



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

The Breaking of the Day

Glimpses Here and There in India



ONE hundred and twenty years ago God laid the burden of India's millions upon a poor workman of England, called him from his cobbler's bench and transformed him into an inflexible pioneer faith missionary. William Carey went forth against great odds; but this great founder of modern missions said, "I have God," and with indomitable courage and faith was able to accomplish the prodigious task of giving the Bible to the benighted of India in many of their languages and dialects—besides having a continuous ministry in giving out the Word of God. No other country has experienced such a transition in the past century as India, or furnished so many converts to the Christian faith. In many districts the caste system is being broken and while the customs of generations cannot be changed rapidly, yet there are unmistakable evidences of a transformation going on. A great lawyer of India said a few years ago, "My brethren, it were madness to shut our eyes to the fact that Christianity—that religion that marched from Bethlehem to the steps of Imperial Rome and has since dominated all the Western world—has come to India. It is not a passing episode, it is a mighty conquering and permanent spiritual power, come to stay and repeat its victories in India."

Carey and Duff, Schwartz and Ziegenbalg have long since passed to their reward, but the Spirit of God has raised up a mighty army of European, American and native workers who have followed in the footsteps of those pioneers and the results, in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, cannot be estimated. Church annals record the impressive fact that ten thousand converts were baptized in one year—1878—at Ongole, and during the same year in Tinnevely and other places in Southern India it has been stated that fifty thousand turned from idolatry in twelve months.

Our Pentecostal missionaries are scattered over India from the Tinnevely and Telegu districts in the Southern part, where Brother Berg and his native workers are toiling, to the extreme Northern district of Punch among the Himilaya mountains where two consecrated Eurasian missionaries have courageously entered a closed province. India with its three hundred million of people is hearing a Gospel that is witnessed to with signs and miracles of healings as never

before. The marks of Pentecost are visible in many places, whether in the great assembly at Mukti where thirteen hundred girls meet in prayer daily and from which many go out in bands to carry the Gospel, or the lone worker in the village, miles away from any other missionary. The miraculous manifestation of healing and supernatural signs are everywhere present.

We give our readers this month some glimpses of India's need. Were we to quote every letter received we should record a continuous plea for prayer in behalf of "priest and people" that the light might shine more brightly and drive away the darkness that still hangs over the land.

The work under Margaret Clark and Constance Skarrett in Bombay, is growing. They write that their little congregation is increasing rapidly. Hundreds are listening quietly every day to the street preaching instead of opposing as formerly. Meetings are also held daily in the Workman's flats, Women's Work-rooms, and the Poor Asylum. Native Evangelists and Bible women are busy sowing the seed. A Mohammedan woman was recently saved whose life story is a sad one. At one time she was prosperous, being wealthy, married and the mother of several children. Plague visited her home and carried off her husband and children. She lived for a time on money from the sale of her jewels, but was finally reduced to a beggar's life. Weak and ailing, and suffering the pangs of starvation, she was found sleeping in the streets one night by a Mohammedan man and dragged to his home. When Miss Clark's Bible woman found her she was like a living skeleton, almost too weak to walk and her body covered with bruises and sores from cruel beatings. When the Mohammedan became angry at her he would pick her up in his arms and fling her with brute force to the ground. She left the man and now, with care and nursing and the love of Jesus in her heart, her life is transformed.

Souls are being saved and, at great cost, are confessing Christ in water baptism. The workers ask prayer for a Mohammedan teacher who has been attending service regularly and following the Scripture lesson from a Bible in his own language. There are a number of Mohammedans whose hearts are deeply touched by the Gospel message, but their lives are threatened if they turn to Jesus. It is no uncommon thing for a man's relatives to quietly make away with him,

rather than incur the fearful odium of having in the family an apostate from Mohammedanism.

The Pentecostal Mission in Bombay recently received a written petition signed by thirty-three of the chief men of the outcaste Hindu tribe living outside of Bombay. They have heard of what the Lord is doing elsewhere and they are crying out for the same blessings. When the workers in Bombay were praying about this, a heathen man came up and pressed into the hand of the Evangelist, one and a half annas (about two cents), toward spreading the Gospel among his countrymen. This touching gift from the poorest of the poor has been used to start an "outcaste fund." It no doubt represents much toil and sacrifice. Albert Norton says that women in the famine district are glad to walk many miles daily for work which brings them four cents a day. These Bombay missionaries can rent a large room for meetings among this outcaste tribe for \$11.50 a month; the support of a native evangelist would require another \$11.00 per month but \$22.50 a month to give the Gospel to a whole tribe that are reaching out for it, seems very little. We feel sure someone is ready to come to the front and bear this responsibility. One person might assume the rent and another the support of the native evangelist. It may mean sacrifice, but when the "saints come marching in" and see a redeemed host come up from that outcaste tribe, how sweet then will be the memory of the sacrifice and how rich the reward!

Edith Baugh, Uska Bazar, writes about the distressing famine conditions as follows:

"The natives are performing many vile religious ceremonies to appease the wrath of the gods that rain may come. As an act of humility, Brahman women have gone out into the fields in an entirely nude condition and on their hands and knees been driven over the fields like oxen all night by the Chamar or lowest caste women. This is a thing no Brahman woman would think of doing except at such a time when they so fear famine. Ordinarily a Brahman will not touch a Chamar or permit them to touch anything they eat or wear, largely because this caste is considered so very dirty, eating animals that have died of disease and practicing many other foul customs."

Mrs. Lillian Denny of Nanpara, U. P. North India, writes that a Mohammedan lad of good family has been converted and received water baptism. He fled from his relatives, as a kinsman who had accepted Christ suffered death at their hands and he feared the same fate. While

in hiding, waiting for his relatives to get over their anger, he had a vision; he told Mrs. Denny he saw, "a Man with bright and glorious face who told me not to fear but to confess to my relatives my faith and return to you to prepare for the work of the Lord." Mrs. Denny asks prayer for him, as he is of a family that will deeply feel the disgrace and will make the mission people trouble if possible. Two Hindu men of family, holding Government positions are about to be baptized, one has been a secret believer for two years. None but those who have lived in India realize what it means for these caste people to become Christians. They are ostracized, persecuted, boycotted, and even suffer death for their faith.

Dear Mrs. McCarty, working alone near Bhagalpur, is still pleading for the Lord to send her a companion in the work. The Lord is blessing in their village and the sick are being healed. One man two miles away, sick in bed for three years with large open sores, was visited and prayed for by two of her native workers. He got out of bed the next morning and in a few days every sore on his body was healed. In two weeks he walked two miles to see Mrs. McCarty and tell her how happy he was. Twelve men and one woman came from a village begging her to come and pray for the sick. The Lord has been so signally blessing this sister she has been willing to endure the privations of village life alone for Jesus' sake; yet we feel it is God's will for her to have a companion in the work. Some stations have a number of missionaries and our hearts go out to this lone worker. She has been writing us for some time to pray for a helper in the work and we wish God might lay this field upon some sister missionary. We do not know Sister McCarty personally but those acquainted with her, both in the homeland and in India, speak highly of her consecration and spirit of sacrifice. She writes she has not felt the need of going to the hills. Her mud house has high ceilings and the rooms are well ventilated with the help of *punkahs*; so she has been comfortable while some living in bungalows have had to go to the hills to escape from the heat.

A Pentecostal Conference of Missionaries was recently held in Western India at Brother Norton's "Boys' Christian Home," Dhond. Most of the provinces of India were represented. One writer, speaking of the conference said, "We sat in heavenly places." Many workers in distant parts of India longed to have part in the blessed coming together but were not able. What a privilege it must have been to those who have

been fighting evil forces in that benighted land, to feel the sweet influences of Christian fellowship, and have united prayer over their hard

problems! One of the missionaries gave a message in the Syriac language and a Jewish Christian understood and interpreted it. A. C. R.

Fourteen Years in India

Some Startling Facts About the Heathen Invasion

Miss C. B. Herron, Returned Missionary, in the Stone Church, October 2, 1913.



COME before you tonight in behalf of India. It is for India's women that I have given my life. They are sunk in degradation from which only the Gospel of Jesus Christ can free them. If the women of America realized what the fruits of the Indian religion are they would not allow themselves to be duped by the subtleness of the various Hindu cults that are being promulgated throughout the country. The women of America are "eating the apple again" and some day they will find to their sorrow that the coil of the serpent is about them. I am sure the *Swami* have not yet introduced the "cow cult" or our women would not be so keen in their relish for these esoteric doctrines. Even Hindu women, who are accustomed to this, speak with loathing of the practice. It is the drinking of a mixture prepared from the five excretions of the cow for purification after child-birth.

I have had nearly fourteen years of service in India under the Presbyterian Church of America. Most of my work has been among Mohammedan women, both in the seclusion of zenanas and in school work for girls. Some people think Mohammedanism is fair and commendable. I know it to be rotten to the core and its oppression and degradation of women is appalling. Here in this country I see members of the Masonic order calling themselves Shriners, wearing the badge of the Sword, Star and Crescent, and boasting of loyalty toward women and protection of womanhood; but it is under these very emblems that Mohammed went forth to conquer, and today wherever the Turkish flag of the star and crescent waves, women are degraded. Hinduism is as vile as Mohammedanism, even more so, for their idolatry is loathsome in the extreme. Dr. Torrey, the world-wide evangelist, said after his last visit to India "Hinduism is a religion of devils." Kali Dio at Kali Ghat is the chief goddess of India. She is a perfect monstrosity of ugliness, face fierce and angry, eyes large and bulging, mouth wide open and her tongue hanging out so it reaches below her chin. She has four arms and hands, with the

emblems of war and murder in each and is tricked out with a string of human skulls worn as a necklace. To this impersonation of deity come the poor deluded people, bowing themselves down and entreating her favor.

Because of purdah, child marriage and enforced widowhood, India is the most degraded country of the heathen world. There are 144,000,000 women in India, of whom 40,000,000 are shut up in zenanas (*zen*, in Arabic, means woman and *anna* abode) where they remain mere children in mind, living in the low desires of their natures. A native saying is, "Blessed is the woman who is born in purdah, reared in purdah, married in purdah, brings up her family in purdah, dies in purdah, and is buried in purdah." Purdah means behind a screen and to be buried in purdah is to be buried at night. This lifelong seclusion that shuts so many women out from all educational influences and the enlightenment of the Gospel, is but one degenerating influence. Another terrible blight to India's womanhood is the custom of child marriage which dates back to the time of the Mohammedan invasion. In order to fill their harems, the Moslems would steal any likely woman they could lay their hands on and the Hindu men were powerless to recover either daughter or sister. They could, however, get their wives back, and thus originated the strange and cruel custom of child marriage which today holds millions of children in its power. There are 2,273,245 wives under the age of ten years, 243,503 under the age of five years and 10,507 baby wives under one year—3,164 Hindu baby wives in the province of Bengal alone! These are British statistics, and of widows the computation is 391,147 widows under the age of fifteen, 115,285 widows under the age of ten, 19,487 widows under five years and 1,064 baby widows under twelve months. Remember, a widow can never remarry. The Hindu doctrine of reincarnation teaches that a widow is one who in some previous existence committed a horrible crime, for which the gods, are punishing her. She is considered responsible for her husband's death and under a curse, therefore no man dare marry her. But men must marry and so the sorry stream of little girls is always flowing in to sup-

ply the ranks of wives and mothers. Among my school girls was a tot of six of whom the girls said, "She is a nice little thing but she fights her stepmother," and on meeting the stepmother I found her to be ten years old!

To top this injustice there is still another class of downtrodden ones, the outcasts or untouchables, 50,000,000 strong, for whom there is no place in the Hindu religion. They are *dogs!* In the face of all this I want to tell you a little about the *Swami* who come to this country and, with their palaver about loving one's fellow men, impose upon the American people, especially the women. When I was in Pittsburg some years ago I saw in the newspaper an account of a *Swami* named *Shad* who it was said had walked forty-five miles and was going to speak in the Chamber of Commerce. The friend I was staying with knew the customs of India as well as myself and we were simply amazed that this *Swami* would claim to have walked forty-five miles and that the American people were simple enough to believe it. My friend attended this gathering in Pittsburg and heard this man tell falsehood after falsehood about the British government, and when she took exception to his statements, saying she had lived in India and knew they were not true, the American women hissed her and said, "This man is our spiritual adviser and we won't have you denounce him." She asked him in his own language why he wore a clerical garb and he made it appear she had said some shocking thing which he could not repeat. Later I, myself, attended one of these theosophical societies conducted by a *Swami* from India. I found there intelligent, educated American women. On the walls hung pictures of Swami Vivekenanda, incense was being burned, and there sat that Hindo native, the *Swami*, going through certain incantations and reading Sanscrit prayers. He talked in Sanscrit and then in English and said, "If you do not love your fellow men whom you have seen how can you love God whom you have not seen?" I sat there thinking of the iniquities practiced in the name of religion in India and of the 50,000,000 of his fellow-countrymen whom he counted as dogs and my heart burned within me. I knew he was deceiving these women who were bringing him flowers and showing him flattering attentions and when he threw the meeting open that we might ask questions I said, "You have a very wonderful, truly ethical definition of love, but since you represent India, I should like to have you tell me how you can give that definition knowing what Hinduism is? If, as you say, this

is Hinduism please tell me why are there in India 50,000,000 outcasts for whom there is no love and no place in your Hindoo religion?" He replied, "14,000,000, did you say?" "I said, "No, 50,000,000," but he began to dissemble and ran on about the North and South here in America and how the negroes were treated. I said, "You have not answered my question about the 50,000,000 outcasts," upon which he became rude beyond words, and three women got up and drew their skirts from me for fear they might touch me and went out; but I stood my ground. There were a few men present and I said, "Gentlemen, I know India; I have spent nearly fourteen years there, and I want you to know that the Hindu religion has no place for the outcasts and no place for the widows. There is no refuge for the widowed girls from the thralldom of Hinduism and all it puts upon them unless they become Mohammedans, or unless God in His mercy leads them to Christ. Mohammedanism will allow a widow to remarry but Hinduism won't and this *Swami* represents the Hindu religion. There are 58,000 dancing women known as the Nautch girls of India whom the Hindus call *Davi Dasis* or servants of God, but they are nothing but prostitutes. There are 116,000 temple girls dedicated by their own parents or other relatives to the temple: 'married to the gods' they call it, but it is nothing but prostitution, though they are held there under the sacred garb of religion. This is Hinduism!" The *Swami* then began to dissemble and prevaricate to such an extent it was impossible to meet him in debate and I left, only saying, "I want you to know there is no light for you in this but there is light through the Lord Jesus Christ who gave Himself for you, shedding His own precious blood that you might live." For two days my heart was weighed down with sorrow at the thought of what this country is coming to if these things go on, and when I told this experience before a Presbyterian society of ladies one after another came up to me after meeting and said, "Miss Herron, I am so glad you told us of this. You would be surprised to find how Theosophy is creeping into our churches. Some are already saying, 'The heathen have a better religion than we have.'" God help us, I pray! Theosophists print their esoteric literature in tract form and put the leaflets in little brackets in the railway stations with the printed invitation, "Take one, read and think." Thus the seeds of this false philosophy are being widely scattered and already it is springing up and bearing fruit. In my travels I have met many who

have tried to convince me that Theosophy is ahead of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Now a little personal word: I was educated at Northfield Seminary and had a year in New York in slum work at Mott street and in the Five Points House of Industry among Italians. Though I felt the call of God to the foreign field I did not go out under the Presbyterian Board until September, 1896. Then, as soon as I got the language I took up the work of the education of girls, and teaching women in their homes. I lived in Northern India in the Punjab, which is the most northern province, bordering on Afghanistan and Baluchistan and Kashmir. The very first thing I did after reaching India was to get a primer and begin studying the language. I studied with a native teacher seven hours a day right along, for the Board I was under required it and if we couldn't get the language we had to come home. When I found I was able to go out and tell the story of the Cross myself I was a happy woman. I could then reach the hearts of the heathen. A Hindu or Mohammedan woman will not tell the deep secrets of her heart through a native interpreter. One of the things they think wonderful about the white people is that they *can keep secrets*. It pays to get the language, one can do so much better work and the natives have so much more respect for you. If one works hard for a year one can get a hold on the language, and there is no need of any Pentecostal missionary leaving the field because the language is difficult. God will help.

After I had been in India for three years my eyes failed me. I had congestion of the optic nerve and granulation. We had good civil service men who were able to give me treatment, but my eyes kept getting worse and worse. The teaching of divine healing had crossed my path before I went to India. I had been for a month in Dr. Simpson's Bible School and he had said, "Miss Herron, you are running away from something that God will bring you to if it takes Him ten years to do it." I had replied, "Mr. Simpson, God will have to do it." Now, when my eyes failed me and they said there was nothing more they could do for them God allowed to cross my path a Miss Edmonds—now Mrs. Clark—who said, "Jesus healed me of deafness. I am sure He will heal you of blindness." I began to wait upon the Lord, for I was confident if God did not do something for my eyes I should have to leave India. I followed Miss Edmonds down to Ramabai's Mission at Mukti where, after a day's time, I found myself ready to submit to the laying on of hands and anointing with oil for heal-

ing. Mrs. Baker of Elim Home, Rochester, N. Y., who was there at the time, anointed me and I claimed my healing in the name of Jesus. The work was done! My glasses were laid aside, the pain was gone and I realized that the tears I had shed were not necessary. God would have taken them all away months before and filled me with laughter and song if I had obeyed Him. Mr. Simpson's prophecy had come true in seven years.

I went back to my post of duty and said to my missionary brethren that I had been anointed for healing. They thought me fanatical, but it did not matter. I knew I had a new life full of joy and happiness—pain all gone. I went on for a year in work among the women having such joy in service. I did not know then about healing being in the atonement but I knew I had new life in the Lord.

Afterwards I became very ill and felt my experience of divine healing slipping from me. I would not take any medicine at first, but finally went to taking quinine. I was sent away from the mission broken in health and there was just one cry in my heart, "Lord, I love India, I love the Punjab mission, and if you will heal me some other way than this of tonics and rest I shall be so glad!" I found I had lost that precious place with the Lord, that consciousness of the hand of the Lord upon me all the time. It was the sorrow of my life. Later, when I had returned to America, after having been at Clifton Springs for over three months and finding myself worse than when I went there, I cried out to God to heal me, if possible, in some other way. While in New York City I went to the Gospel Tabernacle and found Dr. Wilson taking the meeting. I was broken up before the Lord and I said, "Lord, I want you to give me something more for India." Dr. Wilson came up to me and I asked him if they anointed with oil for consecration. He said, "No, we pray for that," and he laid his hands on me and said, "Here is a sister who wants to reconsecrate herself to God for India. Lord, grant that she may be like the alabaster box of ointment, that her life may be broken and poured forth." The words remained with me, "that her life may be broken." I went back to my school in India, teaching the girls the Bible, and one day, after four or five years, I went out again among the native people in the village. I was sick and heartbroken, with that one cry, "O God, if I could only get hold of You for my body." I was reading the first chapter of Ephesians when I came to these words, "the power of God which worketh in you mightily,"

and He said, "I will heal you again." I went home and took a little bedding—we have to carry our beds with us in India—and I went a day's journey to friends who could pray the prayer of faith. I said, "I have come to be anointed with oil in the name of the Lord." They not only anointed and prayed with me, they showed me *healing in the atonement* and I got such a vision of it that I knew I entered into God forever. Oh the glory and the joy! I had wandered so long without this knowledge, for I never would have allowed that first precious experience of the Lord's life for my body to slip from me if I had known how to stand. I went back to my station with joy, saying, "Lord, I will be true to You at any cost." There is at this station a theological seminary presided over by rigid Presbyterian ministers who would have nothing to do with this matter of "faith cure," as they called it. I told the Lord I would obey anything He told me to do and I would not run ahead of Him by taking the initiative but follow His leading. I went about my work as usual, ministering to the low caste people and one day I entered into a home where there was a sick baby. The father was a Christian, but I said nothing about healing, for I had told the Lord I would wait for Him to move. The old grandmother challenged me with, "Miss Sahib, look at this little child dying and my son is praying all the time. Don't tell me your Jesus is true!" My heart went up to God with a cry and instantly the Spirit responded, "I am here to heal." I told them the story of my healing and that Jesus when on earth healed *all who were oppressed of the devil* and that He was the same today. I showed them the fifth chapter of James and said that if they were willing to have me anoint the babe I would do so. It was the first time I had anointed in the name of the Lord. The father laid on hands with me and as we prayed in faith God healed that babe of infantile paralysis. The little arms that had lain lifeless for months began to move. The natives of this community had not been willing to receive the Gospel, but when they saw this miracle of healing they said, "If Jesus can do this we want Him." So twenty-five or thirty came out as candidates for baptism and put themselves under instruction at once. They had learned the story of the love of Jesus in a new and blessed way by the signs following! One woman who saw the healing of the baby asked me to pray for the healing of her goats; so we got down and asked the Lord to heal them, and He did. Then her cow was sick and she said, "Lord, if you will heal my cow I will give you

eight cents." The Lord healed her cow and she brought the eight cents and asked us that it might be spent for Bibles. We gave it to the Bible Society with her testimony. Afterward this woman heard the story of Ananias and Sapphira who kept back part of the price and she came to me saying, "Miss Sahib, I promised the Lord I would give Him sixteen cents if He would heal my cow and I gave Him only eight cents. Now I am going to clean the gutters and lanes and earn money so I can pay all," and she did. The light and truth of the Gospel had penetrated her heart. That woman is of no caste, one of the 50,000,000 outcast for whom there is no place in the Hindu religion.

One of our Presbyterian missionaries came to me and said, "What are you doing? We hear you are anointing with oil and laying on hands. The Board in New York would not have it and we are going to report you to the Mission." I told the missionaries I had indeed been praying for the sick and God had healed them! now nothing but the grave could seal my lips. The missionaries said I would have to go before the Board—that I could believe this doctrine of healing for myself if I wanted to, but I must not tell it to others. They said, "We have men who believe in annihilation but they don't teach it. We have men who do not believe in Christ being born of a virgin but they do not teach it." I went before the committee with the consciousness of the power of God upon me and said, "I cannot refrain from speaking of this truth of divine healing; it is in the atonement." They were most courteous but could not see it in the atonement. I told them it was a message for God's children and I must be true to Him and tell it. I sat there before them like a little child. The Spirit said, "Arise and come away and it shall be well with thee." So I said, "If I cannot deliver God's message in the Presbyterian church I must get where I can tell it." Then and there my connection with the mission in which I had labored for nearly fourteen years was severed. God had done it. I returned to my station and prepared to leave my beloved work. I had a school roll of one hundred girls, sixty as the average attendance, and they had developed so beautifully, learning so much their parents were proud of them. My heart ached at the thought of leaving these girls. As I stood up before them for the last time and began to pray for them, the Holy Spirit took possession of me and I stood before them transfixed. I saw Jesus crucified on the cross, His hands and feet having been nailed to the cross by my sin,

and the cry of my soul was, "Lord, grant that not one of these dear girls shall be lost," in the Hindustani language this is more emphatic. "not a particle of one shall be lost." God showed me their hearts were right, the only thing that was in the way was their heads. As I stood weeping the faithful Holy Ghost said, "You may go, but it shall be done: not one shall be lost." Hallelujah! God's reward to me for faithfulness; and it shall be even as He hath said!

Before this I had received my baptism and I want to tell you how God led me into Pentecost. I want you to know what God can do for the most rigid Presbyterian. The Presbyterians were the first people in North India to establish Christian missions and they are doing a noble work. They are noble men and women living in hard places and opening up a work that will stand, willing to lay down their lives for the honor and glory of God. Because of this, one longs for them to have this blessed Pentecost.

The Lord sent a Pentecostal woman to my Indian home who told me how to wait on God and keep under the blood of Jesus. After six weeks of waiting, when I had retired one Sunday night, I was awakened by the power of God coming down upon me as a cloud and I was taken possession of by the Holy Ghost. I knew something wonderful had happened. An Indian friend who was sleeping in the house heard me cry out and came into my room to help me. I said, "Jesus is here." For an hour she was on her face weeping before the Lord. I got out of

bed and began to pray for a Presbyterian minister who had passed through the city that day and asked me to pray for him. I said, "Lord, smash him to pieces, until you have him so broken you can do something with him." I was so glad the Lord had broken me, as Brother Wilson prayed that He might. We all need to be broken like the alabaster box of ointment. The breaking is hard but, to get God's best, it is absolutely necessary. Let us not draw back. God knows best.

The Lord sent me home to America to learn to live the life of faith. To learn the A B C's of faith He took me into a little village of Canada. One day we were without fuel but I said, "Lord, You will not let us suffer with cold, You will send the wood;" straightway came a rap at the door and there stood a dear good neighbor with wood. So God leads us on to trust Him more and more. Many are the precious answers to prayer in these three years both in healings, the need of a home and food, and the giving of loving friends, as well as a share in opening—really founding—a Home for homeless girls in Berlin, Canada. It is called "The Bethany Rest Home for Girls." What marvels the Lord waits to do through those who dare to believe and put Him to the test!

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood red banner streams afar
Who follows in His train?"

Let us listen to His call and then be it yours and mine to say, "Here am I, Lord, send me!"

The Lord Working for Unopened Lands

Some Experiences of the Lord's Faithfulness

Max Wood Moorhead, in the Stone Church, November 18, 1913.



THE question of missionary service in a foreign land was brought to my attention when a student in Amherst College. The obligation to evangelize the heathen was presented to me somewhat as follows: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" is a *command*. Jesus said, "If ye love Me ye will keep My commandments." The United States is already evangelized. It has been computed that there is one church member to every five of the population. Contrast India with the United States, and consider the millions in Hindustan who have never even heard the Gospel! If you remain as a Christian worker in the United States, it will be like letting your light

shine in a blaze. If you are really loyal to Jesus Christ you will prove your loyalty by obedience to God's command and will go with the Gospel message where Christ has not been named. I fully intended as a Christian to be loyal to Jesus who had redeemed me; thus I received my call in the command, "Go ye."

I want to say a few words to encourage some of the young people in this audience who may be intending to go abroad as foreign missionaries. The conservative mission boards do not want Pentecostal missionaries, the majority of whom are led to depend upon the Living God for their daily supplies. Dear young people, be encouraged! If you are sure of your call, the Lord will surely keep His promises and fully supply all your needs. In January, 1910, I came to the end

of my patrimony, having spent the last dollar realized on the last acre of land I had possessed. From sheer necessity I was, for a period of two years and ten months, cast upon the Lord for my daily bread. God alone was my confidant and with some trembling I ventured on His promises. One day in January I received a letter from a business man in New England who stated that early in the morning when engaged in prayer, the Lord had brought me vividly to his mind. A cheque for ten dollars was enclosed in his letter. How I did praise the Lord for His faithfulness! One day, later, it seemed necessary to take a journey and yet my funds were insufficient. While walking on the *maidan* I said to the Lord, "Lord, You must help me out!" Returning to the bungalow, while sitting with my Bible in hand in an attitude of expectation, a fellow-Christian came into the room and after a pause said, with a little embarrassment, "I don't know why, but I must give you some money; it may be that you have thousands, but I feel I must give you these sixty rupees" (twenty dollars). I knew perfectly well why he felt he had to give me this money. While I was talking to the Lord on the *maidan* about my need the Lord was moving upon this brother's heart.

After awhile the tests became more severe and I got down to my last rupee. Standing one day in the railway station, I took out my pocket Bible and, opening it to the fourth chapter of Philippians, I said to the Lord, "Lord, this is Your promise," and then I read to Him these words: "But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." I told Him my need was money to pay my *dhobi* and I knew He would honor His promise. Returning to the bungalow, a brother who was visiting the station placed five rupees in my hand.

One day a fellow-missionary and myself decided to go to Basti on some business concerning land. We purposely omitted to inform the rajah of our intended visit and quietly went to the *dak* bungalow in Basti, and shortly after arrival called to see the rajah. After stating our business to him, he said to us, "I regret that you did not inform me of your intended visit so that I could have arranged to entertain you at the palace; then he motioned to his secretary who placed a rouleau of silver coins in my hand, saying, "Please accept this money for traveling expenses." Afterwards my companion who kept the account of our joint expenses said to me, "We are low in funds and the rajah's gift helps us out beautifully." I had not known that our funds were so low; but the Lord knew and it

was He who inclined that rajah to give us the ten rupees.

One hot season, while superintending some work on a building near the borders of Nepal, from various reasons I got run down and, though not ill, was over-tired. After waiting on the Lord He indicated that He desired me to go to Bombay. I had no money for the journey, so said, "Lord, if this is really Your will, send me some money." A few days later a letter was received from a relative in the United States, saying, "I am sending you a draft for twenty dollars, which is the equivalent of four gold pieces which belonged to my sister and which have been laid in a drawer for ten years. Recently, I felt my sister would be pleased to have you use this money for your own comfort." How I praised the Lord! He had caused those four gold pieces to be put into circulation at the very time I needed them. Two or three days later came another remittance for thirty-six rupees from a merchant in Denmark whom I had never seen. The Lord thus provided overflowing abundance in view of my journey.

The Spirit unfolded to me a promise which was an inexpressible comfort at this time. The promise is, "The Lord, of His goodness, hath provided for the poor." Now, when I come to breakfast at 3616 Prairie Avenue, where I am a guest, I have no responsibility touching the preparation of the meal; the responsibility rests upon others, and all I have to do is to eat what is placed before me and be thankful. Just so touching the supply of our daily needs in a foreign land, it is entirely unnecessary to worry or be anxious or to take matters into our own hands, because everything we need has been provided beforehand by our loving Heavenly Father, who is "rich unto all who call upon Him in faith."

In the present day the Lord is thrusting out Pentecostal missionaries into the pioneer stations. It was my privilege early in 1913 to see something of the Lord's work in the Northwest Frontier Provinces and to stay for a time at the hospitable home of Pastor and Mrs. Norwood at Abbottabad, which is the headquarters of the Central Asia Mission. The Lord laid it upon the hearts of a fellow-missionary and myself to visit the native state of Punch, which lies adjacent to Kashmir. At Uri we found that our friends had sent ponies with a *sycra* to meet us and we commenced the ascent of an exceedingly high mountain pass which separates two native states. The ascent was rendered difficult as the narrow bridle path was in some places almost entirely washed away by the tumultuous descent of mountain tor-

rents and in other places the falling of the trunks of huge trees obstructed our way. The month of May in India is called on the plains "burning May," but on this lofty mountain height we found patches of snow and edelweiss (that exquisitely beautiful flower, which grows also on the snow-capped ranges of the Alps in Switzerland) and we were glad to hasten our descent into Punch as the winds which swept that break pass were chilly. The rajah's Rest House in the city of Punch was open to us and we enjoyed his hospitality for the six days of our stay, having fellowship with two missionary ladies in another part of the town in whose humble home meetings were daily held for the men of the place. We praised our God, whose name is Wonderful, as we heard from the lips of our sister, Miss Kirschner, the following story of the opening of Punch:

A few years ago a Christian who was resident at Calcutta received an appointment as Civil Engineer to the Rajah of Punch, which contains tens of thousands of Mohammedans and Hindus. This civil engineer promptly refused to do any work on the Lord's day and periodically he gathered the clerks of his office for instruction in the Word of God. As time passed on the Rajah manifested his dislike for this civil engineer because of his Christian principles; but he was popular with the British residents and so skillful a man that the Rajah found it inconvenient to dispense with his services. The Rajah strongly objected to the Gospel in Punch. A few years ago one of the Plymouth Brethren attempted to preach in the street in Punch and a mob of angry natives with *lathis* drove him out of the place. About three years ago the engineer had occasion to revisit Calcutta and in a gathering of missionary ladies there he made an appeal for workers who would bring the light of the Gospel to the native women who were living in dense darkness, literally sitting in the shadow of death in the zenanas in Punch. Two Eurasian sisters, Miss Baker and Miss Kirschner, heard God's call and with heaven-born wisdom sent a polite note to the Rajah saying—*not* "will you allow us to come?" but—"we are coming." Before this prince had summoned resolution to forbid their entrance into his state they had marched over the border with their household goods and established themselves in a room in the bazaar. Later they rented a little native, mud-plastered house which, with some alterations, has been rendered even homelike. Having gotten settled in their own home they began to gather the children of the neighborhood for instruction and sent a second note to the Rajah informing him what they

had done. He promptly proceeded to close the school, but up to the present time he has tolerated their presence within his borders. The Lord has prospered the ministry of these sisters and they have been enabled not only to visit the dark homes of Kashmiri women and others in the immediate vicinity, but have also itinerated in the outlying districts. Punch is a very mountainous country. The mountains rise precipitously thousands of feet in height and the homes of the people are perched on great ledges of rock at altitudes which make them difficult of access. Somehow the missionaries have managed to get into those homes. Sometimes their lives have been threatened but they have not yet been assaulted. On one occasion Miss Kirschner felt she narrowly escaped death. A Mohammedan woman pretended to be seeking salvation and in order to have a quiet talk she persuaded the missionary to walk to a remote spot; but as they drew near the edge of a steep cliff the Spirit warned her of danger and she hastily retraced her steps. She believes that her Mohammedan companion intended to push her over the cliff. Punch is a malarious district and these ladies are subject both to sickness and deprivations and endure many hardships; they have little Christian fellowship, but they count it all joy to witness for Jesus in so isolated and needy a place. As a rule the women are friendly and many are open minded concerning the Gospel. One of the greatest helps Christians in the homeland can render missionaries, particularly those in pioneer districts, is to write, occasionally, hearty letters of Christian fellowship.

On our return from Punch we passed through a portion of lovely Kashmir, the Switzerland of India. Only at Srinagar, in the North, are missionaries tolerated. The Maharajah has sanctioned the work of the C. M. S. at Srinagar because of medical and educational advantages which the C. M. S. give in that station to the people. On our way South we stopped at Domale and rested for the night.

A government official, it was announced, was on his way to Dowala; and in anticipation of his arrival numbers of educated men were strolling on the river side apparently waiting for an opportunity to greet this official. With tracts and Scripture portions in my pocket I passed from group to group, grateful for the opportunity to speak of Jesus to these intelligent young men. On the following morning we discovered that the horse we had engaged was unfit for travel, and seeking the Lord's face He impressed it upon our hearts to visit a town near by. We called on

the chief official in the place, a Hindu, who quickly put us in the way of reaching the people. We secured the services of the town crier, a lad of nineteen, who went through the principal lanes and streets beating a drum vigorously and at intervals calling out in a shrill voice that two sahibs had come to town and that evening, in the compound of the village school, would hold a Gospel service to which all were invited. The people responded quickly and we had an audience of about two hundred men and boys, a few of whom sat on benches. These men had come from their shops and farms, a few, perhaps, were pandits. In memory I see them now, the sky back of the semi-circular group gloriously red with the setting sun—a quiet company of grave-looking men and serious-faced lads who were hearing glad tidings of great joy for the first time. Dear Paterson spoke with tender earnestness on John 3:16, and how the people did listen—oh, so eagerly! and with intense attention as if fearing to lose a single word. Even though the Gospel is by no means welcomed by the Maharajah, in many towns of Kashmir such opportunities might be seized by the children of God.

I had a most cheering letter the other day from Brother Will Norton, of Bahraich, who stated that he had been studying Nepali with a teacher who is a Nepalese and that he now felt he would be enabled to declare the simple truths of the Gospel to the people living in the interior of Nepal and furthermore that he intended to go into Nepal at the risk of his life. It is a most impressive fact that the Spirit has been during these past few years, leading various groups of missionaries to station themselves near the borders of this closed land. Mrs. Denny has a band of workers at Nanpara, which is only an hour's ride by train from the border of Nepal, and recently she has acquired property directly on the border at Rupidiya. The late Miss Abrams, of gracious memory, established a mission at Uska, Basti District, which is less than twenty miles from the closed kingdom, and while she had no call to the Nepalese exclusively, in the providence of God her workers are settled close to their country. Quite recently Miss Laura Gardner with ten workers has started for the North of India having Nepal on her heart. Surely the Lord has a distinct purpose in directing the service of so many of His children to the people of Nepal. The Maharajah of Nepal is strongly opposed to the Gospel and is fearful lest England should encroach upon the trade of his country which, it has been said, is four hundred years behind the more enlightened parts of India. The

Maharajah's policy is similar to that of the Czar of Russia; for in Nepal there is the censorship of the press and the common people are kept in a state of ignorance, while the wealth of the country is monopolized by the rulers and the families of the aristocracy. How cruel is the yoke under which these millions of Nepalese toil and suffer! But surely there are Providential indications that their hour of deliverance is near at hand; for would the Lord lay the burden of Nepal upon the hearts of so many missionaries if He did not intend to open the country in some way to the Gospel?

Praise God for so much missionary spirit manifested in the lives of American Christians at home; and yet there is a power not yet fully realized in our assemblies. I mean the power of prevailing prayer. Oh, that the Spirit might so touch the hearts of a little company in Stone Church that they will pray until they pray through and these high walls of opposition fall down and the Lord's people be permitted to enter with the Gospel! "The things that are impossible with men are possible with God." "All things are possible to him that believeth."



TYPICAL NEPALESE.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

Notes

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessing of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in—
Be born in us today!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell—
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

—Phillip Brooks.

Special Bible Study

AT the Stone Church, meetings are in progress nightly with good interest and blessed results. We have witnessed a number of clean-cut salvations during the past month, and there have also been some definite healings. The spirit of prayer is on the people and the Word is going forth in power.

Mrs. Piper is still in charge of the Stone Church and will be for several months to come. Brother Kent White and Brother R. L. Erickson are with us and are under the burden of the work. Ever since our spring and summer re-

vival there has been in the hearts of many, upon whom God has laid His hand, a deep desire for Bible study and training for the mission field—whether at home or abroad. A number of our Young People feel called to God's work but have realized keenly their lack of training and knowledge of the Word of God. On Brother White's return from the South God laid upon His heart a special Young People's Bible Class, which he has taken up and is now conducting every Monday night. Our young people as well as others from all over the city are enthusiastic about this class, and there are from two hundred to two hundred and fifty in attendance. Nothing is more essential in these days of apostasy, when higher criticism stalks openly in the pulpits of our land, than a thorough knowledge of the Word of God, accompanied by the Spirit to make it life and power. The worker who goes out thus equipped is a tower of strength and has a confidence and faith in God that cannot well be shaken.

* * *

Max Wood Moorhead, who is well known throughout India, spent a week with us at the Stone Church and gave us many interesting facts concerning that vast country, its needs and possibilities.

* * *

Outgoing Missionaries

Ere this issue of The Evangel reaches our readers, Brother and Sister Neeley will be sailing across the water *en route* to Liberia, West Africa. They sail with Brother William Johnson on the Steamer Celtic, December 11th. After five years of faithfulness, God is leading them into a new field. We have every confidence they will be equally faithful in Africa as with us and we commend them to God and the Word of His grace. A little over a month ago there was not a penny in hand for this long journey and it was in fear and trembling that they made their plans to go; but God was in the plans, and willing hands contributed joyfully, so that when the day came to start there was no lack. Pray for these outgoing missionaries and for Brother Johnson. Mrs. Johnson, who is staying in the homeland for the present, also needs our prayers. She writes it is harder to stay at home than it would be to go.

Missionary Report

We are giving below the amount of missionary money sent out through THE EVANGEL, and the Stone Church during the last three months—September, October and November. It has

been the best three months we have ever had and we rejoice for the increased missionary interest. There must of necessity be an increase, as Pentecostal missionaries are going forth continually, and the larger the number that go forth the greater our responsibility at home.

Isaac and Mattie Neeley, West Africa.....	\$ 917.50
Andrew D. Urshan, Persia.....	232.93
Dr. Ozer and Miss Gordon, India.....	150.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa.....	140.50
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Denney, China.....	75.00
Mrs. Addell Harrison, China.....	69.00
Geo. E. Berg, India.....	68.87
Thos. F. Barker, Turkey.....	68.50
Paul Bettex, China.....	52.00
Misses Krishner and Baker, India.....	50.00
Dick Mahaffy, India.....	50.00
Alexander Paul, Egypt.....	50.00
Pandita Ramabai, India.....	45.04
H. M. Turney, South Africa.....	45.00
Robt. Atchison, Japan.....	45.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt.....	44.00
Albert Norton, India.....	44.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	35.00
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. M. Hare, West Africa.....	33.40
Edith Baugh, India.....	31.65
Mrs. Alfred Blakeney, India.....	30.00
John M. Perkins, West Africa.....	30.00
Chetta Ranson, China.....	30.00
G. M. Kelly, China.....	29.00
W. S. Norwood, India.....	28.10
Lillian Trasher, Egypt.....	27.00
E. W. Doak, Egypt.....	26.17
Margaret Clark, India.....	26.00
Mary Norton, India.....	26.00

Homer L. Faulkner, China.....	25.00
Sarah White, India.....	20.00
Alice Wood, South America.....	20.00
B. Dean, India.....	15.00
Geo. Hanson, China.....	15.00
Rhodemna Mendenhall, West Africa.....	15.00
Chas. Cox, Iceland.....	15.00
Mac Mayo, China.....	15.00
Willis C. Hoover, South America.....	12.00
J. O. Lehman, South Africa.....	10.50
Mrs. L. Denny, India.....	10.33
David Barth, China.....	10.00
Maria Gerber, Turkey.....	10.00
Elmer Hammond, China.....	10.00
Phoebe Holmes, China.....	10.00
H. L. Lawler, China.....	10.00
Fred Richards, South Africa.....	10.00
Hattie Hacker, India.....	8.33
Jas. L. Harrow, West Africa.....	8.00
Bernice Lee, India.....	5.00
Minnie Abrams' Memorial Chapel, India.....	5.00
Bertha Milligan, China.....	2.00

Total\$2,760.82

* * *

Mid-Winter Convention at the Gospel School, Findlay, Ohio, January 2-11, 1914. Special workers called. For information write Thos. K. Leonard, Findlay, Ohio.

Pentecostal Convention at 264 Broad St., Conneaut, Ohio, opening New Year's Eve. Good speakers expected. For information address E. S. Williams, Pastor.

The Struggles of a Soul After God

Strengthened by a Vision of Calvary

W. S. Norwood, Abbottabad, India, in the Stone Church, August 3, 1913.



THE Lord opened the way for me to come to America to make known especially the work of the Central Asia Pioneer Mission. We live in the extreme north of India, but we are working for Central Asia, for a great tract of territory which is unoccupied at the present time, and for the most part not even nominally occupied.

I will tell you what the Spirit said to me as I was on my knees, before coming to this meeting: "If you tell them what I am doing to equip my workers to enter these great closed lands, you will show them how interested I am in the work; and if they see I am interested they will become interested too."

For twelve centuries Mohammedanism has flung the gauntlet into the face of Christianity. In a real sense it conquered Christianity; country after country was taken from the Christians and the inhabitants of those lands were forcibly made Mohammedans. But now look over the

field! Mohammedanism is losing ground politically in many countries. India is no longer under Mohammedan control; in Africa the Sudan is under British control, and now this one great country of Afghanistan remains still locked against the messengers of the cross. We believe the Lord has begun to undermine the walls of this last remaining citadel of Mohammedanism, and that the time will speedily come when the green flag of the Moslems will no longer be flung in the face of the cross. The cross shall triumph over the crescent.

We are now the only Pentecostal mission on the frontiers of India seeking to enter these great unopened territories of Central Asia. In 1907 I first heard of the Pentecostal Movement, and it was rather peculiarly brought to my notice. A young soldier of Calcutta wrote a letter to me saying that he had received an extraordinary blessing and had been given by the Holy Ghost a tongue, a new language; he said an Indian Babu had told him he spoke half Persian and half Hindustani, and the two together made

up Pushto. That was the language that I was using at the time on the borders of Afghanistan, and he wrote asking if I would receive him into the mission. Well, to me that was the most absurd letter I had ever received from a person wishing to enter missionary work, and as you know how one can assume dignity and pretend to be very wise, I wrote this dear brother a wise and dignified letter telling him to exercise common sense, and that he needn't expect to have any royal road for getting the language of the people; if he wanted to be a missionary he would have to go the way of all the other missionaries. That brother wrote back and it was my first rebuke. If I had been in his place and received a letter like the one I sent him I am sure I should have answered in a very different way from what he did. He wrote back humbly acknowledging all I had said and asking my prayers. I felt he had the spirit of true humility and whatever he had received he had shown the spirit of Christ in that reply.

Very soon after this I returned to England and by that time I heard the Pentecostal Movement had begun there. I had to go to the north of England to South Shields, about sixteen miles north of Sunderland, and while there I made up my mind to call at Sunderland and see what was going on. I had heard of the Pentecostal manifestations and it was purely curiosity that took me. I learned the hour of their prayer-meeting and got there just before it began. I thought I'd sit and look on and not have anything to do with the meeting. As I waited, in came women who evidently had been hard at work all day. Sunderland Church is located among the working people, and as these people came in they began to pray. Now I had been accustomed to ordinary church prayer-meetings; they last for an hour and it is very difficult to fill out the hour. We have a program, two or three hymns, a Bible reading, and time and again you have to ask people to pray, and barely fill out the hour. I had been used to that sort of thing, but in came those people and they immediately began to pray. I was looking around for manifestations but the only manifestation I saw was a wonderful joy on the faces of these women and men as they praised the Lord for answers to the most extraordinary prayers for healing. Then as I listened I heard them pray that God would heal "So-and-so." This went on and on until I felt I dare not keep my seat any longer, so I knelt down and prayed too. I went away from that meeting after two hours and still they prayed on. That was my second rebuke in criti-

zizing Pentecost, but still I criticized and wouldn't have anything to do with what I had heard. I had to go up to Scotland and was invited to stay with a lady friend to have a week's rest. When I got to this friend in Glasgow I found she had been away to Dumferlin. She was a very vivacious old lady and said to me, "Dear boy, you must go to Dumferlin. There are all kinds of people speaking in the most extraordinary tongues and the most eloquent language." She took me off to see the work, and I got manifestations there to my heart's content; more than I wanted. In this mission there were children, young girls, men and women taking part spontaneously; the meetings were in great confusion, it seemed to me; absolutely no order at all and yet to my astonishment souls were converted and backsliders reclaimed. I could not reconcile the two things; and then young, timid girls would feel the constraint of the Holy Ghost upon them and they would have a message put into their hearts to go to some of their friends. They would go after them and give the friend the message. I could not understand these things; some seemed to be the work of God, and yet I could not think other things were. In the hotel where I was staying there were four other brethren, large-hearted, simple-minded men, drinking it all in. They were saying how wonderful it all was and I wished I had the same faith. They accompanied me to the station and I was just shaking lest they'd say "hallelujah" on the platform before I got away. I came into the center of England and got into the midst of the Keswick people, and I was as much shocked by their iciness and aloofness as I was by the extremeness of the people in the north.

When I got back from London a lady wrote to me asking me to translate a little booklet, "The Word of the Cross." I immediately made an appointment with her. After a few formalities she said to me, "Mr. Norwood, I have felt God wanted me to come and bear my testimony to you personally; then she went on and told me how she had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. Thank God for those who obey the voice of God when He speaks to their hearts. Have you ever heard the Spirit of God telling you to launch out on some unusual line? Don't disobey. It is God's wonderful plan of love for some erring soul, no doubt. This dear woman came and told me of the experience she had, but I simply said in a very wise and dignified manner that I didn't agree with her. She was undoubtedly discouraged but as she left my office she handed me a paper, and when I

looked at it I saw it contained the very experience of the soldier lad at Calcutta who had written to me. So God just put all those little experiences together and showed me it was His hand. When I returned to India this lady had sent me month by month the paper called "Confidence." I didn't read it but just cast it aside, for the most part, unopened. I had to go away from the heat to the hills and there we dropped down among these Pentecostal people. It was extraordinary. We had never met them at the hill-station before, and in the very house where we were staying, a sister came along from Ramabai's home to tell the people what was happening at Mukti. And before she had left Brother Massey came to the very same station and enlarged upon what she had said. He had such wonderful stories to tell I simply couldn't believe them. He told of a child who had curvature of the spine. The child was incurable and the doctor gave no hope he would ever have power in his limbs; he would sit helpless with his legs dangling. The father was a man of God and walked with Him, and one day the Lord spoke to him, "I can heal your boy." The father went home, took the boy on his knees and prayed, laying his hand on the lad's back. As he prayed he felt the bones move under his hand, the spine strengthened and the child was able to run about. I thrill with joy as I repeat that, and I realize now it was true, but then I just laughed at it. In my unbelief what a little Jesus I had!

In the meantime things began to go wrong at the mission in which I was working. I had organized the mission myself for this field, Central Asia, and this disturbance, coupled with my own consciousness of weakness in my life, and with no victory in service—practically speaking no results—all these things began to make life scarcely worth living. The home department of our mission began binding the lease, the committee I had called into existence wanted to control the work on the field, and yet not one had been a missionary; they were unacquainted with the work but held the source of funds; they had me in their power as they thought. This trouble caused me to take a trip to England in 1910. During 1911 things went from bad to worse; I didn't understand them, but it was God stirring up the nest. He had tried to get in one way and I would not have it, so He was taking another way. He must use the rod. The Lord said to Saul of Tarsus as he fell on the road to Damascus, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." The Lord is not pleased to use the

goad but He will have His work done. We must submit, obey at any cost, and then when the toil comes we will find a true Yoke-fellow with us. His yoke is easy and His burden is light. In 1912 we had to cut away from the old committee. There was I, my wife and five children, and two fellow missionaries. We didn't know what to do. I hadn't yet this blessed experience that lifts one so rapturously near the Lord that one is entranced with Him and does not mind how hard the trial is. So it was all dark, but I saw His hand leading us to cut away from the old committee, and we did—two of my fellow missionaries joining with me. That meant, of course, the severance of many ties in the homeland; but friends heard of what happened, and gathered around us, and were the means in the Lord's hands of encouraging us and enabling us to go forward. They had no reason, humanly speaking, to help us, but God Himself laid the burden upon them. I tell you this to show you how the Lord was interested in us, and how He had in His Great heart of love, purposes for Central Asia, for the millions there in darkness, without a ray of light or a ray of hope.

After this separation the way opened for me to take an itinerary along one of the mountain valleys of the Himalayas. It was called the Kaghan Valley. I marched up this valley for one hundred and twenty miles and crossed a pass 13,000 feet high into the lands beyond our frontier. On the way I preached in the villages, distributed the Word of God and sought to lead souls to Christ. On the way back the Spirit of the Lord dealt with me and finally brought me to a decision. As I retraced my steps along the same roads over which I had gone, the Spirit said to me, "Look at St. Paul, how he came back all along the line, strengthening the churches he had founded. It was a march of conquest for him, and when he got back he could tell them what great things the Lord had done, but what can you tell? You have not a convert, you have not a church; you have the same Gospel Paul had. You are a failure, failure," and that word rang in my ears like a bell as I marched back those one hundred and twenty miles, FAILURE! until when I got back to Abbottabad I was ready to admit I was a failure. Then I said to my companions, "We will start a prayer-meeting and have some Bible study definitely to see what is wrong with us. We must have more power in our work." So we started a prayer-meeting, but I could not stop work. I don't think you would wonder at that if you knew the condition of things. Just imagine on'y

twenty Christians in Chicago, with its teeming millions; imagine yourself one of the twenty. Wouldn't you just fall on your face and plead for supernatural strength to carry the message to these multitudes? In our district I heard of a man who died near us. I do not know that he had even heard of the Gospel, but for twenty-four hours that man struggled against death. He would become unconscious and his friends around him would think he had passed away, but again he would struggle back into life, frantically clutch at the air and scream out in his own language, "I will not go! I will not go! Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!" He fell over the precipice of time into the boundless depths of eternity screaming in agony. He had to go, and that is what I realized—they were going! There is nothing to stop the awful flood of human lives going down. I hear people say, "There are heathen right here at our doors." Quite true, but here from almost every street you have the life-line flung out into the stream, and those who are floating down to destruction may catch hold of the life line if they will; but over there they cannot, and the great black stream of humanity goes on and on drifting into eternity.

"Hear the wail across the sea
Comes from millions unto thee,
Weary hearts that might be free
Did they but know of Calvary."

When I realized those things I could not stay shut in. I felt we had to go on with the work, but at the same time I didn't want to continue as we had been doing. I determined we would itinerate to just the nearest villages so we could come in to Headquarters and continue our prayer-meetings; but although the season was the right time for itinerating, we could not get at the men. In one village they would be out doing something in the fields, in another they would be away on a law case, and so it went on until in the last village we could not get two men together, and I just turned around to my colleague, Brother Paterson, and said, "We will shut down and go home, and do only the necessary work around the station, and we will wait upon God until he does give us what we need." But I wasn't believing in Pentecost. I argued with Brother Paterson and said, the one thing I would not have was tongues. He had received his baptism in 1910, but knowing how opposed I was to it he didn't tell me. He hid his light; but in 1911, when he had gone home, he got such an uplift at Sunderland he wrote me and

confessed he had taken his stand with the Pentecostal people.

We began our prayers and ordered the hours of our meals so we could fast as well as pray for hours together and instead of talking to God we got down and were silent before Him. I had never been in waiting meetings, but our prayer times naturally developed into waiting meetings. Then began the real work of seeking my baptism. I began without believing in tongues, but the first week of my waiting the Spirit of God brought scripture after scripture before me so that my objection to anything that Pentecost meant, tongues as well, simply vanished, and I confessed to Brother Paterson in the presence of others that I had been wrong. I never dreamed of waiting longer than a week or a fortnight, but it went on week after week, and I began to get anxious. At the same time I could not go back to the old way. It would have been worse than in former days. I remember after having waited for several weeks I was quiet before the Lord and the words came from John 14:12, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father." I had been doing medical work for ten years and was keenly interested, but this word came to me, and you know how the Spirit brings you face to face with what He wants to teach you. The question came, "Do you believe?" and I was about to say, "Of course," when the Spirit again said, "He that believeth, the works that I do shall he do also." Do you do these works?" and I had to say, "No." Then there was just an argument. "Do you believe?" I would not admit I did not believe, and I could not say I did the works that Jesus did. At last I said, "Lord, I do believe." Then came the words like a flash, "Then what are you doing with medicine?" But the poor people had been so helped by the medical work I could not think of giving it up, and the Lord didn't press the matter then. For two or three days it dropped out of my mind. Then again while I was waiting, not thinking of this, the same message was brought to me by the Spirit, and I said, "Very well, Lord. That will go too if necessary, and the medicine went, both for myself and for others, and the Lord from that time has been my Healer. This is not speaking just theoretically. He has healed me of definite trouble.

But the difficult part was at that time I did not know how to pray for the sick or how to

anoint them with oil, and I had to send the poor people away with their troubles. I knew I could help them on ordinary lines, but the Lord had laid His hand on it and it had to be put away. We went on waiting from October to Christmas, and just before Christmas a wonderful thing happened which illuminated Calvary to me, and I know Calvary now as I never knew it before. I had been waiting with others for a long time in a little north room of the bungalow. Everything was quiet, and while I do not know that I had a vision I seemed to have a mental picture of Calvary, and the incidents that preceded it. I saw the Master in Gethsemane sweating great drops of blood that fell to the ground. I saw Him taken by the crowd to the High Priest's hall and witnessed the indignities heaped upon Him there, and I saw Him driven along the road to Pilate and back again after the crown of thorns had been pressed on His brow. Things came to my mind then that I had never thought of before. One event was the scene in the Eastern streets, the cruelty and the marks of the cruelty. No water had been given to the Master to cleanse Himself: there He was with the blood trickling down His face from the crown of thorns. I saw Him taken to Calvary's brow and cast upon that cross, and I seemed to hear the very crash of the hammer as the soldiers drove those nails through His hands. Then the darkness that spread over the earth was explained to me. I had never known it before but the Spirit said to me as I saw what was being done to that wonderful Son of God, the Son of His love, "Could there be joy in heaven while that was going on? Could the light of heaven shine then? Could the Father's heart be glad while His Son was being put to death?" The iron must enter His own heart, so to speak, and the darkness over the face of the earth was just a reflection of the sadness and the gloom that had spread over heaven. It taught me the unity of God with His Son in suffering for our sins. Just as I realized that, I seemed to feel my body reeling and I went out into another room. Brother Paterson came and said very quietly, "Did you feel the room shake? Did you feel the earthquake?" I knew then that what had come to me was not a subjective experience, but a marvelous manifestation of the Spirit of God, and a most wonderful joy thrilled through my being.

Not long after that my wife had to leave for England and our waiting meetings were interrupted, but toward the end of January I turned aside alone and waited before the Lord. On

February 4th of this year I remember going into my little study off the veranda, a little room ten feet square, and I got down before the Lord and told Him I simply could not go on unless He would meet me. As I knelt there I became conscious of some one else in the room, and this Presence began to be my Teacher. Scripture after scripture with perfect sequence was brought to my mind, and the whole burden of the scripture was, "Believe! Believe!" The last verse of the third chapter of Hebrews stood out clear before me, "They could not enter in because of *unbelief*"—subtle unbelief, just like a great barrier, stood between them and the promised land. I cried out to God, "Oh, take away the unbelief," and I was so conscious of His presence by me I knew the unbelief would go. Then suddenly just as though I had been a little child, everything became perfectly simple. It was the easiest thing in the world to believe and the words of Mark 11:24 came, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." The Spirit said, "There is no need to put any distance between "believe ye have" and "ye shall have." It can be simultaneous. I said, "Well, Lord, You know what I *desire* more than anything else when I pray. I desire this baptism in the Holy Ghost. You say I have it, and so I have," and I began to praise the Lord that I had this baptism, and the words were on my lips, "Lamb of God, glory be to Thy Holy Name," and stopped. My tongue began to move. No sound came at first, and then I glorified God in other tongues, and I ended my prayer in pure Urdu. It was the Spirit of God Himself coming to control. Immediately the devil said, "You blasphemed. You mimicked the work of the Holy Ghost." It was so easy: everything was so quiet. All the time I was conscious I could check it if I wished to, but I was in such a state of simplicity there was no desire to check it, and that gave the handle to the devil. I was just thinking I had committed this awful sin, when this little sentence came: "That is the devil." I was just a little child. Then he changed his tactics and said, "What a fool you have been," but now I recognized him and I said, "Fools for Christ's sake," and again the Spirit took my tongue and spoke through me, and thus in that quiet way I received my baptism.

Almost immediately all the joy left me, but I arose and went out and told the brethren. They telegraphed home to England I had been baptized in the Holy Ghost. The next day dawned and there was no joy, and it was mail day when

I had to write home to England. I got into that same little room and I faced the devil and said, "I am going to witness I have been baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire," and with that the joy came and it has been with me ever since. My life has been lifted on to a higher plane altogether. I am just living near to my Lord. It means not only victory in life but it brings more power in service.

Since then souls have been converted, and openly confessed Christ, and now some of these dear ones are seeking the baptism in the Holy Ghost. Our mission is now a Pentecostal Mission. But coming into Pentecost has meant something else too. Dear friends who had been praying for us for years that we might be equipped for service, faithful friends, now that their prayers have been answered, have turned away. Isn't that strange? Because we have more of Jesus we have to have less of earthly friends. But the Pentecostal people in England have very lovingly opened their arms to us. It has been a wonderful lesson to me, a lesson on the unity and fellowship of the Spirit.

Twelve million souls in darkness without a

single missionary in their midst. We prayed as we entered upon our labors this year, for twenty-four new workers. Two have come and are in the field; another has offered. We want another twenty-one to make up that twenty-four. My hope is that God will lay on others a burden of prayer they will not be able to shift and that it will grow heavier and heavier as they plead with God for these souls, for it is by the prayers of the saints of God at home that the work in the field is going to be accomplished. Pray through for the missionaries; pray the heathen through from darkness into light, and as you get that wonderful joy of the Spirit filling your heart, get the consciousness of victory, you will know you are sharing in the fight and that the time will come when you will unite with us and we shall sing together:

"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory comes,
The Cross has won the field."

The time is coming when the Cross of Jesus shall win the field.

Tongues—Their Use

Miss Elizabeth Sisson



HAVE they any? Some children of God can see no significance in them and are impatient of them. But they must have been of use on the day of Pentecost else God would not have given them. Hence by logical deduction we may know they have a place in the Divine scheme:

1st, Because they were inaugurated by God. Acts 2:1-4.

2nd, Because they were directly under Divine control, "they began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance."

3rd, Because they were part of that Divine operation, the "baptism of the Holy Ghost" for which Jesus has bidden the disciples to "wait," Acts 1:4, and to "tarry," Luke 24:49.

4th, Because the "tongues" were part of that which He had *promised* they should have "not many days hence," Acts 1:5, and concerning which Peter had said, "the promise is unto you" and to all succeeding generations, Acts 2:39, and which Jesus had said was "a sign," Mark 16:17, which should follow *faith*.

Therefore, God being so much in the matter, we must infer there was a use for them. In Cor.

14, the Word of God states their use:*

1st, "He that speaketh in a tongue edifieth (buildeth up) himself."

2nd, "He that speaketh in a tongue speaketh mysteries." (Weymouth, "secret truths.")

3rd, "He that speaketh in a tongue speaketh unto God."

4th, "Tongues are a sign to him that believeth not."

Thus God deigns to answer our question, "What is the use of tongues?" by telling us that this operation of the Spirit is for the personal spiritual upbuilding, or edification, of the believer. We have no better reason given in Scripture for private prayer, or daily meditation on the Word, or for Christian work. ("He that watereth shall himself also be watered.") Objection: "But nobody understands what they say." That is part of the plan. "He that speaketh in a tongue speaketh mysteries." Perhaps there is nothing in the economy of God that so puts a cross on the intellect both of the speaker and hearer as speaking in tongues. Nothing makes the person operated upon so shamefaced in pres-

*As also regulates their abuse. See my tract, "Tongues and Prophecy." Send to 17 Jay St., New London, Conn.

ence of Reason. Like David under the demonstration of the Spirit in dancing "before the Lord" they are "base in [their] own sight." 2 Sam. 6:25. This speaking in tongues has the *deep mark* of the cross upon it. Jesus was crucified in "*the place of a skull*": so, to a considerable extent is everyone who has any mentality, when speaking in tongues as the Spirit gives utterance. Possibly this is a reason why the humble and illiterate come so much more easily into tongues, and through them God demonstrates "The last shall be first and the first last." Thus, this also becomes a part of Jesus' joy that "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes." God knew what He was about when He made this arrangement. "Casting down imaginations (margin, reasonings) and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God." 2 Cor. 10:5. For some moments at least the mind must bow in silence before God, till He Himself—through the speaker or some other person—comes forth with the interpretation.

"He that speaketh in a tongue speaketh unto God." He has ceased to commune (if in an assembly) with his neighbor, or (if alone) with himself, he is brought for the time being into the immediate presence of God. There comes a pause in the thought-life and the creaturely activities and he is speaking—he knows not what, but consciously through "the Spirit's utterance"—to God!

We all know the value to the individual believer of these three things: The profit of spiritual development (edification): the profit of being brought out of mind operations in prayer, in adoration, in delivering messages, into pure spirit operations by the Holy Spirit, and the profit of being brought into the immediate presence of God. And since the Church of God is a collection of individual believers the building up of the Church or Body of Christ is by "that which every joint supplieth." Hence how *vital* is *all* that is given for the edification, the enrichment of the humblest member of that body. Objection: "But the use of tongues has passed away; it was given only for the inauguration of the Church." Truly it was given for the inauguration of the Church: but was it *only* for that inauguration? The Corinthian epistles were given for use throughout the Christian age. Among other things they contain instruction for the use and regulation of tongues in the assembly. Again, God throws some light upon the above objection when in Joel's prophecy (Joel 2:23) the climate of Palestine is taken up as a parable in nature of

God's operations in Grace, making use of its two marked rain epochs—the "former" for the germination of the seed and the "latter" for the perfection of the harvest. Of these two rain epochs God says, "I have given you the former rain moderately. I will cause to come down upon you the former and latter rain in one month." Thus showing His plan of not only starting the Church as He did in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost with the copious rain of the Spirit, accompanied with mighty rushing wind and Spirit-given utterance in tongues, but in the end of the Gospel age to repeat this Holy Spirit phenomenon for the *maturing* of His Grain through "latter rain" with "former rain" and that not after the "moderate" measure of the Acts of the Apostles" but in the far more exceeding measure of "latter rain" (which was always double or treble the "former" in the Palestine climate) and "former" in the rapid work all over the earth of "one month." This brings us to today's history with the "latter rain" falling all over the earth and the tongues accompaniment. By this Joel 2:23 statement of God two things are fixed: 1st, that He would mature His Church grain as the Palestine climate matured its natural grain, 2nd, that He would put a sign in prophecy that, in its fulfillment, would fix the nearing time of the end of the Church age. Thus so necessary would be "tongues" that prophecy could not be fulfilled without them and, *moreover*, since it was His plan of procedure to repeat the Jerusalem Grace with its descent of the Spirit, and the Spirit-given tongue utterance, to mature His golden grain for harvesting, *the grain could not otherwise be matured*. This is a view of the use of tongues that many fail to take. Let no false inference be made that it has been taught that none will be caught away to the Lord in the air who have not spoken in tongues. Oh, no! oh, no! The natural inference from this prophecy, however, is that God will not be able to mature His grain, or—to drop the figure—make ready His people for that event, without a great outpouring of His Spirit according to the old Jerusalem pattern, accompanied with tongues. Does He not teach us that, as the "latter rain" was necessary for the ripening of the Palestine crops, so God in His sovereign purpose has made salvation's scheme dependent on latter rain grace in His harvesting? Not that every individual Christian must necessarily be found, before the catching away, speaking in tongues. For various disciplinary purposes God might permit some of His precious ones to be "backened" from that experience for awhile; yea, possibly come into

deeper grace through humblings, and thus deeper humility, than others who have more readily received tongues. Yet it seems fair to assume that none *resistant* of His purpose in tongues will be ripe for that catching away. It is grace of God which He deems necessary for latter rain purposes. *To resist the grace is to resist God.* Doubtless any company ripe enough to be caught away to meet the Lord in the air, will be so in harmony with Him and His plan and so near to His hand that He in a second of time could turn His full grace upon them and in their yielded being speak unhindered through them "as the Spirit gave utterance," *even as they rise.* We would not be surprised if the whole company as they ascend find themselves in rapt adoration and holy ecstasy, worshipping in tongues. This, however, is not revelation but a human thought. All His are heaven-high above such (Isa. 55:9). Glory!

To return to the fifth use of tongues, enumerated in 1 Cor. 14:22: "Tongues are for a sign to unbelievers." This was proved on the day of Pentecost when they said, "How hear we every man in our own tongue wherein we were born. . . . the wonderful works of God." Perhaps the disciples that day—except those to whom interpretation had been given—did not themselves understand the "mysteries" which they spoke, but God gave understanding of it to the unbelievers and made it a convincing "sign" to them. So it is today. A plain illiterate woman in Winnipeg was speaking in a mission hall in tongues. Some light-minded young people at the back of the hall said mockingly, "hear that crazy woman talking gibberish." "Not so," said a young Jew in the crowd, growing pale as he spoke, "She is speaking to me in Hebrew, saying 'Jesus is your Messiah,'" and then, the "tongue" changed to a kind of chant, "Now she is singing our evening song of the temple worship." Deeply convicted through the miraculous, the young Hebrew never shook off his conviction till it led to his full surrender at the feet of his Messiah and he is now an active Christian worker.

Again, a child of God went on business into a Chinese laundry; as she opened her mouth suddenly she was carried away in tongues. The laundry man, visibly affected, said, "You know Chinese!" "Not a word," she replied, "It is God." "I know it," he solemnly said, but would not tell her what she had spoken. She could only go away rejoicing that he knew God had spoken to him. "Tongues: a sign to the unbeliever!" Glory! God can use the sign whenever He wants to; to man it is a "mystery."

Again, a young hypnotist had boasted that he could go into a certain "Latter Rain" meeting and hypnotize its leader and show him the devil. To one of the meetings he came and sat in front of a leader whom he had never seen and who had not heard of him. The young hypnotizer smiled on him but the leader did not smile; frowned on him but he did not frown. At last this Christian brother was made aware of the fixity of his gaze and the power going forth from the other, but with it came the divine assurance, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world," 1 John 4:4, and realizing that there was a battle on but the victory *assured*, he *kept out of the battle* (2 Chron. 20:15, 17) and was soon rejoicing under the power of the Spirit and speaking in tongues. (You cannot speak thus when worried, careful or flurried). The young hypnotist became disconcerted and interpenetrated with gloom. At the close of the meeting he said to its leader, "You are a German," "Oh, no, a plain American." "But you can speak German?" "Not a sentence." Said the scoffer, "I know German well, am of German descent, and you talked German in this meeting today." All day long he groaned, "Your power is greater than my power. I could have no power over you." A little later he, too, surrendered to the power of God and became His happy child. Incidents like these could be greatly multiplied. These are but illustrative serving to show what God can do with "tongues," when He chooses. The gift in the hands of the Church is only in its infancy. In the burst of joy and gladness that have come with it, perhaps our patient loving Lord sees we have temporarily been occupied with the gift more than with the Giver. He will adjust us, for He has *come to stay.* When adjusted to Him and lower at His feet, He can develop more fully in us this and all the other gifts that come in its train, for we see at Pentecost tongues was the introduction of the nine gifts of the Spirit (1 Cor. 12:5-10). *There is no mention of them until after speaking in tongues.* So now, in the beginning of the Latter Rain nobody thought of holding by faith in God for the nine gifts of the Spirit till after Pentecost and tongues began to fall on the waiting companies. In fact, what has materialized of these gifts—discernment, casting out of demons, gifts of faith, of healings, of miracles, the word of wisdom, word of knowledge, etc., etc.—is but the whetting of the edge of our faith. What we shall see if we sink low enough and *keep* low enough before God! It is the possibilities of faith calling to the bride-soul, "Put on thy strength O Zion," (spirit-

itual Zion, which *must* precede literal Zion), "put on thy beautiful garments. . . . Loose thyself from the bonds of thy neck." For she is only a seeming captive. Her day has come. It is the day of the latter rain. God hath loosed her. It is a broken yoke upon her neck, he has only to—by faith—shake it off and possess herself of her possessions! Her hour has struck! The full Pentecost, with its nine full-blown gifts of the Spirit, its exquisite adornings of the nine fruits of the Spirit (Gal. 5:22, 23) is awaiting her if she will in faith's adventurousness overtake it. God is immutable in the *pattern* of His grace. "What they had in that Jerusalem chamber at Pentecost is an unchanged gift throughout the dispensation. "The promise is unto you and to your children and to all that are afar off, even to as many as the Lord our God shall call." Acts 2:39. "I know that whatsoever God doeth *it shall be forever*, nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it. God doeth it that men should fear before Him." Eccl. 3:14. "For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." Rom. 2:29. It is impossible to deny that there were baptisms of the Holy Ghost or infillings of the Holy Ghost throughout Christian history, that were not crowned with tongues, but ever after the Jerusalem baptism, had they persistently tarried for the fulness of that pattern God would not have denied Himself and His promises and refused it to them. But they, with Acts 2:39 in their grasp have been like Joash, King of Israel (2 Kings 13: 17-19) when the prophet put the arrow in his hands which was to be "the arrow of the Lord's deliverance and the arrow of deliverance from Syria, for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphex *till* thou have *consumed* them." With half-hearted zeal he smote thrice and stayed and the man of God was wroth with him and said, "Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times: then thou hadst smitten Syria *till* thou hadst consumed it, whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." Oh, that blessed going-through-spirit so emphasized in this passage by the little word "till." "Smite *till* thou hast consumed them." "Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times . . . *till* thou hadst consumed." "Until" is the word of command with which God armed his church at the beginning, "Tarry ye at Jerusalem *until* ye be endued with power from on high." They had only to obey the word "until" to the point of God's arresting them with a fullness that could tarry no longer because they *knew* the enduement had come. Said a Christian mother to her daughter who in tarrying for a year and a half in persistent obedi-

ence to this command in Luke 24:49, had experienced dazzling visions, extraordinary anointings and new mighty power in service, "Rachel, why do you still look for tongues? All do *not* receive tongues." "No, mother, I know all do not receive tongues, but I shall receive tongues for the Word says, 'these signs shall follow them that believe, they shall speak with new tongues' (Mark 16:17) and, mother, *I believe*." According to her faith it was done to her. In the fulness of her tarrying God filled His earthen vessel with an overflow of His Spirit and spoke "for Himself" through her as in Jerusalem at the first in tongues.

But is "tongues" a finis? No, a genesis. "In the beginning" on a new plane, they speak with tongues, and then they go on—!!! How fast they can grow when God has His further fuller possession of the whole being! Make mistakes? Oh dear, yes! Likely to make a great many! for the simplest lessons now have to be learned over again *on another plane*. The Christian life is always a sum in reduction, "He must increase. I must decrease," but we apprehend this truth more clearly on this new plane. The new plane is a higher plane of blessedness and a lower plane of humility.

May the writer add a few words of personal experience? As soon as God had, for the first time, gotten the right of way through her and begun to speak considerably at length from her in tongues when the operation of the Spirit stopped she was astonished at the heaven that followed all through her being and exclaimed, "Now I understand why all these people who speak in tongues are so eager to have everyone else speak!" 'Tis as if they were feasting at a most sumptuous banquet and calling to their fellows sitting in rows at tables of plain and meagre fare, "Come over here! Come over here!" The second experience following was of the immense *plungency* of the *Word of God*. Every letter was golden and so *loaded*! Then, with each season of "speaking in tongues" came the blessedness of humiliating decapitation. One never knows exactly "where you are at." Held so sweetly in leading strings. It is the old story over again, but vastly more profoundly of "the donkey with the nose-rope." One end of the rope is attached to a hole bored in the donkey's nose, the other is in the Master's hand. Donkey goes whichever way he feels his nose twitched. Objection: "But I believe in using my own brains!" Do you? I believe in letting the Master use them or not as He will. And now He can use them when He pleases! And multiply them ad-libitum! and

how He can let them remain quiescent and rise from the innermost being ("out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water"). "He shall testify of me"—and He does, in tongues; then following we "also shall bear witness." John 15:26-27.

Well, I am glad this is your inheritance I am speaking about in this article; your inheritance signed and sealed away to you in the blood of the Son of God. "The promise of the Father" yet never available till "Jesus, being by the right

hand of God exalted, received it of the Father . . . and shed forth this which ye now see and hear." Acts 2:33.

Want it? The table is spread. Step up and help yourself.

The above article by Miss Sisson will be put in tract form. Can be had either of Miss Sisson, 17 Jay St., New London, Conn., or Evangel Publishing House. Price 3 for 5c, 12 for 15c, 100 for \$1.00. Add 15c for postage on 100 lots.

How Pentecost Came To Calcutta

Max Wood Moorhead



WHILE the Spirit was being poured out in Latter Rain with the sign of tongues upon a company of lowly people in Los Angeles, California, I was crossing the ocean from New York to England on a trans-Atlantic liner. This was in April 1906. I did not hear of the outpouring until several months later. Shortly after my arrival in London I was awakened to an intense hunger for more of the Spirit of Jesus and was convicted of unlikeness to Him. I remember that I wrote a letter to the most spiritually-minded man in London that I knew, entreating him to pray for me. It has occurred to me since then, that with this marvelous outpouring of the Holy Ghost as on the Day of Pentecost, the members of the Body of Christ scattered throughout the entire world must have felt a thrill of life.

The following August, when in Colombo, Ceylon, a missionary told me that someone in California had spoken in tongues and I said, "If this is true, the gift of tongues will become the heritage of the Church just as in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century divine healing became the heritage of the Church." At that time it had not occurred to me that there is a Scriptural connection between the Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Ghost and the sign of tongues.

During the Christmas holidays in 1906 a company of missionaries and Christian workers assembled in Calcutta from North and West and South and a few came who were resident in Ceylon. The object of this gathering was to wait on the Lord for more spiritual power for service. Pastor Otto Stockmayer was our leader and he expounded the Bible daily to a company of hungry waiting people, whose hunger was not satisfied at the close of these waiting days early in January. And yet it had been profitable to wait in the Spirit of prayer day after day.

At this juncture Mr. and Mrs. Garr appeared in Calcutta, having come direct from Los Angeles, sent, they said by the Spirit of God, With joy and boldness they witnessed to Pentecost, connected with the heaven-born, Spirit-inspired utterance in tongues. The members of the group who had been waiting on God daily, received the witness which these friends brought, except the leader, who rejected it.

A resident of Calcutta said to me, "Mr. and Mrs. Garr are earnest people but they are a little off the lines: you take your Bible and go and put them straight." So I called on them, but when Brother Garr and I got down to pray the Spirit gave him utterance in tongues which was accompanied with such a manifestation of the glorious presence of our Omnipotent God that one felt like Jacob at Bethel when he exclaimed, "This is the Gate of Heaven." I came away feeling I had made a mistake and that I was the one who needed to get on New Testament lines!

Amongst the number of seekers was Pastor Hook of the Carey Baptist Chapel in Bow Bazaar. William Carey had preached in this chapel one hundred years ago and Mr. and Mrs. Garr were invited to hold meetings in this historic building, which was situated in a beautiful grove: immediately in the rear of the chapel was the parsonage. I had never up to this time witnessed such manifestations of God's presence and power as were given in this series of meetings. In one of the earlier ones of the series, after a quiet Bible talk given by Brother Garr, a spirit of intense conviction seized some who were present. A young British soldier was suddenly made conscious of a dishonorable transaction many years before, and after confessing a wrong he had done and promising the Lord to make restitution, he dropped suddenly on the floor as if he had been shot. A lady missionary was seen to grow pale as she made a humiliating

confession. A young man, an Indian, confessed as if his heart had been wrung, to a sin revolting as well as shocking in its wickedness. Confession of sin was a marked feature of these early meetings. A middle-aged man confessed that he had deserted from the British Army as a lad: his conscience gave him no rest until he had confessed to Government Headquarters and had offered to make restitution.

On one occasion the Spirit was felt in the Carey Chapel like a rushing, mighty wind; and night after night scenes were witnessed which reminded one of what one had read of the ministry of the Wesleys and Whitefield and Jonathan Edwards during the Eighteenth Century. People screamed and groaned under the preaching they heard, and some acted as if they thought the judgment day had actually come and as though they saw flames bursting forth from the bottomless pit. At other times sobs and groans, wailing and weeping, were mingled with triumphant shouts and sounds of hallelujahs, and these sounds blending simultaneously made the din terrific.

Hymns of praise were mainly sung and hymns which exalted the Person of Jesus rather than hymns of experience to which most of us had been habituated. Many confessed to having found peace through believing, and there were some marked supernatural manifestations. I remember to have seen a sister in the meeting enveloped in rose colored light while she sang a hymn whose melody was so unearthly in its sweetness that it seemed to come from heaven. Dreams were related of a prophetic character and visions of Jesus were granted to a favored few.

The band of seekers waited on from day to day expecting the "promise of the Father" and they were not disappointed. Crowds of people visited the Carey Chapel, many of whom came to scoff and to criticize. The persecution which attended this work of grace was severe and unrelenting; and alas! opposition and persecution proceeded from individuals who bore the name of Christian. Under the operation of the blessed Holy Spirit seekers would be prostrated and others would lie in a trance, while the preaching continued at intervals. I have seen visitors walk around the room and stare at seekers, acting like people in a theatre who hold their lorgnettes to their eyes as they view the shifting scenes of comedy. On one occasion the criticism was audible, when a Church of England clergyman in the midst of a meeting suddenly announced, "This thing is unscriptural and must stop!"

But the meetings did not stop: on the contrary God's people went from strength to strength and from victory to victory. However, so persistent were the attempts to frustrate the plans of God that it was considered wise to change to a place of meeting where things could be kept more completely under control. Accordingly, in February a commodious house in Creek Row was hired and though enemies followed us even to this private house, several of the seekers came through into Pentecost with the sign of tongues; the spirit of prayer and praise increased and the Gospel message continued to be rung out.

Early in March 1907 most of the seekers outside of Calcutta returned to their respective stations, and gradually the fire spread to nearly all the provinces of the Empire. There have been witnesses to Pentecost amongst those resident in Bengal, Bombay Presidency, Madras Presidency, Central Provinces, United Provinces, Orissa and the North-West Frontier Province. About ten times as many Indians as Anglo Saxons have received the baptism. Amongst Indians who have received are those belonging to various countries whose vernaculars are: Bengali, Oriyan, Tamil, Telegu, Badaga, Bhil Malayalam, Kanarese, Marathi, Gujerathi, Hindi and Hindustani.

"And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four living creatures and in the midst of the elders stood a Lamb as it had been slain And they sung a new song, saying Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation."



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