



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine
 EARNESTLY CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS

The Unpardonable Sin

Startling Examples of Resisting the Holy Ghost.

Evangelist A. G. Jeffries in Dallas, Texas, June 6. 1915.



AM going to preach tonight on "The Unpardonable Sin," a sin when once committed there is no hope of the soul so doing ever recovering itself. I will tell you what the sin is, how and when committed, and how you may know when you have committed it. I shall speak from two texts tonight; the first in John 5:16 and the second in Matt. 12:31, 32.

There is a difference between the "Sin unto death," I John, 5:16, and "The blasphemy" against the Holy Ghost, found in Matthew 12:31, 32. "The sin" can be committed by a refusal to act or yield, while blasphemy can only be committed by thought, writing or word. Not many people are guilty of blasphemy, though many are guilty of the "Sin unto death." A man may reject the last call of the Holy Ghost and be far from blasphemy. My observation has forced me to the conclusion that the greater number who go down, do so under an ultimatum from the Holy Ghost. He forces men and women to give an answer one way or another, some time in life.

In all ages of the world good and wise men have believed that patience ceases to be a virtue even with God. They have believed that the created may trifle with the affections of the Creator until the Creator will cut the binding cord and let the created drift to its own eternal undoing.

The first question that will come to your mind tonight is this, "Why, Brother Jeffries, is the dignity of the Holy Ghost held above that of the Father or that of the Son?" I answer, "It is not so." But you come back and say, "Why may I, in my bacchanalian folly, call Jesus Christ a bastard and get forgiveness, but why am I stopped from speaking one disparaging word against the Holy Ghost?" That brings us face to face with the subject.

What is the Holy Ghost doing in the world, any how? His work is not creative—in the beginning God made all things. His work is not redemptive—Christ died for all men, but what is He doing in the world, any how?

It is this: When man fell into sin and went away from God, he received a heart of lust, a heart of envy, a heart of murder, a heart of hat-

red, a heart as cold as ice, as hard as adamant, a heart where devils dance and hold high carnival. Hear me, there is but one reconstructive Agent in the universe that can rehabilitate and rebuild that heart, and that being is called the Holy Ghost. God Almighty as the Federal Head does not claim that prerogative. That work peculiarly belongs to the Holy Ghost.

Now, the reason that the Holy Spirit will not take an insult is because He has never obligated Himself to humanity; and yet man's salvation is impossible aside from His divine agency. God has obligated Himself, "A new covenant will I make with you." Christ has obligated Himself, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," but there is not one Scripture in the entire Bible that remotely intimates that the Holy Ghost has ever obligated Himself to lost humanity, and as He has never obligated Himself to you, He won't take an insult from you.

Way back yonder when Time was a baby, when Time had on its swaddling clothes, God said in Genesis 6: 3, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." What did He mean? That man was down and out. What did He mean? That the only reconstructive agent in the universe was, or is, the Holy Spirit. What did He mean? That man had become so devilized that while the Holy Spirit would pull on him the man would pull back. The Greek word is "*agoniethai*," and means to contend for a prize. "My Spirit shall not always 'contend for a prize,'" which means your soul. He meant that there will be a cessation of divine activities. He will leave you stranded and damned and wrecked and ruined forever. Hear me, there never was a crime in this world like resisting the Holy Spirit, as I shall show you before this sermon is closed, God helping me.

John 6: 4 says "No man can come unto Me except My Father draw him." Jesus states specifically that salvation is impossible aside from the agency of the Holy Ghost. God states that the Holy Ghost can be grieved away; He will cease to strive and the work is done and done forever. Hear me, no man, from righteous Abel unto this day, has ever found God except through the agency of the Holy Spirit.

I shall never forget thirty-six years ago, I went to an old-fashioned Southern Methodist meeting with a brown-eyed lass; not giving a

cent in the world for the meeting, but the preacher took this text and started up the grade. He had not preached ten minutes until I took the fidgets and was restless and uneasy. I said to the girl, "He is the gloomiest fellow that I ever heard," but thank God, he knew his business. When the sermon was over, I was not as talkative on the way home as I was coming, but I said, "We will hear him again tomorrow night." Of course it was more to be with the girl than to hear the preacher. That night I said, "Possibly he will give us something cheerful," but something cheerful was something we did not need, and to my blank astonishment he began drilling in the hole where he had left off the night before. When he got through with the sermon I was feeling pretty badly. The old fellow was after oil and he got it. He kept on drilling in the same hole and that night the drill dropped through into my heart and I said, "If this man is a man of God I am damned and wrecked and ruined and lost forever." The girl was nursing my hat. I was nursing a bouquet, and we were both on the road to hell. I threw the flowers down and struck for the altar. The meeting broke up with sixty-six sky-blue converts. What did that? "No man can come unto Me except My Father draw him," and thank God, the Holy Ghost drew me and magnatized me, and I had good sense to act and got a good old case of 90-proof salvation.

The *vis inertia* in every soul is enough to damn it, and the volitional powers to yield are sufficient to save it. I had power to yield and I did yield, praise the Lord. You may sit back there and go to hell like a lady or gentleman if you want to, but remember, God has given you power to yield if you will it so. He is pulling on you, but you have got the volitional power to say no and die and go to hell.

Another Scripture, John 16:8, "The Holy Ghost will convince the world of sin." Did you catch that? Here is one of the most stinging indictments against the human family in the Bible, that we will never be convinced of sin, the heinousness of sin, the ghastliness of sin, the blackness of sin, until shown us by the Holy Ghost.

I remember preaching in a western city, and when I arrived there somebody said, "Brother Jeffries, you have run into it now. There are eight churches and eight saloons in this town. The churches are dead and the saloons are alive; there are a hundred gamblers in this town and an equal number of harlots. You have run into it." I said, "Glory to God; I have a bale of hay

and a tent and will stay as long as I am needed." After I had preached ten to fifteen days, the scarlet district began to turn out, and the gamblers began to turn out, but I could never get them to take seats. The girls came smoking their cigarettes and the gamblers their cigars. The meeting ran on, and one awful night God came upon the scene and gripped everything on the ground. Those Magdalenes slipped in and took the back seats, the gamblers tossed their cigars out in the weeds and sat down. When I called for mourners, five of those Magdalenes came down with their silk skirts swishing, threw up their jewel-bespangled hands and cried from the bottom of their souls and said, "God Almighty, never until tonight have we felt the enormity of our crime, selling our bodies for beer and bread." All those poor heart-broken girls cried from the bottom of their souls, and Jesus swung His chariot low and liberated five of them, thank God! One of them tonight is in Los Angeles fishing men and women out of the cesspools of hell. I spoke of the gamblers—among them was a little crippled gambler who had suffered from white swelling; one of his feet was drawn up from the toe and turned almost backward, the other was drawn up from the heel so he could not touch his toe to the ground. I stayed in the town a month and the gamblers picked up a pretty good acquaintance with me. The gamblers came to me and said, "Brother Jeffries, we wish that little crippled gambler was dead; he is the meanest little devil that ever lived. He won't play fair, he strikes us with his crutches; he is just a little contorted knot of humanity so we cannot hit him." Every night the little gambler came down to meeting. There was a little bench and the little gambler would take that seat, put his crutches across his lap and hear the sermon. I saw for days that the Holy Ghost was striving with him, and one night when the altar was filled the lightning strokes of glory were coming thick and fast, and I saw the gambler weeping. I walked out of the tent, out to the tree where he was and laid my hand on his shoulder. I said, "Darling boy, it strikes me you need God." He said, "Preacher, I need something I haven't got." I said, "Come on, lad," and without a word he picked up his crutches and went into the tent. He was crippled so badly he couldn't kneel, so he placed his crutches by the mourners' bench and sat down. I laid my hands on his little devilized head and held them there until salvation came down and glory crowned the mercy-seat. When the glory struck him, he said, "Preacher, kneel down, I

can't get up, I want to hug you," and I did. About two nights later the little gambler came down to the altar and sat on the altar. He said, "Preacher, I want to be wholly sanctified, I want the baptism of the Holy Ghost." I blessed God and said, "I will stick to you," and laid my hands on his head, and he received the Holy Ghost. Then, the strangest thing I ever knew in my life took place. He was supporting a widowed mother by gambling; had no other resources under heaven. God never moved a temptation to keep a man from falling; God never moved a saloon to keep men from drunkenness; He proposes to meet the issue with grace. God knew that the temptation for gambling would come back when the pinch came, when poverty came. God knew he could not do manual labor, and the little fellow on the night he received the Holy Ghost took sick and went to bed. In my evening prayer (Christians will understand me) the Lord said, "I will hold him down, if you will keep him up until he goes." After the meeting I kept sending him money. The last post office order I sent him was for \$13.30, and the last letter I received from him said, "Brother Jeffries, when the money order fell on my breast I couldn't help shouting a while before I read your letter." The next letter was from his mother and said that little Sammy had died shouting and had gone home to glory. What did that? The Holy Ghost convinced him of sin. Hear me, you know and I know He could have resisted and said "No," and died in his sins, but remember, the Holy Ghost will turn pressure on enough for you to yield under it and no more; otherwise salvation would be compulsory. We are all Calvinistic enough to believe that God would knock the whole world down and make them be saved, but where would the glory be, where would the choice be? Where would human free agency come in? I say the Holy Ghost strives sufficiently for you to yield and if you do not, He then, as I shall show later, leaves you and the work is done and done forever.

Another Scripture, Heb. 2:7: "Today if you hear His voice, harden not your hearts." To illustrate, take a piece of sealing wax, such as our wives and daughters used before the self-sealing Mason jars came in, hold it to the light and it will melt readily. Let it cool off, try it again and it takes one and three-fourth degrees more heat to melt the second time. Let it cool off, try it again and it takes three and seven-tenths more heat to melt it the third time. Let it cool off and it takes five and a half more de-

grees to melt it the fourth time. I can repeat the process until it would lay all night on a white-heated stove and won't melt at all. Why? The melting qualities have been burned out of it. Pneumatology (the science that treats of spiritual essences) teaches that there are molecules in the spiritual realm as well as in the natural world. The conscience is composed of such particles. Under conviction, these particles are brought to a state of feverish excitement and guilty restlessness. If the soul does not yield while under this pressure, there will come a cooling off, and it will take a greater conviction to bring that soul even up to a state of former seriousness. This may be repeated until by this process of calcination the conscience may be entirely burned out. See Eph. 4: 19; Rom. 1: 28; I Tim. 4: 2.

If there is a doctor here, he will bear me out in this statement, that if any man has ever had brain fever real badly he will never have the mental acumen and mental penetration that he had before, because the molecules of the brain have been greatly impaired. If ever he has it the second time, it will be a wonder if he is not a mental imbecile. Every time you get convicted and do not yield, it burns out part of your territory and you are bound to act on a lesser conviction than you did before, because you have not the territory for him to work on. If you do not yield the second time, you have lost more territory, and the conviction must be limited in proportion to the territory burned out. I know of men who would write their check for \$10,000 if they could feel once more what they formerly felt; I know of women who would give their jewelry and wardrobes if they could feel again what they once felt. I tell you the Holy Ghost has given every man in this world, and is giving every man, a more than fair chance for his soul.

Now, there are two ways to commit this sin. One is gradually, as the conviction weakens like the wax hardening under the heat, until every molecule is burned out. The other is, God may turn on one man more pressure in one hour than He has turned on another man in forty years, and the man may commit it in ten minutes; while another man has not committed it in forty years.

Preaching way down at Corrigan, Texas, in a Methodist church, on one occasion, the pastor and I were walking out one morning to the church, when an old man rode out of the pines, dismounted and nervously tied his little mule to a dogwood bush. The preacher said "Look! I'll guarantee that old man hasn't been in church

for forty years. He is an old timber thief and a hog thief. He will swear a man into the penitentiary to get him out of the country. He is the meanest man this country has ever had to deal with. What do you suppose ever brought him to the church?" I said, "I don't know anything about the old man." He took his old walking-stick and came, pump, pump, down the aisle of the church, sat down on the front seat, put his stick under his chin, and during the sermon he looked up and said, "God Almighty, I guess I'm the meanest old man that ever lived, but if You will take me, I will be very much obliged to You." And God wonderfully saved that old man at eighty-two years of age. Now catch this, a man of eighty years is as easily saved as a girl of twelve, if his conscience has not been burned out. The whole thing depends upon how much territory you have lost and what has been the insult to the Holy Ghost.

In that same revival, we were guests of a merchant, Ben Calise; you will catch that is French, of course. Calise had come out of Louisiana over into Texas. His mother had died and his father, an old gentleman of seventy-eight, was living with him. They were Catholics, but the old gentleman attended the meeting regularly. Every night his face got darker and darker and I saw that God was pulling on him. One morning early he came to my room and said, "I am ready to join the church this morning." I said, "Why, father?" He answered, "When I first heard you preach, I began to feel dreadfully bad and it got worse and worse. There were not any priests in town so I thought I would pray for myself. I went to praying at ten last night and prayed until two this morning. And at two o'clock the room lit up as light as an arc light and the prettiest man I ever saw walked up and touched me. I never got so happy in my life. He had holes in His hands, holes in His feet, and when He pulled His robe to one side, I saw a hole in His side." As mean as that old priest-ridden Catholic was (he had never heard anything but Italian cant and such fool stuff as transsubstantiation), he yielded, thank God, on the first opportunity.

But now I will swing to the antipodes. One night, near the city of Bonham, Texas, three young men rode out from town, came in and took back seats. They were nice boys, and during the sermon one said, "I've got to do one of three things. I've got to go to that mourners' bench, fall dead between the seats, or get out from here." (The devil will always help his own.) One boy said, "Let's get out of here."

He went out, leaned up against his saddle and said, "Boys, you don't know how God is pulling on me tonight. I never felt this way before. Boys, I ought to go back and go to that mourners' bench. Boys, I tell you, God is pulling on me." The boys threw him in his saddle and said, "Let's go home." Out into the September breezes they went, that was on Saturday night, and on Monday night, two nights later, he died in awful agony. He called the same boys around him and said, "Boys, you don't know that you helped to damn me the other night, but you did. I am not going to ask God to save me now. There never was a mortal that insulted the Holy Ghost like I did the other night. I am going to die now and go to hell and never ask God to save me, for He pulled on me strong enough the other night to save a hundred men." Then he screamed, "Bind me, devils, and take me," and died in awful agony. Hear me, he committed this sin in twenty-five minutes. The insult is proportioned to the amount of conviction—I mean the insult to the Holy Ghost is measured by your resistance. I feel that some one may go over the falls tonight. God is going to make His last pull on somebody here tonight.

One night in a camp meeting of six or eight thousand people, an old man, with hair as white as snow, came down to the altar, his old knees cracked as he walked. I said, "Father, what do you want?" "I would like to be saved," he answered. "Have you any conviction?" "None whatever, sir." "How came you here?" "I have a mental conception of a spiritual defect. I know I must be lost if what you say is true, though I do not feel it." I sat down by his side and said, "Did you ever have any conviction?" "Oh, God, yes, fifty-five years ago. My father was a Cumberland Presbyterian; we were well-to-do people. My father called two preachers to the church to hold a meeting, and it seemed to me that I would die if I did not give my heart to God during that meeting. On one Sunday afternoon, I went to the fodder loft and fought the thing back. Something said I was too young to get religion. (Anything to drag your soul down to hell.) Something said, 'You will have to break with the boys.' I had fought the thing back, and about an hour before sun down I looked out between the logs and said, 'Now, I have got to go down, fodder the cattle and feed the horses.' I rolled up my sleeves and said to the Holy Ghost, 'I will not have religion during this meeting,' and something snapped, like the uncaging of a bird, and said, 'Good day, sir.'" And then he said,

"Preacher, I have never felt a religious impulse from that minute to this." I said, "Old man, God knows I am sorry for you, but you are just as good for hell as if you were there now." What is the sin against Jesus Christ? Is it not rejecting Him as a Savior? What is the sin against the Holy Ghost? Is it not saying no to His ultimatum? He offers His ultimatum to every soul sometime in life. When He offered it to that old man, he rejected it. He went back, fell in his seat and died later and went out into the dark. So you can go too far with this thing.

I preached this sermon one night in Eastern Texas in the Christian church, the house was full, the yard was full, the windows were full, and there was hardly standing room. The next morning two men came down to get some brick. One was pitching them up to the man on the wagon and he was receiving them. The man on the ground turned and looked down a while and the other said, "What are you thinking about?" "I'm thinking about that sermon last night," he answered. "Well, what do you think about it?" "That man is right about it. I committed this damnable sin about sixteen years ago." When you commit it gradually, like the wax burning out, you will enjoy the sensual life, but when you commit it instantly, you will always know you have done it. The man said, "I have lived in hell sixteen years. I had never been a church-goer in my life, but the Methodists were holding a revival in town, and I went down one night. There must have been seventy-five shouting at one time. I had had a difficulty with a man in the neighborhood and wouldn't make up with him. Don't tell me a sinner can't hear the Holy Ghost speak; I heard it, as plain as I ever heard my mother's voice, say, 'If you will go and fix it up with that man tomorrow, I will save you both.' I said I would do it, so the next morning I bridled and saddled my horse and was in the act of mounting, when something said, 'You are just afraid of him.' (This was the old devil. Millions are in hell tonight, having been led there by the devil simply calling them cowards.) I led the horse back in the lot. I went to church again that night and I heard

the same voice, though not half as plain, 'If you will go and fix it up with that man, I will save you both.' I began to get scared, for I knew the voice was receding and was leaving, possibly forever. I said I would do it, so I got my horse and was in the act of mounting, when something said, 'He has wronged you.' (The old devil is resourceful, for if he can't win on one argument, he will on the other.) I said the man had really wronged me, so turned my horse back in the lot and went back to church that night for the last time. There must have been a hundred shouting that night. I heard that voice and I knew I would never hear it again until eternity, if I disobeyed that time. 'If you will go and fix it up with that man, I will save you both.' I put in the most wretched night of my life. Early next morning I saddled my horse again and said, 'You may laugh if you want to,' but I could not mount. (Do you know you can give your will power away to the devil until you cannot act. I have heard people say, "I wanted to come to the altar, but could not get up to save my life.") I started back to the lot and something said, 'good bye.' Hell rolled in my breast and I have lived in hell for sixteen years and will go there when I die. The man is right. I committed that sin and I know when I did it."

Right there is the philosophy of suicide, that is why so many people are taking their own lives. The Holy Spirit had ceased to strive; that is why they are swallowing carbolic acid, blowing out their brains, etc., to get rid of misery, and yet they leap into ten thousand times worse woes. There may be a state of mental agony, with no disposition to get to God. See Rev. 16:9.

God is on your track; you cannot sin against Him with impunity. Where is that man here tonight that God is pulling on right now? He is getting his last call. Where is that man? Again, God is showing that some girl is going to die soon; that God is making His last call. Hear me again, there is a sinner here that must have God. Brother, this is the last night that God will ever open negotiations with you; it is to capitulate tonight or never.

Miraculously Healed of a Deadly Disease



ANY good, well-meaning Christians are failing God because they are guilty of the sin of omission. They do not do any wrong, live clean, moral lives but they are not aggressive for God

and not co-operating with Him for the salvation of souls.

When this state of affairs exists it takes a "jolt" to make them realize they are born into the kingdom for a purpose.

Some years ago a man and his wife gave their hearts to God, but failures of leaders and disappointments had caused them to lose faith and they drifted; they did not attend any church services, neglected their devotions and were careless and indifferent. But a praying mother held them before God that He might make them useful as He counts values.

In June, 1915, the jolt came into the lives of these two, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, that made them realize their need of God spiritually and physically. For weeks Mr. Cartwright felt all energy and ambition was gone; work was an effort. Then suddenly he became very ill. His body began to swell and the doctor said he had cirrhosis of the liver; that the liver was dried up and the blood could no longer pass through, consequently it turned to water and became a form of dropsy. The doctor ordered him to bed immediately. The day he went to bed the Spirit spoke to his mother and told her he was sick; she visited her son and found him in this serious condition. She requested prayer of the church and a few days after several of the brethren went to see him and pray with him and he got immediate relief. Some of the symptoms passed away.

After he had been in bed for a week the doctor called on him and wanted to get a specialist but he refused. He had not taken any medicine since the brethren had prayed for him. His body was badly swollen but the doctor said he could keep him alive for a few months by tapping him every week or ten days. Otherwise the water would crowd up around his heart and smother him to death, so ultimately there was no hope of his recovery. He allowed the doctor to tap him once and then stepped out fully for God. He felt that since there was nothing before him but death from a human standpoint, there was nothing left for him to do but to trust the Lord; that by so doing he had nothing to lose and all to gain. Earnest prayers were continually offered up in his behalf at the church and in the homes of the workers.

Immediately after his body was tapped he again began to swell, becoming larger all the time until he was twice his normal size; even the soles of his feet were so swollen it was impossible for him to stand on them. He was upheld in prayer by visits from consecrated workers, and his godly mother, and he and his wife had full assurance of victory even when the symptoms became more alarming every day.

For six weeks the swelling increased until it seemed his body would burst.

His tongue during that time was like a piece of brown leather and the mucous membrane of his mouth began to bleed. It became almost impossible for him to move without becoming suffocated, he was so large. Sometimes he would have smothering spells because of the water crowding around his heart, but a call on the telephone and united prayer would invariably bring relief.

One of the last symptoms of the disease, according to medical authorities was a wax-like appearance; his mother not knowing this, came in one day and said, "You look just like wax." When his disease was at its height a little boy seven years old had intercession for him during the night. The next morning he said to his father, "Daddy, that man will be surprised when he gets awake; he will find himself healed." That morning he woke up without a bit of pain and jumped out of bed easily, and said to his wife, "I just feel as if I am healed this morning." The neighbors looked on with deep interest; one, a Catholic, said, "Well, if Cartwright gets over this I will believe." He had such a determination to go through and trust God, living or dying, he told his wife that if he got to the place where he didn't know what he was doing she should not allow them to give him anything.

After six weeks in which his body became increasingly larger, the swelling began to decrease. When the doctor first tapped him, he drew from him thirteen pints of water, but this was the result of only one week's swelling. After six weeks of swelling the Lord wrought a miracle and healed him, and in eight weeks from the time he was taken sick he was able to attend the divine healing meeting at the Stone Church. He is perfectly healed today.

During the days when their faith was tested to the limit God was dealing with them along spiritual lines. Feelings that had been lying dormant for many years were stirred to their deepest depths and a great longing came into their souls for God's best. They earnestly sought and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and the Bible has become a new Book to them. Their home at 4340 Carroll Avenue is a transformed one. They realize the hand of the Lord was upon them for good and thank Him that He permitted this sickness to come upon them, for through it they really learned to know Him.

Miracles of Grace on the Tibetan Border

"My Heart was Black as Night, but now it is White as Snow!"

W. W. Simpson at the North Avenue Mission, October 21, 1915.



WHEN it came time for me to leave China this last time, my heart was filled with sorrow. I had learned within the last three years that inexpressible joy of having the Lord stand side by side with me, and the power of the Holy Ghost in me, using my hands and my feet, and my voice to do His will, to give His messages and to bring salvation, healing and the baptism in the Holy Ghost to multitudes of people, and it is inexpressible joy.

I just want to give you some real facts, not theories. Praise God I am through with theories and have got down to solid facts. I had a lot of theories in the old days of my missionary career. They were based on the Word of God, but there was something lacking. The theories were hard to translate into facts, but when the Holy Spirit came in, that was the most tremendous fact to me. What took place on the fifth day of May, 1912, was simply this, as Paul describes it in Gal. 2:20: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

I want to tell you some of the facts since the Lord has been working with me. Paul said, "I will not dare to speak of any of those things which Christ hath not wrought by me." So I will speak of those things which Christ has wrought in me. I am convinced the secret of power is "No longer *I* but *Christ*." After I received the baptism in the Spirit the Lord opened the way for me to go around to all the mission stations of the C. & M. A. and give this teaching, and Pentecost swept right through the Alliance field. Nearly all the leaders among the Chinese Christians received the baptism in the Holy Ghost according to Acts 2, and all the leading church members, that is all the spiritual ones visited all the Alliance missions on the Tibetan border and Pentecost came in every station, until there were between fifty and sixty who had received the full baptism, speaking in other tongues, and more than that number who had the power of the Spirit upon them. Then the Lord opened the way, although I could not see how it could be done, but He opened the way for me to give my testimony in three

stations of the China Inland Mission in the province of Kansu. It is hard to describe the way we go about it in China. It is not so much exhorting people as in America. It is just telling the story of Jesus Christ crucified for our sins, buried, raised from the dead, ascending unto the Father, sending forth the Holy Spirit, and coming again to be the judge of the quick and the dead. I gave this teaching there in the city of Lanchau, capital of the province of Kansu, told how the Early Church received the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and held this up as a standard for us today, and after I had finished the Spirit fell on one and another. One boy was under the power of the Spirit for four or five hours, and the Spirit through him rebuked sin and lukewarmness in many of the church members. The leader of the church there needed to get right with God before the Spirit could do His full work. We stayed up that night (Saturday night) until about two o'clock in the morning. On Sunday morning I was very tired, having been preaching for a week, and as I stepped up on the platform, feeling weary in body and mind, it seemed as if the Lord Himself stood beside me and whispered in my ear: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." I took the hymn book and read two or three verses, and the Spirit fell over that audience. They broke out crying all over the house, and without my saying a word they dropped down on their knees, weeping, confessing, and crying out to God for more than an hour. Some had visions of the Lord Jesus. One brother saw the Lord Jesus come in at the door and walk up the aisle of the church; another had a vision of the Lord Jesus nailed on the cross; another had a vision of the "Lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Oh the Lord Jesus had His way there! One woman confessed everything and she was filled with joy. She burst forth, praising God in laughter. A heathen slave girl who had never been in the meeting before, sat right behind her. That girl saw a light like the sun on the back of this woman who was filled with joy. Oh it was a wonderful time! with almost no word from me. Nine men and women gave themselves to the Lord, and from that time I saw the Lord was working with me. It is impossible to express what it means to me. I had worked in China for twenty years, trying my best to get

people to turn from idols to the living God and wait for His Son from heaven, and by dint of hard work and perseverance, and using all my powers of eloquence and learning, I had gotten a few to accept the Lord in a kind of intellectual way, but this meeting was the Lord's doings when He got this man nailed to the cross. It was the Lord's doings and it was marvelous in our eyes.

I will tell you about a meeting we had in a little upper room in one of the out stations. We appointed a three days' meeting there and the Spirit fell in mighty power. It was on a market day, and our hall was right in the center of the market place. There were fully ten thousand people right there on the four sides of the hall; the windows were open and the Spirit fell in that upper room. Some were lying on the floor, some standing up in the power of the Spirit just as though they were nailed to the cross. I remember there was one sister just filled with the Spirit standing in the form of a cross. Once in a while she would point to the nail prints in His hands and feet and side, without a word. There was a young, Tibetan priest twenty-six years old, a big, strong, healthy-looking young man with a determined will that had never been broken—he had been reading the Tibetan Buddhist classics, was a priest in league with the devil; by demon power he could produce rain and was making his living through the exercise of demon power. This was the first meeting he was ever in; some of his relatives were Christians and they asked him to come. He came that day, walked in and sat down carelessly on a seat, looked around unconcerned at first. He saw this woman standing there, heard one or two praying, and some one else singing a song full of joy and rejoicing. Nobody said a word to him. He sat there very quietly for fifteen or twenty minutes, then suddenly jumped from his seat, dropped on his knees, raised his hands and face toward heaven and cried out, "Lord, save me!" and continued that for a half hour until the people in the whole market place heard it. This was the Lord's doings. The tears were just streaming down his face. He was a man who was not afraid of any one; he was not afraid of God, but oh when he got in the presence of God! He afterwards told us what was the matter. He said he saw himself in a vision standing on a little bit of solid ground, and all about him were great chasms and abysses, the ground moving and dissolving just ready to drop into the depths, and he cried out, "Lord, save me!" Oh it takes the power of God to do

that. I had never seen anything like it before in all my twenty years of missionary experience. When the Holy Ghost comes in and the church is the temple of the Holy Ghost and He has His way, then things move.

I went to another station of the China Inland Mission, away up on the northwest of China, almost out to Chinese Turkestan. The missionary there had invited me, but he was opposed to the speaking in tongues, and so because of this the Spirit didn't get His full sway, but as far as He could He confirmed the word with signs following. There was a blind Christian there who had never seen the light of the sun, and one day while I was telling about the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, this blind man saw a light come into the church and shine in the midst of the assembly; he gave testimony to what he had seen. Another day I was quoting that marvelous passage in I Corinthians, 6:19, 20, a man who had been a Christian for twenty-five years, an earnest, consecrated man who went about all that region selling portions of Scripture—when I quoted that Scripture he saw the Lord Jesus standing beside me on the platform, saw Him plain as day with his eyes wide open. Do you think he can ever forget that passage of Scripture?

Last March I visited a mission station in the Shansi Province. The missionary there is Stanley P. Smith, a graduate of Cambridge University, one of the famous Cambridge Seven that went out in 1895 with the China Inland Mission. He and his wife received the baptism four years ago but because of certain conditions the work has not gone forward as it should. He heard how the Lord was working with me and my wife, and invited us there to hold meetings. We went and I gave just the simple teaching of the Scripture. I didn't theorize at all, just took the Word of God that on the day of Pentecost they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues. We do not need to theorize on that; it is all straight and plain. They just fell right in line and began to seek, and the Holy Spirit fell in mighty power. One evening I spoke from the thief on the cross. You know Jesus said to His disciples before He went to the cross, "Whosoever will come after Me let him take up his cross and follow Me." When they went out of Pilate's hall, Pilate gave Him over to the will of the Jews and they led Him forth. They picked up a cross, laid it on the shoulder of Jesus and He carried it. There were two men following Him, bearing crosses,

but they were not His disciples; they were two thieves. They went outside the city wall to that place of a skull, and there they stripped them of their clothes and nailed them to the crosses. They raised up the crosses and set them in the holes in the ground. There were three crosses, but not one of the disciples carried a cross, not one. Why was it? Oh, we say; it is because Jesus bore the cross in our stead. He was bearing, not His own cross, but yours and mine. But those two thieves, one on the right hand and one on the left— one railed at Him and said, "Save yourself and save us." But the other said, "Dost Thou not fear God seeing thou art in the same condemnation, and we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done nothing wrong." Then he turned and said, "Remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." And the Lord said, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." He had taken his place with Christ, and I showed them that evening how that was the place for all of us. If Jesus hadn't died on that central cross we should all have to die, because it is written in the law, "Cursed is every one that hangeth upon a tree." I said, "We must take our places with this thief on the cross. We indeed justly receive the due reward of our deeds." After I had finished we got on our knees and the cross was manifested in seven or eight different persons that night. One woman jumped up and rushed out into the aisle and fell down in the shape of a cross, with her fingers turned into the palm of the hands, and her feet fixed in the shape of a cross. Another old lady over eighty years of age, jumped up and said, "Nail me to the cross." She waited a while and burst out speaking in tongues. A young man, teacher of the Boys' School, was kneeling in the back. Somebody went to him, laid their hands on him in the name of the Lord, the Spirit fell on him and he arose, walked with closed eyes up the aisle in front of the platform and began speaking in tongues. There were several chairs and other furniture there, but he walked around them with his eyes closed. After he finished he turned around and went back to his place. There was a brother on the platform and he stepped out and then the interpretation was given, "The precious blood was shed for me." Oh I know beyond the shadow of a doubt what it means that the blood must first be applied and then the oil. The oil is not permitted to be put on the flesh, it must be applied to the blood. You know that wonderful passage in Acts 2:38—I am sorry there is so much contro-

versy over that verse at the present time. It is one of the most precious verses in the Bible to me, and it is a verse the Lord has used in China perhaps more than any other in the Pentecostal work: "Peter said unto them, repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Now I am not going into the question of the name of Jesus tonight, but I am going into the matter of the meaning of baptism. Baptism is simply consenting to the cross, consenting to be crucified with Christ. "Know ye not that as many as were baptized into Christ were baptized into His death?" It is simply this: because He loved us He took our cross, the nails pierced His hands and His feet for you and for me. Now what does He want us to do? Before He bore the cross for His disciples, He told them to take up their cross, but after His crucifixion we do not find that word, "Take up thy cross." What do we find instead of it? "Baptized into His death." Baptism simply means there is nothing good in me. I ought to be nailed to the cross like that thief was; that ought to be the due reward for me, but Jesus bore it, and He says now to be baptized is passing into His death—buried with Him by baptism into His death; His death becomes my death, it covers me from top to toe when I come to the conclusion that there is nothing good in me. That is what we mean by saying "under the blood." The blood means the death of Jesus Christ.

In the sixteenth chapter of Mark it says, "They shall cast out devils." I want to tell you how the Holy Spirit is working on this line since the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We were holding meetings three years ago last September, just a few months after I had received the baptism, in what was once a Tibetan Buddhist temple, across the border. We bought the place and made a mission station there. My wife was leading a meeting for the women, and after talking with them for a while they went to prayer. She said to a young woman there, "You also pray to Jesus." That was the first meeting that young woman had ever been in. As soon as she mentioned the name of Jesus, that woman jumped up and ran out and down towards the river. Her husband followed her, caught her, bound her with a chain and brought her back into our midst. He told us then she had been demon-possessed for two years. In America they would call her insane, but out there where they know better, they call them demon-possessed. You see how in her case the mention

of the name of Jesus aroused the demon. There were demon-possessed people there long before we received the baptism, but the demons did not manifest themselves until the Spirit fell. After the Spirit fell then the demons that were in the people could not stand it, they had to cry out, had to show themselves. So I am not discouraged at all when in a Pentecostal meeting somebody who is filled with demons cries out under the power of the demons. That is perfectly natural. It is just in the line of the Bible. When the Lord Jesus was preaching in the synagogue at Capernaum, the demons cried out, and if we were as full of God as we ought to be the very demons would cry out in our presence.

They brought this woman in and we gathered around her and in the name of Jesus we commanded that demon to get out. He wanted to argue the case with us. He didn't want to get out, but we stood firm on the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ and commanded him to go. He first spoke in the Chinese language, but when it got so hot he got afraid then he pretended he didn't understand Chinese and spoke Tibetan, but we could speak that also and in the Tibetan language we commanded him to go. He got angry and turning to the husband who was sitting there (using the wife's voice) he said, "I must go, I cannot stay here. It is getting dark and I'm afraid I'll lose my way; so send your wife along to show me the way." We told the husband not to say a word, and again we commanded him to go, and he went. My wife in the name of Jesus laid hands on her, and in the Spirit's power she spoke one sentence in tongues. The demon wrenched the body a little and was gone. She opened her eyes and looked around and saw her mother and husband, and was in her right mind. That was three and a half years ago and she is now an earnest member of the church.

The whole power of God is obliged to stand by this Word to back it up. I went to a place outside the great wall of China on the border of Mongolia, and we had six days' meeting there. The fifth evening we went to prayer and there was one old brother with gray hair sitting over next to the wall. I knew that the Lord wanted me to lay hands on that brother and I made my way down, climbed over the seats to that brother. In the name of Jesus I laid my hands on him. My hand barely touched the hair of his head when he burst out speaking in tongues and fell prostrated under the power. Without being asked he got up to give his testimony and

said, "My heart was as black as night, but now it is white as snow."

Through the laying on of these hands more than a hundred Chinese believers have received the baptism in the Holy Ghost as on the day of Pentecost. Don't think this man is anybody. You know what this man is. I tell you he deserved to be nailed to the cross, but this is what Christ wrought by him. When He got him safely nailed to the cross He could work. I would not exchange places with any man in the world today. I would not exchange places with the Archangel Gabriel. These three years and more that loving Savior who took my place on the cross and bore it all for me, has been working with me side by side, and that is why it was so hard to leave China.

It is the last hour. The end of all things is at hand. This world is fast plunging into destruction. The Great Tribulation is just ahead of us. The night cometh when no man can work. As it came in Palestine so now it is coming o'er all the earth. The night has already shut down in Europe and we do not know when it will close in America. And we do not know what day or hour China will be closed up. "I must work the works of Him who sent me while it is day." Oh, if you want to win a crown you had better be at it! "Hold fast that which thou hast. Let no man take thy crown."

Amen

I cannot say
Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-day
I joy in these;—But I can say
That I had rather walk this rugged way
If Him it please.

I cannot feel
That all is well, when dark'ning clouds
conceal
The shining sun;—But I can know
God lives and loves; and say, since it is so,
Thy will be done.

I cannot speak
In happy tones; the tear-drops on my cheek
Show I am sad;—But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with submission meek
Until made glad.

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things
to be,
When He is love;—But I can see
Though often dimly, through the mystery
His hand above.

I do not know
Where falls the seed that I have tried to
sow
With greatest care;—But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below,
Sometime, somewhere! —Sel.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

ALMOST every letter from our faithful missionaries working in India, China and Africa tells us that prices of food have *doubled* within the last year. With practically no more money coming in for distribution we are wondering if our readers understand what this means. It means that the missionary on the field is compelled to live on only half the amount he formerly received. Are we curtailing in the home land and living on shorter rations than we did last year? or are we living in comfort and enjoying luxuries? Do we love as ourselves our brother toiling in the tropics amidst the most trying ordeals and succumbing to the deadly fever because his body is not properly nourished? We are dispersing money to a larger number of missionaries than ever, yet our receipts, comparing the last quarter of 1915 with 1914 show a decided decrease. In the last three months of 1914 we sent out \$2613.10, while during the last three months of 1915 we sent out only \$1680.35, a difference of nearly \$950.00. And yet prices in foreign lands have doubled! This is a matter for earnest prayer.

We know that many of our readers have suffered because of financial stringency but we regret that there should be any curtailing in our gifts to the foreign field. Shall we not rather do a little sacrificing than to withhold from the poor struggling missionary?

A sister to whom we sent a very small offering writes: "It got here in a needy time. For

five months my support was very short, sometimes hardly enough to keep me alive, yet I praise God I could eat something every day, and many a time trials are for our benefit just to teach us to lean on the Everlasting Arms."

We spend hours in prayer for our home work; but are we burdened for the work in heathen lands which is equally dear to the heart of the Lord of the harvest? He has committed to the Christian Church the work of evangelizing the heathen, not just to a few missionaries, and we must hold up the hands of the faithful soldiers of the cross who went forth without purse or scrip.

Mrs. Wm. Johnson in Liberia is suffering much pain in her body and asks that the saints especially remember her. She grieves that many who upheld them in prayer in the past have laid down their earthly labors and they feel this loss keenly in the heathen lands. May God raise up other intercessors to step into the ranks.

Translated!

Nearly every month it is our sad duty to record the home-going of one or more of God's warriors which, when efficient workers are so few, causes us real sorrow.

Mrs. Clara Denney, the wife of Frank Denney, went home to glory on October 26th, 1915. While she had been frail for a long time, her death was a great shock to the missionaries of South China. This blow to the work is a heavy one as Sister Denney unmistakably had the burden of China on her heart. She had just nursed Brother Denney through a very severe sickness and her body was not able to survive the strain. Brother Denney and his little daughter are greatly in need of our prayers. They are both suffering physically.

A card just received from Miss Agnes Hill states that on November 8th, 1915, Miss Etta Costellow passed through the veil. She died at Howrah, Bengal, of cerebral malaria. She first went to Calcutta in 1896, and almost finished twenty years of service for the Master in India. Her connection with her old missionary society was broken after receiving the baptism of the Spirit with the seal of the early days, and for four years she has worked in India independently. Her strong faith and quiet trust were a benediction to all who knew her.

The sad word also comes of the home going of Brother Amos Williams of the P. M. U. in

Kneite, Kansu Province, China, through blood-poisoning.

The thinning out of our already depleted ranks fills us with deep regret, but we can only pray that God will raise up others to take their places.

How Intercessory Prayer Counted

Miss Eva Bietsch, who has for several years been a teacher in Mrs. Wormser's Bible School, Findlay, Ohio, spent a few days in Chicago on her way to India, sailing from San Francisco December 18th.

A remarkable incident in connection with her going to India shows the unity of the Spirit in prayer. As she was talking from the platform of the Stone Church one evening, a sister in the audience began to question within herself: "Where have I seen her before?" She knew she had seen her, looking just as she did then; her dress and face were very vivid in her mind. Then she remembered that three or four weeks before she had had intercessory prayer for her, so burdened she could not eat. She knew it was for one who was going through deep trouble. There were persecutors, some on her right and some on her left and her back was bent in sorrow.

As the intercessor prayed, she heard her say, "I will go through with you, Jesus. I will go." Then a light struck her and straightening up she went down a shining pathway, which grew brighter all the way. When they compared dates Sister Bietsch said at that time she was passing through the bitterest sorrow of her life; much opposition to her going forth to India had arisen among those dearest to her but the Spirit's intercession through a faithful sister hundreds of miles away brought deliverance, and she uttered those very words repeated by the Spirit. How marvelous is the faithfulness of God to burden His children for each other when in need!

* * *

Merill Berry has recently left Corona, California for China and is expecting to join the work at Yunnan-fu under Pastor McLean. His parents wish prayer in his behalf.

Missionary Report

THE following is a four months' report (September-December) of monies received through The Evangel Publishing House and

distributed to missionaries in their different fields of labor:

I. S. Neeley, West Africa	\$ 173.00
Albert Norton, India	100.00
Nicholas Yest, China	95.00
Miss Maude Rodkey, China	85.00
A. L. Fraser for the Persian Work	78.10
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa	75.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, China	65.00
John M. Perkins, West Africa	55.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, China	55.00
Miss Margaret Clark, India	54.99
A. D. Urshan, Persia	51.24
H. L. Lawler, for China	50.90
H. L. Lawler, for native worker	50.00
Mrs. Julia Richardsou, Belgian Congo	50.00
Miss Alma Doering, Congo	41.45
Pandita Ranabai, India	41.01
C. W. Doney, Egypt	41.00
H. J. Johns, Hawaiian Islands	40.00
Wm. K. Norton, India	40.00
John James, China	40.00
Eva K. Bietsch, India	40.00
W. W. Simpson, for native workers	40.00
W. W. Simpson, China	35.00
H. M. Turney, South Africa	39.99
James Harvey, India	39.98
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	35.00
Paul Van Valen, India	35.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India	33.00
Frank Denney, China	33.00
Frank Denney, for native worker	18.00
Robert C. Halliday, Central America	30.00
L. M. Anglin, China	30.00
B. S. Moore, Japan	30.00
Miss Florence Bush, for Egypt	30.00
Elmer Hammond, China	25.00
The Homer Training Inst., Homer, La.	25.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America	22.00
Miss Edith Kirschner, India	20.00
E. Pilquist, China	20.00
Miss Lydia Hofer, China	20.00
Miss Laura Gardner, India	20.00
C. F. Juergenson, Japan	20.00
Frank Gray, Japan	20.00
Mrs. E. S. Bernauer, Japan	20.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India	20.00
Geo. M. Kelly, for Haaka mission	20.00
Geo. M. Kelly, China	10.00
Miss Edith Baugh, India	17.01
Mr. and Mrs. A. A. El Malik, for Egypt ...	15.00
Miss May Watson, Egypt	15.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America	15.00
Arthur Slocum, India	14.00
Miss Phoebe Holmes, China	10.00
Miss Beda Magnussen, China	10.00
Miss Etta Costellow, India	10.00
Miss Marie Gerber, for Turkey	10.00
Miss Rhodema Mendenhall, West Africa ...	10.00
Miss Mae Mayo, China	6.00
Arthur Chilson, B. E. Africa	5.00
Mrs. E. Karr, China	5.00
Mrs. Lillian Denney, for India	4.00
Total	\$2158.68

It is our yearly custom to have our foreign missionary books audited. We thank our readers for their continued confidence in us and trust we shall never prove unworthy of that confidence.

The following report from the auditor will suffice:

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 5, 1916.

I have audited the Missionary accounts of The Evangel Publishing House (Anna C. Reiff) and find them correct.

A. T. Rape.

Preaching the Gospel in the Midst of Mobs

The Outpouring of the Spirit of God in Brazil.

Grunner Vingren, in the Stone Church, December 4, 1915.



I PRAISE God this morning to be here and tell what the Lord has done in Brazil during these five years that I have had the privilege to be there. Brazil is a very large country, between three and four million square miles, and we have only four missionaries in that field of twenty-five millions of people. It is a Roman Catholic country, but the Lord is mighty to save even the Catholics. We found things very different in Brazil than here, the climate and the customs, but we had peace in our souls because the Lord was with us. He had sent us and we just felt like a little babe in the arms of its mother. I felt so safe and was not a bit anxious. We didn't know a word of the Portugese language, neither did we have any friends there, but the Lord Himself opened the way for us. We felt very strange as we left the city and felt the magnitude of that great city of over two hundred thousand inhabitants, but the Lord opened a place for us to stay and study the language and in six months we had the privilege of holding our first meeting. The Lord blessed us even though we didn't know much of the language. He saved and baptized in the Holy Ghost. One night the Lord impressed me to compose a song, and the Lord wanted me to sing that song in the meeting; it was to the effect that He would in a few days pour out His Spirit in the meeting. I didn't believe it and I wouldn't sing the song, but in a few days He commenced to baptize, anyhow. We had the privilege of going to the river again and again for baptism, that great river, Rio Para. Oh, how the Lord opened the hearts of the people! How the sick were healed, and how they began to hunger for these wonderful truths! One time a man came from the interior. He had heard about the work, and he went back and told of it, and many believed and the Lord began to baptize. That was the second place where God began to pour out His Spirit. The first place was a little town near the coast. There a Roman Catholic home was opened; the people came in and filled the home and a vast crowd stood on the outside listening to the little band in Para singing. I will never forget that scene. The Holy Ghost baptized the daughter in that family first, when she was carrying a bucket of water. She went to the well after some water and her mother noticed she stood there

quite a while, and when she came back she was talking in a tongue her mother didn't understand. It spread around and the neighbors hearing her speak so loudly came in. I told them if they would repent of their sins they also would receive the Holy Ghost. We built a little mud house, white washed it on the inside, and we have a church there today. The Lord continued to save and baptize in the Holy Ghost. Soon after we came to Para, the Lord led us to a rubber district. There are many districts where the only trade is rubber, and it is a great rubber district. The Lord led us there and many became interested in our meetings. We baptized a number in water and after we had left the Lord baptized in the Holy Ghost. There was not a missionary there when the Lord poured out His Spirit and started a big church.

The Lord continued to work along the railroad; one young man found a Testament and took it home with him, and when my brother, Daniel Berg, came there to distribute the Bibles and Testaments which he had, he was invited to this brother's house, who became converted and baptized in the Holy Ghost. In a little while there were many saved and baptized in that city. The fire fell from heaven and the people witnessed for Jesus. The devil got stirred, too, and they took the Christians to prison, but they continued to testify for Jesus, through the windows and doors of that prison. Outside the people saw the prisoners had something they didn't have, and that they hadn't gotten offended. We have the same constitution in Brazil as in this land and have a right to hold public meetings.

Further in, in another station the Lord also saved and baptized a number. One day while the Christians were gathering, the mob burned the Bible, but some began to read secretly to see what this was. They greatly persecuted the Christians there. There were three young sisters who were filled with the Holy Ghost, and the mob didn't know what to do with them. One man threatened to shoot them. I marveled to see the great courage the Lord had given these three sisters to testify. They were bold for Jesus in front of that devilish mob with their weapons. The man who said, "I would like to shoot one of these Protestants," soon after went on a trip on the water and the boat with all its crew went down. They found

his body washed on the sea-shore. That is the fate of the enemies of God. The Lord has said it is woe to those who resist God and try to hinder His work.

Another place along the railroad, Brother Daniel was distributing Bibles one day, and the Lord told him to open a place where he could stay in the city. When he came along a street he met a man who said to him, "If you would like to come to my house, you can." The Lord opened that house and we have had services there ever since. He himself was converted and others also; his wife was baptized in the Holy Ghost. One Saturday night we heard of a brother who had been sick for some time with fever. He was so swollen in his body he could scarcely breathe. We asked him if he believed that Jesus would heal him and he said, "Yes." Then we told him to thank the Lord, which he did, and he began to say in simple words, "Lord Jesus, forgive my sins." Then I heard him commence to speak in tongues I didn't understand. The Holy Ghost baptized him then, and he prophesied. The day after we saw him walking on the streets, perfectly well. One night the mob was gathering there but they didn't have a leader and threatened to come back the next night and make an end of the Protestants in that city. Of course it was a great temptation for me to call in the authorities as I am an American citizen, but I had never asked for protection and thought I would trust the Lord. The multitude cried, "Let the Protestants die," and said they would come back. The next night we commenced our meeting trusting the Lord. A sister testified just as boldly as if she had the authorities at her side. As we were praying and preaching the mob began to gather and the leader stepped inside the door but the Lord led one of the mob to the authorities the night before and he threatened to make a finish of us. The authorities came just at that time when the leader was ready to step to the front and forbade him to disturb my preaching. That made an end to the persecution and we had liberty to continue our meetings. I knew afterwards that there were fifteen men decided in our favor, so if our enemies would have attacked us, they would have been resisted by our opponents also. Time and time again I have seen the Lord Himself protect His children.

The mob wanted to hinder us from having baptism at the river. They were standing there with their knives prohibiting me to have baptism, to read, or talk or pray. I read the Word and testified, and we knelt down and prayed.

They had a great stick up a tree ready to fall on my head, but a sister asked the Lord not to permit the stick to fall, and the Lord helped us to perform the baptism unharmed, even in the face of knives. It looked very threatening, but I said to the friends, "We can run into the river and have the baptism." They gathered in the weeds after the service, thinking we would change our clothes, but the Lord impressed me not to do it but go straight home. I took my rain coat as I came up out of the water and walked straight through the mob, and the friends with me, just as Jesus walked through the mob at Nazareth. They were so astonished that we hadn't changed our clothes, they couldn't do anything. We walked bare-footed through the streets, and came home thanking God for giving us victory. The next day the mob went out into the woods to cut sticks with which to attack us the following night, but a little child saw them and warned us and we didn't have a meeting. The authorities heard of it and I was called before them with the leader of the mob; they then and there threatened the leader he had to stop the persecution and made a contract they would protect us. They change rulers there every six months, and every new one who came in had to sign a contract. The Catholic priests in that city had promised the people there would be an end of Protestantism there inside of a month, but we had two policemen to protect us. We have a church there today. Neither the Catholic priest nor any one else can make an end of the work of Jesus. It goes on throughout the whole world. Oh, how wonderful is Jesus! We continued from one place to another, distributing Bibles and Testaments and opening up places in the interior. The work spread on, and one church after another grew. One sister in the state of Ceara, four days' journey from Para received her baptism, away in the interior. We heard of it, and the Lord sent down our native evangelist, and it so happened that one sister had seen him in a vision on board the steamer, and also baptizing many, and that he was being greatly persecuted, and as she saw him in vision, thus it happened. Many were converted and baptized in water, and in the Holy Ghost. They made a great persecution but the Lord saved him from the mouth of the lion. Afterwards the Lord sent me down to see how they were getting along and I found in the interior of Ceara one church of seventy members and another of thirty members, many baptized in the Holy Ghost.

Last year there came a man from the State of Alagoas, about ten days' journey from Para. He heard of this work in Para, and came there to testify and the Lord sent us down there. Today we have some believers there and the Lord baptized some with the Holy Ghost. During these years the Lord has baptized over three hundred in the Holy Ghost, and we have had the privilege of baptizing over four hundred in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. About ten churches have been established, besides a number of small places. The Lord has also healed many. We preach not only a Gospel that saves from sin, but that His blood cleanses and that Jesus heals sick bodies.

One night while I was in the rubber district, we had a meeting in a house, and the meeting closed about nine o'clock. As we arose to go home the owner said, "It is early yet; do not go home." "Then," I said, "let's pray." We knelt down, and the power of God came upon a little boy about twelve years old. He commenced to cry and speak in new tongues. Then the Lord baptized a sister about forty-five and a young man about twenty-two. The showers from heaven flooded our souls; we then went to the river and held a baptismal service, and everything was over by 10:30. Another time I had to go up the river into the interior, a very dangerous journey, walk on logs and over swamps; and there were electric fish in those swamps that gave you shocks, but the Lord helped me. After I walked about an hour from the landing I came to a family whom I should visit, and after I greeted them I felt I should thank God for a safe journey. As soon as we knelt down the power of God filled the room, and we had such a feast with Jesus. The sister was baptized in the Holy Ghost. Of course, you know that the life of a missionary is not like you have it here. Down in Brazil they are very poor, and in the interior they have no bread. The food which they have instead of bread is a kind of vegetable like beets that they grind and dry; something like grape nuts, though of course, it is not substantial like that, and would be all right to feed chickens but not men and women; but when I reached the interior I had nothing to eat but that. We have no beds to sleep on there, but carry our hammocks with us, and sometimes there are no walls and no doors to a house; it is just covered with palm leaves. The tropical climate is very dangerous there; you are apt to get fever in the swamps. One time Brother Daniel was working

in the interior and living on that kind of food and he was brought back very sick with the fever. They sent word to us he was dying. His bed was a door and he had nothing to eat because there was nothing to buy. The Lord helped us to get him home and then healed him.

The Lord Himself sent us down to Brazil. I was serving a church in South Bend, Indiana, which formerly was a Baptist church. I was one night having prayer with a family, the brother was a very spiritual man, and the Lord spoke through that man to ask the Lord for me to go to Para. Neither that brother nor I knew where Para was, but the next day we went to the public library to see where it was, and I found it was in South America. At the same time the Lord told me the people were very ignorant, which I found out when I got there. At that time Brother Daniel Berg was working in Chicago, and the Lord, a few days later, told him to come to South Bend. He left his work and came, and one day while we were in prayer the Holy Spirit spoke to him to go with me to Brazil. I had ninety dollars in the bank, and I thought I would use that money to go to Brazil, but the Lord told me to give that money to Brother Durham's Pentecostal paper. I didn't want to do that, as I knew not where to look for money for the journey, but I had to send it. I was like a little child who doesn't know anything but to trust. Brother Daniel said to me, "We must have money for our journey," and I said, "I will go if I do not have one cent." We left South Bend for Chicago, and to our surprise the Lord gave us more than we needed for the journey. The Lord supplied all our needs, but everything there is imported from other lands. A suit I could buy here for fifteen dollars I would have to pay forty for there. In the first hotel we stopped we had to pay five or six dollars a day. Everything is very high, but He told us before we went that nothing would fail us, and I felt His presence with us.

The work is going on there but we very much need a boat to use in evangelization and we are praying the Lord that He will give us one. One door is opening after another. Oh, pray for Brazil! I feel badly in my whole body when I see their devilish festivals. God is going to save many there. The Lord was there before we went there; one sister felt the power of God but didn't know what it was. Pray for us.

Turn the Corner

Elizabeth Sisson.



ES, turn the corner in your prayers. How? By giving thanks. You know Jesus says (Mark 11:24) "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive (Gr. take) them, and ye shall have them."

In the natural life, when you ask anybody for anything, if you *take* it, you say "Thank you," before you proceed further, let it be but a glass of water that a friend passes to you, or the bread you ask for at the table. As you take it you say "Thank you." What blindness or discourtesy *when* it is given you, to fail to take and say thank you! We had an object lesson in this years ago. I was in a house of the Lord's healing in London, England. Hoping for healing for a greatly palsied body, thither had come a broken-down general of the English army, a man of great presence, accustomed to command; but all his powers, mental and physical, were greatly benumbed. He was accompanied by his son, as attendant and nurse. Owing to his clumsiness, they had a spread by themselves near the long dining room table. The crusty old invalid, coming hungry to his meal, would growl, "When are they going to bring the food?" even while it was being set on the table before his eyes. But then his eyes were very dim. As the gentle voice of his son said, "Father, it is here," he would be crying, "Why do you not answer?" for his hearing was so dull he could not catch the tones of his son's voice. Then as the meat was cut, and carried to his mouth, he would be crying, "Why are you so slow?" "Why do you not give me any food?" for his very lip was so benumbed he did not feel the touch of the fork upon it; while the son was entreating, "Now, father, here, open your mouth," etc., etc.

Oh, what a picture in nature, of our half-palsied souls in grace as we come to God in prayer! Our heavenly Father stands over against us, like a mighty Santa Claus, with arms loaded with gifts, saying, "What things soever ye desire, *when* ye pray *take*," by faith of course—you cannot take from God in any other way—of His kingdom the last is unvarying. "According to your faith be it unto you." Ye live "by faith," ye stand "by faith," ye walk "by faith," to that faith He is holding out *in the moment* of our asking the gift—else He could not say, "When ye pray . . . take." If He were not giving in that moment—He would be

teaching us to believe a lie when He says, "Believe that ye take." A smiling Santa Claus, arms loaded with the gifts "ye desire," He is waiting upon our benumbed spiritual faculties, saying, "Ye shall ask . . . I will do." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name I will do."

"In My name," i.e. in My nature, in My character. Of course if we ask anything for *self*, in self will, in unconsecration there is no open pathway to God. The glory of God is the animating purpose in all true prayer. "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your (desires)." But under the blood, and receiving our God every moment to keep us asking and desiring for the glory of God—the anointed ear will hear Him every moment saying to our every petition, "Yes, Yes." Smiling, with gift-loaded arms, He stands before us, crying, "Call unto Me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things." "Ask ye of Me of things to come concerning My Sons, and concerning the work of my hands command ye Me," and hundreds of other blessed promises. Therefore in each moment of asking, for each particular thing, there should be the stopping before we go on to the next petition, to "take" that, and praise Him who gives it, and thus move on to the next desire.

Oh, how faith would grow! If we would thus deal courteously, gratefully, believably with our God, our bountiful Giver. What a delight prayer becomes, as we thus *keep receiving* and praising Him all the way through! This is what He teaches us, when He says, "In *everything* let your requests be made known unto God." But how? "With thanksgiving." Thanksgiving in each thing, before we pass on to the next. But how often have I in the past prayed, and heard others praying, through a long prayer of many petitions, never stopping to "take" one single answer, and finally closing up the prayer, with scant or no praises; while God stood before us smiling, with His arms loaded with the answer, to each petition, He handed out to our faith—each gift—"when" we asked for it, to find that hand of faith, so paralyzed in unbelief, that of all He gave, we "took" nothing, and sorrowing, He turned away, with His load of blessings, to wait till we prayed again, to see if we would then do better. It takes two for a gift—one to give and one to take. You cannot give anything to a dead man. Go out in the cemetery and try it. Similarly, you cannot give

anything to a dead faith—i. e. to unbelief. Because God is a liberal Giver. James says (Jas. 1:6, 7) to the praying one, "Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. Let not that man (who doubts, who wavers, who thus fails to "take") think that he shall *receive* anything from the Lord." James does not say the Lord gives nothing but the man fails to *take*, fails to receive. We must learn to turn the corner in our prayers and take—then for that thing we cease to pray—and begin to praise. The corner we turn is praise corner. Faith does not wait to see or feel, on the authority of God's Word, "Believe that ye take, and ye shall have," it lingers full of praise at the corner. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Faith treats the word of the living God, as a young acquaintance of mine, married in England dealt with the word of her friends. Immediately after her wedding, she went with her husband to Switzerland. Some of the bridal gifts had not arrived when she left home. The letters that accompanied them were forwarded to her—and "sight unseen" she sat down and expressed her pleasure and gratitude to the donors. Then they knew she had "received" the gifts. In "everything" wherein we make request, that

is the thing in which we should make "thanksgiving" before we pass on to the next petition. This is the hour of God's schedule for offering "much incense" (Rev. 8:3) and oh, how faith grows! As we stop and take what we have asked for, and linger a while at Thanksgiving corner before we pass on to the next petition. We find we go "from faith to faith," as we obey our loving Jesus, and praise, and praise, and praise Him, that He is giving *while* we are asking. "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Hallelujah! Hallelujah to God, the bountiful Giver.

More willing to give than earthly parents to give good gifts to their children! "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children how much more shall your Father who is in heaven, give good things to them that ask Him" (Math. 7:11).

"You are coming to a King
With you large petitions bring,
For His love and power are such
None can ever ask too much."

"Turn the corner" when you ask,
In that love and power bask
Fill His ears with praises sweet
To His giving this is meet.

How to Get a Revival in Your Work

From "Lectures on Revivals," By Charles G. Finney.

WHEN A REVIVAL OF RELIGION IS NEEDED.



WHEN there is a want of brotherly love and Christian confidence among professors of religion, then a revival is needed. Then there is a loud call for God to revive His work. When Christians have sunk into a low and backslidden state, they neither have, nor ought to have, nor is there reason to have, the same love and confidence toward each other, as when they are all alive and active, and living holy lives.

When there are dissensions and jealousies, and evil speakings among professors of religion, then there is great need of a revival. These things show that Christians have got far from God, and it is time to think earnestly of a revival. Religion cannot prosper with such things in the church, and nothing can put an end to them like a revival.

When there is a worldly spirit in the church, it is manifest that the church is sunk down into a low and backslidden state. When you see Chris-

tians conform to the world in dress, equipage, parties, seeking worldly amusements, reading novels, and other books such as the world read, it shows that they are far from God, and that there is great need of a revival of religion.

When the church finds its members falling into gross and scandalous sins, then it is time for the church to awake and cry to God for a Revival of Religion. When such things are taking place, as give the enemies of religion an occasion for reproach, it is time for the church to ask of God, "What will become of Thy great Name?"

When there is a *spirit of controversy* in the church or in the land a revival is needful. The spirit of religion is not the spirit of controversy. There can be no prosperity in religion where the spirit of controversy prevails.

When the wicked triumph over the church, and revile them, it is time to seek for a Revival of Religion.

When sinners are careless and stupid, and sinking into hell unconcerned, it is time the church should bestir themselves. It is as much

the duty of the church to awake, as it is of the firemen to awake when a fire breaks out in the night in a great city. The church ought to put out the fires of hell which are laying hold of the wicked. Sleep! Should the firemen sleep and let the whole city burn down; what would be thought of such firemen? And yet their guilt would not compare with the guilt of Christians who sleep while sinners around them are sinking stupidly into the fires of hell.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES.

A Revival of Religion is the only possible thing that can wipe away the reproach which covers the church, and restore religion to the place it ought to have in the estimation of the public. Without a revival this reproach will cover the church more and more, until it is overwhelmed with universal contempt. You may do anything else you please, and you can change the aspects of society in some respects, but you will do no real good; you only make it worse without a Revival of Religion. You may go and build a splendid new house of worship, and line your seats with damask, put up a costly pulpit, and get a magnificent organ, and everything of that kind, to make a show and dash, and in that way you may procure a sort of respect for religion among the wicked, but it does no good in reality. It rather does hurt. It misleads them as to the real nature of religion; and so far from converting them, it carries them farther away from salvation. Look wherever they have surrounded the altar of Christianity with splendor, and you will find that the impression produced is contrary to the true nature of religion. There must be a waking up of energy on the part of Christians, and an outpouring of God's Spirit, or the world will laugh at the church.

Nothing else will restore Christian love and confidence among church members. Nothing but a Revival of Religion can restore it, and nothing else ought to restore it. There is no other way to wake up that love of Christians for one another, which is sometimes felt, when they have such love as they cannot express. You cannot have such love without confidence; and you cannot restore confidence without such evidence of piety as is seen in a revival. If a minister finds he has lost in any degree the confidence of his people, he ought to labor for a revival as the only means of regaining their confidence. I do not mean that this should be his motive in laboring for a revival, to regain the confidence of his people, but that a revival, through his instru-

mentality, and ordinarily nothing else, will restore to him the confidence of the praying part of his people. So if an elder or private member of the church finds his brethren cold towards him, there is but one way to remedy it. It is by being revived himself, and pouring from his eyes and from his life the splendor of the image of Christ. This spirit will catch and spread in the church, and confidence will be renewed, and brotherly love prevail again.

At such a time a Revival of Religion is indispensable to avert the judgment of God from the church. This would be strange preaching if revivals are only miracles, and if the church has no more agency in producing them than it has in making a thunder storm. To say to the church that unless there is a revival you may expect judgments, would then be as ridiculous as to say if you do not have a thunder storm, you may expect judgments. The fact is, that Christians are more to blame for not being revived than sinners are for not being converted. And if they are not awakened, they may know assuredly that God will visit them with His judgments. How often God visited the Jewish church with judgments because they would not repent and be revived at the call of His prophets! How often have we seen churches, and even whole denominations, cursed with a curse, because they would not wake up and seek the Lord, and pray, "Wilt Thou not revive us again, that the people may rejoice in Thee?"

Nothing but a Revival of Religion can preserve such a church from annihilation. A church declining in this way cannot continue to exist without a revival. If it receives new members, they will, for the most part, be made up of ungodly persons. Without revivals there will not ordinarily be as many persons converted as will die off in a year. There have been churches in this country where the members have died off, and there were no revivals to convert others in their place, till the church has run out, and the organization has been dissolved.

A minister told me that he labored as a missionary in Virginia on the ground where such a man as Samuel Davies once flashed and shone like a flaming torch; and that Davies' church was so reduced as to have but one male member, and he, if I remember rightly, was a colored man. The church had gotten proud and was all run out. I have heard of a church in Pennsylvania that was formerly flourishing, but neglected revivals, and it became so reduced that the pastor had to send to a neighboring church

for a ruling elder when he administered the communion.

Nothing but a Revival of Religion can prevent the means of grace from doing a great injury to the ungodly. Without a revival, they will grow harder and harder under preaching, and will experience a more horrible damnation than they would if they had never heard the Gospel. Your children and your friends will go down to a much more horrible fate in hell, in consequence of the means of grace, if there are no revivals to convert them to God. Better were it for them if there were no means of grace, no sanctuary, no Bible, no preaching, and if they had never heard the Gospel than to live and die where there is no revival. The Gospel is the savor of death unto death, if it is not made a savor of life unto life.

There is no other way in which a church can be sanctified, grow in grace, and be fitted for heaven. What is growing in grace? Is it hearing sermons and getting some new notions about religion? No—no such thing. The Christian who does this and nothing more, is getting worse and worse, more and more hardened, and every week it is more difficult to rouse him up to duty.

WHEN A REVIVAL OF RELIGION MAY BE EXPECTED.

When the providence of God indicates that a revival is at hand. The indications of God's providence are sometimes so plain as to amount to a revelation of His will. There is a conspiring of events to open the way, a preparation of circumstances to favor a revival, so that those who are looking out can see that a revival is at hand, just as plainly as if it had been revealed from heaven. Cases have occurred in this country where the providential manifestations were so plain, that those who are careful observers felt no hesitation in saying that God was coming to pour out His Spirit, and grant a revival of religion. There are various ways for God to indicate His will to a people—sometimes by giving them peculiar means, sometimes by peculiar and alarming events, sometimes by remarkably favoring the employment of means, by weather, health, etc.

When the wickedness of the wicked grieves and humbles and distresses Christians. Sometimes Christians do not seem to mind anything about the wickedness around them. Or if they talk about it, it is in a cold and callous and unfeeling way, as if they despaired of a reformation; they are disposed to scold at sinners—not to feel the compassion of the Son of God for

them. But sometimes the conduct of the wicked drives Christians to prayer and breaks them down and makes them sorrowful and tender hearted, so that they can weep day and night, and instead of scolding and reproaching them, they pray earnestly for them. Then you may expect a revival. Indeed this is a revival begun already. Sometimes the wicked will get up an opposition to religion. And when this drives Christians to their knees in prayer to God, with strong crying and tears, you may be certain there is going to be a revival. The prevalence of wickedness is no evidence at all that there is not going to be a revival. That is often God's time to work. When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him. Often the first indication of a revival is the devil's getting up something new in opposition. It will invariably have one of two effects. It will either drive Christians to God, or it will drive them farther away from God, to some carnal policy or other that will only make things worse. Frequently the most outrageous wickedness of the ungodly is followed by a revival. If Christians are made to feel that they have no hope but in God, and if they have sufficient feeling left to care for the honor of God and the salvation of the souls of the impenitent, there will certainly be a revival. Let hell boil over if it will, and spew out as many devils as there are stones in the pavement, if it only drives Christians to God in prayer—they cannot hinder a revival. Let Satan get up a row, and sound his horn as loudly as he pleases; *if Christians will only be humbled and pray, they shall soon see God's naked arm in a revival of religion.* I have known instances where a revival has broken in upon the ranks of the enemy almost as suddenly as a clap of thunder and scattered them—taken the very ring leaders as trophies and broken up their party in an instant.

A revival may be expected when Christians have a spirit of prayer for a revival. That is, when they pray as if their hearts were set upon a revival. Sometimes Christians are not engaged in prayer for a revival, not even when they are warm in prayer. Their minds are upon something else; they are praying for something else—the salvation of the heathen and the like—and not for a revival among themselves. But when they feel the want of a revival, they pray for it; they feel for their own families and neighborhoods, and pray for them as if they could not be denied. What constitutes a spirit of prayer? Is it many prayers and warm words? No. Prayer is the state of the heart. The

spirit of prayer is a state of continual desire and anxiety of mind for the salvation of sinners. It is something that weighs them down. It is the same, so far as the philosophy of the mind is concerned, as when a man is anxious for some worldly interest. A Christian who has the spirit of prayer feels anxious for souls. It is the subject of his thoughts all the time and makes him look and act as if he had a load on his mind. He thinks of it by day and dreams of it by night. This is properly praying without ceasing. The man's prayers seem to flow from his heart liquid as water—"O Lord, revive Thy Work!" Sometimes his feeling is very deep; persons have been bowed down so that they could neither stand nor sit. I can name men in this State, of firm nerves, who stand high in character, who have been absolutely crushed with grief for the state of sinners. They have had an actual travail of soul for sinners until they were as helpless as children. The feeling is not always so great as this, but such things are much more common than is supposed. In the great revivals in 1826 they were common. This is by no means enthusiasm. It is just what Paul felt when he said, "My little children of whom I travail in birth." I heard of a person in this State, who prayed for sinners, and finally got into such a state of mind that she could not live without prayer. She could not rest day or night, unless there was somebody praying. Then she would be at ease; but if they ceased she would shriek in agony till there was prayer again. And this continued for two days, until she prevailed in prayer, and her soul was relieved. This travail of soul is that deep agony which persons feel when they lay hold on God for such a blessing and will not let Him go till they receive it. I do not mean to be understood that it is essential to a spirit of prayer that the distress should be as great as this, but this deep, continual, earnest desire for the salvation of sinners is what constitutes the spirit of prayer for a revival. It is a revival begun so far as this spirit of prayer extends.

When this feeling exists in a church, unless the spirit is grieved away by sin, there will infallibly be a revival of Christians generally, and it will involve the conversion of sinners to God. This anxiety and distress increases till the revival commences. A clergyman in W---n told me of a revival among his people which commenced with a zealous and devoted woman in the church. She became anxious about sinners and went to praying for them; she prayed and her distress increased; and she finally came to

her minister and talked with him and asked him to appoint an anxious meeting for she felt that one was needed. The minister put her off for he felt nothing of it. The next week she came again and besought him to appoint an anxious meeting; she knew there would be somebody to come, for she felt as if God was going to pour out His Spirit. He put her off again. And finally she said to him, "If you do not appoint an anxious meeting I shall die, for there is certainly going to be a revival." The next Sabbath he appointed a meeting and said that if there were any who wished to converse with him about the salvation of their souls, he would meet them on such an evening. He did not know of one, but when he went to the place, to his astonishment he found a large number of anxious inquirers. Now do not you think that woman *knew* there was going to be a revival? Call it what you please, a new revelation or an old revelation, or anything else. I say it was the Spirit of God that taught that praying woman there was going to be a revival. "The secret of the Lord" was with her and she knew it. She knew God had been in her heart and filled it so full that she could contain no longer.

Sometimes ministers have had this distress about their congregations, so that they felt as if they could not live unless they could see a revival. Sometimes elders and deacons, or private members of the church, men or women, have the spirit of prayer for a revival of religion so that they will hold on and prevail with God till He pours out His Spirit. The first ray of light that broke in upon the midnight which rested on the churches in Oneida county in the fall of 1825, was from a woman in feeble health, who, I believe, had never been in a powerful revival. Her soul was exercised about sinners. She was in an agony for the land. She did not know what ailed her but she kept praying more and more till it seemed as if her agony would destroy her body. At length she became full of joy and exclaimed, "God has come! God has come! There is no mistake about it, the work is begun and is going over all the region!" And sure enough, the work began and her family were almost all converted and the work spread all over that part of the country. Now, do you think that woman was deceived? I tell you, no. She knew she had prevailed with God in prayer. She had travailed in birth for souls and she knew it. This was not the only instance, by many, that I knew in that region.

Generally there are but few professors of religion that know anything about this spirit of

prayer which prevails with God. I have been amazed to see such accounts as are often published about revivals, as if the revival had come without any cause—nobody knew why or wherefore. I have sometimes inquired into such cases; when it had been given out that nobody knew anything about it until one Sabbath they saw in the face of the congregation that God was there, or they saw it in their conference room, or prayer meeting, and were astonished at the mysterious sovereignty of God, in bringing in a revival without any apparent connection with means. Now, mark me. Go and inquire among the obscure members of the church and you will always find that somebody had been praying for a revival and was expecting it—some man or woman had been agonizing in prayer for the salvation of sinners until they gained the blessing. It may have found the minister and the body of the church fast asleep and they would wake up of a sudden, like a man just rubbing his eyes and running round the room pushing things over and wondering where all this excitement came from. But though few knew it you may be sure there has been somebody on the watch-tower; constant in prayer till the blessing came. Generally a revival is more or less extensive, as there are more or less persons who have the spirit of prayer.

Another sign that a revival may be expected is when the attention of ministers is especially directed to this particular object and when their preaching and other efforts are aimed particularly at the conversion of sinners. Most of the time the labors of ministers are, it would seem, directed to other objects. They seem to preach and labor with no particular design to effect the immediate conversion of sinners. And then it need not be expected that there will be a revival under their preaching. There never will be a revival till somebody makes particular efforts for this end. But when the attention of a minister is directed to the state of the families of his congregation and his heart is full of feeling of the necessity of a revival and when he puts forth the proper efforts for this end then you may be prepared to expect a revival. Take the Bible, the nature of the case and the history of the church, all together and you will find fewer failures in the use of means for a revival than in farming or any other worldly business. In worldly business there are sometimes cases where counteracting causes annihilate all a man can do. In raising grain, for instance, there are cases which are beyond the control of man, such as drought, hard winter, worms, and so on.

So in laboring to promote a revival there may be things occur to counteract it, something or other turning up to divert the public attention from religion, which may baffle every effort. But I believe there are fewer such cases in the moral than in the natural world. I have seldom seen an individual fail when he used the means for promoting a revival in earnest, in the manner pointed out in the Word of God. I believe a man may enter on the work of promoting a revival with as reasonable an expectation of success as he can enter on any other work with an expectation of success; with the same expectation as the farmer has of a crop when he sows his grain. I have sometimes seen this tried and succeed under circumstances the most forbidding that can be conceived.

The great revival in Rochester began under the most disadvantageous circumstances that could well be imagined. It seemed as though Satan had interposed every possible obstacle to a revival. The three churches were at variance; one had no minister, one was divided and about to dismiss their minister. An elder of the Presbyterian church had brought a charge of unchristian conduct against the pastor of the first church and they were just going to have a trial before the presbytery. After the work began one of the first things was, the great stone church gave way and created a panic. Then one of the churches went on and dismissed their minister right in the midst of it. Another church nearly broke down. Many other things occurred, so that it seemed as if the devil was determined to divert the public attention from the subject of religion. But there were a few remarkable cases of the spirit of prayer which assured us that God was there and we went in; and the more Satan opposed, the Spirit of the Lord lifted up the standard higher and higher, till finally a wave of salvation rolled over the place.

A revival of religion may be expected when Christians begin to confess their sins one to another. At other times they confess in a general manner, as if they were only half in earnest. They may do it in eloquent language, but it does not mean anything. But when there is an ingenuous breaking down and a pouring out of the heart in making confession of their sins the flood gates will soon burst open and salvation will flow over the place.

A revival may be expected whenever Christians are found willing to make the sacrifice necessary to carry it on. They must be willing to sacrifice their feelings, their business, their time, to help forward the work. Ministers must be

willing to lay out their strength and to jeopard their health and lives. They must be willing to offend the impenitent by plain and faithful dealing and perhaps offend many members of the church who will not come up to the work. They must take a decided stand with the revival be the consequences what they may. They must be prepared to go on with the work even though they should lose the affections of all the impenitent and of all the cold part of the church. The minister must be prepared, if it is the will of God, to be driven away from the place. He must be determined to go straight forward and leave the entire event with God.

I knew a minister who had a young man laboring with him in a revival. The young man preached pretty plainly and the wicked did not like him. They said, "We like our minister and we wish to have him preach." They finally said so much that the minister told the young man, "Mr. Such-a-one, that gives so much towards my support, says so and so. Mr. A. says so and Mr. B. says so. They think it will break up the society if you continue to preach and I think you had better not preach any more." The young man went away but the Spirit of God immediately withdrew from the place and the revival stopped short. The minister, by yielding to the wicked desires of the wicked, drove him away. He was afraid the devil would drive him away from his people, and by undertaking to satisfy the devil he offended God. And God so ordered events that in a short time he had to leave his people after all. He undertook to go

between the devil and God, and God dismissed him.

The people also must be willing to have a revival, let the sacrifice be what it may. It will not do for them to say, "We are willing to attend so many meetings but we cannot attend any more." Or, "We are willing to have a revival if it will not disturb our arrangements about our business, or prevent our making money." I tell you, such people will never have a revival till they are willing to do anything and sacrifice anything that God indicates to be their duty.

A revival may be expected when ministers and professors are willing to have God promote it by what instruments He pleases. Sometimes ministers are not willing to have a revival unless *they* can have the management of it, or unless their agency can be conspicuous in promoting it. They wish to prescribe to God what He shall direct and bless and what men He shall put forward. They will have no new measures. They cannot have any of this new-light preaching or of these evangelists that go about the country preaching. They have a great deal to say about God being sovereign and that He will have revivals come in His own way and time. But then He must choose to have it just in their way or they will have nothing to do with it. Such men will sleep on until they are awakened by the judgment trumpet, without a revival, unless they are willing that God should come in His own way—unless they are willing to have anything or anybody employed that will do the most good.

Sacrifices of Mountaineers to Hear the Gospel

J. B. Moody, So. Bellingham, Wash.



BELIEVING the Evangel and its readers will be interested in the good report of the work in this part of the country for the past month or six weeks, we are giving a brief account of the wonderful way in which the dear Lord has been working up in the mountains where the people had heard but little of the Pentecostal work. We believe it will encourage others to press out into new places and do more pioneer work. The Lord made clear to me I should go to this people and when I arrived I found only one, who had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and she alone in her home. Aside from this sister only two were much interested. At the end of two weeks two had been saved and ten or twelve were seeking the baptism. Two who were saved came from far up on the mountain and had a family of

children, the youngest six months old and the eldest seventeen or eighteen years old. The father, a very wicked man, had heard of the things that were being preached in the school house at the foot of the mountain, and curious to see and hear what was going on, told his wife and they both started down the steep mountain side over a dangerous trail. On arriving at the most precipitous place, they found a forest fire had just swept across the trail and burned away the bows and limbs that they had been accustomed to hold on to, hence making it doubly dangerous to get down. However, they arrived at the place of meeting, though Sister Maniger had burned her hands badly and Brother Maniger had become so enraged over the hard trip that he cursed the people he was going to hear. I talked with them and we prayed for the sister and the Lord healed the burned hands. The

following night they returned, walking six miles around the side of the mountain and returning over the same road, making twelve miles. These two were sinners! Many professors lived within three or four blocks and never came near our meetings but spent their time warning others to keep away.

The following day was Sunday and both were on hand for the morning service and remained for the afternoon seekers' meeting, and here Brother Maniger sprang to his feet and began to cry to God for mercy. Sister Maniger ran from another room and fell at his feet and in a few minutes both were under the power of God. Immediately after the afternoon services they both returned to their home and brought down five of their children for the evening service. At the end of the second week the entire family were saved and one of the little girls had received her baptism. Glory to the name of Jesus! This family had carried the news to a neighboring sister and she came down to the meeting and received the baptism immediately, and for two hours brought message after message with interpretation. They contained many warnings of the coming judgments and urgent appeals to be ready, for the coming of the Lord was at hand! A few days after Sister Henry had received her baptism her little daughter also received. Our meeting was continued but from another place farther away, and these dear people came, sometimes walking seven and eight miles. In order to get up and down this mountain and bring the children with them Brother

Maniger had to strap their six-months-old baby to his back as he needed his hands to use in hanging to the limbs and branches as they made the descent.

One baptized sister who had a young daughter who had not yet received her baptism, walked over eight miles to one of our meetings and in the afternoon meeting the daughter received the baptism and they returned to their home. At the end of four weeks' meetings fourteen had received the baptism and about the same number had been saved. Out of the thirteen or fourteen that were saved eight received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Praise our dear Lord!

Little six-months-old Baby Maniger was under the power for some time. Four-years-old Huby Henry received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and talked in tongues for a long time and gave interpretation, and this is one of the interpretations, "Come out from among them, leaving forms and doctrines." I do wish many of God's dear saints who are making much of doctrines in these last days might have heard this little message from this four-year-old babe.

Today perhaps eighteen or twenty are seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost and others are coming to hear the glad tidings. Oh glory to His dear name!

I expect to continue the meetings until the Lord says it is enough. I hear the sound of a more abundant rain. Truly the Lord is sending floods upon the dry and thirsty land. Hallelujah to the name of Jesus!

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