



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

Broken Vows and Their Awful Consequences

God's Promises Coupled With Conditions

R. L. Erickson, 520 N. Ashland Ave., LaGrange, Ill., in the Stone Church, October 13, 1913.



WE have been told there are thirty thousand promises in the Bible, and I have found that every promise save one has a condition to it. But it is not half so important for me to find out how many promises God has given in the Bible as it is to get some of the Scripture promises fulfilled in our lives. Any promise of God when laid hold on will bring us marvelous results, but all of them, I believe, with the one exception have linked with them a condition. There is one promise where there could be no condition. When God promised salvation and said the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent, there could be no condition. Man was lost. But if you will take your Bible and read through it you will find the great promises have connected with them or going before them the very conditions that have to be met in order to get the promise fulfilled in our lives. I will mention two or three of the leading promises because they are used and quoted much more than anything else. That promise in the Psalms, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify Me." How many times we have heard that quoted. How many thousand and millions of people have taken comfort by it, have been blessed by it, and yet it wasn't until a few years ago that I knew on what condition God said He would do it. The fourteenth verse says, "Offer unto God thanksgiving and pay Thy vows unto the Most High." That is an altogether different statement than if you just read the last verse without any condition. I was converted from infidelity and naturally my old infidel friends were after me as hot as could be when I accepted Jesus, and I had to say everything very clearly and be consistent or I had trouble. When my friends thought anything was inconsistent they'd drive it up against me like a great mountain, and when I came up against that verse that God would deliver us in trouble and yet saw people praying and suffering whom if I could have helped I'd almost have cut off my right arm to do it, I didn't know what to say, but when

I found the fourteenth verse it opened up to my understanding that God had in no sense bound Himself to help them unless they did what He said, "Offer unto God thanksgiving and pay thy vows to the Most High," then "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." If you will show me somebody that is living the life of praise, honoring God in all ways and paying his vows to God, then when they get in trouble I am ready to go there and pray and believe that God will lift them out of their trouble, but God is in no sense bound to help the man that breaks his vows and disregards God's conditions laid down in His Word. That man is likely to remain in his affliction. If a man goes down to a store in this city and gets goods on credit, saying he will pay for them on the first of the month, and when the first of the month comes lets the bill go unpaid, the next time that man wants credit he doesn't get it; his word is no good. He said he would pay and he hasn't kept his promise. People don't find it expedient to lie in material things; there is nobody that wants to lose credit with his grocer but there are thousands of people who lie to God; they tell God they will do thus and so if He will help them and afterwards disregard their promise as if it meant nothing. I'd rather be on the books of every grocer in the city as a man that failed to meet my obligation than to go on record as a man that lied to God. I suppose if there is one thing that American people fall short in more than anything else, it is in keeping their vows. People are stocked with broken vows; everywhere you go you find them. Men promise God anything and everything when they are under stress and when they are prosperous they forget it all. But I want to tell you right now God never forgets what you promised. I have heard people when they were burying a loved one say, "I am going to meet mother in heaven" but the flowers on her grave would scarcely be withered before they would forget their vow to turn to God. A man falls overboard in the water and as he drifts around on a plank he says, "Oh God, if you will just spare my life I will be a Christian. I will do anything you want me to do." Af-

ter awhile in his agony he sees the top of an approaching vessel and says, "Thank God, there is relief," and before long he finds himself in a life-boat, and oftentimes before that man's clothes are dry he has broken his vow and disregards the whole matter. Have you never seen that? I am sure you have. All of us have seen people get into trouble and then pray. People who won't pray when everything goes all right will pray tremendously when they get into trouble. A young man got on board a ship with his uncle. He was an infidel on dry land, never believed in God or anything else, and when they started out the old uncle got the ship's Bible down and called the boys to prayer, but this young man would not come. After a few days the wind began to lash the sea to fury and the ship was tossing high. It looked as though they were going down. The captain who had prayed beforehand was busy getting things in order but this young man wanted to pray. He said, "Oh pray for me." Why you don't believe in prayer. What do you want to pray for?" "Uncle," he said, "that works all right on dry land, but it doesn't work all right on the sea." There are a whole lot of things that seem to work all right when you are prosperous, but they don't work that way when you are sick. Many things pass as all right when men are well and have three meals a day that will never pass when the death rattle is in their throats. A man comes home from work, doesn't want his supper, is in pain and goes to bed sick; his wife does everything she can for him, sends for the doctor who comes, shakes his head, calls her to one side and says her husband is very low. Then she begins to think she would like some one to pray, and he sends over to the church for some one to pray. He doesn't send for the finest preacher but those whom they believe have real salvation, and I see a godly lady and the deacon and the preacher go into his room and pray and the man begins to vow right away, "Oh God if you will spare my life I will be a Christian." The next time the doctor comes in he looks at the man's face and at his watch as he feels his pulse, and he says, "This man was certainly doomed to die but this morning his fever is broken, he will be well in a little while," and sure enough he is well. Next Sunday comes and his wife said, "Now

John, remember you said you would be a Christian. Let us go to church this morning." "Well, I am not feeling very well. I will go with you tonight." By and by the Sunday paper is thrown up on the porch, he gets his paper and lights his old pipe and feeds on that stuff that ought never to have been printed. His wife says at night, "Now John, let's go to church." "Oh, I think I will go next Sunday." He is back to work in a few days and he is telling the same old stories he told before he got sick. He is right where he was before and none of his companions think anything serious has happened. John was a little sick, he got a little scared but it wasn't serious. None but a few knew what really had happened; what had gone down on the books of God and what an awful deed was done when that man lied to God. He will run on for a few months and nobody will see a bit of difference. Then the day comes when he goes home and says, "I feel that same pain," and the wife says, "We had better have the folks come over and pray again." They get the same praying people, but this time there is a different look on their faces. Those praying people are the few who know what has been done. I have seen them look at each other. They looked at the man and in their hearts there is something that speaks to them. They know there is a serious condition this time. They kneel down to pray but their prayer doesn't seem to rise as it did before. The man again vows, "Oh God, if you will let me get well I will be a Christian. If you will spare me for my wife and children I will serve You," but the next time the doctor comes he is not surprised by a change for the better. He makes everybody stay out of the room, and in a few days you find crape on the door and those children tip-toeing around and that broken-hearted widow in despair. What is all this for? Didn't that man call on God in the day of trouble? Didn't he pray as much? and didn't the preacher pray and that praying woman call on God? and didn't they ask that his life might be spared? and didn't they plead for his children's sake and for his wife's sake? and didn't he say, "I will be a Christian?" Oh yes, but this time he is on the books of God as a man that lied, disregarded his vow to God. There is a big difference whether you have **been hon-**

est before God or lied to Him. There are thousands of people who treat God as if He were no Being at all. They have no real regard for God. You show me a man that in his health has offered unto God thanksgiving and paid his vows unto the Most High, and when he gets in trouble it is a delight to go and pray with that man. God will answer prayer. God will go with you and meet you in your prayer at the bed-side and you leave the whole family shouting. Let us be very careful how we deal with God when we are well. Let us be careful how we keep our word to God in the days of prosperity, if we want Him to meet our need when in adversity.

Every condition in the Bible has with it a promise, and every promise save one has with it a condition and you cannot separate them. Take for instance that wonderful promise over in Isaiah that perhaps every preacher likes to quote; every one in distress likes to hear it: Isaiah 1:18, "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." There is too much shoddy goods these days. God wants us to be as wool; "all wool and a yard wide." God doesn't want us to be one thing in church and another thing in business. He doesn't want us to be ashamed of Him. Now that promise has some conditions to it. If you will begin at the sixteenth verse you will find it says, "Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow," then comes the promise in the eighteenth verse. Now the principle thing in those conditions is to put away sin. No man can get saved until he puts away sin. The standard of salvation has been so lowered, but the remedy for sin is a good old-fashioned dose of conviction; that will put a quietus on it and stop it. When God speaks to a person and he gets under conviction and realizes what God is, that will stop forever the sin question until he loses his conviction. You cannot get a convicted sinner to do wrong any more than you can get a saint. He is scared because he knows the wrath of God goes out against sin. Then when he gets salvation his nature is changed. He doesn't *want* to do wrong.

You can take any promise in the Bible and if you will read carefully you will find a condition with it. That one that folks have liked so well down through the ages, where Jesus said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest"—that is a wonderful promise but He went on and gave the condition in that promise, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." To take the yoke of Jesus means to forever become God's servant, and that kind of people always have rest; in the biggest storm that ever rages, a man that is really humble will have rest. There is never such an awful time in the world but what a man or woman that is walking close with God and living in humility has rest. They could face death itself and shout. There is actually an experience to be gotten where people can rejoice in the hour of death itself. Do you feel that you are walking with God so if death should overtake you before sunrise you could have a good time shouting? I one time asked a class of girls I was teaching if when they came to die they would like to be just where they now were spiritually and if so to raise their hands. I could not get their hands up. Each felt if she were actually going to die she wanted a change, wanted to ask some one's forgiveness, wanted to confess. They were like a little boy who prayed, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and came to the place "if I should die" then he stopped; he had come across his brother's blocks and given them a kick. He started again and said, "if I should die"; he did that the third time; then he got up and piled up that row of blocks and went back and finished his prayer. He knew he had played a mean little trick on his brother. If people would realize they were going into eternity they would get things fixed up. It means pure lives and pure thoughts a life above reproach, and God has it to give to any man that wants it. And when you get to the place where you are living that kind of a life, it is sweeter than honey to have real salvation and walk with God. Oh, no tongue can tell how happy a man can be who walks with God!

Christians vow to God on a great many lines and they do not keep their vows; they backslide. I have known people to say, "From this time on I am going to give the

Lord His tenth," but when their bills came in they looked so big those people said, "Well the Lord doesn't expect me to pay a tenth this week." They do that for a little while and the first thing you know they get into spiritual darkness; but when a man pays his vows to the Most High and offers the sacrifice of thanksgiving to God his soul is blest and when he gets into trouble God is going to help him out. People get into all kinds of trouble but God will help them out, and He says, "And thou shalt glorify Me." That is the result of answered prayer, to glorify God. The moment anybody prays through to victory they begin to glorify God. When a person gets salvation, the first thing he does the minute he gets through is to lift up his voice in praise to God. No matter what you got you are going to be ready to praise Him. I have seen people get wonderful answers to prayer when they came to the place where they were willing to pay their vows. I never saw anything more striking on that line than a woman in the East. She had been sick for several years with a complication of diseases. Everything was against her, and there was no hope of her getting healed. She had everybody praying for her that she could find, and no prayer availed. She could not get through to God and made up her mind she was going to die. She sent to Pastor Remington of the Berean Church and asked him to preach her funeral sermon; she chose her text and it was, "Be patient, brethren, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Remington's son was an undertaker. She sent for him and ordered her casket and the cloth. Then she got a great big long ribbon and sewed on the word "Victory" and said, "When I am dead I want you to put that on me and bury me." She was about twenty-eight years old, and she actually wanted those people to put that right over her. Hundreds of prayers had gone up for her and none of them were answered and yet she wanted them to put over her "Victory." It came to pass the Lord began answering prayer in that town about this time and several were healed. Her mother read in the newspaper about a cripple who was healed through a minister's prayer and said, "Why don't you send for that man to pray for you?" She said, "It would be of no use," but she sent for me. She was a Christian worker and an ordained officer, but I looked

her in the face and asked "Is everything right between you and God?" "Oh yes, all under the blood." "What do you mean when you say it is all under the blood?" "I have confessed everything to God." "You have to do more than that. You have to confess things to people. God won't accept a back-handed confession." And then it got pretty personal and she admitted frankly one of the most hypocritical lives I ever heard of, and when I told her that if she didn't confess to people God wouldn't take her to heaven, she trembled with conviction and said, "What shall I do?" "There is only one thing to do. Confess and pay your vows." So she started out to write letters of confession asking forgiveness and making restitution where she had stolen. She finally got to the place where she said she had met the conditions, so I said we would pray and we did. About midnight that night her husband came to my house on his bicycle and said his wife was dying. The reason she was dying was this: She had been a morphine fiend for eight months at least and she said no part of her body acted without medicine. Her heart would not work. I told her if she wanted God to work she'd have to give the whole thing up. She said, "I will be a dead woman without anything." So about midnight her husband, a big redheaded fellow, came to my house. He was mad and scared and said I must come quick. I got on a bicycle and went over. Every time I prayed it seemed the wrath of God came down on that woman. It seemed she would die on my hands, but as I paced up and down that room I knew God would answer. Like a flash something said to me, "*that letter.*" She had a letter to write to a colored woman that was no easy task to write. She had written it and her husband had taken it away from her and would not let her send it. He said if I was a Roman Catholic priest he would have her confess through a knot-hole; but as it was there was no use in telling it to me and that she should not send the letter. But I said, "God wants us to confess where we have sinned." As soon as the voice said "*that letter*" I said to her, "Have you mailed that letter?" "No, my husband won't let me mail that letter. He has it in his pocket." I said, "Get up and get the letter and mail it." She said, "I could not get out of bed and mail that letter." I prayed with her, called on a

lady to help her. I went out while she got up, and she went to the kitchen and when she got out to the kitchen she fell and bumped her head on a stand. Then she said, "I cannot go," and I had to be as hard-hearted as I could and command her to get up and do what was right. By and by she got up from the floor wiping the blood from her face, took the letter she had written, went down to the car line and rode two or three blocks to the first mail box, dropped the letter in the box and that letter had never reached the bottom of that mail-box before an electric current shot through her and she was well, and she walked several miles. I saw that woman do her own housework, and she took in work and called on the poor, so one day I said to her, "Sister Rice go and get that word Victory and pin it on you. You have the victory now."

A man or woman who will meet God and pay the price of His conditions will have the promises of God fulfilled in their lives. In that city we had about fifty clean-cut cases of healing, and somebody said, "Brother Erickson, I suppose the people who get healing are especially spiritually-minded people and have lived careful lives?" I began to think who they were before I answered and I was surprised; some were the meanest rascals and repegades; as scandalous, good-for-nothing folks as you could find anywhere; but they had repented, and God had healed them.

I used to read the wonderful promise that says, "He sent His Word and healed them" and I thought good people could get healing through that, but I read the Psalm carefully and the verse before it says, "Fools because of their transgression, because of their iniquities, are afflicted." How glad I am you don't have to be proved to have been all right. Repentance will bring you in touch with God no matter what you were. Oh how glad I am of that! It would have shut me clear out, over and over if I had had to prove I had been a good boy. How glad I am that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is for sinners, men and women who have done wrong, people that have been wicked and malicious and bad in every way, but who repent and confess. He puts a new song in your mouth and establishes your goings and you walk around and sing. Oh, I magnify the Son of God tonight for the fact that people who

are sinful can be saved, people who are sick can get healing—anybody that will meet the conditions, turn from sin, and call on the name of the Lord!

Oh let us be careful to pay our vows unto the Most High! Let us not try to get in touch with God without a divorce from sin. Sometimes men get to looking at their wives who are not as good-looking as they were when they first met them, and they think, "What I need to be happy is to get a divorce." It is a mistake. It is sin you need to get divorced from. That woman will begin to get good-looking right away to the man who gets sin out of his heart. People say, "My surroundings are so bad, if I could just move away from Chicago and get into different surroundings, I would be all right." That is not true. I have found people all over the country who think they ought to move away from a place in order to serve God. The trouble is there is a wrong kind of tenant on the inside. Get him to move out and get God to move in, and you can be happy anywhere, any place it is legitimate to be. Oh how glad I am there is such a thing as the Gospel of Jesus Christ. How glad I am there is such a thing as forgiveness; such a thing as salvation and healing. I am not going to trifle with God. I am going to pay my vows. I am going to offer the sacrifice of praise to God. If when you get into trouble you groan and murmur and find fault and pity yourself, God is not going to save you that way. The person that rejoices and praises God when he is in trouble will get help from God. Don't promise God anything you don't intend to pay. They tell us the days of miracles are past but the only reason they are past in so many people's lives is because the days of genuine repentance and obedience to God are so largely past; the same proportion of repentance and yieldedness to God they had back there will bring the same results they had. Let us have some more of it. What do you say? Let us buckle up our belt a little tighter and look back and see if there are any broken vows. Confess them before you ask God for anything. If you have been doing anything you ought not to, confess it before God turns away from you. God will do anything for people that will obey Him, and I purpose by the grace of God tonight to obey God as long as I have breath.

From Shattered Life-Plans to Greater Service

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REFERRING to a former article, entitled "Frustrated Calls to Ministry," we feel, after receiving several letters in response, that there is still need of emphatically reinforcing the thought of direct personal calls to prayer for certain specific fields. When God lays a special country upon our hearts, we need to be careful to know whether that call is to go, or to pray. Taking the illustration again from Daniel, we see that in a visible way he had nothing to do with the leading forth of his people from captivity—that was Ezra's commission—and yet Ezra would never have been able to accomplish his gigantic task, if the battle in the heavenlies had not first been fought and won by Daniel, who poured out his prayers and supplications on his face before God. Perhaps it appeared to those of Daniel's countrymen who only judged by outward appearance, that he was not ardently zealous in taking public steps towards the deliverance of his people, but all the while he was having the greater ministry, the greater part, in prayer-conflict for their release.

It is important for God's people to see this battle that is going on in the heavenlies, for that was the secret of Daniel's persistence in prayer. He knew that while he prayed, God would work. The Christian's warfare has always been a spiritual one (2 Cor. 10:4, 5, and Eph. 6), and always will be, especially in these last days when demon powers are more at work than ever before. Satan knows his time is short, and he will contest every step we take for God; hence our warfare must be in prayer—in persistent prayer—in faithful prayer—in unceasing prayer—in prevailing prayer. Jacob realized the fight was in the heavenlies, when he wrestled with the angel at Jabbok. He was only going to meet an Esau, but at the back of that Esau were unseen powers, which needed to be conquered in Jacob's prayer-life. The battle of prayer won the victory. Elisha knew something of this heavenly conflict, but it was necessary that his servant should know it too, that his faith fail not, and so to him it was given to see God's hosts, who had come to succor His praying prophet. You

will remember that Peter had his angel, but it was the prayers of that little company gathered together on Peter's behalf that were effectual enough to cause the angel to open the prison doors. "Are they (the angels, v. 13) not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Heb. 1:14. We find a picture of the conflict in the heavenlies in Eph. 6, and if we have taken our place with Christ in the heavenlies, as we should have done, according to Eph. 1, we know what we ought to be doing up there, ever sharing with Christ in His intercessory work, and receiving from Him the consignment of a portion of the vineyard for faithful prayer-conflict and ministry.

We have the testimony of many missionaries to the fact that wonderful deliverances from death can be directly traced to the prayers of God's people at home. When the writer and her co-worker started for the Congo in the year 1900, God graciously gave them a real prayer-warrior, in the person of an old preacher, who was always regretting the fact that he was too old to go to the heathen. In his younger days he had never heard of foreign missions, and now in advancing years he felt a definite prayer call. He would be awakened every morning at four o'clock, and his first thought was the Congo. He would wrestle with God for the only two workers he knew there. He had heard of the many missionaries' graves, of the deadly climate, of the demoniacal powers, of the fearful spiritual attacks and darkness to which the most spirit-filled were subject. He knew also, that with bodies weakened by the strain of heat and constantly recurring fevers, together with the pressure of overmuch work, the missionaries would not be able to take up the prayer-battle as those at home, who have not to contend with the difficulties peculiar to those in heathen lands. It was marvelous how God met this brother. He was a simple soul, and had not the teaching we are privileged to have now on the gifts of God's Spirit and the power of demons, but he was faithful. Now, how should this brother know what to pray for? In the case of any danger or crisis in the field, it would take two months for the intelligence

to reach the homeland, and by that time it probably would have been too late to begin to pray. But this was no impediment in the way of our brother. He would have distinct burdens for us. Then several times he would write us about them, and tell us of his prayer conflict; and, wonderful to relate, just when his letter, which had been on its journey two months, arrived, we were passing through the very trials which he had penned us two months before, and which he had already met and conquered in prayer. Is this not an instance of spiritual wireless telegraphy, put into operation before Edison's invention had ever sprung into fame and use; and does not God want that cases like this be multiplied in this crisis stage of Foreign Missionary work? Because he was faithful in the least, God entrusted to him the actual experiences of the missionary on the field, and he passed through them as vitally as we did. Undoubtedly he felt them more keenly, for some of the tests which we experienced in our bodies, he was made to feel in his spirit, and spirit-suffering is always keener than physical. When God called him home, at an age high up in the seventies, we felt we had lost our most effectual foreign missionary.

Some of our aged friends and invalids are prone to think that the avenues of usefulness have been closed for them, and that the sooner God takes them home, the better it would be for those to whom they imagine they are a burden. They forget that just then, when shut in alone with God, they have at their disposal the most powerful and unlimited fields of hidden service—the kind which tells the most. If only we could get all our weak or aged "shut-ins" to grasp this thought, and become our effectual partners in the work, we should soon see many a citadel of Satan fall. Psalm 90:12-15, with emphasis on the 14th verse, intimates that in old age there is still to be a most prolific bringing forth of fruit, "yea, they shall be fat and flourishing." And who can better pour out the sympathetic heart-felt prayer than the one who has suffered? and who can better pray with understanding, than the one who has life's experience behind?

In our day, God is calling aside quiet workers for prayer-ministry, and no class of God's children is more misunderstood. We are living in an age of unceasing activity and rush,

where feverishness is in the very air we breathe; and in the quietness of the sanctuary one realizes how easily one has been caught in the currents of excessive busyness.

The writer has often felt too keenly the pressure of work. During the long time of illness, every day seemed to her a day of grace, in which she might wait before God, and the physical weakness and suffering were far out-weighed by the glorious opportunity of being shut in with God. But this time of prayer ministry, alas! seemed only too short, and one was fairly thrust again into much service. It seems necessary that God should have a little Gideon's band, who can drink by the way as they run, praying without ceasing, amid the strain and stress of a thousand duties; and God's Spirit teaches one, under the pressure of meetings and correspondence, to turn one's whole being into a sanctuary by the Power of God, and know that every faculty is experimentally on the altar of prayer every moment of the day, even when unconscious of the fact. Yet how often when one had longed for a little quiet corner, and an hour or two of communion, uninterrupted by needy souls who seem to crowd in upon us, God will bring to our minds the "shut-ins," the hidden groups who were supplying our lack of the privileged hours of waiting upon God, while we were permitted to supply their lack of outward activity, and thus our ministries would blend and make one perfect whole. Of course this by no means implies that busy Christians are hereby excused and exempt from having their definite seasons of waiting upon God, for no prayer-warrior could take the role of a sponsor for us in our personal fellowship with God.

But what we are concerned about in this article is the going into real prayer conflict, for the beating back of Satan, and for the spreading of the Kingdom of God on the earth, and the out-pouring of His Spirit; and for this work God assigns to each of us our position and part in the battle. We see this exemplified in the progressive march and the encampments of the children of Israel; for the priests, the Levites, the singers, the warriors, had each their special burdens and positions, and God was careful to emphasize that each individual was to pitch by his own standard. Under what ensign is our ap-

pointed place—the priestly responsibility and burden—the levitical ministry of attendance upon the priests—the march behind the streaming banner of praise—or the rallying round the Simeon standard of prayer?

The prophets also each had their distinct appointment—Habbakkuk mounted the watch-tower, Daniel made his oriental apartment a veritable battle-ground, while Ezekiel and Hosea were placed by God before the people, to be signs even in the sacredness of private life; Jeremiah had a heart made to beat with God's, and to feel His sorrows, while Isaiah was called to proclaim the messages of God with passionate appeals, and the ministry of each was a necessary provision for the perfection of the whole. When the first Church was formed, there were those who were specifically set apart for the ministry of the Word and prayer, while others, also filled with the Holy Spirit, were given charge of the business departments, Acts 6: 2-6. The different ministrations of the Church are pictured as the different members of the body (see I. Cor. 12), and in God's economy there is no under-estimation of the ministry given to another brother or sister, however different it may be from our own. Thus in our own day, the active pioneer missionary is dependent upon the rope-holders of prayer. Peter and John would have been impotent without the prayers of the saints, and the first few chapters of Acts illustrates what a remarkable factor the prayer of the saints was in the up-building of the Church. The only special healing recorded after Pentecost in Chap. 3, bringing with it persecution, inspired the Christians in that wonderful Pentecostal prayer-meeting to pray that God would give them more boldness, and that more signs and wonders should be done in Christ's name (Acts 4: 29-31); and immediately we have the record of answered prayer in Chap. 5: 12-17, where multitudes were healed and multitudes added to the Church. Here, then, is God's method of multiplication—one display of Divine Power multiplied by Holy Ghost prayers brings the answer to multitudes, of Divine signs and wonders, with thousands on the church roll.

Cases of remarkable answers to prayer in our own days could be multiplied, and we know of missionaries whose diaries are replete with wonderful coincidences, where

marvelous deliverances from death were contemporaneous with heavy prayer burdens on individuals in the homeland, who were led into prayer conflicts during the very hours when the missionary was passing through tests, which, humanly speaking, would have cost him his life. In conclusion, however, we would add an instance from our own personal knowledge: When our co-worker and another missionary were returning at one time from the Congo, a fire broke out on board ship at midnight. Great excitement prevailed, and disaster seemed so imminent that the passengers were ordered to supply themselves with life-belts. The lifeboats were lowered, and all arrangements made to save as many lives as possible. But God had been particularly watching over the lives of those two missionaries, His own two children among the host of ungodly passengers, and they slept sweetly on mid all the confusion. Wonderful to say, the battle with the flames was won, and, against all hope, the ship was saved. The two missionaries, on going to breakfast next morning, wondered why some passengers looked so pale and weary, others strangely excited, and many were missing from the table. Naturally, they made enquiries, for as the sea had been so calm, they knew that seasickness could not be the cause. What a storm of ejaculations these questions gave rise to, for no one on board could believe it were possible for any one to sleep through such tumult. A few months later, in the course of her missionary travels in the United States, my friend lighted upon the secret of this wonderful deliverance, and why God had so kept His Hand over them during that terrible night on the ocean. A sister related how one night she was so troubled for these two missionary friends, that she could not sleep. She suffered so intensely that she rose up, fell on her knees, and spent the night in agonizing prayer for them and their safety, although she did not know they were on their way home. When dates were compared they discovered that that very night of her soul anguish was the night of the fire outbreak, and its miraculous extinction. Had this dear prayer-warrior not obeyed the promptings of the Spirit, what might have been the consequences? Yet she was only a simple little woman, with apparently no opportunities for service. Many, many more instances of like nature can be

recorded from the writer's own experience, but they must be left for another article.

No doubt Paul felt the importance of these praying saints when he wrote in I. Thess. 3: 8, "For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord," or when he admonished the Colossians in Col. 4: 2-4. And if Paul recognized that the length of his life, and the success of his labors, hinged upon the prayers of those who remained in their homes, how much more does the modern missionary know it? Was Paul in daily perils? So also are the pioneer missionaries among the degrading tribes of Africa, or the infuriated fanatics of the Orient. Did he fight with the beasts at Ephesus? So does every missionary who proclaims the full Gospel in the darkest places of the earth, even where Satan's seat is. And who is more able to enter into this prayer conflict, and win the battle in the heavenlies, as did Jacob and Moses, Elisha and Daniel—that all-important, intense, invisible warfare upon whose issues hang the visible results—than those who feel their call to the field has been frustrated? For if that call to Africa, China, India, or whatever part of the foreign field it be, were of God, then beyond a doubt the heart and its yearnings must and will always be there, in whatever local spot the actual body is compelled to remain; just as the real mother, obliged to leave home for a time, during her enforced absence lives in spirit at home with her children, and her heart and thoughts, plans and

prayers are all with them, and it would be as impossible to separate her own personal interests from those of her children as to cause a waterfall to flow upwards. So it is with the ones who have the true missionary spirit and call, for their heart is out on the field, doing heart service, and it is heart service that counts, for "out of the heart are the issues of life." Surely Caleb's heart was in Canaan during those forty years of barred entrance, and when we note how he changed the name of Kirjath Arba, the Mountain of Giants, when the latter were destroyed, into "Hebron," the city of fellowship, can we not read in between the lines, and see him entering into fellowship and partnership with God, in those years of weary wanderings, as he went into prayer-conflict for the destruction of Canaan's giants; and thus those detained servants of God, held back from what they understood was their "Promised Land," may find that wonderful fellow-relationship and partnership with God and the missionaries on the field, as they too enter into prayer-conflict for the destruction of the giants of demon-power and sin, and the pulling down of Satan's strongholds in the land of their heart's desire; and in thus co-operating with God, the seemingly shattered life's plans become the unfolding of the eternal purposes of God. And to such as these, every missionary to-day would say, "We live, if ye stand fast in the Lord."

A Series of Baptisms

Elizabeth Sisson



MEAN water baptisms, for the revival had gone forward here in Dallas by leaps and bounds, since dear Brother Erickson came among us. He arrived under sweet dew of the Spirit and God immediately put the burden and travail of souls upon him. Out of the meetings his time was largely spent in his closet alone with God. God wet his sword in blood. The slain of the Lord were many. In the fifteen days he was with us on the three Sabbath days, one hundred and fifteen were baptized.

On the first of these Sabbaths fifteen presented themselves as candidates for water baptism, but before they had all been immersed the power of God had so come down, and light so flamed, that others from the audience began to rise and go to the dressing rooms to prepare for the ceremony. God seemed well pleased with this spirit of obedi-

ence and, as when Jesus was baptized, "the heavens were opened" so with these. God poured of His Spirit upon them. Most of the candidates came out of the water drunk with the Spirit, some shouted, some danced in the water, and the same blessed power of God and of rejoicing came all through the audience. (The very memory fills my soul with blessing as I write!) Clearer and clearer flashed upon us the significance of this ordinance of God; buried by baptism *with Him* "into death" and raised *with Him* "in newness of life." There was weeping, there was shouting as God continued to bless us in presence of His own picture of the short cut by faith out of self into God.

This went on till eighteen unexpected candidates had fulfilled their obedience to this rite, every one of which without exception was made drunk in the Spirit, God thus setting His seal. This was followed by an altar service where many pressed forward for the

baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was 10 A. M. when the service began, 3 P. M. when we dispersed, to meet in the evening—a house packed with sinners to whom God gave the Gospel in mighty power.

There came up a great crowd the next Sabbath morning when many more, the fruit of the week's work, were to be immersed. Again souls that had never been converted pondered the question, To be saved what shall we do? The flash-light of the Holy Ghost turned on the answer, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, for the promise is unto you," and they began to come forward till in all thirty-eight had been buried in the baptismal waters, and we saw we were touching the outer rim of the first great day of Pentecost with its simplicity and swiftness of bringing souls to God! Surely God is not going to change the Ancient Pattern but bring His people back to it!

The following Sabbath, Brother Erickson's last day, was the crowning day! After the preaching which went forth with power from Rev. 4:15-18 a goodly number who had come for baptism withdrew to prepare, and the intervening time was spent in testimony and exhortation. We found the Holy Spirit was on the meeting urging to immediate decision and obedience, people all over the room began to prepare for a public profession of their faith in Christ Jesus. Such shoutings and weeping and rejoicings and talking in tongues! as wives saw long-resistant husbands, and sisters and mothers saw brothers and sons make their way to the dressing rooms, and daughters, wives and mothers join the other company in the ladies' dressing room, borrow other candidates' wet clothes and go into the sacred waters! If our joy could be so great over thirty-two who thus in symbol were buried that morning with Christ in baptism, what must have been their weeping, shouting, talking in tongues on Pentecost's first day when three thousand were thus buried? I tell you we saw an old picture in a new frame that hour!

The touching incidents in these three Sabbath services would fill a book. Indescribably tender when Brother Erickson picked up in his arms one tiny child fresh from the baptismal waters, robed in white and looking a young angel and set her on the altar-bench and asked her to give her testimony which she did in simple words, finishing with both arms upraised, saying, "Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!" "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast *perfected* praise." Twice we had the sight of man and wife with arms about each other, buried together. Once a mother with arm about her young

daughter, the two went under the water together. The whole audience rose to their feet when a fine-looking white-haired man of seventy who had been saved out of a life of skepticism two nights before went rejoicing into the water. It was so with some, the Spirit seemed to strike them with heaven's own joy before they reached the water's edge, but *all* got the joy as they came up out of the water. The flow of "new wine" from the upper kingdom was also in evidence all over the hall. One young man after his baptism asked for the privilege of giving his testimony. With a face of deep solemn joy, he said, "I praise God that though I came into this room hard, careless and indifferent, He has saved me and brought to this." A wild storm was raging outside, floods of water coming (Southerners don't like water!) which together with the amazing interest inside the Tabernacle kept the vast crowd nailed, and one felt and knew that deep conviction was settling on a large crowd of sinners.

After the baptismal service an altar call was made. Every one who had been baptized that morning and all others in the house who had not received, were urged to come to the altar for the gift of the Holy Ghost. A Roman Catholic sister who had come ill, had been healed. A young lady, prominent Christian worker traveling in different parts of the states had gloriously come through, talking in tongues for two hours. The altar service continued until nearly time for the evening meeting.

I think no sinner came into the place that night without a sense of being in a strange and holy Presence. They came in spite of the weather and filled the tabernacle. God first turned on a testimony meeting. Every one of the thirty-two baptized that day of course wanted to testify and everybody else. Joy and gladness filled the place for the children of Israel (spiritual Israel) had light and gladness and joy and honor. Then a short but most ground-cutting sermon to sinners from Heb. 9:27 was preached by Brother Erickson, and instead of the altar call, the baptismal fount was opened and following Peter's example (Acts 2:38) he told them if they really meant to do business with God to repent and come forward and be forevermore identified with Jesus in His death, burial and resurrection. Twelve came. A more solemn crowd than those who witnessed and did not decide for Christ perhaps was never seen.

In these three Sabbaths we have come nearer Pentecostal first steppings than I have ever before witnessed. How fast God is carrying us back to the Original Pattern! When we get there we shall see something!!! God Himself will witness as He is not yet able.

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Notes

By the time this issue reaches our readers we will be in the midst of our Spring Convention (May 17-31). Besides those mentioned last month as expecting to be present we have received word that a number of missionaries will be with us. Brother John Perkins and Mrs. Perkins, Miss Martha Hisey, Miss Rhodema Mendenhall and Mrs. Wm. Johnson, all of Liberia, West Africa. Miss Hisey and Miss Mendenhall have just landed in the United States after having been away six years. They left Africa in the midst of a revival; about one hundred were saved during the last two months.

* * *

A Revival in West Africa

Additional news comes from Brother Johnson now in West Africa, of the revival in their midst. After years of toil and hardship, and a daily laying down their lives, their joy at seeing their labors rewarded, cannot be told. Brother Johnson writes out of the fulness of his heart:

"Let all that hath breath bless and praise His holy Name. Glory to God for answered prayer. Surely He is on our side and the revival is here.

Last Saturday we went to Sorroka, a large town about six miles from here and had meetings over Sunday, and such a time as we did have! The power of God was present and several were saved. Then we came back to Blebo and had a two days' meeting,

and in the very first meeting when we went to prayer we were almost surprised to see how the heathen people were slain under the power of God. They dropped right and left and the native Christians shouted and praised God in a way that is beyond description. We were kept busy going from one to the other. Some became afraid and ran when the power of God fell on them; others dropped and when they arose their faces shone with the glory of God.

We had a baptismal service March 11th. I baptized forty-five in water and that means a great deal to these people. This morning the new converts are coming and asking what to do. They are coming and saying they want to make a clean sweep of things."

* * *

WE published in the April number of The Evangel an interesting account of the healing of the man born blind. We have since secured additional information regarding him, and his personal testimony which we give herewith. His name is Walter M. Martin; he was born totally blind in Dayton, Washington, in 1883. When he was six weeks old his parents moved to Lewiston, Idaho. He was examined by many oculists who all agreed that the optic nerve in both eyes was dead and his case incurable. He could turn his face to the sun at any time during his life and never see a particle of light. He went to Grand Prairie, Texas, Feb. 13th of this year; was taken to the Pentecostal Mission for the first time, Feb. 15th and was saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit, speaking in other tongues. On Feb. 19th, Brother S. A. Jamieson went to Grand Prairie from the Pentecostal Mission at Dallas, and saw this blind man who came in with a cane and was led to a chair. Brother Jamieson said, "I saw his eyelids were sunken and closed, showing that his eye-balls were greatly shrivelled, but he was filled with praises to God for having saved his soul the Sunday night previous."

Brother Martin tells his own story as follows:

On Feb. 19th I was greatly burdened in prayer to ask God for something but did not know what the burden was for. The Lord spoke to me saying, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." I dropped on my knees before God and prayed for many things and for God's work in many places. After prayer I found that my burden was not removed. I did not know what the longing in my soul meant, but oh praise God, He did! Then

He spoke to me again in the most gentle tones, saying, "Son, don't you want to see?" I praised God from the depths of my soul and said, "Yes, Lord, if it be for Thy glory." I then fell under His power and the room was flooded with light brighter than the noonday sun (which I never saw until during the last five weeks.) This light of His presence was manifest to my spiritual eyes and was the witness to my soul that I was going to see. I arose the next morning praising and glorifying God and told the people what God had done for me and that I was going to see. The Lord let me walk by faith for the next five days during which time I never doubted but knew I was going to see. When I awoke on the morning of Feb. 24th the thought came from God, "Look around." I did, and praise His holy name, I could see the sunlight as it came through the window and transom. Although I could as yet see very poorly I threw away my cane and walked two and a half miles to town. I came to a stream of water on the way to town across which were two poles. I could see the water in front of me but could not see well enough to trust myself to cross on those poles. The devil was there and said, "Now I guess you will not get to meeting. You will stop here for you have no cane to help you across the stream." While I was being tempted I looked straight toward heaven and praised the Lord with all my might until I was literally lost in praises to Jesus. When I came to myself again I looked down and could not see the stream. I was on the opposite bank but did not know it until I looked behind me and saw the water. I do not know how I got across, and examined my feet to see if they were wet, but found them dry. My sight is not perfect yet, but is improving every day. After thirty-one years of total darkness, praise God, I now see!

Brother Erickson who attended the Hot Springs Convention and spent several weeks in Dallas writes that he took dinner with the man born blind and that it is as clear a miracle as the man born blind described in the ninth chapter of John. This man upon whom this notable miracle has been wrought will be at our Spring Convention, May 17-31.

* * *

A Pentecostal Cloudburst

God has been pouring out His Spirit upon His children in Pheonix, Arizona. Homer L. Faulkner, returned missionary from China, has been with them and the pastor, Brother Homes, writes us that souls who have been seeking for six and seven years have received the blessed Comforter, "as in the beginning." Upwards of thirty have been baptized in the Spirit, some have spoken in French, some in German and some in Chinese dialects, and were understood by those who speak these languages. There were also some miracles of healing. Two re-

markable cases of sisters who were stricken with consumption, one given up of the doctors to die, were both healed in answer to prayer. The older one also received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and for seventeen days could not speak in her own language; was frequently caught away in the Spirit and though previously unacquainted with the facts of the near-coming of Jesus, began as soon as she regained her English to declare that He is coming soon. Her father had spent \$800 on physicians and she was "nothing bettered but rather grew worse."

* * *

Campmeetings

Berlin, Ontario, June 11-21. Elder G. T. Haywood of Indianapolis, Ind., Miss Martha Hisey of Liberia, West Africa and other special workers are expected. Special arrangements are being made with all the roads of Eastern Canada for reduced rates for those attending from all points on the U. S. Line, Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Sus. Bridge & Niagara Falls, N. Y. and Ft. William. For full particulars write, Elder G. A. Chambers, 15 Scott St., Berlin, Ontario, Canada.

* * *

Petoskey, Michigan—Mrs. M. B. Woodworth-Etter will hold a Pentecostal Campmeeting beginning July 1st and continuing for four weeks. Those wishing to bring tents can have ground rent free. Those renting tents please send money with order no later than June 10th. Rent of tents, 12x15, \$5.00, springs \$1.00, mattress \$1.00, chairs 25 cts. each. This is one of the most beautiful spots along Lake Michigan for a Campmeeting. For further particulars write Mrs. D. D. Miller, 320 Grove St., Petoskey, Mich.

* * *

Elim Grove, Cazadero, Calif., July 8-Aug. 8. For information write Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery, Beulah Heights, Oakland, Calif.

* * *

Long Hill, Conn. Second Annual Pentecostal Campmeeting, June 12-July 12, 1914, under the charge of the New York, Brooklyn and Pentecostal Assemblies of the East. For information write E. D. Kent, 1244 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

“Men Ought Always to Pray and Not to Faint”

Storms and Winds Our Servants to Carry Us Through

Kent White, 3616 Prairie Ave., Chicago, in the Stone Church, March 29, 1914



IN His teaching on Prayer in the Parable of the Importunate Widow, our Lord introduces the subject by saying, “Men ought always to pray and not to faint,” and ends it by speaking of the waning of faith in the last days asking the startling question, “When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?” It is an appalling fact that among Christians today there is much actual skepticism as to the value and power of prayer, caused by the decline of the spiritual life in the churches and the materialistic drift which sets aside the all-important supernatural operations of the Holy Spirit in hearts and lives. Very few know what it is to be genuinely converted with a clear witness of the Spirit. Prayer and faith are at low ebb excepting where little bands of believers unite and stand against the empty forms and the unbelief and sin that is abroad in the earth; but even among this latter class there are many who in their personal experiences do not prevail with God in prayer and triumph over unbelief as they should. They are crushed down and you can tell by looking into their faces they do not have victory. They are in an uncertain state and hardly know what to think or do and it is because of the fact that they are not making the use of prayer they should. If they did, it would bring them out victors, even “more than conquerors.” Our life is preëminently a life of prayer, it is not mere form. Many people do not get beyond the form of words; they get down and pray a few sentences and get no blessings from God. It is about the same as if you should take some food in your mouth but not swallow it. It is not taken into your being and assimilated. There is no question about it, we are in a great conflict, contending with the world, the devil and a whole lot of things when we get down on our knees and begin to pray. And we have to know how to conquer on our knees. You show me a person who knows God and has deep insight into the operations of His Spirit and I will show you one who has gone deep into the life of prayer. He knows what strong, con-

tinual, unrelaxed holding on to God means. Jesus said people should go into their closets and call on God, and He that heareth in secret would answer them openly. We will not go staggering around in a maze of doubt and uncertainty when we come out of the closet if we have prayed through and met God. But it is not the plan of God to give victory very long at a time; He wants to take us into a life of continual communion. As we eat every day to get physical strength, so we must have our spiritual life renewed daily, for God has similar laws operating in the physical and spiritual world. If you falter for a day in prayer you are very apt to falter that day in victory. If you conquer on your knees in your morning prayer, you will be prepared to conquer through the day. You will have wisdom and strength and power to go through. Sometimes the devil will come in and say you have so much on hand to do you cannot give time to reading the Word and waiting on God, but that is just the time you need to do so. It is said of Martin Luther that when he had a heavy day's work on hand he would give much more time than usual to prayer; he felt the need of special strength and wisdom that the work might be accomplished in a way acceptable to God. We believe if people would be true to God and “pray through” the heavy burdens and perplexities that are so trying would vanish, and the work be done in a way they would not naturally expect. God will even send some one along to help out in times of extremity; He will send an angel from the skies if necessary, for “they are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.” An angel cooked a meal for Elijah when he was tired and the journey was too great for him. We also read that the angels are given charge over us lest we dash our feet against a stone. We have many stones in our daily occupations that we will strike and suffer from if we do not have help from God. The Lord does not intend our work to be so heavy that it will weigh us down, for His yoke is easy and His burden is light. Any conditions that overcrowd and turn away our hearts from God, cut off our morning prayers

and the visit He would make our souls, are of the evil one. Satan will crowd prayer out of your life and mine if we will let him. He will use cares and worldly interests to smother the fires of devotion. Jesus spoke of a man who let the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches choke out the Word and he became unfruitful. Failure in prayer is a failure in fruitbearing. We can wrap ourselves up with God in the bonds of strong communion in which the very life of Jesus will come into our bodies, souls and spirits. There is no power in the world equal to it; it breathes its blessings all through our being. Everything that will work out good in your life and mine, that has value and meaning for time and eternity come to us through the divinely-appointed channel of prayer—where we are face to face with God. In our determination to go through with God, we may be almost blanched to whiteness in some fiery test; He calls us to a consecration unto death and that right in the presence of death like Abraham when bending over Isaac, with the knife raised, expecting the next minute to see the precious form of his only and dearly-beloved son breathless, motionless and lifeless before him. If blanched to whiteness it is not through fear but a great love without which there would be no trying ordeal. God would possess us wholly and show those around us what it means for Him to control and manage our lives. Sometimes conditions arise that cause us to spend the whole night in prayer, and it is well these trying times do come for they drive the saints to their knees. It is necessary for us to have crucial refinings and to know what an all-night alone with God means. Luke tells us (6:12) how Jesus continued all night in prayer before He chose His twelve disciples and no important step or work should be undertaken without giving necessary time in prayer to illuminate the way. Then how glad we are when we have clear light in which to walk; the Divine Presence is sweetly manifest in our bosom and our strength is renewed. We know God is pleased when we pray through to a knowledge of His will.

There are always new relationships coming up that must be put on God's altar and we cannot take our consecration of a few years ago and make it our consecration today. Abraham was a consecrated man be-

fore Isaac was born but after he came God tested and proved his consecration by death and fire. He commanded him to offer Isaac as a burnt offering, and he arose at once with fire and knife to obey orders. His obedience and faith flash their light with strong effect on us down through four thousand years. This obedience is what made Abraham the great character he was. His life of prayer was bound up in strong covenant-bonds with God that were never broken. God wants undisputed right-of-way without a rival in our lives, so we can look up and say with joy, "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

You know how God permitted Jacob to be "cornered" at the brook Jabbok, how conditions arose that caused him to move everything he had across the brook in a consecration unto death. And then Jacob "*was left alone,*" we are told, and "there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." Hosea (12:4) says, "And he had power over the angel and prevailed; he wept and made supplications unto him." Jacob was in a night-struggle such as he had never experienced before. We note the Word starts out to say, it was a man who had hold of him, and goes on to say that he had power over the *angel*, and finally Jacob finds it is GOD, and he is told he has power with God and has prevailed. Jacob named the place Peniel saying he had seen God face to face. Sometimes in our conflicts we think it is only a man we are struggling with, and as we go on we begin to realize it is a heavenly contest, we feel the flash of an angel's wing, and by the time we get through we find it is God, for He touched the secret hidden life in the depths of our being. We retire limping like Jacob and halt upon our thigh—on that part that was so strong and has been broken down, for in great victories we need something to keep us humble. The Lord also veils Himself in the common things of life, and when we get through with them we find the Divine One has been working to change some things in our lives. There were some things in Jacob that had to be broken down; there was a self-reliant, driving spirit, a human planning and energy that had to come to an end. God in His Providence had been wrestling with Jacob to bring him to the end of himself all the time he was with Laban, but the nature in him was hard to break and required this desper-

ate night-struggle. Just think how the Lord sent Jacob down the road and started men out after him to drive him into this Peniel experience—into His inner chamber of divine love, purity and rest. He started Laban down the road after him as he fled with his family and flocks from Padanaram, and then He started Esau up the road with four hundred men to meet him. It makes one think of dogs coming both ways on a rabbit in a walled road where there is no escape. Jacob was in a perilous position; God intervened and helped him to get rid of Laban first, but He let Esau who was greatly to be feared, keep coming up the road. Jacob had fled from Esau who had threatened his life and now the long-delayed destruction seemed bound to overtake him. In this time of peril he was flooded with thoughts of all his meanness, his scheming and deception to get the birthright; God made him realize it and keenly feel the approach of the avenger, but Jacob got down to business and put in a night of prayer, prevailing with God. One of the best things in the world to wake us up is to have something coming after us, jumping twenty-six feet at a jump. We will dig sand and make the dirt fly on the way to our escape. Many people need to be aroused into action and forced to drive through. For their own good they should pray for God in His mercy to send them some experiences of the kind. They need to have a time at Peniel and to be rounded up at Pentecost or their lives will be blanks. This Peniel experience was one of the most noted contacts with God found in Old Testament history, where the human and the Divine are seen in action. God drove Jacob to prayer so that like Daniel (9:3) he set his face unto the Lord to seek by prayer and supplication a way of escape. We think of what Paul says, "I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus." Phil. 2:12 R. V. God expects the human to act with the divine. Like a man calling to be lifted out of the pit, and as God takes hold of him, he takes hold of God. Isaiah said, "There is none that calleth upon Thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of Thee." (64:7). We read how Orpha in loving respect wept and kissed Naomi and returned to her home, but she was lost sight of forever. The Lord wants that nature in us that was in Ruth who clung to Naomi and

would not leave her. She entered into a great covenant with God that placed her in the ancestral line of David and Jesus, and gave her a Book in the Bible.

I remember once in my old town a man was sick unto death and not prepared to meet God. The little bed-room in which he lay was up against the sidewalk; it was warm weather and the windows were open to the street. The wife saw her husband's soul going out into another world and she became desperate—she got down and prayed until the people heard her up and down the street, and the whole town was stirred. The only way you and I are going to make our flight heavenward is to have "go-through" determination, a purpose in us that will never let down, that will suffer no relax of energy, but will hold steadily on and up. We should strike the air like an eagle, with the wings of a tremendous faith and bear ourselves aloft, by God's help defying all the world-powers that would pull us down. God wants us to know how to pray, to wrestle with the elements, to outride the storm like a migratory bird of passage.

We read from Huebner, a German naturalist, of a bird, a tiny red-breast, which migrates across the Baltic Sea in October. It is found these birds never cross except in a storm or high winds when they are carried in the currents at high speed. When they arrive, though as small as canaries, they are not fatigued by the distance of their long-continued flight. It would be impossible for these little birds to cross except in a storm. So God permits storms and high winds in our lives; there are impossible seas to be crossed and without the storms we would never make the passage. God makes them our servants, and we should learn how to take the current and bear ourselves up while the storm carries us across. Let us not be afraid of storm and tempest, for they are for our good. These passages are made by faith and prayer. The cry of wild geese flying overhead in a storm stirred my heart when a boy; now the mighty cry of a soul aloft above the world, exerting all its being in a flight toward God thrills my being with strong emotions. God intends that these experiences should work out in us a strong character. A life of mighty conflicts and overcoming prayer is the best for us. Some people want to take it easy, would like to

sit around in rocking chairs and enjoy the scent of roses while they live, but we ask to be excused. We want a mission in the world, a divinely-appointed work to do, and to be at it with God's anointing on us; otherwise we would rather be removed from the dwellings of men. We do not want to be a tree on which the Lord would seek fruit and find none. He has declared we should be fruitful, and prayer and obedience will bring us into that life. We are put in the world for a purpose, and we ought to feel the Divine Spirit moving us to its accomplishment. You are to be pitied if you are not moving in the realm of God's forces of life and power, if you have not been in some of the great battle storms with struggles, shouts and tears, such as David described in the eighteenth Psalm where God in answer to prayer comes with great manifestations of power with deliverance from great waters and a mighty enemy. These triumphs put strength in us like steel-girders in a building. Not that God is unkind and hard, or delays and will not answer prayer, but He is working to build up strong Christian characters, to bring out the Christ nature and image in His people, that through them many will be turned to righteousness, and that they may "shine as the stars forever and ever."

The Lord wants His people to have victory over their old fears, timidity and weakness that are chronic in some lives. He tells us that the fear of man is a snare. Many people cannot get down and "pray through" in a prayer-meeting; they fail to break loose from the natural, open up their being to God and let the Spirit flow through them. I would like to ask if in case you went out on the street and saw in an automobile wreck somebody hurt and dying, somebody who looked up into your face and said, "Sir, I am dying, won't you pray for me?" do you think you could get down and by the help of God pray and let the Spirit have His way with you? If you did He would be likely so to manifest Himself that people would tremble, weep with conviction and get saved. It might be God's chance to reach some that would not be saved any other way. When He opens the way to cast the Gospel-net to catch men we should be ready and quick to act. Do you think that to lift up a little prayer silently would do? No. God pity

your captive soul when the devil shuts your mouth through fear of man and leads you off chained to His black chariot wheels! The Almighty God is our support, and would have us trust Him and pray until the street is white with conviction and a great soul victory is won for us and His cause.

We have known Christians to be called on to pray at the bedside of the sick and dying and they failed; God's Spirit is grieved and they suffer. Oh that people would get over weak sentimentality and effeminate excuses, as though the very presence of Christianity on the earth ought to be apologized for. And to whom would we apologize? The devil and his forces of evil? My God, we cry, Christianity—the blessed Christ-life—has a blood-bought right of existence on the earth! It is the only rightful thing here; all else is evil and false. Shame on our weakness and backwardness! Let angels weep! If there is a thing in this world God wants us to have it is liberty and soul-abandonment to Him in a life of prayer; He would make us active and effectual. In God's sight there is no excuse for anyone not praying publicly and testifying. He says, "Ye are My witnesses." We overcome the evil one by the blood of Christ and the *word of our testimony*. It should be easier to talk to God than to anyone else, but Satan opposes, says we can't do it and we believe his lie. He knows if God has His right of way in us it will damage his Kingdom. Many whom we have known to say they could not speak or pray have been liberated with great power and blessing. A real consecration covers this ground. People who do not know this are still tied up in the dark woods of the world, deprived of the sunshine and joy that belongs to the children of God.

Mothers and fathers could pray a lot of the worldliness, pride and vanity out of their homes if they had family altars where the fire came down. It would burn up things. Children's hearts would tremble and the fear of God would come upon them. They would feel the power all through the day and have its influence penetrate their bed-chamber at night. The prayers of consecrated parents will hallow the home and fill the children's hearts with the conviction of the truth as it is in Christ. There are hard things to be met at times in homes and in business life that should lead people to search their hearts

and pray. God will come and work in a special way if people will but live right and take hold of Him in prayer by faith. God is more sure to answer than the sun is to rise tomorrow morning.

I have had some hard things in my life these last years and nothing has taken me through but prayer and faith in the Word of God. I have found the Holy Spirit leading me to portions of Scripture that I was impressed to memorize; this I soon found was to fortify my soul; it was God's foresight and preparation for battle. In one sore conflict, eighteen months ago I had a sick spell and broke down. A portion of Scripture was pressed upon me for some days previous that I did not as definitely and fully appropriate as I should, and I suffered as a result of it. This was shown me very clearly afterwards. Later I made a visit East to my people and had much involved in my stay and time of return. I said, "I will hammer it all out on the anvil of God's Word and run everything through the forge of prayer." There is some hard work in these undertakings like the blacksmith when he heats a piece of steel and hammers it out on his anvil. He works his bellows with muscular energy, the fire burns and the iron glows; then he swings his sledge-hammer and the sparks fly and the sweat-drops make white furrows down his smoked and begrimed visage. It is a whole-hearted undertaking, that changes the steel and makes something of it. Truly honest, whole-hearted, white-heated prayer changes things. So I drew a little picture in my diary of a blacksmith and his forge, for emphasis before God, and I said, "I am going to run this matter through the fire and hammer it out on the anvil." The last Sunday and Monday in the East I had a wonderful time. The 143rd Psalm came to me for the occasion and opened like a reservoir full of water, and for two days and part of the nights my prayer found utterance in this Psalm, and we know that the words are acceptable to God for His Spirit inspired them. How I dwelt on every verse and clause, and was blessed in praying it over and over! It was the Spirit touching this Psalm and making it flow through my soul with great emphasis, and it has not yet ceased to be a power to me. It has written itself deep on my mind and heart. We can hear the Psalmist

pour out his soul in a most importunate and ejaculatory way:

"Hear my prayer, O Jehovah; give ear to my supplications: In Thy faithfulness answer me, and in Thy righteousness. . . . I spread forth my hand unto Thee: my soul thirsteth after Thee. . . . Make haste to answer me, O Jehovah. . . . Hide not Thy face from me . . . for in Thee do I trust. Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee. . . . Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art my God. . . . Quicken me . . . for I am Thy servant."

As I waited on God and prayed, clearly my course in all things was given me, and even the time of my departure. This gave me great peace and such soul serenity that the trip of a thousand miles was over before I scarcely knew it. Bless God we can have His divine order of things in our lives if we will.

Some might think there is lamentation of defeat in that part of the Psalm where it says: "The enemy has persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground . . . my spirit faileth, etc." This is a cry in great affliction, like David when he fled from the city of Jerusalem because of the conspiracy of his beloved son, Absalom. Joseph was in affliction when sold, enslaved and imprisoned in Egypt. Israel under Moses, a mighty man of prayer, was apparently entangled in the wilderness a hopeless prey of Pharaoh. Job was smitten by Satan and laid on the ash-pile. Our Saviour was smitten on Calvary and laid in the grave. But David returned to Jerusalem, Joseph ascended the throne, Moses triumphed over Pharaoh at the Red Sea, Job was restored to health with his wealth doubled, and Jesus arose from the dead, bringing life and immortality to life. All these prevailed over the enemy, because the lives of God's Bible heroes were locked up with Him in prayer.

"I remember the days of old;
I meditate on all Thy doings;
I muse on the work of Thy hands."

MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF PROPHECY AND SACRED HISTORY.

By W. H. Cossum, A. M.

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A Chain of Living Links Forged by Prayer

The Result of One Woman's Walking in God



OUR individual efforts for God often seem small and almost trivial in themselves, and yet our weakest endeavors—handing out a tract, dropping a word of encouragement, an invitation to a meeting, a testimony to God's goodness—these comparatively insignificant deeds are often momentous enough to change the eternal destinies of men and women. By a few simple words souls are saved from death and hell and transformed from slaves of self and sin to become bond-servants of the Lord Jesus and shining witnesses for Him. What an incentive to be messengers for the Lord, instant in season and out of season!

The life that is committed to God has no accidental circumstances controlling it, but a Providence shaping every move and choosing each new step. Several years ago two of our faithful people who lived within a few blocks of the church, moved to the southern end of the city. After getting settled in their new home they still continued to fellowship with us but long car rides with frequent changes and the care of little ones hindered active service from such a distance and Mrs. Furmidge set about sowing the seed in their new locality. A little denominational Church a few blocks away was struggling and needed reinforcements, and the Spirit pointed out to her that here were hungry hearts that needed help. She moved in and out of their midst unobtrusively witnessing with a shining face to the deeper truths of the Gospel and the seed began to germinate. It became a little uncomfortable for the minister when the truth of Divine Healing was brought to the front and he changed the order of the prayer-meeting, not giving opportunity for testimony, but the leaven had already begun to work.

Two others, Mr. and Mrs. Rape, who had light on Divine Healing, were led to join the church for a time, but while on their knees the Lord showed them that this little church was only a stepping stone to further service. The minister's daughter became very sick and in the minister's absence Brother Rape took charge of his services. Mrs. Furmidge suggested they go over and

pray for his daughter, but the minister objected saying that if the Lord would not answer his prayers He would not answer theirs. The minister took a more antagonistic stand and said from the pulpit it was blasphemy to ask the Lord to heal anybody or to do any of the little things of life.

Mrs. Rape was suffering from poison on her hands and not knowing anybody who believed in Divine Healing found herself wavering because of her associations and stopped at the drug-store on her way to church and bought a box of zinc. That night Mrs. Furmidge gave such a wonderful testimony on healing she felt drawn to her and they walked home together. They stopped on the street corner for prayer and Mrs. Rape threw away her medicine as far as she could send it; she received a healing touch then and there, and a few days later complete deliverance through obedience.

It was at the time of our special July meetings at the Stone Church when God worked along supernatural lines. Mrs. Furmidge told the Rapes about the meetings and they came down. They had never heard about the present day outpouring of the Holy Spirit with its accompanying sign of tongues but they were open for all the Lord had and both received the baptism in a day or two.

Another link in this chain was that of a man who was suffering from a sore foot which the doctor said would have to be amputated. A piece of iron had fallen on it in the Illinois Steel Mills of which he was foreman, and mashed his foot. This was two years ago and he was suffering from a running sore, and was not able to wear a shoe. Through Mrs. Furmidge's invitation he came to the Stone Church; he suffered so intensely coming down on the car that he cursed all the way down, under his breath. He was saved that night. He had claimed salvation before but under the searching power of the Holy Spirit realized he was a sinner. The Lord took all desire for swearing and smoking out of him and made him a new creature. He threw away the cigars he had in his coat pocket and burned up the box of cigars he had at home. He went out to the Illinois Steel Mills and told everybody what the

Lord had done for him. They'd say among themselves, "What is the matter with that man, Bell; he always swore so at the men." He told them the Lord had saved his soul. On the following Sunday he went to the altar and they prayed for his foot. The next morning when he got up the swelling was gone, and when he got to the office the manager told him to take a vacation until he got thoroughly healed. He went to the doctor to pay his bill and show him his foot but the doctor became angry and would not look at it. On the following Wednesday he went down to the city and bought him a pair of new shoes. He had been wearing a rubber up to this time. He came to the meetings every day and sat there from morning until night during all our special services.

Through Mr. Bell's salvation and healing, another man, Mr. Hayes, came to the church and was saved. At a prayer-meeting at the Furmidge's he sought and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit which brought with it a remarkable experience. A fire from heaven came and consumed every part of his body and then he became as cold as ice and the Lord took out of him the desire for tobacco after he had smoked for twenty-eight years. His hearing was restored through the ministry of Evangelist Hall and he can now hear an ordinary conversation.

A woman from the neighborhood who had been saved at the Stone Church also received her baptism at the little prayer-meeting that night. She had a vision of the little church which had closed its doors to light, with the sides all caving in and the people crying for mercy. The glory of God came down on that little cottage meeting as they waited before the Lord. Brother Rape had a vision of the second-coming of the Lord and the resurrection. He saw the people coming out of their graves all over the earth and everything pointing up towards Christ. He preached three sermons in three different languages and received the interpretation of them.

Mrs. Hayes was suffering from appendicitis and other troubles which she had had all her life and the Lord healed her through the prayers of Mrs. Furmidge. Mrs. Hayes' father was quite stirred that his daughter should leave the Methodist church, but the Lord was so real to her and had done so

much for her she felt she could give up father, home and everything to follow Him. Since then, the father, seeing what the Lord had wrought in her and Mr. Hayes, has become a regular attendant at the Stone Church.

Mrs. Hayes brought her sister and her husband, and another sister, Mrs. Peters. Mrs. Peters had suffered from throat trouble from a child because of an attack of diphtheria at that time. This last winter she suffered unusually, and in teaching school there were days in which she would have to write on the board; it hurt her throat to talk; she was considering going away for her health. The first time she came to the meetings she sought the Holy Spirit and the next time she sought healing. The third time she thought she'd seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness and the rest would be added. It was communion Sunday in the Stone Church and as she knelt and prayed the Holy Spirit came down and took control of her throat and voice in a way she had never known, and she sang in the Spirit so she could be heard for blocks. From that time she was healed of her throat trouble.

The Methodists had been having Sunday School and occasionally a little preaching for three years in a little mission at 102nd Street, South Chicago. Mr. Rape started to hold services there in the Fall, and in November they had their first conversion. On New Year's Day they asked the Lord if He wanted them to continue there that He would send some one in to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. That night a young man came from Chicago and as they were singing the second song the power of God came down and he went through into his baptism. In response to a call the altar was filled with those who wanted to seek the baptism. The rest of the audience got scared and went out to find a preacher who could come in and tell them what was going on. He came in and broke up the meeting but while the contention was going on about this not being the power of God, a woman received the baptism. Another woman, a member of this minister's church was being filled with the power of God but he insisted she get up from her knees and come out of the meeting. The next Sunday as Brother Rape arose, the Spirit of weeping came upon him so he was un-

able to preach. One man who had said he didn't believe in being scared into salvation, started for the altar and fell upon his face, crying out in deep humility to God. He and his wife and another man were saved that night. He had expected to go the next day and work for a tobacco firm at a good salary, but after he got saved he refused to take the position even though a poor man with a large family, choosing rather to suffer deprivation than to violate his conscience. Up to the present time nine have been saved and six received the baptism in the Holy Spirit in that place.

They preached on Divine Healing all winter and never had any one ask for prayer until in February. Then an old lady eighty years of age asked for prayer for rheumatism. She had been in bed all winter. The second day they prayed for her she got up and dressed and sat around the house, and in less than a week she went out and walked five blocks and back and never had any more trouble all winter. She had nervous spells so she would almost lose consciousness but got great victory over this. A woman with a paralyzed arm since 1900 got deliverance so she could raise her arm clear above her head. A deaf and dumb woman got her hearing so she could hear a watch tick and her speech so she could say "Jesus" and many other words. A little girl was sick

with heart trouble for fifteen weeks. The doctors said they could not do anything for her and some refused to take her case. Mrs. Bell dreamed about her and couldn't get her off her mind, and she and Mrs. Rape went and prayed for her. Their family doctor came back after they had prayed and said she was better than she had been for five weeks. She had not been able to lie on her back or left side but had to sit propped up at night. After prayer she turned over on her side and slept the whole night through without distress, and has had perfect deliverance since.

This is only the beginning of an endless chain the links of which have been forged for God, and which will be added unto throughout the coming days, yea, multiplied many times as other lives are won and lay themselves at the Master's feet for service. On and on flows the stream of life and power through His children, carrying health and happiness on its bosom, until it reaches the eternal shore. If one woman can enkindle a fire that will light up a whole community, what could not ten do, backed up by the power of the Holy Spirit? Every child of God could start a chain of immortal links forge them with prayer and commit them into the hands of the great Master to polish and refine.

A. C. R.

The Story of the Opening of the Work in the Bengal Province

Etta Costello, Howrah, Bengal, India.



I WILL bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known." How wondrous are His ways! How great is His faithfulness!

After many years of service in Calcutta, in connection with an established mission, the word of the Lord came, "Get thee out—to the place which I shall show thee," following the command with the words, "Ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight, for the Lord will go before you, and the God of Israel will be your rearward." Months passed, while by various means He was training one for the life to which He was calling.

When the time came for a rest in the homeland, the door was opened to go from the old work, and the promise Gen. 28:15 was given, but no other light on the future. Further lessons of faith and patience followed, and

in His own right time He brought me back to a place prepared.

In the meantime the Lord was preparing another in this land, calling her out of a position of responsibility in the north-west, baptizing with the Holy Spirit, bringing her to Bengal and laying upon her heart the needs of the people of this province.

To her He gave the privilege of opening up work in the Howrah District, and in the little village at Baltikara, about four miles from the city of Howrah, which lies just across the river from Calcutta, the Lord has been pleased to establish a Pentecostal mission. The story of the opening of this work is very wonderful, but can only be told briefly. As this child of God, Miss Grace Brown, was waiting upon Him concerning the place where she was to locate she was led one day to take a train at Howrah by a little branch railroad and go out into the country, stop-

ping at this village. No European had ever visited this place, and the people were at first afraid, but the heart of an old woman was touched and she said "Open a school and I will give a room." The place given was an idol temple where the day before an oblation of blood had been poured out before the god. Now it was made clean and the text "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin," was put on the wall.

A teacher had come and all was ready, though as yet no suitable place had been found where European missionaries could live.

When all was arranged they wanted to have a time of thanksgiving before leaving the village and noticed a walled garden just opposite the Railroad Station. Upon inquiry they found the house was empty, but owned by a Hindu gentleman who occupied it occasionally. They went into the garden and had a praise service and the Lord seemed to show that He had chosen this place, to set His Name here. Every one said, "It is no use to ask, the Babu will not let his house," but when God speaks it comes to pass. He very willingly rented the house and has done much to make it suitable for us. So daily we praise God for giving us a very comfortable house and a beautiful compound right in the midst of the people. The little school was broken up during the rains last year but it served its purpose in opening a place for us and making a way into the homes of the people, not only in this village, but in those surrounding us. This is a large district and said to be the most densely populated in all India. Ninety-five per cent of the people of Bengal live in the villages. It is practically untouched by any mission. In a few places there has been a little touring in the cool season, but even then, in most cases, the women and children have not heard and many villages have never been visited. We are constantly meeting those who have never heard the name of Jesus. A few villages are within walking distance of the railroad. There are many opportunities on the trains as we go about, not only with the women, but we meet many educated Hindu gentlemen, who listen respectfully and sometimes with interest. We find a few whose hearts seem to have been touched by the Holy Spirit,

leading them to desire to hear of a Savior.

They are greatly desiring that we open a school in a large village a few miles from here in which are many girls waiting to be taught and we believe the Lord will soon open the way and supply the needs of this evangelizing agency. We have with us one young Indian woman for zenana work who received the Baptism of the Spirit in Cuttack, during the early days of the outpouring of the Spirit in India.

We also have a native preacher who was converted in Calcutta a few years ago and later was called out to preach the Gospel. He is seeking the baptism of the Spirit and the Lord has begun very graciously to manifest Himself to him.

We also have another young man connected with us, who is at present in secular work but whom we believe the Lord will send forth when he is ready. For ten years he led the life of a *shanshi* or holy man (so called).

Last summer he was at Brinderbun, a place of pilgrimage for Hindus, seeking after God. My fellow workers met him there and told him of the way of life and also gave him a gospel, which he read. That very night the Lord appeared to him as a Shining One, and told him that all he had heard was true and He was ready to give him salvation. He came to the Mission house the next morning, announced his intention to become a Christian and proved his sincerity by taking off his sacred cord, cutting off the lock of hair worn by the Hindu, and eating Christian's food. He also exchanged his yellow robe for ordinary dress; a little later was baptized and has become a new man in Christ Jesus. He seems to be going on well and we trust he may be made a power in this district, which is his home. We ask your fellowship in prayer that this home may be a centre from which the power of God may go forth in mighty rivers to the dry and thirsty land around us and also that it may be a place where many longing hearts may be satisfied by a new revelation of God through the baptism of the Holy Spirit. God has given us very great and precious promises and we know that He abideth faithful and keepeth covenant with His own; as we keep low at His feet, His precious name shall be exalted.

Orphans' Shoes

(From Thos. Barker's Orphanage)



Childish voices, sweet and shrill:
The pattering of little feet;
A whispering outside of our Office Door
Then silence reigns complete.

A smothered laugh—a pause—a knock—
“Come in!” and the door swings wide
Admitting a troop of little boys,
All dimpling and merry-eyed.

“Well laddies! What is it you want today
That you come to take us by storm?
Are you here again for forgiveness
For some broken rule or form?”

“Oh, no!” they cry, “it is not for that
We haven't been naughty today,
But we want to ask,—Has the money come?
We're so anxious to hear you say.”

“You said we must wait till the money came
And Oh please! Hasn't it come?
If they could see how we need new shoes
They surely would send us some.”

“Please look at mine!” “And mine!” “And mine!”
“We tie them on o'er and o'er,
But oh! they're so old and full of holes
They won't stay on any more.”

“I know what we'll do,” at last we cry
“Just hang a pair on the wall;
We'll take their photo, and then our friends
May see your shoes holes and all.”

“They've heard of the orphans in Turkey
They have helped, yes o'er and o'er,
And I think if the Lord has prospered them
This year they may help some more.”

“The shoes will tell their own story,
And make their own urgent plea
To the hearts of the Lord's dear children
Who live far across the sea.”

Mrs. D. C. Eby.

A Call to Prayer

God's saints are being severely tested these days in their bodies. We have just received word that Alma Doering who has an article on prayer warfare on page 7 of this issue is going through a very trying ordeal—suffering from mortal weakness for which rest and food bring no relief. A telegram also comes requesting prayer for Brother Doney in Egypt, very low with fever, and Brother Neeley who has recently gone to West Africa has been at death's door with fever; his body was exposed to rain in returning from an evangelistic trip. May God lay intercessory prayer on His children for these sorely afflicted ones.

* * *

Mrs. Margaret Cantel has a Rest Home in London where missionaries and Pentecostal people passing through will find comfortable quarters and a deeply spiritual atmosphere. We frequently hear of great blessing through this channel. For particulars as to rates, etc., address, Mrs. Margaret Cantel, 73, High-bury New Park, London, N., England.

* * *

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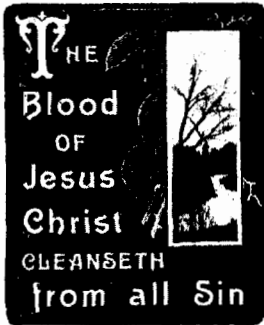
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