



The Latter Rain Evangel



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 Glorious Re-commissioning of Israel

The Truer Wonder Story of Jonah

W. H. Cossum in The Stone Church, September 3, 1915.



THE Book of Jonah is very much misunderstood. People put the emphasis in the wrong place. It is foolishness and madness the way people talk about Jonah. When the devil arouses his people to oppose any portion of the Word of God, I believe that is a very important part. So I believe that the lesson which Jonah ought to convey to us is a very important one, and therefore we ought to give heed to this book. The whole prophecy is not as long as some chapters in the New Testament. We are constantly asking why did God have this history written. In a recent number of *Our Hope* these words are found from Prof. Carl H. Cornhill of the University of Koenigsberg, in his book "The Prophets of Israel:"

"I have read the Book of Jonah at least a hundred times, and I publicly avow, for I am not ashamed of my weakness, that I cannot even now take up this marvelous book, nay, not even speak of it, without the tears rising to my eyes and my heart beating higher. This apparently trivial book is one of the deepest and grandest that was ever written, and I should say to every one who approaches it, 'Take off your shoes, for the place where thou standest is holy ground.'"

People talk about the stupendous miracle, of the whale swallowing Jonah. It wasn't necessarily a whale. The word used means a great fish. There have been fish found in the Mediterranean Sea with horses in them. If a fish could swallow a horse, it could surely swallow a man. God has an important lesson in Jonah or the devil would not have paid so much attention to it. Emphasis sometimes is laid upon the discussion as to whether Jonah is history or a parable, or a myth told with the idea of teaching a lesson. It doesn't make any difference as far as the central lesson is concerned, but it does make a difference as to whether Jesus told the truth or not. And Jesus said, "The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here." When Jesus was facing that generation He was looking into the faces of real men, and when He referred to the men of Nineveh rising up in judgment against the men "of this generation" because the former repented at the preaching of Jonah when the latter didn't in the presence of one greater than

Jonah. He certainly made the men of Nineveh just as real as the men of His generation, and therefore I believe that Jonah was historical. I want to call your attention to this fact—and this will be the general thought of the night—that God has used this history to teach us a lesson. We are apt to read the story and say: "That is a strange man and a strange history," and the next thing we hear someone laughing about Jonah.

We all recognize the fact that the historical experiences of Israel have other lessons than those lying on the surface. The land of Canaan and the wanderings in the wilderness all have spiritual parallels, and there is an undercurrent of truth which we must discover apart from the historical facts. I think of that illustration in the New Testament to prove my point: The disciples were in the boat; Jesus was on the mountain praying for them—He constrained them to get into the boat and sent them out on the waters. The disciples were overtaken by the storm, and they were toiling and rowing on into the small hours of the morning, weary and almost heart-broken in the midst of the storm, but Jesus was up on the mountain praying. He had seen them in the storm, and by and by in His own good time He came to them and they were affrighted at His appearance. But He spoke to them and said, "It is I, be not afraid." They took Him into the boat and then there was peace. We know an illustration doesn't prove anything, but it clarifies things, and while I would not contend for this, I simply believe it in my own heart that Jesus intended that historical fact to be an illustration of the church in the midst of the storms of this dispensation. He sent the church out intentionally and He knew that they were to encounter storms when He sent them out. He has been praying for them, and the church comes on down through the centuries in the midst of darkness and storm and stress—founding the church; nations and the church; and the awful mix-up in the Roman Catholic Church. Jesus knew we would be in the midst of the storm. Finally, in His own good time He is coming to the church and the church with her muscles tired and strained almost to the breaking point, looking for deliverance will see Him. Many will be startled by Him. He will come to His own and then the church will have peace, and the world will be

ruled in peace. We are in the midst of the storm, our hearts are breaking, it is past midnight, the hour is dark, but Jesus by and by will come to His people. That comforts us.

Again you remember when Jesus went into Jerusalem that last passover week, how He cursed the fig-tree. That fig-tree ought to have had fruit. Jesus said, "There shall no man eat fruit of you," and when the disciples came the next morning they saw the fig tree that was cursed withered away. I believe Jesus intended that to be a symbol of the Jewish people just as He intended that stormy night to represent the church in the midst of the dispensational storm. He intended by cursing and withering the fruit tree, to illustrate what was going to happen to His fruitless people. They had leaves; they had their worship; they had their three feasts yearly; they went through their outward forms, but as a people they were absolutely apostate and Jesus showed that that apostate people were soon to be cursed and withered and to be swept aside, just as the fig-tree was cursed and withered away.

I believe Jonah teaches a similar lesson. Observing these things I cannot refrain from believing that God has set this bit of history of this man, this Israelite, in the Bible for all time to illustrate to us a certain great fact, and now it is our desire to see what that great teaching of Jonah is. I believe we have a great prophetic lesson. Jonah had his commission and he evaded it. He ran away from the presence of the Lord and took ship to Tarshish, but the next item of the history is a storm and trouble for Jonah. Others shared his troubles and finally discovering him as the cause of the storm, cast him out to breast it alone, and the great fish swallows him up. Preserved alive, he, after repentance is cast forth alive upon the shore.

We find in the beginning of the third chapter the recommissioning of Jonah. "The Word of the Lord came to Jonah the second time." Oh this "second time" business! That is a wonderful thing! When a man turns his back on a commission; when he has turned east when he ought to have gone west, and upon his repenting God recommissions him—that is a wonderful thing. What was the result of the recommissioning of Jonah? The great city repented. He cried at the top of his voice up and down the length of the city, and He cried with such power that they all believed it, and then his prophecy of destruction didn't come to pass. That was the strange thing. Jonah did not like it, but that is God.

That is the way that God deals with the Jew, and with you and me. That is God! The prophet said, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." They put sackcloth on the horses and all the animals throughout the city, and they called on the men, women and children to put on sackcloth, "if peradventure God will have mercy." Hallelujah! It is just like God. There is a great outstanding lesson here. God is not going to be dictated to; not going to stand by His own threats or His own promises if any good reason presents itself for His not doing so. That is the teaching of the Scriptures. You will find it in Ezekiel 33:11-20. "If I have said such and such promises and they do not fulfill the conditions, they will not get the blessings." God never withdraws from us of His own free will; He makes a promise; He means it. He makes a threat; He means it. If you get out of the way of that threat, He says, "I will not execute it." If you violate the conditions of blessing He withdraws His hand and says, "You will have curses instead of blessings." Why? Because you have changed, not God.

Every promise and every threat of God is conditional. You will not get the promises of God fulfilled in your lives unless you meet the conditions, and you will not get the stroke from God if you repent. Did not God send Jeremiah to the potter. "Go down and look at the potter." He saw the potter working at the clay and he marred the clay. Then he took the marred clay and remoulded it. God said, "That is what I am going to do with My people." That vessel wasn't what it would have been before the clay was reshaped and made into another thought of the potter. So it is with you and me. God lets things depend upon us. He is willing to change His attitude toward us as we change our attitude toward Him. That is one of the wonderful things about this preaching of Jonah, the recommission. They believed his preaching, with the result that they repented and God didn't destroy the city. And then poor Jonah didn't like it. He said, "Didn't I tell You You would do that. That is the reason I ran away. I ran away because I knew You were that kind of a God, a God of mercy, and you would destroy my message. I am a prophet, Lord. I don't want to be a false prophet. I want to be a true prophet, and You have made a false prophet out of me." And yet God meant that warning message to Nineveh, and the Holy Ghost in Jonah meant it, and it was because the Holy Ghost was in Jonah and God meant it that it never came to pass. We

have to be satisfied to let God be true if every man is a liar; whether our word goes or not; whether our reputation goes or not. We have to be content to let God do as He will. You remember God reproves Jonah through the gourd—the worm destroyed it and it wilted away; then Jonah felt sorry about the gourd. God said, “What are you grieving about? Do you want to be angry about things like this? If you are grieving about that gourd don’t you think I ought to have mercy on a great city of people who do not know their right hand from their left?” which meant a great many children besides big folks, and it of course rebuked Jonah.

Let us recall then that this story of Jonah is a story of a fish swallowing a man. It is a story of the servant of God who was told to go and preach. He disobeyed and fled his commission. He was cast out of the boat in the midst of a storm into the deep, but God miraculously saved him. His penitent prayer came up to God and God saw to it that he was taken to dry land. Re-commissioned he went forward and preached his message, fulfilling his commission. God forgave the penitent Ninevites and did not destroy them, and then we have the story of the displeasure of the prophet and the vindication of God’s mercy in the illustration He used of the gourd.

Israel is right now in the fish, and that to my mind is the teaching of Jonah. The Jews were commissioned; they were supposed to go to the world. That is what they were chosen for. They made a great mistake in the time of Jesus and before that. That awful spirit manifested towards the Gentiles; the Gentile dogs they called them. That was the Jonah attitude towards the race for which Christ was to die and who were all to be brought into the fold of God. God loved them all. Israel was commissioned to the Gentiles with the message of love. The only reason God chose them was that He might send the message to the rest of the world through them. And that is the only reason God has called this company here tonight—God didn’t choose us that we might have a glorious time. That is a part of it, but He chose us for the commission; not for our own enjoyment. Every man, woman and child chosen of the Lord is chosen in the same spirit, and believe me, not this company here tonight, no man, no woman in the world, will ever be at their best until all the world is at its best; no man or woman will ever hold all of God he or she ought to hold until all around are filled with God. God is after every

people, and He chooses and commissions us to go. That is the idea of the church, but the church is making the same mistake that Israel made. This awful neglect of foreign missions on the part of the church is exactly the same sin,—the sin of Jonah—the sin of Israel. They are commissioned and they have not gone, not as a body; thousands upon thousands of Christians are not interested in missions; they talk against everybody who wants to go to the mission field. Jonah was commissioned as Israel is commissioned, they settled down to Phariseeism, cursed the Romans and the Greeks, called all Gentiles “dogs”; they were interested in building up their own wealth, their own name; standing up in pride and saying, “We have the revelation of God; we have the oracles of God. Ours is the true God,” and they forgot to be missionaries in a very large measure. No apostasy is absolute. There was some good spirit in Israel but in the main they forgot to carry the message to the nations and settled down to another course of life, just as Jonah wanted to go off on an evasive and disobedient course. And the result of their evading their commission has been a storm; not only trouble for them but for others. I want you to see that that ocean, while it was the Mediterranean Sea, that storm, those waters are the same kind of waters we have all around us just now; the same storm, the same wind is blowing upon the same sea. You notice in Daniel 7:2, “Behold the four winds of Heaven strove upon the Great Sea.” And then came the nations in their tempestuous history. Similarly Rev. 13:11. This storm, this ocean, the beasts coming up out of the sea, are the same—and by and by the great turmoil of the nations. Up out of the sea came the beasts. Up comes Babylon; up comes Medo-Persia, up comes Greece, up comes Rome. There has been an awful storm of conflict and confusion. We ought to thank God we are in a meeting like this. We can come together into an atmosphere of peace and blessing, but the poor leaders of nations and the poor soldiers are leaping at one another and slaughtering one another by the millions. And Israel in every army is in confusion because Israel has failed. Israel would not have been in this awful confusion of the nations if Israel hadn’t failed the Lord. I will not dogmatize on that, but so it seems to me as I think this out with you tonight. God sent the storm because His prophet, Jonah, had not fulfilled his commission, had evaded it and gone away. The Jews are in the midst of the world, and the Jews and the world are in the midst of

the storm, and the people are casting the Jews out. Out goes the Jew! The nations in the midst of the storm are trying to lay it on to the Jew without knowing what they are doing. The Jews are fighting for Russia and yet Russia has turned out hundreds and thousands of Jews. They have taken the insane and those sick with deadly diseases, the children and the aged, and even the wounded soldiers; they have turned them out by the thousand, saying, "We will give you eight hours to get out of the city." They have gone out from their homes raging and angry, wealthy people, but compelled to go or else be shot, well and sick, insane and all; out they go; That is what Russia has been doing within the last few weeks. There is the Jew mixed up with the nations; the nations are troubled with the Jew and the Jew with the nations. I want to read the following from *Our Hope* which echoes the cry in the heart of every true Jew:

How long, O Lord, shall sobs and sighs
Re-echo in our ears?
How long, O Lord, shall groans and cries
Compel our flowing tears?

How long, O Lord, shall blood be shed
Of innocent and pure?
How long, O Lord, shall deathly dread
O'er Israel endure?

How long, O Lord, shall darkness reign
And murder rage unchecked?
How long, O Lord, by crimson stain
Our fateful page be flecked?

How long, O Lord, shall justice sleep
And truth her head abase?
How long, O Lord, into the deep
Shall sink Thy chosen race?

How long, O Lord, in exile yet,
Thy people must they pine?
How long, O Lord, wilt Thou forget
The mercy that is Thine?

How long, O Lord, until the morn
Of peace and bliss supreme,
When thine own glory shall adorn
The Zion of our dream?

Israel in the midst of their storm! How long is it going to last? Jonah has been cast forth, Israel cast forth in the midst of the nations, and then the fish. A continuous drama through the centuries!

Now there are more wonderful fish stories than this. The thing that some people object to ought not to be objected to. If a fish could swallow a horse he could swallow a man, and it is simply a question of God sustaining that man three days and three nights in that big fish. In the New Testament when Jesus wanted some tribute money He said, "Go and catch a fish. The first fish you catch will have a piece of money in

his mouth." Isn't that as wonderful as Jonah? There is another wonderful fish story. When the disciples had been fishing all night and caught nothing, Jesus said, "Cast your net on the other side of the boat." They did, and caught a great draft of fishes. That is just as wonderful. Now the miracle of that fish story wasn't that Jonah could be swallowed by the fish, which is what they have been objecting to. The miracle is that the fish was there when Jonah was thrown overboard. It says, "God prepared a great fish" and had him there. The miracle was the providence of God, and then the other miracle was that God saved his life and kept him there until Jonah had prayed and was penitent and then the fish vomited him forth.

The fish story is being carried on now by Israel being miraculously preserved. Is Israel dead? Far from it! Has Israel been in the midst of the storm, cast out, swallowed up? Yes. Is Israel dead? No. You say it is a wonderful thing that a man was preserved three days and three nights in the belly of that fish. Yes, and I say to you that God intended by this story of Jonah that Israel who evaded their commission, in spite of Russia, and in spite of Spain, and in spite of other nations that have tried to kill them out, has been miraculously preserved and is being miraculously preserved by God for a mission yet to be fulfilled. Otherwise they would have gone down into the deep on account of their rebellion against God. Why did God save Jonah? He said, "I am going to have that man carry out that commission. He has made a mistake to run away from Me, but I am going to hold on to him." So in the midst of all the storm and all the turmoil, God was working out His will, and so in the midst of all the trial and stress, through the nations, God has miraculously preserved His people and is going to use them. When I read these few sentences of prophecy, I said, "Oh God, the day is coming when Israel will offer a prayer like that," when the great Jonah that has been out in the storm and being preserved by God, will repent. "Then Jonah cried unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly, and said, "I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and He heard me." Their very afflictions are going to force them to God. The other verses describe how Jonah went down and down and down, the weeds were wrapped around his head, and when his soul fainted within him he remembered the Lord and his prayer came up unto Him. As you and I get to the place of penitence and crying to God out of the depths of our miseries and sorrows, God will hear us.

And He wants to see His people come forth from the midst of trouble and sorrow, miraculously preserved and crying out unto God, recommissioned with wonderful success following their obedience. The second great thought in Jonah is the wonderful success of that commission. That is a wonderful thing. Why did that stand out in history? In other words there has been some evangelization of the world, some success. Thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions have been won from heathendom through the Christians of many generations, but with Israel penitent and recommissioned, yielded and filled with the Holy Ghost as the Book promises, when they are sent forth endued, there will be success. And that great city of Nineveh, representing symbolically the great heathen world, is going to bow down before God. Did you ever read the twelfth chapter of Isaiah? When you read about Jonah forget about the miracle, forget about the fish. That is nothing. The great outstanding fact is that God wants a lesson to be taught.

Isaiah 12 says, "In that day ye shall say, Praise ye the Lord, declare His doings among the peoples. For He hath done excellent things. This is known in all the earth." "That day" is the day of Israel's restoration. (Read all of Isa. 12).

Who will make it known among all the nations? How was it known in all the earth? Israel made it known. Read of this over here in the 66th chapter of Isaiah. All peoples are to hear from Israel that Jehovah is the Lord, and they will make Him known. Isa. 66:19, "And I will set a sign among them, and I will send those that escape of them unto the nations, to Tarshish, Pul, and Lud, that draw the bow to Tubal, and Javan, to the isles afar off, that have not heard my fame, neither have seen my glory; and they shall declare my glory among the Gen-

tiles." This is the climax to the second part of Isaiah which brings us up to the time of Israel's restoration. "And they shall bring all your brethren for an offering unto the Lord out of all nations upon horses, and in chariots, and in litters, and upon mules, and upon swift beasts, to the holy mountain Jerusalem, saith the Lord, as the children of Israel bring an offering in a clean vessel into the house of the Lord." If this prophet had lived now-a-days he would have said express trains and automobiles and flying machines; every fast thing he could think of he put in here. In other words everything that can be utilized to bring all scattered Israel up to Jerusalem, and that will be done by the friendly people who were formerly hostile to them: "Come into my automobile, Come? I will pay your fare," and upon electric trains and autos they are carrying the Jews back to their own place, because they have gone forth with the message of salvation. That is after the coming of the Lord and after Judah and Israel are united. So there is the thought of Israel fulfilling its mission and the final success; symbolized by that great city, Nineveh, bowed down before God. I have given you the lesson. It is a very striking one. Some day, recommissioned, after their repentance and their prayer, with broken hearts Israel will say, "We have delayed to recognize our Messiah but now we see it is He." Crying out of the belly of hell, out they will come just as Jonah came out of the fish. Out they will come to be recommissioned and have the Spirit of God poured out upon them, and then there will be evangelization such as the world has never seen. The riches of the Gentiles will flow unto Israel. They haven't done that yet. The riches of the nations will flow to Israel. And all the people will help Israel all along the line. Israel will take up their commission again and there will be a wonderful blessing throughout all the world.

"Pity Thyself"

Elizabeth Sisson.



PETER'S suggestion to Jesus (Matt. 16:22, marg. ref.) when Jesus began to speak of the awful sufferings that were soon to surround Him! What more natural in face of Gethsemane and Golgotha than sorrow?

And Peter—who had just been under a direct revelation of the Holy Ghost which brought forth the glorious confession, "Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God," and caused

Jesus to bless him with a peculiar blessing (Matt. 16:17-19); and in the tender glow of that hour—this Peter, in the fulness of his love for Jesus, exclaims, "Sufferings for Thee, dear Lord Jesus? Far from it! Pity Thyself!"

Instantly the fellowship so precious between Jesus and Peter is broken. The Master's sharp rebuke follows. To His vision Peter is transformed to Satan, and thus He calls him, "Get thee behind me Satan." Why? Because the

suggestion to self-pity was Satan, moving through His loved disciple, and He saw not the disciple but the adversary. Ah, well for us! if wherever we meet the insinuation to self-pity we instantly scent Satan. For if Jesus could not finish His course with joy if He yielded an atom at the sharpest turn in the road to self-pity, how can we be made like Him if we let the devil in with this form of pity.

It is safe enough to commiserate *others*; to pity them in their sorrows; it is Christlike to get under the load of their sins and infirmities—"Remembering them that are bound, *as bound with them*,"—pitying them even in their self-pity, getting under the load of it, in Divine compassion, as we are stirred in prayer and faith for them, but when we come to swallow *one drop* of the cup ourselves, that drop of self-pity is the devil's black broth we are taking.

"But why, when everything is against one, and we have more sufferings and sorrows than all the world combined, may we not feel sorry for poor little self? It is only natural. We must." Ah! that is just what Jesus said. It is only natural and therefore undivine; "Peter, with thy hint to self-pity, 'thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men'." Satan can always move on the natural, if we are not shut up to God to live *by Christ* in the Divine. But our precious Jesus suffered *for us*, that He might provide us a Savior who would *suffer in us* even as He suffered in Himself at Gethsemane and on the cross. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" was all the way through His unwavering attitude.

What a Savior! to come into us and keep us seeing, in each vent of life "*the cup which my Father hath given me*." Oh praise Him! praise Him! How glorious He is! What a Mighty Deliverer! He can deliver us perpetually from the least shade of self-pity! A long line of worthies proclaims it, worthies "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, others were tortured not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they wandered about in sheep-skins and goatskins, being destitute, af-

flicted, tormented, they wandered in deserts, in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth. These all having obtained a good report through faith."

Now faith has not an atom of self-pity in it, and self-pity has not an atom of faith in it. Therefore Jesus could not for *one moment* yield to it. Thus He became a perfect Savior who can bring off perfectly His people every moment in faith, saved all the time by Him from self-pity as perfectly as the redeemed drunkard is saved all the time from the lust of his appetite. Oh hallelujah! What a Savior!

Self-pity is such an insidious thing. It looks so harmless, so "natural." Yet with it Satan breaks the thread of fellowship with the Master where a soul would not think of yielding to a suggestion to a lie or to commit adultery. They would see Satan's face in that and flee him. But just to look at circumstances and let waves of sorrow swallow them up—Ah! but Satan's work is accomplished. He has broken the thread of continuity with the Master, and left the soul as weak as water. It does not much matter for practical results, whether you sever a branch from a vine with a battle-ax or a lady's most delicate pearl-handle pen-knife, the life of the vine is interrupted in its flow through the branch. "Except ye *abide* in Me, ye cannot bear fruit." *Uninterrupted abiding!* How precious that we have Jesus to bring "every thought" into "obedience" to Him! All thoughts captured and held captive by such a Mighty Warrior, "who trod the wine-press alone," that He might bring us off more than conquerors, as we refuse amid multiplied sorrows and horrors, each insinuation to self-pity; praising Him *by Jesus dwelling within* (Heb. 13:15) for every drop our Father lets fall into our cup.

The fine stuff of which He makes martyrs, comes forth in this way,—for there are martyr-lives as well as martyr-deaths—and He that made a long line of martyr-souls leap and dance in the flames, can do as much for the long drawn-out martyr-lives He appoints to some of the jewels of His heart, and thus the King's daughter becomes "all glorious within," "her clothing of *wrought gold*." Stitch by stitch of agonizing events meet with a "praise the Lord," and the "*fine gold*" of Himself wrought out right there. Hallelujah for a Savior that saves us from the defeat of self-pity! causing our "light afflictions" to work out for us "a far more exceeding and eternal *weight of glory*."

Signs and Wonders Brought in Milwaukee

How God Brought Salvation to a Deaf and Dumb Institution

H. A. Ulrich, Milwaukee, Wis., in The Stone Church, Nov. 23, 1915.



THE Lord has blessedly worked in our little mission in Milwaukee within the past few years and set His seal upon it. We often sowed in tears but God has enabled us to be partakers in some of the reaping.

We had a woman come to our meeting recently who seventeen years ago was healed through the prayers of Brother and Sister Piper when in Cincinnati. She had a cancer, and was given up by the doctors; had been operated on once or twice, but the wound would not heal up and became a cancer. She didn't receive the healing right away and some people told her to straighten out her life. She said she lay on the floor for a whole hour, and when she got up she had the assurance she was healed. When she reached home and examined the wound she found a new skin had formed over it and she received perfect healing. But she and her husband had grown cold and drifted, for they had not been deeply saved. Healing doesn't save us unless we go deeper. We need humility in our lives, and have to get down and consecrate ourselves to God. If we do not the devil deceives us and we fall back into the world. These people had left Cincinnati and moved to Milwaukee, but the seed that had been sown in their hearts was not lost. We were having tent meetings in the city and this woman and her husband passed by the tent one Sunday. She said to her husband, "Come let us look in the tent; maybe it is something like we used to have years ago." The first night she came into the meeting the power of God fell upon her, and God witnessed to her that this was the same kind of a meeting in which she felt His touch years ago. Her pastor tried to keep her away, but did not succeed. She received the baptism of the Holy Ghost but her husband would not accept the truth. One night she stepped on a needle. The thread was hanging to it but they didn't dare touch it because they were afraid the thread would break and they could not get the needle out. The doctor came and he said they would have to take her to the office. He made an incision to get the needle out, and in using a pair of pliers and trying to get it out, the needle broke off and half of it stuck to the bone. The doctor said he would have to take her to the hospital and use

the X-ray, but the sister said, "I cannot stand this. Jesus healed me seventeen years ago of a cancer and He can take that needle out. I will not go to the hospital, but will go to the church where they pray for the sick, if I have to crawl there."

The night before, my wife had a dream in which she saw this woman. God prepares us for special ministrations and gives us dreams and visions to encourage us and strengthen our faith. So in a dream a woman came to my wife whose limb was cut and the flesh hanging down, and my wife had faith for her to be healed, and she prayed and she was healed. The next night at our meeting in came this woman, supported by another sister and walking with a cane. She came up to my wife and sat beside her and told her the story of her affliction. They called to me to come and pray. I must confess I didn't feel I had much faith in my heart. I wanted to have faith but I was judging the woman because she had gone to a doctor and when we judge we haven't faith. God wanted to heal this woman to encourage her and her husband. I prayed and went back to the platform, leaving her in God's hands. The power of God came upon her and she was prostrated. The meeting was blessed. At half-past ten she got up and leaned on the seat. I said, "Sister Smith how are you feeling?" She said, "All my pain is gone and I feel the needle right under the bandage." I touched it and found the needle on the outside. She could walk home without pain, ten blocks in the rain.

The next morning the doctor came and said, "Well, Mrs. Smith, are you ready to go to the hospital?" She said she was not going. "Oh," he said, "you will have to go or you will have blood-poisoning." Then she told him that Jesus took the needle out, but he said that such wonders didn't happen in these days.

There are some things we hardly dare speak about because people will not believe. There was a Catholic woman healed of a nine inch wound. She had been operated on twice and they wanted to operate on her another time and wanted to take out her bladder, said it was decayed. She was a very strict Catholic, would have gone into the fire for her church, but one day she received one of our tracts. God has a way to draw people, and uses healing for that

purpose. There was a neighbor woman who had been suffering for eight months with pain in her lungs so she could not do her own housework. She was healed and her neighbor said, "What is the matter with you? You were dying, now you are working hard. What doctor have you had?" "I haven't any doctor now. I went last Thursday to a little meeting where they pray for the sick and Jesus took my pain away, and I am perfectly healed," and she gave her a tract. When this Catholic read that tract she was so filled with joy and knew there was help for her. She was a little afraid when she came first and brought her dog along. Their own religion is so false they have no confidence in any other. She came up to see me and said, "Must I leave my church? I cannot leave my faith." I told her if she had the right kind of faith she need not leave it, and if she was living right with God she need not worry about leaving her church; she just needed to believe God. She had such faith in her heart she brought her daughter who was blind in one eye. That girl could thread a needle the next morning. Before this she could not see five feet away and today she could see any distance. She had been blind in one eye over eleven years, and the other eye was gradually losing sight.

The Lord spoke to her and told her to go to the priest. She went out with one of the papers and the first house she stopped in was the house of a priest. She gave him a paper and he said he could not read, that his eyes were bad. She told him that Jesus could heal his eyes, but he told her it was not his eyes alone, his kidneys were affected also. She told him God made the kidneys too. He said, "What kind of a woman are you?" "Well, I am a Catholic." He asked her where she got this paper from and she explained and talked to him and he said if he preached such things the church would soon be empty, but she told him if he did he would get his church filled with people who believed in God.

We had one little girl who spent a whole winter in a deaf and dumb school. She was made deaf and dumb by the Holy Spirit and sent there. The first three days she was there she could speak the deaf and dumb language though never having learned it in her life. She uses it today, yet has never learned it. The teacher there said it would take two years to learn that language.

Are we expecting the signs and wonders? They will not convert us except we humble our hearts. They will convict us, but conviction is only the first step to conversion. God is using

these things to convict people and He will save them if they become humble. This little girl is often in intercession for souls. It is the Spirit of God that intercedes in her for souls. Just so far as we have intercession, so God works in the earth. We are responsible that spiritual children may be born in this world. Many people die in their spiritual experiences because they do not yield to God in this matter of intercession. I have often been criticized for allowing the spirit of weeping in the meetings, and I have tried sometimes to hold the meetings in check, but God showed me I was working against Him in attempting to quench the Spirit. If you have intercessors the work will be successful. If intercession ceases, the work will cease. During our tent meetings the spirit of weeping would come upon this little girl. Some would not understand, but we knew it was intercession for souls. There were some people saved in those meetings in a miraculous way; one young man who didn't care for church, wouldn't come to the tent, but there was an intercessor in his home, his mother. He resisted the Spirit, and said, "I am the only sane person in the house." He went to the nickel show that night but came the next Friday night to the meeting. I heard some one weeping and wondered who it was. I found it was this young man. He had to cry for two weeks before he was saved.

I have seen this young girl who was deaf and dumb agonize for souls for three hours at a time. I got frightened at first to see her agony. She was in my home one time and had a burden and the next day I asked her about it, and she said, "Oh, I had such a burden for you and for Africa." It is sweet to have a burden for souls God wants to bring into the kingdom. We are so slow to learn to yield ourselves He has to use the little ones for this work sometimes. We have many intercessors among the young people. One thing God can do; He can put a spirit of weeping upon them.

It was a year ago this young girl said to me one day: "In the winter I will not be home. I do not know what to tell my parents. I do not know what will happen." One day while she was in prayer the Lord spoke to her and said, "Margaret, I will have to take your speech and your hearing away for four days. Tell your mother she shall not be scared. You will hear again in four days," and it happened that way. And it was the means of converting her father. He was an infidel and a socialist. He didn't believe in God, and had said, "If I see God I will believe on Him." He saw God in his home then.

On Saturday he was converted. Several things happened in those four days. The supernatural power of God was upon her. The first words she said when her hearing and speech came back to her was, "Jesus is coming soon. Why don't you believe?" Several weeks after that as she was praying the Lord said to her, "Margaret, I will have to make you deaf and dumb all winter." On the tenth of September she left us for Delavan, but before she left she had to go to a doctor for a certificate that she was deaf and dumb. He said, "I do not understand that girl. Her ear is perfect, her tongue is all right, I do not know why she cannot speak and hear." Her mother told him but he could not understand it.

In June she came back, after having been in the Deaf and Dumb institution all winter. The first three weeks there three of the teachers were saved. God has children among the deaf and dumb people and He proved it. He sent her there to tell them about Him and His saving grace. When she came back in June, as soon as she stopped at the station, her hearing came back. The first question her father asked her was whether she could hear. We can see why God does these things, to manifest His power and draw men to Himself. I praise Him that we are living in these days in which He is revealing Himself to His children.

A Situation—A Crisis. Think of It!

A. P. Collins, Fort Worth, Texas.



NEARLY all the Sunday School lessons for 1916 are in Acts and Revelation on full Gospel lines, giving the four-fold messages, Salvation in Christ Jesus, Baptism in the Holy Spirit, Healing for the Body, and the Second Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. These lessons are studied by over thirty million children and these children are taught by over two million teachers. They will furnish themes for one hundred thousand preachers for at least half the Sundays during the year, thus affording the opportunity to put the truth before possibly thirty million more, giving about sixty million people a chance to hear the full Gospel message.

Now this opportunity imposes an immeasurable obligation!!! It is quite possible that many teachers and preachers will fail to give this full Gospel message, and many others likely will try to explain it away; many more will humble themselves to obey it, and this constitutes a

CRISIS IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD

Seven years ago the Sunday School lessons were on the same line, but the Latter Rain Movement was in its beginning, a subject of ridicule, but during these seven years these truths have been forced on the attention of hundreds of thousands of honest hearts, and every nation under heaven has had the witness to the scripturalness of the message. Now this word to the saints everywhere—: Let every child of God pray that this *Word* which is going in printed page and living voice, may not return void but accomplish the thing for which it is sent, remembering that as the rain and the snow come down from heaven and water the earth and make it bring forth, "so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth." (Isa. 55:10-11).

Let us pray continually that God will open the hearts to receive the whole truth, convict teachers and preachers of their need, and seal the lips of those who try to explain the truth away. Also pray that God would give courage to honest hearts to accept and stand for the whole truth. the Word of God is truth and is sharper than any two-edged sword piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. (Heb. 4:12). If the Churches will admit and accept this full gospel message the world will see the greatest revival ever known. If they reject it the apostasy is complete, and no remedy but judgment. Let the saints of God face this crisis with a sense of the issues involved and the eternal destinies hinging upon the right interpretation of this Word. All who have the Baptism in the Holy Spirit should be real intercessors, willing and glad to see God work anywhere. We have no selfish ambition to gratify in this.

Truly our hearts would leap with joy to see every church in a great revival and sinners coming home to God. What a revival would sweep this world if only the denominations would open their doors to the blessed Holy Spirit! To the church at Laodicea Jesus said "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open to me I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me." (Rev. 3:20.)

Now to encourage faith in your prayer, remember, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God said, Let there be light and there was light." God's Spirit will go with His Word today and give light, dispell-

ing the darkness. The Spirit will brood over the hearts in answer to prayer. Again, Jesus said, "When the Comforter is come He will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment." Now the Comforter the Holy Spirit has come to us and His fruits and gifts manifested in us will convince the world that God is in us of a truth. This is the time to pray for this world-wide conviction and a world-wide revival to follow!

Let us also remember that God said "I will show wonders in heaven above and signs in the earth beneath, blood and fire and vapor of smoke, the sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood before that great and notable day of the Lord comes. Acts 2:19-21. And it will come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. God's judgments are now in the earth. We have reason to believe many will call on the name of the Lord. Praise His Name!

Once more, God said in *His Word* "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Isa. 59:19. The enemy is coming in floods of heresy, delusion, immorality and all forms of wickedness, yet we are confidently expecting the Lord to lift the standard. When Satan begins to work his lying wonders the Lord begins to do the real wonders. Divine Healing is counterfeited by Satan in Christian Science. When the magicians threw down their rods and they turned to serpents Moses' rod turned to a serpent and swallowed up theirs. Jehovah brought down Nebuchadnezzar and made him acknowledge that God rules in heaven and among the affairs of men, working all things after the council of His own will. (Dan. 4:30, Eph. 1:11). Blessed be His Holy Name forever! Have faith in God. All things are possible to him that believeth. Jesus said, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go, ye, therefore, and teach all nations . . . Lo I am with you always even unto the end." (Matt. 28:17-20.) Beloved saints everywhere let us pray always for all the saints and count it the sweetest privilege of our lives.

Ask great things from God and expect great things from God. We show great faith in asking for great things. "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name He will give it you." God so loved the world, Jesus died for the world and the Holy Spirit reproves the world; then why not ask for a world-wide re-

vival. Prayers—not sermons are offered with incense before the throne. Let us pray then look for the answer in fire, lightnings, thunders, and earthquakes—for our Jehovah answers prayer. Rev. 8:3-5.

* * *

A New Book

"Leopard Spots or God's Masterpiece, Which?" is the name of a new book just published, by Alma Doering. After eighteen years of missionary service in the Congo, Miss Doering has written this book in behalf of the unprovided for missionaries, who are pouring out their lives in unselfish service for Christ in the neglected districts of Central Africa. The proceeds of the book will be used in spreading the Gospel in the Congo.

It tells of lights and shadows in missionary life, of heroes and martyrs from the dark continent; contains interesting chapters from the life of the author and is replete with stories of transformed lives and miracles of grace which have come within her observation.

The purchaser of this book will not only get some very interesting reading but will at the same time be extending missionary interests in the Congo. It is illustrated and contains 203 pages. Is a beautiful book for a gift. Price \$1.00 cloth, .75 paper. Orders filled by Edward F. Doering, 12006 Ingomar Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, or The Evangel Publishing House, 3616 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"The Pentecostal Awakening of a Baptist Pastor," is a booklet containing the experiences of Edward Armstrong, Indianapolis, Ind., a former Baptist pastor, now in Pentecost. It consists of nine chapters and is excellent to hand to those who are hungry for a deeper work in their hearts. If you have friends you would like to interest in Pentecost, send them this booklet. We have a limited number of copies on hand. Price 10 cents.

Should a Christian Fight?

An appeal to Christian young men of all nations. By Samuel H. Booth-Clibborn. America may go to war at any moment, and if it does our young men will have to face the issue. This booklet of 38 pages will help you to decide. It should be widely scattered. Send for a copy. Price 10 cts.

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

Notes

In the Crucible

Out from the mine and the darkness,
Out from the damp and the mold,
Out from the fiery furnace,
Cometh each grain of gold,
Crushed into atoms and leveled
Down to the humblest dust,
With never a heart to pity,
With never a hand to trust.

Molten and hammered and beaten,
Seemeth it ne'er to be done.
Oh! for such fiery trial,
What hath the poor gold done?
Oh! 'twere a mercy to leave it
Down in the damp and the mold;
If this is the glory of living,
Then better be dross than gold.

Under the press and the roller,
Into the jaws of the mint,
Stamped with the emblem of freedom
With never a flaw or a dent;
Oh! what a joy the refining
Out of the damp and the mold!
And stamped with a glorious image,
Oh, beautiful coin of gold!

—Sel.

* * *

A TORN piece of THE EVANGEL fell into the hands of a man in Kentucky and drew him Godward. The Spirit of God that made the word "life," touched a cord in his heart and he writes for sample copies that he might have more light on God's Word.

Another writes: "I have given away all of THE EVANGELS I have received, scattering them here and there, down in Texas, some in Michi-

gan, some here in Oklahoma, and a good bundle to a sick brother down in Arizona. I would be glad to spend my time distributing religious literature if able to purchase it. When I think how near we are to the end of time and the awful condition of the human race it makes my heart tremble and long to do more for the dear Lord and Savior." As long as we have them on hand, we will be glad to send out sample copies, singly or in bundles to those who can distribute them in His Name. If a torn piece of paper can make a man hungry for God, what could not a bundle scattered with prayer accomplish? "Everything we do for ourselves ends in the grave, but what we do for God and our fellow man lives beyond the tomb."

A faithful missionary laboring in a difficult field received an impetus to his faith and took on new courage through a recent copy: "I want to testify to what I get through THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL. God has been working in my heart for a long time. I felt such a burden and have been crying to God for souls. We have seen the glory of God in our midst, several have been saved and filled with the Holy Spirit, but that is few among all these millions of people, so I am far from satisfied. My burden was quite heavy and I nearly *lost heart*, but praise God who knoweth all things; I received a copy of THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL and the article, "Nothing can hinder a Revival," was the kind of medicine that I needed. Praise the Lord, now we are praying with new courage until God sends us a great revival among the heathen. Last Sunday (Jan. 25) God already began to work, and I believe He will give us strength to go on until the revival is all over these places."

A sister tells how God blessed through the January number: "I loaned my January copy to my washer-woman (a very nice young colored woman). When she brought it back she said it was *grand*, and she had loaned it to some of her friends. They wanted her to get a copy of it for them to keep but she told them it was borrowed and she must return it, so they sat down and copied part of it off. I think it was the article on "The Unpardonable Sin." I have just read the second article on "The Causes" and am enclosing fifty cents for January and February numbers. If these articles should ever come out in tract form I should like to get a good many for they are most excellent. Certainly if anything would arouse a careless Christian or a sinner, these articles would."

These extracts are taken from one week's mail. We could tell of others but perhaps this

will stir into a flame the desire some have to work for God, by distributing literature. It is such an easy channel by which to work for the Lord, the handing out of a tract, sending a paper through the mail; so little effort, yet often it means such big results for God.

J. Hudson Taylor, the well-known founder of the China Inland Mission, was converted through a little tract he found in his father's library. This mission has carried the Gospel into eleven immense provinces in the interior of China, and sustains over six hundred missionaries. Richard Baxter was converted through reading a tract. He wrote, "A Call to the Unconverted," which fell into the hands of Philip Doddridge, who became a preacher, hymn writer, and president of a theological academy. He wrote a book which influenced the life of William Wilberforce and led him to Christ. One of his books, "A Practical View of Christianity," was read by Leigh Richmond, one of the greatest tract writers the world has ever known. One of his tracts, "The Dairyman's Daughter," was translated into over fifty languages, and before 1849 more than four million copies had been circulated. A copy of it was presented to the Czar of Russia, who handed it to his daughter, and she, through it, was converted to Christ. She had it translated into the Russian language and scattered over the Russian empire. What a wealth of testimony to the giving of the first tract!

Several years ago a young minister, well-nigh discouraged and disheartened, felt the battle for souls was becoming too heavy. Just at the time when the tension was greatest, a copy of THE EVANGEL came into his hands with a God-given message, which he felt was just for him. The burden lifted and he plunged into his work with new zeal.

A December Evangel was handed to a woman about fifty years of age. She became thoroughly convinced of Pentecostal truth through reading this copy and sought and received the baptism in the Holy Ghost. Her daughter is now seeking this same blessing.

What wonderful possibilities through the printed page! What rewards are in store for the faithful colporteur! Who knows but what he may be giving a tract to a J. Hudson Taylor or a Charles G. Finney, and when the day comes for the rewards to be given out, the humble soul who gave the tract or the paper in the name of the Lord will be a partaker in the joys and blessings that will fall to that minister of the Gospel.

* * *

Miss Martha W. Jewell, 31 Quinsan Road, Shanghai, China, is in charge of a school for missionaries' children, and is in need of women teachers for this school between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age. Those are desired who are refined and experienced and deep and strong for God. This school has been in existence for twenty years and has been much blessed of God, but since coming into Pentecost these workers have met with some testings. They are standing true to God and looking to Him for guidance as individuals and for the school. Should anyone feel called to work of this kind she can write to Miss Jewel, stating qualifications, etc.

* * *

The Assembly at Petoskey, Michigan, say there is a prevailing spirit of unity in their midst, and traveling evangelists passing through will be welcome. They have been having good meetings at 312 Lake St., Pastor in charge, Frank W. Jewell.

From the Mission Fields Afar

GOOD news comes to us from many quarters of the Mission Field, of aggressive work for God and souls. The healing touch of Jesus upon a darkened life tortured by disease, will do more to lift that soul into God than many sermons. The sermon may be forgotten but the "sick made whole" will tell a story which will make the heart tender and turn a helpless invalid into a Gospel witness. Miss Bernice Lee, Uska Bazar, India, tells of the power in the Name of Jesus, as they visit the villages:

The Power in the Name

"For the past number of weeks I have been

thinking so much about the power there is in His Name. 'Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name.' 'That at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.'

"The power of that wonderful name is being felt in this land, and I want to give you one or two illustrations. A few weeks ago I was on a train with several native women, and glad of an opportunity to witness for Jesus, I began singing a little Hindu hymn about my Lord. One of these dear women seemed to search my very

face, and as I sang His Name great tears sprang to her dark eyes and she seemed for a few moments lost to the things around her. I could then talk with her about His love-errand to earth and she listened gladly, but oh I shall never forget that look at the mention of *His Name!*

"About a month ago we went into a good-sized Mohammedan village and after holding several meetings we were about to leave, when an old man came asking us to come and pray for his wife who could not walk. These were Hindus. We followed him to the little home and there in the doorway on the ground, sat this poor woman with a look of pain upon her face. As we sat down upon the cot which had been brought for us, such a yearning filled our hearts to see the power in *His Name* manifested, and to our minds was brought so vividly the account of the man at the Beautiful gate of the temple. As simply as possible we told the sweet story and eagerly they both drank it in. Before going to prayer the Bible woman turned to me and said, 'I feel we should anoint her.' We turned to James 5:14, 15 and explained what we were about to do, and oh how the power of the Lord came down as we held that little anointing service, and as she was bidden to rise in Jesus' Name she did, and though falteringly, walked up and down. There was a real light in her face as she did so, repeating the words, 'in Jesus' Name,' over and over again. Her husband too was right by her side, taking the blessed Name, and such a crowd gathered. Oh how precious near the Lord appeared, and how our hearts filled with gratitude! We came away leaving them very happy indeed. We have returned each week since and each time find them both resting in that wonderful Name. Though still unable to walk unflinchingly as we long to see her, she continues to persevere, and always in His Name, and is indeed doing better than when we first saw her. It is precious to see how much they have grasped in this short time, and they testify to the power in Jesus' Name right before the villagers, and say they love Him. The other day the old man, placing his hand over his heart, said, 'Since the first day you came it has been in here!' The same day the woman said, 'I want to be His disciple.'

"In this same village is another woman who one day asked us to come and pray for her son who was ill. She had evidently been taking in more of the teaching than we knew, for while we were talking with the son (a grown man) she sat down beside him and every little while would explain to him a little more fully about trusting in *the Name*. We were amazed to see how truly she believed and how simple was her faith. After praying for the man she walked along the roadway with us as we were starting for the ox-tonga, and how the praise welled up in my heart as together we talked of Jesus. Then during a lull in the conversation I heard her whispering to herself, 'Jesus' Name!' 'Jesus' Name!' 'For-

give all my sins in Jesus' Name.' In so many places now they bring their sick out to be prayed with and it is always an opening wedge, for after that they listen more readily to the Gospel. Recently we met an old woman in the village whose face looked familiar, and then we remembered that she had, a short time before, brought a little sick baby out to the roadway to be prayed with. She told us with a very smiling face that the baby had been completely healed. Oh! these days of seed-sowing are so precious and it is so good of the Lord now and then to let us see a few of the results, but we also praise Him for the privilege of sowing in faith, knowing fruit must spring forth as we keep low at His feet."

The work at Uska Bazar is lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes. Miss Baugh writes that for more than a year God has been laying upon them the opening up of a new station in Chupra, a city of 47,000 in what is known as the most thickly populated part of India. This city is near one of the large pilgrim places where the people come by the thousands to worship their gods. Miss Baugh and some of her workers are comfortably settled here in a good house, in answer to prayer, and the people seem eager to listen to the Gospel. Prayer is asked for more native workers so that they may be able to reach the multitudes.

* * *

Miss Alice Wood, holding a month's meetings in different places in Argentina, South America, writes of blessing all along the way. In one town where they heard the Gospel for the first time, two Turkish young men accepted the Savior and are now working for the Lord, bringing others to the meetings and earnestly studying the Scriptures.

Problems for Missinaries

From Japan comes the sound of abundance of rain. Mrs. Bernauer writes of good attendance, Sunday School children getting saved and asking for baptism, a merchant has accepted Jesus, young men and young ladies giving their lives to God. Several capable and consecrated have offered themselves to work for the Lord, and here as in all the heathen lands the toiling missionary's heart is aching as she looks out upon the whitened harvest field and realizes what might be done for lost souls if the storehouse were not so empty. Brother and Sister Moore are having blessed meetings and good results. They write us of the lights and shades in their work:

"One great difficulty is that the government has taken a decided stand against Christianity and is reviving 'Shintoism,' the worship of de-

parted spirits, especially of departed emperors, whom the present Emperor declares were divine and their dynasty would stand forever. He is worshipping them daily, and the people are worshipping him as their god. The two emblems which they use is a 'divine sword' which means to conquer the world, and a 'divine mirror' which represents the spirits of departed emperors. These are placed in a small house something like the 'Ark of the Covenant' and during the Coronation the royalty danced before them and prayed and sacrificed new rice to them. They declared the late emperor was looking at them and was well pleased with the ceremonies. The example is set for the nation, and the Emperor on the tenth, Coronation day, commanded the people to follow his example. The Prime Minister did obeisance to him and also the congregation, and the nation was asked to worship with their faces toward the West on Coronation day, but many refused.

Now, nearer home, comes the great problem for the missionary. When the power of God comes upon a Japanese and he becomes very happy, immediately his relatives who are averse to Christianity, keep him away, or his employer threatens him if he accepts Christ he must lose his employment, and sometimes the parents of young men will send them to work where there is no mission. One very earnest young man was sent from us and he is now working for just fifteen cents a day, and boards himself out of that. He came to us some time ago, sick, and you should have seen the workers crying over him. As we prayed for him and laid our hands on him, the power of God healed his body. Another young man was kept away for months and he came in secretly. That night the Spirit



Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Moore, Yokohama, Japan, and their four workers. The one sitting by Mrs. Moore was wonderfully saved and healed, and anointed for service. All are earnest and consecrated.

fell on him and two others and they walked down the street shouting, 'Hallelujah!' Of course this stirred the 'old serpent,' and his uncle stopped him altogether from coming. The women are persecuted also, and have to steal in secretly. One was in last night who was asked by her friends to go see a heathen dance and a

vile show of some sort, but she refused and secretly came to the mission. Eight or nine have accepted Christ in the last two meetings. Pray that the ban may be lifted here and hungry hearts made free to attend the services. If those who become saved were free to attend we would soon have a large company. However, our workers visit them in their homes and shops and encourage them. Our first convert is standing true. He lived next door to us and heard us sing and pray. He became deeply interested and was gloriously saved. He feels called to Gospel work. Another young man, his friend, was saved and both are standing true to God.

"Earthquakes are shaking this country. There were twenty-nine in one day last week, one lasting twenty-five minutes. Beloved pray for a spiritual earthquake to shake this country, that many shall be released from the ban which is upon them so they can be free to worship God according to their conscience."

"We Must Have Help"

Brother Schoeneich, Matagalpa, Nicaragua, writes that in the last two months five new natives have given up the Roman Catholic church and are deeply in earnest to know the Lord Jesus. The congregations are good and increasing, and they are seeking for the power of the Holy Ghost in their lives. The cry of our brother's heart is that the home church shall send forth laborers to this needy and neglected field. A long letter laying the condition of the field before us, is interspersed with these words, "But we *must* have help!" "The home church *must* send us help!" Missionaries are taking great risks in going to India and China and Africa, crossing the seas in the face of imminent peril to obey the call of God, yet here is Central America lying almost at our doors, a country which can be reached without danger or perils of war and there is no one to go! Let us pray that God will lay the burden of this land, cursed by Romanism and dark with sin and shame, upon some consecrated souls who will go forth in His Name. Brother Schoeneich writes they are praying for four workers. Should anyone feel the drawings of the Spirit towards this country which has the blight of Rome upon it, we would advise him to write to our brother. Nicaragua has a population of six hundred thousand and only five Pentecostal missionaries, and about that many of the different denominations. These figures show how great the need. Is there no one to go and help?

We have splendid reports from Brother and Sister Halliday who went to this country a year ago. They have laid upon their hearts the necessity of scattering the Word of God and need

funds for Spanish scripture portions. They have already distributed thousands and are going into territory never touched by any missionary. What a privilege to be the first to carry the precious Gospel to the "other sheep" for whom Christ died! Just an extract from a letter will give our readers a glimpse at one of the journeys taken by these workers in His Name:

"We took train toward Chinendega, ninety miles northwest of here. This is the place where the priests raised such a riot in September, but instead of touching it the Lord led us to work Viejo, another city of about six thousand on a branch line a league from Chinendego, and never touched by any missionary at any time. We worked hard and sowed all the streets running one way before night and got out without any trouble. We visited our inquirer in Chinendego whose house had been assaulted, and found her firm in her purpose to follow on to know the Lord. The next day we came south about twenty miles and put a portion of Scripture in practically every home in Posaltega and San Nicholas. The priest was away so we just made hay while the sun shone. These places had *never been touched before*. The next week we went the other way, south, and sowed Nasatepe, about thirty miles away. It never had been worked either and the Chief of Police tried to jail us on a trumped-up charge. We had to hustle our native workers out of town as there is little justice in this country.

"It is in this country on the hills above the great lake around Grenada, among the simple Indian tribes that I have more hope of a deep spiritual work than among the more carnal believers of the cities. Already the Lord wants to do a work among this people, and has opened a door for me to preach among them every Sunday. They are beginning to hold regular meetings for waiting on the Lord."

* * *

A good letter comes from Mrs. Mary Chapman, Dodballapur, India, now back in the harness after some years in the home land. She is busy giving Bible readings, visiting the villages, carrying Gospels to natives who eagerly grasp them. There are many hungry hearts and open doors in South India. An Indian worker reports five baptized in the Spirit and begs for someone to come and help. Mrs. Chapman says, "There is a plenteous harvest here, the climate delightful, the scenery beautiful, and 'only man is vile.' In every path we travel we find places of idol worship, great stones set up, covered with writhing serpents. They worship the cobra. To think that the human race made in the image of God could fall so low as to bow down to a venomous reptile. Truly the darkness is dense on

the heathen mind. Thank God the light is shining and beginning to break in on many hearts.'"

Lepers Miraculously Healed

The pastor of the Pentecostal mission in Pretoria, South Africa, writes that the Spirit of the Lord is brooding over the work in that city although it is suffering through the disturbed conditions that exist because of the war. Still God is giving results as they give themselves to prayer and humble themselves before Him. He says, "Several backsliders in our midst have returned to the Lord during the past several weeks, and two or three decisions for Christ have been made. Last week a woman who has been troubled with continual headaches for over twenty years was instantly healed in answer to prayer, and on Sunday the Lord wonderfully healed a girl who had large white sores in her throat, and was trembling under a raging fever in her body. In less than two days she was eating so heartily and sleeping so well, it was difficult to believe that she had been ill.

"Some few weeks ago I had a trip to the Orange Free State and Basutoland, where I had the privilege of ministering to English, Dutch and native brethren for three weeks, and had the joy of seeing God confirm His Word with signs following. My trip to Basutoland (in company with Pastor Fisher and Brother Moodie) was especially interesting and inspiring. Truly the works of an apostle have been done there, as far as I could judge. God has given Brother Edward Lion and others (all natives) mighty ministries in the power of the Holy Ghost, and has especially used Brother Edward among the sick. He claims positively that the dead have been raised, that at least three deaf and dumb persons were wholly delivered; that many blind ones have received their sight, and cripples healed through the laying on of hands, as well as other awful diseases. Many lepers also have been healed. This fact is indisputable. One of them I came in contact with and she gave me her own testimony. This woman had lost parts of four fingers and two thumbs before the Lord healed her of this terrible disease. It is truly the simplicity of the natives' faith that enables God to work so wonderfully among them. Many are turning to the Light. Praise God forever for this glorious outpouring of His Spirit!"

Seven Years in Africa

Miss Verna Bernard, Johannesburg, writes words of thanksgiving after seven years in Africa:

"Just seven years today (Dec. 4th) since I

stepped upon African soil. These seven years have been the most precious of my life, yet the most trying in many ways. They are the Pentecostal years of my life, as I received the baptism of the Spirit a few months before I left the United States.

"I was first called to the foreign field at seven years of age. My mother felt I was a peculiar child, called to a special work and that I would cross the seas. As I grew older, at times, my call seemed to be forgotten for awhile, but time and again it would come up before me. Five years before I started for Africa, God gave me what I felt was a very definite call to the field. I was attending a holiness campmeeting eight miles from St. Louis. The Lord definitely laid Africa on my heart and revealed to me many things that have since come to pass. Some are yet to be fulfilled. I had Bible study and training for Deaconess work in the Methodist church, but after this went to work with the Holiness Movement in Kansas City.

"My first two years in Africa were spent among the colored people in Doornfontein, a sec-

tion of Johannesburg. The following year was spent in Basutoland and Orange Free State, with Brother and Sister Harman in the ox-wagon work among the natives. The next year I worked in Durban in the mission and street work; also had night school with the natives, and visited the ships and hospitals, telling the seamen and the sick about Jesus. The last two years I have spent at Jeppes, at first holding cottage meetings and engaging in rescue work. There were many degraded women in that section of the city. This year there was a call for a mission and oh what a reaping time we have had! I call it Heaven's station. We are at a railroad station and many start for "glory" from our mission with Jesus as their Conductor. These seven years in Africa are as the seven years of plenty in Pharaoh's dream. They have been a time of deepening into God and renewing my strength, both spiritual and physical. I feel younger than when I came. I feel my call was to Central Africa and trust the coming year will bring me to that work where I have been longing to go especially for the last two years."

The Holy Spirit upon a Life Twenty-Five Years Ago

Putting Out the Fleece

Mrs. W. W. Davis, 5902 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



I was twenty-five years ago. I was living in Buffalo and attending the Episcopal church with my husband, where we had been members for twenty years. During this time the Lord commenced to talk to me: the first remembrance I have of His speaking real distinctly was when I was going through our dining room. He drew my attention to the Bible lying on the mantle that we used at family worship, and said, "Neglected Bible!" I stood still and said, "Why Father, I do not neglect your Word; I hear it read always at worship, and I read it at night with the children. What more do You want? He then showed me plainly that I wasn't studying His Word, and that I never could have the Word abiding in my heart that way. So I commenced studying it a little more but didn't realize just then what He wanted me to do. One day as my three boys came in from school the Lord spoke to me about them, and said, "These boys are not converted and they will be growing up into men very soon and going out into the world and getting hard-hearted, and then it will be so difficult to win them to Me." Then I commenced to cry to Him to know what to do. I had been trying to get the Episcopal minister to speak to them but he didn't know

how to talk to them about their souls. As I began to cry to the Lord about what I should do, He told me to leave the Episcopal church.

Just at this time a niece, who was a Presbyterian, came to live with me and go to school. She used to come from the Presbyterian church and tell me what good meetings they had and how many were converted, and once or twice I had gone with her to the prayer-meeting after which it made me heart-sick to go to my own church for I felt my great lack and what I was losing. One evening as I went to the Presbyterian prayer-meeting with my niece, there was such a crowd in the church parlors we could not get out as quickly as we wanted to, so we went through the church, and the first thing I noticed as we went into the large room was the minister kneeling between two little boys and praying with them. I said to my niece, "That is what I want him to do with my boys." "Well," she said, "he will if you ask him." "Oh," I said, "I would not ask him to do that. He would think I ought to go to my own minister," but I became more and more eager to cry to the Lord for my boys, and I seemed to be impressed to leave my church; I was so weighted down with it I thought I would give the night to the Lord in prayer to see if I was really being guided by Him or if it was only a desire of my own

heart for help for my children. As I prayed long into the night He showed me very plainly He wanted me to get out of the Episcopal church and go to the Presbyterian where this minister could help me. I didn't see how I could ever tell my husband about it, but that night as I waited before the Lord I remember distinctly praying that He would touch my husband's heart and make him willing to let me go to the Presbyterian church and take the children. So when the time came for me to speak to him, his answer amazed me. He said at once that I could go and take the children with me if I wished; that he hadn't asked me to go to the Episcopal church, I had gone there of my own accord and I could leave if I wanted to. I felt then it was the Lord that had made him so willing.

As I spoke to the minister about my boys he said it was only God who could convert them, and asked me to join the praying-band which met in the church once a week to pray for a revival, which I did. The first hour they prayed for a revival, and the next hour was spent in teaching us how to win souls for Christ. They wrote here to Chicago to D. L. Moody to come and hold some meetings, and in answer to prayer he came. Five of the other churches united with us in special meetings and my three boys were all genuinely converted. It was a great joy to my heart to know that they were all won for Christ.

After that, the Lord put a great cry in my heart for something which I didn't understand. I had never heard a sermon on the Holy Spirit or heard Him spoken of as a Person, and the only time I had ever heard the term used was in the Doxology, but that cry in my heart grew deeper and deeper until I could do little else. It went on for months. Before this whenever the Lord had opened up the Scriptures I used to go out and tell my neighbors and we had nice times together, but I could no longer do that. I cried so much my husband said one would think that he and all the children were dead I was so sorrowful. I said it wasn't that kind of sorrow, though I didn't understand it. He asked me why I didn't go to my minister about it, that perhaps he could help me. So I asked him if he knew of anything I could do to get rid of this great burden; if there wasn't something else that God wanted me to have. He said, "No, you are saved and that is all that is necessary." I said I knew I was saved but couldn't understand why God was putting such a cry in my heart after Him. I didn't get any help from my minister, and instead of the burden getting

lighter it became heavier. I went to one of our elders whom I thought had about all the Lord Lord had for anyone, but got no help from him. Then I went to one of the younger elders, a very earnest Christian, and he said, "I know that cry in your heart is from God, and there must be something He wants to give you. I cannot tell you what it is, but it is God in your heart. Keep on asking Him to show you what it is." That was a great help and I continued crying to God until the burden seemed too great. Each Wednesday as I went to the prayer-meeting and the men and women testified I asked the Lord to speak through them what it was that He wanted me to do. One day the burden was so great I could do nothing but pray all day and cry to God. When it came time to go to the prayer-meeting I thought, surely this is the time the Lord will tell me what He is trying to do for me. I sent my three children on ahead and walked through a dark street where I would not be seen. I went with my hands up to the Lord and the tears streaming down my cheeks, crying "Oh Lord, tonight!" It seemed I would almost burst if I didn't find out what God wanted to do with me or for me. I went in this condition to the prayer-meeting and listened very attentively to the minister; surely something would fall from his lips that would give me light but it didn't. Then I thought it would come in testimony. Finally the minister said, "There are some strangers here; we would like to hear a word of testimony from them." Immediately a man got up and said, "The Lord sent me here to someone. There is a hungry soul here that wants the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I have just received the baptism and the Lord impressed me to tell how I received it." Immediately the Spirit spoke in my heart and said, "This is for you." So he told how he had gone into the church as the disciples did and waited ten days for the baptism in the Holy Spirit. He was a minister and while he went on with his ministerial duties and the meetings, he didn't leave the church but stayed right there and on the tenth day the Holy Spirit descended in a wonderful way and baptized him. When he got through I didn't feel I knew just how to receive this baptism. I knew I couldn't wait ten days, I had a family to care for, but then another brother arose and said, "Now my brother hasn't told you how to receive the baptism. I have received likewise and I will tell you about it." Just as he said this the minister became very indignant and stood up and commanded them both to leave the church. They went out and then he said, "These

are called the Brethren and they try to break up churches and tell of these fanatical things we don't want in our church." After the meeting was dismissed I went to a woman whom I had met just once and knew that she was further advanced than I, and said to her, "Why did the minister turn these men out? They came with a message for me and now I am almost as bad off as at first. I know not how to seek the Lord." She said to me, "You know that verse in the eleventh chapter of Luke, "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." I said, "Oh, is it just asking Him?" and she said, "Yes."

I turned home as quickly as I could and said, "I will ask the Lord and not cease until I receive." I spent that night in prayer and told the Lord I would stay before Him until He gave me the assurance of the baptism. All night long I was laying my husband and children on the altar and everything else that seemed to come between the Lord and me. At four o'clock He showed me He had a clean vessel for His Spirit, and I felt I was emptied out. I lay down until six o'clock when I had to get up for breakfast. When the mail came, the first thing that caught my eyes was one of my religious papers which had an article on the first page in large letters, on "How to Receive the Baptism in the Holy Ghost." This was just what I wanted, and I read that we had to put everything on the altar and have a clean heart before God; then to take the Holy Spirit by faith and to believe that we had received Him and act as if we knew the Holy Spirit was within. I knelt down with the paper in my hand, spread it out before God, and told Him I would believe; that I knew I was clean and had laid everything on the altar, and would accept this baptism by faith.

Then I said, "Now I am going to put my fleece out. I know there are a number of people in this neighborhood who do not know the Lord, my neighbors whom I have been praying for so long. I am asking for the Holy Spirit for service to be used in the conviction and conversion of sinners, especially my neighbors. Now, Father, if there are any sick ones around here who are near death will you send someone to ask me to go and pray with them for salvation, and just as surely as they are converted I will know that the Holy Spirit has come in." I went about my work with the confidence that the Holy Spirit had come, although I felt no different than I did before. About ten o'clock a neighbor whom I knew, came in and said, "There

is a family moved in upstairs and the mother is dying with tuberculosis. She saw you passing last Sunday and said to me today, 'Do you think that woman that passes here with the Bible under her arm would come in and prepare me for death?' " I said to this neighbor at once, "Oh I could not prepare her for death, but I know the Lord will, because this is just in answer to prayer, and I know that she will be saved." I went that afternoon and knelt down by her bed and said to her, "What is the trouble? How is it you cannot get to God?" She said "I cannot get to God because I do not know how to ask Him to take away my burden of sin. I have such a terrible burden which makes me feel so badly. I know I cannot get to heaven." I pointed her to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah which tells us where the Lord hath laid on *Him* the iniquity of us all, and just as I said this she threw up her hands and burst out with a cry of joy, "Oh I see it all. I have been trying to do it, and it is already done. I see my sins on Jesus. The Lord laid my iniquities on Jesus," and she rejoiced with a new light in her face and a joy in her heart. At that time I didn't know how to pray for her body, but went back and forth for some weeks to help her spiritually until she died. The night before she died I stayed with her through the night, and twice she sat up in bed and caught hold of me, saying, "Do you see the angels? The room is full of them. They have come for me, and I see my mother among the angels beckoning for me." I told her I could not see them; they were just for her eyes, and she said, "Why don't they take me with them?" There was such a joy and light in her face it made me weep to think the Lord had used such a poor weak thing like me in her conversion.

In the morning her husband came in and said I had my Sunday school duties that I needn't come back; that his sister had come from Canada and would take charge of her. I told him she wouldn't be here another night, that she was going very soon. While we were at family worship at home, there was a knock at the door, and they told me to come quickly as she was dying. Before I got there she had gone to be with Jesus. Her sister said to me, "Oh if I could only die a death like hers! She stared up into that corner and saw the angels who came for her. Oh that I might die with the light on my face and the joy in my heart that she had!" I said to her, "Are you saved?" "Not like her. I belong to the Methodist church but I know I could not die like that." We went out into the other

room and as she started to wash the dishes she said, "Tell me what you told her. She got saved so quickly." I said that *she* was trying to put away her sins, she thought she had to do something, and that the Lord had laid her iniquities on Jesus, and just as I said that she leaned back against the wall letting the dish cloth drop, and said, "Oh I see it! I see it! Oh pray for me!" She cried out to God until she too was happy in the Lord, and saw that the Lord had laid on Him all her iniquities. She said, "I cannot understand why my minister didn't tell me that. I am the mother of twelve children and have belonged to a church many years, but never knew how to point my children to the Lord. It is so clear to me now." I realized then that I had been baptized in the Holy Spirit, and God had answered my prayer.

As I was going downstairs from this home two women passing by on the street asked how the woman was, whom I had been visiting, and I told them she had gone to be with Jesus. They asked if they might come up and see her, and I told them they had better wait until she was prepared for burial, but as they insisted I thought it might be an opportunity to speak about the Lord. As we stood about the form from which the spirit had gone, I told them about her vision, and I noticed one of them looked at me with a deep hunger in her eyes, but as I was in a hurry to go to my Sunday School class I said nothing more and left them.

About three months after that a Catholic woman came to my door and said a woman had sent her to me to ask if I would come and prepare her for death. I took her number and said I would go. I said to the sick woman when I saw her, "How did you know about me?" She asked me if I remembered when Mrs. So-and-so died, and said that she was one of those women with whom I had talked that day in the death chamber. She said, "I knew I had tuberculosis too and I made up my mind I would call for you and you would help me to get ready. I told her like I told the other women but she didn't understand; it didn't take hold of her like it did the others. She begged me to come again and I went there three or four times. She said she was a Baptist and I asked her to have her minister come to help her but she said he was not able to give her any light. I told her she must pray very definitely and so would I that the next time I came she might be converted. It was so far I could not come often, and she would have to get through to God on my next visit there. We both prayed earnestly, and the next time I went

while we were praying she looked up all at once and said, "The Lord has made it plain now. I know I am forgiven." We talked a little while and she was very happy in the Lord. As I was going she asked me to pray about another matter. She had a little babe only a few months old, and she said nobody loved that little babe because it was sickly, and she wanted me to ask the Lord if that little babe might not die when she did so it could lie in her arms in the casket. I said I didn't know about that; I had never asked the Lord to take anybody, but that I would pray about it and let her know what I got from the Lord. I knew He knew what was best. Two or three days after that I got a message that she had died and the funeral was on Sunday. I could not go then, but I went on Monday and they told me that while they had gone to the funeral the babe had died and they took it to the cemetery, opened up the grave and lay it in its mother's arms, as she had requested.

There were seven of my neighbors converted about this time, but the Lord showed me I had nothing to do with it anymore than giving out His Word: that He was doing the work.

Then the Lord laid upon my heart a great desire to know the Word better so I could give it out to my neighbors. I was a very busy woman with eleven in the family and very little help, and I asked the Lord how I could get more time to study my Bible. One night at the prayer-meeting the subject was, "How to study our Bibles." The minister didn't help me much, but in the testimonies a woman whom I knew gave a testimony which made things clear to me. She said one morning her brother was going to take the train early and she got up about five o'clock to get his breakfast, but found there was something she needed for him which she didn't have in the house. She saw a light in her neighbor's house and thought she would go in there and borrow it. As she walked into her neighbor's house she found her reading her Bible. "Why, Mrs. Scott," she said, "how do you find time to read your Bible at this hour of the morning?" "Well," she said, "you know I have to wash every day. I get up at five o'clock every morning and spend an hour with God and with the Word before I go out to the washing, for I have to leave my seven children alone here to take care of themselves, and I must first put them into God's care. When my husband died he made me promise I would bring these children up for the Lord and I am doing it in this way." As soon as she mentioned this woman's name I knew her, for she was my washer-woman, and the idea of her

getting up at five in the morning struck me, I said to myself, "I too will get up at five in the morning," so I gave from five to six in the morning to the study of the Word and how wonderfully the Lord opened it up to me! I became so interested I would give three or four hours to the study of the Word. I remember one morning the Lord woke me up at three o'clock and I arose to study. I thought I would study for an hour and go back to my bed, but I became so interested I never noticed the time go by until my maid opened the door and said it was six o'clock. I had a delightful time for three hours and it seemed but one.

Then my troubles began for the Holy Spirit lighted up the Word and people didn't understand it. My husband nor my children, and, worst of all, my minister didn't understand me when I gave a testimony about something the Holy Spirit had given me in the Word. He held his head down and looked as though he was ashamed, and I felt he wished I would leave the church, but I had a large class of boys and he wanted these boys in the church; he knew if he sent me away they would go also. He didn't understand me, of course. Often when the Lord would give me a verse of Scripture and open it up to me and I took it to my neighbors or spoke about it at home I would receive nothing but rebuke, and I cried to the Lord about this. It seemed to be getting worse; and there was no one who understood how the Lord was talking to me, and one morning while I was praying, my husband became very angry and got up from his knees and said I had just ruined the home, that there was no more pleasure in our home-life and he didn't want me to be always speaking about the Holy Spirit." It nearly broke my heart because I thought I was to blame and did not present the truth in the right way. So I determined to spend the night in prayer and ask the Lord how to have joy and happiness in my home and not make it so hard for my husband. I didn't seem to get any help as I cried to the Lord that night until about three or four o'clock in the morning, and then there came a peace in my heart that it would be all right, and that I should go to bed. I fell sound asleep. I had said to the Lord that I wanted His approval, and He awakened me by a voice saying, "Approved of God!" As I opened my eyes the whole room seemed full of the Shekinah glory I saw at my conversion, and the words "Approved of God" were in shining letters before my eyes. While looking at that I fell asleep again, and a second time a voice said, "Approved

of God!" My heart was rested then, and I knew I was where the Lord wanted me. I had been feeling that perhaps the Lord wanted me to go back to the Episcopal church; my husband had been begging me to go back with him and I wanted the Lord to show me what to do. So one night I had a dream and the next morning I told my dream to my husband. He had been asking me to go with him on Easter morning, and in my dream I was in his church on Easter, sitting in our pew, and the minister called me up to the pulpit and said to me, "Mrs. Davis, we didn't excommunicate you from this church, but you excommunicated yourself. Now you need never come inside this church again," and with a wave of his hand he told me to get out. As I started to go down the aisle the whole congregation arose and began to sing, "Ex-communicated! Ex-communicated!" As I told this dream to my husband, he said, "I will never ask you to go inside that church again, because Mr. V. would do that and I believe that is the way he feels toward you." So that settled it about my going back to the Episcopal church.

About the time this "latter rain" baptism began to fall I attended a parlor meeting and the minister talked on John 7:38, and said there was something we didn't have and he for one was going to seek the Lord for this river of living water. I was greatly impressed with that thought and began seeking the Lord for the river of living water. For two years I waited on the Lord and put a great deal away in my life that the Lord showed me was displeasing to Him. As I waited before the Lord I had the same feeling I had in Buffalo, and the Lord said to me, "I am going to do a new thing." After this I heard that some had come from Los Angeles and that they were telling the people about speaking in a new tongue. So I went to a mission and there they were telling of how the Lord was visiting them, and while they were speaking the Holy Spirit said to me, "This is the new thing." At the close of the meeting I went up to the altar to seek this new thing for I knew it was of God. I waited on Him all the time I could possibly spare for four weeks before I received this latter rain baptism. I promised the Lord I would give Him four hours a day even if I had to take it from my sleep. My minister said it was of the devil and so I thought I would not go back to the church until I received it so as not to be hindered in the seeking, for I knew it was of God. After waiting on the Lord for four weeks the Spirit spoke through me in other tongues, but not until three months did I have

real liberty in the Spirit. With this last experience came a greater light on God's Word. Many times when I wanted to know about something I didn't understand, God would lead me right to the chapter and verse, and the Holy

Spirit seemed to illuminate the passage to me so wonderfully. I also received an additional impetus to pray for the sick. I so often used to sing, "My soul demands reality," and He truly made Himself real to me.

Mwangi Wa Muraria

Alma E. Doering.



ANOTHER martyr of heathen darkness. The grief-stricken parents afraid to contemplate the mysterious beyond, wonder what it holds in store for their babe. That his body has already become the prey of the ravenous hyenas they well know, for superstition forbade his burial. But, beyond that what? They dare not think of it.

Baby Mwangi though the son and heir of a chief, had everything in common with all other Gikuku babies. His only cradle was his mother's back. The movements of her body as she bent over to cultivate or plant her gardens from day to day, rocked him to sleep, and leech-like he simply would cling there, how we know not. On her way home from her garden she would take with her a large load of wood strapped to her back, while baby, nestling close to her chest, held there by the garment of goat skin drawn tightly around her waist, amused himself in the pursuit of liquid joy. Soon a more dignified place would have been his on top of the wood pile, there to hold his own by clutching her woolly head with his baby hands. The bed of hard rough boards he shared with his mother nights. Not a stitch of clothing ever protected him from the vicissitudes of the weather. The morning bath, the tedious buttoning up of dresses, did not worry him. He left us in the same garment God had given him to make his first appearance in this world.

The heavy tropical rains, the unusually cold nights and the extremely hot days were hard on the babies. In these cool evenings the natives build such large fires in their low conical huts that one perspires freely. Out from this hot temperature mothers will run into the cold damp night air with the baby, or perchance send an older child out on an errand, and danger of all kinds of coughs and chest complications is the result. Many of the children become hardened, but many also die, whose lives might be saved if given the proper protection. And yet these ignorant mothers can not be blamed. To their benighted and superstitious minds sickness is caused by incurring the wrath or displeasure of de-

mons. Really those who ought to have been teaching them all these centuries are more to blame than they.

When little Mwangi's cough increased, the frightened parents at once resorted to the witch doctor. Amid wierd incantations and mysterious performances, the doctor proceeded to make a way of escape for the disease by piercing the baby with hot irons. Then a sheep was sacrificed in order to appease the wrath of the mysterious being who was causing all this trouble. However Mwangi did not recover, and not until his little life seemed to be ebbing away did the grief-stricken mother hasten to us to plead for help. The child was taken in and watched over faithfully for three days. We insisted upon the child being left with us, but even a mother's love for her child was overcome by fear and the child was taken to the village every evening. The second day, to our sorrow, she appeared with a nude baby. The flannel with which it had been provided was taken off, which was a new cause of solicitude. Whenever the child was relieved of the phlegm which threatened to choke it the native women were shocked, as if such an act must be associated with some bad omen. But the baby's breathing gradually became easier and the coughing spells less frequent, and when he began to take an interest in his new surroundings, his big black eyes looking into ours with mute eloquence which seemed to say, "Oh, but it is so lovely to be cared for like this," we felt that God had given us the life of another baby, as He had so often done in the past. A soft clean bed, an introduction to a bath, the soothing diet and the gentle care seemed to revive even baby Mwangi's spirits.

But alas for the inevitable discouragements of our medical work among African natives. Elated over the success we were having, the mother seemed anxious to facilitate matters by again consulting the witch doctor. The hot iron ordeal was again resorted to, the whole chest and abdomen being either punctured with the hot awl or cut with a sharp knife. Imagine an innocent helpless babe in the throes of a painful illness; add to it the pain of the punctures and in-

cisions made all over its little body; see the unclean hands which perform the operation and still dirtier ones wiping away the blood or trying to squeeze the water out of some blister made,—to say nothing of the swarms of flies which deposit disease germs into the many wounds which are never bandaged, and you have looked upon a picture which will make your heart bleed as does ours as such scenes are repeated before our eyes from time to time.

Little Mwangi's waning strength was not equal to this second ordeal. Soon he was in the same condition in which he was brought to us at the first. Again the terrified mother rushed to us for help; but too late. She herself in her ignorance had frustrated our efforts to save her baby and the next night it was relieved of its sufferings and passed on to join the many babies representing this dark, dark land, over yonder.

And yet, Mwangi is only one of the thousands who are meeting just such a fate throughout darkest Africa. Why should they not have just a bit of the care which is lavished on their white cousins? Here the poor mother is herself the empty cradle. No empty chair, no little baby shoes carefully packed away, no snow white gown, will ever remind mother of her departed babe, for he never possessed such luxuries. No grave marks the resting place of his

little form, for he like all the others was carried into the jungle, there to satisfy the ravenous pursuits of the hyenas. There is no epitaph written for him. But out of the solitude of that dark, uncanny jungle, where again and again we have come across skulls and other human bones, the little skeleton—all that is left of our chubby baby—itsself cries to God, how long, how long? Oh, why should the dreaded hot iron take the place of the gentle loving touch our babies enjoy? Is it because we are white and they are black that they are left to become the martyrs of heathen cruelty? This is what the little heap of bones seems to say. But God's Word tells us why. His last desire, the Master's parting wish that we should go, has remained unheeded too long, and we can not but hear Him say, "Inasmuch as ye did it *not* to one of the least of these, ye did it *not* to Me."

Beloved, if Mwangi's story will find a response in some heart, either to go or help send others to minister to our Savior by caring for Africa's suffering ones, he will not have suffered in vain. (Isa. 58:6,7.) We covet earnest prayers, that our faith and courage may not fail amid the scenes of darkest night. We covet prayers for the speedy thrusting forth of workers to help us bear some of the burdens, and most of all to share the burdens with our Master Himself. (Matt. 9:36-38.)

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