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An International Monthly Magazine
Earnestly Contending for the Faith Once for All Delivered to the Saints
Victory Through Prevailing Prayer

"The Hand of the Lord Was Strong Upon Me."

Kent White, Bound Brook, N. J., in the Stone Church, March 20, 1913.

There are many people today who do not know the blessings of intense, whole-hearted, believing prayer. Before the late Pentecostal outpouring much prayer was of a surface nature, and God sent this marvelous outpouring to take us deep down into intensity of prayer and rapture of worship in song and praise; so we have been experiencing the wonderful power of God in our souls. We are not merely to read about prayer and know something of it intellectually, but we are to feel its sweep down in our being and have an understanding of it so great that words cannot express it.

I have no doubt but what everyone here has some passage in the Bible given him now and again that has enlarged and opened and unfolded as the days and weeks and months passed until this promise of God became a veritable treasure. Every word of God can be unfolded until we are amazed and astonished at what we find hidden in a single word. For years I have been studying the Word of God in Bible-school work and the Book has been wonderfully opened up to me through many precious seasons of studying and teaching. I have used an interleaved Bible and it has become a great treasure to me because of the many precious thoughts the Lord has given me from time to time. It makes me think of the feed-box where I used to put the measures of corn and oats for my horses and delight to see them eagerly thrust their noses into the grain and I would watch their satisfaction in eating it. That is the way we should go to the Word of God and feed our souls. This Bible is like a feed-box; God puts the grain in there for us and if we are eager and hungry it will satisfy our souls. "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live." Every word of God is to feed our souls and every word is profitable to us as no other words on earth can be. We live by them; they give us strength and courage and increase our faith when they are made life to us by the Spirit. I cannot begin to tell you what God has been giving to me in the past three years since I received my baptism, it is so wonderful. I knew I was lacking in many things; I just laid before God and cried out for Him to come. Even for two or three years be-
fore I got a knowledge of the truth of Pentecost I would find myself, many hours in the night, lying on my face in prayer. I did not know then what the cry in my heart meant but I knew afterwards that God was preparing to make a revelation of more than had yet come to me.

One day when writing an article on “The Truth, Regardless of Man,” I had taken for a basis Matthew 22:16, where they came to Jesus and said, “Teacher, we know Thou art truth, and carest not for anyone: for Thou regardest not the person of men;” that is, He told the truth regardless of man. I thought of how biased and prejudiced people are through their early home teaching, their schooling, their past worldly society and church life, their natural inherited tendencies, their likes and dislikes; all of which so wall us about and temper our minds that sometimes God cannot get to us with the truth. As I was studying and writing, the subject became a personal one and SOOII the very table and chair seemed to get hot with the truth of what I was writing, and the Lord said to me, “Will you take the truth if I give it to you?”

A great sense of the Divine Presence was upon me; I knew the Lord had spoken and I said, “Yes, Lord.”

All of a sudden the truth came like a mountain of white marble down into the lake of my being. I could feel it settle down and the waters gather up around its base and I knew it was there to stay. I felt and knew it was God’s light on the Pentecostal baptism with the sign of tongues. For some little time there had been hanging over me in a glimmering way a consciousness of God’s presence in the movement. Now I knew it was of Him.

Nine or ten months passed away in steadfast praying and tarrying for the blessing. Then, on July 7th, 1910, when in Bournemouth, England, God wonderfully came and baptized my soul and the word conceived in my heart was verified to me and I received the outward manifestations of the truth. I had been tried with the thought that I might not receive much of an outpouring of the Spirit, as I had some very wonderful spiritual experiences in the past, and I thought I might just speak in tongues, but when He baptized me I had all I could stand of the power of God that came on me. The Lord showed me at the very beginning not to permit myself to be sidetracked by any discussion as to whether I had or had not received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but to go straight forward for a Pentecostal experience with the sign of tongues. I obeyed. He gave me for my guiding text, “My soul, wait in silence for God only; for my expectation is from Him.” During my seeking I saw the inconsistencies of those who marked the way, but I pressed on.

The night before my baptism I was praying with some people, and while I was prostrated
before God, the very heavens opened and I could see the beautiful mountains and valleys of the other world. I had never thought there were mountains and valleys in heaven. Great white hosts of redeemed beings seemed to be flying over my head, singing about the blood of the Lamb and the wonderful life and possessions they had come into through its redeeming and purchasing power. My soul was filled until I shouted recklessly, not caring who heard, and feeling utterly indifferent to the things of earth. The next day about noon, when I was waiting on the Lord, I realized that there was some awful resistance that had to be broken. This resistance was cast off through the prayers of my brethren present, and immediately I spoke in tongues. I spoke fluently for about an hour in one language, and then changed to another entirely different, and with the strongest kind of gutteral sounds that worked all my vocal organs in a way that astonished me. That night as I went into the service I was so filled with the power of God that I did not know what to do. My body became so hot I put my hands on my flesh to see if it was physical heat, but I found it was not; it was the fire of God, the Pentecostal flame, burning all through me.

Then I was filled with a great inward laughter, and the Lord brought to my remembrance the passage given to me a few days before, "I will fill thy mouth with laughter and thy lips with shouting." I was housing all this power within me until I didn't know how to contain it and exclaimed, "What shall I do?" A brother, seeing my dilemma, said: "Let the power out in tongues." I opened my mouth and a torrent of tongues poured out from my inmost being. A great love was poured out in my heart for my people, and a longing and desire for them to have what God had given me.

I was given two or three revelations of Christ and His divinity. Oh how marvelous became His divinity before the eyes of my soul, as the Holy Spirit unveiled Him before me! I never dreamed I was capable of such revelations. I beheld Jesus in His loveliness and felt I could sit at His feet through all eternity in ineffable delight and satisfaction. I had supposed visions were something without very much depth in them, but these were God-given visions, with Christ's divinity shining in such power and depth that a person could not doubt from whence they came.

These experiences come to us through the mighty cry God puts in our hearts for the truth, and for the power of His Word to be made known to us. We are not capable of bringing ourselves up into these blessed places of intercession and communion with God, but as we pray and wait on Him He helps us and brings us up. We have to do our part, be willing to deny ourselves, pray and hold on to the Word for its fulfillment. Some people become discouraged when the answer is delayed, but when we are doing our duty I find from my own experience the time is not wasted. I never learned so much in so short a time as I did in the nine or ten months I was waiting on God for the Power of His Word to be made known to me.

How many of you know what it is to feel God's hand upon you? I think of Ezekiel when the Lord anointed him and sent him forth to the difficult ministry to which he was called. God told him he was going to travel over a rough and thorny pathway; that he would have all kinds of persecutions and opposition, but he said, "The hand of the Lord was strong upon me." So I do not care much what I am called upon to pass through, if I can feel the hand of God on me, balancing my being, and that His word is being fulfilled in me. Friends, we can stand anything; it doesn't matter about the world, what we lose or what we keep, or even our relationship with Christian people, if our relationship with God is all right. We can hold on to the Word of God and, through prayer, force our way into the Pentecostal chamber, where the fire will strike our souls. It is not merely an experience that comes to us, but it is the Holy Spirit Himself, and when He comes He reveals Jesus in a marvelous way. There is something about that Nazarene, the crucified Christ, our risen Lord, that just sweeps everything before Him. He came to this world not merely to overcome Satan and his forces of evil, but to make us overcomers; to bring us out in triumph in every possible circumstance. When we enter the closet of prayer we have to stand fast and hold on for possession of the things promised; the world and our loved ones and everything else will be brought against us to defeat us, but God will manifest His grace in the hindrances and sore tests, and we will triumph. We learn to suffer for Jesus' sake. We may be misunderstood and have many false things said that are hard to bear, but at the same time we realize we are being divinely sustained, and we can endure even
in silence and come through without even the
smell of fire on our garments.

God wants a strong spirit of intercession upon
his people. He is calling his children to a deeper
life of prayer than ever before. The Lord
stopped me from preaching. I held no services
for about a year, during which time I was kept
under a continual burden of prayer. Even after
my baptism the Lord made me sit still in the
congregation and only now and then sent me out
in a series of meetings. He put on me the spirit
of prayer. I spent much of my time in the fields
and in the forests alone with God. I could feel
the deep, silent working of God down in my
being, and I knew the prayers He was inspiring
had their meaning. Special prayer would
come on me for the different mission fields and
for laborers to be sent forth. A burden came
upon me for Northern Africa, and I was led to
pray for God to break the Turkish-Mohammedan
power in that land. In the early centuries
there were Christian churches on the Northern
Coast of Africa, and I had read how God had
permitted these, because of their transgression,
to be overrun by Mohammedanism. This
Mohammedan power was alarmingly aggressive in
its spread southward through Africa. I had
also read that these Moslems had said their an-
cestors were Christians, and I believed they
would be more easily turned back to Christianty
than those that were in the old Mohammedan
caste for centuries. I felt it was necessary for
the Turkish power to be broken, not only that
the aggressive spirit of Mohammedanism might
be checked, but that Christian missionaries
might have freer access to that country. With
this knowledge I opened up my heart to the
Spirit and He came in great power, burdening
me for that land, and for two years I could feel
the Spirit of God upon me in intercession for
the people. Suddenly war broke out between
Italy and Turkey, and Northern Africa was
liberated from Turkish rule. Not that my pray-
er alone availed. I believe that God had many
people praying for Africa and praying also that
the burden and curse of Mohammedanism might
be lifted from the suffering nations of the East,
so that prophecies concerning Palestine and our
Lord's return might be fulfilled.

I remember the day I heard the news of the
victory in Northern Africa. I was riding on a
street car in New York City (Oct. 6, 1911) when
I picked up a paper and read of the fall of Trip-
oli and the wiping out of the Ottoman dominion
in Africa. The news came as the announcement
of the Spirit to my soul, telling me of the an-
swer to prayer, which deeply impressed me.

Oh that people would stop to think of the
meaning there is in the Holy Spirit inditing their
prayers. These intense soul intercessions the
Spirit Himself describes as "groanings that can-
not be uttered." Yea, the Holy Spirit, the third
Person of the Godhead, is manifest in the tem-
ple of our bodies in prayer; He is there co-op-
erating with our spirits and energizing prayers that
avail in heaven. We have been sanctified and
filled with the Spirit at a great price, even the
precious blood of the Son of God, and there is
an eternity of meaning in it. Above all things
let us see that we keep sanctified, body, soul and
spirit, and then God can have His way through
us and work with us. I believe God's Spirit-
filled people would be overwhelmed if they knew
the great meaning of their prayers in these peril-
ous times of the world's history preceding the
coming of Jesus. Is it not primarily for this
great work of intercession that the Holy Spirit
has been poured out in these last days?

It is wonderful what power God has given us
to prevail with Him in prayer. It is wonderful
to think that He will put such power upon poor,
weak men and women in this world that they
can prevail with God as Jacob did. He wrestled
till the dawn of day and became a prince of God.
He has this power for us. It is ours now. It
is wonderful for Him to lay His hand on us and
call us by name and be more true and tender in
a more loving way than anyone else will be in
this world. Friends of the earth may break
away and leave us, but we can enter into blessed
fellowship with the heavenly Bridegroom of our
souls. He becomes all the dearer to our hearts
and all the more real to us when we have to pay
these tremendous prices. I thank God for hav-
ing to pay it; it seemed quite a price to pay, a
great many things went that were very dear to
my heart, but in giving them up Jesus Christ
has taken their places and satisfied my heart as
they never could satisfy it. Oh how wondrous-
ly He came!

* * *

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

This autobiography tells of how the Lord brought
this gifted woman out from a worldly life, saved and
miraculously healed her, and used her for many years
among the sick and outcast. Some who have read it
say it is the best book of its kind they have ever read.

Cloth and gold, 230 pages; $1.00 including postage
(As 2d).
The Working Power of a Dollar in Africa
Alma E. Doering, Brieg, Breslau, Germany.

The shades of night were gathering about the brown mud hut of the tired missionaries, and glad they were for the much needed rest of the only leisure evening of the week. Suddenly a messenger arrives to tell of a poor sick woman, emaciated from the ravages of pneumonia, who had been carried out into the jungle to die. She and her little baby were to be left to the mercy of hyenas and leopards which frequently disturb the rest of the missionaries, who thank God for the protection of the little mud hut. But how could they enjoy the evening's rest with visions of the lonely sick woman, terrorstricken as she hears the bark of the jackal or the weird laugh of the hyena scenting its prey? Weariness seems to have set at once; a rescue party is formed, and with a strong hammock and sturdy carriers, in the dim light of lanterns they go into the byways to rescue one so unmercifully fallen among the thieves of superstition and fear. Even the benighted savage loves his wife too much to cast her out in the hour of her dire need, but that mysterious law of slavish superstition is to him a higher law than the law of love. Is not a disease demon sapping the life of the loved one? Have they not tried to frighten away this demon, and by means of hot irons pierced deep into her flesh provided an exit for the invisible foe? Or did he not fail to make his escape through these punctures at the sound of the beating of drums, clanging of deafening bells and boisterous shouts of the medicine-man? Yea, even when mouthfuls of blood were sucked out of the sick woman’s body the disease demon did not take his departure. But go he must or else the whole village will become infested; and since he will not leave the feverish body of the patient the sick one must be cast out in order to rid the town of the evil spirit. Even her nine months’ old babe will henceforth be dangerous to the welfare of the whole village, for certainly it must have been drinking in the evil spirit at the mother’s breast; so it must go with her.

Thus we find the poor patient, whose strength had given way under the onslaught of disease combined with the hot iron treatment, perpetual bedlam and loss of blood, cast out in the bush with her babe and left to die of exposure or to be eaten alive. Is it any wonder that the shock has unbalanced the woman’s mind and we find her a raving maniac? The babe is too weak to cry and can only whine “nana” (mother); but mother no longer responds. Tenderly we lift her into a hammock and she is carried to the missionary-home. Her husband, startled by our fearless contact with a demon-possessed woman, follows at a distance and lovingly clasps the skeleton-babe to his bosom. What will the white people do with it? Perhaps they are in league with the evil spirit and will eat the baby soul?

For lack of room the raving woman is put into the kitchen, where she dies before daybreak. Then follows the oft-repeated story—a motherless babe left on the hands of the lady missionaries as no one would venture to adopt a child who was once committed to “the bush.” Superstition forbids such a venture. The baby cried for “nana” night and day. We watched the frail body waste away, as every effort to find food which the stomach would retain failed. Constant vomiting and violent coughing seemed at times too much for the little frame and yet in his very weakness would come the cry, “nana, nana.” Poor little Kariuki, sickness and pain seemed nothing to him, but the loss of nana meant everything.

While such trials follow hard upon the many other tasks of the missionary, let us look back for a moment to a scene in a more enlightened land. Loving hands are busy preparing Christmas joys for their loved ones. Happily, their thoughts take flight to the dark land where Christmas is not known. A Christmas box is made up and sent across the waters. Each article of clothing for the naked, preserves from home for the missionaries and supplies for the mission school and the many sick, is in itself a mine of wealth to the lonely, isolated missionary. Packed in amidst the various necessities we find a one dollar bottle of malted milk, donated by a brother poor in this world’s goods but rich in faith and good works. Carefully we set it away and when baby Kariuki seemed to be in the last stage of starvation the remembrance of the forgotten bottle flashed into our minds. It had started on its long journey from America with many prayers and now, with sighs to God for the baby’s life, we resorted to it as our last ray of hope, humanly speaking. Imagine our joy when the first sips of milk stayed with him. How carefully we measured off every spoonful, and how we
prayed that God might put the nourishment of a dozen bottles into that one, for it was the only one we had. God answered our prayer and when the empty bottle seemed to haunt us, we prayerfully turned to the food which but a week before had been refused by the little stomach our joy grew beyond expression as we discovered that the one bottle of malted milk had tided our little "bush" baby over the critical point and he was able to retain ordinary baby diet. A life had been saved through the investment of one dollar for God, mixed with faith and prayer.

But was that all? The news of our success spread far and wide. The timid father, too, took courage and became a staunch friend of the missionaries. He left the boy with us to rear and ere long, when in great trouble, came to us. As the women of Africa alone bear the burden of bread winning, a creditor, fearing that the death of Kariuki's mother would forever make it impossible for him to collect a debt which the father owed him had seized his twelve-year-old daughter in payment of the debt. The girl was inconsolable—her mother gone, her little baby brother in the hands of the white people whom she looked as spirits, and now she herself in the hands of a brutal creditor who would soon sell her to some man she loathed to be his second or third wife. The saving of the life of Kariuki encouraged the father to pour out his heart to us. Could we not help him to pay the debt that was

holding his girl in slavery? We decided to repeat former methods, and after a "palaver" with his creditor we succeeded in getting the girl by paying the full amount of her father's indebtedness. Of course we set the conditions that she be reared under the influence of the Gospel and that when the time came for her to marry the father would have no right to sell her without her own free will. Dirty, vermin-infested, trembling with fear she entered our house to share with her baby brother and us the joys and burdens of a missionary home in the jungle. God's Spirit soon was at work on this heart and she turned to Christ. In school she made rapid progress after the awakening of the dormant intellectual powers, and now she is the wife of the first boy the writer of these lines trained. He likewise at the time of his acceptance in the mission, was an emaciated, needy chap, but later showed what a transformation the Spirit of God can work in the lives of the most hopeless and benighted of souls. The further outcome of the one dollar donation was the establishment of one of the first Christian families, of which there are now quite a number in this district.

But is this all? Who can measure the extent of the daily influence of these two young lives fully dedicated to God in that intense darkness? The last link of the chain, of which the one dollar offering was the first, has not yet been forged. The chain will reach into eternity and the many links will be counted by Him whose eyes ponder all the goings of men.

A Call to Japan
Who Will Hold the Ropes?

O YE into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. . . . And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Mark 16:15-18.

These are the last words of Jesus before He ascended on high, and I am sure they are ringing out with greater force and more distinctness in all the world just at this time when we are looking for Him to come back again. I am sure the last words He uttered must be ringing in our hearts and that we are longing, when He comes, to be found doing the things He told us to do in His last command.

It is about fifteen years since I was converted to the Lord Jesus, and my life was wonderfully transformed. From the time of my conversion I was deeply interested in lost souls, but I was not particularly interested in the heathen world until I heard a wonderful sermon by Anna Prosser, who was such an earnest worker for God. She told how she was converted to the needs of the foreign fields. She said she became very anxious about herself because she did not have a burning love for the lost in foreign lands; so she went to the Lord and asked Him to give her the same view of the heathen world He had. He wonderfully answered this prayer and gave her a
most remarkable vision. So I went to the Lord with this same prayer. I too was anxious and thought there must be something wrong with my experience. God had wonderfully healed me, raised me up and transformed my life, and put a new song of praise in my heart, so that I longed to see souls saved, yet I never thought of those across the sea. As I prayed He touched my heart in a wonderful way and set a fire burning in my soul which has never gone out. Oh it is really God who puts this love in our hearts for the great heathen world lying in darkness! It is not natural to us and only comes through the power of Jesus. He put such a fire within me and such a longing to go that I used to weep and cry from the very depths of my being, "Oh God send me!" But He had to take many things out of my life which were human and earthly before I was fitted to go. Many times we pray prayers of which we do not fully realize the import. Sometimes it costs us the deepest sorrow, the most awful trials in our lives for God to answer our prayers, and I am learning to say "Oh God have your way," for I know if I clamor for things God may have to permit terrible affliction in order to bring them to pass.

As I cried out to go to the foreign field He had to take me through humiliation and sorrow, through deep waters of affliction. It was about three and a half years ago a young Japanese came to the city in which I was then living. He was seeking the baptism in the Holy Ghost and He pleaded and cried so earnestly for his people, for the lost souls of Japan. As I heard him cry, "Oh Father, Thou must give me this power or I can never touch their hearts," somehow his pleadings took hold of my very soul and I began to be enthusiastic about the work in Japan, never imagining I was to go myself, but thinking I was to inspire in other hearts seemed concentrated in my own. I could not get ready quick enough. I felt there was such a short time to work, I must hurry. But I had a great grief in separating from my little daughter. During the time I was making preparation we were having prayer and she said she was glad to go. She had received the baptism, a short time before that, in quite a wonderful way, and one night in prayer the Lord seemed to bind us together in spirit; the child felt it and she threw her arms around me as if she would not let me go, and I could see us walking hand in hand winning souls for Jesus. But at the last it seemed I could not take her, and this was a great grief. You know God asks us to do the hard things. It seemed I had given up everything but her, and I lay awake quite a little about it; but after awhile the Lord gave me the victory, and when the time came for us to part the Lord so wonderfully upheld me I never shed a tear, although she cried so hard and wept as one weeps for the dead. I won't say I didn't cry afterwards, and shed many bitter tears on the foreign field. It seemed sometimes as if even God had turned His back. I cannot tell you how it is, beloved, but over there we do not have the fellowship of the saints as you do here; sometimes it seems we cannot even feel God we are left so completely alone, and He often permits things to happen to try our faith. He wanted me to be willing to give up my daughter, and while I cannot say I ever got the full victory, still I put my will on God's side, and I said, to the Lord while in Japan, "If You want me to stay here I will do so;" but the Lord opened the way for me to come back and we are going out together now.

My mother worried about my going alone, not being able to speak the language, and not having any mission home to go to; but the Lord took care of everything. Just as I was going on the steamer I saw a plain woman, with a good face; she looked like a saint, and I said, "Are you a missionary?" She said, "Yes," and as we entered into conversation it developed she had been a missionary to Japan for twenty years. When we landed at Yokohama she took me to the Home of American Missionaries, and she never left me
until I had a room secured. Before we landed we knelt in our cabin, and God wonderfully poured out His Spirit upon me. I felt the Lord had really sent me and was full of enthusiasm; but I was destined to many sad and bitter disappointments. Instead of letting me turn things upside down, God permitted me to go into deep waters of affliction. But when He has His hand on you He never lets go, if your heart is honest and your consecration is right. I love that song, “He will hold me fast.” I praise Him He held me fast. He took me through all those trials and kept that fire burning in my heart.

When I went to Japan the first time, I landed there in April, the most beautiful season of the year, when the Cherry Blossom Festival is on; but soon the hot weather came and we were advised to go to the mountains. This is a real necessity, for if you do not get away during the hot weather you are unfit for the year’s work. It is almost impossible for an American to go through the heat of summer and not get sick; but the mountain air is very much like our own air. So we took our tracts and went to the mountains. There were from fifteen to two thousand English-speaking people there; but a terrible flood came and we were warned to flee for our lives. I was frightened and shook so I could not get my things together. I got out on the veranda and said, “I want you to come to Tokyo to my room secured. Before we landed we knelt in our cabin, and God wonderfully poured out His Spirit upon me. I felt the Lord had really sent me and was full of enthusiasm; but I was destined to many sad and bitter disappointments. Instead of letting me turn things upside down, God permitted me to go into deep waters of affliction. But when He has His hand on you He never lets go, if your heart is honest and your consecration is right. I love that song, “He will hold me fast.” I praise Him He held me fast. He took me through all those trials and kept that fire burning in my heart.

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While in this hotel in Yokohama a young man was sent to take care of our room. He was very ambitious and spoke good English. He told us he was a believer but no Christian, because he smoked cigarettes, and the Salvation Army said he could not be a Christian and smoke; but he said he believed in Jesus Christ and that people were saved through the blood of Jesus. He seemed to have a fundamental knowledge of the Bible and said he prayed every day. When we left the hotel it was suggested to us that this young man would make a very good servant and interpreter. It is quite easy to get along in Yokohama, as there are about twenty-five hundred English-speaking people, but in Tokyo all the signs are in Japanese, and if you do not have an interpreter you will be taken advantage of. We took the young man with us and found he could do almost everything, keep the house clean, translate into English, etc.

When we went to Tokyo, the missionary who had invited us there had a farewell meeting, and the house was filled. We were delighted to think how God had opened the way for us; but he had music and refreshments and a stereopticon to attract the people, and on Sunday, when we had our next meeting, not a soul came. So we had our meeting with only our servant boy, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, his heart was touched. Soon after that he brought his cigarettes and asked me to burn them up. He had a very sweet experience and took hold of the Sun-
The Latter Rain Evangel

April, 1913.

day School work. I put out a sign I would teach English and many young men came and inquired about lessons. I secured a number of Bibles and was quite successful. I want to say to the glory of God if He ever helped me He did then. It had been many years since I had been in school, but while I was in class the Lord would flash one of those old rules into my mind. Through this little school the young men began to come to our meetings, and very soon it occurred to me I did not need an interpreter. The Lord opened for us a work with the English-speaking students. This opportunity is going to open up more and more because the Japanese are very ambitious to learn English. They teach it in the College and some speak it very fluently. So after a few Sundays I found they could understand me and the work grew. We baptized this one young man and five others after they showed a definite knowledge of salvation and a real assurance in their hearts that they were born of God. We also had quite a number who believed in Jesus Christ but who would not surrender to Him; but we only called Christians those who were really born of God. Some cases were quite remarkable and showed the workings of the Spirit in their lives. We had a beautiful Sunday School from the first, from twenty-five to thirty children, and it is no unimportant part of the work. I meet numbers of Japanese Christians, and when I ask them where they got their first inclination to become a Christian they state from the Mission Sunday School. The truths they had been taught remained in their heart and as they became older they gave their hearts to God.

There are some very encouraging things about the work and other things that are discouraging. The Japanese people are very proud and ambitious, and the humble walk of the Christian doesn’t appeal to them in the least. It takes the real power of God to break down their pride. They have a very good opinion of themselves and are a little inclined to deception, so it is hard to get them where they will be strictly honest. But there are encouragements in the work. In this country you have to preach and preach. I have heard some of the most powerful appeals and the people sat unmoved; but after you get the Japanese to listen in four or five meetings they are so convicted you read it in their faces. Just as soon as the truth dawns upon them, they are convicted, and if they are honest they will stay until they get their lives straightened out; if they are not honest they will go away and tell all kinds of untruths.

I want to tell you about a young man who came into the mission a raw heathen. He said he never had heard of the Christian religion, his people were devout Buddhists. He came in just to improve himself in English. They are so anxious to do that they attend the meetings in order to hear English. He hadn’t come to more than four meetings before he looked convicted. He was a real honest boy and I believe his life was clean before he was saved. He prayed earnestly until he seemed to be gloriously saved, and the Spirit has often rested upon him so that he wept and rejoiced. He has such a long time to receive the baptism in the Holy Ghost and he writes me, “Tell your people in America to pray so we can tell our brothers and sisters about Jesus.” I covet this young man for God’s work. If he could be baptized in the Holy Ghost and have the experience that Paul had when he said, “Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel,” then he could go out among his own people and do more in one year than we could do in ten. But it means a good deal of hardship, for they meet with awful opposition from their families and suffer all sorts of trials. This young man wrote that though he had gone to bed hungry and suffered the loss of all his friends he could not give up the dear Lord Jesus who had brought such joy and gladness to his heart. Now he has written me he has twenty-four converts.

I want to tell you more about the other boy whom I took as an interpreter. Soon after we shut up our work I decided I would not keep him any longer for housework, but get a girl and put him in a mission. He had become very valuable. We foreigners can never get any support from the Japanese, they say we come over there to get rich, but the natives they are willing to support. This young man told me he thought if a mission were opened up he could be supported. I went to a neighboring village and was going to rent a little house for him, but the Lord said to me, “Don’t send him away because he is not going to live.” I wasn’t sure at first it was the Lord speaking, but there was a restraint on me, and the money didn’t come for this house. The boy took pneumonia and only lived about three weeks. He could not trust the Lord for his body and I believed it was God’s will to take him. He told me one day that long before he met us a Presbyterian missionary came to his village and started
a class of English for young men, using the Twentieth Century Testament. He had begun to believe in the true God then, and he told me he had prayed all those years God would give him a place to die. In Japan the custom is that every family is obliged to take care of its own poor; this is an unwritten law; they have no poor house. If anyone has no friends, when he dies he is thrown on a pile of refuse and burned; so this poor little heathen had prayed all those years God would give him a place to die. It touched my heart when he told me, and I said, "God answers prayer if He has sent somebody seven thousand miles to do it," and it inspired fresh faith in my heart that God had heard the cry of that poor boy in his distress.

I became very sick after this boy died. We went through a terrible summer, were not able to go to the mountains. I thought I was not going to live, but I cried out to the Lord that I might see my loved ones once more. My mother sent me the money to come home. They had put this money in bank to bury them, but they felt because I was sick I ought to come home. I was quite ill when I took the steamer, but the sea acts like medicine to me, and God brought me home well. I wasn't home more than a week or two before that same old fire came into my heart for Japan. My mother said, "We made such an effort to get you home, you will never go back?" but the burden kept increasing. It became so heavy I went upstairs one day and cried to the Lord that if it was His will for me to go back Japan He would give me open doors and a voice to speak to the people about the work. I had hardly made the request before I got a message over the 'phone from a brother who said, "I want you to come over and speak for us." The Lord wonderfully blessed me that day and after I had spoken they took up an offering and said it was to help me back to Japan. The next Sunday another door was open. God has given me my fare. I told Him if He didn't want me to go back, not to give me my fare, because just as soon as He should give me the money I would buy my ticket. I have my ticket for Japan, and I have my little girl to go with me this time. I know of one precious brother who lived on boiled rice and boiled potatoes alone for two months. If you think that is a good diet try it for just two weeks. Yet he never complained. I praise the Lord He took me through these trials and brought me out.

I read about a man who fell into the rapids above the Falls and was drowning. Another man said he would go and save him if they would put ropes around his body and hold the ropes. So when the dear Lord said to me, "Will you go and save them?" I said, "Yes, I will go, Lord, but somebody must hold the ropes."

Open Doors in China

YOU and your readers will be glad to hear that since my dear wife's death the Lord has indeed been gracious to me. Not one dark day, not one dark hour since that moment.

The work here in Canton has gone on, steadily deepening. We have not quite the same number in our hall now, owing to the absence of the four white ladies and their music, and also to the fact that the 120,000 soldiers who were camping close to our place have long ago disbanded, but the workers have entered into a deeper prayer and faith life than ever, and the meetings are now chiefly composed of people who come because they are hungry for God.

But our chief advance has been made in the country. Door after door has been opened as by an unseen hand—doors that we have striven for two years to enter; territories which mission after mission had tried in vain to occupy is now open and occupied by us. While I am the only white man in our work now, yet we have occupied three large, densely populated districts close to Canton, holding in the aggregate a population of from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 souls. It is hard to compute population, but 1,000,000 is the lowest computation of the souls I am shepherding, with the help of fifteen or sixteen native workers. All this work is naturally a heavy burden on me, spiritually, financially, intellectually and physically. It takes lots of traveling on crowded junks, with blessed opportunities for testimony, but terrible sanitary conditions, and life in Chinese homes absolutely without privacy and with unspeakable filth and grime surrounding you, is a severe tax on a weary frame.

Then before all this is the absolute necessity of studying Chinese, and the details of management and supervision. We have some of the best workers in South China, but still they must be looked after much more than white workers would have to be, but yet we thank God for them. Please pray that the Lord may keep my soul from being swamped by the work and that He will keep me in His holy, secret place, above all the turmoil of the work.

Canton, China.

PAUL, BETTEX.
Just about a week before our meetings began the brethren from Dallas, Texas, Fred Bosworth and E. G. Birdsell, came to the North Side to the Persian Mission, which has been under the charge of Andrew Urshan. They conducted a two weeks' meeting in that mission and God honored ministry. Brother Urshan tells us about thirty received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and a number found the Savior. One of the most blessed results of these meetings is the spirit of intercession which has been poured out upon those who have received the baptism; intercession both for lost souls and for the outpouring of the Spirit upon believers.

The special meetings on the North Side have closed and in the plan and purpose of God He has laid it on our hearts and on the hearts of these brethren to have Union Meetings in the Stone Church. So, beginning Lord's Day, April 6th, the brethren from the North Side will unite with us and together we will pray and labor for a revival upon the city.

We are believing that God will answer prayer and blessedly unify His people in Chicago. The heavens are big with blessings and there is a sound of abundance of rain. The meetings will be in charge of Brother Bosworth and will continue at least a month and perhaps throughout the Convention. Brother White will also continue with us as long as the Lord leads. Brother Bosworth has long ago learned to say to God, "My times are in Thy hand," and while he had agreed, unless God ordered otherwise, to attend the Los Angeles Campmeeting, beginning April 15th, both he and Brother Birdsell feel distinctly led of the Lord to remain in this city. We are not alone in this move toward unity. God is bringing together at this time in Los Angeles a representative gathering of His people from all over the world and we trust He will unify His forces there.

The way has opened for Mrs. Piper to attend the Los Angeles Campmeeting and as she was much in need of a change and rest to fit her for the strain of our Spring Convention she felt it to be the Lord's leading that she should go the last of March and have a little rest with friends before the Campmeeting opens. She will be home in time for the Convention, the date of which has been announced as May 18th to June 1st. It is quite probable our present Union Meetings will continue up to the time of the Convention, and perhaps throughout. We rejoice that the Lord
has started the Pentecostal fires burning so brightly and we trust when needy souls come from a distance seeking the fulness of the Spirit they will not be disappointed but receive all God has for them.

We ask our readers to pray and stand in faith with us for great blessing on these meetings and if they are seeking the baptism we would urge them not to wait for the Convention but come now and share with us the present outpouring. If they will notify us ahead we shall be glad to secure them rooms in the neighborhood of the Church.

God has also been pouring out His Spirit anew in Zion City. We understand over a hundred have recently received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, many of whom have been seeking the Lord for a long time. There have also been some definite remarkable healings wrought in the name of the Lord.

The Campmeeting for Western Ontario, Canada, which has in previous years been held at Jordan Station, will convene at Berlin, Ontario, from June 26 to July 7, 1913. For information write George A. Chambers, 97 Bingeman St., Berlin, Ontario, Canada.

The Third Annual Apostolic Faith Campmeeting under the charge of the Wilkinsburg (Pa.) Assembly, will be held in Homestead Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 7-23. For information write T. K. Float, Pastor, 1104 Belmont St., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

**In the Great Mission Field**

God's providence is in a special way over the Messengers of the Cross in heathen lands. When Jesus commanded us to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature He added, "And lo! I am with you alway."

It is a delight to read how this promise has been verified in the lives of those who have lived before our time. Our faith is quickened as we read of the remarkable providences and deliverances in the lives of missionaries; how God closed the mouth of the wild beast, took the poison from the serpent's bite, and manifested Himself in innumerable ways as the Deliverer of those who were faithful to His last commission (Mark 16:15) and "jeopardized their lives in the high places of the field." Judges 5:18. But how much more our hearts are cheered and our faith is strengthened by hearing of present-day deliverances of the tested and tried ones! We "rejoice with those that rejoice."

From missionary letters we cull the following facts as being of most interest, or those that our readers most need to know in order to stand with the tried missionaries in prayer and wise giving.

A short time ago Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Norton, of Bahraich, India, were both bitten by a mad dog and for a time they felt they were facing a terrible death, as the devil pictured to them very vividly what the outcome must be. He writes, "I nearly died from fright before I could see that the cross was not greater than His grace. Then the clouds rolled away and we were in the midst of great rivers of peace. We are now dwelling under the shadow of His wings and underneath are the everlasting arms. Praise His dear Name forever!"

Miss Jennie Kirkland, who is associated with Edith Baugh in the work at Uska Bazaar, went with their Bible women to a Mohammedan village to preach the Gospel. They were received very ungraciously; but the natives appeared more friendly after their visitors had shown an interest in the work of the women. They were grinding out the juice of the sugar cane and Miss Kirkland and her girls stood and looked on and appeared interested; so finally they were asked to be seated and were allowed to hold a little meeting. When they came to go it was suggested by one of the Mohammedans that Miss Kirkland might like a drink of the sugar cane juice and a man brought her some in a very dirty cup. She did not like to refuse, so drank about half of it.

That night she was taken violently ill with convulsions and Miss Raugh writes that for three hours they battled for her life. The prayer of faith prevailed and she has made a good recovery, which is the cause of much thankfulness. Undoubtedly the cup of sugar cane had been poisoned, as the Mohammedans are adepts at that kind of treatment.

A hooded cobra was about to strike Frank Moll, of East Africa, when the Lord intervened. This is the brother who was miraculously healed of a scorpion bite a year and a half ago. Mrs. Miller of the same place was recently attacked by a cobra, which, however, the Lord did not permit to strike her. We are full of praise that there have been no deaths among the missionar-
ies by reason of the poisonous serpents which are so numerous in some localities of India and Af-
rica. Does not Scripture say that against the
children of Israel not a dog shall wag his tongue,
and may we not claim immunity from the fangs
of serpents? It is interesting to remember that
from the time of the Apostle Paul, who shook
off the viper into the fire and took no harm, the
saints of God have often experienced miraculous
escapes from serpents. Madam Guyon, of
France, in the sixteenth century, relates that
when she had no place in which to retire to pray
but the forest, the Lord caused the poisonous
serpents "which were there in great plenty," to
glide from her, even when she had kneeled on
them! David Brainerd, when praying in a for-
est, was about to be massacred by Indians who
had crept up stealthily from behind, but they
paused as they saw a rattlesnake rear itself to
strike him. He was lost in prayer and insensible
to his danger from either Indians or snakes. The
Lord caused the serpent to turn from him and
flee away and the Indians took the lesson to
heart and left him also. "When a man's ways
please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to
be at peace with him."

Miss Sarah White, of Dodballapur, India, who
has been helping Mrs. Chester in her Rescue
Home, has had a remarkable deliverance. She
retired to rest late one rainy night but could not
sleep and felt impressed to leave her bed and
spend the night on a couch in an adjoining room.
She had not been there long before the bamboo
poles that supported the heavy earthen roof gave
way and the earth fell with such force as to break
the iron bedstead upon which she had been lying.
This was a narrow escape from death or serious
injury.

This incident leads us to speak of the press-
ing need that more than one missionary is in of
a sound roof over his head. In this case the
bamboo poles that supported the roof had been
hollowed out by white ants until they were mere
shells, and the weight of the water-sogged earth-
en roof was sufficient to bring a part of the struc-
ture down. The entire roof is in danger and the
house is uninhabitable unless it has a new roof
before another rainy season. The case is the same
with Bro. Clyde Miller and wife and Frank Moll,
who writes in a personal letter to a friend that
many of the poles in the walls of their mud hut
are eaten nearly through by the white ants, and
the roof poles badly damaged by wood bores, so
they find themselves in a precarious position.

Add to this the fact that it is impossible to keep
rats and serpents out of the mud houses with
their loosely constructed roofs, and we see that
their need of a habitable house is indeed press-
ing. We may well ask ourselves if the missionar-
ies are not bearing unnecessary burdens. Surely
the climate is trying enough, and the work a suf-
cient strain, without having one's nerves taxed
night and day by living in a house that would be
condemned in this country as unsafe, and by the
presence of snakes and rats and many noxious
insects that could easily be excluded from a prop-
erly built house. We earnestly request our read-
ers to take this pressing need to heart.

In this connection we ask special prayer for
Mrs. Clyde Miller, who not only has all these
hardships to battle with but whose health is seri-
ously affected as the result of an unseasonable
exposure to rain. She became soaking wet and
has never recovered from the effect of it. One
missionary writes that unless Mrs. Miller has a
healing touch from God she cannot live.

Another urgent call for prayer comes from the
Congo. Miss Doering writes that Brother Ste-
venson, the Director of the Congo Inland Mis-
sion, in order to save the mission funds traveled
without a tent. He spent a night in a ruined hut
and contracted a cold which later developed into
tuberculosis of the lungs.

Shall we not cry to God mightily for the life
of this Spirit-filled, self-sacrificing man of God?
He has had fifteen years experience in pioneer
work in Africa and it would seem his place can-
not be filled. He has expressed a determination
to stick to his post; however, his co-workers,
anxious to save his life, will send him home on
the steamer that leaves the last of April unless
God heals him before that time. Who will take
this need to heart and wrestle in prayer as for
his own brother?

These are days of wonderful privilege in the
Congo Mission Field. With the finding of gold
and diamonds many American prospectors are
flocking to Congo Belge, and this draws the na-
tives from many tribes that have not been reached
by the Gospel. It is a crucial time and the cry
for a reinforcement of workers is heartrending.
Miss Doering asks prayer that the several volun-
teers in Europe who heard the call during her last
missionary tour, may be mightily equipped and
thrust forth by God. She sends the latest news
from the great unevangelized Kassai District in
Kongoland, where a handful of missionaries are
doing their best to cope with the immensity of
the work. The report is from the pen of Mr. Reavis, now on the field:

"At Luebo and Ibanji (the only mission stations in several large tribes) there are now eight thousand who have professed Christ in baptism. More than nine hundred were baptized during the last year! It would take one missionary's whole time to handle the delegations that are coming from the villages and far out in the jungles, urging that teachers be sent speedily to tell the people in darkness of a Saviour's love. One day some men came who had walked one hundred and seventy miles to tell the missionaries that they were still waiting for teachers. They had heard that if they built a church in their village a teacher would be sent them. They built the church and waited and waited, but no one came. Now they had made that long journey to ask if there was still hope for them. The first church had crumbled down but they would be willing to build another if there was any hope of getting a teacher during their lifetime.

"Another day, messengers came who had walked three hundred miles to plead for a teacher. Mr. Martin told them they would have to wait as others had asked before them. They answered, 'People of God, we are old men; you have never given us any chance. Will we have to wait forever?'

"Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God. There are nearly three million people pleading for the Gospel. 'We can reach them if we will, but it must be done quickly.' We met an aged king, one hundred and thirty miles from Luebo, who ruled over a million people. The only book he possessed was a copy of Munsey's magazine. He was trying to lead his people out of the darkness into the light with Munsey's magazine and the light of nature. ('The magazine some trader had lost or thrown away; the chief could not read it but looked for a ray of light from it since it came from the white man.) As I left him he said, 'Tell your people that my people are in darkness; and will you not urge them to send us the light that we may see the great salvation and be saved?''"

* * *

Pandita Ramabai has had it laid on her heart to get copies of her book, "The Life of the Lord Jesus Christ," into every house in the Marathi country. This seems a prodigious task, as there are twenty-five million Marathi-speaking people. But who will say that what God has burdened her to do He will not enable her to accomplish? This little book sets forth the Gospel story and way of salvation in language that the most ignorant can understand. It is written by one who herself came up out of heathenism and has since spent almost a lifetime as a teacher amongst her people, feeling their needs and able to meet them as few can. We believe the Lord will bless this work that Ramabai has put her hand unto and will stir up many hearts to prayer and many others to give of their means for this important undertaking.

Evangelistic bands from Mukti are camping in distant villages and other bands go out almost every day to the near-by places distributing books and witnessing for the Savior. The workers recently came across an old lady who had come, footsore and weary, from a place far away over the mountains. They told her about Jesus and asked her if she had ever heard of Him. She replied, "No, I've never heard that name. How could I worship Jesus when I've never heard of Him and did not understand?" Praise God, she wanted to "understand" and took a copy of Ramabai's "Life of Jesus" home with her, carefully wrapped in cloth, saying she would have her son read it to her.

Brother Post, of Assiout, Egypt, writing under date of March 6th and commenting on our article on "Missionary Problems" in the January issue, says what we have often stated in the columns of this paper, that missions acting under special enthusiasm have assisted missionaries to get to a foreign field, thousands of miles away, and then apparently have forgotten all about them for months. He says:

"The Word of God speaks about system and order, and in no way will this seriously affect a true faith life and the fullest freedom to act constantly under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. As to our work, we now have seven separate stations, each a center to reach the villages around. Two of these missions are under native brethren, visited only occasionally by missionaries. God is graciously working in all of the seven missions. One of the most hopeful and encouraging signs in Egypt is the way the Lord is calling out the precious native brethren, baptizing them in His Spirit into active work. This means much toward hastening this blessed Gospel of the Kingdom in this needy land some 'white to the harvest.' While these brethren go forth in faith without any promise of support, yet knowing the land as we do, we feel the Lord is calling us to help them so as to strengthen their faith and not weaken it. At each mission station we must secure a house which will furnish not only a place for the workers to live but to hold meetings. We have one or two of these precious native brethren in our home and God is setting His seal upon their labors as they go forth from village to village, and assist in opening up stations."

Another letter from Egypt, written by Alexander Paul, of Cairo, tells us that many have been saved and received the baptism in the Holy
Spirit. He says that during the previous week twenty-three received the baptism just through reading the little paper printed in Arabic that he and his workers have sent out.

From the Argentine, South America, May Kelty writes as follows:

The Bubonic plague has broken out again in Rosario. Quite a few cases have already died but I think it will not result in an epidemic as much care is taken by the authorities. Some have died two or three blocks from us.

We have been out in the slums visiting the "downs and outs" and I was so blessed in soul as we witnessed to some precious English girls in haunts of vice. The white slave traffic here is appalling, and we know of no Rescue Home or out-and-out Rescue workers in all this vast Republic. My heart has been burdened to open a Rescue Home in this city of 210,000 souls. It is a great port; people of every nationality are seen on our streets, even Hindus with their white turbans. The tide of immigration increases every year making evangelization more difficult. Oh that God would stir up His Spirit-filled people in North America and Europe to realize what an important field South America really is. We were so glad you published the article exposing the cruelties perpetrated upon the precious Indians of Peru and Brazil. I am with them in spirit although in body we have not yet reached them. The difficulties seem unsurmountable to human power but we know God loves the Indians and will override and cause even the wrath of man to praise Him.

Our little work is very precious to us and we love the souls of our people. On New Year's Day in the afternoon we had a very precious service in our home. It lasted all afternoon and no one seemed to care to go home. Pray that the latter rain may soon fall here. Those in Protestant lands can hardly imagine the bondage and darkness of these South American Catholics. It requires patient seed sowing and watering. One of my verses for the New Year is "He that watereth shall be watered himself also."

Gu, Let Go, Help Go

A Plea for the Millions of India.

S. H. Auernheimer, Akola, India, in the Stone Church, July 31, 1912.

IN THE last of Matthew and the first of Acts we have the last words of Jesus. We often linger over the last words of our friends, and in these two passages we have the last words of Christ, and also the words, "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." But what about us in the meantime? God has committed unto us a work, and that work is preaching the Gospel to every creature. We need to wait for the enduement of the Holy Ghost to fit us for service; then we are to witness in Jerusalem, Judea, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth, but how many have failed in this. Many are contented to stay at home. Since coming home on furlough we have been much struck to see how many of God's children are sitting at home, and when we look at India with its teeming millions of unsaved truly we realize that last clause has not been fulfilled; the Christians have not gone forth to preach the Gospel unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Some people say, "India is so far away," but one can go by steamer in twenty-four days. Many people have been two months, and even six months on the voyage in the past, but we praise God that now India has been brought very near.

I want to call your attention to another verse in St. John's Gospel, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil." We do not have to leave this great city to see the works of the devil; and if they are manifest in this land of Christian enlightenment, how much more in the land of heathen darkness! There we see the trail of the serpent whichever way we look, we hear his hiss on every side. No one, who hasn't been there, can realize the intensity of the darkness in the foreign field. When we meet together in a place like this we feel the power of God. In India we feel the power of Satan. We talk of sickness in this country, and truly there is much of it, though we praise God He is able to deliver from sickness. We have seen Him dispel sickness many times. But if we look at India as a whole we see sickness rampant. In one of the stations in which we labored for three years, over nine hundred souls were swept away in one month by the plague that broke out. In other places one-half of the population was wiped out in a little while. Since we have come home on furlough we had a letter from some of the missionaries in a Girls' School which said that at a service one Sunday morning over two
hundred girls were present. That afternoon by five o'clock eleven of them were dead and forty others smitten. This past summer all over India hundreds were swept into eternity who had never heard the name of Jesus—swept into a Christless grave. In this country there is a power that restrains Satan, even the Holy Spirit in God's children, but in India we do not have that. If sin and sickness abound anywhere, it is in that great land with its 313,000,000 people.

Probably the greatest barrier to the Gospel found in any land is what is known in India as caste. By caste alone 217,000,000 people are bound and the only power to loose them is the power of Jesus Christ. Caste is Satan's masterpiece; it binds more people than any other bond that Satan has invented. About three thousand years ago when the Aryans entered India from the North, they found the people living rudely like the Indians in this country. Caste was a simple matter in those days. There were but four orders, according to whether a man sprang from Brahma's head, shoulder, thigh or foot. Today we have over three thousand castes. In the beginning the Brahmins said they came from the mouth of God and therefore were God Himself. Today the Brahmins are divided into three hundred distinct castes. There can be no eating together and no marrying out of caste. They believe the gods have made some superior and some inferior. The Gospel of Jesus Christ makes us all one, no matter of what race or color we are, and were it not for caste, instead of there being at present between two and three million Protestants in India we might have twenty million. There are hundreds and thousands of people in our villages who have lost faith in idolatry and in Hinduism and Mohammedanism, but they are bound by caste, and the only deliverance for them is in the power of Jesus Christ and the Word of God. But there remains a work for you and me to do in the meantime, for today, over one hundred million souls, or as many people as we have in the United States at present, have never heard of that precious Name. It is blessed to come to a meeting like this and sing these songs, but let us think of the millions who are outside. How shall they hear the Word of God unless you and I obey the last command of Christ to go into all the world and preach the Gospel? Christ gave the command almost nineteen hundred years ago and people are still without the Word of God because God's children at home have neglected to go forth and carry the glad tidings. There is a responsibility on God's people in 1913 to speed the day when the Gospel shall be preached to every creature. In a place like this, people become Gospel hardened. Many people have heard the Gospel again and again and it takes no effect, but think of the millions over there who have never heard. Let us give them a chance; let us clear our skirts by giving the people over there a chance to hear of Jesus Christ through whom we in this land enjoy so much. It is not because we Americans are better people than the Indians that God has blessed us so much, but it is because the Word of God has come westward. Had the word of God not come our way we might be like them today. In Acts we read Paul wanted to go into Asia but the Holy Spirit forbade him and then God sent him into Europe. What you and I enjoy is because of Christianity alone.

Caste not only separates people but divides families. I want to tell you of two cases that illustrate the power of caste. About twenty-five or thirty years ago a Brahmin went from India to England to take a law course. He remained there five or six years and went back to India a first-class lawyer. When he returned to his own country the first thing he had to do was to be reinstated into caste according to their rules. When any man leaves India and goes abroad he becomes defiled. It is not sin that defiles but coming in contact with foreigners. When this man returned to India he had to spend a great sum of money to be reinstated. This same Brahmin seven or eight years ago sent his eldest son into England to study law. On his return his father said, "Son, when I went to England I became defiled; now you are defiled, and until you are reinstated into caste there can be no fellowship between us." The son said, "Father, I went in obedience to your command; if that has defiled me I shall remain so. I do not want to be reinstated." Today they live in the same home, but there is no fellowship. There is no meal eaten together.

In the south of India we have a native state called Travancore. The king is not of the Brahmin caste; he comes from the shoulders, which means he is inferior to the Brahmins. As king of his nation he should be highest, but in the social and religious standing his prime minister, who is a Brahmin, is higher. When they transact business both stand for hours at a time. The king is inferior, though politically he is higher, so neither dare sit in each other's presence.
Again caste divides the people into trades. If a man is a farmer his sons must be farmers. If a man is a carpenter his son must be a carpenter. There may be no work for a carpenter, but he can never touch any other kind of work. That is one reason the people are so poor, because of caste. They dare not if they would, do any other work except that to which they were born. But we do praise God that He has lifted about two million out of caste into Christianity. We only reach about one-third of India's millions regularly with the Gospel. If every part of India today had heard the Gospel as well as the one-third, we would have six million converts. But we are waiting for more workers. Truly if ever there was need for Christian people to pray that Christ gave His disciples, “Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into His harvest,” it is now.

We believe that Christ's coming is very near at hand. This same Jesus is coming back again. We do not know when, but shall we not make haste and give the people of India an opportunity of hearing of Him before He returns? Or will we be selfishly content to sit at home and enjoy what God has given us and not let India have a chance to share with us? Praise God there are many today who see this need, yet on the other hand we see churches who have no interest in the heathen.

John R. Mott tells us that in America, 12,000 churches do not give a cent to the foreign work. God help such churches! I believe our parish ought to be the world. A single congregation is too small for anyone's interests to be confined by it. Let us enlarge our parish. Some people tell us if missionary work paid they would invest more. I can show you that missionary work pays better than any other Gospel work. We are told that ninety-eight per cent of every dollar is spent in the home field, and only two per cent reaches the foreign field, yet we know that the foreign end pays better at two cents on the dollar, as far as converts are concerned. At home there is probably two or three per cent increase. Counting Protestants alone in India there is an increase of thirty-six per cent in ten years. Many a man here is glad to get six per cent on his money. What better investment does a child of God want? And if we had more to invest, we might see greater results.

Another great hindrance to the entrance of the Gospel is custom. Many people have told us, “I believe the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the true Gospel, but my father never became a Christian. Am I better than my father?” Custom hinders along every line of advance. The same old cry is, “My father didn’t know anything of this,” but Jesus Christ is able to break even the power of custom that has been going on for centuries, for He is a mighty Savior.

Then too it means great persecution for the natives of India to become Christians. I wish it meant a little more persecution to be Christians in America. We have too easy a time at home. When a man in this country accepts Christ he seldom has any persecution but a lot of help. It is just the opposite in India. When a man comes out for the Lord, he is persecuted; and it is a good thing, for it drives him to the Word of God. We have men today who have forsaken much in order that they may win Christ.

Near Calcutta there was a native whose father was king of a native state. This father was very aged and was considering the matter of putting his eldest son on the throne. About that time the son went to Calcutta and heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He said, “I have never found peace or satisfaction in Hinduism, and I believe the only way to find peace is in accepting that Gospel I heard in Calcutta.” He returned home and when he told his father what he had heard, he was told to leave it alone; that it was not for him, and, moreover, he was thinking of making him ruler in his stead. But the son said, “No, that would never satisfy. I want Jesus Christ, and Him alone.” He told his father he had made up his mind to accept Jesus Christ. His father said, “If you do you can never have a share in what I have.” So he, like Abraham, had to leave his home and kindred, But he wasn't disappointed. He found Christ far better, and further than that, through accepting Christ and being loyal to God, he has been honored probably higher than any other man in India today. When he left his home and went out into another province, a Government official met him, and knowing the training he had been through under his father, gave him a good position in the British government. The English government has recognized him as a capable, trustworthy man, and King Edward gave him the title of “Sir!” some years ago, and has since given him the title of Rajah, which he would have had if he had been his father's successor. Seven years ago, a National Missionary Society was started in India, “Native men and native money for native work”
is their motto, and for a President whom should they choose but Sir Rajah Hamam Sing, and there his godly life shows forth. That is the history of one man. Accepting Christ meant giving up a throne, but he was willing.

In our own mission twenty years ago, a young Mohammedan accepted the Gospel. Seven years previously his mother had found Christ and was baptized, but the father remains an orthodox Mohammedan. The mother is now an old lady. When we left India she walked three and a half miles to bid us farewell. For many years this woman would walk three miles to services, rain or shine. Some twenty years ago, when the eldest son decided for Christ and was baptized at our mission, he went home to his father and mother. That night he disappeared and he has never been seen or heard of since. The father and mother never knew what happened to him but undoubtedly his life was taken by the Mohammedans. It means something in India for a man to come out of his religion. The Mohammedans have an unwritten law that any man who forsakes his religion is worthy of death, and many converts from Mohammedanism have been hunted like quail in the fields. We had one convert whom we sent away four hundred miles for safety. Finally his father wrote him and said, “If you come back I will not persecute you.”

For seven years the man stood true, but finally through the pleading of father and mother, he went back into Mohammedanism. Friends, you in the homeland know nothing of persecution.

About three years ago, in the district where my wife and I labored, there was a man who came night after night to hear the Gospel, and it took hold of his heart. He was a man of influence, and he knew if he accepted Christ he would have persecution, so for two long years he put it off, but he had no rest of heart, because he was convicted of sin and of his need of a Savior. Finally he asked to be baptized, and said he was willing to confess Christ before his people. He came to the mission station and was baptized, and two days later he returned to his home. Several days afterward a letter came saying the man was sick. Somebody had put a little poison in his food, not enough to kill him, but enough to rob him of his reason. In a week or ten days he was in an insane asylum. Since we have been home we have heard he has been released from the asylum, perfectly sane, and he has gone back to his village.

We need a little more persecution to stir us up. The early disciples through persecution were scattered abroad and they preached the Gospel wherever they went. How many of us in the homeland have barely a word of witnessing for Christ? Thousands of Christians in America are Christians simply in name. Others who are born of the Spirit of God, have no power to witness for Jesus. We read in the Acts, “Ye shall be witnesses unto Me.” Are we witnessing daily as God would have us? It means something to accept Christ and to live the Christ life. We praise God for the many jewels we have in our work in India; some who have been rescued and brought in from sin and darkness are today shining lights. In our station at Akola we have about three hundred Christians, which represents a work of twenty years. This may seem only a handful, but we praise God for the start. In one mission at the end of twelve years they had more missionary graves than they had converts. We are working among the Marathi people, who are the proudest of people. When the Mohammedans overran India the Marathi nation were never conquered, and they call themselves an unconquerable people. They are hard-hearted and it is only the Gospel of Jesus Christ that can conquer them. We are grateful for the signs that God is working in their midst. Our own work is still in a pioneering stage. William Carey labored seven years without a convert. Judson labored seven years without a convert, and in some of our own stations after ten years of work we have only a few converts, but it is a time of sowing. We know God is working, and the harvest time is coming. In this sowing time you can have a share as well as those who go to the field. We believe if God’s people at home will be true and faithful in prayer there will be an ingathering of precious souls. God is committing the work of intercession to some. He has told His disciples to go into the world and preach the Gospel, but He hasn’t sent everyone to India, though I believe He wants every one to have a share in the work of India. God has saved us for a purpose, and the work of intercession is just as precious as that of preaching the Gospel. When Moody had his great revival meetings people would talk about the many souls that were being born into the kingdom, and I heard Mr. Moody say that as much credit was due to Mr. Sankey as to him for while he preached Mr. Sankey prayed. God wants a band of workers to stand at home in prayer and the reward will be for both, I wonder whether we spend as
much time in prayer as we ought? We are living in a busy age, and it is getting busier all the time. We will have less time in 1913 than in 1912. My wife and I have often had to hide ourselves away, shut the door to everybody and take time to wait upon God. If we do not take time we never will have it.

Jesus said, "Go ye," and in India today we have great need of workers. I have often made a comparison between the work the English government does in India and the Christian churches. The English government supports 80,000 European troops and 200,000 native troops. What are the churches doing? We have a little over 4,500 missionaries and 35,000 native workers. Why do 80,000 soldiers leave England and Scotland and go to a land of great heat? Because they are loyal to the king. But why does the church sit at home when there is great need and only 4,500 missionaries in India? Should we be less loyal to Jesus, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, than the soldiers are to King George? Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and if we keep His commandments some of us will have to go over yonder. When a soldier goes to India he goes regardless of the deadly climate. I remember a time when hundreds of soldiers were carried away by cholera in two months. They know the dangers but they go gladly. Let us be as loyal to our King as they are to theirs. I want to appeal to the young. It is the greatest chance in life to be an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ. We must get beyond the idea of duty. It was a great privilege to me that God ever let me go to India as His ambassador and serve Him there for nine years, and had I a hundred lives today, I would lay every one on the altar, I would count no sacrifice for God too great. If there are those here who feel the call of God to go, let them not hang back. The cry comes from every mission today for more workers. Our own mission is in dire need of workers. In the last few years we closed four stations, last month we even closed headquarters because we had no man to take it up. Besides we have hundreds, yea thousands, of villages without a single witness. If anyone has the same ambition that Paul had when he said he wanted to go and preach the Gospel where Christ was not named that opportunity is open today. We have at present four large counties, every one of which has about two hundred villages, with a population of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand, and not a single witness. Is there any man or woman here who will hear God's voice saying, "Who shall go for us?" Is there some one to say, "Here am I, Lord, send me"? If you step out in obedience and faith you will never regret it. There will be trials and testings, but we have a God who is greater than all these.

Some one has said when Napoleon was sweeping all before him in Europe, he called soldiers to him by three words, "Come and suffer," and for the glory of France they came. Christ calls us to Him and says, "Go ye" and He has promised His presence; no matter how great the trial and difficult the road, Christ is by our side. In the nine years we have been in India Christ has never disappointed me once. If there were any disappointments they were on my side. We have a faithful Savior. Are we willing to go with Him all the way? There is a great opening in India today for men and women, and those who cannot go may be able to let others go. There may be fathers and mothers who have sons and daughters to put on the altar, and surely there can be no higher aspiration for a father and mother than to have their children become messengers of the cross.

Years ago from our mission in the homeland a man and wife and several children went to India. In four or five years the father laid down his life. The widow with the five children came to the states and her one ambition was to educate her children for India. Three years ago her eldest son went back and two years ago a second son; the eldest daughter is ready to return, and surely there can be no higher aspiration for a father and mother than to have their children become messengers of the cross. Years ago from our mission in the homeland a man and wife and several children went to India. In four or five years the father laid down his life. The widow with the five children came to the states and her one ambition was to educate her children for India. Three years ago her eldest son went back and two years ago a second son; the eldest daughter is ready to return, and surely there can be no higher aspiration for a father and mother than to have their children become messengers of the cross.

While in the city of Toronto a few months ago there was a Missionary Convention, and a missionary from the China Inland Mission was present, and told us of a family of twelve children. The mother had to come back from the field on account of her health and she said, "My heart is in China, but I can stay at home and rear my children." Six of the twelve are now on the field. This fall two more are going out, and the other four are getting ready to go. What better desire could a father and mother have for their children than that? If God should call them you should feel honored.
There may be men or women who are waiting to go but who need financial help. There may be some who cannot go, but who can give to help others go. The mission of Christ to earth cost His life, and when we look at the end of Christ's earthly ministry we do not see very much result; from the natural we say it was a failure, but look at it today. If you could look into the homes of some of the Christian families in India today, and compare them with the homes of Hindoos and Mohammedans, I am sure there is not one but would say that missions paid. There is no fellowship between husband and wife, except among Christians; every heathen woman is the slave of her husband. In the Christian homes the children are taught the Word of God and oh what a change we find in a few years! The doors are wide open to us and we are calling for helpers. We want more men. Why is it men do not offer themselves for the work of God, even in the homeland? So often we hear it said there are too many in a certain line of work. Friends, there are not too many in the mission field. In the business world we have a saying, "Supply and demand"; sometimes there is more supply than demand. In India we have a great demand for foreign and native workers, but where is the supply? In our own mission for two years a missionary lady was holding the station alone because we did not have a man to send out in her district. We read in the Old Testament, "Eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared," but God's people forget to send it. Let us come up to God's full plan and then I am sure there will be a full blessing even as we read in Malachi, the windows of heaven shall be opened and there shall not be room enough to receive the blessing. Shall we measure up to all that God has for us?

**The Hour and the Place of Crisis**

A Lesson for Backsliders.

Ira E. David, Onarga, Illinois, in the Stone Church, July 21, 1912.

It was a time and place of crisis for the man that owned the animal. Would this man, as usual, go to till his fields or to harvest his crops, or would he give up the duties of the day and give up his animal freely that the Lord might have the use of it? This animal went the right way. It became the bearer of the Son of God. It was introduced into the Scriptures, and wherever the Bible is read this ass will be remembered. This man gave up his ordinary duties and he said "Yes" to the Lord, and hence it meant a good day of crisis for him.

We have read today the story of the Hebrew family that lived in Bethlehem. They lived in the House of Bread, for Bethlehem means house of bread. It was called the house of bread because all the way around it was surrounded by luxuriant fields of wheat and barley. This was where David lived in later days, and where he gathered grain and tended sheep; and it was because of this grain and the abundance of bread that they called the town the House of Bread.

One day even in the House of Bread there came a bit of a famine. There sometimes does come a famine even in the house of God, and this family, instead of sticking to the House of God and praying through the difficulty, concluded to move out. They left God's country and God's people and went over to the world. When
they got there they evidently intended to stay a few weeks only, until the pinch of the famine was past, but they did what most backsliding families do; when they got over to Moab, we read that they continued there, and further on in the chapter we read that they stayed there about ten years.

It was a sorry day when they moved over to the world. It is a sorry day when any family, gradually and unconsciously, or by a sudden move, slips back from the place of fellowship with God and God's people into fellowship with the world and communion with the devil. Then the thing happened to them that happens to all backsliders. If people are really children of God and slip back they are bound to have a pretty hard time very soon. The names of the boys in this family are significant; they were: Mahlon, which means sickly, and Chilion, which means pining. So when Naomi and Elimelech got over in this country they had a sickly boy and a pining boy, and it wasn't long till Elimelech died and these two sickly boys married wives in this country, and then they died, and Naomi, the backslider, had a mighty hard time of it. Remember, she is not an exception to any real child of God that gets tired of a place of fellowship with God's people and slips back into fellowship with Egypt and Moab. They have a hard time. That is the way God has of driving His backsliding people out of the place where they ought not to be, into a place where they ought to live. When the mother Namoi had a hard time of it, the people of God had a blessed time with the Lord. There was an abundance of Bread, and while they didn't have telephones and telegraphs, yet somehow the news of God's blessing always gets around. When Naomi heard that God had visited His people, she said, "My daughters, this is splendid news. Let's pack our belongings and go to this land of plenty." So they packed up, and Naomi and her daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah, went on the road toward Bethlehem. No doubt many of you have seen that beautiful picture of an Oriental scene; there is a fork in the road and three familiar figures dressed in Oriental garb. You look at them and you hear Naomi saying: "Go back, my daughters to your own country, your own people, your own God." These young women, beautiful young widows in the prime of life are standing at the fork of the road, at the place and the hour of crisis, and they are about to make decisions that will last, not simply for a day or a week or a year, but for all eternity.

The same thing is repeated over and over this afternoon in this church. In these pews, side by side are those who have reached the hour and the place of crisis. God speaks and the universe waits for the decision of a single half-hour. There is either joy in heaven over victory gained or, the angels are grieved and hell rejoices at the false decision of this hour. Which shall it be, an eternity of infinity felicity or an eternity of ruin and despair? Oh, my friend, as you think of the issues that hang upon your choice, remember that you are not deciding for this week simply, but when you walk out of these doors this afternoon, you have made a choice that will affect you for eternity. Some one will say, "I choose the people of God. I choose to get back out of the place of backsliding into the place of fellowship. I want to come back home." And another that sits, possibly in the same pew, will say, "Not now," and go out, and it will be as it was when Judas went out. The significant little line is added, "And it was night!" When you turn your back on God it will mean darkness, and the darkness will intensify as the years go by. Naomi was a poor preacher; every backslider is. Here is this historic scene; here is the fork in the road; here is a backslider for a preacher and two young women for an audience. It is a time of opportunity. These girls see in Naomi all they know of Jehovah. She is the only representative of the true God, the true religion, the true Book and the heavenly home that these young women have ever seen. They are both of them willing to go on the road that leads toward God and God's country, and this woman, ignoring her opportunity, forgetting her responsibility, instead of saying, "Come on, my daughters, to God's country and God's people; come on to the House of Bread and set your faces toward heaven," says instead, "Go back to your own country; go back to your own people." To go back meant to go back to idolatry and no idolater has part in the kingdom of God. Orpah thought of her heathen relatives, thought of the fields of Moab, of the pleasure parties, of the dance; she thought of the idolatry of her ancestors and, though she shed a few tears and convulsively hugged her mother, she said, "Good by, I will go;" but Ruth chose differently. Ruth chose marvelously. You can hardly meditate upon this simple story of historical facts without marvelling at Ruth. With only a backslider to make God known, and with
everything else naturally to attract in the wrong direction, this young woman came to a sevenfold determination: “Where thou goest I will go.” She chose to go the way of the woman of God. “Where thou lodgest I will lodge.” She got a little further on then. She had a determination to stay where the woman of God stays. “Thy people shall be my people,” and that is the third “I will.” She chose the people of God. It is a great thing when a young man or woman comes to the place where he chooses the people of God in preference to the people of the world. “Thy God shall be my God.” That is the fourth determination. “Where thou diest I will die,” fifth; she meant to make this a lifelong decision, “and there will I be buried,” sixth. “The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me,” seventh. In other words, “I choose the only Woman of God I know; I choose the people of God. I choose the place of bread. I choose God Himself and nothing shall separate me from any of these.”

Oh, I like that. Over and over you appeal to people to seek God; you appeal to people to raise their hand for prayer, and possibly they make a half-hearted decision. They go a little way toward God and God’s people; but the consecration is not complete, and by and by you find because the decision was not seven-fold, was not complete enough to reach the perfect number, they slip back. But every now and then a Gospel or woman comes to the place where he makes such a decision as that without being unspeakably benefited. Ruth got into a beautiful country and into a place of plenty. She found Boaz one of the most magnificent men of God of the Bible, as a husband, and got a beautiful home. She became the mother of Jesse and grandmother of David, and through them she became the ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ. Her name was introduced into the sacred pages of the Scripture and, more than all, she was introduced into the glories of the eternal home. Great was her reward, but it cost Ruth something. All her own relatives, all her old friends, all the family idols had to be given up; the old pleasures and the familiar associations were left behind, but she got Bethlehem, she got Boaz, she got David, she got Jesus and she got heaven. Surely it pays to decide right and to decide with a seven-fold determination that carries us through.

So the Spirit of God is saying to you, dear friends, if you have slipped out of the place of fellowship with God and God’s people, come back. God has visited His people with bread. Come back, God has given His people a revival; the Spirit is here, and the Bible is open, and prayer is wont to be made and heaven is very near. He is saying to the backslider: Come back before you lose all your children, for it is a sad fact that is exemplified over and over again, that when people backslide, if they do not lose their own lives, they will very likely lose their children. Somehow, when you live as a backslider you do not have power to prevail with your children; you cannot get them out of the world when you are in the world yourself. And the Lord is saying to every Ruth and to every Orpah, “Come to Bethlehem, Come to the House of God. Join yourself with the people of God, and above everything else, he joined to the Lord Himself. Choose you this day whom you will serve.”

Now let me tell you another story, one from my own observation. Years ago when I was a youth in the seminary there was a young woman attending the same school. She lived not more than a mile from where I lived, and there was a young man attending the same school that lived a mile or so in another direction. There came that winter a time and a place of crisis. We sat in a chapel like this for morning prayers or morning devotions, and the President announced that in the adjoining church, beginning on such mighty God and said to Naomi, “Thy God shall be my God.” Nobody ever makes such a decision as that without being unspeakably benefited.
an evening, there would be a series of special meetings and every student was not only permitted, but urged to attend every night; study hours for the evening would be given up, and all who would might hear the Gospel. This young man and this young woman sat together all evening, there would be a series of special meetings and every student was not only permitted, but urged to attend every night; study and listened to that word. The young man chose all who might hear the Gospel. This the meetings and the young woman chose to go away from her room in that time. That punished her, but it didn’t change her, for she still tended for two weeks and not permitted to go away from her room in that time. That punished her, but it didn’t change her, for she still went to wine parties and dancing parties, she was punished for two weeks and not permitted to go away from her room in that time. That punished her, but it didn’t change her, for she still went home that night apparently as well as ever. The next day she was in convulsions and friends hurried for the evangelist that preached the night before and besought him to visit her bedside. He took her by the hand and begged her to seek God. She said, “Go back to the church, to the second pew and take out the hymnal; look on the fly-leaf, and you will find what transpired in my soul last night.” They went back and read that solemn, awful sentence of doom, “This night I decide not to become a Christian.”

I cannot tell the struggle that is going on in your soul this afternoon, but somewhere in this room there are certainly hearts that have reached the hour and the place of crisis. It may be the Spirit of God is struggling to get you to give up some tie that binds, to break some bond that holds, and to be altogether united to God. Possibly there is some family connection, there may be some old habit, or some place where you never surrendered to God. This day are you going to be an Orpah or a Ruth? Do you say, “I will,” to God, or “Not now”? The Lord is near in the valley of decision. Oh may this be the valley of decision, a time when hearts shall say, “Yes” to Jesus.

* * *


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