

# Faith *and* Victory

Arm thyself with FAITH and LOVE; this brings VICTORY from above.

VOLUME 2,  
NUMBER 4.

"This is the VICTORY that overcometh  
the world, even our FAITH." 1 Jno. 5: 4.

GUTHRIE, OKLA.  
Nov., 1924.

## WHAT THEN? TO THE UNBELIEVER

*"He that believeth not the Son shall not see life;  
but the wrath of God abideth on him"* (John 3: 36).

After the joys of earth,  
After its songs of mirth,  
After its hours of light,  
After its dreams so bright—  
What then?

Only an empty name,  
Only a weary frame,  
Only a conscience smart,  
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,  
After this weary frame,  
After this conscience smart,  
After this aching heart—  
What then?

Only a sad farewell  
To a world loved too well,  
Only a silent bed  
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell  
To a world loved too well,  
After this silent bed  
With the forgotten dead—  
What then?

O! then—the judgment throne!  
O! then—the last hope gone!  
Then all the woes that dwell  
In an eternal HELL!

—SEL. BY B. G. PARKER.

## FORTY-EIGHT HOURS IN HELL

One of the most interesting cases of resuscitation that ever came to my knowledge was that of George Lennox, a notorious horse-thief of Jefferson County. He was serving his second term. Sedgwick County sent him to the prison the first time for a similar offense—stealing horses.

During the winter of 1887 and 1888, he worked in the coal mines. The place where he was working seemed dangerous to him. He reported the fact to the officer in charge, who made an examination, and deciding that the room was safe, ordered Lennox back

to his work. The convict obeying, had not continued his work more than an hour, when the roof fell in and completely buried him. Missing at dinner time, a search was instituted for the absent convict, and he was found under this heap of rubbish. Life was extinct.

He was taken to the top, and on examination by the prison physician was pronounced dead. His remains were carried to the hospital where he was washed and dressed preparatory for interment. His coffin was made and brought into the hospital. The chaplain had arrived to perform the last rites prior to burial. A couple of prisoners were ordered by the steward to lift the corpse from the boards and carry it across the room and place it in the coffin. They obeyed, one at the head and the other at the feet, and were about half way across the room when the one who was at the head accidentally stumbled over a cuspidor, lost his balance and dropped the corpse. The head of the man struck the floor, and to the utter surprise of all present, a deep groan was heard. Soon the eyes opened, and other appearances of life were manifested.

The physician was immediately sent for, and by the time he arrived, some thirty minutes later, the dead man had called for a cup of water, and was in the act of drinking when the physician arrived. The coffin was at once removed, and later on was used to bury another convict in. His burial robes were also taken from him, and the prison garb substituted.

On examination he was found to have one of his legs broken in two places, and was otherwise bruised. He remained in the hospital some six months, and again went back to work. I learned of his experience while apparently dead soon after, from a fellow miner. Prompted by curiosity, I longed for an acquaintance with Lennox to get his experience from his own lips. This opportunity was not offered for several months. At last it came.

After being removed from the mines I was detailed to one of the prison offices to make out some annual reports. The subject of this man's return to life was being discussed one day when he happened to pass by the office door and was pointed out to me. It was not long until I had a note in his hand and asked him to come where I was at work. He did so and here I got well acquainted with him, and from his own lips received his wonderful story. He is a young man, probably not over thirty years of age. He is not a hardened criminal; is possessed of a very good education, and naturally very bright.

The most wonderful part of his history was that during the time he was dead. Being a short hand reporter I took his story from his dictation. He said: 'I had a presentiment all the morning that something terrible was going to happen. I was so uneasy on account of my feelings that I went to my mining boss and told him how I felt, and asked him if he would come and examine my 'coal room,' the place where I was digging coal. He came and seemed to make a thorough examination, and ordered me back to work, saying there was no danger, and that he thought I was going 'cranky.'

I returned to my work and had been digging away for something like an hour, when all of a sudden, it grew dark. Then it seemed as if a great iron door swung open and I passed through it.

The thought then came to my mind that I was dead and in another world. I could see no one nor hear a sound of any kind. From some cause unknown to myself I started to move away from the doorway and had traveled some distance when I came to the banks of a broad river. There was about as much light as on a bright starlit night.

I had not remained on the bank of this river very long until I could hear the sound of oars in the water, and soon a person in a boat rowed up to where I was. I was speechless. He looked at me a moment, and then said he had come for me, and told me to get into the boat and row across to the other side. I obeyed. Not a word was spoken. I longed to ask him who he was and where I was. My tongue seemed to cling to the roof of my mouth. I could not say a word. Finally we reached the opposite shore. I got out of the boat, and the boatman vanished out of sight.

Thus left alone, I knew not what to do. Looking out before me, I saw two roads which led through a dark valley. One of these was a broad road and seemed to be well traveled. The other was a narrow path that led off in another direction. I instinctively followed the well beaten road. I had not gone far when it seemed to grow darker. Ever and anon, however, a light would flash up from the distance and in this manner I was lighted on my journey.

Presently I was met by a being that it is utterly impossible for me to describe. I can only give you a faint idea of his dreadful appearance. He resembled a man somewhat, but much larger than any human being I ever saw. He must have been at least ten feet high. He had great wings on his back. He was as black as the coal I had been digging, and in perfectly nude condition.

He had a large spear in his hand, the handle of which must have been fully fifteen feet in length. His eyes shone like balls of fire. His teeth, white as pearl, seemed fully an inch long. His nose, if you could call it a nose, was very large, broad and flat. His hair was very coarse, heavy and long. It hung down on his massive shoulders. His voice sounded more like the growls of a lion in a menagerie than anything I can recall.

It was during one of these flashes of light that I first saw him. I trembled like an aspen leaf at the sight. He had his spear raised as if to send it flying through me. I suddenly stopped. With that terrible voice I seem to hear yet, he bade me follow him; that he had been sent to guide me on my journey. I followed him. What else could I do?

After we had gone some distance, a huge mountain seemed to rise up before us. The part facing us seemed perpendicular, just as if a mountain had been cut in two and one part of it had been taken away. On this perpendicular wall I could read distinctly the words, 'This is hell.' My guide approached this perpendicular wall, and with his spear handle gave three loud raps. A large massive door swung back and we passed in. I was then conducted on through what appeared to be a passage through this mountain.

For some time we traveled in Egyptian darkness. I could hear the heavy footfalls of my guide, and thus could follow him. All the way I could hear deep groans, as of someone dying. Further on these groans increased, and I could distinctly hear the cry for water! water! water! Coming down to another gateway, and passing through, I could hear, it seemed, a million voices in the distance, and the cry was for water! water!

Presently another door opened at the knock of my guide, and I found that we had passed through the mountain and now a broad plain lay out before me.

At this place my guide left me, to direct other lost spirits to the same destination.

I remained in this open plain for a time, when a being similar to the first one came to me; but instead of a spear he had a large sword. He came to tell me of my future doom. He spoke with a voice that struck terror to my soul. 'Thou art in hell,' he said; 'for thee all hope is fled. As thou passed through the mountain on thy journey hither, thou didst hear the groans and shrieks of the lost as they called for water to cool their parched tongues. Along that passage there is a door that opens into the lake of fire. This is soon to be thy doom. Before thou art conducted to this place of torment never more to emerge—there is not hope for those who enter there—thou shalt be permitted to remain in this open plain, where it is granted to all the lost to behold what they might have enjoyed, instead of what they must suffer.'

With this I was left alone. Whether the result of the terrible fright through which I had passed I know not, but now I became stupified. A dull languor took full possession of my frame. My strength departed from me. My limbs refused longer to support my body. Overcome, I now sank down a helpless mass. Drowsiness now took control of me. Half awake, half asleep, I seemed to dream.

Far above me and in the distance, I saw the beautiful city of which we read in the Bible. How wonderfully beautiful were its walls of jasper. Stretching out and away in the distance, I saw vast plains covered with beautiful flowers. I, too, beheld the river of life and the sea of glass. Vast multitudes of angels

would pass in and out through the gates of the city, singing, oh, such beautiful songs. Among the number I saw my dear old mother, who had died a few years ago of a broken heart because of my wickedness. She looked toward me and seemed to beckon me to her, but I could not move.

There appeared to be a great weight on me that held me down. Now a gentle breeze wafted the fragrance of those flowers to me, and I could now, more plainly than ever, hear the sweet melody of angel voices, and I said, oh, that I might have been one of them.

As I was drinking of this cup of bliss, it was suddenly dashed from my lips. I was aroused from my slumbers. I was brought back from my happy dream-land by an inmate of my dark abode, who said to me that it was now time to enter upon my future career. He bade me follow him.

Retracing my steps I again entered the dark passageway, and followed my guide for a time, when we came to a door that opened in the side of the passage, and going along this, we finally found ourselves passing through another door, and lo I beheld the lake of fire.

Just before me I could see, as far as the eye could reach, that literal lake of fire and brimstone. Huge billows of fire would roll over each other, and great waves of fiery flames would dash against each other and leap high in the air like the waves of the sea during a violent storm. On the crest of the waves I could see human beings rise, but soon to be carried down again to lowest depths of the lake of fire. When borne on the crest of these awful billows for a time their curses against a just God would be appalling, and their pitiful cries for water would be heart-rending. This vast region of fire echoed and re-echoed with the wails of these lost spirits.

Presently, I turned my eyes to the door through which I had a few moments before entered, and I read these awful words: 'This is thy doom, eternity never ends.' Shortly I began to feel the ground give way beneath my feet, and I soon found myself sinking down into the lake of fire. An indescribable thirst for water now seized upon me. And calling for water, my eyes opened in the prison hospital.

I have never told this experience of mine before, for fear the prison officials would get hold of it, and think me insane, and lock me up in the crank house. I passed through all this, and I am as well satisfied as I am that I am alive, that there is a Heaven and there is a Hell, and a regular old-fashioned Hell, the kind the Bible tells about. But there is one thing certain, I am never going to that place any more.

As soon as I opened my eyes in the hospital and found that I was alive and on earth once more, I immediately gave my heart to God, and I am going to live and die a Christian. While the terrible sights of Hell can never be banished from my memory, neither can the beautiful things of Heaven that I saw.

I am going to meet my dear mother after a while. To be permitted to sit down on the banks of that beau-

tiful river, to wander with those angels across the plains, through the vales and over the hills carpeted with fragrant flowers, the beauty of which far surpasses anything that mortal can imagine; to listen to the songs of the saved—all this will more than compensate me for living the life of a Christian here on earth, even if I have to forego many sensual pleasures in which I indulged before coming to the prison. I have abandoned my companions in crime, and am going to associate with good people when I am once more a free man."

After he had got through with this wonderful story, I asked him if he was going to tell others of his experience when he got out. His reply was that people would not believe him and he would keep it to himself. Should this account, in print, of his experience while in Hell for forty-eight hours, fall into his hands, it will no doubt surprise him. We give the account to the reader just as we received it from Lennox. We don't pretend to solve the mystery.

"Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude and their pomp and he that rejoiceth shall descend into it" (Isa. 5: 14).

"And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man died and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said: Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame" (Luke 16: 23-24).

Friend, won't *you* give your heart to *God*? Why do you turn your back on the dear *Savior* who died that you and I *might* live?

—SEL.

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#### INFIDEL TASTING ETERNAL PUNISHMENT

Sir Francis Newport was trained in early life to understand the great truths of the Gospel, and while in early manhood it was hoped that he would become an ornament and a blessing to his family and the nation, the result was far otherwise. He fell into company that corrupted his principles and morals. He became an avowed infidel, and a life of dissipation brought on a disease that was incurable. When he felt he must die, . . . he exclaimed as follows: "Whence this war in my heart? What argument is there now to assist me against matters of fact? Do I assert that there is no hell, when I feel one in my bosom? Am I certain that there is no after retribution, when I feel present judgment? . . . Wretch that I am, whither shall I flee from this breast?"

An infidel companion tried to dispel his thoughts to whom he replied, "That there is a God I know, because I continually feel the effects of His wrath; that there is a hell I am equally certain, having received an earnest of my inheritance there already in my breast; that there is a natural conscience I now

(Concluded on page 8.)

## FAITH AND VICTORY

FAITH and VICTORY is published and sent out in the interest of Jesus to His little flock scattered abroad, by yielded members of His Body at Faith Publishing House.

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FAITH PUBLISHING HOUSE,

611 W. MANSUR ST., GUTHRIE, OKLA.

In this issue of Faith and Victory there is much written that ought to stir the hearts of unbelievers and cause them to repent before God, and turn to Christ who has already purchased them with His own innocent Blood, poured out.

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Those who desire extra copies of this issue and of the October issue to hand out or send to friends, can have them by writing us, as we are glad to send them to all who desire to do work for the Master in behalf of souls.

\* \* \* \*

If you want your name put on our list for a roll of papers each issue, say for six, eight, or ten, just let us know your desire and we shall gladly send them, and in this way you can be doing a little work for the Lord each month and prove faithful to your neighbors who are in darkness through unbelief.

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We hear much in these perilous times of the "No hell" doctrine. This is calculated by the enemy of God to ease the troubled conscience of sinners and professors and cause them to droop on in darkness, living to the demands of their fleshly minds, and finally to be lined up on the left hand of Jesus and hear those terrible words spoken by Himself and recorded in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, forty-first verse: "Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." In the forty-sixth verse, same chapter, we find Jesus speaking these words, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal." Friend, are you righteous? There is only one way to become righteous in the sight of the all-seeing Father, and that way is to accept the blood of Christ for a covering, hence Christ is the door-way to heaven and to glory for, Jesus says, "For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Friend, your righteousness will not exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, unless you receive His righteousness and abide under His sheltering Blood. "Truly, every man at his best state is altogether vanity." Selah. (Psa. 39: 5). Think of that.

It is hard for some Christians to see their mistakes, and harder still for them to acknowledge the same. In so doing they hold themselves in a never-to-be-blamed attitude, bringing bondage on those who would fellowship Christ working in and through them, for Christ alone is our perfect example, and anyone aspiring to take the place of Christ in the affections of others only rob them of the freedom and communion in Christ who is the head of the body, the family of God, the Church of God. He was without spot or blemish and therefore could make a perfect atonement for doomed men and women. As it is written, "He has purchased us with His own blood" (Acts 20: 28). So each member of the body is blood-bought and made free from all other heads (would-be heads), and are kept alive by continuing to have faith in His blood. The blood is life. They are bound together and knit together by the love of God filling each member of Christ's body, and are helpers together and workers together as Christ, our Head, calls members of His body to action and duty.

If one member of the body would refuse to do what Christ asked of it, its failing to do would hinder other members of the body from doing fully the pleasure of God. And thus souls will be lost and the work hindered because of inactive members, and these inactive members become withered branches and are severed from the body and men gather them and cast them into the fire and they are burned. Awake, dear souls, and be active in doing the will of God, that His pleasure may continually rest upon you.

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The work at the office is moving along nicely and much pure gospel literature is going out as a free gift of the Lord. This rejoices our hearts and makes us glad; also we rejoice to know that we are not alone in this free gospel giving, for God moves on other souls to aid us in this work, thus they share with us in giving the gospel free and God will reward them according to their deeds.

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### CORRESPONDENCE

Oldfield, Mo.—Beloved ones in Christ Jesus our Lord, and saints abroad: Greetings again in His unfailing, prevailing name. Peace be with all the dear ones that are loyal and true to Him who has called us from darkness unto the kingdom of His dear Son. Today we are impressed to write of some of our experiences with the Lord since we have been in Mo. We were six weeks at Springfield, Mo. The first three weeks we held meetings at the opening of the new chapel there. We also worked much during the time, and afterward, lowering the top of the Gospel Car. Now much improvement has been done. The car has been made much lighter on the top and also on the inside: the furniture made of light wood and Beaver Board, and also a lighter sleeping cot. It travels much easier now, and we give the Lord all thanks and praise and glory.

Last Sunday we came to Oldfield, Mo., just for that day. In the evening we found a large crowd in the school house. Much interest was shown in the truth, so we returned Wednesday and have held meetings each night since with a house full of very interested people. Pray much for them and us. The Lord willing when He is through with us here we will return to Springfield, thirty miles from here, and then move directly again towards Carthage and Webb City, Mo. We are waiting patiently upon the Lord to know His will: the way we should go, where the poor hungry souls are in need of God's mercies. The saints from California have written for us to come there if the Lord leads. As yet we have not been led to go. Sometimes we are impressed to drive southward toward Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. Pray much for us, and we desire the prayers of all the true saints. We would be glad to hear from any clear saints along the main route from here towards Ark., Tenn., and Ky. May the Lord bless each of you and all who are laboring in the strength of His Spirit to spread the glad tidings of the gospel to needy souls.

—BRO. AND SISTER J. D. LLEWELLYN.

Bend, Oregon.—Dear Bro. Pruitt: Greetings in the pure, holy, and all-powerful name of Jesus our Savior. Thank God for the gift of His Son for the sins of the world, you and I included. It is wonderful isn't it?—our privilege to love all men, including our enemies, by the power of Jesus' shed blood through faith. I am glad for salvation which came to me by exercising faith in God and recognizing the Spirit as felt in its convicting power in my heart. It is wonderful, the blessed assurance which the true saints feel in their inmost soul, and all glory to God because He has made it possible by His love.

I have just received your letter, and also the roll of papers. Some of these I will place in the public library, where all classes of people sit and read every day. My soul yearns that God will bless this means of spreading His precious truth, and that the Holy Spirit will work upon the hearts of those that read. I thank God for the gift of His Spirit to man. By the Spirit we know all truth whether it is written or spoken. By the Spirit of God it is easy to detect the true from the false in religious realms. I am praying earnestly for you in your efforts of sending forth the gospel of the kingdom of God: that He grant you strength and power in faith to send forth heart-searching, sin-revealing, convicting messages, so filled with the Spirit and power of God that Satan's straps and bands be loosened and dear captive souls set free in the Lord with peace and satisfying comfort in their hearts. Also that all the dear saints will be strengthened, encouraged and built up in the most holy faith. And may God's glory fill your trembling spirit until it is received to its eternal rest. I would so enjoy being in meeting and listen to the Holy Spirit speak through His chosen vessels the words of life. I have never had many opportunities to hear men of God preach the truth in all its purity. May God give His true servants grace and wisdom that

they may present His gospel fearlessly and uncompromisingly in the face of all the opposing powers of the enemy. Your brother in Christ, for the whole truth.

—EDWARD T. CALLAN.

Lititz, Pa.—Greetings in the precious name of Jesus. May you have the Lord's continual guidance is my prayer. Though I have been receiving Faith and Victory from its beginning, this is the first time I am writing to you. But last month's number failed to make its appearance. I always enjoyed reading the little paper. It was a real source of inspiration and encouragement to me, and it shall be a welcome visitor so long as its teaching will be sound scriptural doctrine. The Truth is needed. It will make and keep free all that obey it. The apostle writing to the Galatians said, "Ye did run well; who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth?" (Gal. 5: 7). By this Scripture we understand that obedience is a necessity, a just demand of God, and justifies us before Him. The following verse reads, "This persuasion cometh not of him that calleth you" (Gal. 5: 8). In this Scripture we see that disobedience is not of God: He is not the author of it. It is not from Him that calleth you, but it is from the evil one, the devil. The trouble maker is always busy, always on the job, seeking to destroy, to stir up strife, make confusion everywhere and scatter God's people if possible. The remedy is here for every attack of the devil: keep under the Blood and filled with the Holy Spirit and walk with Jesus, the Prince of Life. He is unto us salvation and bulwarks, and all the missiles hurled at us by the devil fall fruitless at our feet and we shout the overcomer's song. My experience in this reformation is a little more than twenty-five years. In these years I have had many joyful seasons with the Lord and His people; also I have seen many things that caused sadness. Some fell by the way side and went into erroneous doctrine and fell prey to seducing spirits. This is sad, indeed. As for myself, I am resolved to continue in the Truth; yes, earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints. I solicit the earnest prayers of all God's saints. Yours under the Blood.

—M. L. BAKER.

Noel, Mo.—To all the dear saints scattered abroad, Greetings. This evening finds me saved and sanctified, with every longing of my heart satisfied in Jesus, praise His holy name. I love this way. Praise the dear Lord for what He is doing for me. I have had Rheumatism in my limbs for so long but the dear Lord has healed me, and I feel like shouting His praises forever and ever. Well, I enjoy reading the little paper. It is food to my hungry soul. We are isolated from all of the saints, but praise the dear Lord, I know He is everywhere, and a very present help in every need. I used to belong to a sect church, but the first real sermon I ever heard, I was ready to come out and walk in the full light of the gospel. Before I heard the whole truth, I wore jewelry, flowers on my hat and other adornments, but when I learned by God's Word that these things were dis-

pleasing to Him, it was not hard for me to give them up, and as I laid such things aside God blessed my soul, and Oh, I enjoy living for God. It makes my heart ache when I see poor deceived people that claim to be children of God who still go on dressing like the world. And there are some who claim to be children of God, and they say God is too merciful to have a place for the wicked that burns forever and ever with unquenchable fire. May God help such ones to get their spiritual eyes open is my prayer.

Well I am an old lady, in my 70th year, and the dear Lord keeps me healed and able to do my work. It pays to trust God and obey His precious Word. Now I will just say to the workers and the ones that publish the little paper: Go on with this good work, for we isolated ones need your help and encouragement. I pray God's richest blessings upon you each one. I desire the prayers of the saints of God that I ever prove faithful unto the end. I feel as though I am one of God's weakest ones, but I am so glad He says in His word He has chosen the weak ones of this world to confound the mighty. So pray for me that I may be a blessing to some one. Your sister in Christ.

—E. E. INGHAM.

Ocean View, Del.—Dear Brethren in Christ Jesus: I have just finished reading the little paper, Faith and Victory. It does me so much good to read the experiences of so many trusting children of God. It has been about two years since I saw the light of the gospel, and the many promises we have if we only obey. I was a so-called Christian: That is I joined church when I was twelve years old, and for fourteen years I was a helper in the church. As I grew older I became in a weary state of mind, and told the minister I did not feel that I was saved, and that if I should die I did not feel that I had any promise. He asked me what I lacked, and I told him I did not know. I had been baptized by single immersion but I only thought I needed a more consecrated life.

I prayed for the Lord to guide me into all truth and I was willing to be His servant. After a while He sent a teacher, which my husband and I read after, and there was not one iota left out but the whole gospel was taught. We so enjoyed the teaching; it was just what our souls were thirsting for. We received the truth gladly, were re-baptized, had hands laid on and received the Holy Ghost which guides us into all truth. I am so glad I have that blessed peace of mind, that I have Jesus with me and the power of healing through faith. He will never leave nor forsake us if we trust Him.

I am so glad God answers prayer. We are taught that the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. I just want to tell of one instance: My husband was alone working in the field, quite a ways from home. About two o'clock he took a severe pain around his heart, and became alarmed because no one was near. But then he thought, Jesus has power to heal me and I will pray. At the very same hour I felt pressed by the Spirit to pray

for him, and thank the Lord he was healed instantly. That night when he came home we told each other the experiences and rejoiced in the Lord for His mercy and benefits. Dear brothers and sisters the Spirit intercedes through others for us. Christ prayed for us and we are to pray for one another.

I do pray that the good Lord will keep us all faithful until He shall come to claim His own. I need your prayers to help me on my way.

—ELSIE EVANS.

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Wattsburg, Pa.—Dear saints of God: I just wish to write an experience of the healing of my body by the dear Lord, hoping some dear sick one will take new courage and launch out in faith and trust Jesus to heal them. In 1882 I lay a helpless invalid, a widow, dependent on my brother 18 years of age. He was learning his trade, and even while earning so little, had me cared for. I had been sick ten years. The last five years I had not sat up even a half day at a time. I had curved spine and my feet were drawn up backward nearly to my hips. I had stomach trouble and could eat but very little of any thing. Spinal disease caused me to have several spasms a day. I had suffered much with my eyes. I had to put hot water bottles to my feet in July, I was so cold. My flesh was almost gone, so that my bones came through the skin on my back causing bed sores. In these ten long years that I lay in bed, my friends had in all ten different physicians. At last I was given up to die. I had lost my voice through weakness so that it was only a squeak, hard to be understood. I longed to die, but still I just lived. God spoke to me by His Holy Spirit and revealed to me what He means in the 5th chapter of James, 14th and 15th verses, "*The prayer of faith shall save the sick.*" I said to myself, *Oh*, if Jesus were only here as when He healed them that were so afflicted while He was on earth. His Holy Spirit told me, "According to thy faith, it shall be unto thee." I told the nurse to take out all medicine, as doctors said I would die soon, and I would ask God in Jesus' name to heal me. I tried to have my brother and others to pray and unite with me to be healed, but my brother said, "Oh, I cannot. I will care for you and bury you." (I condense this to not take up too much space). I told Charles, "Jesus says He will heal me if I believe." So February 16, 1882, on my bed, I asked our God in the name of Jesus to heal me inside and out and make me a well woman just then. Then how the devil tried to make me doubt, but I cried, "Oh, Jesus, help me." He said, "Believe ye have received healing and you shall have it. Act as though you believed I am healing you." By His help and light I saw it. During all my sickness they had to lift me like a child, and even wash my face. So I said, "Lord, I believe, and in your strength I arise and walk," and as I did undertake to do this, He, our God, gave me strength to walk to the wash-stand. It hurt enough for me to know it was God alone doing it. He made my feet come down and I stood up and washed my face. "Oh."

I cried, "Lord, what shall I do?" "Now," He said, "Believe and walk out and sit down at their table," and as I did my brother and others seemed frightened, as I had never been able to eat at their table before. I ate some and the devil kept saying, "You will have spasms." I said, "No, God is healing me." I arose from the table, walked out through into the sitting room and sat down. I took up a song book and the Holy Spirit bid me sing praise to God. I started in faith and as I did, God gave me a clear voice, which in later years in camp meetings and large halls all could hear me sing. The following day I walked to our next door neighbor and told them what wonderful things the Lord had done for me. In a few months I went to New York City into City Mission work, and now at the age of 73 I write this. To God be all the glory for healing me, and may His Holy Spirit inspire others to trust Him for healing. In His love I am one of His.

—SISTER ALICE E. BAIN.

o o o o

Turkey, Ark.—Dear ones in Christ Jesus our Lord: I wish to send greetings to the dear saints of God through the little paper, Faith and Victory. It is a message from God, of salvation from sin, to this lost world, and a source of encouragement, food and acquaintance to the saints. God has always saved me lost through men and women who were filled with a spirit of love, gentleness, kindness and forgiveness. Dear saints, we are living in a dark world. We can see sin exalting itself on every side. We know that Jesus will soon burst through the clouds with His smiling face to receive His bride up to glory. Are you ready? Oh, how good it is to feel the loving arms of our dear Savior around us, when in the dark shades of night when we know we have done our duty to God and man. Dear saints be faithful. It will not be long till we all shall meet up yonder in the glory land. Oh, how I love you all. Yes, that will be a blessed meeting. Oh, I am so full I can hardly write, and I give God all the praise for it. He is all in all to me, and I am happy on my way. Remember me, dear saints, in prayer. Your Sister in the one body.

—SARAH STONECIPHER.

o o o o

Greenville, Ohio.—Dear Bro. in Christ, and all the saints scattered abroad: Greetings of holy love and fellowship through the Holy Spirit. I would much rather speak face to face to you than write with pen and ink. I just wish for the glory and honor of God to tell a little of my experience briefly. Thirteen years ago last April I was convicted of my sins, for which I suffered untold agony and sorrow until October, the same year, when God forgave me of all my past transgressions, my heavy burden rolled away and sweet peace and rest came into my soul. Twenty years before this I joined the Reformed church (yet a sinner). After having my name written in heaven, I felt the need of doing something for the Lord. Not being led of the Lord to go back to the thing I came out of, I went to the Christian (so called) church. After attending services for a while, I was given the Bible class to teach; then I was put

in as assistant superintendent of the Sunday School, afterward as superintendent, and later as superintendent of the township Sunday School. It was during this service that I learned of the Church of God. Being led by the Spirit, I saw it was necessary to get out of what I was in. I resigned as superintendent, also wrote to the pastor of the reformed church to take my and my wife's names off of his church book. Then came a season of much prayer and meditation: no one to assemble with: no place to worship.

During this time we attended a camp-meeting at Anderson, Ind., from which we received much help and courage. Not being satisfied without doing something for the Lord, we started prayer meeting in a brother's home. This brother was acquainted with a number of people who professed to be saints, so we called them together and had real joy in the service of the Lord. Then a brother, well up in years and having a goodly amount of this world's goods called us to see him and suggested that we build a chapel. This we did, it costing near \$12,000.00. Later differences arose and worldly conformity crept in. It was then that I found I had to withdraw myself from them, or be separated from God. Since last December we have been worshipping God in our home. Dear saints, pray for us.

Praise God for Faith and Victory, not only the little paper, but in our hearts and souls as well. May God direct your minds and hearts to keep the little paper clean is my prayer. Your brother and joint heir with Christ.

—GEO. F. HARTZELL.

o o o o

Omaha, Nebr.—Dear saints in Christ Jesus, Greetings. This writing leaves me much improved in soul and body. How I thank the dear Lord for His great mercy and love and too for His dear faithful and true saints who have been praying for me, encouraging my faith to defeat the devil and get victory. I praise the dear Lord for this wonderful salvation. I am glad I am free. I am not looking for victory, praise God, I have victory through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I have surely been enjoying the little paper. All the fault I find is that it's too small, it runs out too quick. May the dear Lord bless and keep you and supply your every need is my prayer. My wife joins with me in sending greetings of love in the Lord. Pray for us. Your brother in Jesus.

—D. Z. STATEN.

o o o o

Scranton, Pa.—Greetings to the dear saints and to the workers at Faith Publishing House. I am glad to acknowledge receipt of the last package of tracts you sent. I think those last ones were the best I have received for my work of canvassing. I have three different kinds of little books that I leave in homes for the people to read, and with each one I insert one of those little tract messengers. Oh, is not that sowing the seed. We had for our last Sunday School lesson the parable of the sower. "The sower soweth the Word" (Mark 4: 3-20). Pray for me that I may be a soul winner for Christ, and that He will

still use me as an instrument in His hands for the spreading of the glad tidings of salvation to all people. I shall strive to prove true to the trust committed to my care. May God bless every one of His servants. I remain yours in the service of the Lord.

—C. C. SMITH.

o o o o

State Penitentiary, McAlester, Okla.—Workers at Faith Pub. House, and saints abroad. Dear Christian friends, your letter came Saturday: your tracts and papers came before. I sent some of them to the men on Death Row, and when I came in last Thursday and Saturday evenings to my cell and heard those men singing those good old songs, "Must Jesus bear the Cross alone, and all the world go free?" "Will there be any stars in my crown?" and others too numerous to mention, Oh, how it thrilled me through and through to think that perhaps I was a message bearer to these dear souls. I see from the letters in Faith and Victory, that it is a message bearer for the Lord to many parts of the world. May God's richest blessings rest upon your labors.

I will say to the dear ones at Richwood, W. Va., to stand fast in the faith. Don't get discouraged. I was in the same condition as many there until I got the Faith and Victory paper and letters from those at Faith Pub. House, and I will say to all readers and writers of the little paper, I read every letter and article, and appreciate them so much, and I would appreciate a letter from anyone that cares to write to me. Please pray for my healing, mental, spiritual and physical. Pray for all in prison. Sincerely,

Box 398

—OSBORN SUTES.—14098.

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### DO YOU KONW ANY BODY YONDER?

Some time since, I was called to visit a dying boy. He was very engaging and lovely, about nine or ten years old. Consumption had marked him out for early death, and all who saw his pale and withered face were aware that he had not long to live. His godly mother saw it too, and was greatly concerned about his salvation. One day, as he lay on her lap, she asked him, with tenderness and tears that told her heart was breaking, "Jamie, are you afraid to die?"

The tears gathered in his big, bright eyes too, and, looking up through them, he replied, "Yes, mother, I am."

"What makes you afraid, my darling boy?"

"Ah, mother, I don't know any body yonder. They are all strangers to me."

Then, after a pause, during which mother and child wept together, he added, "Mother, I would not be afraid to die if *you* would go with me; but oh, I am afraid to go away all alone to be among strangers."

Before his end came, there was good reason to hope that he had taken hold of Jesus, and had Him for a friend; and so was delivered from all his fears.

Reader, that little boy told the truth. He laid bare, with a child's simplicity and honesty, the thing

which makes death fearful. Perhaps you may be less frank and open, and would shrink from making such a confession, lest you should be thought weak and childish. Nevertheless it is terribly true. Every unsaved one goes away out there into eternity all alone, and goes away among strangers. Do you know any body yonder? The dearest and best loved on earth must leave you to yourself at that dread moment. Surely, then, it is reasonable that you should consider in time how it will fare with you when death overtakes you. "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou contendest, they weary thee, then how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?"

There is only *One* who can satisfy us in the hour of death. Some there may be, who, for the love they bear us, would willingly die for us, or at any rate with us. But even that would do nothing to help us. They cannot come near enough. Jesus *alone* can meet the need of that hour. He has died. He has invaded death's dark dominions, and emerged a Conqueror on the other side of death. "He hath abolished death," and made a pathway through it to "life for evermore." And now, for every believer in Christ, death has no sting. Christ speaks back from His glory to the timid and dying, "Fear not! behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of death and the unseen world."

"The wages of sin is death." Christ took the sinner's place, and suffered and died in his room. God treated Him as if He had earned the wages of sin. Accept Christ: be content that both your sin and its wages should be reckoned to Him: and then all that is His is made over to you. You shall never,—no, never, through the long eternity, be alone. —*Sel.*

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### INFIDEL TASTING ETERNAL PUNISHMENT

(Continued from page 3.)

feel with horror and amazement, being continually upbraided by it with my impieties, and all my iniquities, and all my sins brought to my remembrance. O that I was to lie upon the fire that never is quenched a thousand years, to purchase the favor of God, and be remitted to Him again! But it is a fruitless wish. Millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my torments than one poor hour. O eternity, eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase upon these words—forever and ever?"

As his mental distress and bodily disease were hurrying him into eternity, he was asked if he would have prayers offered in his behalf; he turned his face and exclaimed, "Tigers and monsters! are ye also become devils to torment me? Would you give me prospect of heaven to make my hell more intolerable?"

Soon after, his voice failing, and uttering a groan of inexpressible horror, he cried out, "Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell!" and died at once, dropping into the very woe of which God gave him such an earnest, to be a constant warning to multitudes of careless sinners.

—*SEL.*

# LITTLE FOLKS' PAGE

"HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARM, AND CARRY THEM IN HIS BOSOM" (Isaiah 40 :11).

## JESUS WILL NEVER FORGET

*I know Jesus will not forget me,  
For that is the word He hath said;  
He helps me when trials beset me,  
And daily by Him I am led.*

*In sorrow and joy He is with me,  
He says all my needs shall be met;  
He knows what is best for me always,  
And says He will never forget.*

*I'm glad that my gentle, good Shepherd  
Is patient and kind to me yet;  
I'm glad that He loves me so dearly,  
And never His child will forget.*

—SEL.

Utica, Pa.—Dear children and readers of Faith and Victory: I would love to talk to you a little while this evening. Oh, how much we all have to be thankful for, and how the dear Lord has answered our prayers. I was just reading of how the Lord answered a little boy's prayer for shoes. It was so good that I am just going to copy it and send it to you.

### A CHILD'S PRAYER ANSWERED

The following touching incident which drew tears from my eyes was related to me a short time ago by a dear friend who had it from an eye witness of the scene. It occurred in the great city of New York, on one of the coldest days in February. A little boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe store on Broadway, bare-footed, looking through the window and shivering with cold. A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, ordered her driver to draw up in front of the store and stop. The lady, richly dressed, alighted from her carriage, went to the little boy, and said, "My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?" "I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was his reply. The lady took him by the hand and went into the store and asked the merchant if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy half a dozen pairs of stockings for the boy. She then asked for a basin of water and a towel. She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, removed her gloves, knelt down, washed those little feet and dried them with the towel. By this time the young man had returned with the stockings, placing a pair on the little boy's feet. She bought and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings, gave them to him, and patting him on the head said, "I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable." As she turned to go the astonished boy caught her hand and, looking up in her face with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words, "Are you God's wife?" The little fellow thought that God had sent her. Well, He surely did, for she only did what the dear Lord was pleased to have her do. Just so He would have

us all strive to be a blessing to those around us, and especially to those in need. Your true friend and sister.

—AUNT LOEY MCKAY.

Bartlesville, Okla.—To the dear saints and lovers of the truth: I believe it is God's will for me to write my testimony. Today finds me saved to all that I know and happy in my Savior who is all in all to me, Praise His dear name. Please pray for my healing for I have a very bad cold, so that I cannot talk out. But I know Jesus will heal me, for He has many times of different things. Also pray for my mother, she is not very well. Please pray that the Lord keep me saved for we are living in an awful wicked place. I remain your saved sister.

—JESSIE LOY.

## "CUFF"

### A True Story of a Negro Slave

Cuff was a negro slave who lived in the South before the war. He was a joyful Christian and a faithful servant. His master, however, was in need of money, and one day a young planter, who was an infidel, came to buy Cuff. The price was agreed upon, and the Christian slave was sold to the infidel. But in parting with him the master said, "You will find Cuff a good worker and you can trust him; he will suit you in every respect but one."

"And what is that?" said the master.

"He will pray, and you can't break him of it, but that is his only fault."

"I'll soon whip that out of him," remarked the infidel.

"I fear not," said the former master, "and would not advise you to try it; he would rather die than give it up."

Cuff proved faithful to the new master, the same as he had to the old. The master soon got word that Cuff had been praying, and calling him said, "Cuff, you must not pray any more; we can't have any praying around here; never let me hear any more about this nonsense."

Cuff replied, "O Massa, I has to pray to Jesus, and when I pray I loves you and Missus all the more, and can work all the harder for you."

But he was sternly forbidden to pray any more, under penalty of a severe flogging. That evening, when the day's work was done, he talked to his God, like Daniel of old, as he had aforetime. Next morning he was summoned to appear before his master, who demanded of him why he had disobeyed him. "O Massa, I has to pray; I canna live without it," said Cuff. At this the master flew into a terrible rage and ordered Cuff to be tied to the whipping post, with his shirt off. He then applied the rawhide with all the force he possessed, until his young wife ran out in tears and begged him to stop. The man was so infuriated that he threatened to punish her next if she did not leave him, then continued to apply the

lash until his strength was exhausted. Then he ordered the bleeding back to be washed in salt water, his shirt replaced, and the poor slave to set about his work. Though in great pain, Cuff went away singing in a groaning voice:

*"My suffering time will soon be o'er,  
When I shall sigh and weep no more."*

Cuff worked all that day, as the blood oozed from his back where the lash had made long, deep furrows. Meantime, God was working in his master. He saw his wickedness and cruelty to that poor soul, whose fault had been his fidelity. Conviction seized upon him. In great distress of mind, he went to bed but could not sleep. Such was his agony at midnight that he awoke his wife and told her that he was dying.

"Shall I call in the doctor?" she said.

"No, no; I don't want a doctor. Is there anyone on the plantation that can pray for me? I am afraid that I am going to hell."

"I don't know of any one," said his wife, "except the slave you punished this morning."

"Do you think he would pray for me?" he anxiously inquired.

"Yes, I think he would," she replied.

"Well, send for him quickly."

On going after Cuff they found him on his knees in prayer, and when called he supposed it was to be punished again. On being taken to his master's room, he found him writhing in agony. The master, groaning, said, "O Cuff, can you pray for me?"

"Yes, bress de Lord, Massa, I'se been prayin' for you all de night," and at this he dropped on his knees, and like Jacob of old, wrestled in prayer. Before the break of day Cuff witnessed the conversion of both master and mistress. Master and slave embraced. Race differences and past cruelty were swept away by the love of God, and tears of joy were mingled.

Cuff was immediately set free, and worked no more on the plantation. The master took Cuff and went out to preach the gospel. They traveled all over the South, witnessing to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost.

Such is the power of the love of God in the soul where Christ dwells.

*"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins"* (1 John 4: 10). —SEL.

### COME UNTO ME

*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light"* (Matt. 11: 28-30). *"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out"* (John 6: 37). *"I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the father, but by me"* (John 14: 6).

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;  
Here bring your broken hearts, here tell your anguish:  
*Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.*

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
*"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."*

Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of Love; come, ever knowing  
*Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.*

What a wealth of love God has for sinners! His Son came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. The fact that, by self-effort, "there is none righteous, no, not one" in the sight of God, makes His solicitude for the unrighteous the more effectively attractive. His whole plan of salvation, profigured in types and symbols for centuries and consummated in the life, the death and the resurrection of Jesus Christ, is meant for sinners. Truly, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Hlo then, ye sinners! Gaze on the Man Whom your sins nailed to the cross and made a curse. Come, you sneering, contemptuous higher critics, who would rob Him of His glory and make Him a mere man, like yourselves. Look well at Him, you modernists who damn Him with faint praise while you claim to represent Him to the world. In Jeremiah's words as he lamented over Jerusalem, applied to Him Whom Jerusalem later rejected, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow," the sorrow of being rejected by those He came to save. If His crucifixion does not chasten, humble you to repentance, then indeed your hearts are harder than Pharaoh's! Beware, lest He say to you, "I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." If He spared not the scribes and pharisees, your forerunners, neither will He spare you. The ignorant and honest sinner He bears with and tries His best to move to repentance; but you who say, "we see," who sit in high places, dismiss His claims with a shrugg and a smile, and teach others to do the same, take heed; for except you repent, *your "damnation slumbereth not!"* Match your learning against the Cross; ridicule those who glory in His sacrificial death; call the resurrection a delusion and Christianity a hoax: tear the Bible to shreds and reconstruct it according to your theories and tastes, if you will: this is your day. But be sure

that for these things you shall give account at the bar of the eternal God Who endowed you with brains for a better end.

But come also, all ye honest-hearted, high and low, rich and poor, agnostic, infidel, socialist, anarchist, bolshevik, reformer, worker, unenlightened church member; yes, honest-minded higher critics and modernists. Come, you who think there is no solution of the riddle of the universe, and no special meaning to life! Come, ye sinners of every name, condition, social standing—or lack of it, education or illiteracy, wealth or poverty; whosoever ye may be, if only honest and willing to learn truth at any source: come to Calvary and look on the Man Who, torn by racking pain, deserted by His friends, reviled by His enemies, mocked even by one of His fellow-sufferers, and (worst of all His afflictions) shrouded in soul-darkness from the light of His Father's face, yet reviled not, grew not bitter, forgave and prayed for His enemies and murderers, provided for His mother's care, comforted the repentant thief at His side, and finally, undaunted by the loneliness which wrung from Him the bitter cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" committed His Spirit like a little child into God's keeping and calmly died! Have you seen the like death in all the panorama of the world's history? True, Socrates died tranquilly, like a philosopher; true, many a one played the man in his death; but does history offer a single instance where anyone died so nobly as did the Son of Man? Can the sight which drew from the Roman centurion the admission that here was no common man, move *you* to nothing more than unbelieving scoffs and cold indifference? Picture the like scene under twentieth century conditions and say, if you dare, that a man under such provocation would die in such a way, unless perchance he were the follower, in spirit and in truth, of this Man!

The Cross of Christ is the acid test of man's humility. Before it, if they catch a glimpse of its meaning, the mighty are brought low, the learned are as babes, the rich grow poor in spirit, the proud are levelled with the dust, the titled man and he commoner become equals. Here is no room for vaunting and self-glorification; he who has once discovered the inner significance of the Cross is thereafter meek and lowly of heart so long as the glory of the vision remains undimmed in him. For one whose eyes have been anointed with eye-salve by the Spirit of God, the Cross is the expression in human terms of the inmost essence of the love of God, wrought out against the dark background of man's iniquity. Some of us can see, as through a glass darkly, a vision of the infinite

love and worthiness of God, but most of us cannot. We must have it expressed in concrete, human terms. Hence the Cross. As we shall see, the mere vision of God's worthiness is enough to humble us forever; but when that infinite worthiness manifests itself in such a manner that only the innocently ignorant or the wilfully blind can miss it, then indeed must we earth-dwellers bow the knee before God manifest in the life and the death of Jesus called Christ! And we must much more rejoice in His resurrection and in His ascension to be our Representative and Advocate with the Father. How futile are our attempts to set forth the awe and love-inspiring fact of God's incarnate worthiness; for that is perceptible only to those with spiritually enlightened souls.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of both, to be but One.

That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song:

*Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit.*

—JEAN LEVY.

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#### BE YE ALSO READY

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"And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16: 8). How true and faithful the Lord is to every creature He has created. He does not frighten anyone into a profession without a possession, but He does use or permit circumstances to awaken us to our lost and undone condition, and our need of His great salvation that cost the precious Blood of Jesus. From the age of 15 to 18, the thought of my soul's welfare and future destiny would come time and again to my heart and conscience, but I consoled myself with the often heard expression, "I'm just as good as they are," referring to some professors of Christianity, whose lives did not show the power of God within to keep from sin, nor even the cleansing out of the desire

to sin and indulge in ungodliness and worldly lusts. Later I also started to read "Pastor" Russell's books treating on the deceptive "another chance" theory. But thank God, He saved me from the interest and influence of that delusion.

There was an epidemic in our state the winter of my eighteenth year which took many lives as toll. One gloomy afternoon we received a telegram that one of my brothers who was several hundred miles away from home, had taken sick suddenly. My father immediately went to where he was. My mother and smaller children of the family went to stay in town so they could receive messages quicker (we lived in the country). Another brother and a sister and myself stayed at home to care for things. One evening just after we had finished the outside work and chores, some friends brought us the message that our brother was dead. The message brought such sorrow and grief to each of our hearts as we dearly loved our brother. Then we went into the house, and to me there seemed a strange stillness settled over everything. My thoughts were then turned within to my own soul's condition and the answer kept sounding, "You are not ready! You are not ready!" In the awe of this stillness that was all around the large wall clock seemed to tick so loud. Some way my attention was drawn to it just as it suddenly stopped. The warning came again—"Sometime your heart will stop its beating just that suddenly," and then the consciousness, "I am not ready!" It seemed the very air I was breathing, God in His mercy was lending it to me. Then and there, as I was being warned by the Holy Spirit, I promised God the best I could if He would spare my life and show me how, I would get ready so I would know without fear or doubt that all was well with my soul. I saw so plainly that to be deceived by the vain consolation that I was as good as some others didn't give peace, rest, nor satisfaction: that it wouldn't do to live and die by.

Immediately after this I took sick with the measles and was out of school for two months. I know God permitted this. How I thank Him for His voice and conviction, and how it awakened my slumbering soul. Oh, it seemed I was just on the brink of eternity, almost ready to fall into the eternal darkness of the bottomless pit. After I got well the vows I made to the Lord kept ever before me. I began to pray and seek the Lord. Also my brother who had died left a Bible that I began to read. It was nearly a year, however, before God's light shown in my heart and let me see how vile, wretched and miserable I was. Yes, it was His goodness that thus led me to Godly sorrow for my sins and unto repentance and restitution. Oh, the

joy, the peace, the love of God!—and His amazing grace that set me on His right hand, and from that time I have truly found pleasures—joy unspeakable and the unsearchable riches of Christ our Redeemer, who came as the Gift of God, the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

Oh souls who are in the regions of doubt and despair, Behold Him! He has taken your place on the Cross. He has tasted death for you. Death and doom hang over you, but repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will lift it from you. Make His soul an offering for your sins and you will be ready to meet God in peace. It is not enough, and is dangerous, to think preparation can be made on the spur of the moment or just before entering the valley of the shadow of death. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Repent now and enjoy the green pasture of the fold of the Lord, the tender leadings and protection of the true Shepherd and be an heir of all His precious promises in this present life. Then the day of your death will be better than the day of your birth, for you will go to enjoy the wonderful things God has prepared for them that love Him. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

—ROBERT LONGLEY.

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### PERILOUS TIMES

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In 2nd Timothy 3rd chapter, we have this reading: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, Without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good. Traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away." The foregoing language is something more than the passing voices of the street goers, or that which is given out through the daily press. It is the eternal truth of God's holy Word, and this Scripture shows a very clear difference from the teaching put out today by many that the world is getting better. Through no voice of our own, we wish to say that God's Word says that the present time is one of the darkest hours of this world's history. The earth is full of pain and sorrow, bitterness and hatred. Many people are in perplexity: their hearts are full of questionings. Many false prophets have gone forth, to whom thousands of men and women have given heed, and are

today grooping in gross darkness and despair, and if it were possible, even the elect of God might become affected. Let me ask now: Why should we who know the truth and who possess faith in God hesitate or hold our peace when we see many thousands being lured to eternal death by the false doctrine that the world is getting better.

There are several great events behind us of God's dealings with the people. One is in the days of Noah. Others are the destroying of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, God's dealings with the Egyptians and the destroying of the children of Israel in the wilderness. These were great days, but the one yet future, and the one that we are fast approaching, is the day of all days. There is going to be a great change take place in this world, and when it is to be we know not; but what it is to be, we know. The thing for us to know is not when it is to be, but what it is to be. Let us now notice from the Word of God if we are not in the times that we have given above. The ancient prophet saw in a vision the time we now live in, and the day of all days is just ahead of us. In Daniel 12: 7 we read, "And when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished." What is more destructive to the soul which kills and destroys our power with God than the catalogue given above? I would say nothing. It is said that in the dark ages all the devil would do by killing, burning and cruel torture only increased the number to the Christian faith, for they overcame him "by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto death."

People and professors may close their eyes and dream of an age to come when God will bless and prosper even those who live as in a day of slaughter, and those who have persecuted God and His people beyond measure. But such chaffy talk is without a foundation in God's Word. The idea that there is going to be a thousand years' reign after this present age, is only a fleshly idea, and people who believe in such are led of the flesh and shall of the flesh reap corruption.

In conclusion, we wish to say, "He that is of God heareth God's Words." I cannot help but believing that we are near the end, for there never was a time in the whole world's history that had more churches with a form of godliness than now. Great evils have in all ages marked certain periods of time. The Word of God says that this present time is marked by the perils of the many who have a form of godliness but deny the power thereof. One long age has succeeded another until the voice of the Scriptures

tells us that we have reached the time that satan and his false religions are now compassing the camp of the saints about, and the next thing that is to be will be the falling of fire that will devour them. From your brother who desires to be found faithful.

—R. M. WHITEHOUSE.

#### THE GOOD AND LASTING EFFECTS OF THE GRACE OF GOD

Grace is a word which conveys to our minds what no other word in the English language could convey, I suppose. Evidently it means the boundless love, mercy and compassion of our dear heavenly Father toward us poor, fallen creatures who were drinking deep of the cup of wickedness, walking in rebellion against God's just and holy laws, hateful, spiteful, inventors of many evil things, our imaginations all beclouded by evil, dishonest and unholy meditations. God, seeing our most pitiable estate, through grace provides salvation through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. This is grace pure and simple. "But God, who is *rich in mercy*, for His *great love* wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace are ye saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; that in the ages to come He might shew the *exceeding riches of His grace*, in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus. For *by grace* are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Ehp. 2: 4-10). What a beautiful picture the apostle Paul draws of what the grace of God has done, and will do, for poor fallen humanity. To be saved from all transgressions is wonderful. To be made to "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" is more wonderful. Sitting together implies perfect and lasting unity. O, how precious it is to see a congregation of redeemed souls whose worship is in perfect harmony with the Word of God, a church freed from all the evil traditions and false practices of men who have turned away from the truth. It is indeed a rare thing in these last days, but it is possible.

Let us note some other Scriptures which bring forth the mind of the Lord, showing what the grace of God will produce among true believers: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his

of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore" (Psalm 133). Not only is it a blessed thing for brethren to dwell together in unity, but it becomes an actual necessity to accomplish results in soul-winning. Success cannot be attained through any other source. Yet when this perfect unity in doctrine and practice is maintained, the Lord has an opportunity to accomplish wonders in soul-winning, healing the sick, and sanctifying young converts.

Let us all bear in mind that this absolute oneness in Christ Jesus cannot come only as given by God Himself. Proof text: "Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be *like minded* one toward another according to Christ Jesus; that ye may with *one mind* and *one mouth* glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore, receive ye one another, as Christ also received us, to the glory of God" (Rom. 15:5-7). How patient God must needs be with many in these last days, to make them see their need of being humble and teachable. Let us note some points from Christ's prayer that we may appreciate what it means to be made one according to Christ Jesus. "Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are" (John 17: 11). So it is possible to have that same oneness among true believers, as exists between the Father and His Son. Praise the Lord! Jesus seems to anticipate the party or sect spirit which He knew would divide His followers in these last days, so He prays that they may be kept in the Father's name. That is the only thing that will prevent schism and alienation of affection among believers. Every one that builds a sect or heads a faction violates this solemn prayer of our Redeemer. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they may all be one; as thou Father, art in Me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me" (John 17: 20-23).

That true believers might receive the Holy Ghost as the abiding Comforter, it was necessary for Christ to be crucified, to be raised from the dead, and to ascend to the right hand of God the Father. Let us produce a few Scriptures to verify this statement: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. (But

this He spake of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive: for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified.)" (John 7: 37-39). "If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you" (John 14: 15-17). "These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you" (John 14: 25-26). "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of me; and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning" (John 15: 26-27). "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you. And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth; for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will shew you things to come. He shall glorify Me; for He shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that He shall take of Mine, and shall shew it unto you" (John 16: 7-15).

These precious promises were fulfilled on the Day of Pentecost, as the 120 were tarrying in one place, and in one accord. "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2: 4). Now this precious experience of being able to speak with other tongues is not to be confounded with the modern tongues movement. That there are genuine speaking of tongues, in modern times, we are glad to acknowledge. Be it far from me to speak against any person speaking in other tongues, when the *Holy Ghost* gives utterance. "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs

of thistles? even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity. Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it" (Matt. 7: 15-27).

We have quoted at length from our Redeemer's own words, that all honest souls may try the spirits, in these modern tongues movements. You will find that those who make the loudest boast of having the Holy Ghost are among those who hold very grievous doctrine on other lines, and in their places of worship you will not fail to see much confusion and other things that do not accompany salvation in Christ Jesus. Almost invariably those who say a believer cannot receive the Holy Spirit without speaking in tongues, hold to the awful deceptive Millennial doctrine. Let me sound a warning to all young converts: If you would have the benefits of lasting and enduring grace of God as set forth in the 2nd chapter of Ephesians, give these modern tongues people a wide berth. Shun them as you would a rattle-snake den. Yet we fully advise all young converts to tarry, seek and obtain the Promise of the Father, which is the Holy Ghost, and when He comes into your inmost soul as the abiding Comforter, let Him speak through you in other tongues or in any other way He may choose. The manifestations of the true Spirit of God will never be unseemly. The perfect indwelling of the Holy Ghost will always make us courteous, and to walk respectfully on every occasion. "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things

he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and *great grace* was upon them all" (Acts 4: 32-33).

—W. M. POTTER.

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD

In the second chapter of Daniel we read of a king by the name of Nebuchadnezzar who had a dream that he could not interpret. The dream went from him and he could not remember what it was about. He searched among the wise men of his country to find one to tell him the dream, and to interpret it for him, but could find none until Daniel was brought in before him. God had given Daniel the dream and the interpretation in a night vision. So he stood before the king and said, "But there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days." Daniel further says, "Thou, O king, sawest, and behold a great image. This great image whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and broke them in pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshingfloors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them: and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain and filled the whole earth" (Dan. 2: 31-35).

This was the dream that the king dreamed, and the head which was of fine gold represented his kingdom, the Babylonian kingdom, which ruled over the people with mighty power. The breast and arms which were of silver represented the kingdom of the Medes that rose up and ruled over the nations. Next came the thighs of brass which represented the Persian kingdom which came next in power, and then came the legs of iron and the feet of iron and miry clay, which symbolized the Roman kingdom that subdued the nations and ruled over them with iron-like strength to which the Hebrew nation, the chosen people of God, became subject. But we notice that the feet were mixed with miry clay (potter's clay), denoting something pliable.

At the time when the Roman empire was in her strength and power, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, appeared on the scene, was a pliable vessel in the hands

of His Father, and He found others of the Hebrew nation that followed Him as He spake to them. Thus we see they were as potter's clay that God could use in forming His Kingdom. The rulers and the nations were against Christ and His followers. They persecuted Christ, and when they came to take Him to crucify Him, He said, "My kingdom is not of this world." His kingdom was from heaven: while it is in this world, yet it is not of the world. It comes into men living in the world, and then they are no longer of the world, for they are made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and become a part of His kingdom which was the stone cut out without hands that smote the image and brake him to pieces. This kingdom was set up in the earth by Christ, the Son of God, and came in mighty power on the Day of Pentecost, and this Stone that smote the image is still rolling through the earth, picking up all pliable material and hurling back to earth all that stiffen themselves against the will and pleasure of God.

Jesus said to His questioners that "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation, but, behold, the kingdom of God is within you." The kingdom of God is composed of the family of God, the born-again ones. They are not of the world, but their citizenship is in heaven from whence they look for their Savior who will come again, and then we who are alive will arise and meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. And Peter tells us that after this earth and the works therein are burned up we shall look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Praise God, we who are redeemed, are born again, are translated into the kingdom of His dear Son (Col. 1: 13) will inherit the new heavens and the new earth where all the other righteous are. Bless His name.

—FRED PRUITT.

#### GETTING READY TO MOVE

The owner of the tenement which I have occupied for many years has given notice that he will furnish but little or nothing more for repairs. I am advised to be ready to move.

At first this was not a very welcome notice. The surroundings here are in many respects very pleasant, and were it not for the evidence of decay, I should consider the old house good enough. But even a light wind causes it to tremble and totter, and all the braces are not sufficient to make it secure. So I am getting ready to move.

It is strange how quickly one's interest is transferred to the prospective home. I have been consulting maps of the new country and reading descriptions of its inhabitants. One who visited it has returned, and from him I learn that it is beautiful beyond description—language breaks down in attempting to tell

of what he heard while there. He says that, in order to make an investment there, he has suffered the loss of all things that he owned here, and even rejoices in what others would call making a sacrifice.

Another, whose love to me has been proven by the greatest possible test, is now there. He has sent me several clusters of the most delicious fruits. After tasting them, all food here seems insipid.

Two or three times I have been down by the border of the river that forms the boundary, and have wished myself among the company of those who were singing praises to the King on the other side.

Many of my friends have moved there. Before leaving they spoke of my coming later. I have seen the smile upon their faces as they passed out of sight.

Often I am asked to make some new investments here, but my answer in every case is, "I am getting ready to move."

*"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"* (2 Cor. 5: 1).

*Jesus said . . . I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me"* (John 14: 6).

—SEL.

#### WHAT THEN?

TO THE BELIEVER

*"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life"* (John 3: 36).

After the Christian's tears,  
After his fights and fears,  
After his weary cross,  
"All things below but loss"—

What then?

O! then—a holy calm,  
Resting on Jesus' arm;  
O! then—a deeper love  
For the pure home above.

After this holy calm,  
This rest on Jesus' arm,  
After the deepened love  
For the pure home above—

What then?

O! then—work for Him.  
Perishing souls to win.  
Then Jesus' presence near,  
Death's darkest hour to cheer.

And when the work is done,  
When the last soul is won,  
When Jesus' love and power  
Bring the expected hour—

What then?

O! then—the crown is given,  
O! then—to rest in heaven,  
Endless life in endless day,  
Sin and sorrow passed away.

—SEL. BY B. G. PARKER.