



# The Latter Rain Evangel

*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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**An International Monthly Magazine**

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

## Quintecostal Lessons From the Book of Ruth

"Handfuls of Purpose" From Our Heavenly Boaz.

Pastor A. G. Ward, Toronto, Can., in the Stone Church, May 13, 1924



JUST a few gleanings from one of the richest wheat fields in the Bible. I refer to the book of Ruth. This is a very wonderful book. It begins with the words, "Now it came to pass in the days when the judges ruled"—that is really very indefinite because in the Books of Acts we find the Judges ruled 450 years, so we are not quite sure when the story occurred. If you would know the significance of the words that I have just read you must turn to the Book of Judges, the last verse of the last chapter, "In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes." That was the only democratic period in the history of Israel as a nation. During that period "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." If you will read the fourteenth chapter of the Book of Judges you will find some things recorded which they did. They were great mixers in those days. They mixed the most profane things with the most sacred. We today are having a repetition of the days of the Judges. Unless you are a good mixer today you are not wanted. There was a time when if a congregation wanted a pastor they asked about his spiritual standing and if he had the fire of God upon him, but those days are gone in many circles. Now the chief question is, "Is he a good mixer?"

There was living in Bethlehem-Judah at that time a man whose name was Elimelech and Naomi his wife. Elimelech means "the mighty God is King," Naomi means "pleasant" and suggests faith, so whatever may happen in the land of Bethlehem-Judah, we have reason to believe these folk will stand the test and hold steady even in time of famine, if they have what their names signify, but unfortunately such was not the case, because a famine did come, and when it came they did the very thing which we would not have expected of them. They went down to the land of Moab where God had told them not to go, teaching us this lesson that the mere profession of an experience will not hold anyone in the time of testing. You may profess to be saved and outwardly appear to have an experience, but when the time of testing comes, unless you

have the root of the matter within and really know God, you are likely to fail. You may profess to be sanctified wholly, delivered from the old nature, but the mere profession of that experience will not hold you when the times of testing comes. I have met people in meeting who professed to be sanctified, but in times of testing they proved beyond a doubt that their sanctification needed to be sanctified. It is the same with regard to the experience of the Baptism of the Spirit. There are people all around the country who profess the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but in times of testing they give evidence they do not have it; so a mere profession does not count. There are others who talk of trusting the Lord for their bodies but when they become sick they run to the doctors just like the people of the world. I am not here to condemn them, but *that is not Divine Healing*. If you believe in Divine Healing you should hold steady and trust God for deliverance.

There is reason to believe that this break which Elimelech and Naomi made was not made suddenly. The fact is, very few backslide all at once. Backsliding is something which takes place by degrees and so it did in these lives. How do I know? I know it by the names they gave to the two boys. The first they called "Mahlon" which meant "sick," and "Chilion" meant he was "wasting" or "pining." So you see they had been backsliding for some time, and when the crucial hour arrived it became evident they were backslidden, for instead of holding steady they fled to the land of Moab. We backslide by degrees; we neglect God's word, private devotion and family worship, then returning of thanks at the table. Some say, "I know plenty of folk who profess to be well blest but who do not have family worship, and some who do not return thanks at the table. I greatly fear all such are either backslidden in heart or have never had a real experience.

Elimelech died. Then the boys who had married Moabite women, died also. When a person deliberately takes himself out of God's will he is inviting no end of trouble, and only God knows what the outcome will be. After all these men had died Naomi got word that God had visited His people. Now it is true that sometimes a famine strikes Bethlehem-Judah but that

is no reason why we should run to Moab. If you will just wait a little while the famine will be over and you will find the first place God will visit thereafter will be Bethlehem-Judah. So you had better stay there and wait, for God will come around again. Seventeen years ago we had a wonderful time. I was away out near the mountains when the Spirit began to fall in Los Angeles. A little later I came down to the city of Winnipeg and found some hungry saints. We gathered them together for an all-night of prayer, and that first night about midnight I received my first installment of the latter rain outpouring. Then hundreds and hundreds were baptized, many saved and we had wonderful times, marvelous visitations from heaven which continued for months. Three of us all that summer had sixteen meetings a week, and when we got out of one we were anxious to get into another. Then there came a lull. While we had showers now and then, it has been more or less of a famine. But I am not discouraged. I am positive that God will revive the Pentecostal testimony and it will be accompanied with a great increase of apostolic power. I tell you I am in the land of Bethlehem-Judah and waiting for a more marvelous display of God's power than was granted to us seventeen years ago. But some of my dear brethren who appeared to get a richer experience in Pentecost than some of us, have tried to make themselves comfortable elsewhere. I am sorry for them, for I know they will have deep regrets when they hear that God is again visiting Bethlehem-Judah. They are down in Moab. If you have a dry time in your church do not get discouraged and say there is nothing doing, but hold steady until God comes in power.

These three women, Naomi, Ruth and Orpha, all started back to Bethlehem-Judah. After they had gone a little distance, Naomi, who was in a backslidden condition said, "I do not see any use in you girls going up with me. If I were you I'd go back to Moab." One of the girls kissed her and started back, but Ruth said, "I have thought it all out and I am going with you, mother. If you have to sleep at the foot of a straw-stack, I will sleep there too, and if the next night you sleep under the shadow of an oak tree, that will do for me. Where you lodge I will lodge." Quite different from what some folk want these days; they expect the very best that is going, the best mission in the country, the highest salary, a fine car and

all the luxuries they can get. I believe it is possible to make such a whole-hearted decision for God that you will never want to withdraw anything that you have surrendered, and never have any other thought but to obey the Lord no matter what it costs.

I think it must have been about midday when they arrived at Bethlehem-Judah, and a number of folk on their way home recognized Naomi, "Is this Naomi?" They were full of genuine sympathy, think you? No, the sympathy they had on hand was the same kind that is in evidence now, the galvanized sort. "True friends are like diamonds, precious and rare; false ones like autumn leaves, found everywhere."

Naomi greeted them and said, "I'd rather you would not call me by that name; I'd prefer you would call me 'Marah,' because the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me. If she had stayed in the land of Bethlehem-Judah God would have looked after her according to His promise, but she took herself out of His will and suffered the consequences; then she turned around and blamed the Almighty. There are plenty of folk like that, who really have no one to blame but themselves. God will keep His promise to you if you will let Him. I challenge you to prove the Almighty. I am not afraid to challenge men to prove God. You do not need to live in any uncertainty; all you have to do is to meet His conditions and God is on the spot to prove that He is faithful. They arrived home at the time of barley harvest. I suppose they rested for a day or two and then Ruth decided that she would take the place of a stranger and go out and glean in the harvest field. She didn't know where to go but we read that it was her hap to light on a part of a field belonging to a man by the name of Boaz, a man of wealth. We are always talking about things that happen, but I want to tell you that there are a lot of things that "happen" to folk that live in the land of Bethlehem-Judah, which would never happen if they were down in the land of Moab. This thing that happened to Ruth never would have happened outside the land of Judah.

Some years ago I was convalescing from a serious illness, a friend of mind offered us a furnished cottage down by the lake shore and I was out there to recuperate. While there a letter came from a pastor of a church down in Pennsylvania asking me to come to their church for their annual convention. He said, "We would

like to have you, but we cannot give you very much," and he mentioned the amount which would have been a little more than my fare. I wrote and said that I had never allowed the question of money to interfere with my services for God, and if he thought I could have any ministry I would go. He announced it in THE EVANGEL and my friend down in Philadelphia wrote and said, "Why couldn't you come in to Philadelphia and get acquainted with the folk at Highway?" I thought there would not be much added expense connected with that, so I went, and the first Sunday that I was preaching at the Highway, the door opened and a tall, white-haired woman walked in. I looked at her and thought, "I believe I know that woman." When the service was ended she came forward, and then I recognized one whom I had known many years before.

When I was in a dying condition at Cincinnati God sent that woman across from New Jersey and she nursed me back to life. Later she received a wire from her husband saying she was to bring me to their home, but it had been years since she heard me preach. She came to me and said, "I want to make you a present." "Oh," I said, "I am not going around the country looking for presents. My business is to preach the Gospel." But she insisted and I thought I would tell her I needed a rain coat. She purchased the rain coat and many other things as well, amounting in all to about \$500. Now that was a "happen" that would not have happened if I had written to that minister, "I cannot come unless you send me my fare." But because God enabled us to say "Yes" to something that looked rather unpromising He moved us around a few miles further, and in about eight days gave us \$700. I am sure that there are many things that God would let happen to you my brother, and you, my sister, if you would only come up from Moab and live in the land of Bethlehem-Judah. You cannot possibly know the feelings of a preacher or anyone who has a burden for souls upon his heart when he thinks of all that awaits folk in the land of Bethlehem-Judah, and pleads with the people to come up from the land of Moab and enjoy these things, and the people sit and refuse to partake of these blessings they might enjoy and still persist on living on the crumbs of this world.

We read that Ruth gleaned in this field and Boaz came down to see how things were going. As he drew near he inquired regarding this

stranger and when they informed him who she was, he said to her, "Go not to any other field." And she was so surprised she said, "Why have I found grace in thy sight?" Have you ever asked that question as you have thought of the goodness of your Boaz and all you have received? Hasn't that puzzled you as you look back and think of God's goodness? You know if you had been put on the market you would not have brought more than \$2 at the outside, and God put up with you, invested so much grace in you and gave you power to overcome, promising you greater things in the future. Why it is I do not know. They say that the sun shines because it is the sun and cannot help shining. I suppose it is that way with God. God is love and He cannot help loving. "Why have I found grace in thy sight?" and then she adds, "Thou hast spoken to the heart of thine handmaiden." There are many people who would think of God if He would only address Himself to their intellect. They say, "I do not believe the Lord can be all that the Bible says or He would recognize who I am. He surely cannot be all-wise or He would recognize that I am a person of great wisdom too." "If He knew who I was, He would surely take me into His confidence." Many people are out with the Almighty because He will not address Himself to their intellect. Oh think of it! A man with a peanut brain feeling insulted because the Almighty will not bow at his feet and ask him for advice! God knows where the root of the trouble lies. He knows it is not in a man's head, but down in his heart. It is the heart that is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. The heart is the treasury of evil; it is in the heart of man you will find corruption and defilement, and so God addresses Himself to a man's heart, because He knows that unless He reaches men's hearts, they will never be any better than they are. I hope He is talking to your heart tonight. You will wait a long time before God will address Himself to your intellect. God is not prostrating Himself before men because of the little grey matter they possess, but if they will listen, He will talk to their hearts. He will discover to you just where you are, and that there is no hope for you outside of Christ. You can get your head filled up, but the most important thing is to hear God speak to your heart.

If anybody had stepped up to Ruth that morning and said, "You are going to have a good meal today at noon," she would have said,

"I do not expect any such thing. I will be very thankful for a cold lunch,' but you see as soon as she got into the land of Bethlehem-Judah she met with surprises. You are living down in Moab and having a hard time, but if you come over into Bethlehem-Judah there will be surprises sprung on you before you get acquainted with the land. Some folk have lived on cold lunches so long they have gotten their digestive organs out of order. Come and put your feet under Father's mahogany and run them deep into the carpet of His promises, and then help yourself to a full-course dinner and quit these cold lunches. They tell exactly the same thing they have been telling for years. An old man in a former church where I was ministering as a young preacher, had been saying the same thing for years, and one day he tried to change it, and got mixed up. He had been eating cold-lunches so long that when he got a hot dinner he didn't know what to say. There is a full-course dinner being served. Perhaps you have been saved and sanctified, and some of you have gone a little further and been baptized in the Holy Spirit, but no matter how many courses you have devoured, come along tonight and eat up what is served. "Well," you say, "if I did that I would get filled." I guess you would, and furthermore when God has the right of way in a man's life He never stops until He has reached His own ideal, and God's ideal is not fullness but overflow.

So Ruth accepted the invitation and sat beside the reapers and Boaz waited on her. If you will come over into the land of Bethlehem-Judah into the fields of our Heavenly Boaz, you will have Jesus Himself to wait on you. You will get things direct from heaven. He reached her parched corn. It was A-No.-1 corn. God help the people who are satisfied with mildewed corn and trying to subsist on that. This corn from heaven is grown within the rain belt, brought to fruition by the Sun of Righteousness and roasted by the fires of Pentecost. That is the kind that Ruth got.

After she had eaten and was sufficed, Boaz turned to the young reapers and said, "Now when you go out this afternoon I want you not only to leave what is according to the law, but in addition some "handfuls of purpose" for this young woman, and when she reaches out to glean them none of you shall try to make her blush or put her to shame. "Handfuls of purpose!" There are a lot of Pentecostal folk who seem

scared when you talk to them about handfuls of purpose. They ask, "What more can there be but the Baptism of the Holy Ghost?" Have you been gleaning today? Do you know that our heavenly Boaz has left handfuls of purpose for some of you folk, and if you do not stop to glean them you will be sorry. I know it takes a bit of boldness to glean them when all the people around think we are going a bit too far and that we should not be after anything more. We have some folk in our country who cannot understand why anybody who has been baptized in the Holy Ghost should be a "seeker," but to encourage them I tell them that I have been seeking almost every day since I have been baptized in the Spirit, and if I live to be as old as Methuselah, should Jesus tarry that long, I intend to keep on, and as a result the Pentecost I received seventeen years ago, if it should be stood up by the Pentecost I am enjoying tonight, would just be a little baby Pentecost.

Ruth did as she was told and gleaned in the field. She was old-fashioned. Now if it had been some of us we would have said, "I don't believe I will put in the whole day in this field. I hear there is another field over there; I am a little curious. I think I will go over and see it." This present age is made up of novelty-hunters and you never know to what extent they will run. That is where Pentecostal people are getting into trouble, and a lot of them are becoming confused. Ruth gleaned in the field and then she did something else. She beat out what she had gleaned. Why she was one in a thousand. Most of us carry everything home, straw and all, and in most cases it is mostly straw. Did you ever stand outside of a church door when a Convention is on and listen to the people as they passed out? "Wasn't that just wonderful?" "My that was thrilling!" "I tell you that man is an orator," and the way he gesticulates is simply wonderful!" That is what they are taking home, is it? And then another says. "Well it was really worth coming out to hear. I wish we could get a man like that for a pastor." Perhaps if you had this person for a while, it would not be long until you would wish with all your heart you had the other one. That is going home with the straw, but the only thing that counts is "wheat." Unless a man brings wheat to you he is not worth his railroad fare. *A man's success ought to be reckoned by the amount of wheat he brings.* There are plenty of men over the country that can cover you up with straw.

but straw isn't of any account. It is wheat the people need. It is Jesus, the Bread of Life, and unless the preacher helps you to get a larger vision of Jesus, his ministry has been a failure. I shall feel that I have lived in vain unless I bring to people a larger vision of my Lord. There is no amount of money that can gratify; there is no amount of applause that can satisfy. Only the knowledge that we have brought to others a revelation of Jesus and that they have fallen more deeply in love with the Nazarene can make us feel repaid for our labor.

Ruth gleaned in the field until even, and then she discovered as a result of gleaning in the field of Boaz, that she had ten times what was coming to her. She discovered that she had an *ephah*, of barley, i. e., just ten times what was allowed to strangers. So I say to you if you will throw up your hands and let your heavenly Boaz have the right of way in your life, He will see that you have ten times more than is allowed. Then we read that she continued thus until the end of wheat harvest, and then what? If we had been there we would have said, "The barley harvest is over, and the wheat harvest is over, and what

will become of us?" What difference does it make if barley harvest and wheat harvest are over if we have learned to love our Boaz? I am glad for barley harvest. I am glad as a young Methodist preacher that God saved me on my own circuit while I was conducting a week's special meetings. I was the only convert during the week, but I was glad for those meetings. I am glad that the Lord sanctified me. They call me a holiness preacher. I do not object to that. I plead guilty without asking for a trial. I believe every Pentecostal preacher ought to be a holiness preacher, no matter how we may differ as to the process. And I shall always be glad for this Pentecostal experience, but I fully believe that God intended this experience to be only a means to an end, and when anybody makes it the end rather than the means, he makes a mistake. The end is Jesus, the God that is enough, and when we discover Jesus, we will not talk so much about barley harvest or wheat harvest. He is able to take us through if there is neither barley nor wheat harvest. He is waiting for you, and He will discover Himself to you if you will only move over from Moab into the land of Bethlehem-Judah.

### Hidden Disciples in Moslem Lands What the Bible Has Accomplished Among Them.



HERE are they? In all classes of society in Islam and in all Moham-medan lands, quietly, effectively, but of necessity silently at work, busy loving Jesus, living Jesus, and passing on to others what they have found in Christianity, waiting meanwhile for the day when religious liberty shall mean literally what the term implies. Perhaps to many it will come as a surprise that these hidden believers are in such numbers that they have an organization with a supreme head residing in a certain city, to whom I once had a letter of introduction, but unfortunately did not find him at home when I called to present it. But these believers find each other wherever they go by means of a key word upon which I stumbled one day, and which I have used many times and thus discovered other Jesus-lovers in Islam.

A rug merchant exclaimed at one of their secret meetings which I was invited to attend, "Of a truth thou art our sister," after satisfying himself that I had understood the very beautiful hymn that little group of believers had sung be-

hind the locked door, all about the broken bread and poured out wine, symbolic of the sacrifice on Calvary. "Thou art the first to understand us. We are *Christian* Christians," he continued with a look of conviction and exaltation. I sat in that meeting scarcely able to credit my senses, and witnessed a fervor of devotion rarely seen, an orderly type of worship, hymns, Christian hymns used only by themselves, and sung from memory throbbing with love for the Savior of men. And women were there, Moslem women addressed as "sisters" and unveiled.

"Are there others like you?" I queried incredulously. "Many," was the reply. "And where?" I next asked. "Everywhere!" was the answer. I knew one of those present, a government official, who was a Turk. He had been expelled from one of their sacred cities because his religious attitude did not satisfy everyone. This had happened some years previously, and he had found his Savior away up in old Turkestan, whither he had gone to get away from the appeal of Jesus, who won him in the end.

He came week after week to talk religion with us, puzzling me by the very evident knowledge

he had of Christianity and of the Bible, for as yet I had not learned to spot these hidden disciples. But one day when he asserted there was but one *Nur al 'alam* (Light of the world), I asked, "Do you mean that as I do? You know, I believe, too, there is but one Light of the world, the Lord Jesus Christ." "I do mean just what you do," was his simple answer. "Then you are a Christian," I exclaimed. "Ah," he rejoined, his face alight with joy and understanding, "I have been trying all these weeks to make you understand that I too am a Jesus lover." But I suspect he was trying me and my devotion to my Lord, to see if he dared reveal his true attitude to me. This same man was a regular attendant at our church services, and once when we were having the Communion, he sat there with such a hungry longing look on his face, which he afterwards explained by saying, "I could hardly restrain myself, I wanted so to come. I almost cried out, 'Let me come too.'" I once saw him pick up from the ground a fragment of bread some careless hand had dropped, carefully wipe from it every trace of soil and then reverently kiss it, saying as he did so, "I never can see bread on the ground to be trodden under foot. Our Lord said of bread, 'This is my body broken for you.' It is sacred to me."

And the candy seller who lived among little children, to whom he sold his sweets—never can I forget his words, ringing, clear, and with strong conviction as he asked me, as though to satisfy himself that I was a true believer in Jesus, "*Ya Sitt*, have you ever seen Him?" "Whom do you mean?" I inquired. "Jesus. Have you ever seen Him?" I knew I was disappointing his simple faith when I said, "No, only with the eye of faith." "No, no, not that way. With *these* eyes, *these* eyes I have seen Him," uttered with such conviction, such assurance, that I felt somehow, I had missed something very wonderful in my Christian experience. And he is not alone in his belief that Jesus visits these hidden believers in bodily presence. Every one of them will tell you that he has had a vision of the Christ. And who am I to say it is not true? One of them told me he was present at one of their meetings in a neighboring city where they seem to gather "with one accord in one place," when every one of the seventeen present testified to having seen the Christ. They somehow doubt his sincerity if a new believer cannot bring this sure testimony of acceptance by their Lord. And they test you, too, by many observations and enquiries.

Such a knowledge of the Scriptures as they have would put many a one to shame who was born and reared in the church, so to speak. The majority of those I have known found Him through the study of the Word, and not because of direct missionary activity. As an example, take the grave, long-robed official, who as he walked the deck of a steamer on which I was traveling, when he came near where I was sitting, without turning his head or glancing in my direction, quoted a verse from the Bible and continued his walk. But I understood and knew what he wanted, and when I saw him standing apart, waiting, I approached and made friends with him through the Book; and such an exposition of Holy Scripture as followed, book, chapter and verse accurately quoted and well understood by this seemingly devout Moslem, who in reality was an ardent adorer of our Lord. He told me that he was sent as a young man to Al Azhar, the great Moslem university in Cairo, where he lost all faith, even in the existence of God Himself. "But," he added, "I was the most unhappy of men, and finally I cleared my room of everything but a mat upon which I seated myself, and raising imploring hands to heaven, I cried, 'Oh God! If there be a God, reveal Thyself to me.' Then I took the Bible, not the Koran, and found not only my God, but my Savior as well." Then followed such words of devotion to and love for Jesus and longing for Him that I stood spell-bound, deeply stirred as I silently sent up words of thanksgiving to our Lord for this new evidence of His power to draw all men to Himself. "Don't you think He is coming soon? I believe He is, because we need Him so," were his good-bye words to me.

Many of these secret believers are from the higher walks of life, like the two officials mentioned, and a Pasha whom I saw when making a round of calls during one of the great Moslem feasts. There were two brothers present, one a Pasha, and member of the old Ottoman Parliament, the other the Governor of an important province. The Pasha, being the elder, took the lead in the conversation, and suddenly began to speak in perfect English on religious subjects. There were not less than twenty other Moslem men present, all relatives, and the Pasha was speaking with such earnestness and conviction, that I turned the conversation back into the Arabic that the others might have the benefit of it, and said, "You appear to know our Book," for even in English he had quoted freely from it. "I

know it very well." he replied. "I have made a profound study of it," mentioning certain missionaries to whom he had turned for guidance in his studies. "You never found anything bad in it, did you?" I enquired. "On the contrary, I found but one theme, like a scarlet thread, running through the entire Book, beginning in Genesis and ending in the third verse of the Seventeenth Chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, 'And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent.' That is what the whole Bible teaches, and to have eternal life is to *know* our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," using the Christian phraseology, not the Moslem. The Governor had been listening intently to what the Pasha had been saying, and now lifted up his voice. "What are these words my brother? What is this you are saying?" The moment was tense, and not without peril, and I waited anxiously for the reply of the Pasha. Glancing at the Governor, he said with much earnestness, "My brother, that is all there is to eternal life, to know our Lord Jesus Christ." The Governor settled back in his chair, saying, "If it is as simple as that, why have we been going around and around searching for something better?" Said the Pasha, "That is all there is to it, to know Him." "Ah," I interjected, "you have found the truth. You must teach your brother." The Pasha gave me a very understanding smile as he remarked, "Then I would be a missionary just like you, wouldn't I?" I asked the Governor if he had ever read the Bible, and he said he had never even seen a copy, and upon returning home, I sent him the only new one I could muster, a small New Testament. With it went a note begging him to read and study it that he, too, might find eternal life like his brother. In thanking me, he said, he was especially pleased I had sent him a small copy, "for now, I shall carry it in my pocket." Within a few days, a group of Moslem women called, and soon the topic of conversation was the knowledge the Pasha had of the Christian's Book, for the men present that day had evidently discussed it at home. But a surprise came to me, when every woman present asserted she was possessed of a Bible, and read it also.

Yet one more instance would I give of how accessible Islam is to Christianity, if it is presented in the spirit of love. This is the most precious of all my experiences on the mission field.

I always try in imparting information about

my religion to a non-Christian, to take the attitude that if it cannot stand the test which the learner is sure to bring to it in comparison with his own faith, it must go down before something better suited to the human soul. It has seemed to me that controversy never gets anywhere, while to present Jesus to a non-Christian simply as shown in the Gospels, is to offer something vital, for He, if the learner is fair-minded, will stand any test applied to Him. "You teach the Bible in your school?" a Moslem father would ask, for no Moslem child was admitted to the school unless brought by his parents. "Give him one and I will pay for it," which was as willingly done as was the payment of tuition. When my boy, who must be nameless, came to school, he was fourteen years of age, and while not markedly clever, he was earnest and studious, and seemed hungry for knowledge. It was not long before he showed deep interest in his Bible study. Once, when teaching the harmony of the Gospels, I asked what the difference was between the baptism of John the Baptist and Christian baptism, and my boy's hand went up in an eager desire to give the answer. "I do not believe you know, my lad," I said, "but I am very interested to hear what you have to say." "It is very simple," the boy replied. "John baptized with water, but Jesus baptizes us with His blood." Could any of us give a better answer?

On another occasion, a year or so later, in a written examination one of the questions was, "What think ye of Jesus, who is called Christ?" His answer was, "He is my Savior." In dealing with the boy, I had made it a rule never to discuss the possibility of a change of faith for him. I came to know the processes of his mind, for he had adopted all of us, and looked after us and watched over us as though we were his own flesh and blood, and I was sure when he was ready he would speak. It was not until he went to college that he was absent from church and Sunday School and mid-week service. In his second year at college he was stricken with typhoid fever, and although he seemed to get better, a relapse came and it was soon evident that he was leaving us. He seemed to realize his condition, for he prayed constantly to Jesus in the presence of his family, and without opposition from them. His mother, perhaps the most remarkable Moslem woman I know, did say to him once, but with no show of anger, "Oh, my son, pray to our saints. Pray to Ali and Mohammed." "No, mother," the dying boy replied. "I

want Jesus and Jesus only." When the end came he suddenly lifted his arms as though welcoming some one near and dear, crying, "Yes, dear Jesus, I see You. I am coming," and passed to be forever with Him he had secretly loved and openly acknowledged at the last. And there are those who tell us no Moslem is ever really converted!—*Mary Caroline Holmes, in the Moslem World.*

### A Black Diamond

A tough-looking native as black as a crow and with all the features of a real African, tapped at our kitchen door one winter morning. "I would like to see the master," said he to Mrs. Scurrah, and I went out. He wore an overcoat with collar up and a hat of the Mexican conical type that had seen better days. Pinched in between his fingers was a burning cigarette, one of the unclean emblems of the present (un) civilization. Greeting the man with a smile I asked him if he wanted to see me. "Yes, master," he said, "I have come to talk. My brother told me about you and I have many things to tell. My heart is not happy. I have come from the diamond mines at Kimberley where I had a good job, but for four years my heart has been getting sadder and sadder. I was in many churches but I found they did not have the right thing. They did not live like Christians and did not do the works of Christ. Then I had some dreams which troubled me, and one of the dreams said that I must go to Sterkstroom, so I am here. Perhaps the master can tell me the meaning of my dreams. "Perhaps I can," I replied. "Tell them to me."

"I dreamed I was lying on the grass. It was very warm and I was thirsty for a drink. Beside me was a wall I could not climb over and on the other side of the wall was beautiful, running water. Looking up I saw something like a harrow coming down from the sky. It passed over me and went up again, and hanging to one of the spikes was a bag of tobacco which the harrow carried away and buried. "Oh yes, I understand the dream very well," I broke in. "The running water is the Water of Life, but between you and it, is the wall of sin. You cannot climb over it, but Jesus can take it away. You are thirsty for the peace and blessing of God." "Oh yes, master, I am. I am very anxious to get peace," he said. I told him that God's harrow would break up the lumpy soil and take away the unclean habits. Mandla sighed. "Master I had another dream. I saw a most beautiful

wagon without horses going up to heaven with a few people in it, but there was room for more. The name written on the wagon in Kaffir was 'Redemption.' Oh master, it was so beautiful and so holy I longed to get into it." "And you may, my boy," I said. "The beautiful wagon is God's Salvation and when you have become free from sin by being born again you may get into the wagon and go up to be with the Lord when He comes. After breakfast you and I will go out alone on the veld and talk again." I forgot all about his appearance and his being a stranger. I saw his heart yearning for deliverance.

He was at the door again ere I had finished breakfast and he and I walked through the streets side by side on the way to the open veld. Crawling into an old war trench we read out of the Book the Way to Life, and Mandla found his way to his knees and poured out his burdened heart to God. When we arose from our knees there was a changed look on his face and a quiet air of assurance in his manner. The "high wall" of his dream had melted away and he was beginning to drink out of the pure wells of salvation. The war trench was his second birthplace, and there the former life faded away—that cigarette included.

Later, at morning worship in our dining-room the power of God struck him and he went down on the floor, and the glory of that day will never be forgotten. English, German, Bushman and native tongues poured through those black lips for hours while he was lost to the world. The transformation in his life was miraculous. He stands truly a new creation without a scrap of the former life remaining. He is like an ancient Nazarite for purity and is an example to black and white alike.

This once bad man, fighter, drunkard and bigamist, is only one of the black diamonds which Christ sent us to dig out of Africa. He is my special crown of rejoicing, and *your reward* for helping him to find the Light. Mandla has been my valued interpreter for some years and is a very successful worker. The truth is deeply imbedded into his life. In his last letter to me from Kaffirland he mentions his wife having been baptized in water with many others. This step on the part of his wife has brought great joy to his heart after a long, severe trial with her.

E. M. Scurrah.

## A Day at the Old Orchard Pentecostal Campmeeting

By One Who Saw and Heard



IT WAS still early in the morning when hungry souls gathered together with their faces set to seek the Lord. Before long the room was full of people, in spite of the fact that the morning was to be devoted entirely to prayer and waiting on the Lord. Brother Walter Palmer gave a short exhortation from the Word after which everybody went to prayer. Some prayed quietly, others more audibly, while the hungriest called upon the Lord with all their heart and soul. The Lord Jesus was not long in manifesting His presence, and in a short time many were prostrate under the mighty power of God. Up and down the aisle and among the hungry throng the Savior went, and here and there He seemed to stop and anoint in a special way those who by faith gave Him welcome.

Whenever the spirit of prayer lagged, someone would begin a song of praise, and the Lord would inspire the waiting ones with fresh courage and faith. Those who came determined to press through to victory were not disappointed and the fire of the Holy Ghost descended and consumed the offering. Others were greatly blessed, and the indifferent began to seek the baptism of the Spirit more fervently.

The afternoon meeting, which was held under the tall pines of the grove, began with a rousing song service. The presence of the Lord was evident from the very beginning. Then came the testimony meeting, and, as usual in a real Pentecostal campmeeting, it was harder to stop than to start. Mrs. Fannie Shreve Heartsill of Washington, D. C., and Rev. Amos Crowell of Philadelphia, sang some of those old time gospel songs that never fail to stir the heart. But though the testimony meeting was supposed to be over, the spirit of praise was still burning in the heart of Sister Elizabeth Sisson. So she stepped forward and marched up and down the platform and in her characteristic way gave vent to her pent-up feelings.

Then came the message from the lips of the evangelist, Rev. Chas. A. Shreve. His simple message about "Jesus, the same yesterday, today and forever," seemed to be just what was needed to favorably impress many that attended the service who did not fully understand the present day work of the Spirit of God among the people. No attempt was made to indoctrinate them or

argue the great truths of the gospel. This was left entirely to the Spirit who in due time witnessed that the message was true.

Following this came the altar call and a number again met the Lord—in the same spot where years ago Inskip and MacDonald had also lain prostrate under the power of God.

In the evening the spirit of song and testimony swept over the crowd that had assembled, and the joy of the Lord filled the souls of the people. A large number of strangers and members of various denominations were there, and unbelievers and skeptics not a few. The message given by Bro. Shreve was on the subject, "What Jesus offers to the sick and the afflicted!" Its purpose was to encourage the sick to have faith in the Lord Jesus, and to show them that Christ was just as willing today to heal them as He ever was, for the reason that He had never changed and was still alive and interested in the welfare of the body as well as the soul. Even before the call was given for the sick to come forward, one woman had already touched the Lord by faith and was made whole. True to His promises, the Lord heard and answered, and the healing power of Christ was gloriously manifest. In the testimony meeting which followed, one after another gave witness to the quickening power of God. One woman declared that several specialists had given her up to die because of certain organic diseases, but she had now been instantly healed. Another told how the Lord had healed her of heart trouble. After a number of others had given their testimony we were dismissed, and we went to our homes satisfied that the day would be long remembered by many because of what the Lord had done. As we departed, Rev. Thomas Harrison, the "Boy Preacher" of Methodism, remarked that it was the first healing service he had ever witnessed, and said, "I never saw anything like it." All glory to our blessed Savior.

Such was one of the days of the Pentecostal Campmeeting, held at the famous Old Orchard Campgrounds—Old Orchard, Maine—August 26 to Sept. 8, by the Washington Trio composed of Chas. A. Shreve, Evangelist, former pastor of McKendree Church, Washington, D. C.; Benj. A. Baur, Pianist, and Joe Eliot, the Spirit-filled Filipino Song Leader.

People from various parts of the country were

there, some coming from as far away as Florida and California. Coming empty, they went away full; coming thirsty, they found the "Fountain that never runs dry." Spirit-filled workers came from various quarters to help along in the battle and shout the victory. Young and old were saved, many were baptized with the Holy Spirit according to Acts 2:4, and a large number were healed of bodily diseases.

A most important result of the meeting was the hunger created in the hearts of many of God's children. Men and women of various denominations and sects were in doubt at first, asking "What meaneth this"; but as the work of God was more fully revealed they realized that Jesus was in their midst, and they set their hands to the plow and gave valuable assistance to the cause. Mountains of unbelief and prejudice were dissipated and a goodly part of New England was stirred by the Holy Ghost.

The Campmeeting Association and the people are enthusiastic for another meeting of the sort next year, and multitudes will pray that God will so lead that the tall pines of Old Orchard shall next year witness the greatest demonstration of Pentecostal life, love and power ever yet seen in America. And all the people said "Amen."

### Making God a Partner

**M**ANY years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. As he trudged along, he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal-boat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well' William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered; "father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living myself."

"There's no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you once more and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt down upon the tow-path; the dear old man prayed earnestly for William and then gave this advice: "Some one will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may. Be

a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap; give a full pound, and I am certain you will yet be a prosperous and rich man." When the boy arrived in the city, he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then led to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and united with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth; so he said, "If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did, and ten cents of every dollar were sacred to the Lord. Having regular employment, he soon became a partner, and after a few years his partners died and William became the sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain; he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered; his business grew; his family was blessed; his soap sold and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever; then he gave three-tenths, then four-tenths. He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and gave all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever. This is the story of Mr. William Colgate, who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.

\* \* \*

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## Notes

### Sixteen Years of Ministry

WITH this issue of THE EVANGEL we begin our Seventeenth Year. That the circulation of this paper has continued all these years thru various vicissitudes, has been only thru the goodness and mercy of God, for which we daily praise Him. How often as each issue is compiled and sent out to strengthen and build up God's children, to hearten and encourage the weak and faltering, have we thought of the words of the Psalmist, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Except the blessing of God rests upon the printed page, our efforts are indeed fruitless. God has blest this tree of His planting and our eyes are unto Him that He will continue to bless and prosper. But He uses men and women to advance His kingdom, and we covet the prayers and cooperation of those who are interested in spreading the Pentecostal testimony thruout the world. We will gladly send sample rolls to pastors and leaders of Assemblies if they will hand them to their people and encourage them to subscribe. Drop us a card if you are interested in this way of preaching the Gospel.

Quite often we receive a notice like this, "Please stop my paper. It is good but I have so much reading matter." Sometimes we have wondered about that "reading"; if it is the kind to lift one Godward or simply to interest the natural mind. We have been in homes where the daily paper with its harrowing accounts of murders, suicides and accidents, has been devoured, but the religious papers lay unread. A pastor who enters many homes tells us he often sees the

popular magazines and the fashion books having a prominent place on the library table, but no religious paper. A Christian man once said to us, "Do you know we do not subscribe for a single religious paper. It is just neglect, that is all." He should have added "*indifference*." We have been in that home and found he did not neglect to bring home two or three current magazines. This voracious reading of secular matter to the exclusion of the spiritual is a marked indication that the heart loves the things of the world more than the things of God.

Reader, take an account of stock today. What do you enjoy most in your reading? Expositions of the Word of God and of the workings of His Spirit thruout the world, or the popular magazine? If you want your spiritual nature to grow you must feed on spiritual things. It is what we assimilate, whether physical or mental that develops us, and our spiritual natures will be dwarfed unless we nourish them. "Oh," you say, "I must keep in touch with what is going on in the world." Vastly greater the need for you to keep posted on what God is doing in the world; how He is working out His program, that you may not be found sleeping, than that you keep informed along the material lines of the world's events. Are you drifting with your natural inclinations along reading lines? Or are you stirring yourself to move up into God, to be interested in what He is doing and the things that will develop Christian character? Your reading is having an influence on your life that cannot be too strongly emphasized. Is it of such a character that will make you a better Christian, or crush what spiritual life you have?

The monthly visits of THE EVANGEL will have an uplifting influence in any home. Our friends are kind enough to write that the spiritual standard established seventeen years ago has been maintained. This is solely thru the grace and goodness of God, who has kept up the standard. The same Holy Spirit is inditing the messages today and His executive power is not diminished. The record of what He is doing will always inspire, and spur the fainting soul to work for Jesus.

\* \* \*

We carry a number of missionaries on our list without charge. In the past the friends of the work have often contributed to this fund, and we shall appreciate help along this line now. This list is continually growing and there are no readers on our files who enjoy the paper like the missionary who is far away from human fellowship

and coming in continual contact with the powers of darkness in heathen lands. "Could you send the paper to Bro. C.? He is off in the interior and would so appreciate it. I lend mine all around." Our mail contains a number of appeals like this, with which we gladly comply, trusting in some way God will provide for this need.

We recently received a list of fourteen names of church missionaries who are deeply hungry for the fulness of the Spirit, and to whom we have been asked to send the paper. What an opportunity to spread the deep truths of God! And how could we refuse when we know it will mean untold blessing upon their lives, counteracting the teachings of modernism and creating a craving in their hearts to see God work supernaturally in their midst? The influence of fourteen copies of THE EVANGEL going to fourteen mission stations monthly, cannot be measured. We wish it were in our power to send many times this number. Who would like to have a part in this fruitful ministry? It is a very effective way of preaching the Gospel among the heathen to be the means of adding to the spiritual growth of the missionary in charge of denominational schools and compounds. You can be a co-worker in this if you desire.

### Stone Church Notes

A number of remarkable healings have recently been wrought in our midst, and a few have returned to give God the glory. A sister testified to the healing of her little boy of blood poisoning. It resulted in her husband's salvation and a transformed home.

A woman brought a request for a friend who had heart trouble and kidney disease. Prayer was offered and she was healed.

\* \* \*

"I have had a stubborn case of a sick stomach since I was a child," said a woman recently, "and the other day the Lord showed me that I should praise Him for deliverance, which I did, and He healed me." The gate of praise is surely an entrance into the blessings of Divine Healing and any other favors we seek from God.

\* \* \*

A woman praised God for healing her husband's hand of blood poisoning. Another testified: "My life seemed to be almost a wreck, but the Lord wonderfully touched me and each day I am gaining strength. And in financial affairs He helps us. He answers in the smallest details in the home when we commit them to Him."

Another: "I asked prayer for my husband who had heart trouble. He went and had an examination and the doctor said, 'Your heart is all right.' He healed me of cancer on the lip four or five years ago."

\* \* \*

"I have had a lump on my hand for fifteen years," said Mrs. D. "I had it prayed for many times, but it still remained. I finally committed it to the Lord and said, 'Lord, it should not be there and I ask You to take it away.' Two weeks ago I had a terrible pain in my arm, and as I looked down at my hand the lump had disappeared, praise God."

\* \* \*

"I sent an anointed handkerchief to a man who was very ill in Lombard, and the Lord healed him," said Mrs. B. "It caused quite a stir and others are wanting Jesus to heal them."

\* \* \*

Recently the pastor found himself unable to proceed with his sermon. He had just outlined it with a few remarks when he felt led to close the meeting. When he went to the prayer-room he found some had come from a suburban town for definite help. One was a German Methodist who had once been saved, and the other a German Lutheran who had never been saved. The German Lutheran who had never known anything about salvation became saved and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. The other woman was restored.

\* \* \*

A sister greatly burdened by household cares felt them weighing upon her heavily. She was chafing under her trials and the Lord said to her, "Behold the camels are coming!" How can I get any consolation out of that?" she asked rebelliously. Then He brought to her mind the story in Genesis 24, how that the ten camels were sent out by Abraham; the servant put the bride on the camel and she rode to the bridegroom. The burdens (our camels) are sent of God to bring us to Jesus, our Bridegroom. We must ride our camels (burdens) and not get under them. They will crush us if we do. But if we ride them, they will carry us along. It was in the morning that Rebecca and Abraham's servant started out. Even so, it was the break of a new day of grace when the Lord came to this earth. Isaac went out in the evening to meditate, and Jesus is coming in the evening of time. As Rebecca beheld her Lord she slipped down off her camel. We will be able to slip off our burdens when we see the Lord.

## Disastrous Results of Trying to Fulfil Prophecy

When Do We Prevail With God?

Pastor Philip Wittich in the Stone Church, July 20, 1924



WISH to give you a few lessons from the life of Jacob, taken from Genesis 32:22-31.

If we carefully study the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments we find this lesson, that God's children have to pass through four great battles in order to become God's overcomers. The *first battle* is described in the life of the Children of Israel after they had emerged from the Red Sea and were led to Mara and later to Rephidim. Although having been so wonderfully delivered they repeatedly murmured against God, thereby making themselves liable to the attacks of the enemy. Then came Amelek and fought against Israel (Ex. 17:8). Amelek means toiling, fretting, misery, and is a type of the flesh, the old carnal nature from which Christ has delivered us at the cross. Amelek's struggles with Israel continued for generations; however, God said that He would finally blot out Amelek from under the heavens (Rom. 6:10).

The *second battle* that the saints of God have to fight is pointed out by the struggles of Israel against Midian. Midian is a type of the world, and means brawling, contention, quarreling, and is therefore a very fitting illustration of the world. The world is always contending against God's saints.

The *third battle* is described in our text, Genesis 32:22-31. It speaks of the struggle of Jacob, not with the flesh, nor with the world, but with God Himself. The last of these *four battles* is suggested by the warfare that the Israelites waged against the Philistines. These people are a type of Satan's hosts for the word "Philistine" means a rover or a homeless wanderer. Satan and his hosts of evil spirits are wanderers in the heavenlies (Job 1:6, 7), for they have lost their heavenly home because they rebelled against God.

If we want to be successful overcomers according to Ephesians 6:10-13, not fighting with flesh and blood, not fighting with men whether saved or unsaved, but fighting against powers, principalities, world rulers and wicked spirits in the heavenlies, we must first of all have victory over the flesh, victory over the evil within.

The meeting of God with Jacob (for it was none else but the Son of God who met Jacob at

the river Jabbok) was for the purpose of bringing that man in line with God, *to make him right with God*. Why is it that Jacob had such a tussle with the Lord until almost daybreak? Because Jacob and his mother had received the promises of God into their fleshly minds and tried to carry out God's plan with their fleshly wills. Listen: When the two children, Esau and Jacob, were contending in the body of their mother, the promise came "the elder shall serve the younger." There you have prophecy; prophecy that can never be broken. There Rebecca had the assurance that the younger one should receive the birthright, which in those days meant more than it means today. It meant, not simply the blessing of the father upon the son, but it meant the *blessing of God* upon that child. Every true Israelite coveted this blessing from his father, for it meant the special blessing of God.

We see in those two boys the old nature of man. Esau is a type of the "leaven" nature that is coarse, rough and crude; and in Jacob we see the "honey" nature of the refined sinner. You know honey was not to be brought before the Lord in any sacrifice, because while its taste is sweet, it is subject to fermentation when it comes in contact with water. Jacob had that pleasant, honey nature. He was "mother's boy" catering to maternal affection, and he knew how to "work" his mother. He was an obedient boy; he stayed at home while Esau went out roaming and hunting which did not appeal to the mother. Nevertheless, there was that honey nature in Jacob which only needed contact with the water of God's Spirit to cause it to bring to the surface his latent sin nature. That is a picture of the natural man of today. He is either coarse and rough like Esau or cunning and designing like Jacob. From both he needs deliverance. It is the old fleshly nature, only with a different label. We often hear the remark, "Isn't he a perfect specimen of manhood?" "Isn't she perfectly lovely? What a sweet disposition she has!" That is the verdict of the human about the human, but the verdict of God is that we have all come short, that we are all sinners, and that the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. That includes the heart of Esau and the heart of Jacob. "Man looketh on the outward appearance but God looketh on the

heart,' and when God changes man, He doesn't start at the outside and work to the center, but He starts on the inside, the heart, and works from there to the surface, the life manifested.

The failure of Jacob is to be traced back to the time when he and his mother tried to fulfill the prophecy "the elder shall serve the younger." Both should have known that God in some way would make Jacob the first born, so to speak, and give him the privileges and the blessings that belonged to Esau by natural birth; but instead of that the mother devised a plan and the son worked it out, and from that time they had nothing but trouble.

Now let us come from these types to our present times. The failure of Jacob and the failure of his mother are repeated today among the saints. We today have the most precious promises, but just like Rebecca and her son we want to help God along and we ourselves try to fulfill His promises. This is where we get our chastening from God. The natural man is very impulsive. He always wants to do something, and even after Pentecost he wants to work and talk. That is the old nature, and it brings us into sorrow just as it did Rebecca and her boy. But God didn't cast that boy away. He loved him, because down in that boy's heart there was a yearning for God's best. The mistake he made, however, was that he tried to get this blessing by his own efforts and in his own time instead of awaiting God's time and God's provision to carry out His own prophecies. When God gives us a prophecy we do not have to keep it, or try to fulfil it. All we need to do is to sit still and see the salvation of the Lord. The Rebecca and Jacob natures cannot sit still. Often we hear a mother telling her little ones to sit still. And it seems to me the Holy Ghost is often speaking in these days to the saints, "Can you not sit still for a moment?" We always want to push things and when we do that we push ourselves out of the hand of God and into the hands of the evil one. You know the trick these two played on Esau and on old blind Isaac. It worked to a certain extent, but it meant twenty years of heartache to both mother and son. Ought we not to learn something from this lesson? Many a time we blame some one else for the hardships and the heartaches we have, instead of blaming ourselves. When God said the "elder shall serve the younger" He meant it, and God had a way of bringing about that prophecy, making Jacob

first and Esau second, but Jacob and his mother interfered.

We are not free from that sin of Rebecca and Jacob. For instance, we ask the Lord to heal us, and He gives us the promise, but if the symptoms do not disappear in a moment we say we are not healed, and we come again and tease and beg God instead of standing on His Word, "By His stripes ye are healed."

God was very kind to Jacob, very kind and patient, but let me tell you He was exacting. That is what He is with you and me. He is kind and merciful but very exacting. The consequence of Jacob's trickery was that he never saw his mother again. His mother died and he was practically sold to a shrewd Syrian. Why did God send Jacob into that school? To show him that anything that *God* promises cannot be worked out by *man*. We cannot force God into giving things, but we can *believe* that God will give what He promises. Read the charges Jacob made against his own father-in-law, Laban: "The sun smote him by day and the frost by night;" he had served him twenty years and ten times had Laban changed his wages. For his two wives he had served his miserly father-in-law fourteen years. That helped to subdue Jacob's flesh, and when you read his charge to Esau you find him in a humble, servile frame of mind. Many of God's people are subdued in their flesh through their testings, but God wants them to have absolute deliverance. There are people who say that God doesn't want us to have a broken will; that He just wants our wills to bend under His own, but that is not scriptural. Bend a stick or reed, release the pressure and it will immediately spring back to its former shape. And so with the old nature of man, God wants the believer to be absolutely delivered from the self-will of the flesh; then God's will will take possession of him. Not a bending of our will under the will of God, but a *breaking* of our will that *the will of God* may come forth in our lives, is God's plan with His children.

The time came in Jacob's life when God could deal with him. The record says that he put all his family, his goods and cattle, on the other side of the river, and "Jacob *was left alone.*" For twenty years God had not been able to talk to that man. True, he had his Bethel experience. God met him there in the wilderness as he was fleeing from his brother Esau; that was just to encourage him, but He allowed him to undergo

all those hardships for twenty years until Jacob was tired of Jacob. Brother, sister, when we are alone with God, then He can show us the depravity and the inconsistencies of that Jacob nature, which is the nature of all the descendants of Adam. Let me appeal to you, what the saints really need is to get alone with God. I praise God for these meetings, but if you want to receive from God what Jacob received that night, you must also get alone with Him. Eighteen years ago, when we Pentecostal people were coming out from various movements, dissatisfied because of man and flesh ruling, what did we do? We didn't run around like many of us do today, picking up new doctrines and criticizing one another. *We waited on God.* We laid aside our business, our profession, our inclinations and our natural desires; yea, even the needs of our bodies, and *WAITED ON GOD*, and then *God met us.*

Jacob was alone, and then a Man met him, and that Man was none other than Jesus Christ in His pre-incarnate condition. That Man wrestled with him. Jacob didn't tackle the Man; the Man tackled Jacob. This same Jesus appeared once to Moses when he had received a commission to go and tell Pharaoh to let His people go. It was the same Man that appeared to Joshua after Israel had passed over the river Jordan to encourage him to possess the land.

We have another instance in the Old Testament where the Angel of the Lord, the *Mal'ach Elohim*, the Messenger of the Godhead appeared unto the prophet Balaam, ready to punish him for his errand of disobedience.

Here we see Jesus, the Angel of the Lord, the only true Man, wrestling with Jacob as much as to say, "It is time now to be delivered from that old self. You got yourself into trouble through your self-will and it is now time to get rid of it. I am going to tackle you." That is what God does with us if we take time to be alone. Get alone with God and then He will empower you with His strength and go before you. Jacob was a hard customer. He was slow to yield. He wanted God but he wanted Him in his own fleshly way. How much like men of today! And when the Angel of the Lord saw He could not prevail, He put His finger on that strong sinew of Jacob's thigh. That sinew constitutes the main strength of a man's body. If his hips are paralyzed, his whole body is weak. The Lord was after that strong sinew of Jacob's self-will, and with His divine finger He withered it. If we will take time to stay alone, God will put

His finger on that sinew of ours; in other words, God will point His finger to that strong thing which hinders Him in fully blessing us. There are many hindering forces in our lives, but if we are willing to get alone with Him and seek His help, He will put His finger on them and wither them away. There is a tendency among God's saints to shrink from the sharp edge of God's Word which is directed to their self-life. If you have a sinew and God's finger points it out to you, do not shrink nor try to run away. We never know our inner self unless Jesus reveals it to us. The night that God was alone with Jacob He exposed his weakness and dealt with it. When we seek to be alone with God, He will show us many hidden things which are displeasing to Him. We can see the faults of our brethren how they fall short of the scriptural standard of perfection, but that is not our business. Our business is to come up to that standard ourselves, and when we are alone with Jesus He will show us how our self-life has kept us from God's best. If we but cry with all our heart, "Jesus, that nasty old sinew, my selfish nature, wither it up," He will do so. However, remember that when you come out of that battle with the Lord, you will limp like Jacob; you will be unsightly, and fail to appeal to many Christians. You will have lost that strength in which you gloried, but in your weakness the strength and glory of God will be manifested as never before. Paul was such a limping man, and he had to receive the word from the Lord, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Then Paul began to boast about the grace of God in his own weakness—"therefore will I glory in mine infirmities." But sad it is to say, some are boasting of the gifts they have, and what powerful men and women of God they are.

Then God said to Jacob, "What is your name?" "Jacob." That is not a good name. You know what that means? A fellow who puts his foot out so another will trip over it. A trickster. If some of us Pentecostal people of today would confess, "Lord, I am a trickster," we would have a change of nature and a change of name. God could then meet us with His message to Jacob: "Thy name shall no more be 'trickster,' 'deceiver,' but Israel, a warrior with God." How did Jacob prevail? Not by wrestling, but when he hung there limp and helpless. When do we prevail with God? When you and I are limp and helpless before Him.

There was no limp in Jacob as long as that sinew was there. May God help us to bring our sinew, our strong, unbroken will to the Lord. Do not commit that foolishness of trying to wrestle with God. When all the fighting spirit in Jacob was gone, he received from God as a free gift of grace, a change of nature and a change of name, for God never changes your name unless He changes your nature. Beloved, the Man who wrestled with Jacob is here in our midst, and when we acknowledge the old flesh, that sinew of self-will and self-glory, the Lord will meet us, and when He puts His hand on us He will wither our strength and wither our self-glory and leave us glorying *only in Him*. When we have Christ in us (and He is in us only when we are weak) then are we to meet the conditions laid down in Ephesians 6, that we should war against "principalities, against powers, against the rulers of

the darkness of this age, against spiritual wickedness in heavenly places." This is God's purpose with Pentecost. Then Jesus will be our strength. But He cannot be our strength if we are strong in ourselves. We have to surrender our own strength. I have within me a great burden that we may be a people coming from the presence of Jesus, limping and weak. Then His strength and glory will be manifested through us. An unsightly people, an ugly people, a people that will not appeal to the religious man nor to most Christians of our day, but a people that are delightful in the sight of God, because He can see His Son in us! Beautiful in Christ's beauty which He puts upon us! A people of whom our Bridegroom Lover can say,

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,  
Fair as the moon,  
Pure as the sun,  
Terrible as an army with banners."

### News From the Mission Fields



HE readers of the Evangel are interested in all that pertains to missionary activity. We who pray over here, like to know the missionary's burdens and sorrows, his joys and his trials, that we may be able to grip God and bombard heaven for definite needs in foreign lands.

"I am afraid these days of work and testings would not make the kind of material the folks at home like to read," writes Miss Flint of Bettiah, India. We are interested in the hard things our missionaries endure, and as we read of our heroic co-workers getting things accomplished for God, we praise Him that He has those whom He can trust. God is working in India, and the efforts put forth by His faithful handmaidens will mean much for the future of that land. A glimpse into the work at Bettiah will help to burden us with their burdens. She writes:

"There are not many hours of 'sitting under the palm tree preaching to the hungry heathen' for us just at present. From early morning until late at night it is hurry—planning drains and seeing to roofs that are leaking, getting sixty odd girlies fitted and sewed into dresses, underwear, and all the little garments necessary for the next school year, washing sores and overseeing the slaughter of goats and the weighing of meat—to be sure we get goat meat and not dog meat—next, the buildings and the well, and then going over lists of school-books to see what we can afford to get with what has come in, checking over bills to see which can wait and which must be paid for—men and grass houses, teachers' rooms to

be gotten ready and repairing little wooden trunks and boxes—prayer with one who is sick and another out of victory, meetings to prepare for and business letters to write, and always the cry for money (we hate it as much as you dear folks at home must when the cry reaches you.)

"But thank God, there are the lifts and the 'overweights of joy' too. In the midst of a rush of many tasks and getting letters off this very afternoon I was called out to welcome some new converts who have just come to find Jesus—a man, his wife and two little ones, with all their worldly possessions in a bit of blanket on their head, hungry and wet, but with the look which says, 'We have come to stay.' They said that our preachers and Bible women have been visiting their Hindoo village for some years, and they have heard the Jesus message many times, had often thought they would become Jesus followers but put it off. Then last month during the plague of cholera that swept Bettiah and the surrounding villages, their oldest son was taken and it has quite broken their hearts; so they said, 'Come, let us find the Mission House and seek their God of comfort.' They went first to the old house where we used to live, not knowing we were here for over two years—they found the house empty and so came along, asking directions as they came, and they 'found' us, and will surely find Him, for He is here. The man has a very clean, intelligent face, and said with a sincere sort of a smile, 'We have not come to eat your bread and be lazy; we can work, my woman and I, and the children shall be yours. We want to stay with you and be Christians.'

"School opens July 14th. Not in the way we had hoped. We are having to take the teachers into the bungalow with us and begin with all classes on the verandas of the sleeping houses, as the teachers' quarters and the class rooms have not yet been built. We are making the blackboards by plastering mud on the walls and then painting it over with coaltar,—and we are opening school with less than one-fourth of the books and supplies we should have, but thank God that we are opening it. It is a beginning and He who has brought us thus far will take us on. I had my suitcase and tiffin-basket all packed, in what we thought was faith, to leave for Calcutta last night on the ten o'clock train—the foreign mail came in at six, and as it was the last one

before school, we prayed up and sure God would send us what was needed to get in the books, etc., and I was going for them, but there was not enough, and I came home and unpacked again, and through smiles and tears we looked up and sang together the old chorus that helps us so often, 'My Jesus doeth all things well.' The folks at home seem not to have caught the vision of what this school will mean for the future of the Pentecostal work in India, but He knows and that is enough. Thank God there are a few who are with us, and you don't know how we praise God for each one who is.

"The rains have broken with a vengeance. As the poet says of India,

'Where spiders spread expansive legs,  
Where hens lay microscopic eggs,  
And rain in bucketsfull and kegs  
Falls from the skies.'

So it is coming. For nearly two weeks it has been drenching, pouring, flooding the land. Already the villagers who were so anxious for it, are beginning to feel the suffering it brings. If it does not rain, India dies of famine; when it does come, India perishes with fever and cold. The villages are built low, floors are but the level ground, walls are mud and roofs are thin grass and thatch. After several days of this pouring rain, with no break and no sunshine, the villages are flooded; water is beating through the walls, leaking through the roofs and pouring in through the doors, and the inmates, with just their one scant garment, no change when that is wet, no beds, no chairs, just the wet floor to sit on, eat on, sleep on, suffer beyond anything you can imagine. Already they have begun coming to us for help. An old blind man walked miles yesterday in the drenching rain to reach us, with just a bit of a loin cloth about his waist, so old and cold and miserable; an old woman came from another village, in tears because her bit of a house had washed down in the night—little children wet and naked—it makes our hearts ache, but our own family is growing and there is little we can do to help. This is missionary work. Missionary life in these heathen lands is far from sunshine all the time, and yet, how glad we are to be here."

Mrs. M. Jubber, Douglas, C. P. South Africa, writes:

"We have started a work at the diamond diggings 'Brakfontein' about sixty miles away, one of the vilest places to be found in Africa, if not the very vilest, where sin and iniquity abound. Almost one hundred have turned from their wickedness and are walking in the light. About twenty received the Holy Spirit (Acts 2:4). The Sunday School is growing, but oh the misery, the poverty is awful! All through this bitter winter, most families have had only a 'sacking shelter'—that is, grain bags opened and stretched over poles. Now, of course, sickness, disease and death are rife. Last night the body of a man was brought in to be buried. He had lived a life of sin, but praise God through the faithful ministry and prayers of our people he was brought to see his need of a Savior and passed away in peace, and with the sure hope of meeting Him who had so graciously washed him in His precious blood."

### From the Roof of the World

We praise God for the many openings for our missionaries in Tibet, that long closed land. Prayer has opened the doors of this closed country, and this same instrument, prayer, will open the hearts of the Tibetans to the Gospel. Bro. Plymire writes:

"These are busy days for us—full from morning till night, and overflowing. We are having many more guests than we had last year. Today when I came home Mrs. Plymire was entertaining a crowd of wild-looking Tibetans all the way from Khamba. Not a day passes without many guests. We have just had a visit from the head lama of sTon hKor dGonpa and this man has invited us to his lama quarters at any time we may come to that monastery. The Lord is giving us many open doors—many more than we are able to enter at the present time. Only a few days ago I met a number of Tibetans from that vast region to the north of Lhasa—they tell me that in that region there are many even very old people who have never seen flour or any wheat product—they live on milk and cheese made from the milk, butter, tea and meat. I have seen many of these men cut raw meat off the bones just as we would a nice roast and eat it raw. I admit that this is pretty rough living—but it is only what we have to meet when we travel among them—and if we do not eat what they set before us they are very often offended. I recall a trip by another foreigner who would not accept their hospitality and the second day among them he was not able to enter any tent. We have many traders here from Lhasa, who have come during the last few days. They surely keep us busy.

Besides these many guests we just must look after the many afflicted with sores, etc. One man was carried into our place by four Tibetans, on a large blanket—it was impossible for him to walk. A dog bit him some days before and he was living and that was about all. I attended to him and during my absence Mrs. Plymire looked after him. In three days he walked and is now all right. Only a few days ago I set a broken leg for a Lhasa Tibetan and this man is getting on well. These things have spread so that they are bringing to us all kinds of cases that are really hopeless and the Lord is wonderfully helping us. A woman from some days' journey came in with her right hand burnt to a crisp—part of her arm burnt and in an awful condition; so terribly decayed that the odor was sickening. But I tackled it and cleaned it up for her. In these things the Lord truly helps us and it has given us open doors and open hearts. We need your prayers for strength for the work."

### Giving the Gospel to Thousands

Mrs. Edgar Pettinger, Benoni, South Africa, writes: "We are now ministering to nearly 200,000 native boys who work in the Gold Mines, besides women and children. Our field is a very large and extensive one, as these natives come to the Rand for a short season and then go back to their homes in the Wilds, so there is a continual change of new ground to be worked where the Gospel seed can be planted. The work is not encouraging from the natural standpoint, for it means sowing the seed and expecting God to take care of it and to give the increase. A heathen boy comes to the Rand, gets saved, attends services regularly, witnesses for God, and when we

least expect it, he comes to bid us goodbye. His time has expired in the mines and he goes back to his home in the Wilds. In a short time we lost three of our best Christian boys in this way who were capable of teaching in the compound schools. We are able to keep in touch with some of these boys through our native evangelists in Gazaland, while others live in remote districts where a missionary has never penetrated. Praise God, we can trust Him that these boys will carry home the Gospel story to their families who have never heard.

"Most of these boys are from the Portuguese territory, the Government of which is very antagonistic toward Protestant mission work. They are now advertising for Catholic priests to come and teach the natives Catholicism, paying their first-class passage on boat, raising their salary every year, and after ten years of service, giving them a life's pension. This is one of their plans to interfere with Protestant missions. In spite of every opposition the Gospel is going forth, but we realize we are not fighting against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers of darkness. How we long to see this door flung wide open so the Gospel can go forth.

"We can report that the Lord is blessing and working in our midst. God is creating a hunger among the natives for Himself. We have had to make the altar in our church larger so as to accommodate the seekers. We recently had an all-night prayer meeting when about fifty boys and women came out to spend the entire night in prayer. Some stayed for the Sunday morning meeting which lasted until one o'clock. Last Wednesday night there seemed to be a real breaking through in prayer when many wept and cried out to God, seeking Him with a whole heart. Our women's meetings are progressing. A native woman who was afflicted in body for years and who came to the Rand for a season, attended our meetings and asked definite prayer for healing. Nearly every meeting we held her up in prayer, believing that God would heal her, and He did. She sent word to us since she is home that she is completely well. Praise Him!"

### In Loving Memory

Miss Adah Winger, recently returned from South America, writes tenderly of Mrs. Carrie Houlding Bailly, wife of Gerard A. Bailly of Caracas, Venezuela, who went to be with the Lord July 26, 1924.

In 1897 she and her beloved husband went to Venezuela as pioneers, associated in the early days with the C. & M. A., and later out on independent faith lines. They founded the Native Apostolic Church of Venezuela, which is a power for God in that dark land. In all the hardships of those early pioneer days she stood shoulder to shoulder with her husband, taking a very active part in the work, especially among the women. She organized a number of Women's

Leagues (Liga de Dorcas) and these are being used in the interest of the women of that land.

"She lived for Christ and for others," writes Miss Winger. "It was my privilege to visit her two weeks before her death, and the fragrance of that life shall never be forgotten as we talked and prayed together or the different needs of the field. At five o'clock in the morning she could be seen on her knees, praying for the dear ones in Venezuela. She felt she was in the will of God in her separation from her husband, but no words can express the loss that we feel as a mission. In view of all that has transpired, this life so suddenly transported to her heavenly home on July 26, at the close of the day, we can only ask God to speak to each life who knew and loved her, so that we may unitedly partake of the fragrance and beauty of that life and thus enter into her labors and holy desires for the land and people for whom she laid down her life. Shall we be faithful as His stewards to raise up a Memorial for this one which will mean eternal fruit for her and the Christ she loved? For years her plea has been for the rescuing of the young women and girls of Venezuela. Before she passed away we had already discussed plans for an Intermediate School in connection with the Bible Institute for Girls. We have been delayed in enlarging the Girls' School. May God not be speaking to the Prayer Helpers to enter into her labors by erecting this Monument and Memorial to her which will not be merely stone and marble, but Living Stones for His eternal glory? We desire your prayers that we miss not the thought of God at this time, and that nothing of that fragrant life be lost. Mr. Bailly and his son, Horace, have just arrived from Venezuela and will be at Riverside for some time. All offerings or special amounts for the Memorial fund may be sent to Headquarters in Riverside to Bro. Bailly's address, 275 E. 7th St., Riverside, California."

### Chicago Meetings

Bro. Smith Wigglesworth, James Salter and Mrs. Salter will conduct Evangelistic meetings in Chicago from Oct. 19 to Nov. 2. From Oct. 19 to 26, Bro. and Sister Salter will be at 2120 Sunnyside Ave., and 944-46 Barry Ave. Bro. Wigglesworth will be at the above Assemblies from Oct. 27 to Nov. 2.

Bro. Wigglesworth will speak at the Humboldt Park Assembly, Cortland and Nebraska, from Oct. 19 to 26 at 10:30 each morning, and will conduct evening and the Sunday afternoon meetings at the Full Gospel Assembly, Mozart and Wabansia Ave., on the same days (Oct. 19-26).

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OPEN FOR CALLS—After Oct. 5th I will devote my entire time to evangelistic work. Anyone desiring a meeting please communicate with me, as I am making plans for the winter season. My home address after above date will be, 1456 E. 56th St., Chicago, Ill. John H. Bostrom, Pastor Assem. of God, Brookfield, Mo.

## Wrong's of Indian Womanhood



**W**HAT can a young woman do in India?" is the query that has sometimes arisen in the minds of men who have seen the great barriers that are reared against Christianity, especially barring it from India's women. What can women do when confronted with the seemingly impregnable caste system that holds India's millions in its grip? Ah the consecrated woman with a high and holy calling finds countless opportunities of working for the Master in that land of darkness and death! Go with her as she goes out under the hot, broiling sun from zenanna to zenanna, sometimes welcomed, sometimes repulsed, and often merely tolerated. The love of Christ which constrained her to exchange her home and the comforts of life for the hardships of pioneering in heathenism is the same love which prompts her to visit over and over the purdah home, to rehearse to darkened minds the sweet old story of Jesus and His love.

Could you see the great company of secret believers that have enfolded in their hearts an ardent devotion to the Crucified One who would never know were it not for the sacrificing women who carry the Gospel of Peace, you would not question women's ministry in India. Who else could carry the good tidings into purdah homes? Even when men receive the Gospel they care not to give it to the women, and could not if they would. "India's women have no souls," they say, and to the vast majority they have no intellects, but are merely the property of men to be the burden bearers and bear their children. True, their minds are darkened, their senses benumbed by sorrow, but when the Gospel light shines in and they are told of a Savior's love for *them*, the Spirit quickens and awakens the dormant powers and works a transformation that causes even the missionaries to marvel.

Today, through the efforts of faithful missionaries, the zenanna women are giving themselves to Jesus, but imprisoned in their purdah homes they are denied the rite of baptism. "Will you take my two little girls and train them for Jesus?" asked a high-caste zenanna woman recently of a missionary. She was a secret believer who was fatally ill with Indian fever, and as she was not permitted to acknowledge Him openly, longed that her daughters might have the freedom of the Gospel.

Many of these high caste women suffer and

endure persecution such as cannot be put in words for the sake of their convictions. Indeed, there are martyrs today in heathen lands who have won for themselves an incorruptible crown just as surely as the illustrious heroes who burned at the stake or were thrown to the lions in the days when Christianity was young. There may not be the open persecution, but many a Mohammedan who bows before the cross of Jesus is secretly martyred. Others are tortured and made to suffer cruelties beyond description.

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She was only a girl of eighteen, one of the fairest of India's women, but she received a vision of Jesus and her whole life was changed. He came to her one day in prayer and asked her if she was willing to suffer for Him. She said "Yes" little dreaming what it might mean. For His dear sake she has passed through untold suffering at the hands of her husband, who poured scalding water over her naked body and cut her nose completely off with a sharp tin, disfiguring her beautiful face forever. With head bruised and bleeding, discolored from continual beatings, weak and suffering from starvation and bodily torture, she finally escaped through the kindness of a heathen man who at great danger to himself escorted her in the darkness of the night to the Mission House.

While the missionaries were on their knees praying—they had prayed for weeks and heard nothing of her—with a wild, frightened little cry she burst into the room trembling like a tiny, hurt bird. The missionaries were filled with consternation and grief to behold her sufferings. Who of them would have endured as she had? "Oh that the young people of Christian lands" they thought, "might see the consecration and fortitude of the Indian Christians!" The excitement in that Mission House was intense. They had forbidden her to come to them, but as they saw her tortured body they determined, no matter what the cost, never to give her into those cruel hands again. It was night! The missionaries in India rarely go out at night but this was the King's business, and with the aid of faithful Indian Christians they escorted her to a place of safety. That long drive in the darkness will never fade from their memories. Knowing that when her disappearance became known, searching parties would be sent out, every shadow made them start, every light that flashed

in their faces made them shudder, every sound that broke the stillness of the night caused them to grip more tightly to the promises of God. They realized that not only the life of the girl, but their own lives were in danger. But God who delivered her from the hands of her de-

spoilors saw her safely to her destination. She is under good influences, and receiving training which will make her a useful worker for God. Have women a place in the missionary work of India? To rescue such as these and train them for God. What a noble work!

### Sowing and Reaping in the Far North



It was in a little meeting in Bridgeport, Conn., some years ago that God called Bro. Charles Personeus to Alaska. The Spirit of God was very present, and a sister said, "I believe the Lord is wanting to give some one a call to the mission field tonight." "Lord, is it I?" he asked with a trembling heart. He had consecrated for China, and thought that would be his field, but as he waited before the Lord, He said, "*I want you to go to Alaska.*" Alaska! He had never thought of that isolated land, but as he prayed the conviction deepened, and after a course at Elim Bible Training School, he and his wife landed in Juneau, Alaska, six years ago.

The climate of Alaska is not the greatest barrier to missionary activities. In the southern part it is quite pleasant the greater part of the year, although over the mountains the thermometer sometimes registers as low as 50 or 60 degrees below zero. There are many privations in pioneering in this land of the far north. The houses are poorly built, not plastered, but boarded, and the wind is very penetrating. When they landed in Juneau, six years ago, and saw the little room they were to occupy, the only available room within their means, their hearts almost sank, but they remembered that when everything was pleasant and roseate they sang, "I'm going through," so they asked God to make them true soldiers, and He gave them the promise that He would do better for them in the end than in the beginning, and they have proved Him true to that word.

But the physical hardships were as naught compared to the difficulties of establishing a Christian work in that land of adventurers, gold-seekers, and where men go to escape the law and to get away from godly influences and moral restraints. But prayer, that weapon which subdues and conquers men's hearts, was unceasingly made and God proved the call He had given to that isolated land by giving real conversions among that floating population. God broke down the wall of indifference in a number of hearts

and saved from lives of sin.

When in Chicago last winter Brother Personeus told of blessed conversions in their work. Men go to Alaska seeking wealth; and as they do not settle down, it is difficult to build up a strong, permanent work, but many find in that land that which is far more precious than the gold that perishes; they find a Savior from their sins.

"One of our first converts," said Mr. Personeus, "was a Philippino. My wife met him in the home of a native family and asked him if he knew Jesus. 'No,' he said, 'I do not know much about Jesus!' 'There is a mission here, will you come to it?' He came that night and the Lord blessed him. It was wonderful to see how the Lord blessed him. He accepted Jesus as his Savior and his Healer. He works in the mines and the work is very dangerous. The Lord healed him many times and prospered him so that now he is foreman. He has also received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and we feel that perhaps some day the Lord will send him to the Philippines to work among his people.

"One night I went down to the mission and found a young man who was preparing to sleep there. He said he had come into town looking for work and had no money. He was a little embarrassed and I invited him to stay. The next day he came to our meetings and was saved. Later he came to the states and we received a letter from him. He said he had backslid after he left Alaska, but got into a hard place and came back to the Lord.

"We have done some jail work and found fruit among those unfortunates. One was a very wicked man. When he came out of jail he came to our Mission. We tried to get him to the Lord, but he said, 'No, if I do I will confess things that will put me behind the bars again.' We got down to pray, and he cried out for the Lord to save him from his sins. They rose up mountain high before him. The next morning he went to the Judge and confessed things that would put him back in jail again. The Judge said, 'Well, you

are a pretty hard case. You have been in jail many times, but I believe you are on the right track now, so you can go free.' He came down to our house with the shine of the Lord upon his face.

"One Sunday morning there were eleven or twelve young men came forward, among them were two, one a Jew and the other a half Jew. We asked one if he did not want to give his heart to the Lord, and as he knelt four others knelt with him. This half-blooded Jew was one of them. We invited them to our home and these two Jews came. I asked the one if he did not want to accept Jesus as his Savior. The other young man said, 'I accepted Jesus as my Savior three weeks ago behind the bars, but I did not want to confess Him while I was in debt to the government. He surrendered himself to God and they stayed with us two or three days. They were precious days as we talked of the things of God. The other Jew had studied to be a Rabbi. Before he left our home he said, 'I am going to read the New Testament. I feel I have been in a dark room, but some one has opened the shutter and the light of God has come into my soul.' He didn't accept the Lord then, but came to the States and I had a letter from his brother saying, 'Joe is preaching to the Rabbis,' and then we got a letter from Joe saying he had accepted Christ as the Messiah. He wrote, 'I have a position now in the Walla Walla Penitentiary assisting the Doctor, and I have been behind the bars and know what it means for those men to be there. I can talk to the prisoners about their souls. There are over thirty-four names in my Bible. These have read my Bible and I have had the privilege of leading my first convert to Jesus my Messiah.' Pray for that young man. I do not know where he is now.

"Last fall Sister Frey was in Juneau and we had evangelistic meetings. Since then nine or ten have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Others have come and helped and the blessing of the Lord has been with us."

We trust our readers will not fail to pray for Alaska and for our faithful missionaries there. Bro. Personus has been ill, and also the children. Put this isolated field and those who labor there in the midst of hardships, on your daily prayer list. As these dear ones went about the States on their furlough last year their hearts were heavy to hear other lands mentioned in prayer, but no prayers for Alaska and the little

band of Christians there. One man even told them he doubted if it was God's time for the Gospel to be preached in Alaska, but Alaska is part of the "world" and the Word says, "Go ye into *all the world*." God is not unmindful of Alaska. He sent two missionaries from Norway to work there, and they are holding the fort at St. Michaels.

### Saved Thru a Picture

In the Art Gallery of a German city there was a master painting of the crucified Christ. The painting was in the main hall of the gallery, of huge size. It was pronounced the finest piece of art on that subject. As you looked at it, no matter from what angle the tender, merciful eyes of the dying Christ followed you. One day a young nobleman from Austria traveling through the city on his way to Paris to enjoy the gay life there, visited the art gallery, and he was attracted to this picture of the dying Christ on the cross. His name was Carl Zinzendorf. He entered that gallery about nine o'clock in the morning and folding his arms he riveted his eyes on the eyes of Jesus. The sexton of the building passed to and fro, watching the man as he gazed on the picture. One hour after another passed and it was noon. Time went on and it was time to close the gallery and the man stood there still, tears streaming down his cheeks. The sexton came and touched him on the shoulder, "Young man, it is time to close." Count Zinzendorf turned to the caretaker and said, "And He died for me!" From that day his life was changed, and he had a burning love for Jesus. He said, "Jesus is my only passion," and his life proved it.

\* \* \*

About eighteen years ago I was in an orthodox church where they didn't know anything about prayer-meetings. It was something new for the people of that town to have prayer-meetings. Some in the church opposed me, but I realized that only systematic prayer with God would prevail. The matter came up in a little meeting and I told the people that if they would not permit me to have prayer-meetings as often as I felt led of the Lord, I would resign as pastor. That has always been my attitude. Without prayer we cannot get a thing from God, and without God we are in sin.

When I was a lad I had the privilege of going

to some of the largest churches in Europe, churches where the bells are so heavy that it takes not one or two strong men, but as high as twenty men to start the bells swinging. If one man would attempt to pull the rope he would not succeed. If two or three or a half dozen would try they might have gotten a dismal sound, but when twenty men pulled the rope, and the bell began to swing, it sent forth the most melodious sounds. When one prays alone it is hard work; two or three are able to make an impression, but let twenty or thirty pull on the prayer ropes and it will be heard in heaven.—*P. Wittich.*

### From the Nation's Capital

**G**OD is moving in the midst of the great Capital city of our land. Hallelujah! Much prayer has been going up from among the saints, and recently all-night prayer meetings were held by the members and friends of the Full Gospel Assembly, for the Lord to visit us in power. We believe the coming of Brother Smith Wigglesworth was the beginning of the answer to our prayer. We praise God for his visit, and only regret that he could not have remained three or four weeks. However, wonders were wrought in the short space of his visit of five days, September 24 to 28—when thousands came to hear and see the Gospel in power and demonstration of the Spirit.

We had only short notice of the coming of our brother, but with the help of many loyal hearts and hands, much was done to advertise the meetings. The three days preceding the campaign were observed as a time of prayer and intercession. We started with morning and evening services, but after the opening day, it was necessary to hold three services daily to satisfy the people. Bro. Jas. Salter and wife, missionaries, assisted our brother, especially in the afternoon meetings, and brought stirring messages to the saints.

The Assembly Hall at 930 Penn. Ave., N. W., was wholly inadequate to seat the people, and at the first evening service a large number were unable to get in. The difficulties were great, but our God who is Almighty, met them, and enabled us to secure a large auditorium in Convention Hall Building, for the Sunday meetings. Big audiences came Sunday and the Holy Spirit rested upon the people, as they stood with uplifted heads and hands, in prayer and worship. Many came to the feast from other places, including Indiana, West Virginia, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Rhode Island,

and went home rejoicing. A goodly number were saved as they stood in the congregation. It seemed amazing to many who were in pain, who stood in the audience, and were instantly delivered in answer to the prayer of God's servant. Diseases of many kinds were reported healed by those upon whom hands were laid, including rupture, appendicitis, arthritis, spinal disease, deafness and other maladies, while others were helped.

The message of faith in Christ, love for the Word of God and life in the Spirit for the Church, which our brother brought, has stirred every heart to lay hold with ever-increasing faith, upon the great and precious promise of God. We praise our loving Savior for His gracious blessing in every way, including the heavy financial outlay, which He enabled us to more than meet. All glory to His Name!

H. L. Collier, Pastor.

\* \* \*

Bro. E. A. Eggert writes of the Lord's presence and blessing at the Gospel Tabernacle, Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

"Many souls are being saved and baptized, and remarkable healings are continually taking place. Bro. Fockler has been especially used for nearly thirty years in healing the sick, and numbers testify to wonderful answers to prayer for their bodies.

A large, beautiful, modern home has been given to The Church, which is now being used as a divine healing home, where people from near and far can come and receive personal and private ministry daily. People come here sick, but praise God, they leave well and happy.

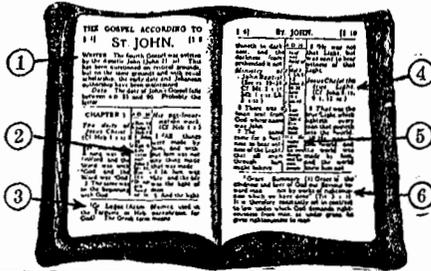
There is need for a young man to do office work, a stenographer who is interested in spiritual matters, one having a call to the ministry who would like some spiritual activity in connection with office work. For further details regarding any of these matters, kindly write the pastor, C. B. Fockler, 825 Eighth Street."

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