



The Tatter'd 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

When the Spirit Makes Intercession

"Without Spot or Wrinkle."

Pastor C. E. Baker, Montreal, Quebec, in the Stone Church Convention



AM convinced of the great need of prayer. In Romans 8:26 we read, "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." Here is the Word telling us we do not know how to pray as we ought. Sometimes we think we know quite a little about it, but here we read that we know not how to pray except the Spirit make intercession for us. The Spirit "helpeth our infirmities," our weaknesses. A weakness is an inability to do what we ought to do. God sent His Holy Spirit to help us. Oh that we might see how weak we are! How we lack power and love! The Spirit makes intercession for us; in other words He puts forth a cry thru us and a plea that we are not able to put forth in ourselves; we have no words to express the cry of our hearts, so He takes our voice and thru that voice He speaks to God. One time when I was preaching in a certain place I was so desirous of being a blessing and I was pleading with God to make my words a blessing and the Holy Spirit seeing my concern, stopped me and made groanings thru me for the congregation. One dear brother, an intelligent, educated Indian, ran up to me afterwards with tears in his eyes and with his voice melted down before God he said, "Oh Brother Baker, you spoke in our Indian tongue. You were pleading with God the Father." That was what I was doing, pleading with God that He would help me exalt Jesus and there was the Holy Spirit helping me. I do not know how many people came up afterwards and spoke of blessing. One sister said, "Brother Baker, I want to tell you that from tonight my life will be different." She was a thorough Christian, knew the Lord, gave away thousands of dollars to God's cause, but she got a new vision that night thru that intercession of the Spirit. She was only one of a number who came and said, "By God's help I will live a different life." I pray that the Holy Ghost will groan thru someone this afternoon and help everyone of us to lead a different life in the Spirit. He pleads for

the helpless ones, the weak ones, the ones so full of infirmity, so full of failure, so full of faults.

There is another passage I want to quote, Eph. 1:10, "What is the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power." It is surprising how full of unbelief we are, even after we have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. If you really saw lost souls as God's Word depicts them, and you no doubt all have loved ones unsaved, some very near and dear to you, I doubt if I could preach today. We would be prostrated before the Lord in supplication and groanings which cannot be uttered. Take a mother who has a son who is condemned to die. That mother falls in a heap at the feet of the judge to plead for the life of her son. She doesn't care about the dust; she doesn't care if anybody mocks her or misunderstands her; she has one burning desire in her soul, and that is that her boy might have a chance to live. It is his earthly life that she is concerned about, but these souls who are not born again lose both body and soul if some one does not have intercession for them.

"The exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe, according," he says, "to the working of His mighty power." There never was a day like this for administering power. We have power administered in the air, in the sea, on the earth, and under the sea, such as no one who has lived before has ever seen, but that power does not compare with the Holy Ghost. I have read about the wonderful power of radium, that 22 ounces were equal to 12,000 tons of coal; that is if you were to run a train six or seven thousand miles, and it would take 12,000 tons of coal, the same thing could be accomplished by 22 ounces of radium. Yet with all that power it could not resurrect one soul. The power of the Holy Ghost can transform bodies in the twinkling of an eye, can transform wrecked lives that have been bound by the chains of sin. The Holy Ghost can drive away the darkness from a life and let the sun of righteousness shine forth. Saints, do you know that you possess the power of the Holy Ghost within you? How many times have you felt that power energizing you, moving within you! The Word says that

"if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you"—live in you every day—"He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." This is the same power you received when you received your baptism. Then you got a sample of that power that raised Jesus from the dead, a real sample, and if you will just look after that sample, keep it well-watered and nurtured, some of these days that same power will raise you from the earth and take you to be with Jesus. Let that sample work in you; it has wonderful power. It will make us a people without spot or wrinkle. The Holy Spirit will iron all the wrinkles out, and the blood will make us spotless in His sight. Oh to have a church without spot or wrinkle! So many have fault-finding spots, criticizing spots, spots of unbelief. There are others that have newsy spots; they walk blocks to get a little bit of news, neglecting their prayer-life to do so, and then start in another direction to give it out—news spots. Then there are some who have spots of another nature. They love to be prominent, to have an important place, just like a man who mortgaged his house to be an alderman. There are others who want to be workers; they are determined to be workers in God's service whether He calls or not; they like to be out in the lime-light rather than in the prayer-closet. There are many spots in our lives but if we will let the Holy Ghost make intercession thru us, He will take this old self of ours and grind it down, unload it and cast it overboard. That is what God wants to do; He wants to unload us.

This wonderful power of the Holy Ghost will become a real ladder. You have heard of Jacob's ladder which led from earth to heaven, and how he saw angels coming down and going up. If you will let the Holy Ghost have His way He will make a ladder of power from earth to heaven. Your prayers will ascend and God's messages will come down. It will be the Royal Red Line right straight thru. And oh the pleasure you will have in prayer and in worship! We haven't the pleasures of the world; the world is full of pleasure, but it is also full of sorrow and death. Pleasure lasts but a short time, but the joy of the Holy Ghost will last for eternity. The pleasure which He gives in interceding thru God's children for a lost world is the only pleasure that is lasting.

There is a verse in Matthew, 10:20, which

says, "For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." What a wonderful place to be, where the Holy Spirit has such control of you that it is not you that speaks but the Spirit of the Father which is in you! Oh how differently we would talk then! Just imagine the Holy Spirit criticizing another! Imagine Him giving vent to jealousies or envying! When we hear these things we know it is not the Holy Ghost that is speaking but it is the flesh.

Paul says he labors "striving according to His working which worketh in me mightily." I believe this power worked mightily in the three Hebrew children. When they refused to worship the golden image and the king threatened to cast them into the fiery furnace, I think I can hear them tell the king how God was able to deliver them in His great power. The king in anger orders his mightiest men to bind the three who refuse to obey his orders, and they bind them with their shoes, their hats, and their coats and cast them in. And then I see God speaking to the Holy Ghost, "You go down there and stand alongside the furnace, and as soon as they open the door you speak to the fire and tell it not to touch my children, but leap out and burn the others." And so it was. When the door was opened the flames leaped out and slew these mighty men, and as the three children of God are cast in the Holy Ghost tells the fire, "Burn off the ropes, loose them," I do not know how the bands were distinguished from the clothes, but they were, and it didn't touch a hair of their head. And our wonderful Jesus whom they served, came and walked with them.

Saints if we will give place to the Holy Ghost and let Him work in us I tell you that the Scripture will come to pass that we will put ten thousand to flight. If ten thousand demon spirits come to oppose us that mighty power will work within us and oppose the powers of darkness and they will flee. May God help us, as His Word says, to give ourselves to prayer. Give yourself to prayer. People in days gone by would give themselves to be slaves to somebody they loved. Mothers give themselves for their children; they often become real slaves to them. It is a way mothers have. They do it for love. Jesus gave Himself for you and me. He left a beautiful home, not a miserable home like we have down here. He left the glories of heaven to come down and make His abode with sinners. Now He says, "I want you to give yourself to prayer

for a lost world." Will you give yourself to prayer? to more prayer? The minute you decide to give yourself to prayer, there will be a struggle. You will find that your greatest battle to fight will not be over somebody else in the church whom you do not like, but it will be your own self. Let God control your mouth, your hands, your feet. You will not find it easy to make your mouth, your feet, your eyes and your ears to obey God, but with Jesus living within, the Holy Spirit helping your infirmities, your organs and faculties will do His bidding. The

Holy Spirit does not speak of Himself but of Jesus; with Him working in you mightily, you will not speak of yourself, of how many times your prayers have been answered, and of what God has done through you. The more you pray the less you will say about it. The more you get like Jesus the less you will speak of yourself. How many times did Jesus hide Himself away? When the Holy Spirit controls our lives we will not try to be prominent, but be willing to have a hidden ministry, hidden in Jesus.

When Jesus Severed His Relationship with Israel

The Parable of the Ten Virgins.

Armin A. Holzer in the Stone Church, May 9, 1926



THIS afternoon my talk is on the Ten Virgins. This is in connection with Christ's escatological discourse. The 25th chapter of Matthew is the outcome of the 24th and the three questions the disciples asked the Lord. In the 23rd chapter Jesus is in the temple and once more makes an effort to be reconciled to the Jews, but is rejected by them. He then pronounces the nine woes upon them. We have nine beatitudes and nine woes. With the nine woes Jesus severs relationship with Israel officially, and this is brought to an end when in the temple He cries out, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house (the temple and all it represented was the house of Israel) will be left unto you desolate. . . . Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Then Jesus went out of the temple and He never went back. That was His last visit to the temple. He went out, and with Him went the glory of Israel. When Jesus walks out of a church that has been dedicated to Him, there is little left. Israel with all her Bible, with all her altars and sacrifices, is nothing without Jesus. That was a memorable moment when Jesus departed from the temple, a crucial moment in Israel's history. As the disciples drew His attention to the buildings of the temple, Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be

thrown down." That word was like a knife thrust through those Jewish hearts. If I were to go with you to Washington, D. C., and you should show me the Capitol building and the White House, and I were to say to you, "There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be torn down, it would be a knife-thrust to you. What the capitol at Washington means to the American nation, that is what the temple meant to the Jews. And when Jesus pronounced the doom upon the temple, it was a doom upon the nation.

The disciples accompany Jesus to the Mt. of Olives, and as they were still pondering those fearful words, they asked Him, "When shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the age?" Jesus answered those three questions in the order in which they were asked, and in the 25th chapter Jesus deals with the end.

The virgins refer to the church, the stewards to Israel, and afterwards the reference is to the Gentiles. He shows us the condition in the church, among the Jews and among the Gentiles, and gives a description of the time of the end. The Lord is not giving in this parable of the Ten Virgins a picture of hypocrites, of empty professors, nor of people who have an aim to live and are dead. They are virgins; they have on the robe of righteousness, and they have accepted Jesus Christ and His finished work of Calvary. They are the Fundamentalists, if you please. They are all virgins and all believe in the second coming of the Lord. They went out to meet the Bridegroom. They believe in the Word of God and in interpreting it literally. So the parable narrows itself down to just a handful of true

believers; to people who know experimentally what salvation is. They are people who say, "I do not drink," "I do not use tobacco," "I do not play cards," but I believe we take far too much for granted. We have overemphasized the grace of God. We think we can be as mean and as fault-finding as we want to, and that God has to put up with it, but He does not. And the greater profession you make, the more right the world has to look for a holy life in you. The world will not read the Bible, but it will read you and me. Paul says, "We are living epistles, known and read of all men." The world looks for compassion and does not find it. If the fruits of the Spirit are not developed in your life, you belong to the foolish virgins; Christians in name, but you lack the oil. Our Christianity consists in talk, talk. We are Pentecostal, we believe in the gifts of the Spirit, but you have to believe in a little more than that to belong to the wise virgins. Do you believe in loving those who are repulsive to you? The worst enemies of Jesus Christ today are His friends. They are putting Him to an open shame. They cause sinners to say, "If Christ cannot make better specimens of humanity than we have seen about us, we do not want His Christianity." Here is the world, proud, greedy, avaricious. You will find it too among Christians. Nineteen hundred years ago Jesus gave the Word to His church; "Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins," people who have the responsibility of being custodians of the truth. The Lord has entrusted us with the truth, and there is a great responsibility upon us. That is the reason that the Apostle says, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." He has given us the Holy Ghost; now we must work it out.

The ten virgins took their lamps; they took the Word of God, but that is not sufficient. "The letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life." You must not only have the Word, but the Holy Ghost as well. They all went forth to meet the Bridegroom, some had oil, and some had none. Oil is a type of the Holy Spirit. You cannot glorify Jesus and be a credit to the cause unless you are filled with the Holy Spirit. I am not asking you to believe that you have to speak in tongues, or have divine healing, but I say to you, Get the baptism of the Holy Spirit. You must have the oil. You remember the disciples at Ephesus. They were fundamentalists, but there was something lacking, and the Apostle Paul

said, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" "We were baptized by John's baptism?" But were you baptized by Jesus? "I was baptized by the Baptist Church," someone says. The church baptizes in water, but Jesus baptizes in the Holy Ghost. The church can bury you physically, but it takes Jesus to bury you spiritually. The Holy Ghost is not only for miracles, not only for signs and wonders, but thru Him you enter into the secrets of the Lord. Only the Holy Ghost can lead you into the mysteries of Calvary, the mysteries of the resurrection, of His ascension; the Holy Ghost can show you the mystery of justification, of sanctification, the mystery of the perseverance of the saints, lead you into the life in Christ. It is impossible for you to live the life of humility without the Holy Ghost. He shall not only give you an apprehension of truth, but lead you into all truth. We are living now in the age of the Holy Ghost. There was the age of the Father, the age of the Son and now it is the age of the Holy Ghost. The world has rejected the Father, the Jews have rejected the Son, and many today are rejecting the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost brooded upon the face of the waters. When Jesus was baptized in Jordan the Spirit came upon Him in the form of a dove, and if Jesus needed the enduement of the Holy Ghost, how can you and I get along without Him? This baptism is not for the world, it is for believers. We read in the 8th chapter of the Acts that Philip went down to Samaria and preached Jesus. The Samaritans were saved and healed, and there was great joy. Peter and John came down from Jerusalem, prayed for them and laid hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost. On Mt. Olivet Jesus wasn't speaking to unconverted people, but to His disciples, and He sent them back to Jerusalem to tarry until they were endued with the power of the Holy Ghost.

I was not brought up in Christianity; I was brought up in Judaism, and I hated Jesus as much as I love Him tonight. For years after I was saved I resisted the Holy Ghost and didn't want to believe that there was a special anointing for believers. Only two years ago in Urbana, Illinois, in a hotel I came to the end of myself. It was two o'clock in the morning and the Lord there and then baptized me in the Holy Ghost. As long as you have an unsundered will the Lord cannot baptize you, but when you are willing to take your place with the despised, the off-scouring of the earth, then you are in a position

to receive the baptism. The Lord said to His disciples, "If I go not away the other Comforter will not come." I do not know that we shall have a repetition of the first Pentecost, but I believe that in the closing of the age these signs will be repeated.

I fought this truth for years. God forgive me for every sermon I preached against it. Six years ago I was in Chicago and passed this very church, and when I found it was Pentecostal, I said, "I never want to preach in there." But the Lord got me to the place where I was willing to preach in a pig-sty if He wanted me to do so. It meant something to Paul to surrender to God. He was a member of the Sanhedrin; it meant to be willing to be laughed at, to be mocked, and associate with the off-scouring of the earth. And yet Paul didn't mind it because he was in the will of God. Open your Bible and be honest with God, and let Him put you where He wants you. If Christ wants to use your tongue, let Him use it. If He wants to use your feet, let Him use them. Let Him use your hands for His glory. We can all praise the Lord with the ten stringed instruments. What are they? Two eyes to look for Jesus; two ears to listen to His voice; two hands to work for Him; two feet to walk for Him; a tongue to speak for Him and a heart to love Him.

Let us be wise virgins with plenty of oil. Do not wait until Jesus comes to receive the

Holy Ghost. That will be too late. When the Jews built the laver the women surrendered their looking-glasses, their vanities, and if you want the Holy Spirit you will have to surrender your vanity, surrender yourself, your will, your money, and when you have made a full surrender, He is ready to come in. But He cannot come into a heart that is full of pride, that has a spirit of covetousness. Those things must come out before He can enter. The foolish virgins went to buy oil, and when they came back the door was shut, and they heard from within, "I know you not." It doesn't mean that they are lost; it only means that they will be left behind. They will not be in the rapture. "Two shall be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left." Fifty per cent will be taken, and fifty per cent will be left. Right here in this church there are the two classes of virgins. To which class do you belong? Are you ready? Jesus says, "Be ye therefore ready, for in an hour that ye think not the Son of Man cometh." If you are not ready you will be on the outside where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Left behind, under the rule of the Antichrist! Be filled with the Spirit if you do not want to be left behind. Get rid of your meanness and selfishness, and ask Jesus to have the right of way in your life. Are you willing?

Lost and Found—A Minister's Faith

The Undermining Effect of Seminaries

Edward Hugh in the Stone Church April 29, 1926



IF ANY church has the proper name it is the Stone Church, for it says that when others are silent the stones will cry out and I pray that you "stones" will always keep proclaiming the Lord. He has also made me a "living stone." Friends, the grace of God has come to me in a marvelous way. I want to join Paul in his testimony. Paul was a "great" man, but he said after his conversion, "I am the smallest of all." Oh that consciousness of poverty and nothingness! Is there anything more blessed and promising in this world? I see now that in my life the Lord led me through some wonderful steps, and tonight I am urged to say a little about God's providing grace, His guiding grace, and His revealing grace.

First of all, I consider it a matter of grace to be born into a minister's family. It may be a disgrace sometimes if the minister is a Modern-

ist or a dead ritualist and the children are raised in unbelief. But in my case it was grace because my father was a very godly man and believed in real conversion and sanctification. So I can see that, first of all, there was providing grace. My mother dedicated me to the service of the Lord before my birth, and many a time I felt there was something that held me from going into my own ways. When my father told I ought to be a merchant I said, "Father, that is not my calling." My mother was very godly. She had belonged to a very rich family in Zurich, Switzerland. At that time the Methodists were greatly despised, but my mother went to their meetings and finally joined them. One time she came home, her face all radiant with the glory of God and she said to her father, "Father, I am converted. I have given my heart to the Lord Jesus," telling him that she was attending the Methodist

Church. He said, "You need never come to me again. You have disgraced the family going to those crazy people." Later on, my mother and father met, were married and founded a Christian home. They had eleven children of which I am the eldest. And praise the Lord I grew up under a divine influence.

Then came the years when God had to keep me by His grace. Those were the years when I was away from God entirely. Oh these schools that we have today! After I had spent some years in a "Christian" College that was eager to raise smart heathen, I entered a seminary to prepare for the ministry. It seemed to be a rather orthodox seminary compared to the others, but after I had been there five years I had completely lost all my faith. I told one of my professors about it and he said, "Oh you just go to the Lord and He will give it back to you;" but I couldn't get it back. Then I went to Austria, France and Germany. In Austria I was secretary of the Y. M. C. A. during the awful year of 1918 when there seemed to be a cloud of demons going all through Europe. Any of you who were over there know how people lost their faith during the years from 1914 to 1919. I went back to Switzerland and then went to France, where I served as a dead minister of the Gospel. From there I went to the Heidelberg University in Germany, which is about on the same level as the University of Chicago. I failed to get my faith back there but in some wonderful way the Lord kept me.

Then I came to America, for I thought I would try this country. I had no intention of being a minister then and I traveled around a great deal. In 1923 I decided to come to Chicago and get into the swim of the social and educational life of America, so I came and spent nearly two years in study at the University of Chicago. It was in the fall of 1924 when my sister broke down in health, and I received the sad letter telling me of her breakdown. However, I had my selfish plans mapped out and decided that this must not interfere with them. I wanted to do my best for her and wrote her that I would do everything possible but that I was planning to take a college position and never expected to go back into the ministry.

I had lost all faith in God, but just about this time something took place that gripped me. I was brought face to face with the consequences of a life that has lost faith in God. There was a high school principal in the university and one

time after a lecture he said to me, "I do not believe any more in a personal God." I thought to myself, "Well, who knows." I had gone so low that I myself didn't know if there was a God or not. They teach that God is not a Person but simply an ideal. Think of that big educational center where thousands and thousands of students from all over the country come every year, and from which they go out to spread that blasphemous doctrine all over the States! Well, I couldn't give this man any comfort and three weeks later I picked up *The Chicago Tribune* and saw on the front page, "Student of University of Chicago committed suicide in the most horrible way in the school dormitory." Of course, all sorts of things happen there and it didn't interest me much, but the next day I saw the picture and I was shocked that it was the picture of the man who had been sitting beside me and who had told me that he had lost his faith in a personal God. I thought, "If this is the consequence of that belief then I had better look out."

Shortly after this a friend 'phoned me from the LaSalle Hotel, asking me if I would meet him there that morning. I went and he said, "There is a congregation up in Wisconsin without a pastor and we need a man there. I would like to present the proposition to you. This is a fine place with a large congregation and your sister could be with you." He told me I had to decide in two days and I accepted the place. Then I began to think, "What shall I give to my congregation?" I had nothing. I had lost faith in all the churches and I was disgusted. There in Wisconsin, God led us step by step through my sister's illness.

Now I want to speak about His guiding grace. God really was guiding us. I began to hunger for the reality of God and prayed, "Oh Lord, if Thou art a Reality, show Thyself to me. If the Bible is true I want to know it." I didn't know how to get to God but soon discovered the simple method given by the Lord. "Test me and try me," He says. You know when a scientist comes across some new formula he goes to his laboratory to try out the statement and that is what the Lord asks us to do, to try Him out.

There came a housekeeper into our home who had the real thing and as I watched her I thought, "I should like to have the power that she has. Why shouldn't it be possible? If God is a living reality then all these things are possible."

As I had consented to take the place in Wis-

consin for one year only, the conference which met in Chicago last year appointed me to a church in Chicago, presenting me the opportunity to carry on my studies. Yet the Lord changed the arrangement and put me on a dead track. Instead of Chicago I was sent to Freeport, Illinois, where the Lord began to manifest to us His revealing grace. I remember very clearly New Year's Eve. The congregation had planned a big party for that night and they were to have all sorts of frolics. I very frankly told them that I would not be there but was going to a prayer-meeting. I believe God blessed the stand I took and we spent the night before God instead of enjoying the pleasures of the world. That night as we were sitting in the family circle of a brother who had come and told us of Divine Healing, a new thing took place. My sister was very ill and I said to the Lord, "Now, Lord, what is the next step?" It flashed into my mind to anoint her. I looked at the brother and wondered what he would think if I should do such a thing. He in turn looked at me with the very same thought in his mind. He was wondering what

I would say if he were to anoint her. Finally I said, "I must tell you something, brother. How would it be if we would obey the Lord and lay hands on my sister?" He said, "Praise the Lord, I just had the same thought." In that hour of despair we looked to God, hungering for His reality and you know from your own experience that it is when you are in the depths of despair that you are most likely to touch God. The dear Lord revealed His power. God led on and on and finally we came to this sainted place, where I not only witnessed the healing of my dear sister but received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I surely feel that I have found reality in Jesus Christ. There is power in His Word, and He lives.

This week will go down in our diary as an eventful one. I never will forget April 26th when I was filled with the Holy Spirit. There are wonderful possibilities before us and when once we have stepped into His grace and guidance we are in the line of unbounded possibilities, in Christ Jesus, glory and praise to His name forever.

God's Deliverance in the Heart of Africa

The Joy That Is Paramount—Christianizing the Heathen

Mrs. Julia McC. Richardson in Stone Church Convention, May 28, 1926

"Perishing, perishing, Harvest is passing,
Reapers are few and the night draweth near,
Jesus is calling thee, haste to the reaping,
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire."



DO WE get the vision tonight? Do we really believe that the heathen are perishing? Do we get the vision of the nail-printed hands stretched out over a perishing world, and of the Lord Jesus Christ saying to us, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"? If we once get the vision of the world's need and our Mighty Lord Jesus to meet that need, it will never leave us. Our interest in missions will keep our love burning, it will keep the young people going; it will keep our purse-strings open and keep us praying. It is God's Word that brings home the vision; it is the Holy Spirit that will use the Word.

I had my call to Christian work. The needs in our own land was the "Go" to me, but it wasn't long until I saw the needs of the heathen world. It was in the study of the first chapter of Romans that I saw the crying need of the heathen

world. This chapter is the Gentile chapter. Here we read that when the Gentiles knew God "they glorified Him not as God, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened." There are evidences on the foreign field that these heathen have known more of God in the past than at the present time, but "professing themselves to be wise (in man's wisdom) they became fools." Today we have reached the apex of man's wisdom and we are on the descending road, and if Christ should tarry, the civilized world will descend to where the heathen are today. They have gotten to the place where they are worshipping man, and just ahead they are going to worship the beast and the false prophet. They will bow down and worship the image, and if they do not bow down, they will be killed. Man is on the descending road, and in this chapter we find the reason the heathen world is as it is: "Wherefore, God also gave them up!" We are in the days when God is seemingly giving up certain ones to a delusion that they may believe a lie, because they have chosen to reject the Lord Jesus Christ and the truths of this blessed Word. This is the condition of the heathen fields and the condition of our ancestors, for there is not one

of us unless he is a Jew, but that if we could trace our family tree back far enough, we would reach heathendom; right back to this condition pictured here in Romans. All that is good and true in our so-called civilization has come to us because of this glorious Gospel coming westward instead of going eastward. It was to this condition that the Lord Jesus Christ came.

It is God's plan to work thru men. He is not saying to the angels, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." That command was given to men. "How shall they hear without a preacher? and How shall they preach except they be sent?" We must fall in line with God's plan. They must hear in order to believe.

When I saw the heathen in that condition, lost and undone, and God's plan that I was one of the number to go to them with this glorious Gospel in obedience to the Lord whom I love, then I got my call. But I was so helpless. I would tremble to stand up and repeat a passage of scripture in a Young People's Meeting, I wasn't equipped until God met me with an anointing of the Holy Spirit, not then this latter rain outpouring, but He gave me an anointing which changed my whole life of service. The Lord Jesus so filled me with His love that I could say, "The love of Jesus Christ constrains me." I still see Him bending out over the heathen world with His nail-print hands saying, "Go." And what is Jesus waiting for? We read, that God is choosing out a people for His name. He is waiting until the travail of His soul is satisfied, until the last member of His church is chosen; then the heavens will open and this same Jesus who went up into heaven "shall so come in like manner."

Half of this world's population is without a knowledge of the Lord Jesus. After all these years the heathen are being born faster than we are evangelizing.

Paul said he was "in journeyings often, in perils of waters,"—while I would not compare my experience with Paul's, yet there comes to my mind a scene on our first journey up into the Belgian Congo after I came into the Pentecostal Movement. I had a young lady with me and we had six days overland before we reached our destination. The country was so new that ungodly people down in Elizabethville wondered at us taking this journey alone. Someone had written out the instructions and we were following them. We were being carried in hammocks and we came to a deserted village. I found the natives were planning to stop at this deserted village, but my instructions said "to the Kalulu-

River." I persuaded them to go another day's journey and we arrived there at 2:30, when we found this mountain stream had overflowed its banks and it was over the head of my tallest carrier. Then I noticed on the opposite side some boys and because they were dressed I knew they belonged to a white man who we found was camping there. He came down to the bank and called across that the river had risen within the last hour, and if we would cross the stream he would send us six expert swimmers to carry us and our belongings. I was the first one to be carried across, and I can tell you it is a very queer sensation to find yourself lifted up above the waters. I involuntarily tried to grasp the woolly pate of the swimmer, but found his head was clean shaved. Then I found the hands of the others were supporting me from the back. As we started into the river I forgot about my feet and my boots became full of water, but they set me down on the far side of the river amid shouts of victorious laughter and went back to carry my companion. I could see her startled face and then a smile of relief as she felt the hands at her back. They were determined she should not get her feet wet, so they held them up. God enabled us to get over those perilous waters in safety.

It was in the rainy season that we were taking this trip and we needed to get to our destination before the heavy rains came. We went to bed in our tent and it was not long until the ridge-pole broke. We got the natives to fix it temporarily and the next morning the carriers were anxious to speed up and we made two days' trip in one. The administrator put us into his brick house, and as we got safely housed the rain simply came down in torrents. We felt the Lord had wonderfully brot us thru, in having the carriers make two days in one. What would we have done had we been in the tent with a broken ridge-pole when the rain came?

At another time we were crossing the Lualaba (Congo) River. We had heavy loads to be taken across in canoes, and the natives who are lazy, piled everything in the canoe so they wouldn't have to make another trip. I didn't realize the danger of overloading the canoe until we were out in the river. The water was so near the top that the slightest motion of the canoe would have caused it to capsize; the current was very swift and the river wide, and I prayed all the way over that nothing would happen, and God took us safely across.

We saw God's protection and deliverance all

along the way. When we arrived at a point on the river and had a lot of trouble getting a caravan we didn't get started until nearly noon. In that tropical heat we ought to start at about seven o'clock and we felt a little disturbed that we hadn't got an earlier start, but we soon saw the hand of the Lord in this, for when we came to the forest we saw signs that there had been a herd of elephants there before us. There were the beds where the elephants had been lying. You are in great danger from these elephants if the breeze blows the scent from you in their direction, but by our being delayed we missed them, and here again we saw the Lord's protection as we traveled thru that elephant region.

During those two years when I was alone at Kabonda Dyanda, a station the Lord enabled me to open because there was no man to do it, one night I heard a lion roar. He seemed very near and I looked thru the reeds that covered the door to see if he might be in sight, but saw nothing. I went back to bed and he roared again, and again I tried to see him. Can you imagine what it means to be alone and hear a lion roaring in the dead of night seemingly a short distance away? Only the knowledge that one is in the will of God will keep the heart from fear. The next day I was told that the lion had been a half mile away.

Once when I was pioneering I went into the hen-house to look for a snake which had been eating eggs, and to my horror within two and a half feet from me there was one of those large African cobras, the spittle of which is blinding to the eyes and its bite deadly. Its head was swollen and its jaws were open ready to throw the spittle upon me. It was right above me and in the natural it would have thrown that spittle right in my face. I realized afterward that it was only the marvelous protection of God that saved me. We killed it and found it had swallowed two or three pigeon eggs, and the next morning there were two or three quills sticking out of its mouth. It had tried to swallow a pigeon and because of its throat being full it could not throw the spittle. This was one of several instances when God miraculously protected me from snakes. His promise, "Lo I am with you always" is the special heritage of those who go to the mission fields with their deadly climates and dangers seen and unseen. But for His presence our lives would not be safe, for we are in daily jeopardy. With Him, we are as safe in the heart of Africa as in any civilized land.

I also found His protecting hand upon me in time of great physical need. When I first went out to Africa, twenty-nine years ago, many said to me, "You are in no condition to go to Africa, you look so frail." At the close of the farewell meeting held in my behalf, my mother who was present turned and faced the audience of home people and said, "When Julia first wrote me that she was going to Africa, I prayed that God would make her willing and then keep her home," and then she went on to say that of all her children I was the one who was most frail and needed to be shielded from hard things; she was surprised that the one they thot the weakest was the one the Lord called to Africa. Then in 1904 when I went back from my second furlough I went back tired, as many missionaries do, and two doctors told me I was in consumption. I went to the mountains of British East Africa, but for some reason I wasn't healed at that time, but praise His Name, He healed me after I came home. Each time I have gone out I have faced circumstances and difficulties in pioneering that in the natural would have irritated that trouble, but I can testify to God's preserving power and to His healing power, and I stand before you tonight healed in every organ of my body.

I do not claim I have gone thru victoriously over sickness. I have had to go to bed; in Africa my body was attacked in ways I never experienced at home. At one time when alone I was threatened with a very sore throat, and as I suffered with pain the enemy tempted me to fear in my loneliness. I thot of my husband who had laid down his life for Africa—if he could only be with me! I thot of my mother who had also gone to be with the Lord; I thot of my loved ones, and then in my loneliness Jesus came and I lay down feeling His presence and realizing what that verse meant, "He alone maketh thee to dwell in safety." I couldn't have my loved ones, but I had Jesus and He took me thru.

On my last two terms I have been doing a man's work. In speaking to a brother about women on the mission field doing men's work, he said, "Men do not like that kind of a woman." It nearly took my breath away, then I thot, "What does it matter?" The man, Christ Jesus, loves us because we are out after His "other sheep." If the men did their duty women would not have to pioneer, and I say if any man in this room objects to a woman blazing the trail for the Gospel in the wilds of Africa, let him go out there and do the work. Do you think I would choose

to do a man's work? Do I look like one who is strong enough to do a man's work? God gave me the vision of the great need. He showed me that in all that district at Kabonda Dyanda there wasn't one to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ; that there was village after village which had never heard the name of Jesus. He took me thru, but it isn't easy to pioneer. It isn't easy having the oversight of the natives who are lazy. You have to watch them all the time. If you are in one part they lay down on the job in another part. When you see them they are very busy, but when your back is turned they stop working. So it is not easy to manage the natives, but by great patience we are able to get the buildings up. My house was ready, all but the pounding of the mud floor, and an awful weariness came over me. I went down with ten days of fever. There I was, alone, with no one to care for me except a little boy to bring me tins of milk, but no one to give me a loving touch, but from the Lord came that same loving touch I had experienced before. One evening there came a sharp pain in my left knee; all night I could not sleep and the next morning I could not step on that foot. Oh, how I prayed that I might not become helpless with inflammatory rheumatism, and He didn't permit it. It was a testing time, but God brot me thru. I would not part with those years with their testings and trials in Africa, and the experiences God gave me in pioneering for all this world could give me of its pleasures and its wealth. One of the greatest joys you can conceive of is to go into one of these districts where Jesus Christ is not named and see God work. Perhaps you do not see any signs for a few months, and then all at once God commences to work and souls begin to be saved. In the first station I helped to open up there are many believing in the Lord Jesus and baptized in the Holy Ghost, and out of that company there are evangelists and teachers. At Kabonda Dyanda there is a band of Christians, and evangelists and teachers filled with the Holy Spirit. When I say "teachers" I mean those who help in the simple school work of teaching to read (and write) so that these Christians can read the Scriptures.

This last place which the Lord helped us to open up was northwest of Lake Kivu. My husband laid down his life in the Kivu District; there is now a band of native Christians there. The heathen are in degradation and sin; they are lower than you can conceive of, and when

you see them made new creatures in Christ Jesus it magnifies His marvellous power. I recently had the joy of going out thru Kenya Colony and visiting the old stations in which I had worked years ago. There I saw the boys and girls who had been trained in the mission now as fathers and mothers bringing up families of children. I have in mind one remarkable boy, Ouko, who belonged to a very proud tribe, where the men didn't believe in working. They were wealthy in cattle and wives, and this boy, Ouko, was in line for the chieftainship. As a boy he used to go out and look at the splendors of the heavens at night and look at nature and feel there was something beyond. It wasn't long before Ouko came to the mission station and made up his mind to believe in the Gospel story. He is now chief of a part of that proud, wealthy tribe, but is going on faithfully and humbly with the Lord Jesus, and going with the missionary into the market places on the Lord's Day morning, preaching Jesus. God has kept him faithful all these years. He went thru many tests and trials, but up to this time has remained true to God. When he was a boy in the mission he went thru very severe trials. In one case he was blamed for another's guilt, and thru it all he remained true, altho innocent. As a chief he is not rich. He could become rich if he stooped to dishonest methods as all who are not Christians do, and that is a temptation that faces him, but so far God has kept him, and He is able to keep him to the end.

I am glad that God called me to Africa in 1897. The Lord Jesus Christ is calling men and women today. Young people, the vision is for you! The Lord Jesus is bending out over these heathen lands and He is saying, "Go ye!" It is glorious to yield yourself to the Lord Jesus, to seek His plan for your lives, and altho He does not call all to the foreign field, His will is glorious and precious.

* * *

"South America is cursed with a baptized paganism which has hung like a millstone round its neck for four centuries. Romanism with its hatred and open hostility to the circulation of the Scriptures; with Mariolatry of the most debased character; with its traffic in indulgences, and its exorbitant charges for baptisms and confessions, for the marriage of the living and the burial of the dead; with the gross and general immorality of its priesthood, has reached a depth of ignorance, superstition, and filth which can find no parallel in any other continent."

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Notes

The Stone Church Convention

THE Eighteenth Annual Convention at the Stone Church was largely evangelistic, Pastor C. J. Baker of Montreal being the principal speaker. It was a time of getting results. Brother Baker was a business man before he was called to the ministry and he believes in results. The altar services were blessed scenes of God's power. Twelve were saved and fourteen baptized in the Holy Spirit. God healed the sick and numbers of those who had grown cold and indifferent came back to God.

Other ministers who were present and brought messages from the Word were, E. E. Brooks and W. E. Moody, Zion, Ill., George Bauerlein, Galesburg, Ill., Ray Stutenroth, and Edward Hugh, Freeport, Ill.

The missionaries present were, Mrs. Julia McC. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Leader, all from the Belgian Congo; Miss Blanche Appleby and E. B. Kennedy from China.

A very precious immersion service was held on the evening of May 30th when eighteen followed their Lord in baptism. This makes a total of seventy-four since the beginning of the year. We praise God for the way He is continually working in our midst. On the closing day the pastor said that including those who had just been saved and baptized there have been over sixty saved, and more than forty baptized in the Holy Spirit since Easter.

Missionary addresses were given throughout the Convention, and the last Sunday afternoon was especially devoted to the mission field when

our pioneers told of the trials and triumphs of the Gospel in heathen lands, which was followed by our cash offering for missions and yearly pledges for our twelve missionaries. These twelve whom we stand by with our support and our prayers are as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Leader, Congo (now on furlough); Mrs. Edgar Pettinger (nee Mabel Anderson), South Africa; Mrs. Vernon Morrison (nee Gertrude Johnson), Liberia; Miss Mabel Dean, Egypt; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Williamson, South China; Mr. and Mrs. John Perdue, South China; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson, West China; Miss L. H. Parker, India.

The cash offering and pledges for the year amounted to approximately \$10,000. We are grateful to God for what He has enabled us to do, and by His grace we have assumed these solemn obligations that while we are sleeping our faithful co-workers may be winning souls in heathen lands. While our missionary activities as a church have by no means been confined to the above twelve, for we are vitally interested in all who give their lives to preach the Gospel where Christ has not been named, yet for these we have assumed special obligations.

The Trial of Faith

I WOULD be loath to class myself among those who are faith missionaries," writes a missionary, conscious of his own limitations, "al- tho we are here helplessly dependent upon God our Heavenly Father to provide a table for us in this wilderness of heathenism, and for our orphans and widows. Please class us among those who have 'little faith.' But after all, it is not our faith, but His faithfulness that keeps us supplied month by month. I long that our people in the homeland would get the true vision of things as they are here in India at the present time. Every foot of ground has to be fought for in relation to the salvation of a soul. We are willing to endure hardness, to labor and not see results, if that is God's will, to sow and let others reap, but we do long that the people in the homeland will catch the true vision of just what we are up against here in this dark, sad, benighted land, for which people God has poured into our hearts such a love. But while we are fighting this good fight of faith for souls, it would encourage us to know that our dear ones in the homeland are just as faithful to us as if we had stories of wonderful conversions to write about.

For ourselves, we have nothing to be ashamed of as to results in India, and whilst we are responsible to God we also feel that we are responsible to those whom God uses to support the work."

There is much food for thought in these words. They came in answer to a query of ours as to what constituted a "faith missionary" and are the sentiments of many a missionary on the field. God is in the sowing as well as in the reaping. It takes more faith to sow the seed in a hard field than in an easy one. Our missionaries are willing to sow without seeing results if the people at home are willing to give without hearing about results. It is where the soil is hard and the sowing difficult because of Satan's power that the missionary needs most of all to be upheld. Even though there is indifference and opposition on the part of the heathen, if the people at home encourage him by their gifts and by their prayers, he will go bravely on. But if in addition to laboring in a difficult field, the funds are withheld, he may be tempted to doubt his being in the will of God. May God give us at home a willingness to stand by the laborers in heathen lands and not become discouraged because results are slow.

A most remarkable instance of the working of God's Spirit when the faith of all was tried to the limit, was in connection with the Lone Star Mission at Ongole, South India. For twenty-five years the missionaries had struggled and prayed, and the field seemed utterly hopeless. The American Baptist Missionary Union at home met to consider whether that fruitless field among the Telegus should not be abandoned, "but a few of God's prophets foresaw that if faith did but triumph in this dark hour a great harvest might yet come even to this desert of South India." The famine came to that district and the revival seemed further off than ever, but as A. T. Pierson says in his "New Acts of the Apostles" that famine "was like a John the Baptist, a forerunner that prepared the way of the Lord."

An engineer, John E. Clough, applied to the Board for mission work in India. While the Board demurred because he was not trained in theology, he insisted he was called, and his persistency won their acceptance. While working in connection with the Lone Star Mission, he undertook to superintend the completion of the Buckingham Canal which gave work to 10,000

starving men. He gathered these great gangs of workmen together and gave them the simple Gospel story which resulted in thousands being saved, and in twelve years the church numbered two thousand communicants.

It was prayer that brought about that revival. When the American Board wanted to close the mission, the missionaries begged that they might be allowed to continue a little longer. They had prayed so long they felt they could not give up without seeing the answer. When the prospect was darkest, twelve years before this great ingathering a humble missionary and his wife and three converted natives on the first day of the year climbed a high hill overlooking Ongole and there looking down on that large town and fifty surrounding villages sunk in idol worship, knelt and each in turn asked of God that He would send a missionary there and make that a center of Gospel light. The results were far beyond their expectancy, and so we believe it will be for our dear workers today if they and the intercessors at home faint not. God will answer the fervent, effectual prayer for the conversion of the heathen. Let us be faithful in holding up the hands and sustaining them.

* * *

It is said that France and Belgium are objecting to so many monuments being erected by America in memory of our soldiers who died in the World War. They recommend that in future any memorial be in the form of something useful in the way of bridges or roads, or something of permanent benefit to the country. This seems like good, common sense. A monument is costly and benefits no one. If the money were put into something useful it would benefit humanity.

In this connection we feel to say that when our loved ones pass away, if instead of erecting an expensive monument to cost hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars, as some do, what a memorial to the memory of a faithful wife or husband, of a loved father or mother, to put the money in something substantial for the mission field. We knew of a saint of God who was always looking forward to the time when she could dispose of a piece of property so she could help the mission field. She passed away without having her desire realized. Her husband who deeply loved her erected a very costly monument to her memory. Her wish would rather have been to have had that money put into some useful build-

ing on the foreign field from which the Gospel might go out to evangelize the lost. One of the great needs of our missionaries today is proper buildings. Reader, if you thought you were going to pass away, would it not comfort you to know that some of the money over which the Lord had made you steward might be used in making it possible for our missionaries to have comfortable and sanitary quarters so that they could do more and better work? The unhealthy and unsanitary surroundings of our missionaries have had much to do with their breakdown on the field. And what an uplift it would be to the missionary who is struggling to put up a building for his orphans, to know that God had put it on your heart to leave a legacy for that purpose! These are monuments worth while. They will mean immortal souls in the ages to come. It has been on the heart of many a faithful steward to include the mission field in his or her bequests, but thru delay this desire has not been fulfilled. Let God's children inquire of the Lord and get His mind regarding that over which He has made them stewards.

Labors Ended

THE whole Pentecostal world is shocked at the untimely death of Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson, who was drowned in the Pacific Ocean, at Ocean Beach Park on May 18th, while bathing.

There have been many reports concerning her mysterious death. The following from one of our correspondents in Los Angeles, seems the most plausible:

"Her secretary was the only one with her though the secretary did not go in bathing but sat in a tent on the beach. She went to the hotel to phone Mrs. McPherson's mother that they would be late getting in to Los Angeles, and when she returned she found her gone.

"Out here the ocean is always dangerous as there are logs and wood adrift. A man and wife who were on the beach close to Mrs. McPherson's tent saw her go into the water and she swam straight out to sea. He said he entered the water at the same time. The sea was rough and a very strong rip tide (under tow) was on. He started toward the pier but found the sea too heavy and made for a buoy, rested, and looked around for the woman, not knowing it was Mrs. McPherson, but could not see her anywhere.

When he returned to the beach he asked his wife if the woman swimmer came back, and she said, "No."

"He said he thought a piece of wood may have hit her head and caused her to be unconscious. There was no cry for 'help' because he was in hearing distance."

Mrs. McPherson was a daring swimmer. She was daring in everything she undertook and had a fearlessness in her ministry which has rarely been equalled. We remember hearing of one instance of utter fearlessness when she was conducting evangelistic meetings in San Francisco.

A newspaper reporter took her into one of their offices and showed her a large map of the States and Canada with cities and towns marked where their paper went, and to which were carried reports of her revival meetings. With an abandonment she turned to him and said, "Oh let us get right down here and pray that God will bless those towns as the reports reach them." Out of courtesy he knelt with her and she poured out her heart in prayer that God would bless those who read the revival reports.

Few evangelists have had the success which has followed Mrs. McPherson's ministry. She preached the full Gospel with great simplicity. Untiring in her efforts she crowded a life-time of service into a few short years and accomplished great things for God. Before building Angelus Temple and confining herself to Los Angeles she had a remarkable ministry among the churches, carrying the full Gospel into a number of denominations and causing a number of ministers and their congregations to **seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and step out along the line of Divine Healing.**

Her tragic death is mourned by thousands of devoted followers. Angelus Temple has been the scene of a continuous revival ever since it has been opened. Large numbers have been saved and healed and filled with the Holy Spirit. "God buries His workers but His work goes on." While the loss seems tremendous, yet He will raise up others to carry on His work. A few days before her death she enjoined the students of the Bible School to carry on the work should she pass away. God grant that the spirit of fearlessness with which she preached the Gospel and her untiring efforts to build up the kingdom of God may fall upon that band of consecrated students, and that they may carry that same blessed Gospel throughout the whole world.

News from the Firing Line

MISS BERNICE LEE writes of the continued outpouring of the Spirit in India:

"In the midst of a real time of blessing here in the Swedish Baptist Mission School for Girls, I will give you just a glimpse of what God is doing.

"An urgent telegram came asking me to help in some meetings. Two young Swedish missionaries had been carrying them on for a month, but now felt the need of someone else to come and stand by them. I could not go at that time, but later on came another wire pleading that I come. I arrived there on April 7th and found the fire of God indeed upon the school, but as yet no one through into the baptism of the Spirit.

"In the afternoon after speaking a little while, we gave the opportunity for prayer. No need to urge anyone to this ministry here! The sound of mighty intercession simply poured forth! On and on they prayed until a young girl of about sixteen received her baptism. I wish you could see her face since! She sits in the meetings with such a beautiful smile and oh how she praises God!

"Yesterday afternoon from the very opening of the service there was joyful expectancy and we felt Jesus drawing nearer and nearer. I opened to the story of the blind man in Mark 10:46-52, and got as far as, "And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth"—the Spirit fell upon them and oh such weeping and pleading and praising! Jesus verily came into the midst, and my 'sermon' was never finished! In a little while three more were rejoicing in the coming in of the Comforter, one teacher and two of the older girls.

"This morning again ere we opened the meeting there was joy and expectancy in every face. They had been singing in their rooms and in the courtyard until bedtime and again as soon as they were up. Once more we gathered, and after singing I arose to talk a little. I felt to go on with a few of the precious lessons from the blind man as representing a longing soul but when I got to the verse, "but he cried the more a great deal," the intensity of desire burst forth in loud cries from the teachers and girls and in just a few minutes another was praising God in other tongues. This was a Bible woman, and how we do rejoice when those who carry the Word of

Life to others are filled with the Spirit and go out among the people with a new message and a new anointing!

"April 14th. God continued to work in the meetings and the next day two more received the Holy Spirit, one a former Brahmin, a young married woman. Her husband had sent her to these meetings just for the blessing she might get, and it was marvelous to see the Spirit's power upon her. She was a Christian of only a few months.

"Those girls and teachers would spend the rest period at noon in praying and crying to God. It was hot but they went to their rooms and were shut in with God. When I came away on Monday the Spirit was still working in power."

* * *

Miss Ethel King and Miss Jessie Barber are again in Landaur, Mussoorie, India, and will have meetings for the missionaries who are spending their vacation in the hills. Miss King writes that it is wonderful what God is doing in India. In one Presbyterian school over forty of the Indian girls have received the baptism of the Spirit, and the leaders, who received several years ago, are going on with God.

* * *

The wife of a former Premier of China sent a telegram to a missionary telling him that she had sold all her jewels for \$2,000 Mex. and was sending him the money to be used for the starving in the streets. A noble sacrifice for a heathen woman to make. Many are dying of starvation in China, girls are being given away and women sold by their husbands. In the city of Mayang a thousand people are receiving but one meal a day and hungry people are increasing daily. Banditry is also on the increase. Pray for poor, stricken China. While war lords are fighting for supremacy, the poor are starving for food.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson, our last missionaries who have gone to the field, have now gone to Yunnan Fu, the capital of Yunnan Province, for a more thorough study of the language. They praise God for keeping them in health, saying, "Jesus is sweet to us out here and helps us in every difficulty. The climate of Yunnan is fine but the altitude is hard on many."

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Berg from the Congo are now on their way to the States, having left the work at Masisi in charge of the Swedish Pentecostal Mission.

Again in Kwangsi Province

Brother Williamson writes he has at last been able to get back to Waitsap. He took with him a band of Chinese workers. It wasn't easy to contemplate traveling that dangerous river, but God was with them and instead of robbers there were soldiers along the way. He writes:

"I can hardly realize it but thanks be unto God this hour finds me in the 'bosom of the hills' with our little flock of precious souls rejoicing in our return. I cannot tell you my feelings when we neared the end of our journey. The banks were lined with people as we drew up by the mission and found ourselves again among the hills of Kwangsi so dear to our hearts. As the dear ones were calling to us I hastily picked up some things to disguise my feeling, I was so overcome. How warm was our welcome! And how everybody clamored, wanting to know why Mrs. Williamson didn't come! We had heard the way was very dangerous and felt to make this a trial trip before taking up the women missionaries. While we passed many dangerous places, God protected us.

"In Waitsap the people were more friendly than ever and greeted us with a friendly nod. We had a wonderful day in the Lord's house on Sunday as we all gathered together after nearly a year's absence. The mission was full and all listened attentively to the messages from the different workers. It seemed that through trial and separation our hearts were knit together as never before. All racial distinctions melted away under the touch of His precious Spirit and we were all one in Christ Jesus. I believe this year's work will be more successful than ever, through God's blessing, in spite of great hindrances. Before I came up here the students marched the streets bearing the slogan, 'Down with the Christian religion,' but some one on the street remarked, 'Well they have a big task on their hands,' doubting their ability to do it. We go forward. Has not our Great Commander said of His Church, 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against it'? So we work on! We fear no foe with Him at hand to bless.

"Our boy Peter who was saved shortly before going down country has such a burden for his people. He is continually saying, 'If my people

only knew!' This boy's cry is the cry of hundreds reaching out after the truth."

Encouraging Words from Tibet

From Bro. Plymire we have the following: This year we went to the Kum Bum fair ahead of time in order to see the authorities before they would be taken up with the crowd. Because of this we had a great deal more liberty than during any previous visit to this sacred place. The authorities were exceptionally nice to us which shows that the Lord is working among them. Going early also gave us good opportunities to meet many of the better class of priests and many of the traders who just arrived from Lhasa. We had fine opportunities to reach the crowds with the gospel and we trust the word spoken will bear fruit for the Master. I had with me two natives who distributed some 4000 Scripture portions to those who had come to worship the great butter image.

You will be glad to hear of another woman who accepted Jesus as her Saviour. Several weeks ago she came into the meeting and was deeply interested in the message. After the services she returned home to prepare the meal. But there before her were the idols. What shall she do with these? She can not worship these and serve the Lord Jesus. She decided they must go, so she broke them in pieces and threw them out. She has been coming regularly to the meetings ever since and has a real bright look on her face. At present the meetings are well attended. During the past week a few men ventured into the meeting. This is so exceptional that it gave us new courage. The men usually avoid any public meeting where the Gospel is given. Because of this our work among the men has been nearly all personal work, but we can see the Lord working.

The Jyekundo Tibetans are here now in large numbers. Every day these come in crowds to see us and we lose no opportunity to give them the Gospel. These wild men have learned to know us. We have gained their confidence by being honest with every one. This is a thing no Tangar merchant can say of himself, and a number of these merchants are Christians of other denominations from down country and other parts of this province. This has spread so that the Tibetans all know it and when they come in to sell us saddle pads and yak tails they mention it. We use the yak tails for making ropes to tie the loads on the yak when we travel. A

few days ago one of these wild-looking long-haired Tibetans came in and wanted me to become his brother. I told him I could not do that but I would be his friend. He then placed his forehead to mine and seemed satisfied. He assured me of his friendship when I come into his district. The Lhasa traders arrived several days ago. This is the first time for some of them to come to Tangar. Every day a few come

to see us. Truly the Lord is giving us many open hearts and many open doors. We plead with you to help us enter these open doors. We entreat you to pray much for us as we travel among these wild tribes. If your heart is burdened for them as our heart is we know you will never pass one day without earnestly pleading with the Lord for them and for us that we may lead many to Him.

We are Debtors to the Heathen

Experiences Among the Indians

Dr. Lillian Yeomans in The Missionary Rest Home May 19, 1926



OVER Nineteen Hundred years ago three crosses stood on a lonely hill outside of Jerusalem, and above the center cross upon which hung the Lamb of God, the Incarnate Son of God, there was a superscription, "Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews." It was written in Greek and Latin and Hebrew, and those three languages stood for the whole human race existing at that time. The Jews stood for the spirit of corporate humanity; they were a spiritual people to whom were committed the oracles of God. They were the moralists, the self-righteous Pharisees who rejected Christ. The Greeks stood for the soul or intellect of humanity. To them the cross of Christ was and is utter foolishness. The Romans, that strong, material people, stood for the material part, the body of humanity, and this inscription was above the cross. To me, two things are symbolized by that inscription. In the first place, it speaks to me of the fact that all humanity concurred and united in the crucifixion of the Son of God and, therefore, all the world is guilty before God of the death of His Son. But that superscription in those three representative languages also speaks of the fact that that sacrifice was consummated on that cross for every child of Adam. Jesus tasted death for every creature, and the fruits of that redemption belong to every man and woman that is born in this world. That is the reason that Paul said he was debtor to the wise and the unwise, to the Greeks and the barbarians, because he held in trust for them this tremendous gift of God which belonged to them as much as it belongs to us.

But while it is universally efficacious it is only effective in those that believe. In the tenth chapter of Romans we have these words, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in

whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!" And so just as Paul was debtor to those people, to people of all climes and countries and nationalities, tongues and tribes and colors, so are we debtors. If you were passing along a body of water and you saw a man sinking, you would be debtor to that man to make every possible exertion to rescue him, even at the cost of great suffering to yourself. If you could get a rope or a plank, you would be responsible before God, before the consciences of every human being that lived, and before the tribunal of your own conscience, to make an effort to rescue him. How much more then are we who see souls sinking to their doom responsible to make every effort to save them? I believe we ought to awaken on this subject of missions. You say, "I have been praying." Pray more. "I have been giving." Give more. Let us do a great deal more in the future, for the time is short.

I had a very dear sister who led me to Christ. She was my spiritual mother. I seemed the most hopeless case in the world. I was incased in worldliness, infidelity and indifference; was in a position of independence that enabled me to go about with people who were no help to me, but my sister never gave me up. She died quite young; in fact, the Lord told her two years before that she would be called home. About this time she had a peculiar dream which she related to me. It was that her spirit left her body without any struggle. She was fully prepared to go, but as her spirit left her body the thought came like a dagger to her heart, "I owe for bread." She had been a most conscientious woman, lived a life of consecration before her husband and

children. When this thought came to her, "I owe for bread," she said she could not think of heaven or of Jesus, but this one thought consumed her. She looked about and was conscious that nobody saw her, but she pondered what she should do about the bread for which she owed. The thought came to her, "If I can reach Lillian (that was myself) she will understand." She seemed, by will-power, to walk along to where I was sitting in my office. She was happy that I recognized her, and taking hold of my hand I went with her to some dark, lonely place and paid the money that she owed. Then she sunk into a strange peace.

Two years after that she was called home very suddenly. She possessed a great number of valuable things, her husband being a man of position and means, but her most valuable possession was a mink coat which reached from her head to her feet. Her husband had selected these skins with the greatest of care, and this coat would be worth thousands of dollars today. On her death-bed she called my brother-in-law and told him she wanted me to have her mink coat. It would have been far from him to have given me that mink coat if it had not been her dying wish. But I didn't take the coat. I didn't connect it with this dream then. However, he sent it to me later. As I saw that magnificent coat hanging up, I said, "Lord, what is this mink coat for?" To begin with, I am a different figure; she was tall and slender, and I would not have it cut, and anyway, if I wore it my Christian work would be at an end. I was quite puzzled; I wasn't in the spirit as I ought to have been and one year elapsed and I didn't yet know what to do with it.

About that time I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and one Sunday morning I was in prayer. The Lord's presence was so sweet and so precious, and while I was shut in with Him He whispered to me, "I will accept Tossie's mink coat for I. H.'s work in Southern China." There is no other voice like His when He speaks, and I knew it was the Lord. I didn't know this missionary nor any other in Southern China, but I said, "Thank You, Lord." I saw right away the meaning of that dream of my sister's. She owed for bread. She was a debtor. She always tithed everything religiously, but she could not give what she wanted to give. Her husband would rather dress her up in mink skins than give to the missionaries, and this was the Lord's sweet way of giving that mink coat to the mission field. Then He went on to talk to me. He said, "It is

a great deal when I accept something for My work. (I never knew that before.) I work by means of what I accept. I make a distinction. What I accept I bless, I multiply. I use it to bring forth fruit unto life everlasting."

I was very happy about disposing of the coat in this way. The Lord had everything arranged. The missionary came along shortly afterward to hold a convention and I gave him the message. He was broken up, melted before the Lord. "Oh," he said, "that God would think of my work in South China! That He would make a woman leave her mink coat to be used in my work is a blessing to my soul." That gave me an opportunity of witnessing to him about the mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Now each one of us owe for bread just as much as my sister did. We owe of our money, our strength, and our substance to give the Living Bread that came down from heaven to these people because their share is provided for them just as much as for us, only we are appointed stewards and we have the joy of distributing. When Jesus fed the multitudes the disciples were given food. You and I are given food to distribute; not to satiate ourselves but to reach the lost everywhere. Our instructions are to preach the Gospel, the good news, to every creature. Thank God we do not have to carry a message that will distress and hurt, but we have good news that Christ died for every sinner and rose for his justification, and by His work an acquittal has been secured for each one in the court of heaven.

I have had some personal experience in missionary work which showed me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is adapted to everybody. It is good that we are not told to go out and civilize every creature; some of the heathen do not take kindly to civilization; or that we are not told to educate every creature. Some are not particularly ambitious to receive an education. Or that we are not told to occidentalize, but we *are told to preach the Gospel*. When I saw the Lord's healing in the Word, it was so wonderfully manifest I felt incapable of practicing medicine. I never wanted to present a second best; I wanted to be perfectly free to point everybody with whom I came in contact to Jesus as the all in all. So I didn't want to be tangled up with medicine. My old patients followed me around and bothered me a good deal about medicine, and my friends remonstrated with me. It had cost thousands of dollars to educate me and I had been

successful; many told me that women physicians were very rare in Western Canada. They all told me what good I could do if I could get around and give powders and pills, and use knives and saws, but I saw I could do a great deal more good by leading souls to Christ, and I wanted to have the opportunity of doing the most good in the shortest possible time.

So I decided I would go up to the Red Indians of the North, 'way up near the Arctic Circle. I found some of the missionaries were trying to civilize them, but they didn't take to it, and I don't know that it would be an improvement. I used to look at the Indian women; they didn't constrict their figures and at that time the Canadian women did; neither did they wear high-heeled shoes. But I saw a tremendous advantage in getting them to throw off their self-righteous rags and put on the righteousness of Christ. So about their food; some of the missionaries tried to get them to adopt certain articles of diet. I thought it might be well to teach them dietetics, but I saw that their food was well adapted to their kind of living, and I didn't see that I should expend my energies in that line, but I did try to see that all of them should eat of the Living Bread that came down from heaven, and I felt very enthusiastic about that. And then their idea of cleanliness was different from ours, and yet they had their own way, too, and I expended my energies on getting them to be washed in the blood of Jesus. I took a long trip from Norway House up to Cross Lake. There was an expedition up there by the Hudson Bay Company, and I went up there to get away from medicine, but it pursued me. There was a regular doctor at Norway House, and I was 500 miles away, and they said, "We will send her up all the drugs and instruments she needs and give her anything she wants. She can sign all the death certificates and if there are any epidemics she will have to quarantine, etc., etc. That was not my plan at all. However, one day a man was murdered, a Hudson Bay chief, quite a distance from where I was and the Department of Justice sent out word that I was to make an investigation for the Crown.

When we started out the Lord said to me, "Now here is your chance for meetings." Of course we had a mission, but the officers and servants of the Hudson Bay Company would not come near a mission. However, the Lord brought the mission to them. The enemy tried to discourage me, saying, "You are on a professional expedition, acting in an official capacity, you

must not hold meetings." But the Lord said, "Don't you be afraid. The Hudson Bay Company criticize the missionaries saying they come for souls, and don't get them. They are here for skins and get skins. You let them see you are after souls." I went to the head man and said, "I wish you would please release the men every evening at seven o'clock, or as soon after as possible. I wish to hold a meeting every night that I am on this expedition." He said, "I will order them to come." There was my congregation. Of course, every man of them came. They had a huge camp-fire and we all gathered around. We all had Cree hymn-books and a simple Cree Bible. I could sing the hymns just as loudly as any of them. The officers of the Company came and we had a glorious time. That was the Lord's way of starting a revival and those rocks and waters rang with the Gospel. It suited the Indians. Some got the baptism and I talked to them about Jesus the Healer. Some one said to me, "Oh, it is of no use for you to try to preach to Indians. They do not think much of women, anyhow," but I gave the Gospel to them straight. I spoke to them on healing thru an interpreter and he was so affected at the power of Jesus to heal and the way He healed me, that he broke down weeping and could not interpret. And the remarkable part about it was, they needed no interpretation. They all commenced to weep. The Lord talked to their hearts. When I first went into that district the officials said: "What shall we tell the Indians to call Dr. Yeomans?" and while they were making up their minds, the Indians made up theirs, and they named me "Medicine Squaw."

One New Year's day they had some sports and they were doing some rifle shooting at the fort. An Indian got shot and they took him over to the missionary who thought he wasn't shot; he couldn't find any place where the bullet had entered. They were not satisfied about that and went away mumbling and said they wanted the Medicine Squaw. They came and told me the man had been shot, and I got into the carry-all and they drove me miles and miles behind the dogs.

The man and his family lived in one room; there were four families in that room, one in each corner of a room 15 feet square. All the other families sat around gazing with the most intense interest to see what the medicine-woman would do. I used to take an interpreter, but after awhile I learned Cree and I determined to make

them understand me. If they pretended they didn't understand I would scold and then they would get angry; then I knew they understood me. I found the place where the bullet went in and I probed and did what I thought I ought to do. They looked on, lost in admiration. This "squaw" was far ahead of their medicine-man. After I had finished I saw they were going to make some sort of presentation; they all gathered together and talked seriously. I had just one prayer in my heart, "Oh don't let them give me anything to eat!" It wasn't exactly what you would call a white kitchen. I had naturally a good appetite but at that time it was not quite up to par. At last one very old squaw got down on all fours and crawled under a very low, dirty bed. She brought out a great big bundle wrapped and wrapped in a most dirty-looking cloth. As she unfolded it I groaned inwardly, "Oh, I do hope I shall not have to eat from what is coming from under that bed. Oh Lord, at any rate, if I eat any deadly thing do not let it hurt me." As she unfastened the bundle all the families looked on admiringly. At last she took off the final cloth and revealed to my horrified gaze a plum-pudding,

just as dirty as anything could be. It was lard mixed with flour, and a lot of wormy-looking raisins. She looked at me with such a smile and took a knife. "Oh, I hope it will be a little slice!" I said to myself, but no, indeed, she cut a big slice, put it on a plate and went to a corner and got out some kind of molasses in a bottle and then she smiled and gave it to me. I tell you it takes grace to be a missionary. I thanked God for a strong stomach, for my medical training—doctors can stand a good deal, and then I thanked Him that I knew it wouldn't hurt me. So I sat down and ate to the very last morsel. I knew if I left any of it, it would hurt their feelings, for they could not possibly have understood. I prayed God to use it, and those Indians got soundly saved. Whenever I get into a meeting with Indians I feel as much at home as I do with you, and although they testified in Cree and I didn't understand much at first, there was precious understanding in the spirit. I remember one old man would get up and say, "Oh, it is beautiful!" We were as happy together as if we belonged to the same family.

The Limitations of "Eleventh Hour" Christians

Mrs. Trena Rist Slagle, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa



SOME who have read the tract, "Will We Know Each Other in Heaven?"* have asked me to write more in regard to the difference I saw in the vision I had of heaven, between those who are saved in their last moments and those who have lived a godly life. It is very difficult, indeed, to try to describe heavenly things by earthly words, which makes one hesitate to try. I would first want to picture a little of the great loss one has *in this life* by putting off the day of salvation. Many people seem to have an idea that the longer one can put off the day of salvation and yet escape hell and get into heaven at last, the greater is their gain; that after they are converted they must give up all pleasure and enjoyment, and ever after live a gloomy, long-faced life. I verily thot that myself, and was greatly astonished after I was saved at the unspeakable joy that filled my soul. Truly one moment of such joy was worth more than a lifetime of earthly pleasures without Jesus. The loss in putting it off cannot be estimated.

If the unsaved could but realize the tremen-

*"Will We Know Each Other in Heaven?" a tract. Price, 10 for 10 cts., 75 cts. per hundred.

dous loss in being without the fellowship of the Son of God, and the matchless worth of such a fellowship, surely they would procrastinate no longer. Oh, the heavenly sweetness of the companionship of Jesus! There is nothing in this world great enough by which to compare its worth, or the extent of its loss. Less than a year ago Jesus took from me a most precious husband, and tho I am alone, yet Jesus comes and talks with me, and sweet communion here have we. Do you think any price could repay for this? Ah, no! It is priceless.

How shall I picture the loss of those who know not God, in their hours of pain, anguish, and sorrow? My life has been one of sorrow from early youth. When but nine years old, my father, the idol of my heart, went to the Civil War and there died for his Country, leaving mother a chronic invalid and seven children. Friends came from afar and wanted the little black-eyed, curly-headed girl to go home with them. Mother was having a hard struggle to provide for seven children, she in bed, no husband, and war-time prices, and permitted me to go, but many a night I wept myself to sleep alone in my dark room, thinking of mother, of home, of my brothers and sisters.

Then I had my first lesson in the value of real communion with God, for even at that tender age, as I prayed, He would come and comfort my lonely, sorrowing heart. Parents should never discourage their children in seeking the Lord, by thinking they are too young. They understand far more than one would think. How great would have been my loss, even then, had I not been taught to pray!

When grown to womanhood and wed to a man deeply and tenderly loved, I thought my sorrows at an end, but a professed friend persuaded him to take the cursed cup, and in a short time I found myself a drunkard's wife. It was then that sorrow and anguish such as I had never known took possession of my heart. The sorrow and anguish of a drunkard's wife cannot be pictured by paint, pen or words, but Jesus my Savior, my All in All stood by to strengthen, to give wisdom and grace to bear all with love and patience. It was Jesus who answered my prayer in saving him, at the last, and the prayers of many in sweeping away the accursed saloon. Pray God it may be kept away.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal, and even when our hearts are bleeding over the death of those who are dearer than life itself, when we feel the wound is deeper than Jesus can reach, it is wonderful how He can find a way to show us that He loves and cares, and that He can pour the oil of consolation underneath the deepest wound, so that we can see His love and wisdom even in taking them. Then we can look up into His dear face and say, "Thank you, Jesus, for taking them from the evil to come."

Is there anyone can estimate the worth of prayer with its marvelous answers, or the loss to those who do not pray? It would take a volume to narrate the wonderful answers to prayer that have been mine, financially, physically, mentally, and spiritually, and yet I feel that I am the least of all saints.

Let us note the *riches* we lose by putting off the day of salvation. "The blessings of the Lord maketh rich." Prov. 10:22; "I will give thee hidden riches." Isa. 45:3. The unsaved cannot find these "hidden riches." The "riches of his goodness," Rom. 2:4; "The riches of His glory," 9:23; "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," 11:33; "Riches of grace," 1:7, etc., etc. Oh how rich it makes one feel to read them!

There is no need for anyone who will meet the conditions being poor in faith, grace, or anything they need to make them like the great Pat-

tern. But if we neglect this grace, this great salvation, no words can portray the exceeding greatness of our loss, even tho one might have a chance to repent and get to heaven at last, and saddest of all, *the loss can never be regained thruout the ceaseless ages of eternity.*

Those who are saved at the "eleventh hour" are happy up to their capacity, but their capacity to enjoy the things of heaven is greatly limited compared with those who have been growing in grace and in the knowledge of heavenly lore. Those who have passed thru hard trials, bending their backs, as it were, to the heavy burdens and crosses, *gladly* for His dear sake, have been moulded into His glorious image and have been learning to be enraptured with *Him*. How different those saved at the close of life, who have had their hearts and minds occupied with the pleasures, sins, and riches of this world and had little or no desire, knowledge or capacity for heavenly things. They are only glad to escape hell, and their joy, therefore, is limited largely to the fact that they are in heaven. In this they realize in a measure the love and mercy of God in receiving them at the "eleventh hour" and praise Him accordingly. They never *never* can have the joy of meeting those whom they have led to Christ, for their influence has been downward. They have no stars in their crown of rejoicing, for not a soul can they rejoice over having won to Him. They come *empty-handed*, and have no trophies to lay at the Master's feet. Oh God! What a loss forever!

So much floods my mind that I have no words of earth to express myself, but, oh that I might make the "eleventh hour" Christians feel their everlasting loss!

As I saw their "mansions" they were, it seemed to me—should I say "inferior"? It hardly seems anything in heaven could be termed that; they were perfect in their way but they surely did not seem to have the marvelous splendor of those higher up. They could not in their weaker spiritual condition endure the glorious splendor of some parts of heaven, that wonderful land of Light and Glory; so it seemed to me they were in a place adapted to their capacity and endurance. Oh the marvelous love and mercy of God! Here they are, happy and content that they are in heaven. But that brilliant splendor that radiates from the others, is not theirs. How could it be? They have not been thru the polishing process down here as the others have been.

I have been noticing of late a very brilliant star in the heavens. I might say that would represent

those who practically all their lives have gladly and unflinchingly pressed on in the battle for God and right. Then there are other stars not so brilliant, and still others less so. Just so I saw the redeemed. Some partook so much more of the radiant splendor of Him who redeemed them with His own precious blood. This was noticeable also in their heavenly robes.

There were many there who had been professors, members of church for many years, but who had shirked the cross and the process that would have polished them. These had less of the grandeur than some who entered at the "eleventh hour."

For many years I have had a longing desire to be every moment the very best God could make out of me for Him; to be one of the "inner circle," as it were, moulded and fashioned after His image *at any cost*. Why? Solely to bring more glory to Jesus thruout all eternity. The angels desired to look into such a marvel of love as God

showed to let His Holy Son carry the sins of a lost world to the cross, and then leave Him there to die as a sinner would die, alone, drinking to the bitter dregs the banishment from God and thus pay the penalty for rebels. Now if we live our very best for God, letting Him polish and refine us, thus gaining the brightest radiance mortals can obtain in glory, the angels will behold what the Blood of Jesus can make of born sinners, and they will then understand and give Him glory forevermore. If I would be my best for God I must accept the hard things that polish the rough places, and the fires that consume the dross of self. I must endure the refining and preserving process with joy and rejoicing, submit to all He permits to come with thanksgiving, and thus come off more than conqueror thru Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh sinner! waste not another moment, but come without delay for the sake of your soul's eternal interest!

The Baptism of Suffering

Miss Laura Sheridan, Greencastle, Ind



JOHN WESLEY once declared that if no one anywhere could be found to corroborate our teachings with the declaration, "These things I have experienced," we might well doubt their scripturalness, for God opened up the Word and gave the teaching only that it might be experienced, or if already experienced, that it might be more fully understood. Madam Guyon said that souls would often have the light of an experience long before they had actual experience of the things newly revealed out of the Word, and the light was so new and so blessed to their souls that they frequently fell into the mistake of thinking they were experiencing the things which they saw, whereas they did not experience them until long after that. The latter fact is part explanation of the fact that the most deeply taught souls are the most humble, the most ready to listen to one whose explanations are different from theirs. A little more of the telling of facts in experience, and a little less of insistence as to the particular tree of theology on which they grew, would do much toward getting God's people together, who sometimes are really one in what the Spirit has wrought into experience, but far apart in their views of the theological setting of said experiences.

To corroborate the teachings in *The Latter Rain Evangel* on "The Baptism of Fire" by Pastor Wittich, I present the following:

In the very early years of this century, while

communing with the Lord with closed eyes in my cottage home in Greencastle, Indiana, the writer suddenly saw fire bursting out in every direction from a stove that stood in the dining room. Visions were not uncommon with me in those days, but this one was puzzling. For about ten years I had been the leader of a meeting in that University town for the deepening of the spiritual life of Christians. It was a meeting that I desired to be both deeper and broader than the old-time "holiness meeting" with its ironclad theology and its insistence that the teaching of Divine Healing and the premillennial Coming of Christ were "side tracks" that would imperil the teaching of the main doctrine—the death of the "old man" and the eradication of indwelling sin from the being. At first these meetings were attended mainly by students. God had greatly used the writer in the schools where she taught and among other young people in the church, and she thought her usefulness along this line would continue. I had yet to learn that in these days the preparation of the Bride towers over all else, and that wherever God has a Spirit-taught soul, the lines are to be drawn closely in order for that soul to lead others into a deeper life in the Spirit and a deeper death to the things of time and sense. I was also led to see that our chief work should be prayer, prayer for revival and for the deepening of God's life in the hearts of Christians.

The town and University experienced several

powerful revivals during those years, and precious fruit. I have every reason to believe that the originator of the Great Commission Prayer League for world-wide revival received his first strong impetus toward a fully consecrated life that would place prayer at the center of all service, from fellowship with this little band of intercessors. As time went on the meeting increased in power and depth. My precious brother, with a ministry deeply blest of God in the front rank of evangelistic pastors of American Methodism, attended one of the usual weekly meetings while enroute to a new field of labor, received a blessed uplift and passed on to a more powerful ministry in his new charge than he had known for years.

But the time came when *suffering* was to be the chief service of the **main leaders in this work**, instead of the outward service so much more esteemed. Not long after I had seen fire breaking out from my stove, the sister who was my yoke-fellow in prayer and my right hand in the weekly meeting, had a similar experience. As she was meditating, a ball of fire burst forth before her in the semi-darkened room. Later, a third party to be thus visited by the fire and the one next in vital relation to the meeting in a fellowship of faith and prayer, and in whose home the meeting was held, was reading her Bible alone when suddenly the fire began to play all about her.

It was not long until the fire of suffering visited all three in the exact order in which it was given in the visions. First, upon the writer came a trial so extraordinary, so inexplicable, so painful to the natural feelings as to try her faith in God's love beyond anything ever experienced, and to be explained only from the standpoint that God would have our natural sensibilities reduced to ashes. When God wants to reduce us to ashes He does not shelter us from the situations naturally most painful to us as He does in earlier and weaker stages of our progress, but He thrusts us right into them, giving to each one what he or she can bear.

The more resolutely we make up our minds to go the death route, the more determined we are to sit by faith with Christ on His spiritual throne—not bewailing, not lamenting, but shouting the victory over all that can in any way affect our natural feelings, the sooner we will get through the suffering part. Oh what a victory Joseph Robbins had when without concern he could look at his son lying at his feet, mangled and broken through a dreadful accident! He simply put out

his wife who would hinder God's work by her hysterics, and commanded the power of God upon that broken body which brought healing. And to explain his calmness Bro. Joe could say, "If God has saved me from all my troubles, then I haven't any." It is along lines like these that God has been working with me since I have been put into the fire.

The second of the two sisters mentioned above, lost her husband in a short time. Few would have felt the loss so keenly. She was practically penniless, no natural capacity to earn any money, and no child to support her, not able to do household duties well, or do a single thing to make a living. But she was a mighty woman of prayer. Misfortunes piled up. For years she suffered with a bad rupture. Then came a real calamity. Satan had tried to shut off her public testimony and prayer by affecting her with partial palsy of the mouth. Then God thrust her out into a little village far from Christian fellowship, not even a church prayer-meeting to attend. And the climax of all, she is now nearly blind from cataract so that she can receive no comfort from reading the Word of God and helpful literature. Yet God has favored this dear sister in the past as He does few, and she herself has exhibited more love for Jesus than anyone I know. Once through the prayer of faith she was fully delivered from the palsy, but it returned. Would to God that someone reading these lines could by prayer lift this dear tried child into full glory.

The other sister who saw the fire, met the awful trial of seeing her daughter (who had been our pianist) go insane, in a manner to bring great sorrow and reproach upon them. After being an inmate of an asylum for a few years she partly recovered and was taken out West.

Suffice it to say that all these trials coming upon the three who had the burden of the meeting, broke it up, and all three left the city. The experiences related are illustrations of the fact that a baptism of fire, a baptism of suffering awaits all who would go through with Jesus. The writer has experienced several great crucifixions in her Christian experience, and nothing has excited her wonder more than the difference in the explanations of these crucifixions expounded by consecrated Christians. It seems to depend on the theological mould into which the life has been cast, but as has been said, crucified souls always recognize one another. Trouble and misunderstandings come when souls that have experienced little of crucifixion attempt to pass judgment upon those who have known its depths.

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