



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

EARNESTLY CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH ONCE DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS

A Phenomenal Self-supporting Native Work

Transformed from Professional Rogues to Preachers of the Gospel

Dr. W. C. Hoover, Missionary from South America, Oak Park, Ill.



I WENT to Chili thirty-one years ago and was with the Methodist work for twenty years, twelve of which I spent in Iquique. Then I was transferred to Valparaiso where I worked with the Methodist Church for eight years. During this time the work grew and we had a number of revivals. We bought a large property to build a church, aided by the Bishop, and in 1908 we built a large church that would seat over fifteen hundred people.

While we were laying the foundations of this great church it seemed to me as if we were enclosing all out-doors, and I sometimes felt it was a foolish project to build such an enormous church. But every time I looked at that foundation I would say to the Lord, "Lord, You know we are building it as a man-trap to catch souls. Don't let these walls ever mock us, but fill this house to Thy glory and the people to Thy praise." I continually praised the Lord as I witnessed the construction of that building, and prayed that the Lord would never let it be an empty mockery.

At our first service in the new church, Watch-night, ushering in 1909, we had a blessed meeting. Then we observed the week of prayer at the beginning of the year, with all the evangelical churches, and in the first service we had what was unusual at that time. After reading the Scriptures at the opening, I expected one and another to lead us in prayer in turn, as we always had done, but when we knelt to pray, the whole congregation, perhaps one hundred and twenty in that meeting, burst out into simultaneous prayer for about ten minutes. It was an astonishment to us. We were praying for a revival though there wasn't anything in my remarks or my expectation to lead to such an outburst. But it was a sign to me that the Lord was waiting to bless. This occasionally repeated itself during the month of January.

One afternoon a brother who was a night watchman, came to me and said, "Pastor, I was asleep today and the Lord came and spoke to me. He said, 'Wake up. I want to tell you something.' I said, 'Yes, Lord.' Then the Lord said, 'Go and tell the pastor to gather together some of the most spiritual members of his church to pray daily, because I want to pour out My Holy

Spirit and fire upon them.'" He resisted the first time and went off to sleep. Then he heard the voice again and thought he had better obey. He asked the Lord, "And may I be one of them?" And the Lord said, "Yes." He came and told me and I told him to come back the next day at five. I prayed about it, and called together Mrs. Hoover, my assistant, and one of the spiritual brethren in the church, and put the matter before them, and we all agreed that it was of God. So the five of us met daily in my study for prayer.

Then I went to the Conference of the Methodist Church, and one of these five was left in charge of the service on Sunday evening in my absence. That night he called the official brethren forward before he began, and said to them, "You and I are responsible for the condition of this church." (We had been a year without having united meetings because we had been building. I had to preach in turn in different places and, of course, it was detrimental to the highest interest of the church.) He preached and called them to the altar. Then he dismissed the congregation and said, "We will settle this tonight if it takes all night." About thirty remained. They had an all-night of prayer and during the night some supernatural manifestations occurred; one and another had visions, and at one time all kneeling at the altar felt the Lord laying His hands upon each one of them in turn. The people received such a blessing they asked him to appoint another night of prayer which he did for the following Saturday. When I reached home my assistant said to me, "What will you do about that meeting they have appointed for Saturday?" I said, "I will attend it, but Brother M. shall lead it as he announced it. I did, and we had a blessed time. In the morning people sat around the altar loath to leave. I was walking back and forth in front of the altar, meditating as to whether or not I had received a blessing, and was humming the hymn:

"Oh how happy are they,
Who the Savior obey,"

when suddenly I felt my voice breaking, and I broke forth into violent weeping, but yet felt such a blessed joy and tenderness in my heart. I knelt at the altar shaking with the weeping, but all I could say was, "My Savior!" "My Savior!" in Spanish. When I got control of myself I re-

sumed my walk and suddenly I broke out in most joyous, hearty laughter, which I could no more control than I could the weeping. After that, every now and again as I would be praying alone in my study I would be overcome with laughter.

We continued to have all-night meetings every Saturday night through March, and at Easter time we held an All-Day meeting, from 7 a. m. until 10 p. m. with intermission. In that All-Day meeting we had some supernatural manifestations. One sister laughed for an hour, and went off into a corner so as not to disturb the meeting. Another sister was overcome and sang in the Spirit. When she came to herself she said the angels had been teaching her to sing.

On the following day I visited the sick, and took the Communion to those who had not been able to attend. I visited one brother on his death-bed and in conversation with him I was pained beyond expression at the impossibility of getting his mind on heavenly things; he was completely occupied with his physical condition, doctors and medicine. When I came out of the house I was filled with pain and grief and despair. I said, "Lord, that man will die. Is he saved?" I had a doubt in my mind about his salvation, and so I complained to the Lord and said, "But what can you expect with such a pastor?" It seemed as if it wasn't I that said it, so I prayed audibly as I walked home, "Yes, that is true. Lord destroy this pastor."

I went into the five o'clock daily prayer-meeting, and for two hours that was the burden of my prayer, "Destroy this pastor. Don't let him in any wise hinder the carrying forward of Thy work." Two days later when my assistant pastor came in to begin the day's work, we knelt to pray and I remember praying for half an hour with such liberty and delight it seemed as if I didn't want to stop, and I remember saying, "Lord, I stop now, not because I want to stop, but to give my brother a chance to talk with Thee." He began to pray, and I remember hearing him say, "Lord, we thank Thee that we are so united in this Thy work, for it is not human work." As he said that it touched me in my inner being exactly as anything exceedingly funny does, and I burst out in the most violent and hearty laughter such as it wasn't possible to contain. As I rose from my knees I sat down to converse with him, and the shouts of praise burst forth from my mouth, which seemed too small to let them out. From that time on the Lord worked remarkably.

I went to visit other churches, as I was presiding elder as well as pastor. While I was absent I dreamed that I was in a large Roman Catholic Church in Valparaiso and there was a great revival on which had broken out in a remarkably short time. People were running to and fro, and it seemed I also had part in it, and I heard a voice saying, "And the pastors of the two hundred other churches came to see how it was done." I kept that in my heart and treasured it as something that the Lord was intending to do, but I told only one or two.

In May, before I returned, the assistant pastor invited the people to the altar at the close of a sermon, and they began to pray. An old member of the church who had been a dead stick came forward and knelt down with his wife, to whom he said, "I cannot pray. I do not know what is the matter." He stood on his feet to ask the people to pray for him, and as he did this He fell as though he had been knocked down, and then prayer just poured out. He knew not where the words came from, but remembered saying, "Lord, it is right I should be on the floor. I have been so unworthy." This was a signal for wonder and comment in the church, and that man from that day on was a blessed, spiritual factor in the work, something he had never been before.

Our five o'clock meetings were now held in the church, and one evening a very large man fell to the floor in that meeting. When that big man got up, he saw fire in all directions, and was convinced that the Lord would pour out the Holy Spirit and fire upon us. That was the end of June. The third of July we had an all-night meeting and the fire fell. Four young ladies were prostrated and humbled before the Lord. One of them after being dealt with by the Lord for an hour or two, arose and said, "*The Lord is coming soon and He bids us get ready.*" The people were filled and thrilled with the Spirit; the manifestation was really indescribable. The next day, July 4, 1909, there was a most memorable outpouring upon the church and the Spirit of God was present in a remarkable way. In the afternoon meeting, children rose from their knees and asked pardon of their parents. We had meetings for the boys, for the girls and for the grown-up people all at the same time in different parts of the church. One after another began to speak in tongues as when they received the baptism of the Spirit, and fifteen children were converted that day.

The Sunday School from that time grew in a phenomenal way. In the month of June the

average attendance was something over 300, the month of July over 400, and in August over 500. My class alone of young men had over one hundred in actual attendance. The great church with its galleries began to be almost too small for the attendance at the evening service went up to 1,000 people. Crowds came in from all parts and the back of the church was filled with people who stood and listened.

My dream was coming true. As the Lord blessed the work in Valparaiso, the people heard of it all over Chili. A preacher and his wife from the Alliance work in the far south came and spent a week in the church, observing all that was happening. From Concepcion, a Presbyterian pastor with two of his official members came up to see the work and spent a number of days with us. From Santiago, the Methodists came in numbers to see the work, with the consent of their pastors. So the knowledge of it began to spread and people became hungry for this baptism all over Chili.

The reporters came in to write us up, and for two or three weeks one of the daily papers had lurid headlines, telling how we gave the people a beverage we called "the blood of the Lamb" that made them fall upon the floor. They got up a criminal charge against me and the judge cited me to appear before him three or four times. The state's attorney was present on one of these occasions and the city physician on another. They treated me with all respect and did not seem to find anything which would give them any occasion to pronounce any sentence against me.

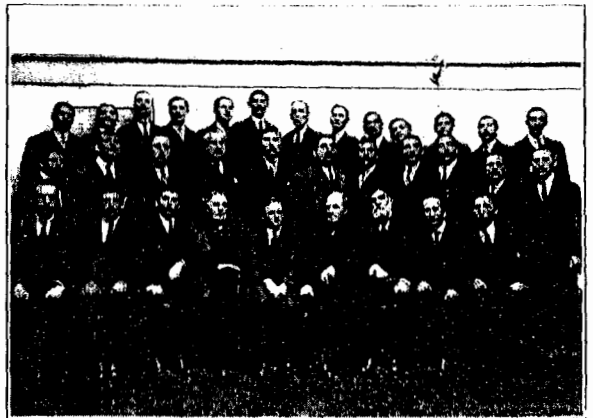
About this time the brethren of the Methodist Church began to criticize me. The Presbyterian Church also entered into the opposition. They asked me to change my methods (though they were not mine) and I told them I didn't see that I was doing anything but what I always had done, preach the Gospel, and the Lord was doing the work.

The days of trial and persecution that followed for myself and my church resulted in our both withdrawing from the Methodist Church. When I first took charge of that congregation they gave very sparingly, but I immediately began educating them along the line of giving, and that they should thereby show their gratitude for what the Lord had done for them. They increased their giving to such an extent that they paid nearly half the pastor's salary and also the running expenses of the church. When the separation occurred, the large givers, who were also the

most spiritual, were the most willing to go out. Those who had given least said, "We have just built this church, how can we leave it?" The others said, "The Lord has given this church, He can give us another." The building of stone and mortar wasn't any attraction to them without the Spirit of God, and from the time we left until the present moment they have given generously and have never failed in supporting us comfortably.

When the war broke out our people began to be financially straitened. One of our official brethren came to me and said, "Pastor, I haven't the heart to ask people for money now." I said, "I haven't either, but I have to tell them what the Lord says." So I told them how the Lord spoke to His people through Malachi when they were robbing Him and how He said to them, "Prove Me now!" in time of poverty and of need. I said, "Perhaps some of you are out of employment because you are robbing God; perhaps some are in need because you have not been faithful to Him." I could only tell them that the Lord's Word is sure; that it was not the quantity of money He wanted but their faithfulness. Not very long after that I wanted someone to do some work but I could find nobody out of employment, which was remarkable to me. Through all the crises of the years of the war we never failed in meeting all our obligations.

We have at least eight hundred now in our



Dr. and Mrs. Hoover, Son and Official Board

This picture represents the Official Board of the Pentecostal Church of Valparaiso, Chile, South America, of which Dr. Hoover, now in this country, is pastor. The official board numbers 33, five of whom were professional rogues before they were converted, but are now baptized in the Holy Spirit. The entire membership of the church numbers 800 and the Sunday School about 500. The church is self-supporting and is looking after its pastor's needs while on furlough. This shows to the world what can be accomplished through native effort under wise leadership.

membership; received two hundred new members within a year. Just before I was taken sick in December we received one hundred, and again in July we received one hundred and nine. During all these months that I have been ill the work has been carried on by our official members. We have four whom we call local preachers and at least twenty-eight of the official board are baptized in the Spirit. Our official board is composed of thirty-three members, a number of whom are class leaders.

A number of our people have been professional rogues. In our first revival one was converted in 1909, and in 1910 was the Centennial celebration of the Independence of Chili. The chief of police declared his intention of gathering in all the known rogues in the town during this celebration so that they would not be troubled along that line. This man heard of it and came to me rather affrighted, because he had done with that kind of a life. I said he should not be troubled and went with him to the secret service office. In my talk with the chief, he said, "I had occasion to observe your work last year, and although there are things I do not understand, I saw you were doing a far better work than the Anti-Alcoholic League." Then he called the man and catechized him, and turning to me he said, "I am going to make you a Christmas present." I thanked him but hadn't the remotest idea what he meant. Then he turned to this man and said, "If you continue to walk as you are now doing until Christmas (this was August) I will give this gentleman your photo and cause you to disappear

from the Rogues' Gallery." So on December 23rd I got his photo. He had been converted for a year but this took him from that gallery officially. We have now in our official board five that were really professional rogues, pick-pockets, or highwaymen, before they were converted, but you would be amazed at the gentleness and sweetness of those men after they were born again. And you could give any one of them the key to the bank, they are so trustworthy.

During the revival this year (1920) there were quite a noted thief and his wife converted. After his conversion the police followed him around and arrested him. On one occasion they took him to the detention house of the detective service, and when the brethren of the church heard of it they went and asked to have him set free. The second chief said, "Well, you had better let him go; if you do not, you will have all the church coming here to vouch for him." So they let him out. He went to Santiago and they arrested him there, for he was known as a professional thief all over Chili. He gave his testimony to his conversion before the judge and they set him free. He talks of his salvation all the time, to the authorities and everybody he can. Since he was saved, his wife, his brother, his mother and father and a cousin have all been converted.

(The remainder of this remarkable story of this strong, self-supporting native work, giving details of Dr. Hoover's separation from the Methodist Church, and the result, will be told in the February Evangel.)

Two Black Diamonds

Influential Natives Become Missionaries of Power in Africa

J. O. Lehman, Missionary on furlough.



JOHN BILA, the son of a chief, was a youth of about twenty summers of the Shangaan tribe, who naturally had a very promising future before him. He was one among the many thousands who left his home to come to Johannesburg to work in the gold mines to earn money to pay his hut tax and to buy wives. Being a youth and of strong robust physique, he enjoyed himself in the heathen customs, superstitions and sins of his tribe. He was always in the lead in the organization of the heathen customs. When there was a war dance he was always there, and at a beer drink he was never behind. In all the superstitions and practices

of ancestral worship, witchcraft and the low degraded fetishes, he was first partaker. John was one of those open-faced, whole-hearted and whole-souled young men who always went in to enjoy things with all his powers. There were no half measures with him. He was a good workman in the mines and he was no less faithful in serving the devil.

He had not come to the mines to listen to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but when he first heard the message in one of those open air services held in the compounds, it laid claim upon his soul, and he was gripped as in a vice, with the mighty convincing power of the Holy Ghost to live a different life. The struggles with him from death unto life characterized the mighty combat of

two great powers for mastery one over the other. As the light of the glorious Gospel shone around him and into his benighted soul, he could resist no longer, but Christ, the Conqueror, won the day and he was found prostrate at the mercy seat confessing his sins. He made a clean sweep and came right through on the resurrection and glory side. His was a birth; John knew that a radical change had taken place. He knew that old things had passed away and all things had become new. He knew that whereas he was blind now he could see. He knew that he was a child of God—a new man in Christ Jesus.

This definite experience made John to know that he could not live as he did before. Nor did he wish to, for all his desires were changed. No more desire for intoxicants, nor war dances; nor for making provisions for the flesh in plurality of wives. John took another bold step in consecrating his life wholly unto the Lord. His consecration included the forsaking of all that was of gain to him. When he was called for, at the death of his father, to come home to take the chieftainship to which he fell heir, he refused. He knew full well that such a move would mean for him a step backward. His face was set like Christ's toward Jerusalem for the Cross. To him it was, "No Cross, no Crown." Therefore, he counted his father's legacy of wives and cattle and all other possessions as loss, that he might win Christ.

Nor did John stop here, but after he had spent several years in the joyful service of evangelism, winning his fellows to Christ, as one of our evangelists, he took a stand for Christ against all the other evangelists who clamored for a greater monthly allowance. He came to me, saying that he had no desire for an increase in allowance, knowing that his stand would invoke upon his head the displeasure of all his fellow-workers. So we joined in prayer that God would strengthen him in the test, and bring him out more than conqueror. The increase was granted, but true to his convictions, when the increase was sent to him as well as the rest, John came to me saying, "What does this mean? Did I not say that I did not want an increase and here you have sent it?" I said, "If you do not want it, all you need to do is to return it." In this he was as firm as Gibraltar, returning the money with the request that the former allowance be sent to him always. John rejoiced to sacrifice for his Master, and when, afterward, his fellow-workers would complain of being short in finances, it was a pleasure for him to testify that

he got along better with his old allowance than those who had been increased. And truly it was so, for he always seemed to be better off than the others. God alone knows how to pronounce His blessing. It was a red-letter day for John to be baptized in water, for this was the day when he was to be named John. It has become a very precious custom among our converts to choose Bible names at the time of their baptism in water. So John chose for himself the name which he bears, and his after life makes him worthy indeed to be called "the beloved disciple." For him to stand before his own people as a witness for Christ was not a cross, but it was a glorious pleasure to embrace this opportunity to testify for his Master. Christ became his all-consuming passion. To please Him was his only desire, and therefore he was always ready to push the battle to the gates.

He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. Our hearts would catch aflame as we would spend times together in prayer. You could hear him praying by himself, and then with others who would call on him. He was indeed a very humble servant of the Lord, and of a very tender and contrite spirit.

During the time he was with us, my brother-in-law, with his three children, stayed with us for a few months, and while there, his eldest son took sick with typhoid pneumonia, and was sick for a number of weeks. John was as much concerned for the boy as any of us, and it seemed at times that he was rather more concerned. He used to pray with us for his healing, and we knew that God would answer. It developed that John had permitted the boy to eat sugar in excess and that caused his deep concern. After he confessed his fault in this he got hold of God in a wonderful way and it was not long until the boy was on his feet. The boy took no medicine whatever.

John Bila's consecration was of the absolute kind, which went bedrock. Not a single instance can I remember when he drew back from any hardship for Christ's sake. It is indeed blessed to remember how John volunteered to leave his own people in the mines and go two thousand miles, or more, north to British East Africa. The call had come that there was a need for a native worker to go to this far-off land, to accompany a missionary friend of mine. No one volunteered but John. Here was now a decision for John to make; whether he would stop on his way to visit among his people for a few weeks, or go right on. He reasoned that if he stopped

on his way with his mother and brethren, they might prevail upon him to stay with them. So he decided not to stop. It was a great day of rejoicing when he left for that far-off land, for he was the first foreign native missionary to carry the Gospel to distant tribes. Upon his arrival he soon endeared himself to the people of that land, acquired the language and became a great soul-winner. After several years of most faithful service in winning souls, it pleased the Father to call him up higher. His name is revered by all who learned to love him, and one of these days we expect to meet dear John Bila in the air when Christ comes for His saints. Oh hallelujah! what a gathering it will be!

SOLOMON

Solomon is a Zulu of that famous, dominant, warrior tribe of whom Chaka was the most powerful king in the history of his people. Chaka was the Napoleon of that great south land, and the strength of his tribe was such that they defied all other tribes. It was his delight and pride to mobilize great armies of his giant men and make raids on the neighboring tribes. His ambition was to be the supreme ruler of the whole of South Africa, and to this end he was always organizing forces to push out, north, south, east and west. If he could not conquer a tribe his plan was to exterminate it. His wars have been successfully executed until we have today the Amandabeles in Rhodesia, the Shangaans in Portuguese East Africa, and others scattered elsewhere, all of whom sprang from the Zulus originally.

"Solomon" was of this tribe, and being of a towering stature, he was a striking personality. As a witch-doctor he ranged among the *elite* of his day. His influence was felt far and wide, and in his practice of witchcraft he was determined not to be a whit behind the best. Being an adept in his divining of bones, well versed in the worship of certain snakes as the embodiment of the spirits of their ancestors, and of all the superstitious practices of his people, he was known as a successful witch doctor, well able to lead them to believe that he was a great and mighty man, a mediator between them and the awful supreme being of terror—author of all calamities.

These media are called in Zulu "Abatakati," and are supposed to have power over the animal kingdom, to send snakes, crocodiles or leopards to lie in wait for those who give them offense. So firmly do they believe that a spirit can be at two places at one and the same moment, that a native

solemnly instanced a case of a hunter having shot a hippopotamus through which a noted sorcerer operated—he stated that the sorcerer fell dead at the very moment the hippopotamus received its death wound.

Solomon was on the road to fame when he came to Johannesburg, in the prime of young manhood. His object was to accumulate money to buy more cattle and wives. The ambition of every Zulu youth is to get as many wives as possible. With this ambition foremost, Solomon one day met his Waterloo, by being caught in the Gospel net. His mission had constantly been to catch and ensnare men and women to please himself, but now he is being caught. What a difference! Now captivity is taken captive, and he is to realize such a change as he had never known before. Like Simon Magus he sees a power operating upon the hearts and lives of his fellowmen and conquering them, the like of which he has never seen before. His first thought is: What a power for a man of my position to possess! What returns such power would bring me! As he ponders the situation a shaft from heaven strikes his soul, and he is slain under the mighty power of God, a victim of His grace and mercy. The struggle is on and he, Jacob-like, wrestles with the angel, mixed with fear and faith that he will prevail. Grace conquers and he is now a new-born babe in the Kingdom of God, desiring the sincere milk of the Word.

A modern Saul of Tarsus, for his former mission was equally destructive to the kingdom of Christ and his conversion quite as remarkable. As he stepped out for God he made a clean breast of everything pertaining to his old life. All his paraphernalia of witchcraft, divining bones, charms and mats gave way before the incoming of the All-conquering Christ. The cleansing blood sanctified the vessel without and within, and then the Holy Spirit came down in copious showers of the Latter Rain. Solomon came to the meeting one day with his hands full of the things pertaining to his former life, saying, "Here is the devil's inheritance. I have no more use for it."

Instantly he obeyed the injunction of the Apostle Paul, and yielded his members as "servants to righteousness unto holiness," even as before they were servants to uncleanness, to iniquity unto iniquity. He had taken a three days' march away from the old life, and had made such strides that all wires were cut and all communications severed. To him, the old life was dross compared to the new; therefore no desire to return.

As a living flame and a mighty fisher of men, he started out for God. Nor was he disappointed, for the power of God rested upon him, and wherever he testified, the signs of God's confirmation followed. His education in the things of God was quick and rapid, and when he heard and read the Word, it was to him like a living flame. To see the Lord work as in the days of the apostles, was now his all-consuming desire; and he was not satisfied with anything short of that.

It was his delight to follow his Lord and Master in water baptism. To him it was justifying God by obedience, and to disobey was to reject the council of God against himself, like the Pharisees and lawyers of old. Luke 7:29, 30. It was a day when his heathen name was to be changed. He himself chose the name of Solomon, for he was desirous that wisdom and righteousness should be wrought out in his life, which his after ministry shows.

Solomon was first mightily used of God in Johannesburg and vicinity while he was still at work with his hands, and many were the trophies which this catcher of men brought to Christ. Sickness, disease and demons obeyed his command under the anointing of the Spirit. He looked forward with glad anticipation to his returning to his home neighborhood, and returned home in the power of the Spirit. To him there was no fear in meeting his former compatriot, as he was now living in a power above them. His was a power that took captivity captive and gave gifts unto men for the good of humanity. Therefore he looked upon his former associates as only so much fuel for the fire. No fear in

him, for like Joshua and Caleb he said, "We are well able to possess the land." And true to his convictions, God met him and slew the mighty giants. He was not home long until there was a great stir, both among the heathen and the professed native Christians of other churches. The contrast of his preaching was so marked that he drew large crowds, for the power of the Holy Ghost rested upon him. Nor was this all, for the sick were healed of all manner of diseases, demons were cast out, and God worked in great power; confessions such as were never heard before, re-titulation was made, and there was great joy in that community, for the power of God was being manifested through a former witch-doctor, one who had been under the control of the devil. Men and women slain under the power of God were baptized in the Holy Spirit, speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance.

But when God displayed his power, persecution arose. Witch doctors, formal church officials enraged with jealous hatred, laid charges against him at the police headquarters. Accused of insanity and as a disturber of the peace, he is committed to prison. Here, like Paul and Silas, he sings praises at the darkest hour, and ceases not to preach the Word, even there. God confirms the Word, and souls are saved in prison; the sick are prayed for and God heals. Such "insanity" proves too much for the prison authorities, and they conclude that the accused is more sane than the accusers.

Thus again, God causes the wrath of man to praise Him. To Him belongeth all dominion, glory, honor and praise!

The Future Hope of China in Native Workers

A Strong Native Force the Aim of Every Missionary

Miss Bertha Meyer, Returned Missionary from China.

"China has the smallest native staff of any of the large mission countries. Africa has 213 per million population; India 124, Japan 54, and China only 49." And yet in spite of this, China is one of the most productive of all the mission fields. They show an increase of 20,000 converts a year. What would be wrought for the work of God if she had her full quota of native workers?



OR what is our hope or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?

"For ye are our glory and joy!"
—Paul.

"The future hope for China lies doubtless in the native helpers. I look on foreign missionaries as the scaffolding round a rising building; the sooner it can be dis-

pensed with, or rather, the sooner it can be transferred to other places, to serve the same temporary purposes, the better.—*J. Hudson Taylor.*

In reviewing our first term of labor amid South China's cities and country districts, the native staff,—preachers, teachers, evangelists and Bible women—with whom we were privileged to associate and work, has a large and peculiar place in our hearts and thoughts. As laborers

together with Him in the vast vineyard where He has placed us, "the tears of the sower and the song of the reaper" have been shared by native workers and missionary alike. With them we have labored, wept, prayed and suffered in His Name. Without them our efforts would be seriously handicapped and weakened in effectiveness. We are of the same mind as those far riper in years and experience than we, that the Chinese worker can spread the Good Tidings more effectually than we could hope to do; and where such conditions exist, surely it is an indication that the people of the land ought to hear the Gospel first from the lips of their own countrymen.

In taking a retrospect of what God has wrought during these years since Pentecostal missionaries began to break up the fallow soil and sow the Gospel seed in the vast, untouched fields of South China, our hearts are filled with gratitude to Him for the harvest which He has granted. Especially is this true as we see gathering round us a large and ever-increasing number of native helpers whom God has called, many of them having been born into the kingdom in our Pentecostal missions and nurtured and trained in the faith of the full Gospel which is so unspeakably precious to us. By their transformed lives they have shown forth to all around the power of a living faith, and by their fruits have proved to us that God has chosen and ordained them, and put the "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel" deep down into their souls. Some of these jewels have been gathered from among the lowliest as well as from among the better classes, to show that the Great Refiner is not limited in resources or partial in the lavishing of His wondrous grace which makes one and all to shine as great and lustrous lights for Him.

Two years ago, as a body of missionaries, we gathered in the chapel of the Waang Kong market town, to tender our loving respects to the earthly remains of one whom we affectionately termed, "the father of us all," whose spirit had in the even-tide of life returned to its Giver. Genuine sorrow filled our hearts as we looked for the last time on that peaceful face, realizing that it would never again greet us with its kindly smile, nor would that voice again be lifted to speak of Him whom his soul loved. Those feet would never again tread with us through the fields and over the narrow paths and sands of South China to carry the Story to the many villages round about. Yet mingled with our sorrow was a note of praise and thanksgiving that could not be suppressed, for did not the still form in

our midst bear testimony to "God's wondrous love and grace made manifest in an erstwhile darkened, heathen heart.

In his earlier years he had traveled to a far western country in pursuit of earthly gain, but his days were spent in prodigality and sin which left their deadly marks in his body. At length to this wanderer's heart also dawned the morn of a great awakening, and he arose and came to his Father, who brought this erring son of China into His banqueting house and spread His banner of love over him. For Father Kom was to taste yet more fully of the precious things of God. After returning to his native land he was brought into contact with the Pentecostal work where God was moving mightily in convicting and baptizing power. Professing Christians saw themselves undone in the searchlight of His holiness, and many humbling themselves before him, were quickened and baptized with the life-giving streams of God's Spirit. Night after night Father Kom and his young boy found their way to the house of God. The lad of yesterday is now a young man in the ministry and we have heard from his own lips the story of those early days. Taunts and sneers were their lot for joining themselves to these "over-zealous" people. On one occasion when asked why they persisted in nightly going such a long distance to attend the meetings, the boy answered, "Because the pasture there is fresh and more to our taste." Years of fruitful service followed Father Kom's baptism. Sometimes his faults would creep out like they do in us, but because of his age and sympathy with the missionaries in their work, he filled a special place among us. Many of our mission stations were in charge of young women and a visit from Father Kom always brought joy as well as an uplift to the work. He was a man of much prayer, and doing the work of the Lord was to his mind the main object of life. We remember one morning, several of us were in his room making plans for a village itinerary, and as we spoke of the places we wished to visit, etc., he wept as he said, "If I could only go with you. But I am no longer able to walk." In a few weeks he made his entrance in great peace into the great beyond. Not only the missionaries, but the Chinese Christians from far and near, as well as others, filled the chapel where his voice was wont to be heard, and we saw those whose lives he had influenced. In one case at least where his words of warning and admonition had seemingly borne no fruit, his peaceful home-going, so contrary to that of the heathen, stirred into existence the first longings

for the things of God. His sons and daughters in the faith had gathered there, for he was loved and respected by all.

Father Kom's son has followed in the footsteps of his father, having already filled the office of a native preacher for five years. He is a promising young man of ability and sterling qualities. The field in which he is laboring has been an especially hard one, but believing prayer must prevail and we crave the intercession of God's children that it may be made exceedingly fruitful.

Tsoi Sz Koo, now Bible-woman in the Canton Pentecostal Mission, has been walking in the way of Life for about ten years. Long before the sound of Jesus' Name reached her ears; this woman began to wonder and question whether her faith in idols and their intelligence and beneficent influences was not misplaced. And truly she had just grounds for her doubts, even from a heathen's viewpoint. She was a widow with an only child, a little son. A father's care had been deprived him, and in her extremity, this mother turned to idols for help. These are to be found everywhere, not only in the heathen temples but at the entrance of many streets. They have their shrines along the paths and under green trees. So this woman sought out those idols in her immediate neighborhood, and in the hope of obtaining their good favor, recognized them as special relatives for her little boy. One and another she worshipped as the lad's adopted uncle or brother, and brought her offerings of food and incense to place before them. One day some men came along who were sent to make improvements in that part of the city. In the course of their work they came across these idols which obstructed their way, and without further ceremony the men pulled them up and carried them away. Imagine this woman's amazement when she saw these gods, these adopted spirit-relatives of her boy, thus roughly treated, and not making the least resistance to defend themselves. Something must be wrong somewhere, but her heart and mind were clouded in the darkness that covered China's ages, and she could not solve the mystery. Praise be to God that before long the Light of the world was to shed His glorious beams into her life. A native Pentecostal sister was privileged to be the first herald of good tidings to this hungry soul. In her house to house work this sister came near her door, and at the sound of the strange, new story, left her work to listen. When the speaker would have gone on she begged her to tell more, willing rather to miss

one of her two simple meals, than the opportunity that had come to her that day. The very next Sunday found her at the nearest chapel, and so convinced was she at the close of the service, that she went home and cleaned her house of every trace of idolatry. Singularly receptive from the first, she was quick to follow the light as it came to her. Though she earned her own livelihood, meager at best, yet after having been immersed, upon the confession of her new-found faith, she gave half her time daily to telling others of what she had experienced. She felt her need of knowing the Word and longed to be able to read so that she might teach it to others. Some months spent at a Bible School fitted her for more efficient service. In His own time He brought her to us, to give herself and her time wholly to His work. At some of our prayer-meetings, when

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat,"

her heart overflowed in joy and praise, and when she yielded herself fully to the Lord, He baptized her with the Holy Spirit of promise. Heretofore she had been influenced by opposers to the truth, but after her deep draught of the Water of Life, her testimony had a new ring, and she said, "This which I had under-estimated before, is worth more than pure gold to me now." Her efforts have been untiring; truly her life has been one of abounding in the work of the Lord. Going in and out among thousands of people daily her ministry is far-reaching and her opportunities unlimited. Many from the streets and by-ways have through her found their Savior, and what the final harvest will reveal of battles fought and victories won through one such consecrated soul, is known to the Master alone. Blessed privilege to have been permitted to work shoulder to shoulder with these faithful ones, in searching for new jewels to adorn His shining crown. "Had I a thousand lives to give, Lord they should all be Thine."

Let us remember how the Divine Teacher when choosing leaders for the Church universal called Carey from the cobbler's bench, Livingstone from the cotton-mill, Hunt from the farmer's plough, Johnson from the sugar-refinery, and as we trace the workings of the Holy Spirit in modern missions, we see new miracles of grace rising in constant succession on every hand. New converts become new witnesses, and these in their turn fruit-bearing branches in the Vine. A cane-chair factory in Hong Kong has contributed a number of trophies for the Master's kingdom. No doubt the prayers and songs of praise as

God's children gathered for service in the little chapel above, often wafted into the workshop below, and as time went on, some of the workmen joined the band in the upper-room. Among these was a young man of some education who had pledged himself on a contract to work in this factory for a certain number of years. The desire for more scope and freedom in witnessing for a living Christ burned in his soul, and a missionary who saw in him "something more" finally became instrumental in liberating him from the bonds of this contract. What joy filled his soul as shouts of "I'm free!" "I'm free!" burst from his lips. He became a very successful seller of Gospels, and labored faithfully in the employ of the American Bible Society for some years. Many times working single-handed he traversed street after street, month by month, year in and year out. He sold thousands of Gospel portions and was unceasing in witnessing and admonishing his hearers to seek the Living Way.

About eighteen months ago the Lord had need of him in a new field, and he, with his consecrated wife, have filled the place of native preacher and Bible-woman at one of our out-stations. A native Christian dedicated his entire house, free of charge, for a Gospel Hall in that place, which has appropriately been named "The Light of Lung Taam," for from this center the first rays of Gospel light have radiated to the surrounding country. Up in that valley, enclosed by a chain of mountains lying in age-long darkness, are unnumbered villages which, before this work was opened, had never so much as heard a single voice tell them of One who is mighty to save; generation after generation being born only to pass out into an endless night. Has their hopeless wail not risen to the ear of the Almighty? Yea, we believe it has, and a ray of hope has arisen upon them. Even now are souls in that district lifted up in thanksgiving to God for the salvation that has come to them. The little chapel has indeed become "the house of God and the very gate of heaven."

We have often felt the sweetness of God's presence lingering there in a special way and believe this is largely due to the prayer and devotion of these workers. From a natural standpoint it takes the grace of God, even for a native worker to stay in a place like that, for the country has been in constant terror of robbers for over a year. Never did danger seem so imminent from these bandits as on one of our visits to this out-station, but even in that fearful hour the prayers

and songs of praise from these workers greatly encouraged us. In labors they have been "more abundant." Morning by morning these true worshippers meet for Bible reading and prayer after which begins the work of the day. Their immediate parish, numbers about five thousand souls scattered far and near. Visits to these villages are often made under difficulties—in drenching rains and scorching sun, plodding along the paths so narrow that at one time we had to walk sideways to keep our footing. Overtaken in a sudden torrent of rain we have seen them, compelled to walk almost waist-deep against swirling currents of water; at other times in crossing bridgeless streams they not only had to ford these but carry us besides, as our Western mode of dress made it more difficult for us to cross. But these physical discomforts were forgotten when, arriving at the different villages we were invited into the ancestral hall where heathen rites were wont to be performed, and with a goodly part of the population gathered around us, we had the privilege of pointing men to Jesus, most of them hearing that name for the first time.

Many of these villages are being visited systematically, since these native workers have gone to *Lung Taam*, and the country-side round about have come to know and respect them. Learning that Jesus heals they go to them with their afflictions and troubles, and God has accompanied the Word with signs following, which is a testimony not to be gainsaid even by opposers. Does anyone dare to ask in doubtful questioning? "Do foreign missions pay?" How our hearts have longed and are still longing that we might enlarge our coasts. On our last visit to that station previous to leaving for furlough we toiled to the summit of one of those mountains and our eyes caught a glimpse of the land before us as we had never seen it before. We have named the mount "Pisgah" and believe that God has given us the land to occupy and therein to do business for eternal souls until He comes.

But this is only one place among many; the fields about us are waiting for workers, but our forces are too limited to give them even the faint chance of being reached by the Gospel that was to be preached to every creature. Our great need and demand is a large force of native workers. China has the smallest native staff of any of the large mission countries. Africa has 213 per million population; India 124, Japan 54 and China only 49. The increase in converts depends very largely on the native staff.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

Treasures in the World's Field

IF the reader has ever doubted returns on his investments in the foreign field, let him read this issue carefully, and we believe he will never again have any regrets, for it answers the question incontrovertibly, "Do Foreign Missions Pay?"

As the missionary called and sent of God, looks out over the untouched villages and cities, peopled with thousands who have never heard the Gospel, he sees hidden away among the darkness and superstition, many precious jewels, who when the Gospel light shines into their darkened hearts will be transformed, perchance, into a Pastor Hsi, that *videvant* Confucian scholar and statesman, the story of whose marvelous, apostolic ministry has scarcely been equalled by the missionary himself; he sees with the eye of faith, a great company in India, of whom Sadhu Sundar Singh and Chundra Lela are forerunners, who, when dug out of the mire of heathendom will go forth as flaming evangelists to sow and reap.

Just as the Gospel has produced its Finneys and its Moodys in this land, even so will the precious seed bear rich fruit in the regions beyond, such as that foremost convert of Japan, the first native evangelist of the race, Joseph Neesima. When the Bible could not be openly taught he brought forth its teachings under the disguise of moral science. He labored so arduously in the face of such tremendous opposition that he used to say "that he could have been nailed to a literal cross with less suffering than his labors for Christ

had cost." At his death, seven hundred students of the Christian college he founded amidst insurmountable difficulties, followed him to his last resting place. God has his way of proving what He can do through consecrated men and women in every nation. Missionary annals are replete with just such miracle of grace. The sowing of the Gospel seed turns "the desert of human hearts into a garden of the Lord," and the trees of His planting have been neither barren nor unfruitful.

To encourage the hearts of those in the homeland who have sacrificed for the cause of missions, and spent many hours in prayer that our missionaries' labors might bear fruit, we give in this issue a number of examples of transformed lives, called of God to preach the Gospel to their own people. Comparatively few in Christian lands would be willing to endure the persecution that has been the lot of these precious native workers.

The majority of Christians by their attitude to foreign missions would cause one to believe that Christ came to save only Europeans and Americans, but the Bible says, "God so loved the world." Not only that part of the world upon which the Star of Bethlehem shone, but the darkest spot which harbors human souls is just as precious in His sight as the center of Hebrew or Grecian culture. The repulsive, ugly Eskimos with their filthy habits and dwarfed minds, and the naked, cruel savages of Africa have equal claims upon His love and grace with the noblest type of manhood in our enlightened lands.

Sherwood Eddy uttered a great truth when he said, "If it was necessary for Christ to come to save us, it is equally necessary for us to carry the Gospel to heathen lands." There are millions yet to be won for Christ in the regions beyond. Men and women are needed for this, some to go, some to give, some to pray. Intercessors are needed to break down the walls of the unopened lands. Afghanistan, Turkestan, Bokara, Baluchistan are entirely closed to the Gospel. Afghanistan alone, with an area twice the size of New Mexico, has a population of between six and seven millions, none of whom have heard the Gospel. Tibet and Nepal are scarcely touched. Native states in India are closed against the missionary, numerous tribes in Africa, and entire provinces in China have never seen the great Light. And Jesus' coming is so near, even at the door! Is there not great need for intercession, that out of those lands there will be a people for His Name?

Investments today are crumbling, vanishing. The holders of stocks and bonds are panic-stricken at the condition of the financial world, and "men's hearts are failing them for fear" as they face impending bankruptcy. In such times as these what a satisfaction grips God's children for the investments they have made in His securities; for the souls that have been redeemed because our money has kept the missionary on the field. Nothing gives keener joy than this. It is the one investment that will never depreciate, but will gain in compound interest, as transformed lives are used in converting spiritual deserts into the Lord's gardens.

China's Starving Millions

WE are standing at the threshold of another year, and looking back over the past, we see God's clock has tolled some very important events. The Spirit-illuminated mind can lay the daily paper by the side of the Bible and see prophecy being fulfilled rapidly. Pestilences, famines, earthquakes, all these are taking place with startling rapidity.

For months the public press has been ringing with pleas for Europe's starving millions, which none of us in this land of plenty can comprehend. *Three and a half million starving children!* We can get some little idea of this vast number when we compare it to the population of this great city of Chicago and its suburbs, which comprises about three million. If we can conceive of every man, woman and child in this vast city, going to bed hungry, getting up hungry, day after day, week after week, stretching into months, we have a picture of the starving children of Europe. But this heart-rending story pales before the greater famine in China, where *eight times as many people* will starve before help reaches them. *From twenty to thirty million must die* because it is impossible to save them.

For nearly two years they have had no rain in parts of the provinces of Honan, Chihli and Shantung, and for this reason more people face starvation in China this winter than perished on the battle-fields of the European War. "A thousand are dying daily. Every leaf has been taken from the trees, and even the bark has been consumed." Brother Lloyd Cramer, who passed through here recently from Tientsin, said that parents were selling their little girls for ten cents each, or for a dozen of eggs." Whole families are drowning themselves in the rivers, others selling their daughters into slavery, and there are some whose hunger drives them to the flesh of their own

kind. Fathers and mothers are committing suicide rather than watch their children starve. Multitudes of refugees flee from the foodless districts only to die of exposure and hunger in distant cities where 'rice lines' are not sufficient."

The red horse of war, the black horse of famine, and the pale horse of death have gone forth in the earth, and they will never return. In spite of the boast of the nations to "make the world safe for democracy," and "bring about a universal peace," the present world conditions prove that this is a delusion and a snare. It is Satan's blind to make us lukewarm and indifferent; to lull us to sleep, so "that day" come upon us unawares. Let us not be deceived. Peace is taken from the earth, and the only place it can be found is in the heart of the child of God.

The Word of God is our guide, and when we see these things come to pass we may know "that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand." The Word says that "evil men shall wax worse and worse"; the story of today's crimes corroborate it. The "perilous times" are upon us, and Christ is even at the door. "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man."

* * *

The February Evangel will contain an exposition on the Sixth chapter of Revelation, the opening of the Six Seals, which will furnish new light on this important subject, and will be well worth reading. If you want to stir up your friends to a realization of the imminency of the coming of the Lord, send them The Evangel for the coming year. It will help them to get ready. The fulfillment of prophecy, the mighty workings of the Holy Spirit in the earth to prepare for His coming, the signs of the end, the on-coming tribulation-days—these subjects will all be enlarged upon in the coming issues, and will help the unsaved and the indifferent to get to God.

Three Month's Miss. Report

The following is a Three Months' Report (Oct. Nov. Dec.) of missionary money sent out through The Latter Rain Evangel and The Stone Church. If any of the missionaries whose names are given have not received the amount opposite their names, we shall be glad to be informed and send duplicate drafts:

Paul Andreason, India	\$ 20.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, South China.....	10.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, for Bertha Meyer's work	120.00
Robt. T. Atchison, for Japan.....	15.00
Miss Myrtle Bailey, South China.....	70.00

Miss Eva K. Bietsch, India	20.00
Miss Mary Boyer, China	20.00
Miss A. Eliz. Brown, Jerusalem	10.00
Miss Amelia Bueker, India	10.00
Victor Carlson, China (now deceased)	15.00
C. M. Chawner, South Africa	12.14
Chicago Missionary Rest Home, Chicago..	149.25
Chicago Missionary Rest Home, for mort- gage	165.00
Miss Josephine Cobb, China	70.00
Robert F. Cook, India	51.65
Mrs. Lillian Denney, India	25.00
Miss Lillian Doll, India	32.50
C. W. Doney, Egypt	18.11
Miss Mary Drogmiller, Matron of Miss. Home	8.75
Miss Ruth Erickson, West Africa	30.00
Miss Elsie Fearey, South America	25.00
Mrs. Margaret Piper Gaines, Japan.....	25.00
Mrs. Kate Goldie, South Africa	15.00
Miss Della Goodrich, Central America.....	10.00
H. E. Hansen, North China.....	35.00
H. E. Hansen, for famine relief work.....	168.35
James Harvey, India	150.00
Miss C. B. Heron, India	20.00
Thomas Hindle, Mongolia	20.00
Miss Phoebe Holmes, South China	5.00
Mrs. W. C. Hoover, So. America (on fur- lough)	11.00
Adolph Johnson, China	25.00
Mrs. L. M. Johnson, So. China (Miss An- derson's work)	45.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa	107.75
John Juergenson, Japan	20.00
Mrs. Marion W. Keller, B. E. Africa.....	40.00
George M. Kelley, South China	336.25
Mrs. George M. Kelley, for return fare.....	213.65
Miss Ethel King, India	65.00
Miss Anna Kok, China (native workers)....	25.00
Miss Elizabeth Kunkel, So. China.....	25.00
Miss Beatrice Lawler, China.....	15.00
Mrs. Esther Lawler, China	75.05
Miss Bernice Lee, India	120.00
Jacob O. Lehman, for So. Africa.....	50.00
Alex. A. Lindsay, India.....	10.00
C. W. Longstreth, West Africa	15.00
Mrs. J. Lowder, Africa (on furlough).....	1.00
Herman J. Mader, China	20.20
R. S. McBride, So. America	15.00
Miss Lillian Merian, So. America	5.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, So. China (on furlough)	55.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, So. China (native worker)	25.00
B. S. Moore, Japan	60.00
Jacob J. Mueller, India	50.00
Frank Nicodem, India	20.00
Albert Norton, India (for return fare)....	54.00
Wm. K. Norton, India.....	39.50
Miss Sophie Nygaard, West Africa.....	30.00
Miss Leonore H. Parker, India.....	91.15
A. H. Post, Egypt	20.00
Pandita Ramabai, India	59.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Belgian Congo.....	90.00
Miss Hattie Salyer, Egypt	30.00
Miss Minnie Schilgalis, So. America.....	22.50
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	95.00
Mrs. Violet Schoonmaker, India	25.00
E. M. Scurrah, So. Africa	20.00
Ira G. Shakely, Africa	25.00
Ernest Smith, India	90.00
Thomas Stoddart, India (on furlough).....	25.00
Joseph Sugar, for India	25.00
Wilbur Taylor, French Soudan	10.00
Walter Thompson, China	40.63
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	27.25
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan	93.21
Adolph Wieneke, for China	233.00
Wilbert Williamson, China	55.00
Miss Ada Winger, South America	41.00
Harry Wright, French Soudan	10.00

Miss Alice Wood, South America	50.00
	<u>4,186.89</u>

* * *

For the year 1920 the Lord enabled us to gather in for missions, missionaries, and the evangeliza- tion of the heathen, Fifteen Thousand Four Hundred and Sixty-four Dollars. Though this is a decrease over last year's account- ing, it does not bespeak for the cause of missions any lessening of missionary interest, for the money has no doubt gone out through other channels. We expect to continue as long as God leads to be zealous for the cause of missions, to get under the burdens of the missionaries, share their problems and pray for them in their per- plexities and trials. We send out prayerfully and conscientiously every cent that passes through our office. If the Lord can use these pages of The Evangel to keep the missionary fires burning, we shall rejoice no matter what channel the funds pass through. We thank God for the sacred trust that He and His people commit to us, and praise Him for every channel through which He can ad- vance the cause of missions. Our mission books for the year 1920 have been audited, and we give below the statement of the auditor:

January 1, 1921.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I have this day audited and found to be correct the missionary books of The Evangel Publishing House (Miss Anna C. Reiff, Mgr.).

N. Albert Iver.



A group of the Metropolitan Police Force brethren in Pekin, China. The three in front are native evangelists connected with the Pen- tecostal work in Pekin under Missionary H. E. Hansen. The native in the center, Brother Yang, has been instrumental in leading almost the entire company to Christ, and all three are most active and consecrated to the work.

Chicago Missionary Rest Home

HOLIDAY time at the Missionary Rest Home was a real blessed season. As the mission- aries from far-off lands sat around the festive

board, they were made to forget that they were strangers. The home-like atmosphere, the thoughtful matron, and the efforts of kind friends, far and near, all combined to give them a happy time.

Turkeys from Shelby, Michigan, a box of raisins from Fresno, California, a crate of oranges from Florida, and honey from Wisconsin, together with gifts of money from different parts all combined to enable us to make the holidays all that they should be. The Lord gave the Local Committee the privilege of giving the Home a Thanksgiving dinner, but at Christmas time the friends from the outside had this joy.

The matron, Miss Droegmiller, wishes to convey through the Evangel her grateful thanks to those who have so kindly contributed to the welfare of the guests in the Home. Continually we are made to see the hand of God in establishing this Rest Home, and we praise Him for the world-wide interest in it. From the 1st of May, 1920, it has been crowded almost continually, and so far, God has met every need.

Besides the running expenses of the Home, the Lord has sent in about \$1,000 towards the mortgage, which is due in February. The entire amount of the mortgage is \$3,000, and we hope to be able to pay at least a substantial part of this. As we look back over the movings of God for this Home, and see how He sent in \$3,500 in a little more than three months, we are encouraged to believe for a speedy closing up of the entire indebtedness. It would be phenomenal, but just like Him, if within a year from the date of our taking possession, the Home would be free from debt. Let us pray and believe and see what God will do.

The monthly fellowship meetings at the Home, 1848 Berenice Ave., continue to be a scene of blessing to all who attend. They are held on the first Tuesday evening of each month, and friends who meet with us say they enjoy them more than any other meetings, because of the presence of the Spirit of God. All friends in Chicago and vicinity are very welcome.

We praise God for the response of compassionate hearts who contributed to the funds for bringing home Mrs. Kelley and the children, and Bro. Albert Norton, who has not had a furlough for fifteen years. There is still a lack of about \$200 on the Kelley's fare as it will cost about \$500 to bring them to the States, and no doubt an equal amount for Bro. Norton. We feel it is only necessary to lay these needs before our readers and they will respond.

A letter from Bro. Alex. Lindsay who has just reached India, tells us that Bro. Norton has had a slight stroke. Bro. Lindsay and family are now at Dhond and are rejoicing that God has brought them safely to their destination.

After 31 Years "Well Done."

Just before going to press, the sad news comes to us of the home-going of Mrs. Hoover, the wife of Dr. W. C. Hoover. They have been spending their furlough in Oak Park, Ill., and she passed away on Jan. 7, 1921, after a severe illness. For thirty-one years she labored with her husband in dark South America, sowing in tears and reaping in joy—an abundant harvest. Thirty-one years of rich, missionary experience, of which the article in this number gives us just a glimpse! She has entered into the presence of her Lord laden with many sheaves, her crown of rejoicing. May God comfort the bereaved family.

Pentecostal Convention

A Pentecostal Convention will be held at Indianapolis, Ind., in Tomlinson Hall, March 6-27. This is one of the largest and best halls in the city, having a seating capacity of 3,500 and is centrally located.

Three services will be held daily. Room and board will be furnished to all invited ministers and workers. E. N. Bell, Chairman of the General Council, will share with the pastor the oversight of the meetings. Special missionary offerings taken. For further information write, Pastor L. V. Roberts, 2036 Roosevelt Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Self-Sacrifice and Consecration of Natives of Liberia

True to God tho' Suffering the Loss of All

J. M. Perkins, Returned Missionary from Liberia.

KINE



KINE was among the very first in his tribe to come to the Mission. Being very, very sick and finding no relief from the use of the various charms and jujus made by the devil doctor, not even when he had learned the art himself, he decided

to go to the mission for help. He was struck by the fact that the missionary spoke to him about salvation before asking him about his sickness, but his hunger for something real led him soon to find God.

His people were already displeased with him for attending the mission, and became very angry

when he passed the missionary's word as she spoke against their jujus. They said, "If you talk that way you will break down our country." Three times he was tied and unmercifully beaten, several times they rubbed red pepper in his eyes, but he would not stop preaching nor leave the mission. Once while they were beating him he began to sing in their own language, "I'm so glad that Jesus came to save me," which caused them to stop for awhile, but soon they began again.

That which attracted the people was that he was so full of joy, even while they were beating and abusing him, and it was not long before some of the very ones who so cruelly persecuted him were themselves serving the Lord. One of his persecutors afterwards became a very successful native preacher.

Once a number of native workers had agreed together to ask the bishop for more money, and they asked Kine to join them in this request. But he flatly refused to do so, saying, "This is our country and these are our own people. The missionaries have brought us the Gospel of their own free will. How can I ask them for more money? I will not do so." He was one among many who would not beg for money, though he was always grateful for any help given to him and put his whole heart and life into the work whether he received anything or not.

For fourteen years he labored in one place, building up a strong station and quite a large Christian settlement. In 1906 Kine wrote me that fifteen persons from heathen towns about him had been converted and were then living in the Christian settlement.

TIE

Tie lived in the same town and belonged to the same tribe as Kine. He took a prominent part in persecuting Kine, and like Saul of Tarsus became convicted and converted through the faithful, consistent life of Kine who several times was almost martyred on account of his faith in and loyalty to Christ.

When Tie took his stand for Christ, Kine's persecutors turned their hands on him, determined that they would not lose another man from their heathen town. Because of his being a big chief for their town and very hospitable, they tried all the harder to keep him from going to the Mission. But to the Mission he went in spite of them.

One day after he had finished building his new Mission house, the heathen people came to catch him and carry him back to town by force, but he escaped through the bush to another sta-

tion. However, they burned his new house and destroyed his dishes and furniture, thinking that would bring him back; but he remained true to God.

Tie was a grown man when he was converted, and although he never learned to read and write, being a natural leader and a large man physically, he exerted a tremendous influence for good among the heathen people with whom he labored for more than twenty years. In each of the several stations he had charge of, he gathered about him from six to twelve families whom he instructed in the way of righteousness. He is still living, and wielding an influence for good wherever he goes. Tie's wife was also converted, and was one of the truest and best native Christians we have known in Liberia, ever ready and willing to sacrifice and suffer for her Lord and for the missionaries. She has gone on to her reward.

SOBO

Sobo also was a grown man when he was converted and came to the Mission. He, I believe, was converted at one of Tie's Mission Stations. Sobo had a great burden and concern for his own people, for when he left them they were still cannibals, and for a long time he begged and prayed that a missionary might be sent to them. Finally he moved back into his tribe and dedicated his house to the Lord, to be used as a church and school-house whenever a missionary or native Christian would come that way to preach or teach. Sobo lived to see missionaries stationed in his tribe and died happily.

WEAH

Weah came to the mission and was saved while still in his teens, and has been a native worker for about twelve years. He was first sent to a new tribe or station about fifty miles from the coast. The people to whom he went were not very receptive; in fact they seemed indifferent to his messages. They objected to his being in town and directed him to build his house on the top of a high hill, a mile or more from town. His wife was continually begging him to leave the station and go home, and often threatened to leave him and return home, but Weah stood firm at his post until moved elsewhere by the missionaries.

For some years now he has been our carpenter, and a more faithful, loyal fellow it would be hard to find. We think of him always as the faithful one. When opening a station in a new tribe, all that the missionary needs to do is to select the site to build on, make the necessary arrangements with the tribe, give Weah a few spikes and nails,

a saw, hammer, cutlass and an ax, and within a short time, if the people give the labor, a new mission house is completed.

Weah is also a good interpreter and enjoys preaching the Gospel to the natives.

TOE

Toe was a young man, saved, and in the mission when I reached Liberia twenty years ago. Some little time after my first wife died, he came to live with me, and was my cook, interpreter, and helper in other ways. I have no doubt that he saved my life while alone that first year by his watchful and faithful care over me. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night Toe was on hand to care for my needs. I could not have asked for more kind and thoughtful attention.

Toe came with us when we opened up under Pentecost, and was a great help in many ways. Nearly every time he returned from preaching trips he brought some boys or girls with him and earnestly labored and prayed to get them saved.

He is a great hunter. Often the heathen would challenge him to kill wild game without using the devil doctor's charms. He would accept the challenge, go to his room and pray, and invariably return with game.

Over two years ago Toe went down the coast to work in an English colony. Some natives

there called him to preach for them. Sarah, his wife, who was out of food, urged him to first go and find food, but Toe said, "We must put God's work first and He will look out for our food and other things." He went to preach, and after the service a man gave him a large piece of his cassada farm, which yielded very much more food than he could have earned in the same time. So Toe proved that it pays to put God first.

Shortly after this a woman given up to die by the doctor and her relatives, called for Toe to come and pray for her. He, with two or three others, went into her room. After singing a hymn and reading Mark 16:17, he said, "I cannot do anything myself but God will honor His Word. Come, let us touch her in the Name of the Lord." While praying for the woman, Toe received a mighty baptism in the Spirit and spoke in another language. In the morning the woman called on Toe and said, "My sick leave me nighttime." She was well and fat when Toe wrote a short time after. Later on, others who were very sick called for Toe to come and pray for them, and four or five persons were wonderfully healed.

Toe is now spending most of his time preaching the Gospel among native heathen people. In his last letter he tells of several preaching trips he has made and writes that many tribes and towns are begging for missionaries.

India's Women Can Be Reached Only thro' Women

Noble Examples that Rewarded the Missionaries' Efforts

Miss Jennie Kirkland, Missionary from India on furlough.

"Christianity has weakened the power of caste and is slowly penetrating every phase of paganism, and finding a response in the heart of the Indian. The number of 'secret believers' is astounding. One has said, 'Fifty million people in India are ripe for the harvest.'"



THE native Church in India is generally acknowledged to be the most potent and natural factor in the evangelization of that *dark* land. There is a strong feeling that India must be evangelized by Indians, for the Indian Christian possesses large advantages over the foreign worker—he knows the language better than most missionaries can possibly acquire it, has himself been bound by the same fears and superstitions, feels with them in their groping after Light, knows the keen pain incident to breaking loose from his binding religion, his caste and family. In the full sense of the word, filled with the Holy Spirit, the Indian is definitely qualified to lead his own to Christ.

Christianity has weakened the power of caste and is slowly penetrating every phase of paganism and finding a response in the heart of the Indian. The number of "secret believers" is astounding. One has said, "Fifty million people in India are ripe for the harvest." It is obvious that we as missionaries cannot adequately cope with the need, India's own must take the ax in hand, as it were, and help hew the Banyan tree of heathenism.

Long since we have keenly seen the need of bending every effort in prayer and otherwise to aid in making the native Church more independent, self-governing, self-supporting and self-propagating; this is vitally essential for the progress of Christianity in India.

As in days of old, Christianity does not begin

with the upper stratum of society and work downward but rather beginning at the very bottom and leading upward it has lifted the low caste, down-trodden ones, and transformed them into "an elect race, a royal priesthood," God's own possession, proving again the mighty power of our Christ, the excellencies of Him who hath called them "out of darkness into his marvelous light."

In addition to the direct salvation of the heathen, the Gospel is proving itself a "leavening influence" and in the plan of evangelization the native redeemed and transformed must and does take an important part.

There are those among India's own workers who have been true martyrs to the cause having suffered bitter persecution and violent mental agony on account of losing friends and family. *Sooboo Ammal* when a young Brahman wife, shut in from nature and nature's God, had a longing to learn to read. None could be found to teach her in her "hiding" but missionaries. Though she was warned not to accept anything taught from the Bible, its wealth gripped her soul and she bowed in humble obedience at its shrine. She longed to live her new life before her family but this brought a repetition of cruelties inflicted by orthodox Hindus and, learning of plots which had been laid she stole her way thru the darkness of midnight to the missionaries' home for refuge. Her people followed her there but being unable to persuade her to return made an effigy of *Sooboo*, carrying it through the streets wailing as only "hired wailers" of the Orient can, and proclaiming her dead! From cases I have witnessed *Sooboo* was dead to her people in a way our loved ones never are, then gave her life definitely for others, seeking out gems for His crown in Purdah homes—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed 'Purdah' home doth bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on that poisoned air!

But into India's closest shut-in home
The loving Savior's call has sounded sweet,
And leaving wealth and rank and all, they come
And break their alabaster boxes at His feet."

Another of India's own—Pandita Ramabai—has sheltered and lead thousands of high caste Hindu widows to Christ—her orphanage is a city in itself and numbers have gone out from there to all parts of India telling the glad story of His great love. Chundra Lela, Mrs. Chuckerbutty Sunderbai Power, and numbers of others could be cited who have lent their influence to lift India's daughters. We are convinced that it pays

to rescue and train native workers. As we have visited the purdah and harem we have learned to appreciate the noble work of our Bible-women.

One of the first Bible-women with whom I worked in India was Mrs. Chatterji, a high caste Brahman. She was hidden away in her Zenanna home and through the visitation of missionaries and Bible-women the little girl-wife accepted Jesus as her Savior. She lived on as a "secret believer" for twenty-five years, winning those about her to Jesus. Finally when the Holy Spirit was poured out in Pentecostal power in North India, missionaries were brought into touch with her, and she, her four daughters and son, left their heathen homes and were baptized in water, as well as the Spirit, and all have become "workers together with Him." Persecution followed, but they stood true. As I visited the heathen villages and homes of the heathen, little women could be seen peeping from semi-closed doors, and from dark corners, (when too frightened to give us entrance,) to hear the story of God's love from one who had once lived as they did. Miracles were wrought in hearts and lives and mud houses changed to *homes*.

Statistics tell us there are 40,000,000 of these women thus secluded in the Zenannas. Theirs is a depth of pathos! One has said "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a Zenanna woman to be baptized in water." They are as fixtures in the houses—mere machines! Regarding the duty of woman *Manu* says, "Though destitute of virtue, seeking pleasure elsewhere, or devoid of good qualities, yet a husband must be constantly worshiped by his wife." She is a *slave* in the keenest sense of the word! There is no mutual friendship or *home* life; the Hindu language has no word for home, they speak of the place where the family is simply as *ghar* (house). The men of the joint-family sit on the floor, eat their rice and curry alone, after which the women and girls may partake in the same fashion and lastly the widow may eat her *one* scanty meal.

The little wife is all alert when she hears the footsteps of her husband. Before he throws back the purdah frequently made of sackcloth (how fitting the material which shuts in the inmates) the inevitable pan box has been opened, the ingredients cut and plastered on a betel leaf composing a strange morsel which Indians delight to chew; next she gracefully glides across the compound to their room, stands behind him and fans

or in other ways attends him. The advice every old grandmother in the home gives a girl-bride before she departs for her mother-in-law's house to live, is that she always retire after her husband, arise before he does, stand while in his presence and in all things submit herself to his pleasure, forgetting herself.

Her only hope of salvation is in and through her husband, this is one reason for the custom of baby-marriage among the high caste Hindus; but the wife's hope of salvation vanishes with the decease of her husband. Only servitude and suffering are left the widow; she is held responsible, by all members of the family, for the death of her husband, being constantly taunted; all the ills that come to the family are heaped upon her; she often finds herself deprived of her one meal a day, is tied up in a large bag or put into a dark room—anything to get her out of sight and appease the wrath of the gods! A Brahman home I visited weekly held one such. I never saw her, but as we sang and talked of Jesus on the little enclosed verandah we were told she lived in a little enclosure in one side of the house. We preached loudly so she might hear, but it was always as though the room were vacant, for we never heard a sound from the deserted child. It is a dark picture but no darker than the truth!

Just as the women are held behind curtains and high walls, so their very minds are shrouded by the mists of superstition and ignorance. They cannot pass the LONG days by reading or sewing, for not more than eight women in a thousand are literate. But saddest is the wall that shuts out the knowledge of the true God!

The high caste women can *only* be reached by women; men missionaries can only learn of conditions through hearsay. Purdah women are never seen by men other than those of the household, and for more than a year the new bride who goes to her father-in-law's house is not seen by a male of the family excepting her own husband. Repeatedly have we heard footsteps without and seen the bride almost involuntarily flee to her seclusion and remain there until the party left the inner court.

If it becomes necessary for the Indian woman to travel, a heavy cloth is spread, forming a covering from the door of her house to the bullock-cart, which has a frame work heavily curtained so that she cannot be looked upon. As we stand aside and consider the 40,000,000 girls and women shut away in these Zenannas we realize the need of more Bible-women. We as missionaries cannot expect to cover the ground, and

these women *cannot* press through the wall of ancestral customs and caste rules and attend the meeting held in our homes; nor can they be present at the village open air meetings which are held among the low caste people. We must single them out and visit them separately in their houses. One of the greatest needs we as Pentecostal workers are feeling, is that of training the young women who have been rescued from heathenism to take the Light to those who sit in darkness.

The Lord has entrusted more than fifty Indian young women and girls to our care at Bettiah and our deep prayer is that He will equip them for this very service. He has given us more than eight acres of land and has begun to send in the means for the buildings needed for the training school. Pray that it may all be forthcoming.

The story must be told, even these shut-ins must hear the glad sounds of His wonderful Name—more Bible-women must be trained and thrust out into the great Indian harvest field!

In taking out several younger Bible-women I have sometimes left two in several houses; when I returned for them a little later, almost invariably I found them weeping together as without restraint the zealous Christian told of her own struggles as a heathen contrasted with her new found consolation in Christ. Alone I could have reached a few homes but with a number of Bible-women, even though only in training, numbers are reached. Again I beg—pray that more Bible-women may be trained that they may take the Light to those who have no other way of knowing.

God is calling forth and putting His seal on numbers of Indian young men who with the power of God on their lives are faithfully working against the powers of darkness and God is rewarding their efforts by signs and wonders. Praise His name!

Two of our native preachers were returning in the evening after a day in "out of the way" villages, and overtook four men carrying a sick man on a stretcher. When they learned that they were taking the sick man to the missionary's bungalow to be prayed for they told them God could heal him right there if they would only believe. They let the stretcher down to the ground; heathen and native preacher knelt together on that village roadside, the power of God fell, the man was healed, and lifting himself off the stretcher walked home! Our native preachers' faces shone with the glory of God as

they related the miracle to us. Hallelujah!

If I had ever had any question in my mind as to whether native Christian work pays or whether that special place which deals with children and young people in India, is of God or not, it would have all been effaced as I watched just one of our faithful evangelists and dwelt on the story of his life.

First we see him a little child, sitting on the roadside during one of the terrible famines, his mother just having starved to death, at his side. This sorrow, added to his own emaciated, weakened condition all but took the young life; he was picked up by famine relief missionaries, given Christian protection and teaching. Soon he gave his heart to God and later consecrated himself to His service. He is always tender to those who are suffering for food, etc., his suffering has put a lasting tenderness in his very nature, and as he works among the needy the mutual feeling is deep. His is a heavy burden for those who are starving for the bread of life. With power and results he takes the "whole loaf" to the spiritually hungry heathen.

Often God speaks to His Indian workers and uses them in different ways. A missionary was sick and alone; I had sent this same worker to be with him and he slept near him on the little verandah. The missionary, as he afterwards told me, was so overcome by the Indian fever in the middle of the night that he could not help himself. Suddenly he felt he was dying, hadn't strength to call but felt life ebbing away. At this very juncture the native worker knelt by his bedside and began to pray; he pleaded in agony for the life to be spared, a divine touch was felt and victory given. The next morning the missionary asked him why he knew he needed prayer. He said that God awoke him telling him to pray, the Sahib was dying!

The conversion of another of our workers was brought about through an incident which took place when he was about fourteen years of age. He was taken to the temple to worship; as he hung the garland about the neck of the idol and placed the gifts before it, the guru or priest took what he wanted of the offering and handed the remainder back to the boy. He asked his mother why the god failed to eat the sweets he had sacrificed to it, and she replied, "It is stone, how can it eat?" Immediately he began to question, "If the idol is stone and cannot eat or appreciate my offering," he asked himself, "how can it help or harm me?" He left the temple full of questionings. Soon after this he was put in

a Mission School where the Bible was taught. Later he was saved through some Pentecostal workers, and is now giving all his time and talents for the salvation of the heathen who are groping in darkness.

The itinerating evangelist, Sadhu Sundar Singh, is a thrilling example of the results of the power of God in heart and life of a native of India. Sikh by caste and spiritually inclined, he went with his mother on her daily visitations to the gods; offering his sacrifice of fruit, sweets and flowers to the gods and to garland and anoint the idols.

Sundar was sent to a Mission School. Finding the teaching of the Bible entirely subversive of all he had been taught by the family guru and his sacred (?) books, he became ringleader of the boys who hated Christianity. He speaks of one time when he bathed for an hour to wash away the pollution of a missionary's shadow which had fallen upon him! Openly he destroyed the New Testament. Finally the mighty power of God captivated his soul; he found a new longing in his heart for the very things taught in the Bible and a deep consciousness that the religion of his ancestors was but a "broken light of Christ."

All in vain he sought again and again help in the ponderous volumes of his sacred books. Finding no peace he became desperate and decided there must be an immediate end to the anguish or to his life. He arose about three one morning crying out "I will put an end to my life by five o'clock if my soul finds no comfort by then." Suddenly the impression came to pray to the Great Spirit. He prostrated himself on the ground in his mud room and prayed for about an hour, when, he says, his room was suddenly illuminated with a wonderful Light. In the midst stood a glorious Person with hands and feet pierced and wearing a crown of thorns. Jesus had visited that heathen home and won a soul to Himself! Great persecution followed; he was ostracized by his own. The morning he was cast out from his home he was given a meagre meal apart from the family as his touch now meant defilement. He was told to leave, taking nothing excepting what he had on. He went to some native Christians and in a short time became violently ill; it was proved his food had been poisoned! Prayer was answered and he was healed. Finding himself homeless he went to the missionaries for protection and continued his education in Mission schools. A deep passion to save souls characterized him always and a defi-

nite call to preach the gospel filled his vision. He longed to be a "living sacrifice," so consecrated himself to God as a Christian Sadhu. Without salary he travels the length and breadth of India, wearing the saffron Sadhu garments and pagree; barefooted and with one light blanket he tours, enduring hardships and encountering peril but impelled by a passionate love for Christ and a zeal for souls he risks his very life.

Fearlessly he enters closed Tibet and Nepal. In the face of cruel persecution he has carried the Word of Life where others fear to venture. He as zealously heralds forth his message to one lone person in the jungle or on the roadside as to the thousands who gather to hear him in church

or college. In his Sadhu costume, carrying his Bible and one blanket he has at the bidding of the world's Christ gone with the message of the love of Jesus to Ceylon, Burmah, China, Japan, Australia, England, and the United States.

There are two secrets to the success which attends the efforts of this humble Indian young man—his constant prayer-life and the imperishable hunger for the Word of God. "Prayer changes things." Stand *definitely* with us that the mighty power of God shall be and continue upon each native worker. Perhaps God would have you do even more than pray. You can have a substitute working for you in India while you are asleep." "Whatsoever he saith unto you do it."

Our Disappointments His Appointments

Hearing the Macedonian Call—Its Result

C. B. Hurlbut.

FOR the glory of God and the encouragement of Spirit-filled believers who may chance to be thrown among the people of the world or among formal Christians in communities where there are no Pentecostal Assemblies, I feel that God would have me witness to His wonderful workings.

Five years ago we felt led to move from a California city to a wheat farm in Western Canada. Business competition in California was very keen so that we found it hard to make both ends meet. Both my wife and myself felt that God was sending us here to grow wheat, and we believed that He would prosper us so that we might have more money for His work in the foreign field. We had been much in touch with missionaries on the Pacific Coast and were full of missionary zeal.

For two years we worked very hard but met with keen disappointment; crops were poor and we could spare very little for the Lord's work. But God was dealing with us. He showed us that this was our plan, not His; that He did not need our money but needed us. It took us two years to learn this lesson. What unprofitable servants! Then the Lord opened a door. The pastor of one of the churches in a near-by village who seemed to be quite spiritual, asked us to work with him. After a careful explanation of our faith, he raised no objection and my wife was appointed to teach the adult Bible class in the Sunday School. Under the anointing of the Spirit she taught that class for two months and the attendance trebled in that time. But Satan got angry; the teaching was not in accordance

with his tastes, so he directed the church dignitaries to inform her that her services were no longer required. This act of the church board caused considerable stir in the community and to satisfy the appeals from the hungry ones we hired a hall and conducted a weekly Bible study class. There was good attendance for some time until Satan succeeded in making most people believe that we were trying to break up the churches. The result was, God separated three precious families unto Himself; He gave us a building free of charge which we fitted up for a mission and commenced regular Sunday School and Gospel services and a mid-week cottage prayer meeting.

From the first we had a burden for missions and the missionaries. There were no expenses, Mrs. Hurlbut giving the messages, so all offerings dropped into the box were sent direct to the missionaries. And how the dear ones did give! Four families struggling against crop failures, gave for the foreign field nearly \$600.00 in a little over a year, and we are now in touch with some twelve missionaries and through the funds of this little Assembly we are preaching the Gospel, in Africa, India, China, Japan and Central America.

But the best part of this narrative is yet to come. God had something better in store for the little band who had been faithful in those few years. Our village was closed to the full Gospel, but ten miles to the south was another town commonly known to be a hard place. Here profanity, gambling and ungodliness abounded. The minister who had held services there every Sun-

day, finally gave it up as nobody would come out to hear him.

From this place came the Macedonian call, and like Paul, we gathered that the Lord had called us to preach the Gospel unto them. About three months ago we comenced holding meetings there, Mrs. Hurlbut preaching the full Gospel. Conviction settled down upon the people almost from the first; like the Bereans they searched the Word to see whether these things were so. Nine souls have already been gloriously saved, two backsliders reclaimed and believers set on fire. To all indications the revival has just begun, the building is crowded at every service. The whole community seems to be driven to the study of the Word and the Gospel is the principal subject of comment among both saint and sinner.

The point I wish to emphasize is that *these precious people are catching the missionary spirit* and should there be a good wheat crop next year, thousands instead of hundreds of dollars, will go out from here to the missionaries. Praise our God who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. We had thought to be able to send a few hundred dollars each year, as God prospered, for the spread of the Gospel; if we have been denied this joy, we do have the greater joy of seeing many souls born into the Kingdom and believers baptized in the

Holy Ghost according to Acts 2:4. Besides this, two young men who were saved in our mission last year, confessed that God was calling them to the foreign field. They have not yet yielded, but we are praying the Lord of the harvest to have full control of their lives.

This is a glorious work. Oh that assemblies throughout the length and breath of the land might hear Jesus' last commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15. Then the power would fall and spirit-filled missionaries laden with the full Gospel would go forth to Mexico, Central and South America, Africa, Asia and the Islands of the Sea, and wherever else the "other sheep" may be.

Dear, lonely, spirit-filled believers, hearken diligently. Perhaps the Spirit may suggest to you to announce a prayer-meeting in your home and invite the neighbors. It will surprise you what the Lord will do. When you get a work started write THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL for the names and addresses of some missionaries and as soon as you get ten or twenty dollars in offerings, buy a draft and send it along with an encouraging letter to one of those precious missionaries. Read the letter you get in response, to your little Assembly. Then watch the missionary spirit grow and give God all the glory.

A Two-Fold Deliverance

A Testimony given by P. C. Nelson, Pastor Conley Memorial Baptist Church, Detroit, at the Detroit Baptist Ministers' Conference Monday Oct. 25th.

Instead of addressing the conference on the topic assigned, I would ask the privilege of giving my testimony to the mercy of God in a two-fold deliverance in my life the past nine days. This experience has been to me like a new conversion, and I cannot withhold my praise and thanksgiving for His great mercy to me.

About 10 p. m. Saturday, October 16th, at Atkinson Avenue and Hamilton Boulevard, I was trying to get a street car. Several automobiles rushed by me, but when I was surrounded on all sides, I suddenly saw a big *coupe* coming toward me at full speed, and within a car's length of me. My first thought was, "Here is where I get a through ticket for Heaven."

I had a boil directly over and covering my left knee-cap. This leg must have been a bit forward, for the bumper struck directly on this boil, cutting a hole in my trousers, and sending me sprawling backward. The driver succeeded in stopping the car, so that it did not go over me.

It seems amazing that I was delivered from instant death, and still more that no bones were broken. For this wonderful mercy I want to record my thanks.

I was brought to my home, 354 Geneva Ave., in the car which had struck me, and that night I suffered great pain in my knee. The pain increased as the night wore on, and during the next few days my condition grew rapidly worse, as my fever rose and my leg swelled from hip to foot. On Thursday, the doctor lanced my leg in two places and established a drainage system, which he kept open by inserting a large piece of gauze, changing the same every day. Besides this he put on a great bandage, into which warm water was poured hourly. On Friday about a cupful of pus was drawn from my knee and it seemed to be getting steadily worse. The doctor assured me that I was in for a long siege, and as the infection had gotten into the synovial sacks about the knee, I might expect to be lame for many

months and should not be surprised if my knee would always be stiff.

Friday afternoon it pleased the Lord to send me a message of reproof for my lack of faith, and my failure to do as directed in His Word (Jas. 5:14, 15). This message entered deeply into my soul, and I cried to God for forgiveness, and resolved to take the Lord at His Word. He directed my mind definitely to the persons I was to invite to pray for me and anoint me. They came Saturday evening. The Lord said that He would heal me on their faith, if I, an elder in His church, did not care to have the ministry of healing, but that if I cared for this gift, it was necessary for me to be healed on my own faith, and that these friends should simply pray that my faith should be strengthened. I therefore asked that I might be healed on my own faith. The Lord said He would heal me instantly if I had faith for this, or gradually, if my faith could reach no higher. The friends prayed and anointed me according to God's Word, and while I was praying, the words of Peter to Aeneas (Acts 9:34) were given to me as direct from God, "Jesus Christ healeth thee; arise."

I had not been off my bed for one moment for over five days, but I called for my clothes, dressed myself, and walked downstairs. I had a good appetite for supper. During the previous week I had hardly been able to partake of soup or other liquid refreshments, prescribed by the physician. That same evening I walked up and down stairs frequently and like the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the temple, I felt like "walking, and leaping, and praising God" (Acts 3:8).

My healing, however, was not complete, for it was according to my faith, and my poor faith could not figure how "the doctor's necktie," as I had called the guaze he daily drew through the openings he had made for drainage, could be drawn out if the leg was perfectly healed instantly; hence my healing was wonderful, but not complete. Sunday I wanted to go to church, but I could not get the doctor to come early enough to remove the great bandage and the gauze. He was not able to find a drop of pus, and the swelling was gone, and the soreness too. He was astonished, but as a precautionary measure, he insisted on putting in another "necktie," and putting on another bandage. I told him I had been healed and read from James to show him why I believed it needed no more bandages, but he said the knee was the most dangerous part of the whole body, and I must lie still several days, to save

myself serious trouble.

To doubt God's healing power after He had raised me from this bed of suffering, I felt was dishonoring Him. Hence I dressed myself after the doctor went, and enjoyed a good Sunday dinner with my family; went out calling in the afternoon, and at night gave my people my testimony. I had written the president of the Ministers' Conference that I could not be present to speak today, but I felt God wanted me to stand before you, and give my testimony, hence I removed the bandage and the doctor's "necktie" myself this morning and 'phoned the doctor I should not need him any more on this case, and that I was going to the Ministers' meeting and would relieve him of all responsibility.

During my thirty-one years in the ministry I have met many who have been healed by the Lord, but I had never experienced His healing grace, and I had never been anointed for healing. I believed in healing as a remote possibility for some select souls of great faith. I never dreamed that healing would be granted to one so unworthy as I am. It seems marvelous that He would hear even me.

When my second son came home, from his work in the Ford factory, and found me dressed and able to walk about and rejoice in the Lord, he was more astonished than he would have been if he had found me stretched out for burial. My eldest son, who attended me day and night for a week, said it was the most wonderful thing that ever happened in our family.

"Bless Jehovah, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless Jehovah, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
And redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."

(Psalm 103:1-4.)

A Correction

We wish to correct a statement in the December Evangel in an article on Tibet by V. G. Plymire in regard to the population and area. Instead of 350,000,000 the population is 3,500,000, and the area is 700,000 square miles. The mistake was not Bro. Plymire's, but ours.

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