



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 Old Gospel Made New Thro' Signs and Wonders

Taking Springfield for God

Missionary Conference and General Council of the Assemblies of God.



THE Fifth Conference of Pentecostal Missionaries and the Eighth General Council of the Assemblies of God convened at Springfield, Mo., Sept. 18-27, 1920. The Springfield Assembly had just finished their new church building and had contemplated having the major part of the meetings there, but ere the first morning service had begun it was found to be all too small to hold those who had come early. The overflow at 9:30 made it imperative that all the meetings be held at the large Convention Hall which had been engaged for the evening services. As we marched down the streets of Springfield, a brother said, "What a host to carry the message of the Gospel!" It was a happy, blood-washed company who were out on business for the King. There were nearly a thousand and ministers, delegates and visitors from a distance, and the large crowds that came from the city filled the hall which seated at least two thousand. That Convention Hall never before heard such shouts of victory and praises to God as came from the lips of that redeemed throng. The King Himself was in our midst. Over the platform was stretched a large motto, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you." During that entire conference no one lost sight of that greatest of all commandments. In all the deliberations it was the governing power. In the early Conferences when the General Council was first formed we can well remember a desire on the part of some to have their own way in certain rulings but in this Council meeting a spirit of submission predominated to a marked degree. The words of Brother Kerr in a morning session when some hard problems were being discussed, told the secret. He said, "I'm so glad we put Jesus over the whole situation. Hallelujah!" Then an afterthought, "He will not take any other place."

The services of the opening day were blessed indeed, and the Lord used our Sister McPherson in a very precious way. She was able to stay only part of the week owing to other meetings.

At the close of the first Sunday afternoon there was a healing service, and God at once made bare His arm. An elderly man who had

been deaf had his hearing restored so he could hear a conversation in an ordinary tone of voice. When spoken to afterwards he said he had up to that time been able to hear only a word or two of a sermon. He was moved to tears at the goodness of God.

A sight that thrilled the audience was the healing of a young girl about fourteen years of age. She had an iron brace attached to her shoe and supporting her limb. After prayer the brace was removed and she walked without any sign of limping. The audience rose to their feet praising God.

The result of the opening day in spiritual blessing and power, was most encouraging and put an expectancy in the hearts of the people.

After the first day of Missionary Conference, in which the time was devoted to hearing from the field, it was agreed, as there were many missionary problems to discuss which vitally concerned the General Council, that they would merge the two discussions into one in order to conserve time.

There was quite a large representation from India, as follows:

Alfred Blakeney, Thos. Stoddart, Miss Laura Gardner, Miss Margaret Felch, Miss Christine McLeod, Misses Almyra and Olga Aston, Miss Hattie Hacker.

From Africa, Mrs. William Johnson, Mrs. James Louder, J. O. Lehman, Miss Bernice Pottorff.

Mexico and South America, H. C. Ball, Mrs. Ball, R. Baker, Miss Adah Winger.

West Indies, C. J. Hanson.

Brother Flower, the Missionary Treasurer of the Council gave a glowing report of the year's work. Speaking of the work on the field, he said, "I have just received a report from Kansu province in the Western part of China, where they say they now have 1,000 members, 500 at least of whom have received the baptism in the Spirit. The idea of a self-supporting church under white supervision is also fast winning its way, and a number of our missionaries are seeking to develop the church with this ideal as a goal.

"There has been a notable increase in missionary offerings handled by the Treasurer during the last year. The total offering for the twelve months ending Sept. 1, 1920 was \$90,812.40, a gain slightly in excess of 30 per cent of the offerings received during the previous year.

Besides this, the offerings sent to the missionaries direct by some assemblies amounted to \$4,500." The state of California contributed the largest of all the states, \$13,097.79.

Praise God for this wonderful showing! It is truly wonderful to see the growth within a few years, but the great need far exceeds the present offerings. There are at least fifty endorsed missionaries ready for the field. The problem is not consecrated workers, but money. The home field must measure up to the need and increase its offerings. We are commanded to "pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth workers" but how we need to move up in our consecration at home! How we need to drink deeper of the cup of sacrifice! Does not the Lord want us to enter into the hardships and privations of our co-workers on the field? If we do not help to bear their burdens, will we share in their rewards? We never feel the sweetness of giving until it spells sacrifice. When David purchased the site for the building of the temple Ornan offered it to him for nothing, but he said, "I will not take that which is thine for the Lord, nor offer burnt offerings without cost." He would not give to the Lord that which cost nothing, but wanted to have the joy of sacrifice. Some of us have sacrificed to come into Pentecost. We have given up friends, position, fame and money, but the sweetness of following the Lord and feeling His approval have more than compensated. He is still calling upon us to give. If we would have more blessing, let us give more. Let us pour out from our alabaster box until the aroma fills the world.

In concluding his Report the Missionary Treasurer said, "Two crises lie before us. Shall we continue to work on the old basis of refusing to assume any responsibility other than the examination and endorsement of qualified missionaries and the distribution of funds? Or shall we undertake a new policy of establishing missions. If we cling to the old lines it will mean the endorsing of every worthy missionary who applies and they will be forced to trust the Lord wholly. If we adopt a new policy of supporting missions instead of missionaries it will mean concentration of forces and only sending to the field those whom we can be sure of supporting."

This matter took much of our thought and prayer. Fifty or sixty missionaries waiting for endorsement, yet the lack of the home field in being able to furnish adequate means for those on the field to enlarge their borders, was the

knottiest problem to solve. From the natural standpoint it didn't seem like wisdom to send out new missionaries while those on the field were under-supported, and some felt that perhaps a change in policy might be advantageous, but as we prayed and deliberated, it seemed there was only one course to pursue and that is made plain in the Scriptures. The Word says we are to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth workers. We have prayed and God has answered. The workers are ready to be sent forth, and it remains for the home field to measure up to the need. We must move up in our gifts and zeal for a lost world. Don't let it be said that the sacrifice is all on the part of the missionary. We must double our offerings. That is the key to the situation, and the only key that will unlock this door of opportunity. We must pay as we pray.

Brother A. P. Collins was used of the Lord to clarify matters. He gave utterance to thoughts that were burdening many of us, and to see God leading a number along the same line blessedly showed the unity of the Spirit, the Head governing the body of Christ. He said in part:

"It is for you and me to pray specifically and in faith for God to send in the means to send these missionaries to the field and support them there, and I believe God's ear is just as open to the cry of His children for money as for men; the same faith that laid hold of God for an increase in the force of our missionary work will lay hold upon God with the same degree of success for means to carry on this work. Oh how my heart will rejoice to see everyone of these missionaries going forth and another sixty getting ready, for if I know my heart, it is that God shall call and qualify and set on fire a mighty company of men and women who shall go out as flaming evangelists to tell this wonderful news of salvation to a lost world! I hear sometimes of the faith of the dear ones in the homeland falling down and they are, perhaps withholding the necessary support and co-operation; and then the dear workers on the field have seen the prices going up until their money does not go so far as it did formerly, and this has been a jar to their faith, but God's call means for us to look up and believe that Jesus Christ will supply this need. William Carey never said a greater thing upon one occasion, having studied the map of the world and with the fire burning in his soul, than, 'Let us undertake great things for God and expect great

things from God.' God wants some to hold the rope while the dear ones go down into the well. Let us on our knees ask God to increase our faith. And brethren, *let us be afraid of anything, of any theory or proposition that looks like a letting down of our faith in God.*' The trial of your faith is more precious than gold,' and we are right up against the trial of our faith, but our God is mighty. I do not believe there is anything that appeals to the heart of God as much as this wonderful work of propagating the Gospel. Jesus Christ Himself was the greatest missionary ever sent forth. He came to earth, shed His own precious blood to save a lost world. He rose from the dead and gave the commission to His disciples, 'Go and I will go with you.' When He goes with us we can go anywhere."

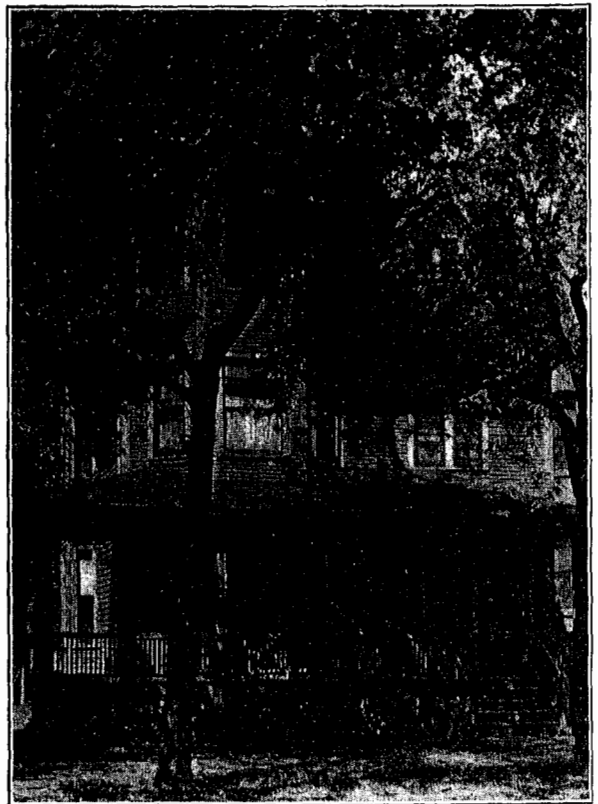
The missionaries voiced themselves in the conviction that if they or the prospective missionaries looked to any body of people instead of to God, they would fail. With all the efforts of the home field to raise funds the missionaries are still thrown on God, and there was decided opposition to any step that would take them outside of the faith realm, even though they had failed many times in its full appropriation. One missionary said that when he and his wife went to the field eight years ago they had no one to guarantee their support, but God took care of them. Those who promised they would help, forgot their promise, and those who had not promised anything stood by as long as they were on the field. He said, "We can have the support of the Council and all you dear people, but pray that we may keep our eyes on Jesus. When we went out God raised up an assembly to help us, and when they failed He touched some one's heart out in Australia to send the same amount without knowing what had happened at this end of the line. God is above the depreciation and exchange. God is above the high cost of living. We have a mighty God who can take us through."

Missionary Rest Home

Towards the close of the Missionary Conference, the way was open to speak of the Chicago Missionary Rest Home, how it was born in prayer, and how what seemed like failure and defeat in the beginning was only God's purpose in working out His plan that we might have a permanent Home for His faithful ones. We told of how the Lord gave the plan for raising

the cash payment of \$3,500, and how it was all wiped out in three months. As we were praising God for answered prayer we incidentally mentioned the fact that the mortgage of \$3,000 would be due in the next few months. Spontaneously several brethren on the platform said, "Let's clear it off now. I will give \$10." Another said, "I will give \$50 for my congregation." As Brother Welch made the appeal, from all over the house came ready responses. The dear missionaries were not behind in their liberality and had the joy of contributing from their limited means. We knew it meant real sacrifice for them, but God will give it back in greater measure according to His precious word, "There is that giveth and yet increaseth." As the Missionary Treasurer read over the pledges he remarked sympathetically, "That missionary cannot afford to give that, bless his heart." It was the widow who gave her all whom the Lord commended above every one else, and the greater the sacrifice the greater the blessing. Praise God for those who sow bountifully for they shall reap *as they sow*. When the pledges and cash offerings were counted they totaled \$1400, almost half the mortgage.

God surely has smiled upon the undertaking



CHICAGO MISSIONARY REST HOME

to provide for the laborers in His harvest field that they may build up their wasted tissues and depleted nerves before they again face a heathen world. He has enabled us to meet every obligation as it is due and we have confidence that He will continue to provide for that which is so signally of Him.

* * *

Healing from His Wounded Side

THE healing service on Wednesday, the 22nd, was a sight to behold! An hour before the meeting began they were in their seats, a multitude of sick folk, waiting for the touch of Jesus. Almost the whole of the ground floor was reserved for the afflicted, and "the power of the Lord was present to heal." Some had come for hundreds of miles to have the touch of God in their bodies.

As that vast throng sang softly,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

an atmosphere fresh from the throne came down and settled upon the audience, and they saw by faith that cleft side, wounded for their transgressions and their diseases. As Sister McPherson led off,

"Other Refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"

they joined in, tears streaming down their faces. How conscious they were of their utter helplessness! There were the crippled, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the imbecile, and the afflicted beyond description, whom only the Lord could heal. As we sang softly, the old, familiar songs the Holy Spirit was melting, humbling, and creating faith, and in the short address that followed, Jesus the Healer was the central figure. There were many to whom Divine Healing was a new teaching, but none could doubt, from the Scripture which poured forth from the lips of the speaker, that Jesus was just as willing to heal today as when He was on earth.

Sister McPherson is practical and before praying for the sick, asked all that were unsaved or had anything in their lives that would hinder the Spirit of God from working in healing power, to come to the altar and get right with God, and at least twenty responded and wept their way to the cross.

As the afflicted were arranged in rows, all was expectancy. "The power of the Lord was present to heal." One of the first healings was that of a little boy who came on crutches. Almost at once he walked off without them, and

when the mother saw it, she cried for joy. Half an hour after the little fellow was walking up and down the aisle, his mother carrying his crutches. He said to his mother, "I don't want them anymore. Give them to some other little boy."

The mother, with her face bathed in tears told of how, when he was two years old, he was stricken with infantile paralysis. For two years after he never did anything but sit on the floor. Later he went to school on crutches but was unable to use his feet. They were lifeless until the life of God came into them.

A woman who weighed nearly two hundred pounds, was brought to the platform in a wheelchair. She had a dead limb, but after being anointed with oil she arose and walked tremblingly across the platform. She had been paralyzed for eight months. The enthusiasm of the audience rose with every visible sign of the working of God in our midst, and when a deaf and dumb young man said he could hear, the shouts of joy were almost deafening. It was touching indeed, as he and his mother embraced each other weepingly, and the audience to give vent to their feelings rose to their feet and sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

An old lady seventy-seven years of age had been suffering from a fall. In her own words she said, "I fell and liked to kill myself." She tore the leaders loose in her ankle and had not been able to put her heel to the floor for over a year; could not walk. When the Lord touched her she walked around on the platform, and suddenly noticed she was also healed of partial deafness, something she had not asked for. So He gives, "more than we ask or think."

Many were prayed for with cancers, tumors, spinal and other diseases, and from the shouts of praises that overflowed we cannot but believe there were marked healings, but we can record only those that were outwardly visible. Between four and five hundred were prayed for and anointed with oil at that service.

Later Healings

Another deaf and dumb woman, thirty years old came in; could not speak, could not hear. Her ears were opened and her face lighted up like an angel's. She heard them singing and motioned to the woman there, "What noise is that I hear?" It was the piano.

A woman testified to the Lord manifesting Himself to her family; he healed her of leakage

of the bladder, baptized her in the Holy Ghost and made her little blind girl to see.

A man who was deaf in one ear, hadn't heard a word spoken in that ear for ten years, said he knew when he went up for prayer he would be healed of his deafness, and he was. Also healed of nervousness, inability to raise his eye-lids.

It became noised abroad in Springfield that there had been some healings through prayer, such as had never been known before in their midst, deaf and dumb, and a person of consumption, and during the closing days the place was thronged with sick folk. A special meeting was held daily and there was marked blessing.

The Great Missionary Service

ON Sunday afternoon the great climax was reached from the missionary phase, looking out over the great harvest field of the world. Brother Kerr of Los Angeles, had charge of the meeting, and it was God's appointment. He said enthusiastically, when the tide for world evangelization rose to fever heat, "I have lived in this atmosphere for twenty-five years and I thrive in it."

He read a few extracts from a letter from Brother Wilbur Taylor, telling of a long and hazardous journey he had taken into the French Soudan to plant the cross of Christ among two million people, a tribe untouched by Mohammedanism, peaceable and susceptible to the Gospel, the opportunity of the age. His journey into the interior of Soudan was beset with hardships but with the intrepid spirit of a Livingston he went forward, covering a distance of one thousand miles, first by boat, then by railway, then on horse-back and finally on foot, until he reached the goal. The journey would have been abandoned long ere it was concluded by one less heroic, but the vision of those lost millions and the joy in the thought of bringing them to the feet of the Master, spurred him on to his destination.

The Opportunity of the Age

A few pages from his diary give one a little glimpse of what it cost to be the pioneer into this great unknown country and people. In the beginning of his journey the boat-roof leaked and he slept in a wet bed. The men who were to accompany him from the railroad were to be there the day after he arrived but he writes, "I waited for them seven days. The sight of them nearly made me weep." The most of them had dysentery from bad water, and only one good meal in

seven days! It seemed they were mere shadows of former husky men.

"I tried to purchase a horse. One after another was produced, but all beyond reason. The trader noticed my disappointment and offered to sell his own, but I refused it. At last a nice grey one was secured for 400 francs (\$40). It was strong and kicked when I went near, but a lump or two of sugar made it all right. I had a time getting him to leave town.

"Water here would more properly be termed, diluted mud. I asked the chief for good water and it tastes like sweetened soap, so I drink the water I brought in a canteen.

"June 8th. This is a land of sand and rocks and thorny, scrubby trees. How life is sustained is a mystery. Lost sight of the Niger River today. How I wish for some of the clear water! My horse refuses to eat. Holds his head down. Must be sick.

"June 9th. Stood by my horse this evening and watched him die the most terrible of deaths, strangulation. The chief of a village has offered his horse for two days and a man to bring him back. I killed a scorpion in the house and the cook killed another. All hell opposes! God help! Give me a tender heart, yet hard as steel. Let me never weaken. 'Twill take the blood of men and horses to win Mosse. A country of sand and no water. Drank three cups of tea, five of milk, two-thirds of a can of water and am still thirsty.

"June 10th. Tired and thirsty in my bones; flesh famished for water. My men suffered nearly the whole of the journey with dysentery. I caught cold and for several days life was a burden, feared pneumonia. Abscesses of the head caused a dull pain and affected my hearing.

"When the horse died the enemy said, 'You know God didn't want you to buy that horse,' and I actually decided to walk, and had I done that I would have perished. How clever the enemy is! When the chief offered his horse, I demurred, but God said 'Take it,' and from that day I never lacked a horse. God wanted me to have one and Satan slew it. Then God gave me fresh horses every day and that was better.

"From the time we left Kerifia until today I have had some one to interpret every time the need arose. We passed through eight or nine dialects. God preserves the best for those who will not have anything else. I am, without doubt, the happiest man alive. *We have discovered the greatest missionary opportunity of the age in Northern Africa, if not in all of it, and most certainly in the Soudan. Our mission is a complete success.* The governor, a newly created one for the Mosse tribe, in a two hours' interview, gave me permission to work among them and promised to help us where he could do so consistently. He also promised to improve roads for our transportation.

"God seems to march on before. Why should

He not? For nearly two thousand years He has waited for the Word to be brought to this people and now the way is opened. My soul doth magnify the Lord! I long to stay here and begin the work at once. The governor will grant us a concession of land at a fixed price and deed us the property outright on condition that we improve it to the value of 5,000 francs (\$500).

"The French have been more than hospitable, and have looked after my every need. Now in regard to the Mosse people, here are a few facts that will astound you: *This is the only tribe of its size not yet affected by Mohammedanism in all Soudan*, and has a known population of about two million. The population is dense. From one place I stood and counted over forty villages in sight of the naked eye, making evangelism simple. The climate is the best in all Africa. The Mosse people are not a war-like people, but exceedingly humble. They prostrate themselves as I pass them. This is the granary of the Soudan. Gardens do very well here. I have seen only one viper and there are no hyenas. Lions are five days away."

The long and hazardous journey paid. The governor assured him a welcome and the outlook to establish a work was never more encouraging. An opportunity, perhaps, such as we, a Pentecostal people, never had before.

Brother Gortner spoke of how the Cleveland church had the great privilege of financing this trip, but with their eight missionaries whom they were supporting outright, and others partially, it was practically impossible to undertake to bear all the burden of establishing this mission in the French Soudan, and invited the co-operation of the Pentecostal people in a financial way as well as praying for the success of the mission. Brother Harry Wright and wife are also associated with Brother Taylor in this great undertaking for God and new missionaries are on the way.

Jewels from Africa

Mrs. William Johnson with a heart on fire for Liberia gave us a little glimpse of the blessed results of sowing the Gospel seed in that hard field.

"Africa is a dark, dark place, but Jesus is there. Our work is amongst some of the lowest people on earth but Jesus died for them, and from that darkness we have gotten some of the brightest jewels for His crown. One of our most blessed privileges is to go out into the heathen towns where people have never heard the name of Jesus. Sometimes as I have been writing letters or busy at some other duties God has spoken to me to go to some heathen town on an

errand for Him. I remember one day going and finding an old man who was very sick. I went into his hut and told him about Jesus. There came in another man who said, 'I do not want to hear about Jesus.' I told him if he was not interested he might step outside. That house filled up with people and I had an audience as I told that dying man about Jesus. That man got down on his knees and gave his heart to God. In two or three days he passed on to be with the Lord. It pays to obey God when He speaks to you. What Liberia needs today is men and women filled with the Holy Ghost! It is no trouble to get a crowd there. If we go into a village singing the songs of Zion, the heathen stop their dancing and listen respectfully to our message."

They Gave their Best

Miss Adah Winger, representing the Spanish-speaking people, South America and Mexico, spoke in behalf of those needy fields:

"As we look over the field, white unto harvest, we can include South America and the Spanish-speaking people. This land for four hundred years has been under the dominion of Roman Catholicism. It is rightly called a land of crosses without a Christ. At the Edinburgh Conference South America was included among the Christian countries but its condition is worse than that of heathen lands.

"Let me appeal to you as to the body of Christ. Will we let our sister continent, South America, and Mexico, our next door neighbors, go on in darkness? There are over 50,000,000 people in that continent bowing down to idols. Is South America an idolatrous country? you say. If you see people bowing down to images and worshipping them, is that not idolatry? The reason South America is so dark is because it has a closed Bible. One of our missionaries having a great desire to get the Bible into the hands of the people sent a beautiful one to a very prominent man. He sent it back in a few weeks with every page torn out, showing his contempt for that Book.

"Before I came away three of our little children were talking among themselves, 'Did you hear that our teacher is going away?' 'Where is she going?' 'Won't she be back anymore?' and 'What will we do?' they asked. 'What will we give her that she doesn't forget us?' 'I have nothing but my little new doll that has been given me.' What did they do? They gave their best.

They made a love offering to me of what they prized most. I was telling this story up in Seattle at an Orphanage to a group of children how they had given their dolls because of their love, and at the close of the service one little girl came up with shining face saying, 'I want you to take this doll to them.' Before I knew it I had a collection of six dolls. God will give them something better than they had for their sacrifice, and that is the way He always does.

"Another little girl came to me in her home with a beautiful doll, 'Here is one I got for Christmas. I have another although it is not so good.' Beloved, are we giving our best? That is what God is asking of us."

* * *

Sister Almyra Aston, who with her sister, sang a missionary song, said she wanted to go back to India if she didn't live quite so long. She had been out too long the first time and had come back so worn, her friends thought she ought to remain in the homeland another year, but India with its mud huts and jungles; India's people with their castes and idolatry are pulling on her heart-strings, and she is champing the bit to be about her Father's business in that land to which He has called her. She and her sister, Olga, are expecting to sail in October.

A Modern Jericho

Brother Alfred Blakeney of Saharanpur, India, represented the missionaries from that land, both on the field and on furlough:

"There is a word in the sixth chapter of Joshua, the first verse that the Lord gave me in connection with a little talk regarding India. 'Jericho was straitly shut up because of the children of Israel.' Then He took my mind over to that Scripture in Matthew, 'Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven,' and I saw as never before how, because of the children of Israel having not yet joined unto that place by faith and trust in God, Jericho was shut up. It seems we are living in just such days as that. Although missions have been the theme of the church in a new and revised way for over a hundred years, yet today we see the teeming millions on every side in foreign lands who have not heard. In these closing days we hear as never before, the Macedonian call, but men and women cannot go forth unless they are thoroughly convinced that God has sent them. Along with the open doors God is burdening hearts to go forth, and He is giving them the

call of the Holy Ghost, not the call of the church. We sometimes hear the church missionaries say, 'If I had had my way I would have been in India' or 'China, but I went where the Board sent me.' God's call must be heard if our work would tell for Him.

"If Jesus Christ when He was here on the earth began to preach in the villages of India at the rate of one a day, He would not yet have preached in all the villages of India, for there are over 700,000 villages. Can you wonder why we feel like a drop in the bucket?

"But we are not discouraged. The caste system is not anymore impregnable than the walls of Jericho. God used the war to a certain extent to bring about the disintegration of caste. A Y. M. C. A. secretary told me he saw Hindus of various castes and Mohammedans eating and drinking together. And these young men said that when they got back to their own people they were going to live the same way. But I feel we are in a crucial time. It will mean either materialism or Jesus Christ. I could even go further and say it will mean Bolshevism or Jesus Christ. If you could see with us who have come from India, the seething mass of unrest you would understand. We were only ten miles from the Punjab when the riots were going on. We saw a mob of Hindus and Mohammedans. You can imagine how we felt with 60,000 of them at our door, but, blessed be God He took them by and didn't let them harm us.

"India is cutting loose. A dear old Indian of the Brahmin caste told my brother and myself, 'I have cut loose from the old moorings; I no longer believe in the religion of my fathers, and am just seeking a place to tie my boat.' Bolshevism begins with infidelity, with rebellion in their hearts and then toward all recognized government.

"We want you to hold on to God and because Jericho is straitly shut up and none go in and none go out, let us not be discouraged, but let us go around by faith and prayer and intercession until we have the assurance the walls will fall. You are just as essential as we are.

"When Premier Lloyd George went to the frontier during the war and returned, he said, 'I have only one message. Three things are essential to win this victory: Ships, more ships, many ships.' My message to you is, Three things are essential to win this victory for Jesus Christ in India: Prayer, more prayer, much prayer.

One or two experiences will show you there

are hungry hearts there. We were working in a certain district very little touched by missionaries or Christianity. We were out with our Christian workers, and at a fair saw about twenty Hindus in a parade, and when they got up close to us my Indian brother said to me, 'They want to hear about Jesus. They want us to sing a song and explain the way of salvation.' He spoke and so did I, and while we were talking the leader kept interrupting me, 'Say, it is not right to worship idols, is it?' I said, 'Wait a minute and decide for yourself.' I spoke awhile and he interrupted me again with the same question, 'Is it right to worship idols?' I continued to preach, and when I had finished he said, 'It is not right to worship idols, and from this moment I am not going to do it.' He was one of the high caste of India and asked us for literature. The next year we came up to this same Hindu fair and again this same man came to us. He had four or five with him and wanted to know the way of the Lord more perfectly. We asked him what he knew now and he said, one thing he knew that it was wrong to worship idols and another was that Jesus Christ was his Savior. 'And more than that,' he said, 'I have been trying to teach my fellow villagers more about Jesus, but give me all the literature you can to help me make them understand that idolatry is a sin and that Jesus Christ is their Savior.' The following year this man came a number of miles to see us, and he said, 'I am still believing and serving the Lord.' Our dear evangelist gave him a holy Bible to take with him. God has not only saved him, but will save hundreds through him.

"A young Brahmin came to our station whom they told not to come; that the missionaries would drive him off the place. He told me that as he was returning from a large, Hindu gathering, a fellow Hindu had gotten his leg cut off, and a large crowd had gathered around calling upon the name of their god and saying this was a bad affair. While they were saying this two Europeans jumped out of the second-class apartment, one tore off his shirt, took up the wounded man, carried him to the train and took him to the hospital. He said, 'When I saw that, I saw there was something in Christianity that was not in Hinduism. That cord of love has been drawing me ever since.'"

Scattering and Increasing

The Indian missionaries, seven in all, sang a song in the Hindu language, after which the

great event of the day took place, the taking of the missionary offering. God poured out the spirit of giving upon the people. The offering of cash and pledges amounted to over \$22,000, including the offering previously given for the Missionary Home. One thriving church which has given missionary work the first place in its activities, pledged \$8,000 for the coming year, another \$5,000. It was very apparent as one viewed the field and heard the reports from the different assemblies that those that have been most on fire for foreign missions have been the most successful, and those that have grudgingly given to the mission fields, have suffered and lost. This is only in accord with the Word of God, which says, "There is that which scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." It has yet to be proved that a home assembly has suffered financially because of its missionary activities. Those assemblies that have proved the Scripture and increased because they scattered their offerings and sent portions to them that had none, have not only been laying up treasures in heaven but have added very materially to the growth of their work. There was a determination on the part of many pastors to move up in their missionary activities. The splendid offering was taken as the stamp of God's approval on the present missionary policy, and there was deep satisfaction in the thought that God was directing.

Mid-West Bible School

The Mid-West Bible School, located at Auburn, Nebraska, which is the first General Council School, received due consideration. This school is not to be a literary or theological institution, but a Bible School in the truest sense of the word, in harmony with the fundamentals of the Gospel endorsed by the Assemblies of God.

It was recommended that students study the Word three and a half years; that if three and a half years of tutorship under the greatest of teachers was necessary to prepare the disciples for their life's work, we might safely follow this example and heed the admonition of Paul, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth." It was maintained that in providing schools to teach the Word and train those who were called to preach the Gospel, we were pursuing the method established by Jesus Himself.

Brother S. A. Jamieson has resigned his pas-

torate at Tulsa, Okla., to be principal of this School. He spoke of the great need of our young men to know how to study the Word, and gave concrete examples of the deep need. The School opens October 4th, and they have about fifty applicants for admission. The property is a modern, three-story brick structure, with steam heat and electricity. It is furnished and paid for; has thirty-four rooms on the second and third floors and is well adapted for a school building.

Home Evangelism

"Home-evangelism," "Pentecost in new fields," was the subject of a very important discussion. Speaking of the great need, Brother Saunders said, "Wife and I in our little Gospel car have gone over the mountains of California and have met with people who have never even heard the name of Jesus. You say, 'That is impossible in America,' but as we crossed the mountains we said to a man whom we met, 'Is there any possibility of starting a meeting here?' 'What kind of a meeting?' he asked. 'A political meeting.' 'Whom are you going to talk about?' I said, 'Jesus.' 'Who is He?' he asked. They had never heard the Gospel message in that district and there are others like it."

Eric Booth-Clibborn, who has been working in the desert spots of Colorado said that time and effort spent in developing new fields in the home land would mean more money for the foreign field, as the more assemblies established, the more wide-spread would be missionary interest and missionary effort.

Brother Will Opie spoke of the need of preaching the Gospel in some neglected districts of California. In that state alone they have 151,000 illiterates, cannot write their own name. He said he held meetings for a year and a half in a school house, and after he had preached a few nights a woman who had been converted in another school-house said, "Who is the baptism of the Holy Ghost?" "Where did he get that Book?"

No place is so fruitful as the new field if it is watered by prayer. A band of young people from the Stone Church went to Bucklin, Mo., and pitched a tent. It was comparatively virgin soil, but God in a marvelous way poured out His Spirit and at the close of the season they had a record of a hundred souls saved and thirty-five baptized in the Holy Spirit. They are now building a church and want a permanent pastor.

Every day throughout the week there were services for the healing of the body. Great crowds came from the city as the healings that had taken place the beginning of the week were noised about. One person said, "I never saw so many deaf and dumb people healed in my life." One man whose ears were opened was startled at the noise he heard on every side. There was no doubting that something had taken place in his life—indeed, a miracle had been performed.

There were nearly a thousand prayed for during the entire time.

Healing of Tumor

THOSE who came to the Council Meeting from the evangelistic field were rejoicing over God's blessing upon their labors. Brother Jack Saunders told us of a remarkable healing under his ministry in Edmondton, Canada.

A woman who weighed 285 pounds, had a tumor on her right side. When a young girl her ankle bones and the bones of her feet had grown together, so that she could only walk by shuffling her feet. When she came down stairs she had to walk sidewise. She was a Catholic and very skeptical in regard to healing, ridiculed the thought of it. She had been to the priest and had two masses said over her. He advised her to come and have a special mass but she refused. She attended one of the healing meetings and saw a man carried in crippled with rheumatism, whom Jesus instantly healed, when prayed for. She was convinced of the truth and the next meeting she came and gave her heart to God. She was anointed for healing and that night she felt something tearing loose inside. The next day a big black lump of flesh came from her side. The following Saturday night she felt the same tearing inside. God was performing a surgical operation. She told her husband who was an ungodly man, and then sent for Brother Saunders and the pastor. The ministers felt convinced that God was talking to the man through his wife's affliction and after prayer left them alone. Immediately he knelt and gave his heart to God, his wife was made whole. Her ankle bones were healed and she is now walking like anybody else. Both were baptized in water on the following day.

Another remarkable case was that of a boy whose leg was broken three years ago and had been badly set, the bones overlapping. As he came to the platform the evangelist said, "Boy,

in the name of Jesus, run down that aisle." As he went his leg was straightened out.

Healed for Service

FOR fifty-five years now, Jesus and I have been friends. He saved me from a bed of diphtheria fifty-seven years ago. Oh what a Savior! Thirty-five years ago I had a goitre on my neck. I heard about healing through our precious sister, then Carrie Judd and Brother Simpson. The doctors said they could do nothing for me, but I stood on the Word of God. That is all you have to do. He does the rest. I said, "I am healed by faith in the Word of God." The Devil said, "You are a liar. You are not healed." I also had a leaky heart and swelled feet, and I took my stand on the Word of God. I said, "Lord, here is my life. You take it. You undertake for me." The next morning I got up and went to put on my big collar and it wouldn't fit. My neck was just as natural as it is now. That was thirty-three years ago.

About five years ago I had pneumonia, and I was laid out for dead. Brother Collins came over and anointed me, but for two or three days I was unconscious. I had swelled up and was black to the finger tips, was in a stupor and woke up only now and then. They had it in the papers that I was dying. They sent for two physicians who said there was no hope, and they were looking for me to breathe my last. Every time I awoke I'd repeat the ninety-first Psalm and other precious passages of Scripture. I remembered how Hezekiah prayed and God heard his prayer, and I said, "Lord, let me live to a good old age. You promised it and I will hold you to your promise." I sat up in bed and said, "Wife, I am healed." She looked frightened and came over to where I was. Just then the doctor came in and said, "Bro. Collins, don't you make a move. If you do it will be your last one." "Come feel my pulse," I said. He did and said, "That is strange. It is natural." He took my temperature and found I was all right. He said, "God Almighty only did that." Then they had an X-ray taken and he said, "I will come back at three o'clock. There is nothing the matter with you but don't go too fast." They perceived Jesus had met me.

There are three great works Jesus came to do. He came to save the soul from the curse of sin. The Gospel is always of salvation. He came to heal the bodies, and when He went away He poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. He is

raising a Spirit-filled people to preach the old-time Gospel. What is the Gospel? Our needs settled for all eternity.

I just came from a meeting in Memphis, where a large number were healed. One day they brought in a man with a cancer, in an ambulance, laid him down in front of the altar, one leg drawn up. We got down and prayed, the power of God came down upon that sore spot, and that man was mightily healed and went back to Arkansas.

Down in New Orleans about a thousand Catholics turned to the Lord. Two thirds of the people there are Catholics. One woman came in with four children, every one of them deaf and dumb. She said in her broken English, "You pray my children. My children deaf; you pray." I said to her, "Well, you pray first. She said, "Me no pray Virgin Mary. Me pray Jesus." I asked her, "Do you confess to the priest?" She said, "Me no confess to the priest. Me confess to Jesus." "Will you read the word of God if I give you a French testament?" "Oh me got a Bible," she said. I prayed for those children, four, six, eight and twelve years old, and every one of those children got their hearing, one after another, and danced up and down, said they heard the music for the first time. The little boy got back of the piano.

One woman who had been a deaf mute said, "For the first time I heard the baby crying, but didn't know what it meant. I heard the rooster crowing but didn't know what it was, heard the water running."—*Warren Collins.*

* * *

If there is one person in all this congregation who has not consented in his own mind or heart to do all the known will of God, he needs to repent, for there is a stubbornness there, a resistance which hinders spiritual growth.—*J. W. Welch.*

* * *

You have learned to be an overcomer of that thing that is contrary to the Spirit in yourself and in your brother. You comfort yourself you have the victory where you once failed, but there is a little deeper place, where one is not only to overcome in his own life but where there is no feeling of resentment toward your brother who has not overcome. You look at others and say, "Bless God, I have overcome that thing," and that feeling mars the unity of the Spirit.—*J. W. Welch.*

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

How Some Gave

I gathered up piles of old papers,
Of magazines many a ton,
And books that were tattered and coverless,
And I said to my soul: "Well done!"

Then I ransaked for rubbers and iron,
Old broiler and kettle and pan,
Old horse-shoes and griddles and grinders,
And plowshares discarded by man.

Old rags were my next bonanza,
"Just the thing for a sacrifice!"
Old coats, old hats, and old dresses—
The collection was quite a surprise.

"For thirty pieces of silver"
I sold the rubbish I brought;
And somehow of Judas Iscariot,
As I took up the pieces, I thought.

But I put on my hat with its feathers,
And my mantle of velvet and lace;
"I will go," I said, "to the temple,
And lay my gift in its place."

In a kerchief of lace I wrapped it,
This money I lent to the Lord;
I hoped it would help in His kingdom,
And sure I felt of reward.

But o'er 'gainst the treasury sitting,
With heaven-full love in His eyes,
Was One my soul was forgetting
When I offered my sacrifice.

—Mrs. M. E. Hardy.

WITH the September number *The Latter Rain Evangel* completed the twelfth year of its ministry, and with this issue we are entering on another year in His Name. We can say from the depths of our being, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Had it not been the Lord who worked with us, we could not have held forth these twelve years. But in spite of soaring prices in printing, in spite of circumstances over which we had no control, in spite of some who have felt obliged to discontinue in order to curtail, God has enabled us to send out the little monthly messenger in the interest of world-wide missions, and made it an instrument of much blessing.

We appreciate the kind and commendatory letters that come from those who have been blessed. They have helped not a little to lighten the burden, inasmuch as they, in a measure, confirm our calling, but we value most of all the prayers of those who can touch the throne.

The high rate of exchange has made it a real tax on our English, South African and Australian readers, and for this reason they are finding it hard to renew. We appreciate their difficulty, but would call their attention to the fact that while other papers, without any exception, charge extra for foreign and Canada, we have had one price for domestic and foreign. So that with the exchange they are obliged to pay, the rate is still less than for other papers.

Our latest news from the post office, however, is that international money orders which have hitherto brought full value, are now bringing only the market value of a pound. Instead of \$4.87, the present rate on a pound (Oct. 2nd) is only \$3.50, although it fluctuates continually. This is a loss to us on a single subscription of about 26c. In other words, a money order for 5s-2d which formerly covered a year's subscription, now brings us only \$1.00.

In view of this depreciation and increased cost of printing (having been obliged to meet two advances within the last twelve months) we feel the need of co-operation, and will greatly appreciate it if those to whom the paper has been a blessing will interest others who enjoy good reading and induce them to subscribe. Have you been blest? Then pass the means of blessing on to others. It is a medium of working for God and for humanity in which all may have a part. Please bear in mind that the subscription price to

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEND YOUR CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS TO THE FOREIGN FIELDS

all is \$1.25. We thank our subscribers for their help and prayers and have confidence in God that He is equal to every emergency. A large number of subscriptions fall due at this time and we trust the Lord will be gracious to us and prosper that which He committed to us.

Conventions

Special services are now on at The Stone Church, 70th and Stewart Ave. Evangelistic services every evening at 7:45, except Saturday, from October 3rd to the 24th, the last week being a Convention, for which special workers and missionaries have been engaged. Come praying.

A Pentecostal Missionary Convention will be held in the Stone Church, in Scranton, Pa., from November 5-14, 1920. Out of town friends especially invited. Entertainment free as far as possible. Write early for accommodations to the pastor, D. H. McDowell, 1068 Monsey Ave., Scranton, Pa.

The Annual Missionary Convention of the Pentecostal Church of Akron, Ohio, will be held at the church, 20 E. Cedar St., Oct. 27-31, 1920. Special speakers and a number of foreign missionaries have been engaged. Free entertainment for ministers and missionaries. For information address the Pastor, C. A. McKinney, 30 E. Cedar St.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Detroit (Mich.) Pentecostal Assembly will be held at the Chapel, Brainard and National Aves., Oct. 28-Nov. 7.

Two Months' Report

The following is our two months' report of monies received through *The Evangel* and *The Stone Church*:

Miss Gerda Adolfson, for China.....	\$ 10.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, China, for Bertha Meyer's work	58.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, China.....	30.00
Gerard A. Bailly, South America	30.00
Miss Hattie Bailey, China (Door of Hope)..	14.61
Miss Myrtle Bailey, China	25.00
Mrs. Irene Piper Bartholomee, fare for China	50.00
Victor Carlson, China	20.00
Mrs. Jean Ratan Cole, China	10.00
Robert F. Cook, India	53.90
C. W. Doney, Egypt	30.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, West Africa	70.00
Miss Elsie Fearey, South America	10.00
Miss Bessie V. Gager, for India	25.00
Mrs. Kate R. Goldie, Africa	12.50
James Harvey, India	89.30
Thomas Hindle, Mongolia	42.00
Miss Phoebe Holmes, China	10.00
W. C. Hoover, South America	5.00
Mrs. L. M. Johnson, China (for Carrie Anderson's work)	92.00
William H. Johnson, West Africa	55.96
Mrs. Marion Wittich Keller, B. E. Africa	20.00

George M. Kelly, China.....	146.93
Miss Ethel King, India	35.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China	20.00
Miss Beatrice Lawler, China	10.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India	113.75
Miss Bernice Lee, for Chapra property....	334.50
Jacob O. Lehman, So. Africa	5.00
Alex. Lindsay, India	30.00
Miss Willa B. Lowther, China (on furlough)	47.00
Herman J. Mader, for China	25.00
Dick Mahaffey, India	30.00
R. S. McBride, South America	25.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, China (on furlough)....	60.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, China (for native worker)	100.00
Missionary Rest Rome, Chicago	186.75
B. S. Moore, Japan	25.64
Thomas Nicodem, India.....	10.00
Albert Norton, India	10.00
John Norton, India	10.00
Wm. K. Norton, India	111.00
Miss Sophie Nygaard, West Africa	50.00
Miss Leonore H. Parker, India	74.73
Pandita Ramabai, India	50.00
Miss Zella Reynolds, China	10.00
Mrs. Anna Richards, South Africa	25.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo Belge	70.00
Mrs. P. R. Rushin, China	20.00
Mrs. Violet Schoonmaker, India	35.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	24.00
W. R. Williamson, China.....	15.00
Miss Adah Winger, for South America	12.50
Miss Alice Wood, South America.....	35.00

Total.....\$2,520.07

The great need of every missionary on the field is for money to enlarge his work. When a missionary once has the language and sees the great possibilities that are before him, he cannot be satisfied with getting just enough help for his own support. Any missionary with a vision and call is always looking forward to having a station and native workers. It is the duty of the home field to foster this desire and encourage our workers. If a missionary cannot enlarge his work he becomes discouraged, and we must not only be rope-holders but lifters. Some will say, "Where is their faith?" God only works through people, and we must have our ear open to His voice and work co-operatively, if we would expect results. Do not expect the missionary to have all the faith. Viewing the field from the reports, and getting some little glimpses of the struggles of our co-workers, we are sure there is great need for us to move up in our giving. Send in your offerings. We send it to the field, one hundred cents on the dollar.

How Others Give

At our first Convention in Cleveland, our offering for missions was \$250. We bought a little church, paid off all but a small portion, and from \$250 the missionary offering went last fall to nearly \$10,000, and the pastor didn't starve either." *D. W. Kerr.*

"Some pastors are afraid if they get behind missions they will suffer financially, but I think they do not believe what the Word of God says, 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty.' The Sunday we took up that offering for missions, the offering for the pastor was the largest it had been any Sunday up to that time, and I have discovered no pastor has any excuse for not getting behind the cause of missions on the ground that he will suffer financially. The more people give, the more they have to give. Stephen Merritt used to say, 'I use a spoon in giving my money to God, and He uses a scoop-shovel in giving money to me.' The more the Pentecostal Church in Cleveland gives

the more it has to give. At the end of six months our treasurer reported cash received during the previous six months, from all sources, amounted to \$10,000.02, and the work of God has been steadily moving on."—*J. N. Gortner, Pastor of Cleveland (O.) Assembly.*

* * *

"I want to tell you how some natives of Africa give. One Sunday morning a native came up with his tithe and laid it on the table. When the missionary saw what he had put there, he said, 'Brother, don't you think you have made a mistake?' He had put down ten shillings. 'No,' he said, 'I have not made any mistake. I have given five shillings for my tithe and five for a free-will offering.'"—*J. O. Lehman.*

The Preparation of the Bride

Are Your Trials Carrying You Heavenward?

Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson in the Springfield Meeting, Sept. 19, 1920.



SI looked to the Lord for a message this morning a dozen different themes came to my heart, new and old, but every one of them was swept away, and the Lord gave me just one message, the Preparation of the Bride. "Jesus is coming," we have heard over and over in the last fourteen years, and every time we hear it it brings a thrill to our hearts and makes our faces to shine. Because He is coming there is a people getting ready to meet Him.

The Bible is filled with many beautiful types and shadows concerning the bride and her preparation to meet the bridegroom. In Revelation 21:9 we read, "Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife." We long to be taken in spirit over to Patmos where John was, that we might see the bride, the Lamb's wife. We are all interested in an earthly bride, but in the spiritual bride, a hundredfold more. The first glimpse we get of a type of this spiritual bride is in Genesis, second chapter. Adam had been in existence for some time, but the Lord looked down upon him and saw that it was not good for man to be alone, and so He caused a deep sleep to come upon him, and while he slept the Lord wounded his side, took out a rib, and from that rib He formed a woman. So the spiritual bride must come from the wounded side of Jesus, the second Adam. Just as God permitted a deep sleep to come upon the first Adam, so He per-

mitted a deep sleep to come upon the second Adam, and while Jesus slept a soldier came and wounded His side, and from that wounded side a beautiful ribbed company is brought forth, and from that company a bride. God brought the woman to the man in Eden, and it will not be long, if we are faithful, until the same Spirit that raised up Jesus from the dead will quicken these mortal bodies and we can be brought to the Man, Christ Jesus. The origin of the bride must be through the blood, and in the next chapter after Adam and Eve had partaken of the forbidden fruit they realized they must be clothed. They tried to make their clothing out of fig leaves, but that was no type. The clothing of the bride of Christ must be blood-bought. A lamb was slain, and from that slain lamb God made a covering, just as our slain Lamb has provided a beautiful coat of righteousness, a white robe for His Bride.

In the next chapter we get a glimpse of the offering. Cain and Abel came with their offerings. One came with the fruits of his garden, wrought by his own hands, his good works, but the other brought a slain lamb, placed it on the altar, the fire fell from heaven and God smiled upon it. Your offering, if you would be in that Bride, must be of the same, a burnt offering.

The next type which comes to us is in the story of Noah. Jesus said, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the coming of the Son of Man." The world at that time was filled with sin. God's heart was almost broken over it, and so He said there was to be a great flood come

upon the world. Noah was a just man, walked with God, and we read God spoke to him. It is a wonderful thing to have God speak to you. Some people have their ears so filled with criticism, so full of the world they cannot hear the voice of God, but Noah's ears were open to the voice of God and God revealed His plans to him. Noah was a child of light. The children of darkness walk in darkness, but the children of God walk in the light. God said, "Noah, this world is filled with wickedness. I am going to open the heavens and send down a mighty flood, but I will make an escape for you. Noah, you remembered Me, and I will remember you. You are to build an ark, with three stories, lower, second and third. One door shalt thou set in the side and a window above." Noah believed God. Soon you could hear the trees being felled, blow after blow came down and they cut the great big beams. I can imagine the neighbors coming up: "Noah, what are you doing? Going to build a barn?" "No." "Build a house?" "No, I am building a boat." "Noah, how will you get it to the water?" "I expect the water to come to it." They said, "Well you are certainly a strange man." But Noah obeyed God.

Soon the waters of tribulation will cover this old world. Prophecy is being fulfilled. We can hear the waters rolling in every direction, trouble between capital and labor, in the political world, between the Catholics and Protestants, trouble in the churches. We can see all these things, but when the waters rise we shall rise also. They will not overwhelm us.

God gave Noah explicit instructions. He was to make it three stories, lower, second and third. In the world today there is a beautiful spiritual work being builded, three stories high. It is almost completed now, the passengers are getting on board. What was the lower story? God the Father. What was the second story? Jesus the Son. What is the third story? The dispensation of the blessed Holy Spirit. First came the sure and firm foundation, God the Father. We read of His love through the Old Testament from Genesis to Malachi. God in His own time sent His Son; there was to be a door in His side. There came a day when the angels came singing from glory, heralding His birth; the wise men saw the star and coming saw the little babe wrapped in swaddling clothes. That was the second story. On Calvary's cross they nailed my Lord, the nails were being driven into the second story of the ark, and He bowed His head and

died. The Roman soldier came with the clatter of horses' hoofs, his great spear was driven right into His side, making an entrance for you and me through the blood. Jesus, after the resurrection ascended to the Father. Ten days later He sent down the blessed Holy Spirit with the sound of the rushing, mighty wind, with tongues of flame, with the rivers of water that gushed from the innermost being, three thousand souls were saved, and the third story was being built. The skies are filled with clouds. To the world that may not mean anything, but to us it has a deep significance. To the world the clouds will bring floods of tribulation. They will cover the land, but God will also send floods of blessing upon His people.

The ark was completed and they were told to get on board. Many people say, "I would like to get in the ark but I don't like those people." Noah didn't talk like that. There were monkeys and baboons, chimpanzees, and all sorts of creeping things, but when it came time to go in Noah didn't shrink from that kind of company. Don't stay out of the Pentecostal ark because of the peculiar company you will find there. I can just see this ark rocking. The brighter the water, the higher the ark. When the waves of tribulation cover the earth the bridegroom will come back with the bride, and just as the ark rested on Mt. Ararat, so will our Lord rest upon Mt. Olivet.

You see the Bride in her preparation in the beautiful type which I love so much, that of Rebecca preparing for Isaac. It is a story with four central figures: Abraham, a type of the Father, Isaac, a type of the Son, Eliezer, a type of the Holy Spirit, and Rebecca a type of the bride. In this story the father is desirous that a bride shall be brought to his son, so Abraham called to his servant, Eliezer, asking him to swear that he wouldn't get Isaac a bride from among the Canaanites but go to his own country and chose a bride from there. God the Father called the Holy Spirit to Himself and said, "Don't take a bride from heaven. There is none among the angels or archangels to be a bride for My son, but go back to my country—some rich people act as though this was their country, but the earth is the Lord's—and to my kindred." Isn't it wonderful He speaks of Himself as our Father. When we were born again He became our Father.

Abraham's servant brought for Isaac's bride, gold and silver and precious stones, and the Holy Spirit is bringing for the Bride of Jesus gifts

and ornaments. I read, "All the good things are in His hands." Then Eliezer took his journey from Canaan to Abraham's country and he had to find a trysting place to meet her. He met her at the well. If you would like to meet the Holy Spirit you can meet Him at the well of salvation. We read that before he had done speaking something happened. I like to see things move. Rebecca came out and her pitcher was on her shoulder. If you would be filled with the Holy Spirit you must first of all come out of the world, out of sin, out of temptation, out of things unlike Jesus Christ. Rebecca's pitcher was empty. So many of us come with our pitchers so full of our own teachings and self. Come with an empty pitcher and you will be filled with a revelation of Himself. Notice the steps Rebecca took: she came out, she went down and then she came up. They are all in the preparation of the bride. First, come out of the things that defile, then down in real humility, that it may be no more "I." Do you love to go down low before Jesus? It seems I never so longed to get down out of sight, my own self hidden, the life and person of Jesus exalted, as during these last few weeks. The Bible gives many instances where people came *down* and they always received something from God. I think of Zaccheus who was away up in a sycamore tree, and Zaccheus had to come down for the Lord to feast with him. Peter fell down, and I did that too when I received the gift of the Holy Spirit; the glory and majesty was so great I fell prostrate at His feet. You remember Mary sat down at His feet. Do you take time to sit at the feet of Jesus? I know you are busy. I know the babies keep you running from morning to night, but take time to sit and learn of Him. There was Somebody else who had a way of going down. We read Jesus laid down His life for us.

Rebecca went down and filled her pitcher. When you get down you are sure to get your pitcher filled. It is in the place where our heart has bled and people haven't known; places where we would like to have somebody give us a little pat on the shoulder; we would like to vindicate ourselves and explain, but the Lord says to us "Be still. I will fight your battles for you." Have you gotten the source of sure supply? Get down and get your pitcher filled. Rebecca filled her pitcher and came up. If you take care of the going down God will take care of the coming up.

The servant ran to meet her. Would you like to receive the Holy Ghost? Then just come to

the well, fill your pitcher with joy and salvation waters. He ran to meet her and she gave him to drink and gave the camels also. Then he began to talk to her. "Rebecca, do you see those hills?" "Yes, my lord." "Do you know the valley that lies beyond and the wide, extended plains? Over the hills and the valleys, and the wide plains there is the beautiful land of Canaan. Over there is the bridegroom waiting. His name is Isaac. Would you be willing to leave your father, kindred and home to be his bride?" And as he described that home in Canaan, Rebecca said, "I will go." Her people were good, but she had to go and leave them. This is an individual walk with God. The servant brought jewels of gold, a symbol of His divine nature, and raiment. Are you poor? Do you feel your poverty? He will clothe you. To her mother and brother he gave some precious things. Now the people who are not going on in the Spirit will get precious things, but oh to the Bride, to the one who says "I will go" is given the choicest gifts. The servant tarried for the night and the next morning he brought the camels. Rebecca rose and she rode upon the camels. The moment you say "yes" to God the Holy Spirit will bring some camels around your door. Camels are not the smoothest means of riding. There will be lots of tests, lots of hard places on this journey, but every bump brings you one step nearer home. Some people say, "You do not know where I live. I cannot live for God in my own home." Yes, some people let the camels lay on them. It says that she rode on the camel. Instead of letting the trials and tests ride you and bear you down, you ride the trials and hard tests. If when the hard things come you can see it is not Brother So-and-so, it is not your husband or your wife, but it is God, then you will realize it is just a place to be an overcomer, to fit you for bridehood. She went quickly along, and the servant was her guide, a type of the Holy Spirit guiding us. As they went along he doubtless told her of the bridegroom who was waiting for her.

"He will take of the things of Mine and reveal them unto you." The way was long and hard and dusty but it came to an end. "The bumps of the camel are too hard." Cheer up, we are almost at the end of the way. Isaac went out to meditate. He lifted up his eyes and behold! the camels were coming. Jesus may be on His way now to meet us. Can He look into your home and say, "My beloved is coming?" Not only did the bridegroom lift up his eyes, but

Rebecca lifted up her eyes. Are your eyes up-lifted looking for the heavenly Bridegroom? When she lifted up her eyes she saw her bridegroom. Can you imagine the ecstasy and glory of our meeting with Him, our bridegroom? Good-by sorrow, good-by pain, good-by misunderstandings. Won't you go back home and ride those camels willingly? We are near the end of the way. He took her into his tent and she became his wife. "Let us be glad, for the marriage of the Lamb is come." And this last word I love the best of all, "And he loved her." Every time I get to the end of this it seems I stand on the shore of a great, mighty ocean. I cannot see the lengths of it nor the breadth of it, but as I think of the ocean of His great love, I say, "Jesus, if You loved me, a poor, miserable, good-

for-nothing sinner, enough to die for me, wash me in Your blood, what will it be if I become Your wife? If it means Golgotha, let me go with You. If it means the tomb, my own aspirations and hopes are laid away. If those I love are taken from me, there is just room for You, Lord Jesus.

"Come hither and I will show you the bride, the Lamb's wife." Can we say with Rebecca, when the Holy Spirit asks us, "I will go?" Let us go through in our prayer-life. Let us go through in our soul-winning life. Let us go on with our preparation. Then it will not be long until the heavens will be rent and like a bolt of lightning the Lord will come down to take us to Himself.

"After That"

Are You a Fruit-Bearer or a Cumberer?

George E. Smith in the Stone Church, Sept. 12, 1920.



He spake also this parable: A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." Luke 13:6-9.

I realize this is God's dealing with Israel, but the Word tells us "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," and I believe we can bring this text up to the dignity of our Pentecostal experience and still get some lessons on this part of God's Word. You and I know that the Jews as a nation were more strongly favored than any other class of people. They were taken out of the land of Egypt by miraculous power and not by any effort of their own. They were miraculously delivered from the hand of Pharaoh when they came to the Red Sea. When they got to the other side they shouted victory. He led them on from one victory to another, and so great was God's power manifested that in the dealings of the prophets with Israel they invariably refer to

His marvelous deliverances. God dealt tenderly with His people and for that reason He had a perfect right to expect that Israel would produce fruit, but when God in Christ came into this world they were not bringing forth fruit. They had gotten away from God. They had forgotten the pit from whence they had been digged; they had forgotten God's wonderful dealings with them, and as Jeremiah said, they had gone every man to his own way. So when Jesus came for the fruit that should have been forthcoming, there was none.

Now I want to make an analogy. God for Christ's sake has miraculously delivered us from the hand of the enemy, so we can say we are the Lord's forever. Many of us were saved from lives of deep sin, others perhaps from churchianity, others from moral lives, etc., but we all were saved from some kind of a life; it is the same precious blood that has delivered us out of the darkness of despair, and put a new song into our mouth, and planted us where He has a right to expect that we shall bring forth fruit in our lives. And some of us can go a little further than that and say when we were on the verge of death, when the hand of the destroyer was gripping our very life, Christ the Lord miraculously interfered and broke the grip of the enemy and we were set free from bondage. Then one day we found we needed power in our lives, and He marvelously baptized us in the Holy Ghost, and we were not able to praise Him in our own

tongue when He took possession of us. So beloved, God has a right to expect that we shall bring forth fruit.

I want you to look at this tree. It belonged to a very good class of trees; not a come-by-chance, runty old apple tree, nor a pear tree. It was a fig tree and anybody who knows anything about fig trees ought to know that fig trees ought to bring forth fruit. There was a man one time who persisted in telling everybody how they ought to do things. He wanted to set everybody right, and I said to him one day, "Brother, if a man came to me and told me he knew the best way to raise Baldwin apples, I would say, 'Let us go out to your orchard and see the apples you raise, and if yours are the best I will take your advice.'" Some of us Pentecostal people have a way of saying with a Pharisaical spirit, "I am Pentecost. I thank the Lord I am not as other men are." I praise God that I do stand for the full Pentecostal testimony, and inasmuch as we belong to such a wonderful class of trees, we ought to be bringing forth a wonderful quantity of fruit.

We are fig trees, all right, not scrub oaks. And we like to talk about it too. If that be true, then our Father who owns the vineyard has a right to claim fruit, for the reason you belong to the high class of trees. Not only was it the proper kind of a tree but it was placed in the proper environment to bring forth fruit. The owner of the vineyard didn't leave the tree grow any old way, but its environment was such that the master had a right to expect it to bring forth fruit. We read he planted it in a vineyard. Not only that, but he set somebody over the vineyard to look after all of these trees.

That is just what the Lord did with you; not only can you shout for Pentecost, but He has put you in an environment where you ought to bring forth fruit, for God has a perfect right to expect you to bring forth fruit. You say, "If you had to work where I do, perhaps you wouldn't talk that way." God bless you, look at the little corn of wheat dropped into this earth to die. "There are all kinds of minerals in the earth, and all I need to produce this corn is a little carbon, a little silica and a little ammonia." Does the little corn do that? No, but it lies there and absorbs from the earth around it only those ingredients that are required to produce more corn and the rest it doesn't take in. Beloved, God has planted you in an environment. I know you have trials, you have testings, but beloved, God has ordained

that you should absorb from your surroundings only those things that will produce more fruit for God. You do not have to absorb the unkind things that are said, the cruel words that hurt and sting.

I want you to notice this tree was a good kind of a tree, and was placed in a good environment, yet notwithstanding that fact, when the vine-dresser came to see if there was any fruit on the tree it was absolutely barren and fruitless. I see hundreds of people who have been taken from the wayside, as it were; they have been planted in a vineyard and have received great care from the hand of the vine-dresser, and today you cannot find one little bit of fruit in their lives. They have so many leaves they shut off the sunshine from some little plant that would enjoy it. Dear ones, God is looking down. I do not have to go out of the city to tell you where He is looking, but He is looking for fruit on the trees He has planted here. In the fifteenth chapter of John He says, "Ye have not chosen Me but I have chosen you—transplanted you, ordained you and filled you with the Holy Spirit, that you might bring forth fruit, and that your fruit might remain." And how glibly we quote the rest of that verse: "That whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it to you." Quote the whole verse. It all belongs together.

This was a wonderful tree, placed in a wonderful environment, but when the Master came for results in fruit He found it bore only leaves. I want you to notice the complaint that the Master makes: "Behold these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree and I have found none." In this we get three thoughts, and the first thought is the long-suffering grace of God. I want to ask some of you business men a question. Supposing you took some one into your factory or your office out of the pity of your heart, fixed him up and gave him a little task and you told him you would recompense him, how many of you would put up with him three years if he did not produce anything? The Master had a right to expect that tree to bring forth fruit, and he came three years seeking fruit and finding none. How long, let me ask, has it been since you were translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's marvelous light? Two years, three years, five years? I grant you some have been translated ten, fifteen and twenty years. Has the master come each year at the proper time and found fruit in your life? Have you been making good, or have you been making

excuses? "If Brother So-and-so hadn't done so-and-so I would have had fruit this year, but I have had such awful tests and trials." The next year the Lord comes and you say, "It is harder than last year to bring forth fruit." If there is anything these days that is needed it is the fruit of the Spirit manifested in the lives of those who bear leaves, whose experience and testimony mark them to be Pentecostal people. If it were not for the long-suffering of the Vine-dresser I am afraid some of us would have been cut down long ago.

Then I want you to notice His patience. He says to the keeper of the vineyard, "Cut it down. That is long enough for me to expect fruit." Beloved, privileges abused are privileges lost. The man who had his talent lost it. And when the Lord came back, the man who had ten pounds said, "Lord, thy pound hath gained for thee ten pounds, and the other said, "Lord, Thy pound hath gained five pounds." Then came the other who said, "Those fellows are pretty careless. My plan is better than theirs. I've kept my pound carefully hid away." We all received our pound when we received our Pentecostal baptism. How many have said in act, "Lord, I have exercised great wisdom. I have kept it all to myself. Here it is." And you know what the answer was. Dear ones, God has transplanted us that we may bring forth fruit, and God has a right to expect fruit. If we do not produce fruit some day He will say, "Cut it down." Not only is that true of an individual, but it is true of an assembly. And oh He asks a question here, "Why cumbereth it the ground?" Friends, you are either one of two things: You are either a fruit-bearer or a cumberer. You cannot be anything but one of those two. These are the two only kinds of Christians in Pentecost, and you know which kind you are. If you are a cumberer don't flutter your leaves around, because some one will slip in and want a fig. A cumberer! There stood the tree with its spreading branches all full of leaves, and those leaves hide the sunshine from some plant.

Now another thought, and I thank God for it, and that is, the Vine-dresser's intercession. Had it not been for the One who is praying for you and me at the right hand of the Father, where would we have been? Cut off. Because there were times in my life, and possibly yours, that I was nothing but a cumberer. I was occupying a place that fruit-bearing Christians should occupy. I was drawing on the sunshine of God's

love, and my roots, figuratively speaking, entwined in the ground, and I wasn't producing a thing. I was occupying a space where God might have put a good man. May God help us all to produce fruit in our lives.

Now the vine-dresser comes along after the sentence has been pronounced and he says, "I have tended that tree faithfully and do not like to cut it down. Give me another chance at it. I will make a special case of this tree. Here are trees all around that do not require special attention, but let me have another chance at this tree." The Master says, "This year only, and then after that you can cut it down." The vine-dresser begins to dig around the roots. Perhaps the Lord has sent a vine-dresser around to dig at your roots and give you one more year of grace—who knows? If you feel something digging at your roots, don't say, "I wish he would stop digging." I am willing to be a grubbing hoe if I can make somebody more fruitful. Beloved if God is digging around you these days; if you feel something unusual stirring around at the roots of your life do not condemn the man who is using the grubbing-hoe, but take it as from God. He wants to see you produce fruit in your life.

Then there are two words I want to leave with you in closing. Think over them and see if they mean anything more to you next Sunday than this. Those two words are, "after that." "I will dig around it this year only and do everything I can, but 'after that' cut it down." How many churches, how many organizations have sprung into being under the mighty anointing of God? There have been hundreds, but where are they today? Dead, thrice dead, plucked up by the roots. Why? Because when God sent somebody around to dig around them they would not become fertile. They had their stirrings. God sent His Moody and His Finney and others along to stir them up and they refused to bring forth fruit, and then the "after that" went into effect. Where are they? Dead.

Now let us bring this down to present-day conditions; down to Pentecost. Not only to our individual life but to our Pentecostal Movement, born, not out of the effort of anyone, but of God. The Pentecostal Movement cannot point back and say, "Wesley is the founder of this church, or Finney, or Calvin." It was born without the hand of man. It was poured out from heaven, right from the very hand of God. In some ways we have the most wonderful testimony since apostolic days. We were planted

into this new field because God wants us to produce fruit. We have the cream from the other movements. God brought the praying people out of the Methodist church; He brought the praying people from the Episcopalian church, the Baptist, and the Christian Alliance, expecting us to bring forth fruit. I believe God is allowing the Vine-dresser to dig around the roots today. Jesus the Intercessor is saying, "Oh, just this year and I will do My best with them. I will do everything in My power to bring them to the place where fruit will be forth-coming in their lives but 'after that' cut it down." Friends, this

service may be to some of you "the digging"; it may be the "this year only." Do you feel anything stirring at the roots of your life? I hear some one say, "Oh would to God we had the power to win souls!" I say, "Praise God, the Vine-dresser is at the root of that tree." For this we were chosen that we might bring forth fruit. The fruit of the fig-tree is figs. The fruit of the Christian life is Christlikeness. Can you bear fruit except you abide in Him the Vine? Let Him search your hearts and He will show you why you are not bearing fruit.

Walking With the Lord in India

How Natives Are Used in Prayer

Miss Bessie Gager, India, in the Stone Church, Aug. 1, 1920.



I PRAISE the Lord He ever sent me out to India. It was my privilege to join Miss Minnie F. Abrams when she opened a work in North India in 1910. It meant something to open a work in that district. We had to live in mud huts, but later God gave us better houses and the Word has gone forth in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. When we laid dear Miss Abrams away under the sod, the question on our hearts was, What shall we do? But God was equal to the situation and He wonderfully took us through.

Before I went out to India I had a talk with an experienced missionary, and she told me the first thing I would realize would be this: that it was a land of Satanic power. The powers of darkness rule and reign in that land. She said to me, "If you will begin the day with God, spend the early hour of the morning with Him, you will be able to go through." I found it good advice. I used to have a real desire to see an idol for myself, and it wasn't long before I had the opportunity, for India with its 315,000,000 souls has 320,000,000 idols. As I went out into the market place I saw one of the many temples and I thought I would see what they were like. There was an idol in a little niche with fruit and flowers. From the powers of darkness that pressed upon me it seemed as though I had walked up to the mouth of hell. I turned and left that temple quicker than I went toward it, and I did no more sight-seeing in temples. I soon found out that the devil inhabits those places. An idol is everything that is hideous and yet the people worship it. They worship them but

they do not give them peace. Pilgrims go up and down the length and breadth of that land seeking peace, going through many things to torture themselves to find merit, only to meet with disappointment. The human heart is reaching out for God, no matter what the color of his skin, and will not be satisfied until he finds Him.

Those who suffer the most are the women and children. The Indian home practically becomes a prison to them. Forty million women from the age of twelve are in prison. We have had the privilege of visiting many of these precious souls in their homes and have found them very attractive and bright. I have also found out how those women suffer. In one home I found two women sitting cross-legged on the floor. We told them the story of salvation, and when we had finished one woman said with solemnity, "Oh I think it is wonderful." Then with such a look of despair she turned to the woman who sat side of her and said, "What can we do?" I understood what she meant, and I encouraged her that she could give her heart to Jesus and live in that home. I told her of a certain Bible woman who had given her heart to Jesus through some one coming and telling her, and how for twenty-five years she had lived in her home, brought up four daughters and one son as Christians, and now they are all out preaching the Gospel. Just then her husband, an educated Indian gentleman, went up to this little woman, evidently displeased because he found missionaries in that home, and asked, with a look of disdain, what the missionaries had been telling her. She looked as though she would like the floor to swallow her up, but there was no escape. I explained that we visited the ladies in their homes,

and he said, "Come again when I am home." We left, and God only knows what took place behind those closed doors.

Not long ago a verse of scripture came to me in which I saw a picture of India: "When Jesus saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them." He sees those crowds of people in India, the millions in their purdah homes. He sees those weary pilgrims. Oh yes, His heart is moved with compassion toward them! I hope this afternoon as we think of these things that our hearts will be moved with compassion.

We were out touring one winter, and walking up a road we met an old woman tending a flock of goats. We called to her to come over where we were and she came dragging a rope with the goats attached. She began to weep and told us the sorrows of her life and we had a chance to point her to Jesus. That poor old soul who heard for the first time gave her heart to Jesus that afternoon. The next morning we saw her again and she looked so different. I saw her again a year later. She had heard nothing more of this Jesus during that time, but she said, "Oh yes, I haven't forgotten. I still love Him and serve Him." The last time I saw her was three years after and she came running to me, and putting her arms around me said, "I haven't forgotten." Friends do you think we will find that soul up in heaven? Don't you think the heart of Jesus moved out in compassion toward that soul?

We missionaries often ride third class, which means a very dirty, uncomfortable, unsanitary way to travel, but we meet some women there that we would not meet otherwise. One day I was talking to a woman in a third-class compartment, of Jesus. After awhile she asked me, "What did you say His name was?" I told her. Again she interrupted me, "What is His name again? I do not want to forget it." She asked me the third time. I told her she could pray and He would help her. She had never heard that wonderful name before. They knew of the name of millions of gods whom they had called upon year after year, and now they heard of this wonderful Being, the like of whom they had never heard before. She said, "How shall we remember Him if we forget His name?" I was glad to tell them over and over of that wonderful Name.

I had not been in the country many months when I knew unless God did something for me I would be buried under the sands of India.

The devil would say, "Yes, you will be buried along side of Miss Abrams, "But I couldn't believe God would let me die. I wrote letters home asking for prayer. Miss Cody wrote me, "I got down and prayed and agonized in the Spirit until I knew I had prayed through and touched the throne," and praise the Lord He heard prayer. Not long after when I was having an attack of the stomach a missionary came and prayed. The power of God struck us both; it was like electricity from my knees to my finger tips. Never again did I suffer like that and I immediately began to take on flesh. God was able even for that hard circumstance.

I want to tell you what it means to have our Indian Christians have this wonderful baptism. There was another time I was having a test in my body, and the Lord showed me to send for the wife of one of our Indian preachers, a woman who could not write her own name, and could not read, but she had the power of God on her. I sent for her and told her how I had been suffering. She got down by my bed-side and put her hands on me, the power of the Spirit came upon her and she gave one big out-cry. I could not describe it in any way. I say let them make a noise if something happens with it. It did that day. The Lord wonderfully met me. I said, "Warm up the dinner I am going to eat." It means something when your Indian Christians pray for you. Another time when I was suffering from great heat pressure and could not get the victory I sat down at eventime outside the bungalow trying to find a breeze, and saw some Bible women coming down the path. I knew there was one there who had power with God. They knelt down in prayer and this little woman put her hands over my head. The power fell all around my shoulders like electric sparks and that pressure was broken.

I wouldn't have had the courage to come home if God hadn't given me the assurance He would take me back. When we got to Gibraltar we met a transport ship bringing home some of our soldier boys. I could not blame the boys for rejoicing, but there was a different feeling in my heart; when we came through Port Said, leaving India behind, a great cry went up to my heart, "Oh Lord, You will bring me back, will You not?"

Many a time we have longed for the fellowship you have here in the homeland in meetings, but the Lord spreads a feast for us there in the wilderness. We get away in our rooms with this

Book and the heavens open. I never before knew the value of my Bible as I did in India. It was simply blessed the way He opened up heaven. Don't think the missionaries do not have anything out there because they do not have these lovely meetings. The Lord gave me when I was coming home, "Eat the fat and drink the sweet and send portions to those for whom nothing has been prepared." You partake of this Gospel feast, but while you eat, remember those for whom nothing has been prepared. Let the compassion of Jesus go deep into your heart. There is a deeper compassion when you pray for heathen souls, and pray laborers into the harvest field.

One morning at the rising of the sun I was walking out in the large space reserved for the government for military works, and I was singing that little chorus, "And He walks with me and He talks with me," and I thought, "I wish He could come and walk with me," and just then He did. I saw those shining garments; I saw His feet which scarcely touched the ground. They looked like marble. I saw the nail scars, and said, "Lord, the nail scars are still there." He said, "They always will be," and He vanished. Then it came to me, "He is always walking at my side. Because He is at my right hand I shall not be moved."

Another morning I was again taking that same walk and singing that same song, and He appeared again. This time I saw Him from head to foot. He was wonderful to look upon. I could not describe Him as He stood there in those wonderful garments of white. His eyes were dark and deep-set, but the thing I saw was that wonderful love, like liquid love flowing from His great heart down into mine. I was going through a trial then, and in telling a friend of this river of love that flowed to me, she said the meaning of it was, "Touched with a feeling of your infirmity." If you know Jesus loves you; if His presence is a reality with you, that will help you stand.

The 2nd of November I expect to sail again, and covet your prayers that His presence will go with me.

A Mohammedan Convert

In this District there are about 300,000 Mohammedans, among whom, because of the paucity of workers, very little work is being done. Since to get a Mohammedan converted is "to get the proudest man in the world to take the thing he hates from the hand he despises," even

one such conversion is worthy of record. During the year a certain Musselman was convinced of the truth of Jesus' claims and, with his family, was baptized.

What a furor it caused! How the sons of the false prophet fumed and stormed! Bedlam broke loose. Why not? Had not one of their number been baptized and did he not boldly confess his allegiance to Jesus.

The baptism over, they sent a delegation to interview the Jesus' man. Suppressing the volcano within, they calmly asked why he had become a Christian. "I am not afraid to tell you," was his reply, "but as sure as I do, you will get fighting mad. Why do you come now? When for the past year I did not go to the mosque, why did you not protest then? When you saw me reading the Bible and praying to Jesus, why did you not dissuade me then? Now that all bridges are burned behind me, why do you come? You are too late. I am Jesus' man and He is my Saviour and Keeper."

Hereupon followed the calm that presages the storm. Suddenly it broke forth. "Mohammed came after Jesus and is therefore greater than Jesus! Mohammed was the latest and therefore the greatest of all prophets. Fool, how dare you deny this?" "What is the Bible compared with the holy Koran—God's latest revelation to man given to his servant Mohammed? Every word and letter of it was written by God Himself. Infidel, dare you claim that the Christian's book is on a par with the holy Koran? Speak."

Quick as lightning came the reply: "Mohammed was only a man, a sinner like you and me, and he can save no one; Jesus is the God-man, the Spotless Lamb of God who died to save us all. The Bible is God's revelation to man, while the Koran is a man-made book, which Mohammed largely stole from the Old Testament and adapted to his own purposes. The Bible—"

But he got no further. "*Kafir* (infidel)! What blasphemy! To the sword with such a renegade!" Blinded with rage they rushed on him. Murder was in their hearts; but ere a blow was struck, their leader arrested them: "Stop. He deserves death, but he is servant of the *Sirkar* (English government). If we kill him the *Sirkar* will hear of it and then woe betide us."

For a few moments they consulted one another and then their leader made this glittering offer: "It was not our intention to kill you, but merely to frighten you. Our love for you compelled us to do so. As a Christian you will go to Jehan-

num (Gehena) and we would save you. Here are Rs. 500 (167) which are yours, if you will deny Jesus and swear allegiance to Mohammed: "*La-illah il-lil-lah Mohammed Rasul Allah*" (There is no God but the Lord, and Mohammed is his Apostle).

What a temptation! For our Jesus-man earned only \$2.00 a month, and here at one stroke he was offered eighty-three times this amount. To him it was a fabulous sum, enabling him to live like a prince the rest of his days. Jesus and poverty, or Mohammed and riches?

"Gentlemen, I have counted the cost. Five hundred rupees without Jesus spells poverty to me; six rupees a month with Jesus is riches untold. Having Jesus, I have everything; without Jesus, everything is nothing. I have decided. Go." And they went.—*H. J. Sheets, in The Indian Witness.*

Council Findings

Salvation for the soul and healing for the body have ever walked down through the ages together. Man tried to separate them but God didn't. Salvation and healing, hand in hand are walking through the corridors of God together. Can you hear Him say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee. Take up thy bed and walk"? They are yet together, aren't they?—*Mrs. McPherson.*

* * *

Some time ago we were called into a certain home to pray for a girl who was insane. I was very nervous for I always dreaded insane people. While sitting there I heard dreadful noises upstairs, jumping up and down. I said, "Isn't it terrible?" "Yes, we have to put a straight jacket on her and tie her on the bed." We heard her cursing and swearing. I said, "Oh, how pitiful!" "Yes, but she is a good girl, only she has lost her mind." We went upstairs. She was in a straight jacket, lying on the bed. As I mentioned the name of Jesus she said, "Oh, I don't love Him. He never did anything for me." Some power took me in a grip from head to foot, and going to that body I said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, thou spirit of the devil, I command you to come out of her." The girl lay back upon the pillows, looked up and smiled, and said, "I am glad you came." We heard from her since that she is in her right mind and goes to church.—*Mrs. McPherson.*

* * *

I would suggest that we stop talking about seeking the baptism and begin to teach the peo-

ple to come to the Lord Jesus Christ to be baptized.

* * *

There are times when people feel the blessing of the Lord upon them and the inclination is to yield themselves and give vent to their own feelings, but when the Spirit of God is giving a message He will never make you shout so loud as to interfere with what He is giving through another. I was in a meeting in the West where the Holy Spirit was using people to sing spiritual songs, and those in the meeting shouted so loudly they drove Him away. Remember, when the Holy Spirit is using you or anyone else He doesn't intend an interruption. He never crosses Himself or interrupts His own work.—*From a Timely Talk by Chairman Welch.*

Do Foreign Missions Pay?

"Do foreign missions pay?" is often asked. The following letter written from Sierra Leone, West Africa, would never have been written had it not been that God's faithful servants were obedient to the heavenly vision and went forth at His command to sow the seed in dark Africa. It pays to obey God. Some one is waiting in the "regions beyond" for the message. Have you heard them calling? If you have not the call will you help send some one in your stead? This letter speaks for itself:

Praise the Lord for saving, sanctifying and baptizing me in the blessed Holy Ghost. I am also happy in Jesus because He has healed me from many sicknesses. I was so sick and helpless and ready to die, and the Lord saved me. The good missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Shakley, stood and firmly rebuked the demons, and they came out of me, and now the Lord is helping me to work in His vineyard. I was wicked. I drank, chewed, and smoked, but Jesus took the desire for these things all away from me. One night after that He blessed me with the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, which took all the smoking away from me. Jesus covered my soul and body with His most precious blood, and now I am an astonishment to many who pass on the street. They say, "Is this he? It looks like him." (John 9:9.) I am so happy in Jesus and I have never regretted the step I took when I came to Him.

I pray God to bless the Home Mission which sent out the pure Gospel to save my soul from hell and my body from affliction. Praise His dear name! Men and women are rushing to be saved. I pray the Home Mission to send Mr. and Mrs. Shakley back again. There is a great work for them to do here. I beg of you to consider Pentecostal Church in Africa.

Come to the Stone Church Convention, October 15-24

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