



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

• • • • Contents • • • •

Things As They Are	2
Is the World Growing Better?.....	2
The Dangers of Phariseism.....	6
A Timely Warning.....	6
From the Missionaries' Letters.....	8
A Missionary's Battle	10
'Twas I That Did It	11
Notes	12
Present Blessings	12
The Christian's Revenge.....	12
Timely Comfort	13
Missionary Report	13
Asleep in Jesus.....	14
An Intercessor Leaves the Ranks. . .	14
Congo Cleanings	15
By a Debtor.....	15
The Holy Spirit in Missions.....	20
Pentecostal Blessings	23

An International Monthly Magazine

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

Things as They Are

Is the World Growing Better?

Evan. A. T. Rape, in The Stone Church, Sept. 15, 1918.



IN the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, after Jesus had spoken about His coming back, the disciples asked Him some questions and He warned them concerning conditions at the end of the age, beginning with the statement. "Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in My name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many." There are forty-four men in the world today professing to be the Christ, which have a following of 15,000,000 people, and over half of that number live in the United States. We speak of being a Christian nation but when we stop and meditate for a moment upon the light we have had upon the Word of God, we see how we have turned aside from it. That which should have been light unto us has become darkness, and many are being deceived in these latter days by false teachings, isms and doctrines of one kind or another. Thus thousands, yea even millions are being led astray in this age of the world according to the Word, which said that in the latter time many shall give heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons. We see these things all about us today.

The false teachings we have in this world are a sort of camouflage for the real salvation that the Lord Jesus has provided for us upon the cross of Calvary. Thousands are turning to Christian Science for healing. Sad to say, the church of Jesus Christ has failed to preach the whole Word of God, so the devil has brought along this counterfeit which denies the divinity of Jesus Christ, and ignores our need of a Savior. Thousands who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus have gone after this false religion, and have bowed down as it were to the Antichrist, for the Word says that he is antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son. The multitudes are following this false teaching because it is an easy way. You can live as you please, and hope that some day you will be saved and go sweeping through to glory, but friends, it is a false hope, for without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.

Then we have spiritualism which is attract-

ing its thousands, and this is a camouflage for the Spirit-filled life. Thank God He will reveal Himself to us if we live clean and holy lives, and we won't have to drum up the spirit of some old demon to tell us of things that have happened in days gone by. The Lord has promised that when the Holy Spirit shall come into our hearts and lives He shall tell us things that shall come to pass. It is the Spirit of the living God that reveals Jesus in His beauty, in His holiness in our lives; makes Himself real to us and gives us a deeper desire to live for His glory instead of living to satisfy the desires of the carnal mind.

Then Jesus goes on to speak of wars and rumors of wars, nation rising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, which is being fulfilled in greater intensity today than ever before. The intense hatred in the hearts of men and women on both sides of the conflict today surpasses anything ever known before. These are the beginning of sorrows, and when these things come to pass we are told to lift up our heads, for our redemption draweth nigh. It doesn't mean it is to happen in a moment, for we read, "the end is not yet," but we are in the beginning of sorrows.

Four years ago war was declared, on August 4th, the anniversary of the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem. This didn't simply happen on that date but was all according to God's clock. God, away back in the beginning, knew how things would transpire, how men and women would turn away from Him, spurn the merits of the shed blood of Jesus, try to work out their own salvation and get to heaven by some other way; they seem to think they know better than God who created them and spurn the means of salvation which He has provided. There never was a time in the history of the world when this prophecy was fulfilled in its entirety as it is today, when the allied nations have risen against each other, but it didn't simply *happen* on the anniversary of the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem, the time had come. It is worthy of note that every great event in connection with this war has taken place on some anniversary day connected with God's chosen people, the Jew.

The fall of Jerusalem last winter came on the anniversary of the feast of the dedication. When the throne of the Czar of Russia tottered and fell it was on the anniversary of the feast of Passover, and over six million Jews were liberated at that time. The Jews today count it a greater deliverance than the deliverance from Egyptian bondage in Moses' time, and the Lord says in His Word that even though they were scattered throughout the face of the earth in the last days, He will bring them back into the promised land. England and France, America, Italy and Switzerland, and several of the other nations of the earth all declare that when this war terminates they are in favor of giving the Holy Land back to the Jew. God is marching on. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh; the rapture may take place at any moment. Are you prepared for it?

"Nation against nation, kingdom against kingdom!" The nations that are in this war are going to the very limit of their man power to bring deliverance to the cause for which they are fighting, and we as a nation are making every effort possible that we may win the war for the cause of democracy. I wish some nation upon the face of this old earth would rise up in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ and say, "Let us wage war upon sin and upon the devil." Oh that we might gather together our natural resources, our man and woman power and go forth in the name of the Lord to win the old world for Him, the Captain of our salvation, that the banner of the Lord might be unfurled and fly over the face of the whole earth, and that men and women might worship Him who is Lord of lords and King of kings. Thank God that whether they do it or not, one of these days the Lord Jesus will come with His forces and conquer the forces of sin and Satan, and we will reign with Him a thousand years on this earth in righteousness and peace.

Every one of us today are "doing our bit" for the government, and if we are not, it doesn't take Uncle Sam long to find it out, and friends, the Lord knows whether you are doing your bit for Him, and if you are not, when He comes you will be left down upon this old sin-cursed earth to go through the awful tribulation such as the world has never known, because of your unfaithfulness and disloyalty to your King. We are living in a day when we are called upon to

be one hundred per cent Americans; let us as the people of God be one hundred per cent Christians. There are a great many today who are professing to be followers of the Lord Jesus who are slackers. When the call comes for warriors to charge upon the fortress of the enemy, the old serpent, the devil, they are not ready to march, but if you have on the whole armor of God, you will be able to quench the fiery darts of the enemy with the shield of faith, and win this community for God.

The Lord goes on to speak of famines, and those of us who have been in touch with the world at large through the papers and magazines are well aware of the fact that famine is stalking abroad, not only in the countries which are accustomed to it, but in those lands which have been noted for their prosperity. I remember about four years ago down in the central part of Illinois holding meetings and I said in a meeting that I believed from the Word of God the time would come when we would be put on rations. People laughed at me and said, "That fellow is crazy! The idea of America being put on rations!" But friends, it came sooner than I expected. And yet we aren't on rations now like we will be before this war is over, and we haven't commenced to Hooverize as we will. What we have passed through is nothing in comparison to what is coming. The Word has told us that prices would soar, and they are soaring today. Thirty million people perished through famine in less than five years, and I believe when the statistics are compiled for this year of the famines throughout the face of the earth, we will find that a greater number of people have perished through famine during 1918 than in any other year on record.

I could take you down through some of the territory I have traveled over in the last few weeks, and show you how the grasshoppers have eaten the clover fields, the oat fields and the wheat fields, and they are now devouring the corn, miles and miles of it, in some places leaving just a little bit of the stalk sticking up. A few years ago the chinch-bugs came and devoured the crops. Men plan to raise big crops and raise lots of grain, but God has something to say. You cannot get by the angel of the Lord. When Balaam started out contrary to God's will the angel of the Lord blocked his way, and you can plant every square foot of ground and if it is not in

the will of God to give you a crop you will have nothing to reap. A farmer told me about the amount of grain he sowed and said that he did not reap anything like as much as he had sowed. God is still running this universe, and not the kings of the earth. The Kaiser may think he will rule the earth, but he will come to his end sooner or later. "Vengeance belongeth to Me. I will repay, saith the Lord."

Friends, if America as a nation would repent and turn to God, seek His face with a godly sorrow, the Lord could give us victory in this war quicker than zig-zag lightning. The victory will come, not because of our righteousness, but because of God's mercy.

"Earthquakes in divers places:" In the Eighteenth Century there were only 27 earthquakes recorded; in the Nineteenth Century, 199. In 1914 and 1915 of this Twentieth Century there were over 3,000 earthquakes, and in less than two years' time 500,000 people lost their lives as a result of earthquakes. The Lord said, "When you see these things come to pass, know that your redemption draweth nigh." In one earthquake alone in Italy, 200,000 souls were swept off the earth in a second of time. The Word of God is being fulfilled before our very eyes, and we need to be very careful in the life we are living that that day should not overtake us as a thief in the night, and that we should be prepared and watching.

"Many false prophets shall arise and shall deceive many. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." People are preaching today that the world is growing better, and that has been the means of deceiving tens of thousands of men and women and causing them to lead a half-hearted kind of life. I tell you it is a camouflage that the world is growing better. Iniquity abounds on every hand and evil men are waxing worse and worse. Crime is increasing twenty per cent faster than the population of our country. We find today as in the days of Noah the imagination of man is evil continually. The same things exist in this day and age in which we are living. Take for instance the divorce mill. In the last forty years the population has increased 100 per cent; divorces have increased 750 per cent. Does that look like the world is better? "As it was in the days of Noah. . . . they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage." The Lord wasn't speaking about holy matrimony but about the divorce mills

that were grinding day and night, every six minutes of the day. Today they are married, tomorrow they have an affinity, the next day they are divorced, and in a month's time they are married again, and thus they go the rounds. I know one woman who has been married seven times and she is now looking for another, and all of them living too. Friends, it is a serious thing. We ought to hang our heads in shame.

America leads the world in crime. In 1890 there were 3,300 suicides in the United States; in 1895 there were 7,195. Does that look like the world is growing better? It takes forty years for the population to double, but suicides double in five years' time. I remember reading the statistics here in Chicago about crime. There is an arrest made every five minutes in the twenty-four hours of the day, and the Chief of Police made the statement at a Conference in the city of Springfield, Ill., that as many escaped as were arrested, and as many more needed to be arrested as escaped. In the city of St. Louis we have one arrest made every six minutes. This city is only a little over one-third of the size of Chicago.

Over 6,000 women die yearly from the sin of self abortion; 9,600 children are born epileptics or deformed, or insane as a result of that one sin, not to speak of the number of children that are born deaf, dumb and blind as a result of the sin of the mother, and thousands, yea tens of thousands every year of unborn babes are murdered because the parents do not want any more children, because they want to live in sin, hold their heads high and go out in the society of this old world, and know not that they are bound for the eternal lake of fire to spend eternity there. They live to satisfy the cravings and passions of the flesh rather than to please the One who has given them life.

In 1880 there were 41,000 people in the insane asylums in America; in 1900 there were 150,000, an increase in twenty years of nearly 400 per cent, and today, one out of every 400 is insane. Does that look like the world is growing better? Because iniquity abounds, the love of many waxes cold. It ought to stir our hearts instead of causing them to grow cold. It ought to cause men and women to repent and turn to God, that they may escape the terrible calamities that are to come upon this old world because of the sin of rejecting the mercies of the Lord Jesus, who shed His own precious life's blood upon the cross of

Calvary. It breaks my heart when I see men and women today who have once known the Lord turn back and say that they cannot stand true to God because of the sin and evil in the world. They forget that the harder the trial, the more grace the Lord will give to overcome.

Statistics prove that every hour of the day, twelve boys go wrong, and five girls. Listen friends: the next one of the twelve may be yours. We need to pray for our loved ones; we need to pray for our children, and to walk softly before the Lord; to let our light so shine before them that they may see our holy lives; that they cannot come into our presence without feeling the presence of the living Christ. When we think of the traps the enemy has laid for the destruction of the young people in this day, we need to keep our eyes fixed upon the Lord Jesus. For often that which seemeth to be light is darkness, the devil's toboggan slide to take us down to the abyss of hell. We need to pray as we have never prayed that there may be a wall of fire about our boys and girls to keep them.

A few years ago a beautiful woman with a child boarded a train near Jacksonville, where there is an insane asylum. She purchased her ticket, and as she stepped on the train, two men stepped on the train with her. One sat down in the seat with her, the other in the seat behind, and when the conductor came along this man who sat in the seat with her gave a ticket for the woman as well as themselves. She said to the conductor, "I am not going to that city," and the man spoke up and said, "She is crazy. We have just taken her out of the asylum and are going to take her home." The woman said, "I do not know these men; I am in my right mind, and I am going to Springfield, and my husband is waiting there for me." But the conductor believed the men. They got off at a little station, dragged the woman off with the conductor's help, and took her away. The husband, a young man in Springfield, sent out word throughout the country to try to find his wife. They have sought now for six years to find that wife and child and they have never found any trace of them. The husband went insane as a result of this awful sorrow. It is hardly safe for a woman to go out on the street today; young women are taken up in automobiles, entrapped when answering advertisements and seeking employment, enticed from the stores, and taken into places where the white

slaver holds sway, and they are never heard of again; sold into a slavery that is worse than death. A little while ago they sold girls off the block in New York City by the pound for immoral purposes, as you would sell hogs. Tell me that the world is growing better? I tell you that it is waxing worse and worse, and there is no cure for it, except the blood of Jesus Christ.

Young Christians may think that the young people of the world are having a better time than they, but do not be deceived. A full surrender to the Lord means a joy in His service that this old world knows nothing about. I know something of the allurements of the world; I know how I ran from place to place, seeking pleasure but finding none until I found Jesus. His will is sweet and there is more joy in having it wrought out in your heart and life than all the pleasures of sin. But you can find it only as you sell out entirely to the Lord Jesus. There is no blessing in compromise or flirting with the world, but only in being out and out for the Lord Jesus, to glorify Him and bring praise and honor to His Name. And it will not make you a long-faced Christian either, but fill you with joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. Some people think that the young people should have so much amusement. That is a trick of the devil to damn their souls. He will get you as sure as you commence to compromise along that line. The closer you live to Jesus, the more joy, the more peace, the more happiness and contentment you will have in your life. Jesus is the sweetest Friend in all the world.

One of the reasons the Gospel of Jesus Christ is not spread abroad more is because we are spending our money for non-essentials. Listen to this: \$21,000,000 spent for chewing-gum in the United States last year.

\$90,000,000 spent for women's gloves,

\$120,000,000 for soft drinks, an increase of about 125 per cent over the year 1916. \$200,000,000 spent for candy,

\$800,000,000 for jewelry,

\$900,000,000 for tobacco, and may God have mercy upon the men and women who are professing to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ and sending tobacco to our soldier boys, destroying their bodies and damning their souls. The trouble is we have so many backslidden preachers and evangelists in America who are saying that it is all right for us to spend our money to send tobacco to our boys in the trenches. To-

bacco destroys the digestive system and the nervous system, and weakens the brain, and the Word of God says, "He that defileth the body, him will God destroy." Some one says, "Can you not be a Christian and use tobacco?" Not according to my reading of the Word of God. The angel said to John, when he told him the time of the end was at hand, "Him that is filthy, let him be filthy still," and we read that nothing unclean can enter into the gates of the city.

America is spending \$800,000,000 yearly for amusements, \$2,200,000,000 was spent last year for liquor and we say we are just about to have prohibition. Now the saddest part about this comparison is that we spent last year only \$12,000,000 for the spread of the Gospel; just one-half as much as was spent for chewing-gum. Summing it all up, we spent for non-essentials and those things which are actually harmful, nearly \$55 a head for every man, woman and child, and an average of only 12 cts. a head for the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. You ask why is the Gospel not spread faster? It is because those who have the money spend it on these useless things instead of using it to carry the precious Word to lost souls. But thank God, while some of us may not be financial millionaires, we can be spiritual millionaires, and can

pray the Spirit of God down upon the hearts of men and women that will create a hunger for the Lord Jesus Christ.

"As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the coming of the Son of Man." I wonder if I were to ask this afternoon how many were really looking for the coming of the Lord, if there would be a ready response. Could you from the depths of your heart say, "I am expecting Him any moment"? One will say, "I hope He doesn't come right now; there is something in my life that needs to be straightened out." Friends, no man knoweth the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh. "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!" And pray that ye enter not into temptation. "Every one who hath this hope in him (the hope of His coming) purifieth himself, even as He is pure." Is the coming of the Lord a hope to you or is it only a theory? If it is a "hope" you are longing for Him to come, watching for His appearing, but if it is simply a theory, you are not expectant. We are exhorted by the Apostle Paul to be "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ." The day of the Lord is at hand; His coming draweth nigh. God grant that we may be found blameless at His appearing.

The Dangers of Phariseeism

A Timely Warning

Pastor H. W. Mitchell, in The Stone Church, July 28, 1918.



ON awakening this morning it seemed I was impressed to speak from these words of Jesus, "Take heed, and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy," and then I thought in connection with that, of the example of the Pharisee going up to pray, and how he thanked the Lord that he was not like other men, who were extortioners, adulterers, unjust, or even as the publican who was praying some distance away. Do you know, friends, we have to beware of that Pharisaical spirit that seems to be all about us. I do not mean that you and I would intentionally be hypocritical, but there are other characteristics that belong to the leaven of the Pharisees besides hypocrisy. One was manifested in this man's prayer when he felt his self-importance. Jesus said, "If any man follow me, let Him deny himself." The grace of God teaches us that we are

to deny ourselves, to think of ourselves as nothing, as the most unworthy, for it is only His great love and a miracle of grace that He reached down and lifted us out of our sins; and when we consider this, how unbecoming it is for us to feel our importance.

There is another thing of which we must beware and that is, of sitting upon the judgment seat as this man did. In his prayer he got upon the judgment seat and looking about, passed judgment on other men, and we must beware lest we judge and misjudge those about us. Some of us say in our hearts, "I thank the Lord that I am not like Mr. So-and-so who is an adulterer. I am so much purer and cleaner and more holy than he is." While it may be true that you may be purer in your life than that man who is living in sin, yet if you feel in yourself that you are so much better, in God's sight you are just as bad as he. I feel it is a matter for deep prayer. When we are tempted to look

around us and see here a man who is an extortioner, and there, one who misrepresents himself, a hypocrite, another who is unjust in his dealings, we are apt to be like this Pharisee in his prayer and thank God we are so much better than they. Friends, there is no good in any of us except what comes from the righteousness of Jesus Christ. You take the grace of God out of men's hearts and they will be just as dishonest as the worst sinners with but few exceptions.

This Pharisee who went up to pray told God all about his goodness. Do you know I have heard people pray like that in these days, and it always grieves my heart to hear people tell God in their prayer or in their testimony how good they are. The work of the Holy Spirit is to reprove and to make us feel our unworthiness, and when we get close to Him who is the very embodiment of holiness and righteousness, if we are as we should be, we will feel our unworthiness and uncleanness, and will see our own shortcomings and failings, and not sit in judgment on others. There may come a time when we will be entrusted with the office of a judge, but not now. The Word of God licenses us to judge only one person, and that is ourselves. In II Cor. 13:5 we read, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves," but let the other person in God's hands. I believe in all of us there are things that do not seem consistent with our profession, and not according to our judgment, and yet we remember what God said to Samuel, in choosing a king, "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Sometimes we wonder why God seems so merciful and gracious to some people, even preachers, who we know live inconsistent lives, and we wonder how they can be anointed and give such inspiring messages, which bring sinners under conviction and lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ, but God knows the heart, and He alone can judge righteously. Let us beware of this Pharisaical spirit that says, "I am so much better than other people."

Down below in the outer court was a poor, old sinner, who could not so much as lift his eyes to heaven. He realized his unworthiness and uncleanness, and his need. It is a good thing to feel your need of God. He prayed that God might have mercy upon him a sinner; he did

not praise himself like the Pharisee, but he went down justified rather than the other, who told God all the good he did with his money and about his fasting. It is all right to fast, and God knows when you fast and when you do not, but Jesus said, "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast"; but we are commanded to anoint our heads and wash our faces, that our fasting may be in secret and our heavenly Father will reward us. We sometimes hear people boast about their fasting, and when we pray or give or fast to be seen of men, or have them honor us for it, that is all the reward we will receive. Jesus was very emphatic about this and said repeatedly of this class of people, "Verily, they have their reward."

Furthermore He said, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God." This Pharisee was a man who was very sincere, very earnest; he not only fasted and prayed, but he paid tithes of all that he possessed. There are some people who are very free with their "Amens" and "Praise the Lord," when the preaching suits them, but if the preacher hits on something in which they are failing God, they close up like a clam. I believe it is the duty of every Christian to live up to the Word of God, not only in these other things, but to give tithes of all that we possess, but not to give to be seen of men. I have been in meetings where they took up offerings to pay the expenses of the meetings, and the one in charge would ask, "Who will give a hundred dollars to pay the expense of this meeting?" and ask the people to stand up. Now Jesus said that when we gave we should not let the right hand know what the left hand did, if we want a reward from God, for if we give to be seen of men we will have our reward right here. We must beware of this spirit that tempts us to want honor from men for what we do for God; it is a weakness of the flesh and is sometimes found in the best of people—a desire to want people to know what we are doing to keep up the work of God. It requires a real self-denial to give so that God alone knows, but that motive alone is what brings an open reward from Him. In the 23rd chapter of Matthew, Jesus says, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted

the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith: these ye ought to have done, and not to leave the other undone." He was pleased that the Pharisees paid tithes, he did not condemn them for it, and said they ought to have done it, but not to have left the other undone. Some people say when we preach tithing we are taking them back under the law, but these words of Jesus set that statement at naught. No soul who pays tithes from a motive of love, feels it to be a bondage, but gives from the same promptings that caused God to give His Son. It was love that caused Jesus to lay down His life, and it is love in God's children that prompts them to give to Him and His work, and they do not feel it a bondage. If you give because you feel you have to do it, you need to get down at the foot of the cross and ask Him to give you a glimpse of Calvary and to fill your heart with love for Him.

Paul says in Galatians 5:9, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and so if you get a little of this Pharisaical spirit in your heart and do not have it purged out by the blood of Jesus, it will be only a matter of time until you will be a full-fledged Pharisee. Beloved, let us beware. When God called His people out of Egypt He commanded them that they should not have any leaven in their houses, and God wants us to be just as pure and just as separated from this spirit the Pharisees had, as His people were free of the leaven in their houses. The only thing we can glory in is the righteousness of Jesus Christ. We can say with Paul: "By the grace of God I am what I am." It is not what we are of ourselves, but it is through God's grace.

Now these disciples didn't understand, and they immediately thought it was because they had taken no bread, but Jesus explained to them that they were to beware of the doctrine of the Pharisees. If we have felt vaunted or vain in the past, let us by the grace of God purge it out, not only as a church, but as individuals. There

is great danger of a church having that pride and feeling they are better than other people, because of what God has done for and through them, and feeling they are a little more important or more favored than other people. I have heard people even in public testimony speak slightingly or critically of other churches, and felt that it was because in their heart there was spiritual pride, old Pharisaical pride that they were better than the ones they had criticized. It is the same old spirit that was in the Pharisee's heart when he thanked the Lord that he was better than the publican, and not like other men. God cannot bless anyone with such a spirit. Perhaps when you were a member of some other church you were not saved or living a consistent Christian life, and there are other people in that church who are not saved, and as you look back and realize what you were saved from, you will have to beware lest you get a feeling in your heart of pride that you are not like those whom you left behind. As people advance in the spiritual life there is a great danger of spiritual pride creeping in. We see it on every hand. The enemy is very subtle and has this way of deceiving those who are deeply spiritual, and making them feel they are on a higher spiritual plane, and there comes with it a feeling of importance which hinders their growth in grace. When God really accomplishes a work of grace in our hearts it brings us down at the foot of the cross, and we say, "Lord, why is it Thou hast ever considered me? I feel the lowest and most unworthy of all Thy people." Of such it is written, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Jesus gave the warning to beware of that proud, Pharisaical spirit. He knew the time would come when they would be tempted, as they developed in the Christian life. That temptation comes to many today, and the only place of safety is to stay in the attitude that the publican manifested when he said, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

From Our Missionaries' Letters

All of our missionaries in China send us good tidings of the working of the Spirit of God in different parts of that great country. She is open to the Gospel as never before, and yet it is becoming more and more difficult for missionaries to sail owing to the steamships being used

for governmental purposes. As Jesus prophesied, the night is fast coming when no man can work.

From Tsiningchow, we hear of the stirrings of the Spirit of God in that city of 300,000. Brother Adolph Wieneke praises God for the healing of his body when quite ill, and also for

the miraculous deliverance of one of his colporteurs, who was near the gates of death with typhus fever. With returning strength Brother Wieneke rose early to pray for a revival, and God answered. On the first day appointed for special meetings (June 20-30) the power of God came down and a man cried out in distress, confessing his sin. Two other men followed and fell down before the Lord, crying for mercy. The second day, the colporteur who was healed received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues. Others followed until four were baptized. The meetings were marked with deep confession of sin and genuine repentance. A woman who belonged to the Presbyterian church hearing of the meetings came to see, and got under conviction of sin. She went home and confessed her wrongs and is rejoicing in a real salvation.

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Mr. and Mrs. Herman J. Mader are holding forth in Nanking. They felt definitely called to this interior city and God has confirmed their call by causing the signs to follow their ministry. Their native worker was bitten by a centipede during the night, but prayer was made, and in response to the promise, "if two of you shall agree" no harm came to him whatever.

Three people have been delivered from demon possession; one, a woman who had eaten scarcely anything for a number of days and had become very violent. In response to our missionaries' prayers, who were called to her home, the demon was cast out and she was immediately delivered. The Lord is working in her life. Four Methodist preachers called upon them to pray for a demon-possessed man, a brother of one of the preachers. As they entered the home they saw an idol upon the wall. They told them that if they expected God to deliver the man they would have to take the idol down and trust only in Him, the living God. They took the idol down, the demon was cast out, and the man was delivered, although he had several tests after that. Since then he has repented of his sins and the Lord is working in his life. The other man who was possessed had a wonderful deliverance after a hard fight with the enemy. These deliverances were wrought in the presence of great crowds of people, proving to them that our God hears and answers prayer.

Brother and Sister Mader ask us to state that they wish their mail sent to Box 813, U. S. P. O.,

Shanghai, as they cannot get money cashed in the interior. The best way to send money is by domestic money order. We have learned indirectly that they have passed through deep trials financially, and we trust that God will lay these faithful workers upon the hearts of some friends.

** *** **

Good news comes from both Brother Simpson and Brother Kauffman, now stationed at Taochow (Old City) Kansu Prov. The natives are delighted at their coming, and they are having precious meetings. Brother Simpson writes that he has just returned from Minchow where the Lord worked mightily, confirming the Word by the demonstration of the crucifixion, as in I. Cor. 2:4 and Gal. 3:1. Great repentance and humbling confession of sin resulted. Five received the Holy Spirit and seven were baptized; an elder and a deacon were chosen and set apart to look after the Assembly. A large new house was eagerly offered and accepted at a low rental of about \$60 per year.

** *** **

Mrs. H. L. Lawler, Shanghai, writes interestingly of a young Chinaman who came a thousand miles to make restitution. His misery was so great because of his lying and stealing, he found no peace until he had confessed his wrongs. After he had asked forgiveness they knelt in prayer and while waiting on the Lord, he was baptized in the Holy Spirit.

A heathen man came to them in great distress, weeping, because his two-year-old son was nigh unto death. They told him Jesus would heal his child, and prayed and anointed a handkerchief for him to take home and lay upon him. Jesus touched the little one and he opened his eyes, which had been tightly closed up to this time. In a short time he wanted to get up and play. Through this healing the mother and grandmother have been won to Jesus.

** *** **

Sometimes the missionaries are called to go through severe tests. Whether because of our lack of hearty co-operation and sharing the burden, or that God may be testing their faith, we cannot say, but in any event God will overrule and never desert His trusting child. Dear Sister Hindle, writing from the plains of Mongolia, after thanking us for a belated offering, says, "We have passed through a financial test the longest we have yet experienced, but I really could not worry because I felt Jesus was

helping us. When the money didn't come, God sent us food from different quarters, and just the food we lacked came, as though some one had told them what to bring. No doubt the Lord did."

She says their hearts are burdened for the Mongols in the Interior and they are hoping next Spring to move further in, as the Chinese are going north and they feel they must move with the Mongols to whom they are called. They are praying for some Pentecostal missionaries to come there (Gashatay, Mongolia) and take up the work for the Chinese who are moving north.

** *** **

From Sierra Leone, West Africa, come tidings of answered prayer. Brother and Sister Shakley who have taken up the work laid down by Brother and Sister Hare, write of the little band of baptized saints who have faithfully held on to God during the absence of the missionaries. A letter which has been delayed in coming, tells of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in saving, sanctifying and baptizing souls. Their hearts are encouraged by new comers continually, some of whom have been baptized. One woman of influence in one of the large churches, who holds meetings in her own home, came and was baptized. They have also opened a mission in an-

other part of the city, and the people are being saved and baptized.

Miss Emma Wick, Johannesburg, writes of remarkable answers to prayer in the work with which she is connected. There are so many openings among Europeans, and strangers to us and to God, two coming from long distances to be prayed for. They know so little about the Healer for body and soul. A Mrs. Kritzing came some time ago, afflicted with an internal bleeding cancer. We prayed for her and she wept bitterly, saying she was more concerned that she might be saved than healed. Of course, the Lord met her, and she stayed only the week-end, and returned home healed. Recently her daughter was very ill, and they sent wire after wire for prayer, and asked for some one to come. Two brothers went and prayed, and a real miracle was wrought. She had a new-born babe, had appendicitis and blood-poisoning, and her temperature was 105 for thirty-four days, if I remember rightly. Praise God for His healing and saving power! Since then quite a number have come from the same place for healing. A dear sister came from Natal, walking painfully on two crutches, and went home without them. Her knees are still a little stiff. Pray the Lord to make a perfect work. She wrote exultingly to us, saying she was running a treadle sewing machine.

A Missionary's Battle

By One of Them.



It is evening. The last golden rays of the setting sun are falling upon the beautiful mountains as the sun sinks behind yonder peak. In the distance I see the clouds reflecting the beauty of the departing sun upon the waves as they rise and fall. As I look out upon the great ocean from the little chapel window my heart and mind go back to the home-land. Many thoughts are in my mind—of loved ones, of the old home, of the little mission, of the young people in the missionary prayer-band. I wonder if they will pray for us tonight. Why is it that some of them do not write to us? Has every one in the home-land forgotten us? Why is it that we have not heard from any one in weeks? The clouds even seem to hide the face of my Lord.

Now my mind turns to the little house over the way where my two darling children and wife

sit alone. I see a small light flicker in the window. They will soon be asleep now. Oh God! can it be that they will have to go hungry? Can we not send help in some way? It is too much. My heart seems to break. The tears flow. I must have relief. I must pray.

I rouse myself. The shadows of night are falling. It is almost dark. Soon the poor souls will be coming from their little huts in the village to hear of Jesus, for it is almost time for service now. I must not show my feelings as I talk to them tonight. They must never know. I must have victory now. I will pray.

I turn from the window and go over to the little corner in the chapel and fall upon my knees and begin to pour out my heart to the Lord. Surely He sees. Surely He knows the burden is too heavy. I pray aloud: "Oh Lord, please give me victory now. Help me to see Thee. Meet the hearts of these poor sin-bound people

tonight in the meeting. Save only one soul tonight in the meeting and I shall be more than repaid for all. Please, Lord, save one soul tonight."

Presently I feel the presence of some one in the chapel. I hear some one tip-toe up the aisle and come over to the corner where I am kneeling. I feel some one brush my clothes as he kneels beside me at the little bench. I hear some one begin to pray: "Oh Lord, please save me." I open my eyes to see who it is. Yes, it is the young man who has been forbidden to come to the meetings. He prays on. Such crying out to God for help and for forgiveness! Now He begins to praise God. The burden of sin has been rolled from his young heart. Victory has come. Praise God! The joy of the Lord floods his soul and when we rise from our knees he rises a new creature in Christ Jesus.

The truth of all that has just happened dawns upon me now. It has been God's hand leading. He has answered my prayer in such an unexpected way and so quickly. One soul has been saved tonight. Praise His precious Name. The Lord seems to show me the value of this one life for Him. My heart rises in gratitude to our faithful God.

Can it be possible that I have had to pass through this Gethsemane, as it were, and be alone in the little chapel that this young man might slip in quietly and find God when there were no eyes to see and condemn him? Had God planned all this? Yes, it was my God. Surely His ways are past finding out. This dear boy is the Lord's now. The presence of the Great Shepherd will sustain him through everything that he must endure for Jesus' sake. Praise God!

I rouse myself again. It is far past meeting time now. I hear the voices of many outside who are waiting for the lamp to be lit so they can come in and hear about the true God. I hasten to light the lamp and as I open the door they come in one after another till the little chapel is nearly filled. We sing a few hymns and then pray. As we pray the Lord meets with us and the hearts of the few that have found Jesus are uplifted and strengthened. His presence is so near. Oh, it is just like heaven! Others burdened down with sin feel His presence and get in earnest and begin to pray. Why has all this change come in one night? It is God! Jesus has come upon the scene. Why am I able to talk tonight with such liberty and tell of the great plan of Salvation? So many times words have almost seemed to stick in my mouth and I would almost

choke because the powers of darkness pressed so hard against me. It is Jesus. Victory has come. Praise God!

Dear hearts on the mission-field let us press on. Dear hearts in the home-land press on with us. Let us fight through all these battles, even unto the end, for victory is surely ours. The night is almost passed and the day is at hand. Jesus will soon be here. Can we not suffer with Him this last little hour? How trivial all these things seem as I behold Him now. Shall we not bear gladly these nights of Gethsemane if He can work out in our lives His great plan and others can be brought into the Fold? Let us say with our whole heart, "We will." May we always see Jesus and so count no sacrifice too great to make for Him. Amen.

"What matter if I stand at Calvary,
Or lay my life down for the lost?
'Twas only what He did before me,
I'll follow Him at any cost."

One of His.

'Twas I That Did It

I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "crucify" appal,
With blasphemy between.

And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognize my own.

I see the scourges tear His back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock,
I feel that I am one.

Around you cross, the throng I see,
Mocking the sufferer's groan.
Yet still my voice it seems to be,—
As if I mocked alone.

'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

Yet not the less that blood avails,
To cleanse away my sin,
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within.

H. Bonar.

"The moment of our deepest fellowship with His sufferings, may be the moment also of our richest foretaste of His joy."

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Notes

Present Blessings

THE blessing of God is upon our meetings in the new location, 40th and Cottage Grove Avenue. A number of strangers have come in, some of whom have been saved, and others have spoken of blessing received. Evangelist A. T. Rape, East St. Louis, Ill., was with us while the Pastor was attending the Council Meeting at Springfield, Mo., and is expected to be with us again in our special revival services, beginning Oct. 10th. They will continue indefinitely every evening at 7:45, excepting Monday and Saturday. We are also expecting other ministers to help us later, and are looking to God to give us a harvest of souls. We are praying that God will give us a real old-time revival and manifest His power in saving, healing and baptizing believers in the Holy Spirit.

Some months ago when Brother Rape was with us on a previous occasion, he was asked to call and pray for an afflicted, elderly lady, who was divinely healed. On this visit to Chicago he was again summoned to the same home. The daughter, unsaved, was ill, confined to her bed, and while not a Christian, she requested that the minister might come and pray with her. She was saved and healed, and in a day or two came to the evening meeting and testified to what God had done for her. Nothing appeals to the sinner like the manifestation of the supernatural. The God who heals all our diseases and delivers from pain, is the God who awakens a response in his heart.

In the early days of Pentecost we were greatly impressed with a message on personal work, given in tongues under a deep anointing of the Spirit, which said, "The sick are in every house." Oh that we might be able to go forth as did the Early Church in the freshness of her power, when "unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them: and many taken with palsies, and that were lame were healed," and mighty signs and wonders were done in the name of the holy child Jesus! While we rejoice in the vision God has given us in these days in the power and scope of the atonement of Jesus in shedding His blood upon the cross of Calvary, we long to see this power more fully resting upon the church of Christ today. If it was necessary for Jesus in the days of His flesh to heal the sick in order to win the multitudes, it is just as necessary today that we tell of a salvation that reaches the fever-stricken, the lame, the deaf and the blind. Nothing so closes the mouths of the higher critic and the infidel as a manifestation of healing. They are compelled to say as the enemies of Jesus did nineteen hundred years ago, "That a notable miracle had been wrought, we cannot deny." Nothing so effectively wins the hearts of the heathen as lifting up a Christ who heals.

The Christian's Revenge

Over a year ago we published a miraculous healing of a baby's fractured skull in Los Angeles. God used that healing in a remarkable way. A near neighbor, a Catholic, had been very bitter because they dared to believe God answered prayer, and showed a very antagonistic spirit. Some time after the baby's healing, this woman's husband was seriously hurt, having been struck by a trolley car, and taken to the hospital. Several ribs were broken and the skull badly fractured, causing a clot of blood to form on the brain. The result was that he lost his reason. ten days later, and had to be strapped to the bed. The doctor said his case was hopeless and the poor wife was heart-broken. A Catholic friend reminded her of how God had healed her neighbor's baby of a fractured skull, so she went and telephoned for prayer in behalf of her husband. In a little cottage prayer-meeting they asked God to give the man another chance, and in the self-same hour He heard and answered prayer. When the wife entered the hospital at about 8:30 P. M. he recognized and greeted her. The doctors and nurses were greatly astonished, and said they didn't understand what had wrought the change.

He returned home a saved and healed man. Those who had suffered persecution at their hands were used in his salvation and healing. This is the only kind of revenge the Christian should know anything about.

* * *

A hurried call came over the telephone from a mother whose daughter was suffering from what seemed to be appendicitis. For nearly twenty-four hours the suffering had increased, accompanied by a high fever, and the mother becoming alarmed, called for help in prayer. Two sisters visited the afflicted one and came back rejoicing that Jesus the Healer was with them at the bedside. Relief came immediately and the young lady went to sleep. The next day found her at her post of duty, well.

* * *

Scarcely had they returned when another call came for prayer for a dying baby, for whom the doctor said there was no hope. Again they went forth in His strength, and again the Lord answered prayer. The baby had several relapses, but is now healed according to the mother's testimony.

Timely Comfort

A godly mother living in California, was weeping for her son who had joined the army and gone overseas. She felt she might never see him again and in her sorrow and distress she looked to the Lord for comfort. Imagine her joy and surprise when He gave her this verse: "Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy." Jer. 31:16. Oh what comfort to her bleeding heart, to have the assurance even of her son's return! But such is our God, and so wonderful His Book. It contains help to suit every condition known to the human family. While she knew the Lord was able to do great things and had proved Him many times, yet this verse so signally fitted her need that she was almost overcome with His goodness. Truly, He is interested in every detail of our lives, and can deliver the trusting soul even in days like these. We tell this story hoping it may encourage other mothers to pray for their boys. God is no respecter of persons, and a faithful praying mother can pray for God's protection upon her dear ones while they are responding to their country's call for the cause of humanity, even while they are in the "land of the enemy."

Missionary Report

THE following is a two months' report of all Missionary money received and disbursed by The Stone Church and The Evangel Pub. House for the months of August and September. If any missionary has not received all the amounts designated herein kindly notify us and we shall be glad to trace.

Geo. M. Kelley, China (\$417.00 for building fund)	\$ 482.00
Adolph Wieneke, China	224.00
I. S. Neeley, West Africa (\$79.00 return fare)	159.00
James Harvey, India	115.00
Russian work	103.62
Thos. Hindle, Mongolia	92.50
Miss Bertha Meyer, China	90.00
Ivan S. Kauffman, West China (\$40 native work)	90.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, China	80.00
Miss Leanore Parker, India	60.00
John M. Perkins, West Africa	58.00
Miss Martha Hisey, West Africa	57.50
Miss Arnold, West Africa	57.50
George C. Slager, for China	50.00
Pandita Ramabai, India	48.70
Miss Edith Baugh, for India	46.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America	45.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, China	40.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo Belge	38.00
Miss Phoebe Holmes, China	38.00
L. M. Anglin, China	33.00
Miss Martha Jewell, China	30.00
Miss Myrtle Bailey, China	30.00
Miss Almyra Aston, India	30.00
Lloyd G. Cramer, China	30.00
Miss Alma Doering, Switzerland	30.00
Miss Mary MacDonald, India	25.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China	25.00
Ernest Hooper, South Africa	25.00
Wilbur Williamson, China	25.00
Miss Josephine Cobb, China	25.00
Herman Mader, China	25.00
Miss Elizabeth E. Brown, for Jerusalem ..	22.00
John D. James, China	20.50
Miss Florence Bush and mother, China	20.00
G. A. Dahlstein, China	20.00
Miss Ethel Bingham, West Africa (\$10 African native)	20.00
Miss C. B. Herron, India	20.00
C. H. Schoonmaker, India	20.00
Robert F. Cook, India	20.00
Miss Helen Carnapas, Palestine	20.00
H. L. Lawler, China	20.00
Miss Margaret Clark, India	20.00
Mrs. Wm. K. Norton, India	20.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	19.98
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India	19.00
Miss Ethel King, India	19.00
Miss Mary Chapman, India	15.00
Mrs. Lillian Denney, India	15.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America	15.00
Mrs. A. H. Post, for Egypt	15.00
Raymond T. Richey, for Soldiers' work ..	14.90
Miss May Law, China	10.00
Albert Norton, India	10.00
John Norton, India	10.00
Mrs. Anna Richards, South Africa	10.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa	10.00
Miss Sara Cox, for India	7.00
Miss Lillian Doll, India	5.00
Miss Bessie Jager, India	5.00
Total	\$2,750.70

Asleep in Jesus

An Intercessor Leaves the Ranks

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Schoeneich, Matagalpa, Central America.

Central America has suffered a deep loss. A battle-scarred warrior, a faithful intercessor who has poured out her heart's blood in that desolated land, has lain down her armor. As a brand snatched from the burning, a Romanist born and bred, she was rightly called to a country blighted by the curse of Rome. The brief story of her life's service is told by her children, the two faithful missionaries stand-



OUR beloved mother, Mrs. Mary Yaeggi, was born in Hochwald, Canton Solodorn Switzerland, 1848 A. D. Of Roman Catholic parentage, she was a good Romanist, but her heart reached out and longed for what her church could not give her, and in her search for God she desired to enter a convent, to which her parents refused to give consent. Later she married Anton Yaeggi, and to them were born seven children, of which Mrs. Marie R. Schoeneich alone survives.

Mrs. Yaeggi and her husband made two trips to America, each time returning to Switzerland. In their last home in that country, in the city of Basel, while moving into a newly-rented house, she found a Book—the Bible, and it was the finding of this Book that was afterward to play so important a part in her life. She laid her husband to rest in the city of Basel, but while on his death-bed he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior—through the Book.

After her husband's death she again returned to the United States, with three small children, for in Switzerland she seemed to find no rest. From the day she found *the Book* there was a deep conviction of sin, and for five long years she wandered from one church to another, from one preacher to another, seeking pardon for sin. Sick in body and facing the grave, she became so burdened for her salvation that she went to her room alone, and on her knees told God that she would not get up until He had spoken peace to her soul. He gave her a vision of Jesus on the cross, and as she beheld the Son of God, the wonderful, compassionate Christ, her burden of sin rolled away, and she found herself not only a pardoned soul, but healed in body, according to His Word, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

Her burning love for Jesus and lost souls gave her no rest—she must answer the call to work for Him, and she did. Year after year passed in loving service, and only eternity will tell the result of that untiring, unselfish, loving soul, who

ing by their post of duty. Pray for dear Mrs. Schoeneich, whose frail body is suffering because of the hardships incident to a missionary's life. A number of times the lamp of her life became almost extinct, but God renewed it in answer to the cry of His intercessors. May He lay her deep need upon some soul at this time.

was never too tired, never too worn to give her strength for Him. She knew her God and loved Him; she knew the power of His Name and blood, the power of prayer and praise. When the Christian world some years ago awoke to a deeper need in its spiritual life, she too, cried out to God, and in answer to that volume of prayer, on came the mighty outpouring of "the latter rain." She went to California, where in 1907 she was baptized in the Holy Spirit, with the sign of "other tongues" as in Acts 2:4. Then commenced a new life, a fuller and more spiritual service, and with ourselves, not a few will witness to the blessing and help received through her victorious and overcoming life.

In 1911 she received a call of God to be an intercessory missionary for Central America, to work together with her children in this dark land; so on Nov. 13, 1912, we three sailed for the land of our adoption, and landed in Corinto, Nicaragua, Dec. 5th, and by the 22nd we were in the town of Matagalpa. For two years she labored not only as an intercessor, but with her hands, and filled a very important part in the work, until her strength gave way and it was necessary to return to the States. God at the same time laid it upon the heart of a friend to bring her home. After sixteen months' furlough in which she labored faithfully in the States and Canada, she returned to Matagalpa, bringing two more missionaries with her, Mrs. M. Symore in Leon, and Miss Anna Kimbauer with us here. After one year and eight months more in Matagalpa, on Aug. 10th, at 3:45, she left us to be with her beloved Jesus.

A word as to her home-going: Mother had for weeks complained of a pain in her side, but was at work in the home and in the church until the last week. On the Sunday just before her death she spoke for a half hour to the believers. On that Sunday morning she had a vision of a small cross on the ground. As she looked, the cross grew and grew until it reached up to heaven. She saw the Savior in front of the cross with a beautiful robe. He was coming toward her, and as He drew near she saw a mist come be-

tween Him and herself. She became anxious and fearful lest she might not see Him again, when the mist lifted and He came nearer the earth. At this point she awoke exclaiming, "Oh my Savior!" Through the cross she gained an entrance into the heavenly city. Though in bed but four days she had been ailing for some weeks. The mist was death; she did so look for His coming, and feared it would hide His glory. But the mist lifted; death was swallowed up in victory. He will come soon, and them that sleep in Jesus will He bring with Him.

Toward the end of the week she became weaker and weaker, and talking tired her quickly. When we inquired of her condition she always answered. "Life! life!" It was everlasting life for her. On Saturday morning, her birthday, she fulfilled the Word, in Ps. 90:10, "The days of our years are three score years and ten." It was the last day of the calendar week, and the last day of her life's week, for Sunday found her, not preaching to a few Nicaraguan believers, as she had done eight days before, but in His glorious presence, helping to swell the courts of heaven with praise and worship, which were the characteristics of her earthly life.

On that memorable morning, one of us asked her how she was feeling, and she answered, "It's so high you can't climb over; it's so low you can't crawl under, and so broad you can't go

around. You have to go straight through." She knew she was going, and tried to let us know, but we were slow to understand. The little church were in almost constant prayer for her recovery, the intercession was mighty and all felt it was victory, but it did not come the way we expected. All through the day she would say, "Oh, the time goes so slowly!" She felt the Lord Jesus was near and wanted to be with Him. At about 3:30 she called for the believers, that she might have one last look at those for whom she had labored and toiled so untiringly, and as they filled the room and fell on their knees her spirit went to Him whom she passionately loved, and for whose love she laid down her life—for Nicaragua.

About an hour before leaving us she cried out, "Oh Lord, put this burden on Mrs. A——," a beloved and faithful friend of the work, who knows the power of prayer. She meant the burden of the work in Nicaragua, for her soul was wrapped up in Nicaragua's greatest need—Salvation. Yea, Lord, may her prayer be answered, not only through Mrs. A. but many more of Thy saints. Who will bow beneath the load? Upon whom will her mantle fall? Our hearts are crushed; there is such a vacancy. It seems as though the link that held the chain has been snapped asunder. Oh Lord, put this burden on ——!

Congo Gleanings

By a Debtor

Miss Alma E. Doering.



HAVE come to pay my debt," said he, with a winning smile, and here you have the whole story in a nutshell, that white fever force trying but failing to kill the glad smile and the Pauline gleam in the eye. He had come to the dark Congo to pay off in souls, in blood, in love, the debt owed to his Savior. His motto was, "To grow up you must grow down." Watch the sequel. This holy missionary had drunk so deeply of God's wine of joy, that it kept him going at high pressure, until the fragrant saint died at his post, the old skin bottle broken in the ferment of fever. He foresaw it all but resolved to pay his debt to the heathen. As the years went by, the perfume of that one life had been wafted out beyond our sphere. "Travelling one day in Lubaland, says

our narrator, Rev. Crawford, "I was appalled to find out that a negro I had met, had promoted Mr. Crobbe to the literal rank of a 'God.' The memory of the heavenly things he saw in this saint never left the negro, and away he went back to Lubaland with the "living Epistle graven" on his mind. "Look up, for we are going up and oh how soon!" was a fond phrase of his. So this negro thought much and knew the saint had really gone to God. That thing he had actually seen in him could not be killed by fever. He only died into glory, as the stars die at sunrise. "Ah," said the negro, "when I am in a fix, I just send up a prayer to Bwana Cobbe and he will pass it along to God; he will have a big say with God." Of course I righted his wrong theology. They *saw* the gleam of eternal life shooting out of his honest eyes; they *saw* and they believed in a man of God.

"I am debtor both to Jew and Gentile, to Greek and barbarian," cried the Apostle. Is it the debt of sin? No, Christ paid that. But it is a debt of redemption *from* sin. II Cor. 5:15. Is it the debt of a stern law of an exacting monarch? No, it is the debt of love. II Cor. 5:14. Pay *your* debt to a lost world and you pay the debt you owe Christ and go sweeping into glory in full triumph. Ignore that debt and you *may* be saved, but as by fire, suffering loss. I Cor. 3:14, 15.

How are they paying off that debt in the dark Congo land? We are following the reapers and gleaning what they leave us.

Again following in the footsteps of a Congo hero on the extreme Western Coast, we see him pouring out his soul with and for a class of dirty, savage lads. Yes, black as coal everyone of them; yet after all diamonds are made of soot, albeit the how, when and where of this miracle we may not know. Moreover it doth not yet appear what this black land of ours shall be, but we know that God with swift, silent steps can come and give the crystallizing touch that makes the diamond flash out of the soot. "Rags," the Arabs call the black parishioners, forgetful of the fact that rags make the whitest paper. So what man can do in paper line surely God can surpass in souls. Crawford.

And he does. Witness the sparkle of the diamond in our West Coast class. A lad finds Christ in his "Mundele" and is captivated. Directly captured himself, he proceeds to capture others. One day he coaxes from his missionary the fact that his own father in Canada is still a drunkard and a rumseller. Incredible to the African mind is the fact that the land of their missionaries could produce anything but saints. They are sure that we are the petted children of civilization. As they look at the vault of the sky, turning down to meet the horizon in the direction of Europe they actually believe that heaven meets earth among the white men. But our new convert, not even old enough to have cut the spiritual teeth necessary to masticate solid Gospel meat, proceeds at once to pay his debt. Indeed a little child shall lead them! This is how it happened. The boy was in great straits over the problem of a white man drunkard having a missionary son. Had not his beloved teacher lauded the power of persistent prayer? Would not that same power transform the venerable father of his venerable spiritual teacher?

On the point of the missionary's departure for Canada, the boy with a victor's gleam in his eye, ventures out on prophetic seas. "Mundele will find his father converted when he arrives home," was the parting message, "for," continued he, "I have prayed all night for him." Mr. Missionary found himself outstripped by Master Congo stripping. He scarcely dares rejoice in such a prophecy, for had *he* not prayed for years and had his father not been going from bad to worse, hardening his neck unto damnation? But his joy knew no bounds when on his arrival in Canada, he found the rumshop closed and his father overflowing with the new wine of salvation. The very night our Congo-stripling prayed, the hard-ended sinner found himself in hell-fire with the other drunkards he had made and crying for mercy, but in vain. On awakening, what mercy to find it all a dream. Trembling still he sought Christ until he found Him, the very night in which Master negro was determined to pay his debt. Maxim: "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

Now follow a bit of the trail of the noble Congo Cross cutter, Dr. Crawford, who spent twenty-two years without a break in the long grass of Africa, starting from Banguela, traversing the Bihe, Chokwe, Luvale, Bunkeya and Luban tribes straight across arid deserts, famishing and in desperation for water; through wild, tangled forests, infested by raving, wild beasts, through malaria infested swamps, and for three weary years with other companions but dirty, savage treacherous pagans; cut off from civilization, supplies, home, paying *His* debt. Let this veteran speak while we draw off our shoes, for here is holy ground, life laid down in order to produce life. Death worketh in that noble army of path-borers, and life in those whom they gather in as the Master's spoils.

"Ten years ago," writes he, "I passed along the edge of a field, and there was the owner toiling at the hard soil, a drought having baked the red earth like brick. From the passing man, a passing word, is the local proverb, so I comply with tribal courtesy, bawling across the cornfield a regret that the soil is onerous and intractable. But the churlish clay has made a churlish cultivator. Back from my gruff friend comes a gruff blasphemy: "Yes! a hard God has hardened the soil by denying the rain."

"Ten years pass, years that see this graceless man with many a graceless anti-God growl, a

hard heart blaming a hard God, and here is that same man in the same field and the same passer-by. The rich red loam is no longer refractory; two successive days of rain have soaked the soil soft and the old growler's face is wreathed in smiles. 'From the passing man a passing word, and once again I smile across a remark about the child's play that hoeing under such simple condition is. Saved, and knowing it, what does he now answer, this same man in this same field to this same passer-by? "Truly soft," says he, 'is the soil, for the God who softened my heart also softened the hard soil; He has rained on my hard soul as well as on my hard soil.' No calendar has he, no notion that here, or nowhere, is the divine drama. Ten solid years ago, the same field, same man, same passer-by: a hard heart, a hard soil then: a soft saved heart and soft saved soil now. The graceless growl gone and now for the notes of joy, a full octave, a grand diapason. Having both a canoe and a farm, this saved soul can literally fulfil Clement's word: 'Praising we plow and singing we sail.' Psalm 68:31, comes into fulfillment here. Reader, does it pay to pay off all debts toward a poor heathen world? Isa. 45:14."

What happens to those in darkness if you, dear reader, do not pay your debt to them?

We glean on, and take another step from Congo to the Bunheya Hills, on the trail toward Lake Bangwelo, Mwem, East Central Congo. Does debt paying cost? It cost Christ His all to pay your debt of sin. How much is it costing you to pay your debt of love? Is it *really* costing?

Listen to a bit of Dr. Crawford's spiritual mathematics, as he is shut in and almost out, while no supplies can cross the Lualaba. He calls the malefactors, benefactors, quoting Hudson Taylor in his quaint remark: "'The devil can wall you around but he cannot roof you in.' We can always count on the bit of blue overhead. What to outsiders may seem hateful exigencies of poverty *is to us*, the debt-payers, merely God removing the clogging weights to make good our motto: The maximum of power with the minimum of machinery. Mr Lane on leaving me here after some months of eating the bread of affliction, wrote of all his privations: 'Trying as things were, I would not have foregone that blessed season of trial for all the luxuries of civilization.' The highest compliment I have been paid in my bush African wanderings was

when a snob chief gave me a dole of forty yards of calico as a pitying alms; because I was 'out at the elbows.' The link binding us is all the more real because the initial bounty was on his part. There is nothing to be ashamed of in poverty except being ashamed of it. The best pair of boots I had for many a day were a Portuguese convict's, bought from a negro. So, with a mysterious suit of clothes rescued from a slaver—the fit was faultless—for it clung to me as tightly as wall paper. This famine and fever land in a special way clears the field for a full display of the power of His might, for a man is often brought low and only God can avail. Here, in the bush, it is delightful to watch how God hears you scrape the bottom of the meal barrel. Again and again with dramatic neatness of Divine method the dinner bell has gone in Heaven for my surprise meal. The fact is, these obsequious beaming blacks who make an avenue to pass through into their country, propose to treat the missionary precisely as you treat the postman; that is, they acclaim him not for what he is in himself, but for what he brings. This would be all right provided he welcomed us as a *letter* postman, bringing God's letter. Alas! he thinks we are parcels postman and any of the humble accessories of civilization about us develop in the negro that avarice known locally as 'The big eye.' Thus even when we have drained our last drop of tea and all the meaner faculties of life have departed from our mud hut, we still see Divine intent in it all. God had only removed the guilt from our 'white' prestige in order to proclaim the poverty of the cross. And this mollified our soreness. And where is the man longing for Apostolic precedents who would exchange these glad trials of faith for a king's ransom? Give the African the chance of helping *you*, of paying his debt, and thus getting blessed, and you will be spared. It will be the story of Ebed Melech, the black man, over again. See Jer. 38:6-13, or of Simon of Cyrene, an African carrying our Savior's Cross.

Well, this glory accompanies this debt payer's career. And more, our narrator continues: "In these gnawing days of famine, I can tackle grass with famished gusto; grass seeds boiled to an emerald gruel is a famous food. As an anxious alternative I also eat and enjoy thousands of white ants with ravenous content. But you need two pinches to enjoy it, a pinch of salt and a pinch of hunger. It is a case of liking what

you eat and not of eating what you like. So too, with snails, rats, caterpillars, after every mongrel dog has been heard to give his last howl on entering the gaping pot of gaping negroes. An apologetic African with that ache in his stomach defended these extremes in the clever retort: 'Even in the dark who ever forgot the road to his mouth?' Famine to him is the dark night. Another defends his doleful diet of boiled snakes by saying; 'A hungry man will even burn his mouth.' This famine diet, of course, is not the normal African dietary, but experience in native food for twenty years makes it seem true that to be much in Africa said Africa must be much in you.

Here is Mr. Missionary redeeming a mother from her fifth term of slavery, the story being told in that tone which makes one proud to live and die for old Africa. For there was a haggard woman explaining nonchalantly that five times she had sold herself into slavery because her little boy who was a slave had changed bondmasters; each time she followed up her son, gladly enduring bondage under five slave-owners, in order to be near her boy. This was time five when I broke her chains. And all for maternal love. The lad grew up to be one of our earliest converts on Lake Mweru, many of his best natural qualities coming from that slave mother. Somebody sagely said, "It must be written somewheres that the virtues of the mothers shall be visited on their children as well as the sins of the fathers.

Reader, if Mr. Missionary had not been paying his debt to Africa, what a void in all eternity to have missed the joy of finding a redeemed mother and son there! And what would have become of the slave?

Listen to a Congo chief's idea, "Slave blood is bad blood." Alas, it is true! says our Missionary eye-witness, they are a moral mass of putrefaction; but the negro himself explains it all in his proverb: Slave status causes "slave state."

Body Bondage Means Soul Bondage.

Said chief reckoned the slave element as rank growth that has to be cut down. Many times I plead for a man's life but said Mushidi carries death with derision. It is ridiculous to treat a slave as though he were a demon and then express surprise that he is not an angel, if you breed slavery in the bone for centuries. So literally is he a mere captive coin that two boys

have been seen to be bartered for one man. One of these, snatched from slavery, was the lad Saukuru. His father and kinsman were killed off in the attack on their village and the son put down at Mushidi's feet in the same row as his relative's skulls. These skulls the chief put his foot on by way of trampling on his enemies' necks, but the boy was spared and came to us. Picture that little black boy sitting down with his hand on his father's skull. There is a magic key to this problem and it is found in the fact that the only way to open another man's heart is by opening yours to him. Paying debts: Here they are far from home, that long wriggling horror of slave track behind and before so thin and hollow-eyed, you can only think of them as moan materialized into flesh. One girl had fallen behind, strength gone, load of rubber thrown on the ground and I was just in time to see her owner club her head. As Christ saw nothing worse than that among the Temple dovesellers, I sprang at this Bihean, but he showed a clean pair of heels. Just one tiny girl rescued from death by the roadside, a girl who is now a happy Christian mother on Lake Mweru. Ah, what an opportunity the vaunted protectors of oppressed nations might have had to thus deliver multitudes, and Christianity ready to pay *her* debt. Grim War has now turned to collect the toll of sacrifice she withheld from a better Master, Christ's own love.

And what a toll of death Africa's innocents have had to pay because the redeemed lost the opportunity of spreading redemption joys.

And the babies who survive this terror? Oh what fate awaits the African child? Watch this African's definition of Spirit-worship, a sorry enough solution for the problem. Here it is. Shut up into one sentence, the kernel idea is the negro attempt to rob the awful and unknown spirit-world of its double sting of loneliness and frowning distance. Does it not envelop him, and out from the unseen depths thereof are not daily darts showered against him? Hence his solution in this bridging process, i. e., the boast that a deceased mother is still linked with her living children by the very blood she has bequeathed them. That is to say, yonder, in that frowning lonely spirit world, menacing his life at every turn, he has actually a blood kinsman as daysman and representative. She, too, was once hungry, once weary, once jagged with earthly pains and penalties. To prove this link as both intimate and dear I have heard of man murmur in spirit-worship, "Oh mother, behold this blood

now coursing in my body, thou didst not merely bequeath it unto me, but it is thee!" Here, then, you find the tenacity of belief that he, the living being, can bridge the awful gulf because the dead did not entirely die—did they not leave some of their own literal blood on this earthly side of the gulf as an intentional link? There, then, is the bridge across the chasm, and if you urge that it is not real, but merely his own mad conjecture, he will retort that the bridging initiative was not his at all, but rather that of his own guardian spirit, who will not, *because he cannot*, sever the link between the living and the dead. For instance, even a tiny boy, who, long ago in war, was swooped down on his natal village—query: How can he worship a mother he never knew? The boy's retort is that, albeit he was torn away at his birth from his unknown mother, yet surely he, too, was born as everybody else. That he never knew her is less than nothing at all to him, for he has only to pinch his flesh to remind himself that *she* gave him this body. So there he is, working away at the building of his little temple to the "unknown god"—his mother's spirit. For although unknown yet is she well known, yea, here is her own blood flowing in his veins. Hence the double deduction he makes that, even in the spirit-world, throb for throb of his earthly joy is hers, even as stab for stab of his earthly pain is hers too. It is all "mother," "mother," mark you, and no mention of his father, for often he does not know his name, and just as often—hush! the mother knows it not either.

And so he "bridges the gulf." For does he not believe that in every pang that rends his heart his guardian spirit has a part? The victim of many a cruel and ungenerous blow in life, does he not still reckon on the *dear old maternal solicitude of his welfare?* . . . God, he thinks, is too busy up among the stars to bother about him, but not so his "mama." Watch the subtlety of all this, for like a dam of rocks, relentlessly solid, here is a barrier ever blocking the advance of the Gospel. To preach Christ as kinsman-advocate before God is to the negro only, in other words, a branch of the same spirit-worship. Wearing by the well of Sychar, thirsty on life's road, and pained with the pangs of suffering, does He not sorrow with us in our sorrow? Poor old African, groping after, if haply he may find. The only way he hopes to capture the stronghold of the Unseen is by this

flank movement of kinsmanship—to him the line of least resistance, being the warm, cherishing heart of his defunct mother. O for ten thousand Christians to advance in the Lord's name and shout tonight above all the wintry woods of Africa: "I am the Way." It is easy to talk loosely of the Gospel of Nature softening men's hearts, but Paul says that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now." And it is precisely this moan pouring into the negro ear that makes him think of God as a malignant demon, mocking at his pain, and pouring contempt upon his life. The impassive serenity of Nature in all the struggles and anguish of life maddens him into open revolt, for do not the serene stars rise and set with callous calmness over the storm and stress of life? There is the Gospel of nature for you! Moral: Herein is love! not that we get to love God by looking out on cruel Nature, but that He loved us and gave His Son a victim of the same cruelty. Have just had a "borderland" talk with an old devil doctor, and he tells me much about his professional headquarters. Away down the Lualaba the natives had located their "Cathedral of the Congregated Dead" in the dark, umbrageous ravines. Their idea is that for hundreds of miles around the spirits all concentrate into this weird amphitheatre of the dead: "Chivawa" they call the mysterious place, and the dead bodies scattered far over hill and dale in their graves—no grave at all—have each a representative spirit here in their Parliament of the Dead. "The spot where spirits blend" is their phrase, but the blending is in loud debate when the demons shriek out invectives.

In 1910 on our way home from East Africa the Rev. William Doering and several missionaries coming straight from Knango's wilds startled the ship's passengers with recitals of dentition victims. We are struck how accurately the author of "Thinking Black" corroborates our narrator's statements. The reader will not forget that the writer has been turned aside from pioneering to gleaning for the present, and gleaning after those she personally knows; all authorities cited being personal acquaintances or fellow workers except one and he well enough known through other missionaries who count it a privilege to have been his associates.

He writes: "As farther West, so too here in the Interior, there is the usual African mass-

acre of the innocents; "dentition deaths" these are called. Read this Luban episode. Here is a bonnie baby doomed to die because its little milk teeth "sprouted" on the wrong—i. e., the upper gum first. Far from being the usual little black bundle of screams, behold a dear little, queer little morsel who *must* be murdered. This dental abnormality is the tribal terror, for every negro must go the way of his blood, must wear the blinkers, so to say, must follow his father's lead. Here, then, is a baby who dares so early to break normal precedent in the fashion of the teeth, and the cherub must die as a monster. No Rachel ever weeps for such a child, and when the mother detects the first tooth on the wrong gum she flees from the innocent, frozen with fright. For does not the proverb say that the babe that breaks the normal law of dentition must be broken? Lutala is a child's name, and the idea is that there is a fiend taking ambush inside such an abnormal baby, therefore death is the doom. For if a demon be inside baby, and baby is inside the town stockade, then woe to that town, and woe to that baby. The chief Nkuva is a case in point. He was the father of three bouncing boys all of whom he murdered in succession, the appearance of the upper teeth doing it all. When dentition drew near the poor mother spent three agonizing days in suspense, each baby being spurned like a serpent when he revealed his terrible upper teeth first. But number three settled matters, and the chief having spurned his babies, finally spurned their mother as the latent cause of it all. In-

stead, however, of this disgraceful divorce dislocating her whole life as in England, she married a negro friend of mine; their first baby had normal dentition, and now the lady flourishes this fact in the face of her ex-spouse with withering scorn. The Kingdom of God, however, is not for goody-goodies, and this very murderer of babies broke with it all and yielded to the Christ who loved little ones. "Suffer little children to come unto me," says He—yea, and let their murderers come also. Was not Christ's first offer of pardon to His own murderers?

But in Africa it never rains but it pours, and here, while the ink is still wet, my boy Mirambo comes fluttering in with devastating tidings. Just back home from the South, he finds his baby boy has disappeared. Query, Where is baby? Then ekes out the tale of another "dentition" death, this story being quite a specialty, for baby was so hearty that he sprouted both an upper and a lower tooth at the same time. What must be done? A fisherman took baby away out into mid-Lake, and baby even then laughed with glee as the bad man tied a rope around his waist and on that a stone. Baby even crowed when the fisherman took him up in his arms, but splash went bonnie baby into blue Mweru. And all because he was a neutral and had teeth on both gums on the same day.

With all these and many more dark glimpses of heathendom, do we wonder of the Lord's prediction, "Woe is unto him who is at ease in Zion" while a mountain of indebtedness remains uneffaced? Let him that readeth ponder.

The Holy Spirit in Missions

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UCH has been spoken and written about the Holy Spirit during the last ten years. That the preaching of the baptism of the Holy Ghost has become a stumbling block to many Christians seems strange to us but is, nevertheless, a sad fact, yet there are thousands who have in meek obedience received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and now rejoice in the wonderful work He is doing in the world. All the three persons in the Godhead have had their special period of work, and the time in which we live is in a particular sense, the age of the Holy Spirit's activity. It commenced in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost and will continue until that hour when we meet the heavenly King in the air. Of course the

Holy Ghost existed even under the old covenant but this is His real time of work.

In the first place let us consider *The mission of the Holy Spirit among the disciples of Jesus and the individual believers*. When Jesus left His disciples He said, "I have yet many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you in all truth." (John 16:12, 13.) Thus, the mission of the Spirit is to "guide into all the truth." Jesus could not tell the disciples all that He had on His heart, neither were they strong enough to bear it then, but He sent the Holy Spirit to perpetuate His work after His departure. They could not understand all the truth

which He wanted to tell them before He was glorified but the Spirit could point back to a finished work. Neither can we understand all at once, but if the Holy Spirit abides He will explain to us all that pertains to life and godliness. The Spirit is our Teacher. He begins with the first principles (Heb. 6:1) and continues with the doctrine of the more excellent way (1 Cor. 12:31). That which in the beginning was very obscure and hard to understand, seems now very plain, yea, one must even marvel at the fact that we have been so blind concerning spiritual things. Divine truths set forth in the Holy Scripture become new and vital to the heart and mind when the Holy Ghost illuminates them. Then it becomes important to obey the commandments of God in faith and deeds. What man has never been able to convince us of, the Holy Ghost can. He is an able Teacher.

In John 14:26 we read that He shall bring all things, whatsoever Jesus hath said, to our remembrance. We are so disposed to forget the words of Jesus that we become doubting and despondent, feeling as if we were forgotten and forsaken. But the Holy Spirit reminds us of the words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" (Heb. 13:5.) Also in Matt. 28:20, He says, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." How sad that we could forget such comforting words! It is not anything new that we hear but the same old unfailling promises which we have heard many times; and yet, when the Spirit reminds us of them how they make our hearts rejoice and refresh our longing, thirsting souls!

The Holy Spirit not only brings the Word to our remembrance but He also points us to the future, and shows us things to come. (John 16:13.) None of us has been in heaven but the Spirit has been there and none but He can reveal to us the heavenly things. No one knows the things of God save the Holy Spirit "for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." (1 Cor. 2:10.) St. Paul, being in the Spirit was caught up to the third heaven and into paradise, where he heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter. (2 Cor. 12:4.) When St. John saw the glory of the world to come, which is pictured for us in the Book of Revelation, he was "in the Spirit" (Rev. 1:10); and when we come "in the Spirit," that is under the influence and unlimited control of the Holy Ghost, so that we, with St. Paul can say, "whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell" then, and only then, the Holy Spirit

can reveal to us "what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man." (1 Cor. 11:9.) The soul, who in that manner becomes one with God, under the power of the Holy Spirit, may hear the most wonderful heavenly song and the sweetest charming tunes of celestial music, yea, even see what the most daring thought was never able to imagine nor what the most able pen could ever describe. These things are not only beautiful illusions, or imaginations, but real facts, although only the spiritual man is able to comprehend it.

Further it is the mission of the Holy Spirit to glorify Jesus. (John 16:14.) It is not the work of the Spirit to glorify Himself or hide Jesus from our view for when the Spirit fills our hearts with His heavenly light, then can we see the image of Jesus as never before. The darkness disappears with the Presence of that brightness and our Spirit rejoices at the sight of the King. When the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost fell upon the one hundred and twenty disciples and they received the baptism of the Holy Spirit then they began to see the value of the atonement of Jesus in a new light. Under the power of the Holy Ghost they began to speak about the salvation in Christ Jesus as the Spirit gave them utterance. (Acts 2:4.) Every one who receives a real baptism of the Holy Ghost begins to love Jesus and to speak about Him as never before. The Spirit gives both power and boldness. Neither will the Spirit glorify men and give them honor for what is done by the Spirit of God because Jesus has said, "He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you." (John 16:14.)

In the next place let us consider *The mission of the Holy Spirit in the Church*. The church is the home of the Spirit on the earth. As the tabernacle in the wilderness was the place where God Almighty dwelt and revealed Himself to the people of Israel, so is the church the place which the Holy Spirit has chosen as His own dwelling place. The Holy Spirit is the light of the church. Without this light the church is dark. In the sanctuary of the tabernacle there was only one light and that light came from the seven-armed candlestick. (Ex. 25:31, 32.) There were no windows in the tabernacle and therefore, if it had not been for the seven-armed candlestick, the place would have been in complete darkness. The seven-armed candlestick is a symbol of the Holy Spirit. There should be no windows in the church through which the outside world can penetrate, for the Spirit of God is the light of the

church. Just as the candlestick consisted of seven branches, so the Spirit is represented as a sevenfold Spirit, ("the seven Spirits of God." Rev. 1:4, 3:1, 5:6) to express the divine perfection of the Spirit. Compare with this Isaiah 11:2 where also the sevenfold qualifications of the Spirit are set forth.

The Holy Spirit shall have control over the church. We shall not have control over the Spirit but the Spirit shall have control over us. Every resolution that we make ought to be sanctioned by the Holy Spirit. (The Apostles could say, "The Holy Ghost and we have determined." Think if we in every respect would let the Holy Spirit explain to us and teach us what to do how many difficulties we would solve! In the apostolic age, it was the Holy Spirit who selected the elders and deacons. Of course, He used instruments to perform His will, for we read that Paul traveled among the churches and appointed elders and bishops where they were needed, (Acts 14:23; Titus 1:5) but the Holy Spirit had before pointed out whom they should separate for that purpose.

It is also the mission of the Holy Ghost to distribute the gifts of the Holy Spirit in the church. (1 Cor. 12:2.) If all the gifts which Paul mentioned in the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians are not in the church, the church will not attain to the original prototype and consequently cannot perform its mission in the world. What we need is that all the gifts of the Spirit may come into activity but at the same time that the fruits of the Spirit which we are told about in Galatians 5:22, 23, may be brought forth in the Church of God. If the nine gifts of the Spirit are accompanied by the fruit of the Spirit—a cluster of nine golden fruits—then will the most perfect harmony become prevalent. People will have greater confidence in the gifts of the Spirit if they in the church and in the individual see the fruits of the Spirit revealed in a gentle, humble, godly and Christ-devoted life. Let us pray that we might be rich in the graces for the upbuilding of the Church and that we may to the glory of Jesus and with a humble heart, administer the gifts to the blessing both of ourselves and others.

Finally we wish to say a few words about *the mission of the Holy Spirit in the world*. In John 16:8 we read, "He will reprove the world of sin." The greatest sin of which men are guilty is that they do not believe in the Savior and because they reject Him they lose salvation. As long as sin-

ners walk in darkness they do not know that they are sinners, but when the light of the Holy Spirit illuminates their hearts they become convinced that they are lost. Perhaps the Spirit has to convict them repeatedly before they recognize and admit the truth and come as penitent sinners to the cross of Jesus, weeping over their sins and asking for forgiveness and receiving cleansing in the precious blood of the Lamb. The Holy Spirit is persevering in His efforts and does not cease to work until the poor and miserable souls open their hearts for Him and let Him in. Many, however, have made their hearts so inaccessible that the Spirit has been **compelled to leave them** for both time and eternity. When the Holy Spirit gets hold of the hearts of men He performs the work of regeneration. (John 3:6-8; Titus 3:5.) It is not the Holy Spirit who saves but He convinces of sin and leads the poor sinners to Jesus. The Spirit gives a new mind, a mind which longs for the holy paths of Jehovah. The Spirit regenerates and puts us in fellowship with God through Christ Jesus. We become partakers of His life, living in His very presence in sweet communion, and as long as we abide in Jesus and He in us no one can rob us of that glorious life. **Hallelujah!**

Think how many languishing souls there are, who are dying from thirst in this world-desert! The Holy Spirit is a living water to them. (John 4:13, 14; 7:37-39.) Oh, that they would believe and receive the Holy Ghost. Then would the desert-life be transformed into a paradise, the hunger satisfied and the thirst quenched, the lamentations cease and the songs of jubilee ring out. **Hallelujah!** Glorious new life of resurrection!

Eliezer, the servant of Abraham, was sent to Mesopotamia to select a bride for Isaac. In like manner, God has sent His Spirit to take out a bride for Christ. That is the great commission of the Holy Spirit. He is calling today. Have you answered "Yes" to His call? Will you follow Him where He leads? Eliezer did not leave Rebekah before she met Isaac. Likewise the Holy Spirit will not leave us until we meet our heavenly King in the air and enter the beautiful mansions to celebrate the marriage of the Lamb.

The mission of the Holy Spirit in the world is not yet finished. He still convicts of sin, of righteousness and of judgment, but God has said that His Spirit shall not always strive with man. Oh, that therefore, every soul would awake and pray: "Holy Spirit, be Thou my Guide! Lead

me to Jesus and to that home not made with hands, in the glorious presence where, free from sin and contamination, I may see God, be transformed into His likeness and rejoice in His sweet fellowship throughout all eternity."

Pentecostal Blessings

IT is with great joy and a heart full of praise to God our Father that I am writing to tell you how He in His great love and mercy led my wife and me to seek and claim the Baptism in the Holy Ghost.

We have both been Christians for about fifteen years, and during that time have worked for the Master in the Salvation Army, and the last seven years in a Methodist Mission. About the time the war broke out, God stirred us up to seek higher places in the Spiritual life, and wonderfully led us into the "Blessed Hope" of the near return of our Lord and King. On several occasions He gave us precious anointings of the Holy Spirit, and we felt sure this was the baptism in the Holy Ghost and used to testify to that effect. But Father knew we had no one to show us what it really meant to have the Lord come and take possession of the temple, and He led us to meet Pentecostal workers here in Sydney. Through their ministry, by personal dealing and by lending us *The Latter Rain Evangel* and other papers, we were led to see our need of this great blessing and so started to wait on the Lord at Easter time. From then on for nine weeks we had some very strange experiences and seasons of great tests, while the dear Lord was teaching us and bringing us into shape, as it were. There was such a lot of denominational teaching and traditions of men to get out of the way, but praise God, on June 3, 1918, we went to Brother Braun's Gospel Hall at 57 Glebe Street, where at 3:30 P. M. we were baptized in water according to His word. At 8:30 in the evening, while waiting upon the Lord, His power fell upon us and I was prostrated, and in a few minutes I was speaking in other tongues. Oh the joy and glory that filled my heart was wonderful! I am sure that no human language can ever describe the joy and glory that comes into the heart of one receiving the baptism in the Holy Ghost. My wife is of a rather reserved and quiet disposition, but as I went down I heard her shout, "Praise the Lord." Then the Spirit took control of her where she was sitting with the baby in

her lap, and she too spake as the Spirit gave her utterance. For many days after, all that we could say to each other was, "Isn't it wonderful! How great is the love of God!"

I feel constrained to ask for the prayers of all Pentecostal believers in your part of the world, who may read this, that God will mightily pour out His Spirit upon believers here in Sydney, and all over New South Wales, Aus.

M. Armstrong.

A SPECIAL CONVENTION:

For prayer and conference, will be held in Toronto, Canada, at the "Trinity Pentecostal Assembly" Association Hall, Yonge and McGill Sts., October 25th to 29th, inclusive, for Ontario and Eastern Canada. The purpose of this convention is to bring together the different leaders and members of the various Pentecostal Assemblies to confer and formulate a District Council in affiliation with the General Councils of the Assemblies of God at Springfield, Mo., U. S. A., with the view of bringing into a closer scriptural, organic relationship as to doctrine and practice, the members of His Body in Canada.

Good workers and teachers will be present to expound the word. Come and enjoy a time of feasting, and see the manifestation of God's mighty power bring your sick friends, the Great Physician will be present to heal. We are in the last days, Jesus is coming soon, let everyone make a special effort to attend.

We do not assume responsibility for railroad fare or entertainment, except for specially invited workers. But the committee will assist you in securing reasonable room and board.

Come, and let us make this the greatest gathering Canada has ever known. Kindly advise in advance, if possible, if you are coming. Address all communications to Pastor J. R. Evans, 16 Webster Ave., Toronto, Canada.

A Pentecostal Convention campaign will be held for sixty days at 319 University St., Montreal, Canada. The date for this convention has not been sent us, but we presume it is now going on. For information, address the Pastor, D. S. Byrne, 2184 Waverly St., Montreal, Quebec.

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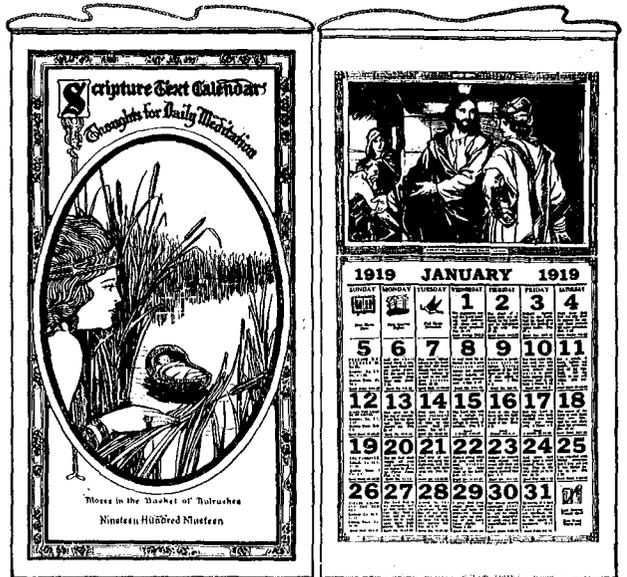
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