all kinds of exposures. They have relays and after fighting four days have four days of rest. Peter and John in returning from the

trenches had either to make their way back from the front through the main trench under the direct fire of the Germans, which was almost sure death, or go by a narrow trench filled almost breast-high with water and mud. Either route was perilous, after what they endured for four days and four sleepless nights. These boys, as they waded along, plastered with mud from head to foot, with their packs on their backs, were scarcely able to struggle through the water and mud. They felt they reached the limit of endurance and Peter said, "Boys, we cannot stand any more. Let us ask the Lord Jesus to help us." With uncovered heads and water to their waists, Peter prayed for help and courage and the answer came miraculously. Suddenly they all felt strong and went forward in the strength He gave.

* * *

A soldier told a missionary he believed the most wicked regiment that ever went to war was a regiment that fought next to theirs, and the night they were ordered into the trenches nearly every soldier got on his knees and cried to God for mercy. There were many infidels in that company and the commander said, "Well, boys, if ever we get home again we will live different lives."

* * *

A German Christian officer wrote to a friend: "Oh pray for peace and for the relief of the wounded ones who suffer dreadfully; and for power for me to keep the victory. I have no ambition for the iron cross, but rather to get closer and deeper in the cross of Calvary.

"While I am writing the artillery is bombarding terribly. It is an awful life in the trenches. When we have to relieve the soldiers and take their places, hellish fire of shrapnels, grenades and guns is pouring over us. Here already I felt God's mercy. In shooting at the enemy our rifles lay on the corpses which are putrified and partly eaten by rats. We do not dare to bury them. . . . In so many cases I have proved the Lord. One evening when we were crossing the road we came under a terrific artillery fire. It was so terrific my heart despaired. About ten shells fell around me, but none of them burst. The Lord is trusting me with the care of souls and I am allowed to preach the Gospel without hindrance. . . . Forty shrapnels burst over me. Many of my comrades were killed by them, but the Lord wonderfully saved me. On Feb. 3rd we had to stand an awful artillery fire which lasted for three hours. We kneeled in our trenches and cried out to God, and it was not in vain. At the end of this fire the Lord

gave me a vision. Oh if I would be without my Savior I would despair! How well I can understand when the soldiers often weep and cry out like children. . . . Oh the many things men can learn in view of such horrors! What benefit for the inner life! How I have trembled when I got orders to go with my soldiers against the enemy, people for whom Jesus died! I cannot describe how my whole being quaked. However, when my will and faith were given entirely to Jesus then my soul became quiet, and I saw Him walking by my side. Oh what precious experiences I have had amid the rain of bullets and the dangers of scouting in the night! Without His guidance I would often have fallen into the hands of the enemy. When the danger was imminent His glory seized me with so great a power that I scarcely noticed the horrifying effect of cannonade and bursting shell. One man, a Socialist, comes before the papers arrive and asks for them. He stays now with broken heart before the cross of Calvary and surely the Lord will save him. Many have learned to pray in these hours. They came to me and begged me to pray with them. On the ninth of this month we did not dream of the days we had to pass through. On the tenth the English opened a most dreadful artillery fire which did not stop for five days and nights. You cannot imagine what our troops had to stand. All hearts were trembling and the greatest mockers were silent. I saw many, many praying to God. The Lord was so very near to me and gave me great peace and blessing. So wonderful it became I was quite absent-minded and did not hear the cannonades and was lost to the terror of the war. . . . Heaps of wounded and dead are lying around and nobody dares to help them. They cry in their pains and groan, and to hear these lamentations until they die is heartrending. One of these groaned two days long and cried out for help, but he had to pass away without help. I believe surely that in such moments the Spirit of God is working on these souls and many will be saved, for in such hours they will call on God like the criminal on the cross. Oh pray for these poor ones on the battlefield! Two of my companions were torn to pieces quite close to me through the effect of a grenade. Their limbs were thrown at me. One man next to me, seeing that, became insane, but with the help of the Lord became well in the evening. The blood in the trenches is often one-half foot deep."

War's Worst Peril

After all that has been written, no one can

really depict the awful horrors of war. The most gifted pen could not picture conditions as they exist on the battlefields of Europe. There are no words to describe the horrors, the suffering and the sorrows endured by the soldiers. And yet the *Missionary Review of the World* for August comes out with an editorial which states that all these are not war's worst peril. We quote the article in part:

It is estimated that three million men—the flower of Europe, Canada and Australia—have already been killed or maimed in the great and deadly strife that is shaking the world. Fathers and mothers, sisters, wives and children give up their loved ones for their country's sake.

Every land is filled with mourning. The loss is unspeakable, for the carnage of war is awful. But this is not the greatest peril and price of war.

There are five million men shut up in the prison camps of Europe and Asia. These outnumber the total armies ever engaged in any previous conflict. The warring nations, pressed on every side, find it impossible to provide suitable shelter, clothing, food and employment for these millions. Hundreds of thousands are encamped in prisons which can not be heated in the arctic winters. Many of the war prisoners, without recreation or employment, and not knowing how long their confinement will last or what has become of their homes and families, lose their health and their reason. They become broken down maniacs or embittered against God and mankind. Thousands of these prisoners die physical, mental and spiritual deaths. It is an awful consequence of war, and yet this is not the worst price that the nations are paying.

The most deadly and permeating peril is one not mentioned in the newspapers or war histories, and not often referred to in letters or papers. It is the peril that no government has ever yet laid adequate plans to overcome. It is a greater danger than lack of food and clothing; it is harder to combat than cold or heat; it is ten-fold more deadly than bullets; it is worse than typhus epidemics. Although it may not necessarily kill or maim, it as certainly destroys the efficiency of the soldiers. What is this deadly peril?

One-tenth of the troops passing through a certain port in Europe on their way to the front have been incapacitated for service because of venereal diseases contracted in that port. They were there on an average of only two weeks and had previously passed satisfactorily their physical tests.

Their fight for character was lost before they had struck their first blow for their country. A Christian officer on being compassionate because of the number of his men who had fallen in an exposed position in battle, replied that that loss was nothing compared with the loss of those men who had fallen through sin. Lord Kitchener in his addresses to troops warned them against the two deadliest enemies of the soldiers—intoxicants and immorality.

This danger which besets the soldiers makes a veritable hell in the vicinity of the camps, not only of Europe, but of America. Before the troops arrived at the Mexican border, human vultures and vampires had preceded them to lay in wait for the boys and young men. In these camps, the drills and minor duties do not occupy all the day, and ennui and nervous desire for excitement and amusement often lead the young soldiers into thoughtless excesses that involve awful consequences.

One hundred and fifty thousand American troops are called to the Mexican border. They are composed mostly of young men, some of them still in high school and not seasoned in character. If they yield to temptations thrust in their way they will

bring back in their bodies and souls the deadly results that will spread disease and death.

The only remedy for the blackness of war, with all its attending horrors, is Gospel light; Christian workers to carry the word of God and tell of a living Christ. Satan and his emissaries are always at the front to entrap the young men of our land. Where is the church of

Christ? Shall she not awaken to the need of the hour and send her workers to the battlefields with the Sword of the Spirit? There is no time when men's hearts are more open to the influences of the Gospel than when facing the cannon's mouth. "When God's judgments are in the earth, then will the people learn righteousness."

The Mercy Seat

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THESE are days when many are being moved about by various winds of doctrines, but we believe God desires to have a people whose hearts are fixed, trusting Him, a people, steadfast, *unmovable*, always abounding in the work of the Lord. David, in that wonderful prophetic picture given in Psalm 16, shows us how he became unmovable, "I have set Jehovah always before me; because He is at my right hand, *I shall not be moved.*" In meditating over this Psalm of late, the Lord showed me He desires His children to be joined to Him in the very same way that the cherubim were joined to the mercy seat, and when they become so joined, they too will be able to say, "I shall not be moved."

God instructed Moses to make a sanctuary after the pattern shown him in the mount, consisting of an outer court, an inner tabernacle, and within that, a most holy place. He was instructed to make an ark of acacia wood overlaid with gold, over this was to be placed a mercy seat of pure gold and two cherubim of gold, of beaten work, at the two ends of the mercy seat-- "of one piece with the mercy seat shall ye make the cherubim." (Ex. 25:19 A. S. V.) These two cherubim, spreading out their wings on high, had their faces ever towards that blood-sprinkled mercy seat. These cherubim, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year would remain unmovable, they were one piece with that blood-stained mercy seat, and their eyes would never wander from it.

In the book of Ezekiel we see the cherubim again; this time they are called "living creatures." May we not call them the living creatures of the old covenant? Coming to the new covenant, we read that if any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature; and since he has passed from death unto life, he is not a dead but a living creature. In the book of Revelation we find four beasts mentioned, or as the Re-

vised Version calls them "living creatures," and they are singing the song of redemption, exalting Him, who has redeemed us to God by the Blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation." It is plain then that the redeemed are the living creatures or cherubim of the new covenant. Moses saw only the pattern of the things in the heavenlies, but praise God, we have come to "the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched and not man," (Heb. 8:2) and those, whose sins and iniquities are pardoned, have boldness to enter into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us.

The mercy seat was all of gold, so were the cherubim. We believe that gold is ever a type of love in the Word. Not only do we see the scarlet cord of His atonement running from Genesis to Revelation, but also the golden cord of the love of Christ, "the cords of a man, the bands of love," wherewith He is many are saying, "Let us break their bands and cast away their cords from us." They are rejecting His love, and they will find He will soon speak unto them in His wrath and vex them in His sore displeasure. But a few of us are being drawn by these cords of love right through the veil, into the very place in His bosom where John loved to be, and as He whispers to us His exceeding great and precious promises we are made partakers of the Divine nature, and that nature is love.

We read of the first Adam and his bride, they were "naked and not ashamed." It is written of the last Adam, that when He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, they parted His garments among them and cast lots for His vesture, and there, whilst those that saw Him, laughed Him to scorn, He hung naked on that cruel tree, enduring the cross and despising the shame, for the love He had for us. And should the bride of the Lamb consider it strange if she be subjected to similar stripping and equal humbling when she continually prays to be allowed to en-

ter into the fellowship of His suffering? All the home-made garments have to go. Beloved, "think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." In that fiery trial the Refiner will purge out all the dross, that you may be pure gold, of one element with the mercy seat.

The cherubim were to be of beaten work. I remember going through a season of persecution from some saints who had allowed evil surmisings to fill their minds concerning me, and one day when I attended their weekly communion, they would not let me partake. I looked up in a moment of prayer and cried, "Show me, dear Lord, from Thy Word, what is the meaning of this." He caused me to open my Bible at Romans 9:36, "For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." I had my answer. "For *Thy* sake." I said, "I thank Thee, Lord," and from that moment I could not see the people who were persecuting me, I saw only the Hand with the heavenly hammer putting a few more beats on the cherubim, to make it a little more like the pattern in the mount. He would have us say, "Even so, Father, for it seemed good in *Thy* sight," to every beat of the hammer.

"Of one piece with the mercy seat shall ye make the cherubim." Eternally one with Him! Hallelujah! Repeat it again and again! He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit. And because one with Him, one with His. What a picture of perfect unity! This is the answer to the prayer of our Lord, "that they all may be one: as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." At the mercy seat alone do we come to perfect unity of spirit and perfect unity of faith.

"Towards the mercy seat shall the faces of the cherubim be." In the camp of Israel there were murmurings and complainings and every kind of sin, but the cherubim had no ears for the "hearing of blood," they had no eyes for "seeing evil." Their faces were ever towards the mercy seat. Our attitude must be likewise. "Keep yourself in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." (Jude 21.) That is, keep one piece with the mercy seat and be ever looking towards it. As we keep this in view, it will enable us to be merciful to others. Our sins have deserved eternal death and it is only of the Lord's mercy that we are not consumed. Our first step, when we were convicted of sin, was to cry like the publican of old, "Lord, be merciful to me a

sinner." We looked away from ourselves to that blood-stained mercy seat, and the burden of our sins rolled away. Now God would not only have us come to this place of blessing, but to abide there, for this is His Throne of Grace where we may find grace to help in every time of need.

We read in I Kings 6:27, that "their wings touched one another in the midst of the house." I recently heard a sister sing a song the Lord had given her in the Spirit, one line of which was, "Behold, the Bride is on the wing!" At the close she cried, "Oh, the Lord shows me that we, who are of His bride must be wing to wing in perfect unity."

I once saw a dog, one of those vicious, snarling creatures that wanted to kill everything it saw, chase some swans. On land, he could have gotten hold of their throats and soon despatched them, but they went into the water, their own element. The dog followed them, but with their strong wings they were more than a match for him. Beat after beat from those wings came down upon him, and in a few minutes he was lying dead at the bottom of the pond. There are dogs, spiritual enemies, who are ever after the saints of God, and woe be to us if they meet us in the world. But our element is the secret place of the Most High, and there, wing to wing with one another, and united to Him who is the Overcomer, we can triumph over every foe.

Beneath the mercy seat was the ark, and in it were the tables of stone on which were written the law. Those tables of stone were cold hard things. The law shows us what is right and what is wrong, but gives us no power to do the right thing or to keep from doing the wrong. It is so different from the grace of God which is a warm animating principle that causes us to do the things that are pleasing to our God. We read in Romans that the Jews rested in the law. They were like poor old Jacob as he rested at Bethel with nothing but a cold hard stone for a pillow. I don't think he had much rest that night, and those that rest on the law have no real rest. But Jacob was given a revelation that night of a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and he saw the angels of God ascending and descending on it. The significance of this vision is explained in the words of our Lord to Nathaniel, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." The Son of Man is the one ladder between earth and heaven, no other way reaches. He alone is the Way.

Some years later, Jacob the same old supplanter, repaired to the land of his birth, and he began to scheme how to appease his brother Esau, the one he had so greatly wronged. And there, by the brook, "Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of day." That "man", whom Hosea shows us was no other than the Lord Himself, did not leave that old supplanter until he was bent and broken and changed, and that night Jacob was transformed from being the meanest man in Jewish history to a prevailing prince of God. One need never despair of the worst reprobate when one sees the grace of God vouchsafed to Jacob. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel, "for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." (Gen. 32:30.) Jacob went from Peniel a new creature whose ways pleased the Lord, and He made even his enemy, Esau, to be at peace with him.

The prophet Amos tells us, "Seek not Bethel. . . . Bethel shall come to nought. Seek the Lord, and ye shall live." He would not have us go back to Bethel, the place of that cold hard stone that typifies the law, but he would have us go on to Peniel, to the place of the warm embrace of the Man of Calvary. In His face once more marred than any man's, for the whole weight and curse of the cold, hard, stony law fell upon Him, we see the light of the glory of the Gospel of God. At Peniel, we become bent and broken and our nature is lamed. But let us remember "the lame take the prey."

The eyes of the cherubim were not on the cold, stony tables of the law. The mercy seat intervened and their eyes were riveted to that.

And today, we must have no eyes for the "ministration of death, written and engraven in stones," "that which is done away," (II. Cor. 3, 7 and 10), but our Father would have us all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, Him who is the Mercy Seat as well as the Ladder of Salvation, and as our gaze is riveted on Him, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

We read in Hebrews that the cherubim are called "cherubim of glory." One is reminded of the first miracle performed by the Lord at the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee. They had no wine. He caused the waterpots of stone to be filled with water, and then by a miracle of grace, He transformed the water into wine, and the governor of the feast had to remark, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." The comment of the Holy Ghost on this incident is that He thus "manifested forth His glory." Is not this a type of the miracle of Pentecost? A few years ago it might have been commented of His Church, "They have no wine," no joy, no gladness, no glory. Many vessels were filled with the water of life, but something further seemed needed. Then the Lord began to pour out His Spirit at the beginning. He turned the water into wine. We had tasted of His grace before, but now we tasted of His glory. Truly, He has kept the good wine until now. No wonder that so many children of God shout "Glory!" these days. The glory is within. He has made us cherubim of glory. And the more we exalt the precious blood of Christ, and the more we magnify Him who delighteth in mercy, whose throne is the mercy seat, the more glory we shall have.

Lessons from the Past

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WHEN witnessing to the blessed fact of a present, God-given Pentecost, we are met by the assertion, "Scripture teaches that miracles in the last days will be from beneath, not from above." This half truth staggers some, who do not see that the very Scripture quoted shows that not only will there be a return of the miracles of Jannes and Jambres, but that this opposition of Satan will be met, *as theirs also was*, by God's people, like Moses, working greater miracles still—which presupposes a recurrence also of the miracles of Pentecost. The prophecy of Joel will only be fulfilled

in its ultimate sense when the former and latter rain are restored to Palestine; which restoration certainly did not take place at the dawn of the Pentecostal Dispensation, but in our present lifetime. Scripture does not tell us that Joel 2 was then *fulfilled*—as in most cases if not all cases of prophetic fulfillment—but merely says, "This is that which is spoken by the prophet Joel." That first blessed experience of "the promise of the Father" will surely be excelled in the latter downpour, sent to prepare us for instant glorification. If even in those far-off days Satan, according to his usual tactics, produced lying imitation of tongues so like the true work of the Spirit that only the interpretation

revealed something wrong, how much more will Satan do the same in these days, to frustrate the preparation of saints for that "Day" for which all other days were made!

They had assembled for their usual worship—those early Christians, who amid all the idolatry and pagan evils of Corinth (that Paris of the ancient world) had been so filled with the Spirit both *in utterance and knowledge* that they "came behind in no gift;" and, although Satan commenced as usual by stirring up contentions among the women and differences in Church matters among the men, the unity of the Spirit was not broken among them and they continued in that deep communion with God in which the Holy Spirit spake through them in other tongues: 1st, in prayer to God; 2nd, speaking mysteries in the Spirit; thus (3rd) edifying themselves, and (4th) affording a sign from God to them that believe not. (I. Cor. 14:22). One day, in the midst of this spiritual service, another voice was heard—so like the usual utterances that it seems none discerned the difference until the interpretation, "Jesus is accursed," revolted their holy instincts and led them to consult the Apostles. In response, St. Paul gave them a test by which to meet such occurrences in the future, i. e., that no one speaking by God's inspiration would call Jesus accursed, and that no one inspired by an evil spirit would call Jesus Lord. An evil spirit—in those days as in ours—would say anything to deceive and mislead; but neither in Christian meetings or in their own spiritualistic seances can they be made to say that *Jesus* is divine, only that Christ is so; thus throwing contempt on Him in His human name and nature.

St. Paul commences chapter 12 by saying that he would not have them ignorant of these things, and goes on to refer to their former experience as heathen in consulting their Oracles—when evil spirits spoke through men in the service of Satan, even as the Holy Spirit speaks now through inspired Christians. It is important to note that in the first verse the word "gifts" is in italics and therefore not in the original, and that an article is omitted from the Greek, which reads: "Now, concerning *the spiritual*, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." In the second chapter this word is used as a noun, contrasting spiritual with carnal; so here also the term "spiritual" includes both those inspired by God and those inspired by Satan, and teaches the disciples how to test and prove the difference,—and yet how few of us now know that these false utterances can be known only

by their import. So let none of us be stumbled by Satan intruding, as in former times, into our meetings; but, by using our God-given test, expose the counterfeit.

It is, in fact, Satan's unintentioned testimony that Pentecost is now with us that he again counterfeits the true to discredit God's work. But let us all the more stand true to the blessing of Pentecost, the two *distinctive* miracles of which were, speaking in tongues and interpretation; all other miracles recorded in Acts having occurred previously, both in Old Testament times by the prophets and by the "seventy" sent out during our Lord's lifetime. No wonder Satan so opposes the tongues of our present Pentecost, and endeavors to prove—unhappily through some of God's own people—that miracles were to cease, though far down the stream of time from Pentecost we have records of them. St. Crysostom at the close of the fourth century writes: "Whosoever was baptized in Apostolic times, he straightway spake in tongues; for since their coming over from idols without any clear knowledge or training in the ancient scriptures, they at once received the Spirit. God's grace bestowed some sensible proof of His energy; and so, straightway, one spake in the Persian language, another in the Roman, another in the Indian; and thus made manifest to those who were without that it was the Spirit in very person speaking. Wherefore the Apostle calls it, 'the manifestation of the Spirit given to every man to profit withal.' The Apostles themselves had received the sign first, so the faithful went on receiving it; yet not the gift of tongues only, inasmuch as many of the baptized used to raise the dead, cast out devils and perform many other wonderful works; but more abundant than all other divine endowments was the gift of tongues."

We are taught in the scriptures to desire spiritual gifts, and they are the long-disused *credentials* of the Church. We hear of Bible-reading converts from heathenism expecting our missionaries to possess and practice these gifts. Even the devils bear witness; to-wit, a few years ago we met a missionary from India who told us of a Medicine Man (devil-possessed native) who, having disturbed his meetings by interruptions, and being rebuked, begged the missionary *not to turn him out* of the man. The spirit speaking through the man said, "I know you; you are a Jesus man. Do not turn me out." The missionary said, "He quite expected me to do it!" whereupon I replied, "And did you not do it, like Pastor Hsi of China?" Very thoughtfully

he replied, "I had not the faith for it." He belonged to the branch of the church which does not believe in any bestowal of the Spirit subsequent to conversion; forgetting that previous to Pentecost even the "Seventy" cast out devils and performed other miracles, which "signs" Jesus said should "follow them that believe"; while, more astonishing still, our Lord spoke of those who in "that day" will say, "Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name and in Thy name have cast out devils and done many wonderful works?" and yet Christ never knew them as His, for they worked iniquity. An example of false exorcism of evil spirits is given in Acts 19, a terrible warning to all mere imitators; but why should the courage to attempt such things be shown only by impostors when our Lord enjoins us to covet earnestly the best gifts?

"Many mighty men are bound
Fast by Satan's chain,
Who for Christ might be a host
Through victory in His name.

'Dare to stand on Calvary
And Christ's victory claim;
Dare to say to Satan now:
'Go! in Jesus' Name.'

We were thankful to hear in a meeting in London the warning not to press Christians into Pentecost before they had definitely received and were still in possession of a clean heart; for, as in the old-time type, the oil significant of the Holy Spirit must not be poured on men's flesh but on the blood-sprinkled heart—so the gift of tongues received through the faith of others, or even their own faith without preparation for the gift, might leave them as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals," showing anything but love to others, becoming cold and bitter in speech, as in the sad case of some. Truly wise was the apostolic injunction, "Lay hands suddenly on no man." Previous to their receiving Pentecost, our Lord had pronounced the disciples clean at the last Supper, and after the Resurrection He had breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," apparently in preparation for their baptism; for after that they were "all of one accord." The only text which appears to teach cleansing and Pentecost as being given simultaneously is Acts 16:9; but "purifying their hearts by faith" is a mistranslation, the participle being in the aorist tense and denoting completed action in past time; thus, it reads, "Giving them the Holy Spirit, having purified their hearts by faith." The Apostle's command is, "Follow after love and desire spiritual gifts." Having the spiritual gifts apart from divine joy may lead to a sad fall in our

conflict with "principalities and powers in the heavenlies" and lead to the loss of "the prize of our high calling."

How does Satan tempt the spiritually baptized? When God created man in Paradise for a blessed intercourse with Himself, all his powers were exercised in divine fellowship. When he fell, these powers were darkened in the spiritual part of His being, while those pertaining to soul and body gained ascendancy and held empire over the spirit—until in conversion the Holy Spirit quickens him "into newness of life." He then becomes "an habitation of God through the Spirit"; but Satan strives to intrude into that habitation and rival God by first obsessing and then possessing the Christian—body, soul and spirit. Man is an easy prey to Satan, for human nature even at its best estate is not self-sufficient but formed to be filled and led by the Spirit within. Our God-given outer senses are to discern earthly things, but these inner faculties of the Spirit God would keep for His own control and we need the baptism of the Spirit in order to discern the voice of God and distinguish it from the counterfeit voice of Satan. That Christian man of science, Louis Agassiz, has told us what we have long seen in Scripture—that we have a double set of mental powers in our human organization essentially different, the inner one of which can be acted upon by another spirit but remains quiescent until so acted upon. It is this fact that makes spiritualism such an awful sin and danger, for though the Christian is *tried* by Satan's imitation of God's voice, the "adversary" can do no more than that; he cannot gain an entrance into our inner man without our consent, even as the Holy Spirit Himself will not enter without our glad concurrence. So God has made men impregnable to Satan's entrance unless we give ground for him either by direct consent, as do the modern mediums, following the ancient sorcerers, or through weakening our defences by tampering with mesmerism or hypnotism, which gradually enervates our resisting mental powers and leaves us a prey to Satan. It is quite necessary in these days that this warning should be widely given, for many are unknowingly injuring themselves by playing "the willing game" in schools and elsewhere; those who hypnotize losing much natural magnetism, while the hypnotized accustom themselves to come under the occult power of another—paving the way for Satanic control. Moreover, God endowed us with these inner powers for His own use and He designs to keep our future in this world in His own blessed

hands, desiring that we should trust Him and not pry into what He has in His wisdom withheld from our knowledge. Should we do so we are seeking unto Satan our great enemy and becoming unfaithful to our God, whose jealousy is a proof of His love for us. Most astounding of all is it that even some Christians in these last, most trying days, are yielding to that sin which brought the flood, even intercourse with familiar spirits in modern seances. Oh! may those who look for the Coming Bridegroom jealously guard their inner being as sacred unto God alone—an inner shrine! He longs to fill with the indwelling of the threefold Trinity that Holy of Holies of His living temple, if only we prove obedient to His command to be "chaste virgins unto Christ."

And who will sit with Him on His throne? We read in Revelation of a great multitude standing on a sea of glass mingled with fire, clad in white robes and having palms of victory in their hands, but with no crowns and no thrones. These are reserved for the spiritual athletes of all ages who sit upon thrones with golden crowns upon their heads; while an inner

circle sit with Him on His throne. Thus in the very highest heaven is met and refuted the insidious aspersion of Satan in Eden, that God's motive in withholding the forbidden fruit was, "that God doth know that ye shall be as God knowing good and evil." God's divine jealousy for His creatures' good was represented by Satan as jealous of His creatures; though God had through a past eternity planned that on obedience and faith man should be "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ," some sitting as His beloved bride beside Him on the throne given by the Father to His Son, and share His glorious life and work through an endless eternity. Most thankfully do we read the "*raison d'etre*" of our being, that "for His pleasure we are and were created" and that Christ after His wondrous sacrifice on Calvary "shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied." Thou hast made us for Thyself!

"Made for Thyself, O God!
 Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight;
 Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace and might,
 Made for Thy praise whom veiled archangels laud
 O strange and wondrous thought that we may be
 A joy to Thee!"

Wayside Seeds

"Some Seeds Fell by the Wayside." Matt. 13:4

Alma E. Doering, St. Chrischona b. Bale, Switzerland.



GEORGE Matheson, beautifully makes the following comments on the above text. "There are some who have no experience, only *experiences*. They never gain any lesson from life itself, only from what they call the startling *events* of life. They are stirred into emotion by what seem to them the accidents of the world. When death comes suddenly, they are impressed with the solemnity and are religious, but *only* for an hour; the seed has fallen by the wayside. They wake up only in stray moments to the responsibilities of life, roused occasionally by such catastrophes as death, war, commercial panic. Yet the startling *way* is more solemn than the wayside. The seeds that fall by the wayside are less important than the intervening space that lies between. The *quiet* time when there is nothing startling is the most eventful of all, for it is then that thou like the seed, art growing—growing by the nourishment of the past seed, and ripening for nourishment . . . We need to know His all-pervadingness. He is not only with us in our Bethanies and Calvaries, but in the common toil of Nazareth and in the silent

solitudes of the wilderness." So in the sense of His universal presence, shall our way be *uniformly* great and the wayside events be startling no more. We shall cease to live by the impressions of the hour when every breath of one's being comes as a gift *divine*."

My reader will soon understand why one chooses the foregoing preface to what one is about to relate. Our long sojourn in Europe has brought many surprises. It takes a *restful* heart and a restored soul to be able to lie down quietly even in green pastures, to say nothing of the barren wastes of disappointments. Prosperity, however, lies not in the greenness of the pastures, adversity lies not in the barrenness of the wastes; they *both lie within*. The joyous heart will make all things joyful; its waters will all be quiet. The restless heart will make all things unrestful; the very calmness of its outer world will become its source of pain. We cannot fly from ourselves by changing our circumstances; we can only change our circumstances by flying from ourselves. The sweetness and bitterness are alike *within* us and we shall *get from the world* just what we bring to it. We must be at rest from ourselves before *any* place

can be to us a scene of repose. And our calm shall reflect itself in others. This has been our precious lot while driven, through the frailness of the body, to flee from the *eventful* life of stirring the great crowds with our appeals for the dark, dark Congo. The wayside sowing was exchanged for the lesser events of silent suffering, of nocturnal wrestling, lesser only in the sight of man. We needed once more to be an ordinary woman and enjoy the quietness of uninterrupted home life and there was nothing eventful about it, a cross all the heavier for one whose life has been all events, (both sad and glorious) for so many years of international deputation labors. *But*, let a soul take out of God's hand the emptiness of the earth as well as its fulness; let the bride enter the wilderness cheerfully, leaning hard on her Beloved, and the quiet daily, unseen sowing will at last reveal some of the most surprising fruits.

Thus it happened while literally stranded in a large Danish sanatorium, taken ill suddenly *en route* and delayed there for months of weary shut-in-ness, we were cast among other sufferers, among them one of the wealthiest ladies of whole Scandinavia. As a fellow sufferer one could reach her invulnerable spot which would have forever remained closed to the missionary. But the missionary *incognito* under the garb of the weary invalid found a tender point of contact there and through a veritable labyrinth of following events this acquaintance became the link whereby a Congo candidate was supplied with enough funds to get her nurse's training in preparation for the Congo field. This invalid has received her home-call and among the most precious treasures of memory are the tears of penitential longings we have seen her pour forth, knowing as we did the joy that was sure to follow them.

Along the Calvary road of thorny advance to health lay another enforced stopping station, one of those pauses necessitated by renewed attacks of almost hopeless weakness. But here we were to become a living witness in the home of one of Europe's best schools of artists. All about one was delightfully pleasing to the eye; everything arranged with a view to pleasing the artistic mind with paintings hanging about which were cheap at a thousand dollars a piece. But what emptiness in that inner temp'e which only the indwelling of the transfigured and glorified Christ can make beautiful! How the three months of physical sufferings were made to pass rapidly as one forgot oneself in the burden for those who were the guests at this beautiful "villa." Shall we

ever forget the thrill of that moment, when a Jewish Professor of Philosophy listening enraptured by the simple testimony of Christ's all-sufficiency, challenged us to tell that story to a large audience of learned men including princes and princesses. One felt that this must be mere enthusiasm, as we first wanted to see this scholar, over whose works of prose and poetry many a soul sacrificed time and money, make a personal profession of the Christ before challenging another to do so. He renewed his offers and was ready to provide the lecture hall and the hearers as well. The declaration of war brought his plans to nought. Excitement was too great in those days of mobilization, but at least one was given no rest until a service was held in one of the grandest mansions of that great city of learning, the home of no less a personage than the aunt of the German Kaiser. It was our privilege subsequently to become a guest in that home with an offer to stay there indefinitely should we become hedged in because of the war blockade. Just as we made our first visit there, her excellency took sick and died a week after. She had fully testified to the joy and peace there is in Christ in the courts of Berlin and other European capitals. And all this followed in the wake of the monotone of invalid life! What a wonderful God we have!

Later when sent away to the mountains for the invigorating air of Alpine heights, we were not able to cope with the trend of tourists and health seekers who had their beautiful rooms in comfortable hotels; so we engaged a tiny room in a wooden picturesque little chalet with its low ceilings and boarded petitions causing every bit of sound to travel throughout the whole house. The family having been French, we were spared the fatigue of having to relate adventures and looked forward to great results from this isolation. We took a simple dinner in a very primitive restaurant and the rest of the meals consisted of lunches the purchasing of which gave us some exercise in French while the lonely enjoyment of them, in our little room made it seem all the homier. Not able to take very long mountain walks, and yet advised to get all the winter sun and air possible, a pair of skates were hired and the rink resorted to several times weekly. In mid-winter the sun shone out so hot that one could write out doors the greater part of the day and the advantages of getting access to the rink were crowded by the great number of comfortable benches where one could spend a great part of the time sunning oneself, writing, studying, etc. It was here one

had occasion to assist a learner. This led to the discovery that her husband had been in Africa a number of times on pleasure and hunting trips, which at once attracted him to the scene as well as several of his friends, among them a Belgian and French lord and their families. He himself was a member of the court of Spain. These sunny benches became the rendez-vous of a number of titled listeners and soon invitations to tea and lunches in the fashionable hotels and pensions added variety to our isolation. Shall we ever forget the moment when the Marquise de W— of the royal court of Spain, influenced in her ideas by that priest ridden aristocracy, after having listened to the story of a free salvation with its joys and sacrifices, her dark eyes eloquent with fervor said, "Oh Miss D—, I perceive there shall be a reversal of rank some day and I fear I shall have to be your servant." This remark showed me that still she did not grasp that it was all grace, and not works, nothing in us that could lay claim to reward or station in heaven. Thus we sent her a written message later on and then again another tea-table talk and still another round on skates, in season and out of season adding one ray of eternal light to another, till her proud husband nervously hinted that he would soon have a saint for a wife instead of the society woman he doted on, with her charming jewels and train of maids. One regretted that the end of the sporting season came sooner than was expected through the advent of an early spring for it meant an all too soon separation. But when her ladyship gave us the address of her next resort and asked us to send her a copy of our modest book, *Leopard Spots or God's Masterpiece*, with its clear cut message of salvation, one felt that as the written message followed her on into her Spanish palace, the Spirit of God could carry on what He had begun in so common place a way, through a poor missionary, not knowing to whom she was offering her assistance as a skater all out of practice. And so she found the key into the hearts of those who stand next to royalty and an opportunity was given to witness for her Master. God loves to choose the common things of life as links to the accomplishing of His great purposes. And so ordinary an advent as having to see an attorney pending the need of getting all Missionary funds legally registered in case of one's sudden death, brought us as a guest into the grandest estate of Switzerland with its great park right in the heart of a great metropolis whose mistress is one of the Lord's own and a witness to the fact that Christ dwells in man-

sions as well as in prosaic huts. A most trying experience was crowned with an opportunity of telling the grandchildren of one of Europe's greatest generals about the need of Africa, with their father, a high army officer intently listening just on the eve of a great military journey and followed by an invitation to return to this place of luxury so as to share our adventures and experiences of God's wonderful care of His own more in detail with the future heirs of the estate. Verily, His ways are not our ways, and His thoughts not our thoughts. We had yearned to be witnessing to the savage in the jungle but God had other ministries awaiting us in Europe in the time of her greatest trial, and all the way down from the mighty potentate to the poor homeless and hungry refugees, one has seen by personal contact the great need of *living* out Christ and when *He* is lifted up *He* does draw all classes unto *Himself*. The mansion and the palace do not satisfy. With the great King of kings indwelling, one was not at all at loss with a servant on hand to brush one's clothes and another to receive one as one enters the long vestibule with its grand floral display on either side and its crystal waters turning the very interior of the house into one great paradise of nature. One was there as *His* representative and that made one feel quite in harmony with the surroundings.

Neither was this less the case when on another occasion one was made the royal guest of the princess of the Spiritual Kingdom, who had only a tiny servant's room up in the attic to offer as a prophet's chamber. She is a member of that royal family who has forsaken all for Jesus' sake and lives in poverty, constantly dispensing what God gives her to the sick and poor. A victim of eleven operations herself and then healed by the hand of God, she buys out the time bringing cheer to the weary sufferers about her. Her unselfish hospitality was occasioned through an enforced visit to Bern, to have the American minister *visae* one's passport prior to a proposed visit to England, on mission business. Difficulties arose about our getting through France. An affidavit from the writer's father arrived just in time to save the situation. It proved the residence of the family in America since the fifties, some sixty years ago, the grandfather having been one of the early settlers in Chicago, and the father a soldier in the civil war. It no longer suffices to be oneself a citizen of a neutral country. Our belligerent neighbors demand the proof of a neutral ancestry as well.

While all the complications arising from hav-

ing a passport made out for the Congo Belge and England, but having passed through Germany enroute to Switzerland were delaying us, we learned that two trains each bearing five hundred French refugees, were passing through Bern daily, until the Swiss people had royalty entertained thirty thousand refugees passing through la belle Suisse. Hungry, poorly clad, old men and women and tiny babies made silent appeals to the public as the train stopped for about a half hour to serve them refreshments. As they approached the station cries of "viva la Suisse" rent the air. Crowds of onlookers responded enthusiastically and, regardless of their sympathies or ancestral feelings, all vied with each other in filling the hand cart which was wheeled back and forth by a Swiss soldier for the reception of packages of clothing, food, sweets and literature. Here all national feelings were laid aside and many a sacrifice was brought. Our kind friends too longed to help. They made a number of pillows out of old newspapers, torn into fine shreds and these were enthusiastically welcomed by the refugees. Ladies went about distributing tracts and picture postcards, others would gladden the hearts of the haggard looking children with fruit and good Swiss chocolate, while still others would deal out cigars, etc. Our friends looked yearningly on, longing to be among the givers in a larger measure, although their gifts, being real sacrifices, not out of abundance but out of their own need, must have been multiplied like the widow's oil, to the recipients. Always in touch with needy families, our attention had been called to one who was obliged through ill health to give up his laundry and after a long hospital siege, too weak to do heavy work, bought a little shop on the installment plan. With it he had to take a number of shop-worn things, which along with his struggle to make ends meet were quite a burden to him. How we longed to help and how we longed to do our share for the refugees! Here was the solution. Buy as much of these warm flannels and underclothing as we possibly could for the refugees and thus help our needy friends and them. Alas for a limit to our own resources, we had to leave with some of these almost undesirable things still on his hands, but the bulk of them we could purchase. The joy of our store-keeper was beyond expression and

catching the glow of that joy which real sacrifice always brings with it, he too began to throw in a number of things, forgetting his own poverty so as to enrich in a small measure those still more unfortunate. But the joy of our friends, the two sisters, was still more worth while this little undertaking, as they made up the packages and as we, with armfuls of bundles wended our way to the mid-day refugee train, where a third installment of pleasure was awaiting us, as mothers would wrap their ill-clad babes in these faded though warm shawls and flannels. Such are the joys of buying up the opportunities along the path of shattered health and plans. Indeed, He hath done *all* things well!

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