



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

HAWKIN CHICAGO

Are Afflictions the Price of Gospel Power?

The Reproaches of Christ greater Riches than earthly Treasure

Pastor H. W. Mitchell in The Stone Church, Oct. 28, 1917



IN Timothy 1:8 we read, "Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me His prisoner: but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel according to the power of God." Many of us are willing to be partakers of the benefits and of the blessings that the Gospel brings, but so few are willing to take part in the afflictions of the Gospel. It is true, the Gospel, when fully believed and fully received, means afflictions. So often we pray for God to restore to us the Pentecostal power, Pentecostal signs and wonders, but we are not willing to take the Pentecostal afflictions. Now we are exhorted here to be partakers of the afflictions "according to the power of God." It seems that this can be understood in two ways; one is that the power of God is able to keep us in affliction, and another thought that comes to me is that it is according to the power of God, according to the measure of God's power which we possess that the afflictions will come. For example, the apostles and the Early Church suffered greater afflictions because they had greater power. It was for this reason that they were more severely persecuted.

Now the question that confronts us is this: Are we willing as we pray and as we seek, to yield ourselves to the will of God in order to possess this power? We must bear in mind that when Paul wrote this to Timothy he was held a prisoner in Rome, bound in chains. He didn't speak of himself as a prisoner of the Roman government, but as a prisoner of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was suffering affliction and persecution because he belonged to Jesus Christ, and he suffered for the Gospel's sake. Are we willing to partake of affliction for the sake of the Gospel? for the carrying out of the commission that God has left the church to preach the Gospel to every creature? I believe it will help us to get into possession of that power if we will understand what it means. Does it mean that we shall be afflicted? that we shall have something to bear if God restores the fulness of the power of the Gospel to us? The Gospel is the power of God, and as it is believed and as we exercise faith in the Word of God we shall see the mighty manifestations of God's working and God's power right in this Twentieth Century.

Paul wanted Timothy to understand that as a young man he had much to learn, and he exhorted him not to be ashamed of the Gospel, nor ashamed of him, held as a prisoner in chains. He speaks of different people who had come to Rome and been ashamed of his chains, and there are people in Pentecost today who, if some one were imprisoned for the sake of the Gospel, would be ashamed that they belonged to the crowd.

Then he mentions another dear servant who not only came and visited in the prison and ministered to him, but who was not ashamed of him in his present position as a prisoner of the Lord Jesus, and he prays that God's blessing may abide upon that one. Beloved, God would have us understand that we must bear the afflictions which accompany the Gospel when we receive it into our hearts and set out to obey the Lord Jesus. You remember Paul said, "It is given unto you, not only to believe on Him but also to suffer for His sake." Many of us, as we have stated, are willing to believe, and as a result of our faith in Jesus receive the fulness of joy, for Peter expresses it, "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." We are willing to be filled with that joy that is unspeakable and full of glory; we seek bodily healing; we pray for seasons of refreshing upon our weary hearts, but so few are willing to bear the shame and suffering, and the reproach for the name of Jesus. The Apostle said, "It is for Thy sake, O Lord, that we are killed all the day long," and I have found in my experience that there is always victory when we are suffering afflictions for the sake of Jesus, but I know also that when I suffer afflictions for my own sake, I cannot keep victorious in it. If we are buffeted for our faults, what glory have we? But if we suffer as a Christian, then the spirit of glory rests upon us. So then remember that it is given unto you in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe and rejoice, but also to suffer for His sake.

If any man ever had a record for suffering, it was Paul. You remember when he was struck down on the way to Damascus, and led blind into the city, God spoke to His servant, Ananias and told him to go to a certain house where he would find Saul of Tarsus, and He said, "Behold he

prayeth!" Ananias was surprised at this news. He had heard how Saul was putting the saints in prison, causing some to be put to death, and he felt he could not go, but the Lord said, "Ananias, I will show him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake." When Ananias heard that, he went gladly and prayed for him. Most people today are just that human; they rejoice over God's chastisement of the wicked. God will cause people to reap what they sow, no matter if they have been saved or have surrendered all to follow Him; that doesn't change God's law. It is written, "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap," and Paul had to reap what he had sown. He had persecuted others, and he himself must be persecuted; he had caused one man to be stoned to death, and he himself was stoned and left for dead. He had caused others to be put in prison and he himself had to share the same fate; he had caused others to be beaten with rods, and he himself was beaten with many rods. All these did Paul suffer for the Gospel's sake. He could have stopped preaching the Gospel and people would have had no more to say. He could have let down on certain subjects and appeased the wrath of some people. I find a preacher can cease to proclaim some of the Gospel and those who are against him will turn and become his friends. It is sad to say, but some will let down rather than suffer the reproach of the Gospel. Beloved, God's way is best, and we learn to know Jesus best in the hour of suffering and the day when we are reproached. We feel Him nearer, and seem to have a feeling that Jesus passed through this Himself.

There comes a thought too in our hearts about Peter and John. After they were beaten they went out and rejoiced in that they were counted worthy to suffer for the sake of Jesus. So if you are reproached for your faith in the Gospel, just content yourself with the thought that these afflictions have to come because they are in God's order. Jesus said that the man who would forsake all and follow Him should have a hundred-fold in this world, with persecutions, and eternal life in the world to come. Let us earnestly seek to stand true to God and be faithful to Him, and then we can say with Paul that "these light afflictions which are but for a moment work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," and "I reckon that the sufferings of this present world are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed." Look at it in that light and you will never become discour-

aged. Just think of what it means for you to be faithful to Jesus and bear your cross, even though it be heavy. I believe that our chances for glorification depend a great deal upon what we suffer for Jesus; and that our opportunities for being raptured from the earth depend upon our faithfulness to bear the afflictions of the Gospel. He says we are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him. If you suffer with Him your chances for glorification are good, but if you fail in the suffering and say, "Lord, I will receive all the blessings and derive all the benefits but I shirk from suffering; I cannot stand people to think evil of me, or to reproach me. I cannot suffer the shame," I am afraid you will fail to hear His words of commendation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." May God help us all to realize that we must take our part of the afflictions.

Now we find thousands of young men of this land giving up the comforts and enjoyments of home, going out into the training camps and to the front where they face not only hardships and sufferings, but even lay down their lives. They are sacrificing all for their country, but are hoping that their lives will be spared and that they may be privileged to march back on dress parade with the people shouting their praise and rejoicing in the victory they have gained. But they are willing even to take a chance of giving their lives for that reward of being praised and lauded for their bravery. If they can do this for an earthly cause should we not be willing to sacrifice and suffer affliction that we might be glorified with Him when He comes? That glorification doesn't last just for a period of a few days or years, but thank God, it will last eternally.

In Paul's second letter to the Corinthian church he speaks of his awful suffering, how he was pressed out of measure, and he said, "We despaired even of our life and had the sentence of death in ourselves," but in that very hour when he was sentenced to die, he trusted in the living God, "who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us." Referring to his past experiences, God was faithful to deliver; speaking of his present, he said, "God does deliver me," and he trusts in God for the future. In all his afflictions God comforted him that he might be able to comfort those which are in trouble. No one can speak words of comfort to the soul as the one who has passed through the affliction. No one can comfort a bereaved wife like a

widow, and sometime God permits us to suffer that we may be able to comfort some one else who goes through the same trial.

Now we read in the eleventh of Hebrews of a man who had a right to choose, and God gives us each the same right. He had the privilege of choosing either to suffer affliction with God's people or to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Moses looked around him and saw God's people serving the Egyptians as slaves, and though he lived in Pharaoh's palace and dwelt in Egypt as a prince, enjoying all the pleasures the land could give, yet he knew in his heart he belonged to God's people, and we find him choosing to suffer afflictions with the people of God rather than to enjoy a good time. Thank God for the purpose that was in Moses' heart. He esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Friend, have you made that choice? Have you taken your place today among the despised people of God, esteemed His reproach greater reward than anything this world can give? I am glad I can say this morning that for me to know Him, to suffer for Him, to bear His cross, I esteem a greater privilege than to be commended and praised by the multitude who travel the broad way. Take for example the prophets who were faithful in speaking God's Word; James says that they are an example in suffering and in patience. These prophets were patient in their suffering. Are you patient in your tribulation? Are you just as patient as God would have you to be when the trials and afflic-

tions come your way? Beloved, God can keep you and help you in such a time.

Take for example the Apostle Peter. I do not believe it was natural for Peter to suffer and endure in a Christlike way. Peter no doubt had in him what many people have today, and that is something that wanted to fight back, something that wanted to justify himself, to resist evil. You remember when Jesus was betrayed and the mob came and took Him as a prisoner, Peter drew out his sword and cut off the servant's ear, and when Jesus told him that He must suffer, he said, "Be it far from Thee, Lord." And Jesus had to rebuke him. But there came a time after the Holy Spirit came into his life when he rejoiced that he was counted worthy to suffer. He literally fulfilled the words of our Lord when He said, "When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and walkest whither thou wouldst: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." Peter knew that he was to be martyred, and when they took him to nail him to the cross he felt himself unworthy to die as his Lord had died, so asked them to let him be crucified with his head downward. He suffered this martyrdom because he was faithful to his Master.

Let us not only pray, "Lord, give us the power of Pentecost, and the Gospel as the Early Church possessed it," but "help us to be willing to suffer the afflictions of the Gospel according to the power of God."

Recent Conditions in Jerusalem Plague, Pestilence and Famine!

Miss Elizabeth Brown in The Stone Church, March 21, 1918



O many people have said to me since my return from the Holy Land, "Oh how wonderful it must be to walk those streets and travel over the lands where Jesus walked!" but I remember very vividly my impressions when going to Jerusalem the first time. It seemed to me that every face I saw, every stone (and stones are about all we have over there), every rock and every tree said one thing to me: "He is not here."

Dear Miss Yoder, who was in India for many years as a missionary, came to Jerusalem one time on her way back to her field. We took her out to Bethlehem and as we stood down there in the grotto where, in all probability, Jesus was born, a group of priests came in for their after-

noon prayers, and as we were not ready to go we stepped aside until their service was over. She shook her head sadly as they went out and said, "I have been over eight years in heathen India, but *today* I have seen idolatry." Idolatry in these places we think so sacred, Jerusalem and Bethlehem, almost takes away the feeling of sacredness when you go into them. You have to shut your eyes to many things if you would have any feeling of sacredness remain. When I went to the little parcel of ground pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane, my heart sickened. You have to stoop almost down to the ground to get in, and there they have fourteen stones and little shrines set in little niches in the wall; they have glass in front of them, and the stone in front in many places is almost kissed away by the pilgrims who come. They love Jesus, but it is a wrong

way of showing it, is it not? They do not know anything about His power to save. One of these pilgrims was found by an evangelist down in the Church of the Sepulchre—the world calls it the Holy Sepulchre, but when we live there we leave off the “holy” because it is one of the most unholy places the sun looks down upon—this pilgrim was sitting outside weeping, and the evangelist said, “Why do you weep?” “Why do I weep?” he answered, “all my life I have saved my money to come to Jerusalem, and I have done it because I believed when I came to this spot and bowed my face to the ground in that tomb in yonder, that my burden of sin would roll away. I have spent my money, I have been into that tomb, I have bowed not once or twice but many times, and my heart is just as heavy as it ever was.” How glad that evangelist was to point him to the risen Christ, the Coming One. He found Jesus as his Savior, he went away with his burdens lifted. Many hundreds and thousands used to come, Russian pilgrims and others from all over the world, but they did not find Jesus there.

People think that the work in Jerusalem is exclusively Jewish, and I would like to correct that impression. There is one English Society that is exclusively Jewish, the London Society for the promulgation of the Gospel among the Jews, but no other society confines its efforts to the Jews. Personally, my call was to the Jew first, but also to the Gentiles. The Jews there are very bigoted and very bitter. I have worked among the Jews here in Chicago, a little in New York City, and some in Pittsburgh, my native city, and other places, but I never saw Jews like those in Jerusalem. They are there because of their tradition. They have their little curls down the side of their faces and wear long flowing robes of worship. The orthodox Jew believes if he is buried in the sacred soil worms will not destroy his body, but a gardener told us he never saw such wormy soil. For a long time that was the class of Jews we had in Jerusalem, but a few years ago Turkey opened her doors to any Jew, and he would be received as a citizen of the land by giving up his passport when he crossed the borders, at which time tens of thousands entered the land. A great many young men came, but there was no inducement for them as there is in America or European countries, and they left. Many left at the possibility of Turkey entering the war so that they would not be drafted into the Turkish Army. At present the Jews and the Christians serve the same as the Mohammedans except that the Mohammed-

ans are the combatants. The Jews and the Christians do not carry arms because Turkey does not trust them. There was a battle in which Turkey learned not to trust them. I think it was a company of Christians whom she put in the front, and these Christians threw down their arms and said, “We will not fire upon our brethren.”

The fruit there is hand-picked fruit. The Jewish people “do not want this Man to reign over them.” How many times they have told us, “We do not want either you or your Book. Go to your own people. They need you worse than we do.” It is a fact that many of the Jews are more honorable than the Christians, and the Jew and the Mohammedan will point their fingers at an inconsistent Christian and say, “Do you want us to be like that?” No never, but we try to point them to the One above. The Mohammedans are much more open to the Gospel than the Jews, but for both family and government reasons it is almost as much as a Mohammedan’s life is worth to confess Christ in any public way. I think the most of those who have confessed Christ have met with the poisoned cup or in some way sealed their testimony with their blood. In Jerusalem and throughout Palestine they endeavor to get a Mohammedan convert out of the country just as quickly as possible after he has given his life to Jesus.

I want to tell you something about the conditions in Jerusalem after the war began. In the Spring of 1915, a few months after Turkey went into the war we had a visitation of locusts. At that time we truly understood what the plague of locusts meant as we read of it in Exodus. One day I was visiting in a home. It was a bright, cloudless morning, and when I came out of that home it seemed to be raining and the sun was darkened as with a thunder-cloud. I said to some one, “Is it raining?” “Oh no, it is not raining. Look up.” On looking up we saw clouds of locusts, and it was several hours before the sun shone through. We had such visitations for several weeks, sometimes two or three times a week, and sometimes two or three times a day. These locusts lighted and laid their eggs in the ploughed ground, and in thirty or forty days a new brood came, and they were the ones which did the mischief to vegetation. They covered the ground from the mountains in the north to Beersheba, millions and millions of them, and when they had finished their work we had no fruits or vegetables for the summer. They came in the early Spring when the vegetables had gotten a good start; the grapes were

just formed in the vines, the fig-trees were putting forth their first figs. Joel describes that visitation vividly. The whole country was one living, hopping, mass. You could not help but tread upon them, and sometimes trains were held up for hours because of the creatures crushed under the wheels. The roads became so slippery from them that the horses could scarcely retain their footing. Then there came a few of an altogether different species, many times larger, and these reminded us very much of those described in Revelation 19. One of these creatures bit a boy who caught it, and they told me he suffered intense pain for two weeks and could not get any relief. It seemed that God threw in a little sprinkling here and there in order to warn us there was something still worse in the future to those who refused to heed His warning. When the locusts were past we found the land affected with lice. We always had fleas and mosquitoes, and in many of the villages there were people who had lice, but this was a plague. You could not sit in any public vehicle and even in walking you would get them, and as a result of vexation from the lice and of mal-nutrition from the lack of food, spotted typhus fever set in. It went from north to south, and was followed by a siege of cholera, typhoid fever and dysentery, accompanied by starvation. We were entirely shut in; to the north of us, Russia, from whom we had formerly gotten provisions, and to the south, Egypt. The Sea was closed, Egypt was our enemy as was also Russia. It wasn't so bad as long as the Arabs were our friends, but an incident occurred which turned them and they went over to the Allies. Then it became very difficult to get any wheat and thousands upon thousands died of actual starvation, besides those who died of disease.

There was another disease that followed, which the doctors didn't know how to handle. They decided to call it a mixed malaria—mixed with the germs of all these other diseases; also from the thousands of animals. Turkey had gathered up all the donkeys and mules. They dropped, most of them, under the burdens and were left to decay where they dropped, and the germs from these animals filled the air. Then the grave-diggers were not faithful, and the government found many hundreds of graves were not more than a foot and a half to two feet deep, so that the stench around the cemeteries was almost unendurable. Through all these things, death reaped a mighty harvest. The death rate in Jerusalem for many months averaged a hundred per day, and one day it went up as high as

one hundred and seventy-five. Whole villages were depopulated in Beirut and Lebanon. The government sent wagons out at night to gather up the dead, and it was no unusual occurrence as you walked along, to have half a dozen drop on the street as you passed by. In the villages where I was well acquainted, there were six or eight weeks at a stretch when the people had absolutely nothing to eat excepting the seeds and roots they could get out of the ground.

I think I will tell you something about the price of staple foods when I left Jerusalem. They had been thus for a long time. Wheat, that we ordinarily got for \$1 to \$2.25 per bushel, I paid for at the rate of \$20 a bushel. Those who bought flour paid for it at the rate of \$80 a barrel, and those who bought bread paid 40 cts. a lb., and it wasn't good wheat bread either, but mixed with all sorts of things, as Ezekiel said it would be. Potatoes we seldom used, but the last I saw in the market and priced, though needless to say I did not buy any, were \$60 a bushel. Rice was over \$2 a lb., sugar \$2.66 a lb., and milk 40 cts. a qt. One of the cheapest and most nutritious foods generally, which people use in a great many ways, are lentils, a sort of pea. We used to buy these for 2½c and 3c a lb., but the last I priced in the market were 45 cts. a lb., and everything else was in proportion. People ask, "What do the people do?" There is only one thing left, and that is to do without.

Mothers would say, "I don't know what is the matter with my baby," but they would uncover their faces, and you could see their eyes deep in their sockets; perhaps you would see the little thing make an effort to cry, but it didn't have voice enough to get the cry out. Thousands of babies perished for lack of food. I asked a member of my Bible class how her baby was, and she said, "Miss Brown, a few nights ago baby awakened crying for bread and I hadn't any bread to give him. I hadn't been able to get any bread all the day before, (if our people do not have bread they do not have anything), and as I had no bread to give him I told him to lie down and be still until morning and I would try and get him some, but he kept on crying, and I tried to quiet him but it was all in vain. He still kept crying, 'Oh mother give me some bread.'" The other children were awaking through the baby's voice, and she knew they would all be clamoring for bread too, for they had gone to sleep hungry, "So," she said, "I gave the baby just a little touch and said, now baby must lie down until morning, and Miss Brown, my baby gave just one little gasp and was gone. I know he scarcely

felt it, but he was so near the border just a touch and he was gone."

I will never forget the eyes of those hungry people pleading for a bite of bread. They haunt me yet, and tonight I see them clearer than your eyes. One time I had a little piece of bread I gave to a woman who came and she just flew upon it, she was so ravenous. She took one big bite and then she steeled herself and tucked it down in her bosom and held it tightly, saying, "Not any more for me. I must take that home for my babies, they were crying. Oh lady, forgive me for taking a little." Friends, you think you have hard times here, but you do not know anything about it. You could not see a soul that wasn't pale and pinched, hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed, even the most favored. I want to say to the praise and glory of God that after the war began He led me to take in two little waifs that would otherwise have been under the sod, and my visitors were very numerous; sometimes they would stay a week, sometimes a few days, but I praise God we were never hungry. We had something three times a day. But I found that if we sat down to our table, no matter how meagerly set, and saw three or four hungry children outside our window, we would not have much appetite. That was such a common occurrence in those days, and when we came away conditions were getting worse, and I am sure they continued getting worse until the British took possession. I have not heard how they are now.

I want to lay upon your hearts this burden. Writing hundreds of years ago, David said, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." The Jew, the Moslem, the Christian all alike know not Jesus. The Jew hates Him, the Moslem respects Him as a prophet, and the Christian mocks Him by his life, although he has a form of godliness and is called by the name of Christ. While we were there, especially after so many missionaries came away, we had opportunities to minister. One little woman who came to my Bible class came to ask me to pray for her husband who was ill. He had been imprisoned for some reason and she was washing and scrubbing to get them some food, but now that times were getting so hard the people were doing their own work and she was stripped even of this. She went to her husband in distress and said, "I do not know how I can get food for us." He said he knew of only one way and that was for her to sell herself in sin, and he would give his consent that they might have food. I did not know this when she came and asked me to pray

for her husband, but I said, "Is there anything in your life to hinder God from blessing?" Then she told me, and said, "I made up my mind I would die, and let those depending upon me die of starvation rather than eat a bite as the wages of sin, and I mean to stick to it." I prayed for her husband and he recovered. Just before I came away I met her on the street, and she said, "I want to tell you how God has provided for us. We have not been hungry since that time."

Now these people haven't anyone to point them to Jesus. Many learned to know Him, some as their Healer. One dear woman for whom I had prayed, not long after sent for me to come and pray for her boy who had been down with typhus. The case had been reported to the authorities, and when I went to the house I found the boy delirious. There wasn't any shadow of doubt that the boy was seriously ill; the ambulance came and took him to the hospital, but the doctors said, "What did they send you here for? There is nothing the matter with you. However, we will feed you up and send you home." God had done something in the meantime; the boy had been healed. A mother of another home sent word, "Do come down and pray for us." I went into that home, and there lay the father on the sofa, not able to raise his head, the eldest daughter, the mother and baby, and two little girls, all were sick with the fever, and there was only one boy up, and he had been healed in answer to prayer. God healed them all and raised them up.

Friends have asked, "How did you get your supplies?" I want to tell you a little secret. If you are in the will of God it doesn't matter where you are or what your conditions are. Don't be afraid to trust Him, for what He has promised He is able to perform. Not one word of His good promises failed all the time I was there. For instance, it was about the time a lot of missionaries were leaving, the time of the break between Turkey and the Allies. The foreigners' post offices were closed and the government would not allow any money sent through them; the banks refused to issue drafts, personal checks were, of course, no good. Just before this condition arose I had moved from a large house into a smaller one. We have to rent our houses by the year and pay our rent in advance, although in this case the landlord had allowed me to come in by paying only half the rent down because it was so difficult to get money. I had to pay about \$25 for moving and \$25 to have the house cleaned, and pay about \$80 down for rent, besides getting in some provisions I would need

for the winter; these were the very least things with which I could get along. I got a letter from a friend in the West who said, "I feel you are in need of money and I have a little for you, but I do not know how to get it to you, but if you are in need, borrow to the amount of \$5." I said to myself, "God knows how to put that money into my hands and I will get it before I spend it." Another friend wrote, "I have some money for you but I haven't the least idea how to send it." I took those matters to the Lord. I had only one source of supply and that was He. The verse on the calendar that morning was, "Lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it." I began to think of Moses and the children of Israel, and I was so glad that God was my God, but I never applied that verse to myself. As I went to prayer the Spirit said, "What is that in thine hand?" and

again He spoke to me and said, "Stretch forth thy hand over the sea and divide it," and I said, "Oh Lord, I do stretch forth my hand, and I thank You for Your Word to me in my need." Three days later I was going down to the market and I met one of the men of the Consulate who said, "Oh Miss Brown, I have some money for you." I went down to get it and he said, "This money was cabled from Washington to Constantinople three days ago, and had been sent from two different places." There was a restriction about sending money, only a certain amount being permitted from one place, but the Lord knew how to provide even for this. Had it all been sent from one place I would have been deprived of the entire amount. So it doesn't matter whether it is money you need, or wisdom; whether it is food or clothing, what is that to His willingness to supply?

Who Will Go? Who Will Send?



HE command comes and particularly refers to these last days, "Go out QUICKLY into the streets and lanes of the city, and BRING IN hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind;" the castaways and off-scourings of earth that are outside the pale of church and society. And to emphasize the necessity, the Lord Jesus gives still another call and more insistent than the first, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and COMPEL them to come in, that my house may be filled." Luke 14:21-23.

This past Autumn word reached us of an unsaved man in an adjacent community, who, we were informed, had been sick for several months. At once a longing sprung up within me for his soul, for though living in a Christian neighborhood and under the shadow of a Church, yet I feared nothing had been done for the spiritual welfare of this poor sinner. But right following the information, came the news that he had lapsed into unconsciousness. I could almost see the sardonic grin of fiendish triumph on old Apollyon's face at the seeming defeat, but I went to prayer, asking God to restore consciousness and give one last chance to the man; to enlighten his mind by the Holy Spirit that he might comprehend and be able to grasp salvation, there being no human helpers to show him the way. God spoke sweet assurance. The next Sabbath we rode over and entering the humble little home we asked the wife whether the min-

ister or any Christian had visited her husband. "No one," was the reply. The son came to us and with joy told of how his father had been converted that week," and (to use his expression) "was shouting happy!" We crossed to the cot where the fast sinking man lay and looking up into our faces he feebly told us that he had received the Saviour and was trusting in His atoning blood. We mingled our voice of praise together, and after a prayer and song, we left the room rejoicing over this, another precious soul, which had been snatched as "a brand from the burning." Does it pay to "Go out"? Is there any mathematician of earth who can estimate the gain? All praise to our Lord, the Great Shepherd of the sheep!

Country districts, out of the way homes, jails, hospitals, etc., present fields white unto the harvest. At many canning factories throughout our Eastern section, hundreds of laborers coming for the work season have no services on the Lord's Day. They do not go to church, neither does the church go to them, for such a low strata of human beings appear to be quite beneath their notice. Those poor "downs and outs" know very forcibly the meaning of that sad cry, "No man cared for my soul." Jesus came and died—"He tasted death for EVERY man"—and then to pass them by unnoticed? Consider, oh, consider!

At the voice of the Lord, two of us workers went one Sabbath to one of the factories in a

certain village and to that unkempt, motley crowd we gave the Gospel message. On concluding we noticed at some distance away a group of indifferent loungers who had not come up into the audience. Breathing a prayer we walked over to them and almost a sneer greeted our approach. Sin wants to be let alone you know. But oh, how God can work wonders! In just a few moments EVERY one of that score or more of persons was under pungent conviction, their hard hearts melted and blessedly drawn to the Saviour. We thanked Him for these wisps from the wayside and hurried on to another place. And there in the suburbs of that town the lowly people hungrily listened to the Gospel. Only a single unconcerned person did we see, a youth looking out of a window from the upper story of the building. At first he was disposed to treat the whole affair as a huge joke and to ridicule, but ere long the Spirit of God reached his heart and he became quiet and docile as a lamb—his attention riveted, oh so intently, on the words as they fell from our lips, for the remainder of the services. As we drove away and looking back on rounding the corner, we saw the congregation still standing, reading with keen interest the tracts we had distributed among them, and our souls very happy, we praised God that He would take care of the precious seed sown. Honor and glory to His dear name!

And one more instance we would relate: On Sunday again, going to a village near by, we visited another of these factories and at the first strains of song, the shabbily dressed men and women quickly gathered around, pleased that we had come (for we had been there the year before), and anxious to hear the Old, Old Story. God enabled us to speak and in the course of the talk, inadvertently looking round, our gaze fell on a young girl back of us, from whose eyes the tears were streaming. At a glance we perceived that the Holy Spirit was mightily working and the great deeps of that soul being broken up, for written in every lineament of her countenance was the *longing* desire for sins forgiven, and that this Jesus of whom we were speaking, might be her Saviour too.

"No one seemed to love her
No one seemed to care,
Her life was like a blank,
But Jesus was watching
Jesus was winning
The girl in the byway drear."

Our heart o'erflowed with joy at the sight and in that hour a deeper insight was given into

Jesus' words, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also MUST I bring." Praises and adoration to God!

But all are not gathered in, many more are yet outside of the fold. "My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill, yea, my flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them." Ezek. 34:6. "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost." List to the Macedonian cry of these forlorn, weary ones, "Come over and help us." And "our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep," waits to go to their rescue through human agencies—"ambassadors of Christ"—for "we beseech you IN CHRIST'S STEAD, be ye reconciled to God." Who will go? And there are those who stand ready to go, had they the means. Who will send? For they that stay by the stuff and by their gifts make it possible to send forth others, will share the same in the reward as those who go. Any of God's stewards or children that wish to honor Him with your substance, will you kindly bear us and these immortal souls up to the Throne in prayer?—and, "what He saith unto you, do."

Behold the great object lesson of billions pouring into worldly coffers for war! Throughout the length and breadth of our country reaching to even the most remote hamlet, and passing no one by, rings out the command, "Do your bit!" Every person is expected to contribute his quota, and if not voluntarily, then he is compelled to through the various war taxes. Oh, that believers may be wise to learn from this significant example set before them, not to be one whit behind in giving money unto God for the further witnessing of the Gospel and the salvation of souls. Can it be that we allow worldlings, and just for a mere, material cause, to far outstrip us in the way of making real sacrifice? Why couldn't we, the Church of Christ as a whole, have had our "do without times" too in a "wheatless" day, a "meatless" day, a "sugarless" day, etc., that the immense sum saved (and it wouldn't have cost us very much either) thereby, might be put into God's treasury for the spread of His Word and Gospel literature; the sending soldiers of the Cross and missionaries to home and foreign fields and to provide for their support? Strikingly true is the Scripture—and words uttered by Jesus Himself—that, "the

children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

As a writer has well said, Christians should not curtail in their financial service because of hard, stringent times, but rather give the more. It was while the Macedonians were undergoing "a great trial of affliction" that "their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." Jesus is near, and after you are "caught up to meet Him in the air," whose then shall be the earthly possessions you leave behind? Would He have you make them convertible into the coin of the Kingdom now?—"Laying up in store for themselves (yourselves) a good foundation against the time to come." Ah, again fall the

words from the lips of Jesus, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But LAY UP for yourselves TREASURES IN HEAVEN, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Matt. 6:19, 20. "Freely ye have received, freely give" unto the different needs of God's cause at home, abroad, and unto the uttermost ends of the earth. And those who are led to make an offering for the harvest work in these parts, write the undersigned, who will gladly send more particulars and information as to how it will be used.

Hurlock, Maryland.

Lelia M. Conway.

Christ in the Trenches

Miss Elizabeth Sisson



CHRIST in the trenches? Yes, and Christ everywhere there are war boys, soldiers and sailors. Thank God, Jesus loves them! He is with them. Are you with Christ in the trenches? You may be by prayerful co-operation and with your means. Your prayers may put an increasing anointing on all who are speaking and seeking to win the dear boys to give their lives to Jesus.

The biggest revival the world ever saw is now inside of the great war-scurge *in all lands*. The millions upon millions of Testaments and Scripture portions, in all languages eagerly snatched by the dear soldier and sailor lads, tell the story. Listen to some of the reports of the "United Prayer and Workers' League" of one of their gatherings at Houston, Texas, at the Big Tabernacle, where at *one meeting* thirty-seven hundred listened to Gospel appeals to be clean and pure. At this Tabernacle thirty thousand Gospels and tracts have been distributed by the "League." When appeals were made for them to cross the line from sin to Jesus—these were among the testimonies:

"Boys, hear me. Every man in uniform needs the love of God in his heart to make him the best soldier possible. Every man who believes in God and his church is a better citizen for it."—Captain Carr, 129th Infantry.

"I've been gambling and trying to be a sport," he said. "I know better because I was raised in a good home. But of late I've been getting careless. I know I can't do these things and still be the best soldier for Uncle Sam. I'm through with it all from now on. I know what the love of God means

and I'm going to be true to Him."—A Southern Boy.

"I've been burning myself up with 'coffin nails,'" said the next man. "Here's where I quit them all."—A Soldier from Illinois.

"I'm one of the army cooks," he said, "and formerly was a coal miner. My mother lies on a bed of serious illness. She is praying for me, and I want to give my heart to Christ tonight in answer to her prayer. I find it easier to lead a clean life in the army than out of it. But I want to go all the way and be as good a Christian as I want to be a soldier for the flag."—Another Illinois Man.

Tears streamed down the face of another young man—a Houston boy—as he told his story: "Mother has been dead twelve years," he said. "But even now I feel her prayers for me to be saved. I want that prayer answered tonight." From a letter: "I want to thank and praise God for Jesus this morning. I feel and realize that He is all in all to me just now. Praise His dear name! I know this morning without a shadow of a doubt, that Jesus has saved me from my sins through His precious blood."—a North Texas Soldier.

"I want to thank Jesus for what He has done for me. He has given peace of mind and heart and a more friendly feeling for my neighbors, but best of all He has given me salvation. I can say from experience that whatever the trouble may be, Jesus will always help us if we only ask Him. He will comfort us in sickness and strengthen us when we are tempted. He will always be near us when we are in the trenches, or wherever we may be, and I can say from the bottom of my heart, 'Give your heart and life to Him and all will be well.'"—A Soldier.

These are just a sample of testimonies of the "United Prayer and Workers' League" as given

in their circular. Send for some. Yes, Christ is in the trenches, and Christ is working with the soldier boys in the home camps. Are you with Christ in the trenches and with Christ among the soldier and sailor boys at home and abroad? You may be by prayer, and by gifts, if not by personal presence.

The revival work is vast. The numbers roll up. But there are hundreds of thousands more to be reached, by increased Holy Ghost power, among the workers and the listeners—power turned on in answer to your loving, believing prayer and by new work started in all the camps. It is as true now as when it was first written,

"Prayer moves the Arm which moves the world
To bring Salvation down."

You can—so to speak—by prayer be right at the elbow of God, moving it, to money supply—to more workers, to further outpouring of His Spirit upon the dear lads. It is for you and me a great opportunity, but a short one. A Great Opportunity, for even a little child can forego his penny-worth of candy and turn it into a pocket Testament for a soldier or sailor; you and I can make plainer living at our table, plainer dressing, plainer house furnishings, and not yet have reached the consecration of that Lone Sufferer on Calvary's hill, when He gave all His living—drop by drop, His all of life-blood, oozing out in mortal agony for our and their salvation! A great opportunity to change much of our human living at the Great Heavenly Exchange into souls reached and saved, jewels of our crown through Eternity!!!

A Great Opportunity, but a short one! Our boys are rapidly passing on out of our reach. "What thou doest, do quickly." The dear lads are being pushed to the front, pushed across the waters, pushed to the battle lines, and then pushed into Eternity!!! There is a loud call from God for our help. How sweet to meet some on the Happy Shore, who were rescued from an eternal hell and turned to an eternal heaven through something that our money and our prayers started!

Assemblies, Camp-meetings, Bible classes, Sunday Schools, individuals, this is your wonderful opportunity. Even a child's two cents will buy a Gospel of St. John, and there is room from that up to ten thousand dollars in investments.

Offerings may be sent to the address of Raymond T. Richey, United Prayer and Workers' League, Houston, Texas, U. S. A.

Clouds

"The Clouds Are the Dust of His Feet."—Nah. 1:3.

Miss Elizabeth Sisson in Trust.

Nations are grinding as iron and clay.
Nations are coming to naught in a day.
Jehovah is working a work complete,
And clouds are the dust of His solemn feet.

Satan is harvesting lives more and more,
Falling by millions on many a shore.
God hath a sickle, inside Satan's beat,
And clouds are the dust of His loving feet.

Jerusalem bound for centuries past,
From cruel Turk-rule, released now at last,
And Zion looks up, with hopes all replete,
And clouds are the dust of His wondrous feet.

The women may vote, and rum may retire,
In midst of war's hell, and hatred's hot fire,
The evil and good most strangely do meet,
And clouds are the dust of His mighty feet.

To knights and pawns, kings and queens loudly call.
They see not the Hand which moves on them all.
God plays the game: His will who shall defeat,
Clouds but the dust of His marvellous feet.

Breaking all kingdoms, to bring in His own,
"The stone without hands" shall on them be
thrown,
The righteous shall flourish, perfect peace greet,
And clouds are the dust of His beautiful feet.

In each passing shadow, tumult and strife,
My soul comprehends! its meaning so rife!
Life's opportunity, a thought—so sweet!—
The clouds, the dust of His thrice-blessed feet.

Soon from sad earth, to the bright-waiting skies
Made ready,—a host of beings shall rise,
Leaving the grind, the mad passion, the heat,
And clouds shall become the dust of His feet.

Oh wonderful clouds, that bring Him so near!
Oh chariots dark, with Convoy so dear!
Oh dust that may seem—but doth not deplete!
Hasting the coming of His holy feet!

We cannot believe in Christ for ourselves, unless we believe in Him for all the world. The more deeply we believe in Him for ourselves, the more certain we shall believe that He is the Saviour of the world.

Just as surely as you deepen your own spiritual life and make Jesus more your Saviour, just so surely you will believe in Christian Missions, and long to tell all that He is their Saviour, too.
—Phillips Brooks.

In Korea people use some unique phrases. When a Korean decides to become a Christian he tells his friends that he has made up his mind to "do the doctrine." This is like a Chinese convert who made this quaint confession of faith: "I am now reading the Bible, and behaving it." The Bible is first and foremost a book to read, but in China and in Korea they understand that it is also a book to obey.—*Missionary Review*.

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Notes

World-Wide Missionary Conference

WE would again call the attention of our readers to the coming Missionary Conference to be held at The Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Ave., Chicago, May 12-19. While this is distinctively a Missionary Conference, it is not by any means to be confined to missionaries, but for all who love the Lord and are interested in the spread of the Gospel. Those coming from a distance can secure rooms and meals in the neighborhood. If you have never been burdened for the whitened harvest fields come and get the compassion that our Lord had when He saw the multitude as sheep having no shepherd.

Will not every reader pray at least once every day for this Conference during the month that yet remains, that God's will may be fully carried out, and that the cause of Foreign Missions will be greatly strengthened and advanced. All our plans are subject to His overruling. If you are a missionary or Christian worker and can be with us, let us hear from you. Those wishing to correspond with the Chairman, Pastor S. A. Jamieson, can address him at Box 1356, Tulsa, Okla., or communications may be sent to the Secretary, Miss Anna C. Reiff, 3635 Michigan Ave., Chicago. If anyone feels led to contribute towards the entertainment of the missionaries at the Conference it will be appreciated.

Three Months' Missionary Report

WE give below our Three Months' Report of monies sent to the mission field for the months of January, February and March:

Geo. M. Kelley, South China (\$28 for native worker)	\$ 269.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, South China.....	137.00
Ivan S. Kauffman, North China (\$30 for native worker)	130.00
I. S. Neeley, West Africa.....	120.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, South China.....	115.00
Adolph Wiencke, China.....	105.82
Miss Bernice Lee, India.....	100.00
Pandita Ramabai, India.....	87.27
Miss Phoebe Holmes, South China (\$30 for native worker)	84.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	80.00
Wm. K. Norton, India.....	75.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China.....	70.59
B. S. Moore, Japan.....	70.00
Miss Edith Baugh, for India.....	65.00
Miss May Law, China.....	65.00
Albert Norton, India	64.00
Miss Margaret Clark, India.....	55.00
Miss Hazel Parker, India.....	50.00
W. W. Simpson, for China.....	50.00
John M. Perkins, West Africa	45.00
H. J. Johns, Honolulu	45.00
Miss Margaret Piper, Japan.....	40.00
Miss Mattie Ledbetter, China.....	40.00
E. A. Barnes, Central America.....	40.00
Mrs. Lillian Denney, India.....	35.00
Thomas Hindle, for Mongolia.....	30.00
Harry E. Bowley, West Africa	30.00
Miss Almyra Aston, India.....	30.00
Miss Emma Wick, South Africa.....	25.00
A. H. Post, Egypt.....	25.00
Miss Ethel Abercrombie, China.....	25.00
Wm. J. Taylor, Japan.....	25.00
L. M. Anglin, China.....	25.00
Clarence Johns, Honolulu	25.00
Stanley Smith, China.....	21.70
James Harvey, India	20.00
Robert F. Cook, India.....	20.00
Lloyd G. Cramer, China.....	20.00
Miss Myrtle Bailey, China.....	20.00
C. F. Juergenson, Japan.....	20.00
C. H. Schoonmaker, India.....	20.00
Miss Cora Heist, China.....	20.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt.....	20.00
Timothy Urshan, Persia.....	15.00
Mrs. P. R. Rushin, Phillipine Islands.....	15.00
Miss Mae Aikenhead, China.....	13.00
Paul Van Valen, India.....	10.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson Congo.....	10.00
Miss Elizabeth A. Brown, for Palestine....	10.00
Miss Tillie Habecker, China.....	10.00
Raymond T. Richie (soldiers).....	10.00
Miss Alma Doering, for the Congo.....	10.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India.....	5.00
Total	\$2567.38

Those who read Miss Brown's article in this month's Evangel will note the unheard-of prices of food-products in Jerusalem. While Palestine has no doubt suffered more from this source than other lands, yet our missionaries tell us that prices have doubled and trebled since the war, and from what we have experienced in the home land we may well judge of their great need. So we trust that those whom God has blessed and

prospered temporally will not forget the great need of our faithful co-laborers in the mission fields. We gladly send out all offerings, and are in touch with the needs all over the world. One pastor writes that since he has taken up a monthly offering for missions, he is supported better than ever before. This is only proving the Word, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

What Natives Can Do

Sometime ago we published a summary of a report of work among the Kameruns, West Africa, which, for a self-supporting native ministry was nothing short of phenomenal. We believe that similar work can be accomplished in other mission fields by prayerful teaching and training. It may be more difficult in some fields than others, but all native Christians should be taught to give a tenth, no matter how small the amount may be. It will not impoverish them, but according to the Word of God, tend to their prosperity. When we hear of what the heathen has sacrificed for his idols we wonder if the spirit of sacrifice *for the sake of the Gospel* could not be fostered. In this way a fund could be secured for the support of native pastors, the rent of the mission, furnishings, etc.

That diligent, patient effort along this line will richly pay, is proved by a report recently received from one of our missionaries in South China. On Chinese New Year the heathen give to their idols at least four dollars of their money for the year, and our missionaries felt that surely the native Christians should do as much for the Gospel, and made an appeal. The offering that was taken up amounted to \$140.00 in their money, which surprised even the missionaries. This money will be used in supplies for the mission.

If this spirit of sacrifice continues, it will surely not be long before a mission of this strength will be able to support an under station and maintain a native worker for it. We trust missionaries will encourage Christian natives in the evangelization of their people; it will give them an interest and also increase their spiritual growth. Just as a home church languishes and dies for the lack of missionary interest, so in like measure would a native church suffer did it not reach out after others.

¶ Crying Need for Workers

WAR conditions are making it more and more difficult for missionaries to go forth to certain countries, principally because the boats are being used in the war-zone. We ask special

prayer for our missionaries in Liberia who, according to recent reports are cut off from supplies from the States. We have not heard from the missionaries direct regarding this but understand that shipments are not going through.

A recent letter from Brother and Sister Harvey, who with Miss Parker left for India in December, states that they are still in Hong Kong, having been unable to secure further passage owing to shortage of boats.

When we reflect on these conditions and then hear of the crying need for missionaries in our own Southern lands, we wonder if, in the event of the way being closed to lands across the sea, our workers could not go into the needy fields of South and Central America. Our hearts have been especially moved by a stirring appeal which comes from Brother Schoeneich, who, with his wife has now labored over five years in Central America. A number of times Mrs. Schoeneich, never very robust at best, has been down to the very gates of death, but God has always delivered her. Now Brother Schoeneich is feeling the result of living in a malarial, tropical country for over five years, and they are both in need of a furlough, but cannot see their way clear to leave until reinforcements come. He says they *must* have three married couples who are wholly out for God, willing to suffer privations, and capable of assuming responsibilities. If this need is not met, the territory which is practically theirs now, will be lost and may perhaps never be regained. Their zeal and determination are greater than ever, but with worn, tired bodies they are working against great odds. The church societies are coming in with missionaries and money and taking the coveted territory, whereas if there were good, Pentecostal workers to take charge of different centers they would have the entire north-eastern part of the Republic of Nicaragua well connected and easy to work.

Will not the saints pray that there will be capable and well-equipped missionaries to enter this "great door and effectual" that has opened up? The command is, "Go ye into all the world," and we believe that any consecrated, capable couple could do effective work in this open door. We know of one missionary who went to China, not because he had a particular call to that field, but because he had the grit and courage to choose what he felt was the hardest field, and God used him there. Others have prayed for calls to certain fields and God has answered prayer and made them splendid workers for Him. Will God's children not pray the Lord

of the harvest to send forth laborers into this very needy field that these faithful workers may be relieved?

The outlook in that land is most encouraging. With all the opposition and persecution from the Roman Church, in two trips recently taken they sold and distributed over 1,700 Scriptures, and the people are accepting the truth in spite of excommunication. On one of their trips they were struck by seeing a Roman church crumbling into ruins because of disuse, while further on they found a woman reading a well-worn Bible that they had distributed on a previous trip. Wherever the Word of God is honored and loved, darkness and superstition disappear.

* * *

After days and weeks of hardships, testings and trials too deep for words, our brother, Ivan S. Kauffman and Mrs. Kauffman have reached their destination at Tao Chow (Old City) Kansu Prov., Northwest China. They journeyed in mid-winter with practically no heat, over mountains and dangerous precipices in ox-carts without springs, that jarred and upset, till their bodies could scarce stand the strain of the continuous jolting for weeks. Then changing to a mule litter they passed through a robber-infested region, but God showed His power and protection in a marked way.

The native brethren who had been longing and praying for their coming were overjoyed at their arrival, and pleaded with them not to leave them. Already God has put His seal upon them by answering prayer both for healing and salvation. One was healed who was nigh unto death and six professed conversion. Our readers will surely rejoice that the prayers and contributions that have enabled our missionaries to reach their destination are already bearing fruit.

Substitute Work

A young man who was working as a farm laborer in America for \$20.00 a month began to pay for a substitute in India. When he retired at night he had the satisfaction of knowing that his substitute was just getting out of bed on the other side of the globe, and thus he was really putting twenty-four hours a day into the Lord's work. He was so pleased with the thought, that he kept on hiring substitutes, until he was working with his agents thirty-six hours a day. He went on hiring substitutes, until he was working or causing seventy-two hours of work a day to be done for the Lord. He became so interested in missions that he interested everybody around

him. He obtained some "Go or send" leaflets and he persuaded forty-four other people to take a substitute. In other words, this farmer boy, twenty-three years old, earning only \$20.00 per month, in less than two years was the means of putting nearly fifty workers into the foreign field, with their salaries paid. People are always singing,

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing,

My dear Redeemer's praise,"

but this young man went about and secured the tongues, and at the present rate of progress he will have more than a thousand tongues to sing the Redeemer's praise before he dies.

Consider the Master's aching heart as He looks upon a perishing world and a slumbering church. Ask yourself if you cannot do something to make the "Man of Sorrows" a "Man of Joy." Consider the privilege of having a personal representative who works while you sleep, and through whom you can actually preach the Gospel to thousands who never heard it. Selected.

Open for Engagements

Pastor John Coxe, of Wilmington, Del., with his daughter, Miss Sara Coxe, recently returned from India, and Pastor Herbert H. Cox, Zion City, Ill., will be open for a series of engagements after May 1st, and will be glad to hear from any who may wish their services in Conventions or Campmeetings. Present-day Pentecostal truths, the Coming of the Lord and allied themes, and the need of a lost world, will constitute their messages. Bro. Herbert Cox also has an inspiring message in song. Both he and Miss Coxe spent a number of years in India and missionary addresses will have a part in their campaigns. If you want a series of good meetings get in touch with them early. Pentecostal papers please copy this announcement. Address, Rev. John Coxe, 802 W. 20th St., Wilmington, Del.

Convention and Campmeeting

A Missionary Convention will be held (D. V.) at Beulah Heights, North Bergen, N. J., May 25-June 2 inclusive. May 30th will be graduation day for the Missionary Training School. Missionary offerings will be taken. Workers are expected from various places. Meetings daily 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. For further information write, Beulah Heights, 4741 Hudson Boul., North Bergen, N. J. Nehemiah 8:10.

* * *

The Assemblies of Philadelphia have combined for a Nation-wide Campmeeting for forty days, July 21-Sept. 1, 1918, conducted by Brother and Sister H. S. McPherson and others. Pentecostal workers, saints and needy souls are invited from the United States and Canada, and earnest prayer is asked for this Campmeeting that it may be a time of great awakening upon both saint and sinner.

Several hundred living tents are needed for this meeting. If you have any or know of any that could be secured, communicate with James R. Greig, 906 Filbert St., Philadelphia. Further information regarding Campmeeting can be had from same address.

Entrance into Heathen Hearts thro' Healing

Taking New Territory for God

Miss Edith Baugh, Chupra, Saran Dist., Behar, India, in The Stone Church, March 17, 1918



I WANT to bring to you tonight a few words which the Lord gave me on New Year's morning as my verse for the year. It is in Genesis 17:1, "I am the Almighty God; walk before Me and be thou perfect." These were God's words to Abraham, His chosen one, and I believe it is God's message to His people today. He is speaking to my heart, and to others and saying to us, "Walk before Me and be thou perfect." There is so much in the world that is drawing us here and there; so much to attract us in this direction and that, but when God gives a command He also gives the enabling to carry it out, and so when He tells us to walk before Him and be perfect, He will enable us to obey the command. When God gave me the verse He emphasized the two words, "before Me." I was not to try to walk perfectly before the world or before my friends; not before those who were dear to me by kindred ties or even my spiritual friends, but before Him who is the Almighty God. I was not to look at this brother or that sister and expect perfection there, but the message was *to me*, to walk before the Lord and be perfect. It brought me to a place of real stillness, and once as I was about to pass judgment upon some one, He said to me, "Be *thou* perfect."

In this same connection He gave me I Jno. 2:6, "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also to walk, even as He walked," and Phil. 2:5-8. Let us ask ourselves if we have the "mind of Christ" and are walking as He walked who made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Himself the form of a servant. He took the lowest place; He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. It is said that in Palestine that was the lowest, most ignominious death to which anyone could be subjected, and no Roman soldier was ever so humiliated. As He emptied Himself of every vestige of honor and earthly power and permitted Himself to be reviled and humiliated, even so are we to walk as He walked. If we will covenant with Him, He will see that we get the suffering and necessary development that will bring us into perfection. He knows just what furnaces to put us into, and just how much fire we can stand.

Abraham had to learn a life of faith when he

was commanded to walk before God. It was a life of obedience when he could not see and did not understand,

How many of us have traveled the way Abraham went that we might be perfected? Perhaps some today who are parting with their sons to sacrifice for their country can realize a little of the agony Abraham must have endured for three days as he climbed that mountain, laid the wood for the fire and bound his son for the sacrifice. Yet in the midst of it all he "believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness." Not only was he willing to say "Thy will be done," but faith saw Isaac restored.

In the life of every missionary there are special tests of faith. As a sower who goes into the field to sow his grain, expects to reap a harvest, so we who sow, often in tears, expect the Lord in His own time to give the harvest. Without this assurance of faith our labor would indeed be in vain. When we went to North India into that dense jungle of heathen darkness, where the Word of God was practically unknown, we had to go in faith. So far as we knew, we were walking before Him and in obedience to His command, so we expected Abraham's blessing that the seed should be multiplied.

This life of faith is one of great blessing, and it is not a hard way when He calls us to walk therein, because He is always with us, although we may not always be able to see His hand or realize His presence. In our six years in India we have had many tests. Often when the enemy swept in like a flood we knew not which way to turn, but the Lord was there to lift up a standard. Sometimes we were tested to the very limit and it seemed as though the enemy would take our very lives, but God delivered. On one occasion we were badly poisoned by a wicked servant who was very angry with us because we had been compelled to stand for righteousness. This man while he did not show his anger outwardly, secretly arranged to poison us. Miss Kirkland and I were very ill for several days, but God made us to realize that He was the Almighty One and healed us. Some times in the midst of bubonic plague and scarlet fever we have said, "We are just as safe in the will of God even in the midst of such surroundings as in the most beautiful environment in America."

There is only one thing that should concern us these days, and that is to be in the will of God. If we are in His will it matters not the circumstances or conditions, He will take us through the deepest trial and the hardest test.

In the beginning days when we first went with Miss Abrams to North India, the hearts of the heathen people were opened to the reality of the Gospel message by the sick being healed and demons being cast out. A baby who was taken with spasms was so ill it seemed it would almost die in our arms, and although faith was tested for several hours, God gave a wonderful victory and perfect deliverance. A Mohammedan boy was brought whose arm had been badly broken in two places, between the elbow and the hand. It had partly healed but was very crooked and swollen; in fact there were two places where it was decidedly crooked, and it was almost knit together, but God straightened it out in answer to prayer. It was one of the most definite and remarkable healings I ever witnessed. The boy came for prayer three mornings and the third morning it was practically straight, a marvel to us all.

While building our bungalow, a man who blasphemed God and the name of Jesus, was working on the place, and suddenly he turned raving crazy. He was so violent that it took several men to hold him and he had to be strapped down. He tore his clothing, frothed at the mouth, and for three or four days neither ate nor slept. As one looked at him one was strongly reminded of the demoniac from whom Jesus had cast a legion of demons. After a conflict in prayer which lasted several hours the man was delivered in the Name of Jesus, and left clothed and in his right mind. Again after three days the enemy renewed his attack and there was another battle, but the Lord then gave a permanent victory, and today that man goes about doing all his work, and not only his village people but others for miles around tell how he was healed. And thus the fame of His mighty power went forth and the way was opened for the Gospel. People were sometimes brought long distances and would be quite worn and exhausted when they reached Uska Bazaar. I remember one time the natives were bringing a man to the mission house, and one of our preachers coming home from his day's work overtook him. They said to our preacher, "Oh won't you help us? Our load is very heavy, and we are going to the Mission to have this man prayed for." Our preacher said, "You do not need to go to the Mission for prayer because the

Lord Jesus is right here." They gathered together on the roadside and the Lord healed him immediately and he walked home. A very earnest, educated native Christian was visiting us at the time; he had been hearing that we prayed for the sick and he came several hundred miles to see for himself. He was out with our men that day in the village and was deeply impressed when he saw the man healed so instantaneously by the Lord. After he had been there about a month he said, "I have gone into the villages around this place for a distance of five or six miles, and the people have told me how the Lord Jesus has healed their sick, and I believe there is something in it." That man believes in the Lord Jesus today, and as far as I know, prays for the sick. God healed his wife when at the point of death, and also gave him the baptism in the Holy Spirit, but for some reason Satan has hindered him in fully stepping out. Pray for him.

It was quite a test for us after Miss Abrams passed away. We had known what it meant to trust the Lord for ourselves, but it seemed a great step for us to trust Him for buildings and for the native people, but God helped us as we walked with Him, and brought up additional workers to share the burdens. Miss Jennie Kirkland came from Detroit, Mich., in 1911. Miss Bernice Lee and Miss Ethel King from Syracuse, N. Y., joined us in 1913. Miss Heria Dyer came from England in the same year. 1915 brought Miss Margaret Flint from Cleveland, O., and Miss Annie Morrison from Pittsburgh, Pa. These with an able band of native workers, nine preachers and Bible women with their families, numbering about thirty Indians, comprise our entire company.

As our workers increased God began to speak to us about opening another station. He gave us the word in Isaiah 54:2, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitation: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes." But it seemed to me a very great step to take to open another station after the pioneering we had done and the difficulties through which we had gone to become established; almost more than I dared think of, but the Lord seemed to give us no rest day nor night until we said "Yes." I think perhaps I was the one to hold back the longest. Financially, we were having less coming in than we had at any previous time, and I shrank from such an undertaking, but one day the Lord gave us this verse which stirred us up, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it

tendeth to poverty," and I said, "Lord, if You want us to take the little we have and cast it upon the waters, we are willing," and we again took the step of faith, the Lord going before us in a very definite way. We went to Chupra, a city of 46,000 people, in one of the thickest populated districts to be found, and at this time there was no other mission work there, and here we planted the banner. We went a number of times trying to get located but were unsuccessful, and finally a gentleman said, "Miss Baugh, if the house I am living in will do for your work I am willing to step out and use a government house." He could go where we could not, and this seemed to be just the place. The three new missionaries who came went there to study the language, and God gave us a precious soul during those first few days we were there. God set His seal upon the work from the very beginning and made it a lighthouse. If I could put before you the awful darkness and sin and superstition, and then a picture of transformed lives through the power of the Gospel, as they have learned to know the Lord Jesus you would not doubt that it was worth the sacrifice. There are twenty-eight thousand every day in India alone going out into Christless graves. Does not this stir your hearts to greater prayer and intercession that the lost may be brought to Jesus? They say that in this country there is one Christian worker to every forty-five or fifty people, while over in India if there were four hundred more missionaries to go out, every missionary could have a parish of fifty thousand people.

The women of India are very secluded, but we have been able to reach a great many through visiting them from house to house. In some instances all we could do was to gather on the outside of the door; they would open the door about an inch, and we would see four or five faces peering out through the crack. The neighbor women had gathered in and we would have to be content to talk to them through the crack. At times there have been as high as twenty or thirty behind the door listening to the Gospel message. But barriers are being broken and there are now many doors open to us in Chupra where we can go in and sit down and tell the wonderful story of the love of Jesus to the women, some of whom are real Christians. One dear woman told us a remarkable experience shortly before I left India. She was one of the first zenana women whom we were permitted to reach. Her husband was a Mohammedan and he wanted her to learn to knit. We often get to the women through some simple means of this sort. Sometimes they

want to learn to read or crochet or sew, and we will spend five or ten minutes teaching them something of that kind and the rest of the time teaching them the Gospel. This dear woman at first seemed very indifferent and hard to reach, and sometimes we became almost discouraged and thought we were wasting time, but one day she seemed very much changed and told us of a vision she had had. It seemed as though she had gone outside her door and moving toward her she saw a company of men dressed in white. She started to turn back as she saw these men, and one Man stepped out from the crowd and said, "Why do you run away from Me? I am Jesus who lives with the *Missahibs*." She said to Him, "How do I know that you are Jesus?" and He stretched out His hand and said, "You will know Me by the nail-prints in My hands," and she knew what He meant. She had heard from us the wonderful story of the crucifixion, and said to our workers, "From that time on I have taken the Lord Jesus Christ into my heart." She became interested in the Bible and began to learn the Christian hymns, and she and her two daughters were soon repeating passages of Scripture. They went to their heathen friends and told them of the Lord Jesus and what they had learned, and to this day those women are serving the Lord the best they know how. They dare not tell their husbands. If they did it would mean great persecution and probably the loss of their lives, as this is sometimes the price they have to pay to be Christians. Miss King wrote me a few days ago of two women she has been visiting who within the last few months have given their hearts to the Lord, although they are serving Him in secret.

We had one dear woman, a Mrs. Chatterjee, who came out openly for Christ when I first went to India. She had served the Lord secretly in her heathen home for twenty years, and during these twenty years she taught her five children to be Christians and every one of them were baptized before she was, and all are now doing Christian work; so it paid that woman to wait until God set her free, which He did. I sometimes wish there was as much resignation to the will of God among the American women as there is in India. They have a great deal to suffer and to endure, and many times they wait a long time to see the salvation of the Lord, but their hearts do not faint. I believe there would be a great many more victories in America today in the homes of those who are praying for loved ones if they had the resignation and yieldedness to God as those dear ones who have served the

Lord in secret and suffer on from year to year.

In June of last year there came to our Chupra Station two young women from a neighboring church who wanted to be Bible women. They came for training but we found they knew very little about real salvation, so after teaching them the A. B. C.'s of the Word they got under conviction, and began to confess their sins and straighten out their lives. We told them of the baptism of the Holy Spirit to equip them for service, and drinking in the truth, in a short time they were both baptized in the Holy Spirit. They were so filled with their new found joy that they at once went out and taught a new girl who was bringing the cows for grass. This young girl came into our meeting one Sunday morning, and as they went to prayer she also called on God to save her. She said that day she wanted to confess the Lord Jesus publicly, but they wanted her to count the cost. Two days later she came to the Bible woman's house and picking up a cup of their water drank it in the presence of her husband. This broke her caste and it was her public confession of the Lord Jesus and profession of her faith. While it seemed a simple thing to us, it deeply stirred her family. Her husband came and said she could never cook for him again and he would leave her and get another wife; her father and mother came, and when they could do nothing with her, they pronounced curses upon her. They threatened our missionaries with imprisonment but through prevailing prayer the trouble passed over, and she is now in a Christian school.

Our workers were going to the hospital every week, and as they were telling the story of Jesus to the sick people, the head nurse, a member of the Church of England, became interested and listened earnestly; also a young Hindu woman who was helping. She was just a common, ordinary woman but became very hungry for the Word of God. These two began coming to the house for teaching and after a short time the Hindu woman was saved and in two weeks she was baptized in the Holy Ghost. She has also

been baptized in water, gave up her position in the hospital and has gone to a Bible School to study that she may become a messenger to her own people. We praise God for the fire that is falling in this new Station, and are believing for greater things. This nurse's family became so interested that three of them came from Calcutta four or five hundred miles to live where they might get the teaching. Our last report was that the nurse was coming for a ten days' tarrying.

After we had been in Chupra a few months war broke out and the official from whom we were renting came and said they wanted to sell the place because they wanted to put the money into government bonds, so we looked to the Lord definitely for His guidance. The place was to be sold at auction on a certain date, and according to advice we wrote to the committee and told them what terms we could make about purchasing it; we could not pay cash for it, but asked that we might purchase it on time. We went to the city hall on the day the property was put up, asking God to give it to us if that was His will; there were Hindus and Mohammedans also wanting it, as the city was thickly populated, but the official said, "You will have the last bid, Miss Baugh, because you are in the place." We prayed while we were waiting, and they bid it up from \$2,000 to \$3,100, and when they had finished, I said, "Mr. M. we cannot bid that high. You can let that gentleman have it." He asked me how much we would pay and I told him not more than \$3,000, and the gentleman who had made the last bid said, "I will withdraw my bid in favor of the ladies because I want them to have the place." A Mohammedan arose and said, "I will give \$500 more," but the Judge said, "The place is sold. I do not want your money." The Lord has enabled us to meet the payments for this place as they came due, but we do solicit your prayers that He will help us to clear it of all indebtedness, and that He will more and more make it a place where the Gospel is sent forth in power.

Miraculous Deliverance from Morphine and Death

Mrs. Bert Richardson, 159 Grandview Ave., Conneaut, Ohio

THE precious words found in Mark 1:35, Matt. 17:21 and John 5:8, 9, were the Scriptures which were used in delivering this poor, habit-bound woman from the power of Satan:

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out and departed into a

solitary place, and there prayed."

"Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

"Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the Sabbath."

For the glory of God and the sake of those who, like myself, go through life struggling but letting some habit drag them down to death, I write what God through His Pentecostal messengers did for me.

Eight years ago in June (1910) I fell and struck my side on the edge of a table which resulted in abscesses forming there. I was taken to the hospital and underwent a serious operation, but from that I never fully recovered. This resulted in my having spells of vomiting, my stomach at times not retaining any food. Among the many doctors I tried, one said I had ulcers of the stomach, another, abscesses of the liver, and still another called it adhesions of the bowels. My home physician tried to relieve my suffering by the use of morphine with a hypodermic needle, gradually increasing the amount so as to produce the desired effect. Suddenly I awakened to the fact that in addition to my physical suffering I was a morphine fiend. The horror of it almost makes me shudder now, but praise God's holy Name I am free through the blood of Jesus and have no desire for the awful drug.

I became so low my attending physicians gave no hope of recovery and advised my husband to take me to a sanitarium for treatment, which would cost \$250.00. About this time a Pentecostal friend came to visit me. She talked and prayed with me, and then asked me if I would give up morphine and trust Jesus to heal me. She fasted and prayed for twenty-four hours, requested two Christians who knew how to touch God, to pray, and also sent for two of the Pentecostal saints who came a distance of fifteen miles on a cold, stormy day. They prayed, and the demon of morphine was cast out in Jesus' name, according to Mark 16:17, which says, "And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils," etc. This sister then took me to her home in an ambulance, the two saints riding with us the fifteen miles in the ambulance. I was so low we stopped three times on the way to her home, and prayed for God to give me strength to finish the journey. After arriving there I was prayed for and anointed with oil according to James 5:14, 15, "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he hath committed sins they shall be forgiven him."

From the time they began praying for me I took no morphine or medicine of any kind. In

fact after the demon was cast out I never asked for morphine again, although up to that time I had been using sixteen quarter grains a day. They cost me \$3.00 for a hundred quarter grains. While I was healed of the morphine habit I was still very weak and weighed only 98 lbs., my weight when in health being 145 lbs. I was very thin and feeble, could not even turn myself in bed, and a nurse watched over me night and day, all the while the saints were praying for me constantly, sometimes four or five at my bed-side at one time.

One Saturday as I lay in bed I was conscious of an evil presence in the room. For two days a terrible fear had been upon me, and I felt I could not be left alone for a moment. About six o'clock in the evening, while my nurse and her sister were with me I passed through an experience which I will never forget. My heart ceased to beat, my mouth opened wide, and death seized my worn, afflicted body. I felt myself being carried forcibly to a stone wall, in which was a small door partly open. From the opening in the door I could hear, as it were, lions roaring, cannons booming, thunder roaring, the noise of many feet clogging on a board floor. The smoke and heat issuing through the door almost smothered me, and I beat with my hands and feet against the wall until they were sore, as I said, "Oh Jesus! I don't want to go in there; take me back to my room." The Spirit of the Lord through one of the saints rebuked the power of death in other tongues, the door in the wall closed, and I was brought back to life again. To me, this was no dream or vision, but a vivid reality. It was so real that I told my sister who came to see me the next day, that she could not have seen me on Saturday as I was not there. From six o'clock in the evening until two in the morning I was very ill indeed. A number of the Pentecostal saints were called to pray, some coming from a distance, and several witnessed my condition as described above.

The next day, Sunday, Jesus told me to arise and walk which I did, and He healed me from that time. For seven years I had eaten little food, but after I was healed I ate as though I were starved, sometimes four cooked meals during the night. Besides the deliverance from the morphine I was healed of a spongy tumor and abscesses. Eight years have passed away and I praise God I am still healed through the blood, and have no desire for the morphine. "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to the Father." Jno. 14:12.

Losing Lives for His Sake

The Power of Sacrifice

Mrs. L. M. Piper, 4209 Berkeley Ave., Chicago, in The Stone Church, Oct. 28, 1917



OR whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's the same shall save it." Mark 8:35.

On the human side, life is a lottery. We do not seem to have anything to say about where we are to be born or brought up. This is impressed upon you very forcibly when you see people of very light attainments, people sometimes of a very ordinary calibre in positions of a high order, and then you see people who have great attainments and great ability holding very ordinary positions. That is the lottery of human life, but I am glad that it is all on the human side and not on the divine. In Him all things are changed. I am so thankful tonight that even though we may not have had many advantages in this world, God can make everything count for Him. We are apt, in the natural to think, "If this hadn't happened, or that hadn't happened, we might amount to something for God, but God can take all those things and bring us to the place where He will make every chance circumstance in our life to praise Him. So it is and we do not have to say, "If conditions were so-and-so we could work for God." That is not necessary. If we are only willing, God can overrule every circumstance. When Pharaoh's daughter came to the Nile and saw the baby Moses put out into the stream, it seemed like a chance circumstance, but God brought wonderful results out of that incident. We wonder sometimes why we have to do certain things, and why we are led to meet certain people, but if we are wholly yielded to God He has some specific purpose in it for good.

I often hear the cry, especially from young people, "I would like to work for the Master but I am not fitted. If I had advantages, or this or that environment, I might do something." God will use every willing soul, no matter how limited he or she may be. I would rather know one verse of the Scriptures and believe that verse down in the depths of my heart, than be able to repeat the Word from cover to cover and not know it in my heart. A man comes to my mind now, whom I know very well, who can repeat chapter after chapter of the Word, yet I do not know of a soul he ever brought to Christ. It is not so much what we know as what we believe. One verse, with the power of the Holy Spirit

upon it, will bring greater results than entire chapters without it.

We have often heard that self-preservation is the first law of nature. Jesus Christ recognized this when He asked, "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is necessary that there should be a first law of nature, and it seems just as necessary that there be a first law of grace, and I think self-sacrifice is that first law of grace. Jesus Christ came down to illustrate this law and He said, "Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it." We can go out trying in our own, self-seeking way to accomplish something and lose our lives in the effort, but when we lose our lives in devotion to Jesus Christ we can find them in a very precious way. Self-denial is the greatest way of finding one's self. How we love to do things for ourselves! How we love the preëminence! but it is this great life of self-denial that helps us to find our true selves and helps us to find Jesus Christ. A real follower of Jesus Christ is a real conqueror, and it is only as we get near to Him that we can conquer the things that would tear our lives asunder. I am so glad tonight that as we deny ourselves, as we deny the desires of the flesh, as we deny the things that would flatter us, perhaps, and puff us up, and just desire His glory and His will, His plan carried out, then it is when we find Him in His fulness.

Man has to look to the interests of his body. He has to see that he is properly fed, properly nourished, if he would grow in vigor physically. Just so it is in the intellectual world, but the man who lives just for himself is never happy. That might satisfy the animal creation, but the farther we get away from the animal instinct, just so far do we get away from self-gratification. Sad to say, many people do not get away from the animal instincts, but as we draw near to the cross He helps to bring that great desire in our hearts where we covet a life of self-denial.

I am so thankful tonight that we live not only for Him, but live in Him. I never realized my dependence on Him as I have the past few weeks, and I am glad the Lord takes out the props from under us, these props of self assurance, this thinking we can get along ourselves, and as the Lord knocks them all out from under

us, we go down and find we have nothing but Himself. When we get to that place He can use us.

This devotion to Christ may express itself in a thousand little ways, but only in one great way, and that is through the law of obedience. The Lord is hunting people tonight who will obey Him. He is seeking people to whom He can entrust power. The Pentecostal people have received great gifts from Him, but if we take the gifts and act selfishly with them, He will set us aside and seek another company of people. There are so many people today who cannot be trusted. We see a man who has had a wonderful experience and after awhile he forgets he needs the Lord and then becomes unteachable. We are in a dangerous position when we cannot take counsel from anyone.

This obedience may be carried out in a very quiet way; it may not always be in a public ministry; more often it is in the hidden, prayer life, the losing of one's life in devoted service, saying "No" to one's self. If we obey Him He will see that our lives are fruitful. Last week I had a precious time in Toronto; my family, myself, everything seemed to fade away one day while I was in prayer, and "His will" seemed to be written all over the room, and I said, "nothing else matters." I know it is easily said. It is one thing to get a vision on the mountain top and another thing to go down into the valley and carry it out. There is where the struggle is. When we are enrapt with Him on the mountain-top, we are so carried out of ourselves that we say, "Yes, Lord," to anything, but the next day, down in the valley, among the common-place things of life, carrying out the vision He has given us means a hard struggle; it means self-denial and losing our lives. He has promised to help us in this life of self-denial if we will not try to save ourselves.

A number of years ago a young man was missing. His friends sought him here and there, and finally he was found in Tibet. There he was laboring with a people who had never heard the name of Christ. He was pouring out his life for them, but they would not listen and persecuted him. Finally they took him across the border and dropped him in India and said, "Now if you come back we will kill you." The man looked at them with the love of Jesus shining in his face, as he said, "I am coming back because I love you, and the Lord Jesus Christ gave me permission to preach in this dark land." They became so enraged that they determined to do away with him, so they killed a buffalo and wrapped

him in the skin. Four days and four nights they left him in that condition, and while he was lying in that buffalo skin, which was cooling and contracting, he preached the Gospel. He told them about the vision he had of Jesus and about the martyr's crown, and he said, "With my last breath I will preach the Gospel to you because the Lord has commanded me," and they said the look on his face was heavenly, and it so touched those hard hearts that a number of them wept their way to God, so today there is a band of Christians in Tibet through his sacrifice. He might have thought as he was drawing his last breath, that his mission to Tibet was an utter failure, but he didn't know that that story of his self-sacrifice and self-denial would sweep around the world, and people would be inspired and given a zeal for God in a mightier way than ever before to go and preach the Gospel in heathen lands. He gave up his life and the Lord has exalted him and given him a martyr's crown.

I praise God that He has found some who will give up their lives for Him. When I think how He has called many of us to do certain things for Him and we have shrunk from obeying because we pitied the flesh, it makes one wonder that He has so much patience with us. The world admires a person who has grit and courage, and I believe that God admires him. Oh that we might hear His voice as a movement, as a church, as individuals! Friends, there is a place we can get when God speaks to us, and we can step out in faith that mighty things will come to pass because we have trusted Him. On the other hand we can conserve our strength and our means until spiritually we will wither up and blow away, because there is nothing in it worth while. I have just come from a little church where they have only one hundred and fifty members. When the pastor and his wife first went there, people said, "If you can get a living out of this church you will do well." This pastor and his wife said, "We will trust God." Today, after five years of prayer and labor, that little membership is supporting four missionaries on the foreign field, solely, and supporting two home missionaries, which makes six, and half supporting other missionaries, about nine in all. This is a place where they said a pastor and his wife could not be supported, and they have never lacked because they have given their all to Jesus. They told me they had never been so prosperous as a church as they have since they sacrificed for the mission field. Some of us have never yet learned to give our all, but that verse in Proverbs 11:28, "There is that scattereth, and

yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." is strikingly true both of the church and of the individual, and when we come to the place where we begin to draw in and contract, the spirit of fear takes hold of us. We are afraid to launch out on God, afraid to trust Him for the missionaries, afraid to take the step of faith. Let us ask God to teach us how to walk in the path of faith and trust Him for big things. If we give to God largely we are promised large returns. "He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." There is a large place for each one of us to get into which we have never touched, but when the spirit of fear gets hold of us and causes us to withhold and contract, we are not in the path of God's blessing.

He is seeking a people who are self-sacrificing. We are beginning to realize keenly what it means to lay down our lives for our country, but we know very little about laying down our lives for Jesus. Oh that God would take the selfishness out of us! Last night as I was coming along on the train the Spirit of God was talking to me about this theme, and I said to the Lord, "Is there no way to overcome the selfishness in our lives?" and He seemed to whisper, "Yes, by going down." I know we dislike the going down process, we dislike to have the Lord show us that we are selfish, but when we get to the place of utter abandonment to Him, He can help us.

There is a story told in India of a Sikh general of that country who was sent out to guard a mountain pass from the Afghans, who had completely overrun the Punjab. He was told to take a small, select company of nobles with him, and they should sacrifice every man before they allowed the enemy to go through that pass. After awhile sickness came into their ranks and depleted them, and the general and the men became very much discouraged. You will never have victory when you become discouraged. You can write failure over every person or every church that becomes discouraged. This general spent some time in thought, and then he came to his small company of men and said, "The gods demand a human sacrifice." He didn't believe in a true God, and said that the gods demanded that one or a number of those young nobles should give themselves as a human sacrifice and victory would be granted, and he asked for volunteers. Immediately a score of young nobles sprang forward, and he selected one and took

him inside his tent where there was a priest. After awhile they heard the dull thud of an ax, and they saw the blood streaming out from under the tent, and it became very real to the army. There was an intense silence, and the priest stepped forward and said, "The gods demand another," and another noble stepped forward quietly and gave himself as a sacrifice to the gods. They heard again the dull thud of the ax, and again they saw the blood. The priest continued to come to the door until he had selected ten of the young nobles, and each time they heard the awful thud, and by that time the little army was breathless. After the tenth man had gone in, the general stepped to the door of the tent and threw back the curtain and there stood the ten nobles against the wall of the tent, and there were ten headless goats on the ground. The general said, "These are your leaders. They have given their lives for this cause just as truly as though their heads were taken off. We will advance on the enemy and victory is ours." It is needless to say that they had victory. Why? Because they were willing to give their lives, and let me tell you tonight victory is ours if we give ourselves wholly to the Lord Jesus, and open up the avenues of our hearts and ask Him to take out the selfishness, and take out the spirit of fear. When we get to the place where we do not hold our lives dear to ourselves, then the Lord will give wonderful victory. But if we love our lives more than we love Jesus we will never have victory. God grant that the spirit of sacrifice which is abroad in the world today may permeate the Church of Jesus Christ and that she may be determined that the Gospel shall be preached at any cost.

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