



The Tatter 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

God's Stamp of Approval upon a Life

Working among the Unloved and Unlovable

Mattie Perry in the Findlay (Ohio) Convention, Dec. 9, 1916.



PRAISE God that more and more it grows upon me that He is responsible for everything we need for this life and that which is to come, physically, mentally, financially and spiritually. The first promise I ever remember to have claimed of the Lord when I was a small girl, is found in Matt. 6:33, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." What are "these things"? He was talking about the lilies of the field, to which Solomon in all his glory did not compare; and the birds of the air, which neither sowed nor reaped nor gathered into barns, and yet He said, "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

Now I believe that to trust God does not mean to sit down in idleness, but to be on the alert, looking every moment for opportunities to work for Him. Whatever your vocation may be, let that be simply to meet expenses as you pass through the world, but let us work righteousness and give that the pre-eminence. Ah! if we could only learn the value of a soul; the value of the soul who sits next to you in your own home, the one who sits with you at the table every day, and works with you in the office or at the counter, and realize that that soul is worth more than the whole world, how different the life would be! Were the world with the sun, moon and stars put into one of the balances and the soul in the other, the soul would far outweigh them all. I have a beautiful little friend down in Georgia, her mother and sister have gone on to the other side, and her father is eighty years old, and the last time I was there she said, "I tell you how it is, dear Mattie, I helped mama to get ready for heaven, and then I helped Florence, and now my first business in life is to get father ready for heaven," and I thought how blessed it would be if everyone of us would realize that it is a part of our business to get each member of our families ready for heaven, and not only the members of our families but every one whom we can reach, the cook in the kitchen, the grocery boy, the little ragged, dirty urchin you see on the street, repulsive, filthy and filled with disease and vermin, unlovable, and sad to say, unloved—but if you could realize that underneath the dirt and the rags is the image of our precious Lord, that down in that

sin-smirched heart, "crushed by the tempter," there is that which grace can restore, you would show them just a little bit of love. I have had many pairs of little arms put around my neck and heard the little ones say, "Sister Mattie, you are the only one in the world who loves me." My own heart was once breaking for a little bit of love from someone, and I know what it means. This world is staggering under sin and wickedness, and ignorance of the love of God, and He wants channels through which to pour His love.

When I was a little girl nine years of age I began to seek the Lord. I used to read the Bible until twelve o'clock at night. My parents were Christians and had family worship, but they didn't know the secret that was in their little girl's heart. At the age of twelve the Lord spoke peace to my soul and I shouted His praises. He gave me a ministry of prayer when I was a child and taught me that the poorest, weakest, humblest child of God could live such a life of prayer as to touch every nation and kindred, tribe and tongue on the face of the earth; if a person was an invalid and never able to get outside the walls of her room, if she was so poor herself, supported by charity, the Lord showed me that she could touch the throne for others. Up to that time I had no representative in the foreign field. I had dedicated myself to go, and to those who have been preparing to go and haven't the money I will tell you how I got along and it may help you. When I was sixteen years of age the death angel came to our home and took my sister just older than I. Sixteen days later he came again and took my younger brother. A little later my grandmother who made her home with us, passed away, and then another call that claimed my baby brother, four deaths in three years. I wondered why I was spared, why they were taken and I left, but the Spirit of God was dealing with me. I thought before I was converted it would be the greatest thing in the world to die a martyr for Jesus but I have learned since then that He wants living witnesses. In the midst of these sorrows the Lord called me to be a missionary and I spent many hours weeping over perishing souls and over the heathen. I was not rebellious but I was just a little, ignorant country girl and didn't know how to accept the call of God. As a girl in my 'teens I used to plead with God so to stamp His life upon my life that everyone who

saw or heard me would be reminded of my blessed Lord. I wanted to be so identified with my Lord and so lost in Him that no one could ever think of me without thinking of Him, and many have told me that that was true of my life. I still say to the Lord, "Lord, use me to the best advantage, to the greatest number; make me the greatest blessing in the shortest time possible." I am nothing and nobody but I thank God He can take the weak things to confound the mighty.

My father was called of God to the work but didn't know how to accept the call until later. During the last month of his life he won more souls to Christ than many ministers do all their life time. As far back as I can trace my ancestry my forefathers on either side were Christians, and I have the privilege of claiming the promise in this precious Book that is left to the seed of the righteous. My life has been backed up for generations with prayer. My grandmother had a little moss bed up in the grove upon which she used to kneel in prayer. She took me there once when I was a little girl, and after seventeen years of absence I went back on the hillside to find the spot, but I couldn't find the little moss bed; so I prayed, and just as I planted my foot on the moss bed the Spirit of God fell upon me and I knelt down and said, "Lord, let the mantle of my grandmother fall upon my shoulders," and a spirit of awe came upon me and I shouted the praises of God. My father would spend hours on his knees in prayer. Do you wonder that the Lord has blessed my life, with parents and grandparents backing it up with their prayers and faith, and claiming the promises of God upon the seed of the righteous? I learned when I was a little girl that the Bible meant just what it said, and I believed it, and I have never learned any better. When I went to college the Lord used me the second Sunday night I was there. I was only a country girl but I think there were ten conversions that night in prayer-meeting held in one of the rooms. The boys gathered on the street corners and made fun of the girls, but before school closed many of them were saved and they organized a prayer-meeting in their school. I prayed for a college education and Mrs. Rogers of Williamston prayed for some one to educate. I entered college with two dollars in my purse, and the Lord used this sister to help me. When I tried to thank her she said, "You can do what I cannot, and I can do what you cannot." She gave me over a thousand dollars for educational purposes and her mantle is on my shoulders; I must be true to God at any cost.

I left Williamston and went into evangelistic

work in a city mission. I had hoped to go to a Bible School, but I was rejected because I had an empty purse. There was room for other girls whose parents had money but as there was no opening for me I offered myself by the advice of my pastor, to City Mission work at Spartanburg, N. C. My Sunday School teacher said, "Mattie is so plain in her manners, she will never make friends. I do not think she has a call." That woman afterwards offered herself as a cook in my kitchen.

So far as the physical is concerned I have been healed of cancer, of tuberculosis, neuralgia, blindness, of nervous prostration time after time, of small-pox, pellegra; in fact nearly everything. I have not taken medicine for twenty-one years, and He alone has been my Physician. While I was in school my health was so poor I was out a year and my heart was almost broken, but I was not turned aside from the purpose God had for my life. Beloved, the calling of God is without repentance, and you can let the hindrances that are before you prove as stepping stones upon which you rise to victory. If the Lord has called me and an obstacle arises, I can let that obstacle turn me back if I have had enough and am not able to go through. But if I am strong enough to mount that obstacle I have won a victory and I am nearer heaven; Satan builds the ladder and I climb to glory on it. I thank God for every test, every trial, every thing that He has allowed to come into my life, because I know He knows what is best. He is too wise to err and too good to be unjust, I am in His school and He knows just what it will take eventually to bring me into the likeness of His glorified Son, and into the place where He can use me for His glory.

I was in the evangelistic work for years and the Lord used me to lead hundreds of precious souls to Christ and having been one of a hundred volunteers, I prayed to the Lord to send forth laborers into His harvest. The young people would come to me and say, "Do you know where I could go and work my way through school?" I couldn't tell them and the Lord put it on my heart to pray for a school. After praying for this for awhile the Lord said, "You can do the work, my child." I said, "Lord, I am not a business woman. I am not able. I am willing but You will have to make me able." Beloved, the very call itself is a promise from the Lord. He will enable you to do what He calls you to do. I prayed about it quite a long time and finally I bought a house that had been erected at an expense of thirty-two thousand dollars. I didn't

have the money even for a ticket to go and look at the property, but I prayed for it, and went and contracted for it. It was at Elhanan, N. C., a place that had been built for a summer resort. Later they sent me word and said, "How much money have you to put into the institution? We have another purchaser." So I went to the Lord and I said, "Father, You gave me that house and they cannot take it from me," and suddenly the Lord spoke to me and said, "According to thy faith be it unto you," and He gave me such a baptism of faith that I knew it was God's will for me to hold it. You know you have to have a foundation laid for your faith. I never asked anybody for a cent but God gave it in answer to prayer. We opened the school with a family of twenty-five, not one of whom was able to pay me eight dollars a month for board. Ten of those charter pupils became Christian workers, two went to Africa as missionaries. The Lord met us all along the way. So long as the whole family love the Lord and keep close to Jesus, the needs are always met, but when an Achan comes into the camp the funds are cut off, and we found this true in a number of instances.

The Lord has given us in these eighteen years \$150,000 for home missions, without solicitation. He has proven to us and to all the South country that prayer avails and prayer prevails. I have had from five to forty representatives in the foreign field. For the last twenty years the sun has not gone down on my labors for the Lord. Not that I am anything, but if you haven't the money yourself you can pray the money out of other people's bank accounts and the Lord will meet the need.

Our school grew into an orphanage, and our doors were open continually to the homeless. I am the mother of about twelve hundred, our average family for a long time being one hundred and fifty, with an income of less than fifty dollars a month. We had the door-step baby and the tramp baby, and I couldn't tell you how many children found back in the woods; they were brought to us from the streets and alleys; little ones under three years of age with all kinds of disease and dirt and vermin. One day when I was very tired they had taken me over to my mother's cottage to rest—I have been an invalid ten years in the eighteen from overwork—and I looked out on the road and saw a little child coming. He had on a little jean dress, saturated with dirt. They had walked miles and miles to bring that baby, I had often prayed like this:

"Lord, if I accept anybody You don't want, please be the door-keeper of the Home. If there are those whom You want here and I would reject them, bring them anyway." With the doors all closed and our hearts so full, we thought we could not take them. Forty children came in through those closed doors. I could tell you how a woman walked over the mountains, through the snow and mud with a six-months' old consumptive baby in her arms and a two-year-old child who had a scrofulous sore; I could tell of two little girls who walked a hundred miles and slept on the ground with the sky for a covering in December. We nursed them through a long spell of sickness and the Lord spared their young lives.

I could tell of young men and women who came to us, got their call and are now in the foreign field. One young woman who came from Louisiana got her call to India and now has a family of seventy-five little brown children. Another is engaged in mission work in Sierre Leon, West Africa, and she tells of how the kings come pleading for missionaries. She told us about a tramp she took for forty miles. She wore low shoes and the shoes blistered her feet, one blister after another; and after she had walked eighteen miles the king pleaded with her to spend the night there, but she could not; she had to go back. He said, "If you will only stay I will send runners all over my kingdom and compel them to come in." Oh beloved, it thrills my heart when I know I have a little part in it. I thank God for the privilege of training these young lives who never would have had a chance if we hadn't given it to them. But we also have to do our part at the altar of prayer. He said if we work He will give us the kingdoms of the earth, the heathen for our inheritance. The reason we are so poor is that we fail to ask, we fail to go in and possess the land.

When I pledged for the support of my first missionary while at Keuka, N. Y., I was a thousand miles from home with practically no money, and the Lord told me I could have a representative in China until I was ready to go myself. I had felt a deep burden for China for many years. I arose and pledged the support. Amy E. Brown is my other self. She was in the siege of Pekin during the boxer uprising. Beloved, if you haven't a representative in the foreign field; if you allow the sun to go down on your labors, you are losing much reward. When they told me to consider myself a missionary and I could not go, that God had work for me here, it nearly broke my heart. But when Amy Brown

went I felt it was my other self. While I sleep she works and while I work she sleeps.

Some people say you must keep back something for a rainy day, but the best way for you to save money is to lay your treasures up yonder in heaven. If you have a bank account, hold it with an open hand, and when God says give, give as unto Him. I remember once when I was trusting the Lord for a family of seventy-five or a hundred, I had a poor girl in the Orphanage who had been turned out of her home for the crime of accepting Jesus Christ. She needed shoes worse than I did, and I was sick in bed at the time, so I gave her the only shoes I had. The day I was able to step out from my sick bed there came a pair of new shoes, just my size, from Louisiana. Didn't it pay me to give mine away? One time as I was traveling I gave up my breakfast for missions that I might have the time I took for eating breakfast to pray for the foreign field. I wasn't going to get anything to eat that day until three o'clock, and that is a long time to wait when you are traveling and not very strong, and I said, "Father cannot You give Your child something to eat on this train?" In a little while a woman from Florida opened up a beautiful lunch box and invited me to share it with her. My Father had my dinner prepared away down in Florida and brought it on the train especially for me.

When I entered Bible School I trusted the Lord for money to pay my board, and when I left there, my board bill was paid and the Lord gave me sixty dollars over for foreign missions. I want to say that the religion of the Lord Jesus makes us sweet and our loved ones have as much right to be won to Christ by us as anybody else. The Lord gave me little gifts to take home to the different loved ones and my

trunk was overflowing, and I had to express a box and take a suit case in my hand.

I just want to say this at the close: If you find a little, dirty, ragged, homeless, motherless, repulsive urchin in the street, remember that is my child. Take care of it. Underneath all the dirt and the rags and the disease is the image of our Lord. One time there came to us two famine babies who were brought twenty miles from a mining country, little Fannie and Minnie. They didn't know how to kiss. Little Fannie never smiled. There wasn't a color of blood in their little lips. The oldest had dropsy and a cankered sore mouth; the other one had paralysis of the bowels, and was just as poorly as could be. My sister took them in her own room and carried the little one in her arms. One day she brought the little one over to the office from the nursery, and said, "You cannot guess why I have brought this little three-year-old; she has been cursing. She cursed one of the other babies. She has been doing it all the time but we didn't know it because we didn't understand." What did I do? Whip her? No, I put my arm around her, got down on my knees, laid my hand on her and prayed, "Lord, make her forget the old life and the old ways," and she forgot them. I never heard her cursing another day. Oh it is so sweet to take these unloved and unlovable lives and put the prayers and the scriptures on their lips and train them up for Jesus. When the hot weather came they were both laid away in one grave and they are over yonder waiting for me.

Do not be afraid to commit your life to Him without reserve. Claim His promises and prove His faithfulness before an unbelieving world, for "Faithful is He that calleth you who also will do it.

Back from the Trenches in France

Mr. Brading of the Scripture Gift Mission, London, England, at the Moody Tabernacle, Dec. 26, 1916.



BELOVED friends, I suppose many of us have some one in the conflict in Europe and we must have a special interest in the things that are being done over there. It is not my purpose tonight to speak about the war, but the thing which God has laid on my heart to tell you is something that I believe will touch all our hearts, and it is to my mind the only bright spot in this terrible conflict; that bright spot is the wonderful way in which the men of all nations are reading the Word of God.

You know there is a verse in the prophecy of Isaiah which says, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." What I hope to do tonight is to stir up your faith and endeavor, if possible, to get you to believe that what God says is absolutely true. I know it will be good for your own selves as well as your neighbors when they see that you believe God's Book from beginning to end, from the first verse in the first chapter of Genesis to the last verse in the last chapter of

Revelation; and when men see that you believe in the old Book and that it has an influence upon your lives, then they will begin to inquire.

Now this Book is influencing the lives of the men in the trenches. In years of service one who has been accustomed to dealing with the soldiers of different nations has constantly met that old question whether or not the Bible was inspired, together with the so-called mistakes of Moses, and other objections to the Scriptures; but to-day, thank God, those things as a rule have passed away and if you go to the trenches in Flanders or any of the fronts, you will find that the one great question in the minds of the men is this: "How can I know that my sins are forgiven?" Wonderful changes take place and you do not wonder at it, when these men are facing death every instant in the day. They know not when their turn may come to pass out of this world into the next and if they are not ready, what then? Oh, the awful thought of meeting God unprepared!

Even if we could send sufficient missionaries, and that would be impossible, they would not be allowed to go up into the trenches to talk to the men, as this would hamper the movement of the troops; but there is one way God is working, and that is through His own Word, which is being scattered throughout the nations in a marked way; in fact it is one of the strangest things at the front today, the way the men are receiving the Word of God. Men who under other circumstances would have rejected it, laughed and sneered at it; these men will take God's Word and read it; men who have not read the Scriptures for perhaps half a century, have turned over its pages and as they read the gospels in the little Testaments the Spirit of God works in their hearts and enlightens their minds, and they see that there is some beauty in the Savior we love.

Let me give you one or two instances which have come under one's notice, to show you that God's Word apart from any human instrument, does speak to the hearts of men:

An officer going his rounds of the trenches saw a young soldier reading the little Gospel of John and he said to the lad, "You do not believe in that Book, do you?" The soldier looked up to his officer and said, "Yes sir, I do believe in this Book and for three reasons: 1st, it has been the means of my salvation." Only a short while before, that boy had been reading that Book, and without any human help or aid whatsoever, God, by His Spirit opened the boy's eyes to see his need of a Savior. He trusted the Lord

Jesus Christ and God had made Himself very precious to him. "2nd, the joy and the comfort that comes into my soul; I cannot explain it to you. 3rd, it has taken away from me all fear of death." The officer passed by; apparently he had no use for the Scriptures, but hardly had he taken two or three steps when a shell burst which knocked the young man's head clean off. It was such a shock to the officer that he came back and picked up the little Testament he had despised. As he read it God revealed Himself, and this was the means of his conversion as well as that of his wife and three grown-up daughters. "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please; it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it."

Think of Belgium and its vast number of soldiers; and of France, Germany, Portugal, Russia and of Italy, countries where to a great extent God's Word has been put to one side; and yet in spite of the war, God is doing this wonderful thing, opening a way whereby His Word can be scattered among all these nations, and men, who humanly speaking would never have received a copy of the Word, are now gladly accepting it! Don't you think it is a remarkable thing? Is it not something for which we should praise God? His own Word is the greatest missionary in the world. It can go where men cannot go. The Lord Jesus Christ who loved us and gave Himself for us—it is before Him that men will have to appear to give an account of the works done in the flesh. How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation which He has provided for men? This salvation is found in the written Word, which God is using now in the trenches of Europe to lead these young soldiers to the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was in the north of London that a young lady went to a certain shop to buy some candies and other things to send to her sweetheart at the front, and the clerk with whom I am acquainted, suggested that he would be able to pack the parcel up a little better than she. So he took a little portion of Scripture and slipped it inside the parcel, which duly reached its destination. The soldier wrote thanking the young lady for the package and especially for the little portion of Scripture which was inside. Of course she did not quite understand what he meant and went to the man who had put up the package to ask him about it. He convinced her that it was all right and she came away satisfied. It was not even a complete Gospel, just a little book containing about ninety-five pages of different extracts of Scripture; passages appealing to men

to yield themselves to God. What was the result? After this soldier was wounded a comrade found in his pocket this little booklet and a long letter written to the boy's sweetheart, telling her of his conversion and begging her to give herself to Jesus. When the comrade came home to England he found this girl and told her the story of "Singing Jim" as the boy was called. But before he had left the trenches the boys at the front begged him to bring back some copies of this booklet which had wrought such a marvelous change in "Singing Jim's" life. When the lad told this young lady his story he asked where he could get some more of these little books and she took him to her friend, the store-keeper, who counted it a great privilege and joy to supply him with sufficient copies for the soldiers at the front.

If I can only increase your faith tonight, in the power of God's Word to lead sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ, I shall feel something will have been accomplished.

A soldier writing to me said: "Before I left the homeland some one gave me a little Testament and I value it highly. I read it every day; do not know what I would do without it; but mine is the only one we have and the men are constantly coming to me wanting to read it. At last I said, 'Do you really want to read God's Book?' and they said they did. 'Well' I said, 'I'll tell you what I will do—I will cut it up in pieces and we will each have a piece.'" That is not a fairy story; it is an actual fact; and the young man who wrote this to me asked that we send him some Testaments.

This war has given a wonderful opportunity that the Word of the Lord may reach many of those who are fighting in Europe who would never otherwise have read it. Some of the lads have gotten a rather superstitious idea regarding the Scriptures and we do not wonder at it. After hearing of Bibles having saved lives and turned off bullets they look upon the Testament as a charm. A Bible was given to a soldier by his pastor, when the boy left Manchester for the front. He carried this Book in his breast pocket. He was struck by a bullet but was not even wounded. He pulled the Bible out of his pocket and saw that the bullet had pierced right through it but stopped at the back cover. When he realized that this Book was the means of saving his life he began reading it and was brought to the Savior.

An officer friend of mine said to me just before he was returning to the front: "I want to tell you something which I have seen with my own eyes—I have seen ninety-six men in the camp turn to the Lord Jesus Christ while I was over in France."

I will relate another very striking incident. A friend of mine went over to France. His mother had given him a little pocket Bible and she wrote two verses on the front page from the 91st Psalm: "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand but it shall not come nigh thee." A shell pierced the Book, not only damaging it badly but it tore away part of the cover and made its way to this Psalm. His brother told me this story just as I am telling it to you. He said that shell stopped at the 91st Psalm and made kind of a frame-work around the two verses which his mother had written inside the front of the Bible.

I remember another incident which comes to my mind, of a soldier whose minister had given him one of these Gospels of John. He took it with him to the trenches. When he was wounded he remembered the little Gospel which had been given to him and asked the nurse to get it for him. He opened it—and of course it opened to John 3:16. He began reading that verse, which I believe has been the means of leading more men to the Lord Jesus Christ than any other verse in the Bible, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." And as the soldier read that verse he noticed that there was a hole just below it. He closed the Book and saw that the bullet had penetrated through underneath that verse, and he remembered when he was wounded of feeling a weight over his heart. That Book had been the means of turning the bullet off and instead of going through the vital organ, it had gone through his side. His mother was a widow. She lent me the Book for a while but I sent it back to her in England, and today in her little front parlor she has that Book framed; she shows it as her greatest treasure to everybody who comes—the Book which has been the means of saving her son's life as well as his soul; and so you cannot blame the soldiers for being a little superstitious.

Since we started we have been able to distribute five million copies of Testaments, Gospels and small portions of the Scripture.

United We Stand, Divided We Fall

Leila M. Conway, Hurlock, Md.



AS a rule that which holds good for the natural, will apply to the spiritual also. The Lord Jesus desires His people to draw lessons from business and every-day life and then put them into practice from the Godward side. The hard toiling man, the lilies, the busy little bee, the conies, "though they be a feeble folk," are among the examples from which we are to learn, and "he that hath eyes to see, let him see." "Be teachable," and "ready to learn," are scriptural admonitions which we should every one lay to heart. The importance of unity cannot be over-estimated and the subject is a most vital one, for on it the whole fabric of society rests; just the material things—not speaking of "religion." The great political, industrial, and money-making interests of this busy age must, in order to succeed, be conducted according to their principles. That home not founded on the basis of unity will eventually totter and fall. The husband and wife will drift apart, the children will often be at dagger's point one with the other, for "how can two walk together except they be agreed?" "And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand." Matt. 12:25. And even in the realm of evil there must be this spirit of oneness, for "if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end." Over in bleeding Europe, the millions of men composing the great armies of those respective countries must stand *en-masse*, as one man. Not a single soldier can break ranks, and to all outward appearances at least, the men all up and down those long extended battle lines must be joined hand to hand in unbroken unity and present one common breast against the foe. And one more instance we might mention. Let one little cog in the machinery of some great factory get out of order, and immediately there is a hitch, other parts are disarranged, and likely as not the whole working apparatus comes to a standstill till the defect is remedied and the little cog once again performs its duty, then all moves on harmoniously as before.

This is just a passing glance at the earth side of this subject, but where we should most look for unity and have far more of a reason and right to expect it, is among the children of God. We are not speaking of that class who are

"babes in Christ and being yet carnal," are liable to get into "envyings, strife and divisions"; with them, we are to forbear till they "come into the unity of the faith," as all will, that follow on after God—but refer to those who lay claim to knowledge of the Word and an advanced state of grace. Surely it ought to be said, especially of men and women having received the Holy Ghost, that "words and acts which engender disputings and quarrelling, should "not be once named among you as becometh saints." But do we not find that a large percentage of the divisions so rife, originate from among Christian workers and leaders? This thing ought not to be, brethren. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Heb. 12:14. Behold, the religious world, rent by sectarian controversy and partisan strife as it is to-day. A spectacle to make angels weep! Swords ready to fly from scabbards if perchance a poor pilgrim is found along the way, unable to pronounce the "shibboleth" of some particular denomination! Loud, vehement cries are heard of "Away with him! Away with him! for he followeth not with us," and quite probably those most bitter in their outcry, are the body of believers who say they are of no sect and that theirs is the only true church. People of practically all creeds and denominations are clamoring, endeavoring to make their voices heard one above the other and calling out to the passer-by, "This is the way—the right way—walk ye in it. Ours is the true Church of God, and you stand a much better chance of salvation if you will come and be a member of it." Let there be someone of the opposite side to differ, and immediately what a volley of invectives are hurled at him. The same spirit as the disciples had when they would have called down fire from heaven upon the heads of their offending brethren. And is that kind of a feeling from God? Do we really know the Scriptures, or is it that we know, but fail to practice altogether? Astonishing it is that a child of the Lord should have such a straitened vision, such a narrow-minded view, and come to his conclusions from just the outward appearance of things.

In a certain neighborhood a devout woman of the Methodist denomination began attending the Holiness (?) Church quite regularly. She noticed that the members evinced but little cordiality or friendship toward her, but

still it did not matter much to the earnest soul, for her only object in going was to worship the Lord. On her way home from prayer-meeting one night a sister of the said Church overtook her. Miss M. began to speak of the meetings which she had attended in the past, how she had enjoyed them, felt so much at home, etc., when the sister interrupted her with: "Why don't you come and join us then?" "Join you?" repeated the astonished Miss M.—who was about as much surprised as if a bomb had suddenly dropped upon her—"I—I—er—am already one of you." "Explain what you mean," replied the sister in an icy tone. "I thought," timidly essayed Miss M.—, "that Christians are all one in Christ Jesus. For does it not tell in the Word of the 'one body' to which the family of God in heaven and on earth belong, and I am certainly of it too, the same as are you." "Oh, not that," hastily exclaimed the sister. "You should have your name put on our church book, take an outward stand with our little company, and come over to us in that way." Miss M. had often rejoiced that her name was inscribed with theirs on high and had so expressed herself in their meetings. O Religion, how many things are done in thy fair name! The churches are many, each bearing a different name, branded by various beliefs, and all under "differences of administrations," etc. Go where we may, we hear the oft-repeated assertion, "I am of Paul" (Protestant); "I am of Apollos" (Catholic); "I am of Cephas" (Methodist), and so on. But "is Christ divided?" I Cor. 1:13. Hear, O fellow-believer, "are we not all one in Christ, and He Lord over all?" The one and only question which is going to decide whether your name and mine are found recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life and that will grant us the right to "enter in through the gates into the city" is, "Are you of Christ?" The denominational name that we wear is no more than a mere shell, just the external part. He "whose eyes are as a flame of fire" and the Searcher of all hearts looks within to see if we have been born from above, and this birth of the Spirit it is, which admits us into the fold of Christ and makes us a member of that great invisible Church, "the church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven." Praises to God! And "there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." John 10:16. How this ought to simplify matters and clear away confusion on the part of honest inquiring souls, who, seeing the many different religious organizations

each enclosed by its own particular sectarian fence, are a little perplexed to know just which is the right way. The divisions that exist among Christians are not alone a source of harm to the parties concerned, but are also obstacles and "an occasion to fall "in our brother's path.

When God's people begin to disagree and divisions arise, can it be said of them as once it was of a certain body of believers that we read about in the Word, "Behold! how these Christians love one another?" Is there not rather a spirit the opposite of love? In Romans 16:17, we are enjoined to mark them which cause divisions and offences and avoid them, for there is a class of people whose delight seems to be to make trouble and cause separations. "For ye are yet carnal: for so long as jealousy and envyings continue among you, can it be denied that you are unspiritual and are living and acting like mere men of the world?" I Cor. 3:3, Wey. trans. It is of no serious consequence if God's children differ on minor and non-essential points, such as feet-washing (which some sects observe as an ordinance), whether baptism shall be by sprinkling or immersion, etc., etc., but 'tis all important that they see "eye to eye" on the main themes and essentials of the Gospel. Incredible as it may seem, yet nevertheless true, there are scores upon scores of those who fear God "but have a zeal not according to knowledge," that are vastly more interested as to the *posture* one takes in prayer, than if there be the spirit of real prayer in the heart. "The *letter* of the law killeth." Christians can so dispute and indulge in hairsplitting over just the outward form of salvation as to lose the love of God out of their souls.

Viewing it from the spiritual standpoint, no man is contaminated who sits down at the table to eat with unwashed hands. "For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: These are the things which defile a man; but to eat with upwashed hands defileth not a man." Oh, to lay aside these quarrelsome, petty contentions and to get on the bed rock of unity—a foundation broad, sure and permanent! And what blessed results follow, for the influence of such lives is most helpful and far reaching in its effects. On the other hand we see how it works to the contrary; for example, the home. When the father and mother fail to live in harmony as is sometimes the case, how the disunion reacts upon the children and casts a shadow over them! And the same may be

said along many other lines that we might mention. Dissentions and bickerings are as destructive to deep piety and godliness and just so insidious, as the canker worm that eats at the heart of the rose. Where wrangling is, the Spirit of God cannot remain; hate and love cannot flourish in the same soil, and the Holy Spirit grieved, takes His departure. "God is not the author of tumult or confusion, but of peace." I Cor. 13:33. And listen again to what God through the Apostle Paul speaks to you, to me, and to every child of His: "Now I beseech you brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." Hearts merged into one and believers all of most perfect accord! Isn't it a wonderfully beautiful picture? It is possible, or else the command would not have been given. And may we, "endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," seek to attain unto this blessedness. The success of God's cause in localities everywhere depends largely upon it, and in proportion as the spirit of harmony prevails, to that extent the work of the Lord goes forward and prospers. The burden of the prayer of Jesus with His disciples for the last time on earth was that they might be made one, even as He and the Father were one. And not for them only, but for all those that would accept Him down through the coming ages. John 17:20. The great yearning desire which burned within the heart of Jesus toward His chosen and own was that they might come to have the "at-one-ness" each with the other, as have the Father and the Son. Can we get a glimpse of the vision of Jesus and the fathomless longing of His soul poured forth in earnest petition to the Father for believers, "that they may be one, even as we are one"? The crowning apex—such an accord as exists between God and the Son! Oh, the blest, wonderful state! Who will respond to the call? Will you? Will I?

This would change things and bring the revival that some of us have long been praying for and wondering why it does not come. Have you ever thought beloved, of how a little bit of discord, just a mote as it were, will be an obstruction and stand in the way of God's working? It was not until the disciples were all in the same place and assembled together with one object in view that the Holy Ghost was given on the day of Pentecost. "Be of

one mind," (2 Cor. 13:11) is an injunction which the Word repeats again and again; and not alone for this, but for every other command of that dear old Book, we know that grace sufficient will be given to fulfill them each and all. Thank God! Let us notice again the emphasis that the Apostle Paul places upon unity. "I beseech you, brethren . . . speak the same thing . . . be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." Ah, a little heaven would be begun here on earth, did we do it! How it would revolutionize religious bodies, build up fallen altars, fill empty coffers, revive languishing churches; God's people would arise and shine, and "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might" they would go forth "conquering and to conquer." Will we not start in anew, yield unreservedly to our God, and come up to the standard which He has set before us? And where there is unity there is love—like twin sisters—the one cannot be separated from the other.

An humble, poor, but consecrated child of God was attending a series of revival meetings in a formal town church. How cold and lifeless the atmosphere was! It sickened her at heart, but nevertheless she got in a word of testimony for Jesus as she found opportunity. The fashionable church members poked fun (on the sly) at the "queer," "cranky" little woman as they thought her to be, but appearing not to notice it the dear sister stood firmly at her post and prayed on. After a while the Spirit of God began to work. Wonderful what a change He can make! Under that powerful, radiating influence the iciness and hauteur of the people began to melt away like dew before the morning sun. During the meeting's progress the minister had been unable to get the members (save two or three) to budge an inch from their seats, but now without even waiting for an invitation they left the choir and their pews and gathered round the altar—drawn there by cords of love divine. The voice of prayer, testimony, thanksgiving, and shouts of praise re-echoed through the building. Surely, it "was none other than the house of God" and the angels must have rejoiced at the heavenly sight. And those who had derided the "little old woman," felt as if they couldn't get near enough to her now—love beaming from the faces, they fairly hung on the words which fell from her lips. Barriers were burned away and every soul felt the glow of God's Spirit that night. Denominational lines went down, position and society rank were lost

sight of, and each believer realized that he was on an equality in the Lord, and that they were all sweetly "one in Christ Jesus." Unity and love—yes, how "good and pleasant." Little Sister M.—on her way home from the service kept repeating over and over very softly, "Wasn't it good to be there? Thank God! Thank God!"

"And they that believed, were of one heart and of one soul." Acts 4:32. Oh, that this could be said of our worshiping assemblies today! Then the wilderness would begin to blossom as the rose, and the desert to spring forth and bear abundantly; souls would come flocking "as doves to the windows" inquiring the way to God and eternal life. A part of Christ's mission to earth was, that He "should gather together in one the children of God." There is only the "one fold" and the "one Shepherd" and all true religious systems must converge unto this end; every adherent of the different creeds in order to enter heaven must be a member of the "one body of which Christ is the Head," and Lord over all, blessed forever. Yet many are far more anxious to learn of what *church* we are, than whether we belong to the "one fold" or not. The same spirit manifested as that of the disciples, who, when they had seen one casting out devils said, "Master, we forbade him because he followeth not with us." The man was doing the work of God, but just because he didn't happen to be of their own company and performing the act according to their ideas of right, they could not tolerate him. Is it not sad, unutterably sad, that sectarian bigotry has so blinded our eyes? The Lord deliver us! "One Lord, one faith, one baptism!" Eph. 4:5. Why cannot we then as true followers of Christ, "stand fast with one spirit, with one mind," growing up into Jesus our living Head, of which we are the body? And though the whole consists of various parts, yet all are joined together, "for we being many, are one body." I Cor. 10:17. Can we get the faintest conception of that desire which burned within the bosom of Jesus on leaving the disciples? For looking ahead He saw Satan disguised as "an angel of light" coming to deceive, and bring in divisions and schisms among the "little flock." To be forewarned is to be forearmed, so Jesus drew aside the veil to give the disciples a glimpse into the future, and like an undercurrent running through that farewell prayer was the great inexpressible yearning that those of every age and in every clime who should come to believe on Him, might all be one. To every believer the entreaty comes. Will you seek to attain, be-

loved? The place to begin is at home, for there is hardly a neighborhood—even the smallest—but what has had religious differences to a greater or less degree. What a stumbling block to poor sinners, and very probably the seed of infidelity thereby sown in some heart! Serious thought! Oh, that we may cease from our own ways and doings and get into unity, welcoming every blood-washed man and woman as our brother and sister in Christ, no matter the denominational flag under which they hail, and extending to them the right hand of fellowship! Then the wheels of the Lord's chariot will begin to move forward and the world will take notice and conclude that there "must be something in religion after all." We have it in the prayer of Jesus as one of the reasons (and a weighty one too) for unity among God's children, "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." Truly, we are not to be surprised that many unsaved question if there is anything in Christianity; for how can they believe when the Lord's people fall out and disagree? May God in His mercy forgive us! And let us from henceforth yield to Him for the prayer of Jesus to be fulfilled—"That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: And that the world may come to understand that Thou didst send Me and hast loved them with the same love as that with which Thou hast loved Me." John 17:21. God's family cemented together in unity! Blessed, hallowed bond of perfectness, peace and harmony, and ours forevermore while the countless ages of eternity roll!

"O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make Thee man to be,
United to our God in Thee,
May we be one.

Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

O Spirit blest, who from above
Came'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one!"

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Notes

Like Christ

Elizabeth Sisson

In a world His hands had made
Place was not to lay His head! Luke 9:56
A partaker let me be
Of His sweet humility

Nothing owned and nothing had
From His Father's hand was fed. Math. 17:27
Let me thus renounce my life,
End of conflict, end of strife.

In Pilate's hall a rebel horde
Him reviled, but not a word! Math. 17:62, 63
Holy silence let me seek
Speechless, till the Lord bid speak.

Miracles on every side,
"The Father's works" thus He cried John 14:10
Here my helplessness I see
Is God's room to work in me. 2 Cor. 3:5

"Of myself I nothing do"
The God of earth and heaven view! John 5:19, 30
That Christ thro' me His works may show
Empty may I ever go. Gal. 2:20.

On the throne with ceaseless care,
Lives He ever to make prayer. Heb. 7:25
Seated "with Him" let me plead
All the world's exceeding need. Eph. 2:6

* * *

AS the time draws near for our Spring Convention at The Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Ave., we covet the prayers of our readers that God will meet His children who come together for a refreshing. We have confidence that He will be with us as in the past, and are in communication with a number of ministers and missionaries who are expected to be with us.

The Convention will continue for two weeks, March 11-25, meetings 2:30 and 7:45 daily; Lord's Day 10, 3 and 7:30. It is our purpose as heretofore to entertain the ministerial brethren and missionaries among our people, as far as possible, and all such who wish entertainment will kindly write in advance so that proper arrangements may be made. Others attending the convention need not write ahead for rooms as they can readily be furnished in the neighborhood when they reach here. We believe God will give us a convention filled with old-time power and blessing, and we urge our friends to come to a feast at our Father's table.

* * *

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord;
And Thy saints shall bless Thee.
They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom,
And talk of Thy power."

When our way becomes hedged in on every side and God opens and gives us a path through the Sea, then do we rejoice and talk of His power. We praise and bless His Name for answered prayer in behalf of the party who have recently sailed for South China, Brother and Sister Kelley, who have been home on a furlough for a year, and three new missionaries, Wilbert R. Williamson, Miss Elin Eckwall from Findlay, Ohio, and Miss Lavada Leonard from Cleveland. God especially undertook for these outgoing missionaries and opened a way when there was no way. All attempts to book passage second-class on the Tenyo Maru on Jan. 26th were fruitless; frequent letters and telegrams said there was no chance of sailing on that date; yet they prayed and believed and made every arrangement and God honored their faith. In due time word came from the Coast dated January 26th saying, "God worked marvelously. We sail today." As Sister Kelley wrote, the waters of the Red Sea never parted until the Children of Israel were ready to pass over. So it was in this case. At the crucial moment God answered prayer and glorified Himself.

* * *

Besides the outgoing missionaries who visited us during the past month we were blessed through the ministry of Brother J. W. Welch of St. Louis, Mo., and Ira E. David, of Onarga, Ill., who spent Lord's Day, Jan. 28th, at The Stone Church; also H. A. Ulrich, Editor of *Wort und Zeugnis*, German Pentecostal paper, and Wm. Behnke, both of Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

A new Pentecostal journal which has made its first appearance with the January number,

bears the title of South and Central African Pentecostal Herald. It is a 24-page paper, attractively arranged and issued quarterly in the interest of the South and Central African Pentecostal Mission whose headquarters are at 20 Clarence St., Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, of which Pastor George Bowie is President. Those who wish to be informed of what

God is doing through this Mission in Africa will get much interesting and helpful information through this magazine, the contributors of which are the missionaries on the firing line. The subscription price of the paper is 30 cents a year. Send a yearly subscription to the American Headquarters, South and Central African Pentecostal Herald, 61 Fourth St., Newark, N. J.

Going Forth to Mission Fields

We delight in keeping the missionary interest at high tide, both in The Stone Church and before our readers, and we give below a synopsis of three talks given recently in the church, two from the new missionaries to South China and the other from Miss Alma Starkenberg of Suva, Fiji Islands, who has hitherto been little known if at all, to our readers. Miss Starkenberg spent about five years in the Islands and has given us some interesting in-

formation concerning them. Let our readers put these islands and the Pentecostal missionaries there on their prayer list and ask God to visit them with revival fires. The inhabitants of these islands are just as precious in God's sight as those in India and China, and we must be world-wide in our sympathies and prayers. We also request an interest in these new missionaries who are for the first time facing a heathen world and will have need of the prayers of God's saints, that their faith fail not.

From the South Sea Islands

Miss Alma Starkenberg

K FEEL I am about as little known to you as the Fiji Islands which I represent, but I realize that God knows me and the islands. In John 1:12 we read of Jesus, "As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God." We praise Him that we are seeing the wonderful working power of Jesus Christ in the South Sea Islands. Perhaps all that is generally known of them is that they were cannibal islands. When the early missionaries went out in 1836 the natives were all cannibals and the power of Jesus Christ is the only thing that has lifted them up to the standard they have today. There is no place where the power of the Gospel has been proven like in the South Seas. One of the greatest infidels once said that nothing could be done for those islands except to exterminate the race, but that same man when he saw what had been accomplished through the power of the Gospel donated a certain sum every year to the London Missionary Society. There are two hundred and fifty islands in the group spread out over a large area. The Fijians themselves have accepted Christianity but there are more than 50,000 Hindus that have been shipped in to work on the plantations. The most of these settle on the Islands for five years, and after ten they have a free passage back to India. There is about one Indian to two Fijians. It is sad for the Fijians as the Hindus are bringing in their heathen religion and heathen customs.

The Fijian people as a whole are not very fond of work. Perhaps if we were satisfied with so

little as they, we might not be so zealous for work either. They live in bamboo houses with grass roofs and mud floors; beds of mats and need but little clothing, and live in a country where everything grows in abundance. They go down to the sea and fish, and it isn't strange that they do not care for work where nature has provided so abundantly.

The early missionaries came out from England in 1836 and after a number of years Christianity had a pretty good hold in the Fiji group. Then the sad story came back to them that the Rev. Thos. Baker was killed in the cannibal tribe. He had been working in the coast lands and felt it was time to push inward. He went up with six or seven boys and he hadn't gone very far when they had a cannibal feast. One boy escaped and came back and told Mrs. Baker. When that story reached England it aroused them and they sent out more missionaries. In the Fiji Islands the cannibals have a feast occasionally but in the Solomon group they are far more savage; they sell human flesh in the markets.

There is great need for missionaries in the Solomon group. In the Fiji Islands they all speak one language, but when the missionaries moved out in the Solomon Islands they found the language changed with each new group. So they came to the conclusion to gather up bright young boys and take them to the central island and teach them English. That gave us an opportunity to work among them. Of course

teaching them English didn't convert them; we know that in this country, but I am glad to say that among those boys there have been a good many who have been soundly converted. Our work has been chiefly among those from the Solomon group, which are the most needy. My desire is that God would call out men and women to these neglected islands. Why He should call such a little one as I when this country is full of intelligent, capable men and women who could go and preach the Gospel, has been a mystery to me. I heard a missionary speak who came from the Gilbert Islands and that was God's call to my heart. But I could hear of no missionaries going to these islands, so I did not heed the call, but when I began to seek for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the Word came to me, "I will give the Holy Spirit to them that obey Me," and that call came back to my heart. When I decided to go He baptized me in the Holy Spirit. Another sister, Agnes Jacobson, was called at the same time, and we went out together in May 1911. Six months later another sister came out from this country, and two years afterwards, Brother and Sister Page. They are working among the Hindus who came from India. In over 40,000 perhaps 1,000 have been touched by the Gospel. The others have not yet been reached. We are very anxious that they should be lifted out of degradation, the depths of which nobody can realize excepting those who have been in their midst, especially among the women. There is no religion that has elevated the women but the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and what we enjoy for ourselves we want our sisters in heathen lands to know about. It is our prayer now that the Holy Spirit will be poured out and that God will give us a revival in these Islands. We want your co-operation in prayer for these islands of which so little is known especially among Pentecostal people. And if you hear of anyone who is traveling from this country to Australia, do not forget the Fiji Islands. We would be glad to have a meeting while the boat is lying in the dock. It often stops there for hours. There are many groups of Islands in the Pacific Ocean where they need the Gospel, and some of the Fijians have gone out as missionaries to other islands. We have one who went to the New Hebrides. Our hope for these islands is that their own people will be converted and baptized in the Holy Spirit and go out with the Gospel. Pray that God will send laborers to these neglected fields that the Islands of the Sea may be won for Christ.

Preparation Days

Miss Elin Eckwall

AS I was thinking about the different things that have happened in my life my mind went back many years to the time when I was but a very young child, and went to a Methodist church where we sang that song, "Where He leads I'll follow, follow all the way."

Little did I think at that time where the Lord would lead me, but down deep in my heart there was a desire to follow wherever He led and to do His will. Jesus sees the desires in our hearts and He remembers our vows. Many times we sing songs that we do not mean from our hearts, but the Lord takes us at our word and tonight I am glad that He does. It is so sweet to follow Jesus; there is nothing so precious as to be in His will. I know not what the future holds for me, but I doubt if there is a happier girl in Chicago than I am. Friends, He was willing to sacrifice all for you and for me, He was willing to go the way of the cross and why shouldn't we do something for Him, and give Him a glad service.

When I made my consecration, I said, "Lord I am poor and little known, I cannot do anything for You but I can give myself." I gave my heart to Jesus when I was nine years old and though I had many temptations, the enemy often tempting me to do wrong, yet I knew that God had His hand on me and I loved Him and wanted to follow Him. I can remember when I was a child that the Lord seemed to talk to me about giving myself wholly to Him and that some day I would be a missionary, yet I cannot point to any definite time when the Lord called me. When I was fourteen I had to go out and do housework, I didn't understand why I should have to do this as I loved school so much, but being the eldest, this was my lot. My father said if there had been one older than I, I could have gone to school, but the Lord who knew my future, permitted this and now I praise Him for the experience I received at that time. I am sure it will be useful to me in China.

At this time I didn't know of any other young people who believed as I did, but I craved their fellowship. One day I was introduced to a young lady who had been in my Sunday School class and we became friends. Through her I met another young lady who was very worldly and often visited my friend. One night when I went to see her they were playing rag-time and I felt strange and out of place. But right there I was tempted; I wanted to be one of them and I wanted to have a good time but it wasn't a happy

time for me. The place where I was working was very humble, but I used to have precious times with the Lord in my little attic room, but after this I had no more interest in the Bible and I couldn't pray. I became backslidden, and had one summer of the world. Things seemed dark for a while and I felt I was alone. At that time Pentecost came into our home town and my mother was in sympathy with it. My heart was open to the Lord and I wanted to do His will and follow Him and when mother told me about this baptism in the Spirit I broke down weeping. I went into a room by myself and cried for more of Jesus, and when I got willing to leave all my young friends the Lord baptized me with His Holy Spirit and then spoke to me about China.

In the Spring of 1914 the Lord began to speak to me about going to a Bible School. At that time I hadn't even heard of a Bible School but I felt that I needed teaching in His Word and He opened the way for me to go to Sister Wurmser's Bible School. I do praise the Lord for a faith Bible School from which the Lord called me to a faith missionary life. I had been helping my parents and I tried to save my money to go to this school for I thought that was the thing to do but it seemed impossible. When the time came for it to open I became very desperate, and went over to a dear sister's house for prayer. I felt it was God's will for me to go regardless of money, so I prepared to go and arrived there October 12th. I had never pictured Bible Schools as a place of heaven and this was not. There were many lessons to learn and hard places to go through for we come in contact with so many different characters, and it seems that if there is anything hidden in our lives it is sure to be shown up when we are in training for the field, but I praise God that every bit of drilling we get is for our good.

The Lord now began to speak more definitely to me about China. I was glad to hear about other fields but China grew upon me and many precious promises were given me. One day when I was asking the Lord if He really wanted me to go He gave me a Scripture and as I did not understand its meaning I asked Sister Wurmser about it and she told me it described the land of China. I praised Him for this for I wanted something from His Word. He also worked in my mother's heart; she was not willing at first to let me go and wept before the Lord but He showed her that she had no reason to grieve as I was going out into His service; if I were going into the world then she would have plenty

of reasons for weeping. So He worked all along the line.

The Lord wonderfully supplied my outfit and sent in money. At times the way seemed very dark but I learned many precious lessons. I had to die even to going to China. For a while the way seemed closed and I felt crushed to think that I might have to stay in America for another year but when I was yielded to Him He opened the way and tonight I am sure that it is not simply under enthusiasm that I am going out but I have His Word for it. I am standing on His promises and feel it is the greatest privilege anyone can have, to go to China as a missionary. I beg of you not to hold back if the Lord is calling you to give up all and follow Him.

Called and Sent

Wilbert R. Williamson

FROM the time when I was a little boy there seemed to be that instinct in me to be a minister, and when I was a boy at school I got the nickname of "Preacher Williamson." I didn't like it very well at the time but it seemed to be prophetic. I could have been led to Christ when quite young but there was no one who told me about Jesus and that He was my Savior, and when I became older I associated with people who scoffed at religion and I became hardened. Still the Spirit of God was striving with me, and more than once I saw myself on the platform preaching the Gospel. I could not get away from the conviction that I was called to work for God. I dreamed about it, and it was with me continually. I had a very dear friend with whom I had associated for four years, and at this time he died. On the day of his death I gave myself to Jesus. If you are living a Christian life, some one is going to be influenced by it. Although we didn't talk so much about religion, there was that example to me, and many times when I would go to see him I would be under deep conviction, but as I would go back to my work, the conviction would wear off. After my friend died I determined to lead a better life and for two weeks, night and day, the Spirit of God strove with my heart. One day in Port Huron, Michigan, they had a "go-to-church" Sunday, two years ago last March, and a dear man where I was boarding took me to a little mission down in the slums. It wasn't the sermon that was preached that afternoon that touched my heart, but just the invitation, "Is there anyone here who would like to be a Christian?" After much inward struggling I went to the altar and called on God and He saved my soul. Before I was saved I had the cough of a consumptive for a year and a half, and though I knew nothing about divine healing, that cough left me when I turned to God.

After the Lord had saved me about a month He began talking to me about my life work, and opened the way for me to go to Bible School at Findlay, Ohio. I never knew how to trust the

Lord before, but I thank God for the Bible School that taught me the way of faith. I learned, too, how to do without things and to exercise some self-denial. I remember once I was permitted to go without a hair-cut for eight weeks, which was quite a trial to me; I used to have it cut every ten days, so you know what a coming down I had. Then I wanted to be a big preacher. I had a big head and there I had to die. I knew absolutely nothing about the workings of the Holy Spirit although I had received the baptism, but after two years in the Bible School the Lord taught me many things, and gave me some experience along the line of living by faith.

One time a pastor came to me and said, "We will send you to a University for three years, send you to China with a Board back of you and give you a big salary." That was rather tempting, but thank God I have Him back of me and He is bigger than any Board.

While I was studying for the ministry the Lord began to talk to me further about my future. One day we were having a missionary meeting, and Sister Wurmser said, "If there are any here who are uncertain as to their future work and they will come forward, we will pray for them." Some were getting calls to Africa and some to China, and I was getting nothing. My head was in the way. The Spirit spoke to me and said, "Be still and know that I am God." I didn't understand, I thought I was "still," but I waited on the Lord. A week later I was praying and the Lord led me to open to that same verse in the Bible, which I felt was a confirmation of what He had told me before. I asked Him to teach me how to be still, and He showed me He was trying to get me still in my head. I felt a love in my heart for China, but I would not admit that I had a call to the foreign field.

I was not fully yielded to the Lord, but I felt led to fast and pray for four days. The first three days I got nothing from the Lord. I was like Naaman the leper when he went down in to the water. He didn't receive anything from God at first but when he fulfilled the command, he was healed. So when I fulfilled God's Word and got to the place where I was determined for Him to have His way in my life, on the fourth night the Bible opened to me at this Scripture, "Seven days shalt thou tarry, till I come to thee, and show thee what thou shalt do." I knew that was God. When the seven days were up my Bible opened to Isaiah 49:7-12. If God had never said another word to me I would have been perfectly satisfied. I knew then He had called me to China. Just about this time Sister Wurmser had a vision one night and she saw a party on their way to China, my face being among the crowd. It was about the middle of this same week that I asked the Lord for a sign and it came on the day we prayed for China. He prostrated me under the power of the Spirit with a burden for that country, and I felt satisfied in my own heart that God had called me to that field. The following summer I went to Port Huron to help in the work. One day we were praying for missions in general, and then the burden seemed to change and we began praying for China. Then the Lord spoke through me, over and over again for a long time, the word "Kwang-si." I didn't know what that meant, whether it was a village, a city or a province, but when the Spirit lifted and we arose from our knees we looked it up and found it was a province in South China, and Brother Kelley tells me there is not one Pentecostal mission in Kwang-si. I ask prayer that God may use me in carrying the full Gospel into this province, towards which my face is set.

Sowing the Gospel Seed in India

James A. Harvey in the Findlay (Ohio) Convention Dec. 9, 1916.



HIS Bible is printed in over five hundred languages, and this is a remarkable proof to the heathen that it is the Word of God, for their books are printed in very few languages. For instance, the Hindus have four vedas, written in Sanscrit, and the Koran, the Moslem's sacred book, is translated in only two languages besides the original language in which it was written, and when we tell them that the Bible is translated into five hundred different languages it is a proof to them that the blessing of God is upon His Word. It is translated into forty-one languages in India alone.

There is a Scripture in the 119th Psalm which says, "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple," and

surely that fits the case in India. I for one have never been led to take up educational work in India. I have seen so much of it in the established churches there. There is a mission school in Nawabganj which belongs to one of the denominational churches; they have a hundred boys there and call it a Christian school, but the head master is one of the high-class Hindus who doesn't profess Jesus Christ at all. The missionary who has the oversight of it comes about twice a year on the eight o'clock train, and the boys get there at nine, so he has about an hour with the boys. I am sure that our worst enemies are men who have been educated in Christian schools; they come out stronger Hindus than they were when they went in, I am glad I have been led along the lines of evangelistic work which God has blessed, and

I am believing for Him to bless it more and more. I feel called to preach the Gospel and distribute as many portions of His Word as possible. Sometimes we go to the religious festivals to sow the seed. There is one of these places five miles from our town and three times a year there are five hundred thousand people go there to bathe in the sacred river. There are so many people and the streets are so narrow the Commissioner of Police will not allow us to preach; they used to give us permission but now it draws such a crowd and sometimes they get to fighting, so he will allow us only to sell the Word of God. We sell the Gospels for half a cent each. Some think it strange that we sell the Word of God, but if we give them away the people destroy them; so we have proved that if they really want the Word of God they can pay a half cent for one Gospel, even though they may be poor. Sometimes at these religious festivals we sell two thousand of the Word of God at one time, and it goes into places where the missionary cannot go. For instance the country of Nepal which is closed to the missionary is about one hundred miles from us, and no missionary or Christian is allowed to enter that country. The same is true of Tibet; it is also closed to the Gospel. But men come down from Nepal to worship the different gods and bathe in the river, and many of them take a portion of the Word of God back home with them. I remember last year wife and I went to sell Gospels on the train, and every evening for quite a number of evenings we sold perhaps twenty Gospels to the Nepalese. They would, of course, take the Gospels back into Nepal, so God has a way of getting in the Word in spite of the king closing up the country. I believe some day this Word of God that has gone forth in this way will bring forth fruit even though it may be during the tribulation or the millennium, for we read that His Word shall not return void but shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent. We have seen some results of what the Word of God has done for people, and just heard recently of a man who had been in our meetings for several years and knew the Word quite well, although not able to read, but it had drawn him to the Lord and he had asked for baptism. We heard of another case of one who had heard the Word Sunday after Sunday and had all kinds of persecution; he hadn't acknowledged Jesus when he was with us but after he left he asked for bap-

tism, and since then his wife and whole family, I believe, were baptized. So the Word of God has power and it will bring forth fruit if we trust and believe Him.

We often walk seven or eight miles in the hot sun to a meeting over plowed fields and across ditches with the thermometer a hundred degrees in the shade. When we get to the end of our journey, tired and weary, we have a meeting, which is not an easy task under the circumstances, but we have great joy in doing it for the Lord. There is a great mass movement on now in India and thousands of people are turning to the Lord. I do not know how many are really getting saved, but they are giving up their idols and accepting Christianity and that a great work is being done, there is no doubt. A missionary of the Methodist Board who was superintendent told me they would teach these new converts, who were all low caste people and not able to read, enough so they would be able to read only the Word of God, and I think that is quite sufficient burden to lay upon the missionary's shoulder. There is so much to do along evangelistic lines we feel the Lord wants us to give our time to this.

Some of the Pentecostal missionaries thought they would get the language as a gift and would not have to study, but the Lord hasn't done that for them, although He has at different times anointed people for a little while to give a message in different languages; but He hasn't given them the language as a gift, and I believe there is a good reason for it. The new missionaries do not understand the customs of the people, and would be doing peculiar things if they went out to preach at once. So while they are studying the language they are also becoming acquainted with the customs of the people, and there is much to learn along that line. For instance if you read the chapter about the Prodigal Son to Hindus and came to that passage where they killed the fatted calf, they would run away. They do not believe in killing anything, and the Word says we shall give no offense to anyone. Some missionaries will go shooting for game; one can live very cheaply if they shoot game and fowls—I did have a gun for a little while and would go out and shoot partridges, and it is a big temptation, but we have proved that it doesn't pay to do those things and cause offense. We do not get into bondage to their customs but we want to keep from offending them as much as possible. The Hindu would

not kill a little ant, and some take milk and sugar and feed them, and think they are doing a service to God. They do not even kill the things that harm us, of which there are many. In India, the so-called Christians, the government officials and those who work on the railroad, are a great stumbling block to the heathen; they drink and carouse and ill-treat the natives, and they look at them and cannot understand if they are Europeans, why they are so un-Christlike. But we have to tell them that all Europeans are not Christians; we call a man a sinner who is not a follower of the Lord Jesus. Those who profess and do not live the Christ life are stumbling blocks to the heathen.

As I said before, we sell the Gospels at these heathen festivals; we sell them for one-half cent each. We get two hundred and fifty of them for one dollar. Just think that \$1 will purchase two hundred and fifty of them! I am sure many people here in America might buy many a dollar's worth if they would deny themselves ice-cream and other sweat-meats occasionally. If we can do without ice-cream in India where the thermometer is 120 degrees in the shade, and so hot for six months we are not able to go outside from ten to four in the day time, and life almost intolerable even indoors, surely the people at home could practice a little self-denial that the heathen might have the Gospel. We take these Gospels to these religious festivals and sell them. I always tell the people what is in the Book, that it will teach them of salvation from sin and the road to heaven, and explain just as much as I can while they are passing along. Sometimes I have sold a hundred and fifty in one day. Perhaps only one man in a village is able to read, but he will take it home, and read it to two, three or four hundred people in that village. Many times we come to a village of six

or eight hundred people, and only one man in that village is able to read: this man will nearly always buy a Gospel, and as they gather around he reads the Word of God to them. Oh that there might be much prayer that God would bless the Word, and that we might claim the promise that it would be like a hammer that breaks the rock in pieces! He promises also that it shall not return void and we must believe that it will bring forth fruit. The power of God is in it and it becomes life as we make it ours, which is not so with any other religious book. You take the four Vedas and you will find they contradict each other. In one it says that the world is three hundred million miles around, and some of them contain foolish tales and love stories, unfit to read. It is horrible to call them religious books. But the Word of God is not so. It is the Word of power and gives life to our souls. We have tried in our station to get them to read the Word of God and our Christians do. They arise at three o'clock in the summer time and study the Word until seven o'clock. Little mites of children five and six years old are able to read the Word of God; it is the first book they read and they devour it very eagerly.

We have the most trouble with the people who are well educated. There is a Reformed Hindu sect, and they bring up all kinds of arguments against the Word of God. We speak on public ground and while we are preaching they will interrupt with arguments, and ask questions that are hard to answer, but when we find it is just for argument's sake we refuse to permit them to talk. But the humble people read the Word gladly. We have had some whom we would have to stop from studying, as they kept at it too intently. Let us pray that the Word will truly be quick and powerful, as a two-edged sword piercing the thoughts and intents of the hearts of the millions in the heathen world.

"Be Still and Know That I Am God" Meditation a Lost Art

Mrs. L. M. Piper in The Stone Church, Oct. 27, 1916.



THE lesson the Lord has laid on my heart tonight is found in the Forty-sixth Psalm, tenth verse, "Be still and know that I am God." I have felt very keenly the unrest in this meeting, and I think it has been because of what I experienced today in connection with this text. Just as soon as the Lord began to give me this message it seemed my home be-

came a perfect bedlam. I couldn't get quiet and couldn't get the home quiet, and I said, "Lord, if Thou hast spoken I will stay on my face until I do get quiet," and God met me in a wonderful way. It seemed for three hours I was in heaven and such worship filled my life as I haven't known for months. I believe if we could get to God before we came to service we would bring the spirit of worship into the meeting and the fire would fall.

"Be still and know that I am God." What a command to us in these modern days! It may never have been easy to be still, but it seems it is most difficult now to get to the place of quietness before God. We shorten our days by our anxiety, by our worry and by our concern. Our lives are so restless and we haven't learned to be still before God. I know this lesson was borne in upon me for my own sake as well as for others. Some days ago He began to speak to me of what it meant to be still before Him, to get into that place of quietness, expectancy, anticipation; in other words, to come into the presence of God. We lack poise, and balance, and quiet reserve; we lack so many things because we have lost the art of getting still before Him. I think if there is any one word that expresses our condition in these modern days it is "feverish." Our home life is feverish, our social life is feverish, and I believe I am not misstating it if I say our religious life is feverish. We cannot wait before God to have His power fall, so we try to work it down, and we work and work until we are exhausted and worn out, and the more we work, the less spirit we have. I wonder if God is not sending this message to us tonight for some purpose. We want a revival and I believe we shall have it, but God has to send it. We can never work it up but we can pray it down.

Some years ago when I had a very important matter to decide in connection with the direction of this work, I tried to get quiet before the Lord, as many of you have endeavored to do who have had some vital matter to settle. Haven't you had the experience of trying to get quiet before God, and one thing after another would come up? You try to get still before Him and then you will think, "I must get up and do that," and then when you become quiet again you think of what someone has said, and before you know it your mind has gone around the world. I had at this time I am speaking of, something very important to decide, and it seemed I could not get quiet before God. I was trying to reason it out in the natural, and I remember throwing up my hands and saying, "Oh God, do something with my thoughts." Just then it seemed to me as if a cold hand was put over my head, and I had a conscious feeling that my head was being taken off my shoulders and carried across the room. I had even a mental vision of it lying on the sewing-machine across the room. It was so real to me that I put up my hand to see if my head was there, and I said, "Oh God, do You have to take my head off to

keep me from thinking my own thoughts?" Then as I abandoned myself to Him, I had a wonderful hour with Him. He talked to me and directed me and disentangled intricate matters in a way I never could have solved in a hundred years. What will God not do for us if we get quiet before Him! Understand, I do not mean not to have any expression of the Spirit; if you are quiet before God you are spiritually alert, and the Lord will work through you in a way you never dreamed of before. The demonstrations will then be of the Spirit and not of the flesh. How exhausted we become, how worn out, because we work so in the natural! The enemy puts up a hard fight along this line. If you do not believe it, try to get quiet tomorrow and pray out some problems. You will find instead of waiting for God to talk to you, you will be telling Him just how to do it and how to bless.

In Psalm 104:34 we read, "My meditation of Him is sweet." I believe meditation is nearly a lost art in these days. In this hurley-burley life of ours, in these days of great love for pleasure and amusement, we have gotten so that it is nearly impossible to get quiet and meditate upon the Lord. Some one has said, "We are not given much to musing, but we are given a great deal to amusement," and that is the reason the fire of God doesn't burn in our hearts. The Psalmist said, "While I was musing the fire burned." Isn't it blessed to come into a Pentecostal service where the real fire of God burns, burns with a mighty conviction, burns until it sends a melting influence over the whole meeting? When God works in His mighty power He can do more in three seconds than we can do in three hours. When David mused the bitterness left his heart; when he meditated upon the goodness of God his soul was melted before Him. When things go hard we are so apt to get bitter and feel God is not mindful of us but meditation on the things of God is a great cure for the blues. I was naturally morbid, but I learned that meditation upon the Lord brings us into a place of liberty and freedom and rest.

I was interested in reading the other day of a minister and his wife who were out on the Western frontier. The winter was unusually cold and the salary exceptionally small, and the dear wife, a mother of three children, two boys and a little girl, was patching and re-patching, and trying to make ends meet. Her husband was called out all kinds of weather to visit the sick and the dying, and he didn't have proper clothing to keep him warm. They were each being

tested in their spirits, but neither spoke to the other about how they felt. The wife was letting some bitterness come into her heart. She said she felt she had learned the lesson in early life of trusting God in all things, but friends, it is different when we are going through the experience. This little woman felt so hard in her heart, and she felt sorry she felt so hard. She wasn't revelling in that hardness and she wouldn't say one word to her husband to discourage him, but she got to the place where she felt she couldn't pray any longer, couldn't stand on the promises. The only prayer she could offer was for forgiveness. Christmas was drawing near, and these children, as all children, were looking forward to it. The boys wanted skates and little Ruth wanted a dolly, and she insisted on praying for a dolly. She would say, "You know you are going to give me a dolly for Christmas." The mother felt she would move heaven and earth to answer that child's prayer, if she could, so that her faith might not be shaken. The morning before Christmas her husband was called out to take a long trip in the cold. As she wrapped her shawl around his neck she tried to repeat a scripture promise but the words died on her lips, and off he went. The children prattled all morning about what they believed God would give them, and in her overwrought, bitter condition she felt she could hardly get through the day. When evening came, little Ruth knelt down just before retiring and said, "You know God, I am going to have my dolly in the morning," and after she had gone to bed the mother burst into bitter tears. In a little while the husband came back, exhausted and cold, and as he drew off his boots his feet were almost frozen, and her love burst forth, and she said bitterly, "I would not treat a dog like this." As she glanced up into her husband's face and saw the hardness there, she could have bitten her tongue off, but she had given way under the pressure, and when she saw the despair in his face she was appalled. She said quickly, "I will give you a cup of tea." She handed it to him, but neither dared to talk to the other. I know something of what that feeling is. For four days in my life I never prayed a prayer; I was afraid to talk to God. If you have never been in that condition you do not know what real mental suffering means. This woman got to the place where she didn't dare to open her mouth. They sat down side by side, and hand in hand, with the bitterness in their hearts just overwhelming them. It was Christmas eve, and they saw nothing but sadness and darkness ahead of them.

In a little while there was a knock at the door; one of their deacons came and said, "A box has arrived from the East for you, and here is a turkey." Her husband arose and opened the box, and the first thing he took out was a large woolen blanket, and then he sat down and covered his face with his hands and said, "Oh God, I am not worthy to touch it. I have failed Thee." Friends you know what that means to have that awful cry in your heart, to feel you have failed God at a time when you needed to trust Him most. He said, "I am not worthy to touch it. I have failed God," and he shook with sobs. She tried to cheer him up and said, "Oh my dear, let us get down and thank the Lord for His goodness." He said, "No, I cannot," and went into the next room to get alone with God, leaving her with the box. She dropped on her knees. He hadn't known the struggle she had been going through, but she poured out her heart for forgiveness, and said she had such a consciousness of the Savior by her side, saying in great tenderness, "Daughter, daughter." Friends, I have heard Him say "Daughter" to me when it seemed I couldn't bear another minute of test. She said when He said that word such a peace came over her spirit, and she knew she was forgiven. In a little while her husband came back to the room and she saw by his face he too had found peace. "Now," she said, "can't we see what they sent us?" "Not yet," he said, and he took the Word of God and got down on his knees and said, "O Lord, I haven't any words to thank Thee," but He repeated word after word from the Scripture. There they knelt and praised and praised the Lord, not so much for the box, but for the victory they had gotten in their lives. Then she said after they had knelt there awhile they opened the box, and they took out clothing they had prayed for, and an overcoat the man had needed so much, and when they got to the bottom there was a box with a dolly in it. Some would say, "How foolish to send a dolly to a poor minister and his family, but the little girl had prayed to God Almighty, and He had condescended to answer her prayer. And by the side of this box were skates for the boys, and the little woman said her heart was overflowing and she burst into tears and said, "O Lord, I am not worthy of this. My baby was faithful but I wasn't."

When the children arose the next morning they saw the gifts. The boys went out with their skates but the little girl with glistening eyes went to her room. The mother followed

her and saw her kneel by her bed. She turned and said, "Mama I knew He would send it, but I just wanted to praise Him."

Have you ever been in a place when you didn't know how God would answer? There come times in our lives when we get up against a stone wall, as it were, but if we hold steady and have a living faith I do not care how insurmountable the wall may be. I praise Him that He has never failed a real child of God. This is a true story and it proves the faithfulness of God.

This is a time when we need to study to be quiet. I live among young people and I know how they long for excitement and how the young heart naturally longs for pleasure and amusement, but that will never give you the overcoming life, never give you victory in your life. Some of you are facing temptations and tests and you cannot drown them by excitement; you have to get quiet before God and have Him speak to you. That is the only way we can ever get to the place where God wants us. If there are things in our lives that are not pleasing to Him, we cannot get rid of them by restlessness, but we need to get quiet before Him and have Him deal with us individually. I cannot put you in my mould and you cannot put me in yours, but God will deal with each heart just as sure as we are earnest before Him. Our problems mount up the same as our temptations, but God knows and He will speak to each one of us. About three or four years ago I stood on the rim of the Grand Canon of Arizona and looked down its terrific depths—so far down I could not see the bottom with my natural eye. As I stood there a gentleman said, "Do you see the horses crossing the river?" I said, "There are no horses down there." He said, "Take my glass," and I saw about ten horses and horsemen crossing the river, and then I saw the mountains miles high

with the most wonderful colors of the rainbow. As I stood there and gazed I thought of the wonderfulness and the majesty of the power of God, and God spoke to me out of those depths and in the midst of that grandeur, and stillness. How He showed me my own littleness in the presence of His greatness and grandeur! I got a new vision of His might and power. God will speak to you anywhere; He will speak to you in the office, in the shop, or in the school-room; and if you are sensitive to His voice you will hear His warnings. The young man will hear His still small voice when he is tempted to go into sin, into the billiard hall, the moving picture show. I thoroughly believe that before a child of God backslides God always rings a warning bell; the Holy Spirit is faithful and warns the child of God before he goes astray. It seems to me there is someone here tonight who is having a fight with some sin in his life. You have heard me tell of a man who went to the altar night after night to have sin taken out of his life. One night he became very quiet before God, and the Spirit said to him, "You never wanted that thing out of your life." He seemed surprised and said, "Why Lord, I have," and the Lord told him he had with his lips but not with his heart." If you haven't victory in your life it is because you haven't wanted it from the depths of your heart.

No man ever led a busier life than the Lord Jesus, but He always took time to get alone with God. He often went away into a solitary place and withdrew into the wilderness, and if we would learn the secret of power with God we must get alone with him. The Lord never won His victory on the cross before the multitude, but He won it in the Garden alone. You and I must get our greatest victories alone with God.

Salvation on the Rapid Improvement Plan

Elizabeth Sisson.



ABOUT a year and a half before Pentecost broke out at Azusa St. in Los Angeles, I was in Park Place, Baltimore, Maryland, praying in my room as was then mightily my wont for a world wide revival, when suddenly my eyes opened and I beheld at the front basement window of an aristocratic house, a high coal cart back up, and before I could say "Jack Robinson" they wound the body of the cart up into the air, tipped it up, and down went

the coal into the window. It all took less than half a second and I had never seen the performance before. Then God spoke into my astonished soul, "Do you think everything in the world is going in upon such a rapid plan and I am not going to accelerate things in Salvation? I tell you they shall go fast in these Last Days." It was a challenge to my prayers; a challenge to my faith.

As later we have watched the devil's improvements in his killing operations; aeroplanes, submergibles, dreadnoughts, machine-guns, veils of

fire, etc., etc., etc., it has echoed ever more deeply in my ears, "I tell you Salvation shall go fast in these Last Days." Shall Satan be permitted to improve his machinery faster and more extensively than Jesus shall improve Salvation's machinery?

"The Word does not teach us that way," you say. Let us see. Turn into Joel 2:28-31, which Peter quotes in Acts 2:17-21, as a prophecy of the descent of the Holy Ghost, that rain of the Spirit; Peter saying "this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel." When, however, we go back to this same Joel-prophecy, we find that there were two rain periods promised by God, "the former rain and the latter rain." The Lord used the climate of the country in which they lived as a parable of His operations in grace. Palestine had a climate of two marked rain epochs—of course some rain falling between times. The first or "former" rain, germinated the seed, the second or "latter" matured the harvest.

So did God germinate, by the rain of the Holy Ghost, beginning with that memorable down-pour in the Upper Room on the day of Pentecost, and following on, established His early Apostolic Church. Now at the end of the Christian Age, will He keep His promise and mature the harvest for the catching away unto Jesus? Returning to Joel we read, "the former rain" have I given you "moderately." Oh when God burned that word "moderately" like living fire into my soul, and I went to the Book of Acts, to see what God called "moderately, *i. e.* gentle rain for starting the seed, and read page after page of the "moderate" acts of God, and heard Him say (Joel 2:23), "I will cause to come down upon you the former and latter rain in (one) month," I was astonished at God's *improvement* plan in Salvation!

The "Latter Rain" as we call it began in 1905. But you will notice in Joel this rain for harvesting was itself doubled into two periods, the "former" and the "latter" rain—that which repeated all the power of the Book of Acts, in a more than its "moderate" measure, then the downpour of the "latter rain" following upon it; all within "one month." Whatever the period may hold in it, if it is a month on the year-day system of prophecy, thirty days would be thirty years. But we do not know. However, we see that in the mind of God it is a brief period with a copious downpour, a deluge of Salvation! A cataclysm of Grace!

Because all God's things go by prayer, He says (Zech. 10:1), "Ask ye of the Lord rain, in the time of the Latter Rain." You know in the wind up of the Jewish Dispensation, in the beginning of the "former rain," the commencement of the Christian Church was preceded by ten days of prayer. Pentecost walked in, on answer to prayer. Thus the book of Acts and the church life, till the declension; so ever since and now, all God's work is in answer to prayer, to faith, to love and its zeal. It follows, this latter rain power of the Holy Ghost, is to greatly improve our praying, our believing, our loving, and God is to move for us accordingly. The Latter Rain is an emergency supply. We are in an emergency hour. Because we are only ankle-deep as yet in the judgment miseries, we do not fully realize where we are, but when its foul wash rises to our knees and our loins, we shall *feel* where we are! What oceans of Grace are open to us in these latter days! What adventurousness in praying and believing, now belong to us! What invincibility in loving! His plan is moving on, let us get into the *deep* waters. "Waters to swim in!" Let us lose our footing and float in God. "Increase with the increase of God!" Let us ask God to do our praying through us, do our believing in us, do His loving by us.

"Oh, ye Corinthians our mouth is open unto you, our heart is enlarged," said Paul, while he was standing in the "former rain"—"Ye are not straitened in your own bowels;" *i. e.* in your own feeble human conceptions. Oh if He could say that, in the former rain plans of God, what must we say concerning His latter rain plans! Let us ask Him to float away our little human conceptions of His present day plans and operations, and bring us into His own. "I speak as unto children—Be ye also enlarged." Yes, God is going to have mighty stalwarts in grace, giants in these last days. "The people who do know their God, shall be strong and do exploits." He will have his inventions in Grace. Spiritual aeroplanes, spiritual submergibles, spiritual veils of fire, spiritual charges in the full power of heaven's campaign against hell. Everywhere and everyhow it shall be demonstrated. Love is the Victory. This is the hour when He is going to *knit together* the body of Christ.

Think not that when He comes to catch away His Bride He is going to take a dismembered body! She will be neither blind, halt, deaf nor limping. Objector: "But she is so scattered and torn and almost more in Pentecost than anywhere else." Yet she is to be built up" and

matured through early and latter rain doubled together in the prophetic one month.

Built up by what? What makes her increase? She builds up (edifies) *herself* in love. Love is the only building material in the temple or the bride, whichever figure you like to use, terms interchangeable. In the Salvation Improvement Plan there is coming a time when every joint, every hand which is of her, will supply love, nothing but love, and the body will be "knit together" more, "compactd" by every joint, every band. What can Satan do against the body of Christ then? Nothing. The man-child will be immediately brought forth, and caught up to God and His throne. Already God is supplying the mighty faith "*which worketh by love*" to some few in perfect measure, so that love is invincible in them. They can see Satan move in the natural, on another Pentecostaller, for Satan in his subtlety can move on all that is un-Divine in each one of us, and walking in with spiritual ambitions, start a work that tears the first Pentecostaller's work to pieces or badly injures it; and Pentecostaller No. 1 dwelling in love-invincible, feels nothing but love's drawings for Pentecostaller No. 2—with the disease spot in his spirit and has the faith which worketh by love—mighty invincible faith—that God will take the ambition-disease, or jealousy-disease or what not, out of the dear fellow worker; thus abides deep, steady, sweet and still in the hot love for No. 2, till all is accomplished by Him who says, "According to your faith be it unto you." So though their own work lies long since ruined, through the cruel move of Pentecostaller No. 2, they get the ultimate victory, the permanent and eternal victory of Love's increase, Love's up-building, Love's compacting in themselves and in the one for whom their faith had been holding.

There are already many of those, thus going on and oh! how heaven shouts to see Jesus thus getting the victory over Satan, but this is to be universal, every joint, every band that goes into the sacred mystical Body is to have the full salvation on love's improvement plan. Love is the victory. Satan's victories come in by jealousies, suspicions, hate and death; Christ's by love and life.

Oh! the spiritual aeroplanes that soar so high in the heavens with eagle-faith, for full Christ victory in themselves, that they may be perfectly a supplying joint and soar equally high for the diseased member where spiritual cancer, ambition bloat, odious smelling conceit of self, would turn sick a less strong stomach, saying to God in the power of God-begotten-Love, "Thou

canst, Thou wilt heal perfectly and make fully a supplying joint of this now nauseously diseased brother or sister!" Police of the "Secret Service" whose submarines, Satan's terror, move in deep waters, and bring the supplies that keep the armies going! The best of it cannot be written out. So subtle Satan's plan in preying on the armies of the Lord! so delicate the victories of Love! But it is all in salvation's improvement plan and sure to win. I am glad Jesus has candidates for this fullness of life, and the candidates increase in number day by day.

"Do you think everything in the world is going on upon such an accelerated pattern and I am not going to accelerate things in Salvation? I tell you they shall go fast in these last days." As the love-life increases, how each will push on all! and will push on each! "If one member suffer then all suffer with it"—and if one member increase it maketh increase of all. And what when ALL increases? The whole building fitly framed groweth unto a holy temple! A temple of temples! Each one exquisite in the "beauty of the Lord" shining through it and all together a glittering mass of jewels! as the Bride is shown in Revelation. "The King's daughter is all glorious within," "all her clothing of wrought gold," "fine needlework;" "all her garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces." Then cometh the marriage supper of the Lamb for "the bride hath made herself ready." "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude and as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honour to Him for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready."

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