



*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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

HAWKIN - CHICAGO

## The City John Saw Coming Down

"I Go to Prepare a Place for You"

Pastor K. R. Glover in The Stone Church, April 2, 1922



IN my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself that where I am, there ye may be also." Jno.

14:2, 3.

My desire this afternoon is to impress upon you who have come into this church today, that we at this church believe in a real God, and that this real God lives in a real place; that this real God sent His only begotten Son into this world as a real person to show us eternal life, and that He did show us eternal life, and then went away leaving the assurance that He would come again; and that in the meantime He would be preparing a certain and sure dwelling place for us.

It is my joy, then, to tell you that we believe in a great Jehovah-God and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and that we believe we shall see Him some day and rejoice in His presence. Many ideas are offered to us today to satisfy that longing within; to satisfy the natural desire of man to worship God. There is something in every man that makes him know that God lives. There is that in every heart that makes man know there is something yonder that he cannot touch, but that he knows is there; whether he be an African of the jungles or the wisest man in this land. I believe it is an impossibility for a man to be a true infidel. There are many who boast that they are, and would thus put a fence around themselves, hide behind it and try to prove that there is no God in order that they may avoid obedience to Him. I declare there is something in every heart that makes man know there is a God; but it remains alone for him who has accepted Jesus to have this uneasy realization of God turned into an abounding assurance which fills the heart with joy instead of fear. Every man knows that there is a creative power; every religion on the face of the earth takes notice of some power, but it is only the followers of the Lord Jesus who are able to approach that power, and know that behind that power is a loving heart ready to help. I am just as sure of seeing that God of all power,

and of seeing Jesus come down in the clouds as I am that I behold you now before me. That which is seen is temporal, but that which is unseen is eternal.

"There's a holy and beautiful city,  
Whose Builder and Maker is God;  
John saw it descending from heaven,  
As Patmos in exile he trod."

Beloved, we shall see it too. Heaven is out there somewhere beyond the stars, in its wonderful reality. There was a time when there were no telescopes, when man could see out yonder just a sprinkling of stars; but in recent years they have invented, perfected and amplified in power until the great instruments with magnifying lenses three feet across are built to look out into space for millions of miles and see what is there. And yet they say they have not seen the end of it. We see this great orb that rises out of the Eastern hills in the morning and sets in the Western horizon; we see the moon that comes out and hangs close round us to give light in the darkness; and we see these few stars. But the men who look thru these wonderful telescopes, inform us that those tiny specks of white out yonder that are the semblance of sparkling dust, are mighty suns, and around each one there circle worlds like ours. They speculate and marvel about it. They have looked out and seen these limitless worlds there, but they with their mighty telescopes that see so much, tell us there is also barely visible beyond them, tiny things in living power and reality and regular movement, that show them even beyond that there must be boundless other worlds yonder they cannot see.

Glory to God, we have a power to see that looks past all of them! John looked out there one day beyond them all and saw plainly what man vainly endeavors to see. He got into a wonderful flying-machine and went up yonder past the sun, looked into its belching, volcanic depths, went past the moon in its wondrous beauty and quietness; went up yonder beyond the mightiest of the planets, went soaring out thru the Milky Way with its myriads of stars, yonder thru this mighty universe, beyond and beyond and beyond, till he came to heaven itself. John said, "A door was opened in heaven, and a voice said, 'Come in and I will show thee things that shall

come to pass. Write it down, John, and take it with you. Tell the churches that heaven is real. Tell them what you see'."

The first thing John saw was the great Throne and One sat on it. Over His head was a great rainbow; under His feet was a great sea of glass, and in front of him were mighty thrones peopled with wonderful heavenly beings that sing, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord Thou art God the Almighty. Thou who art and Thou who wast from Eternity, and Thou who shalt ever be. Thou art God. Thou didst create the heavens and the earth and all that is therein. Worthy art Thou to be worshipped." And there extended before him a mighty plain upon which stood myriads of heavenly beings; thousands of thousands were echoing the songs of the thousands that stood close around the throne, and they sang and praised God who sat upon the throne. And then he said, "I saw another form, one as a Lamb that had been slain, and he recognized in Him his beloved Savior, the One who lived on earth, the One upon whose bosom he had leaned. Ah yes! he knew, for there was depicted to him the One that died that men might have life yonder; yonder in the place to which man had vainly assayed to rise. They had rejected the Door of the fold and sought to climb up into the heavens some other way. Today they have built their mighty airships that spread their great wings and with engines of marvelous power, go sailing along in space; but they cannot go beyond this earth's atmosphere. Yet they say, "We will some day perfect a machine to sail up beyond the ether, amongst the very stars. We will investigate the moon. We shall yet find those depths to be paths for our feet." Ah, they will never wing their flight yonder! Thomas voiced the hopelessness of it when he said, "Master, we do not know where you are going, and how can we ever get there?" But the answer comes so sweetly: "Thomas, I am the Way. In Me is there the power to go yonder. In Me is the pathway to yonder realms."

And so John, out there on the Isle of Patmos that Lord's Day—Oh beloved sometimes I almost wish we might be banished to an exile Island. We are too happy; we are too prosperous; we are too wealthy. We do not get set out alone to hear from God; we do not get set out alone by persecution; we are not rejected. But to this man, cast on the Isle of Patmos, it was said, "I will show thee things that shall come to pass hereafter." Because he was exiled. Beloved, I believe the visions of the prophets shall be renewed

in our minds, because we are told darkness shall arise and the oppression of the enemy shall grow. But I believe that as God sees that oppression rest upon us, He will some day open a door to each one of us, that we too may look from crushed hearts to that land wherein flesh and blood cannot walk, but where souls, purged and made white by afflictions of this life, may ever dwell in an eternity of rest, peace and joy.

Let us hasten on. After John saw the powers of darkness, the glories of the victorious cross, saw the king of this world, and saw the Christ come and take away His children—then he saw a new heaven, for the first heaven and the first earth were fled away, and there was no more place found for them. All of those myriads of stars and other suns; other worlds filling the millions of miles of our heavens so real to our eyes and so real to the scientist that he sees not the heaven beyond—all these shall be rolled away as a scroll and then the real heaven shall be seen. The former have passed away in a mighty, flaming fire: "But I saw a new heaven, and out of this new heaven I saw descending from God a wonderful city."

Beloved, I am as sure that out yonder in the sky we will see that wonderful city come down as I am sure of my being here this afternoon. Some folks say that is all a picture, an imagination, just a symbol. I say there is a real city. Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you. I will make a house for you. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. If there were no heaven yonder I would tell you so. If there were nothing on the other side, I would tell you, but I have told you there is a heaven yonder, and I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

I say, away with higher criticism! Away with the men today who would rob us of our Bibles! Away with the men today who clip our Bibles to pieces and want to give us new ones! Let me have the realities. Let me have eyes to see through the door that is open in heaven that I too may see the things that shall come to pass. Beloved, let us stand for the truth of God's Word. Let us stand for the revelation of God through this wonderful prophetic Book. Let us stand for the truth of this Word of God that we may receive in these days fresh revelations of the truth to our very own souls.

"I, John, saw the heavenly city descending out of heaven from God, adorned as a bride for her

husband." One of the angels came to him and said, "Come John, I want to show thee the Bride, the wife of the Lamb." He had seen everything else; troubles; wars; he had seen defeats; he had seen victories; he had seen the Christ come and get His people, riding on a great white horse, and following Him a company of people riding on white chargers. There was a great sword in His mouth, even as a sharp two-edged sword, coming to slay the enemies of Christ and bring consternation to the wicked kings of the world. He heard the great men and the captains call to the mountains to "fall on us and hide us for the great day of His wrath is come." But we will hide in the shadow of His wings. We will lift up our faces to heaven and say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." And He will send His angels with the great sound of a trumpet and a great shout, the war-cry of heaven, a shout of glory. We will hear it in that day. We who stand on our feet alive will arise to meet our wonderful Bridegroom, as He comes back again to receive His own to Himself.

Now the angel comes and says, "John, I have shown you God on the throne; I have shown you the Lamb; I have shown you the twenty-four elders and the four living creatures. I have shown you the great White Throne Judgment; I have shown you the fate of the Antichrist, the fate of his armies; I have shown you the destruction that has come upon ungodly men and the deliverance of God's children. Now come, John. I have one more thing to show you, the Bride of the Lamb." If you look, you too may see the Bride, tho some would clothe her in such garments of mystery that no one may be sure who she is. Let us look at what John saw, for what he saw was the real Bride of the Lamb. And John said, "He took me out to a great and high mountain and showed me that City; that City that I had seen coming down that was all so beautiful in its glory, its wall of jasper, its foundation of beryl, of sardonyx, and all manner of precious stones. I saw that wonderful City which was prepared and adorned as a Bride for her husband." The angel says, "John, come. I will show thee the Bride." So the Holy City adorned as a bride is the Lamb's wife. And John looked at it and saw that wonderful City, and then when he went inside the gates, the angel showed him the people and said, "John, no unclean thing can enter here. This is a clean and a pure city, and nothing defiled or unclean, nothing that maketh or loveth a lie shall ever enter into this city. Only

those will enter here whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life." Friend, John saw that great Book, and I wonder if he saw your name there. Is your name written in that Book with pages white and fair? Stranger, you can not enter that city yonder unless your name is in the Book.

Jesus considered that to have the name in the Book was the greatest asset of any man. When He sent the disciples out, they came back and said, "Master, every need was supplied; we had money and to spare; we had food and raiment; we healed the sick, demons were cast out and lepers were cleansed." But a note of caution was raised and a voice of gentle reproof came, "Rejoice not in these things, but rejoice that your names are written in heaven." As I read these words anew after receiving the baptism of the Spirit, I said, "Oh Lord, this baptism is a wonderful experience, but the Word says we are to rejoice more that our names are written in heaven. I wish You would give me a deeper realization of what that means, so that I can rejoice in that more than these other things." Then, beloved, God gave me a vision. It seemed I looked up into the heavens and there saw the great Recording Angel. He was writing on an immense desk, and a large book was open before him. As I gazed on him, he laid down his great pen and grasping his great book he turned it so that I could see my name written therein. A great rejoicing filled my soul, and a deeper realization than ever before came over me, that I was truly a child of the living and real God.

The angel took John in and showed him the Tree of Life with all its wondrous fruits and its leaves of healing. He showed him that wonderful stream of crystal that flowed from beneath the altar, from the throne of God. Where it ended I know not, but it flowed thru the city and he could see deep into the crystal depths of this life-giving stream, a stream of marvelous purity. John saw it there, and the Tree of Life by its side, and the angel whispered in his ear, "John, blessed is he that keepeth His commandments, that he may enter into the gates of the city and partake of the Tree of Life." It was this obedient people, this people whose names were in the great Book that John saw, when the angel said, "Come and I will show thee the Bride." Are you one of them who have an inheritance up yonder? My friend, is your life in obedience to Him? If you are disobedient, you can never eat of that Tree nor drink of that crystal water, nor enter that city. "Now John, come and I

will show you the outside." On the outside were dogs, sorcerers, whormongers, and all they who love and make a lie. Unclean! Unclean! Unclean! even as the lepers outside the walls of the earthly Jerusalem. But within were those who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Jesus, our heavenly Bridegroom has gone to prepare a place for us, His Bride. Are you prepared for that place? He is coming some day to take us to that real land over there. Man desires this land here because it is real. This world is real. This is a wonderful, throbbing land we are living in, full of rush and reality. But I have caught a glimpse of another land, another city, and I know it is there. For that city I am bound, for He has given me the passport. In that land is a home, a real home. I have never had one here, always on the move, but up there I will have a house full of beauty, full of riches, all reality. There is laid up for me there a robe of white, a crown of gold, and

a harp to tune the music that shall satisfy my soul's desire. Jesus, the Lover of my soul, sends me messages of love and bids me be faithful unto the end and He will come for me some day very soon. You may stay here, if you like, but I am going. I must go! My yearning heart will abide no longer here. My soul has found its Bridegroom and to Him must fly.

Our Jesus, the Bridegroom of our souls, is coming soon. Are you ready for Him? Are you clean? Are your affections centered on Him? Or are you flirting with the world who tells you He will not come? He is coming to take us to Heaven. He has prepared for us a home in His Father's house.

"I'm bound for that beautiful city,  
My Lord has prepared for His own;  
Where all the redeemed of all ages  
Sing glory around the white throne.  
Sometimes I get homesick for heaven,  
And the glories I there shall behold:  
What a joy that will be when my Savior I see,  
In that beautiful city of gold."

## How God Planted Pentecost in the Congo

### Closed Villages Opened Thru Divine Healing

Wm. F. P. Burton in The Stone Church, March 5, 1922



SINCE I have been back on furlough I have seen to the printing of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John in the Luba language. Mr Clarke of the Carenganze Mission did most of the work on it, and when this book reaches the field there will be two thousand natives who have been trained in our own school ready to read it in their own language. I have received all the manuscript now right up to Revelation and I hope before this year is out to be able to have the New Testament. What a joy there will be when they can read it in their own language.

I might say that those freed slaves who came back from Portugese Africa were very earnest in their belief of salvation thru faith and the Gospel of the grace of God, but when we started to preach about being filled with the Holy Ghost, and praying for the sick, they said, "That is not right. We never had it that way in Angola. Those white missionaries had long rows of bottles. This is all a notion about laying hands on the sick, for they used to give that stuff in the bottles. They ought to have bottles here." And when we encouraged them to receive the Holy Ghost we could not get them to the meetings for this

purpose. They fought this truth and questioned. Time went on and not one native was filled with the Holy Ghost. We felt the work was dragging like clogged wheels and that something was wrong. We pleaded with God that He would pour out His Spirit, and He worked in a way we little dreamed. One of our evangelists had a sweet baby boy, Philipu. This was one of our chief men who said there was no good in laying hands on the sick and that it was *bottles* that we needed. One day he came to us, "Philipu is sick. Won't you come along quickly?" I put my helmet on and went. Before we reached the village we heard them wail and cry. "Oh, he must be dead," he said. "They are starting to mourn already. Little Philipu is dead." When I reached the hut the women were trying to give some consolation or comfort to the poor, bereaved mother and I could not get inside. They said, "He is dead," and I knelt down outside with the father intending to ask God to comfort him and his wife. I do not know how it was; I can only say I was carried into something beyond myself, for as I started to pray, instead of praying for the comfort I said, "Lord, raise up little Philipu." It wasn't any great effort of faith. It was something I was carried into. By and by the father joined

in, "Lord, raise up little Philipu," and before very long the mourning stopped, and they said, "He has opened his eyes." We went on praying, and the women came out and prayed with us. In two days that little boy was playing with his chums in the village. Whether he was dead I cannot say, but the parents said he was. He may have fallen unconscious. Anyhow they started mourning and whatever it was, it changed that man's idea completely about Divine Healing. He got quite a craze for laying hands on people, and God worked. They were healed again and again. Difficult villages that would never otherwise have been opened to the Gospel, were opened thru Divine Healing.

Now our native Christians became quite eager for the baptism of the Spirit and insisted on having it. It seemed that they had seen what God had done. The two sisters who were with us, Mrs. Richardson and Miss Hodges, had remained with us about thirteen months. Then they were so sick they had to leave. Brother Salter was in another district; so I never saw another white face for five months. I was building a large chapel that seats five hundred, and while I was building, two natives came asking for work.

I might explain that the Luba tribes may be divided into two; those who live by agriculture and those who live by fishing. Those who live by agriculture, as a rule are considered in their element, but the fishing natives live by it alone in their canoes, and by continual paddling they develop such muscles you could tell them at once. These two natives I could see at a glance were from the fishing village, and they said, "Please give us work. We want work." I said, "I have plenty of natives. I do not need anymore." "Please give us a chance," they said. "Where do you come from?" I asked. "Away out on the Pungwe marshes," four days out, as far as the eye can see. There is nothing but swamp and papyrus marshes, and they live by fishing in places no European could live, a sort of amphibious life. They said they heard that the white man preached the Gospel, so I gave them work. One stayed only two or three days, but the other remained. His name is *Ngoi-wa-Kana*. From the beginning he manifested a great attachment to me, and followed me like a pet dog. If I were holding a meeting he would surely be in the front row listening for all he was worth. I might say by this time we had bicycles. Though the paths are small and narrow you can follow them on your bicycles at least.

One day God laid it on my heart to go to the village of Lubinda, nineteen miles from Mwanza. Many times I had wanted to go and now God led me definitely. It may seem funny to you that a missionary will ride on his bicycle and allow a native to run behind him for nineteen miles and back, thirty-eight miles altogether, but they wear no clothing and think nothing of it. Off we set in the early morning, and after about five miles we stopped to preach. Off again and we preached again at another village, until about mid-day we arrived at Lubinda, having preached six times. When we called the natives together to hear the Gospel they said, "We want no white man in our village." They refused to come and listen to the Gospel, but presently after a lot of persuasion an old chief came out and listened, with several natives sitting around. I hadn't been preaching long, telling them the wonders in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and how God delights to answer prayer in that Name, when the old chief jumped up, "Is that true?" "Yes," I said, "that is perfectly true. God says it in His Word, and we are proving it." "Will God do what you tell Him to do?" "Yes." "Well," said the chief, "tell Him to heal that," and he held out a withered arm. I asked the chief about his arm. He said, "You see all these huts that are falling into decay? All these used to be the houses of my wives. I was a rich man but I sold all those wives in order to pay the witch doctors. I used to have lots of goats, but I have given them away to the witch doctors that they might make medicine to heal my arm." They have more sense than we have about medicine; they do not take it inwardly, but hang it on the outside. They will get a little antelope horn, put some owl-feather in it, chicken claws, and certain kinds of ashes, seal it up with beeswax, and the man wears it around his neck; or perhaps it is a beetle's shell or a small gourd in which he puts some butterflies' wings and seals it up with resin. He had these things hung up in front of his hut and inside, and said, "I have paid for everything I have and still my arm is unhealed. If God answers prayer tell Him to heal *that*." I took his arm in my hands and prayed, "Oh Lord, Thou seest we ourselves cannot heal, but please heal this in Jesus' Name," and then I went on preaching.

After we had finished we set off. When we came to a village a little way off we heard voices crying, "Stop! Stop!" "What for?" we asked. "Oh stop and tell us some more." "I have preached here once today and I am tired. I have a long way to go and I have had no food today,

I am hungry." "Please stop and tell us a little." I was tired out but I had to stop, so I started to sing a bit and preach a bit. Presently there was a pull at my elbow, and turning around it was *Ngoi-wa-Kana* who had accompanied me. He said, "I see you are too tired. Let me preach." He had never made any profession of conversion, and it was amusing to me to see him. He said to the natives, "Tell one of your wives to cook some corn-cobs and while they are being cooked I will preach." They brought me a mat and in the meantime *Ngoi-wa-Kana* started to preach, which amused me. The natives are wonderful mimics. They copy everything. If you were to stand before a crowd of natives you would think they were noticing nothing, but they would take everything in, and if you were to come around five minutes later, you would see them holding their hands and feet the way you do, mimicing every gesture. So when *Ngoi-wa-Kana* started to preach I could see William Burton; he was holding his hands the same way, using the same illustrations and the same expressions. He had gotten me all by heart. However I was too tired to take much notice and I dropped off to sleep. When I woke up here was one of the chief's wives with the smoking corn-cobs, and *Ngoi* was still at it. She gave the corn-cobs to me to carry off and we started again. When we got some distance away we stopped to have the corn-cobs, and then he said, "I am going home tomorrow." "Why do you go in such a hurry, out there in the marshes?" He said, "I have two wives and my brothers and cousins out there in the villages, and they know nothing about this salvation. When you told me to believe, I believed; when you told me to pray, I prayed, and when you told me to preach I didn't know I could, but tonight I know I can, and tomorrow I am going back to my own village," and so he went. The next morning we prayed and laid hands on him and sent him off.

After we had gone about an hour there came a message from the Chief at Lubinda saying, "Please come back at once. God has healed my arm, and I want you to burn all my fetishes." I might say that the chief is still an old, drunken chief, head of the district, but God has healed his arm and everybody who has seen it recognizes God in it. The consequence is, one of our own missionaries who is up there now has a native evangelist in that chief's village, and he is putting up a little chapel. The natives have welcomed him with open arms, but when we first went there they would have nothing to do with

the Gospel. What has opened up the village? Divine Healing. And the Word says, that whenever we go into a town or house we are to heal the sick that are therein.

I heard nothing more of *Ngoi* for a long time. One day as I was going down to South Africa I heard a shout from a bank, and here was a native paddling in his canoe. When he reached the steamer I said, "I know your face," but I could not remember him. He said, "Don't you remember I was the one who came with *Ngoi* when first he came to Mwanza." I said, "Now tell me, did he get back home all right?" "Oh yes. He started meetings every evening. We got together and we sang hymns, and he told us what he heard at Mwanza, and there are many who believe." Whether they are actually saved I do not know, but I do know that the same Gospel which I heard *Ngoi* preaching that day, is being preached there, and people are hearing it, and thru the same Gospel God has blessed, and again and again met us in our difficulty and need. When the hard times have come and we have been up against it, God has supplied.

I went down to South Africa, got married and brought my wife back to the Congo. She soon learned the language and won the love and affection of the natives. Before long they began to call her "Little Mother," and she is a little mother to them. They come to her with their sorrows and their sickness and troubles, but she has suffered like the rest of us. I remember on one occasion we were out at a little village called Kibose. We had chicken and sweet potatoes for breakfast, dinner and supper, and the next day the same, and she being ill could not manage it very well. We put the tent in the shade of a tree, got a little cot-bed fixed up, and there she lay, unable to get comfort or ease, with the temperature rising higher and higher. After awhile the natives came to say that service was ready. Numbers had congregated and they were waiting for me to preach to them. My wife said to me, "Oh William, do you think I might pray for an orange?" I said, "Hetty, I would do anything to get it to you, but I do not see how we can get any for the nearest orange trees are twenty-one days' journey, over at Dan Crawford's." I went out to preach. It is hard enough to suffer fever, but when you see a loved one suffer, it is much harder. I do not know what sort of a sermon I preached, my heart was back in the tent, but when I got back, tears filled my eyes. There beside the bed was a box of beautiful oranges. Twenty-one days before, Mr. Crawford and his

wife had been gathering the oranges from the trees, and as they gathered them they said, "Wouldn't it be nice to take a basket of these to the Burtons?" They called their native helper and gave him the oranges and told him to give them to nobody else but the Burtons. He came along and found my wife almost delirious with fever, crying to God for oranges. Oh how many similar stories I could tell of the faithfulness of God!

Now when the natives' prejudice had been broken down on the subject of divine healing, the next step was to break it down on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. In January, 1920 we called our natives together. I would rather have one native filled with the Holy Ghost than a hundred going along without Him. I said, "Let's get down to business and go according to God's pattern. On the Day of Pentecost they were told to repent and be baptized and they should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; and if you are not receiving the Holy Ghost you are not according to God's will." On the 8th of January we gave the altar call for the baptism of the Spirit and about one hundred and sixty natives responded, and before they got thru they began to speak in tongues. The others came flocking in and looked on that crowd, some with their faces lifted up to God. Here we heard perfect English and beautiful French by natives who had never heard, and South African Dutch and German in the same way; and many languages we did not understand. Now we praised God they spoke in tongues, and we could say these received the Holy Ghost as well as we, yet there was something else better than the tongues a great deal. They began to confess their sins, began to straighten up quarrels, began to return things they had taken and pay their debts, and began to go out with the Gospel message. Before many weeks here was news from this direction, "Please come at once. Twenty awaiting baptism"; in another direction, "Ninety have burned their charms"; another, "Thirty awaiting to be baptized." Oh how the Gospel spread from that time like a flame of fire, and has continued to spread. From that time on forty-six new villages have been occupied. In one village, eighty professed conversion; in another village, forty, in another, thirty. We are at the present time reaching all the villages in a district about from Chicago to St. Paul. That is about the length of country we have mission stations spread over at the present time, with the help of twenty-five or thirty native evangelists, and schools and big

crowds of native Christians. There are nine white missionaries at the present time. In England there are six more preparing to go out, and three more on furlough. But beyond there are great villages that have not had the sound of the Gospel testimony, and so I am here, not only to tell you what God has done in order that you may praise Him, but to tell you what is still to be done.

We are besieged by the Catholics, besieged by the witch-doctors, besieged by the government officials, but the work is spreading. On the other hand we need helpers, and I am out to tell the needs in order that you may tell the Lord of the Harvest to send forth laborers. When I tell you there are natives who are hungry for missionaries, I must say that with many of them, their motives are not unmixed; they hope they will get some education, but even then there is a great cry when we go and preach in the village, "When are you coming back again?" One native came to us from a strange district. He roared with laughter as he said to us, "You will see what will happen tonight." It was in a village where only one white man had ever been. Four years before a German missionary had passed thru that village and he had preached to them. At about sunset two natives walked out of their hut, "Oh God, send us somebody to tell us something about salvation. We want a missionary. Send us somebody, our God. Send your salvation," and so they went on for about twenty minutes. They had heard the Gospel only once from this missionary, and as he prayed he lifted up his hands above his head. They didn't know anything more, and for four years, despite the laughter and the mockery in the village they had kept up that which they knew of the Gospel.

There was one village, our native carrier said if we went there we could not get out alive, because of a wicked, old cannibal chief, and we would surely get into the pot, but as he went to leave the village, two and a half hours before sunset, there was the old chief waiting, "Will you please tell us His name once before you go?" I told him, and he went away to his hut murmuring to himself the Name of Jesus. At another place we could not get away for three days. They would not allow our natives to fold up the tent, so on the fourth morning we were going to start out before sunrise, and when I got outside the tent, there was a crowd of natives sitting there with their sick to be healed, their charms and magic to burn, and we had to go from one to another, laying hands on them and preaching to them



until long after sunrise. Then one said, "Don't go yet, my grandmother is coming," and the sun was well up before we were able to get away. We had crowds that accompanied us for one hundred and twenty-five miles, two days journey, and they said, "When are you coming back? Our eyes are continually on the path looking for you." Why should we sit here, a hundred or two of us tonight, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, filled with the Holy Ghost, and those natives out there without anything?

It depends on you and me whether they fall and die in darkness. You have never heard the wail that goes up at the time of death. Oh the hopelessness of it! Oh the despair! No hope beyond the grave. No joy in it, no consolation. Just a going out into darkness, into the unknown. But what a joy as we have stood around those who believed in Jesus! Some of our natives have been greatly persecuted, but they have been true to God. Only my last letter from there tells me of the witch doctors holding one of our evangelists high in their hands then letting him fall to the ground again and again, until his poor, little frame was shaken. Brother Hodson writes: "You hear the cries in the forest

of those tied to a tree for two or three days at a stretch, and fires lighted at their feet to make them join secret societies of the natives." One little boy while they were torturing him, said, "You can kill me but you cannot take away my Jesus," and they smoked him to death. Many of our natives suffer, but they are willing to suffer because they have real salvation.

Just as we were coming away we passed thru a village where we have preached once or twice. A lot of little boys and girls came and stood in front of me and said, "If you please, will you put our shadows in that box?" They wanted me to take their photograph. I said, "Oh I have lots of photographs of little boys and girls. I do not need yours." "But please take ours." They pleaded so much that I took a snap-shot of them. "Is it safely in the box?" "Yes." "When you go to Bulia (White man's land, They think it is a village), please tell them these are boys and girls that haven't any missionary in their village, and will they please hurry to us?" I carry this message from a score of villages, "When will we have a missionary?" Friends, it depends on you and me.

## "Inasmuch as He Did It unto These"

### Distributing to Refugees in Poland

**M**R. and Mrs. Gustav H. Schmidt who have recently gone to Poland *en-route* to Russia, under the auspices of the Russian Missionary Society, write enthusiastically of how God undertook for them. Thru friends whose hearts go out to the poor sufferers of Russia and the Near East, they took with them 100 boxes of clothing—28,000 lbs., (14 tons), and the remarkable thing about it is that thru the goodness of the Railroad and Steamship officials they obtained free transportation for this clothing from Chicago to Danzig. They had the two car-loads of clothing shipped to Bydgoszcz, Poland, and like a prairie fire the news spread in the city that the "good-hearted Americans" with many gifts for the poor had arrived. They had wanted to keep it secret until ready for distribution. but the moment it was noised abroad hundreds of poverty-stricken men, women and children besieged their home and the warehouse, so that they were compelled to call the police to hold back the multitude. Bro. Schmidt writes:

Often we have wept in those days. Daily we had to look at those ragged and skinny figures lingering about the doors, shivering and hungry,

and whenever they got a glimpse of my wife or myself, they began to plead for a piece of clothing. Poor children whom we had to send away empty handed, went with tears in their eyes, their little bodies wrapped in ragged clothing. We tried to, at least, give them something to eat, and did so as much as we could afford. It was the Lord's will that we should remember this city with our gifts for many hundreds of refugees from the East have come here, having lost everything they possessed.

"Children of God in this city offered their chapel and we announced distribution of clothes Feb. 19 to 25. To control the situation, the poor were asked to bring identification papers from the authorities or their pastors. Their names were recorded and in that week, every afternoon the distribution went on. We also sang to them and preached the Word of God.

"The first person who received clothes (a girl who was deep in sin), was in such rags that it is impossible to describe. She came to the next meeting and with many tears surrendered to the Savior and found peace in Him. Probably she would never have found Jesus had it not been for this work of mercy.

It is impossible to adequately describe the scenes which came to our view in those days. I will give an extract from the last day, Feb. 25th: "At three o'clock we went to the chapel, which

seats about three hundred. It is the last day of the distribution of clothes. The house is filled, about five hundred having packed themselves into it so that we cannot get thru and have to go the back way. I read the 103rd Psalm and appealed to their hearts to be thankful to God for these gifts, and also to the friends in America who have given clothes, urging them to seek Him who is the greatest Gift of all. Distribution begins, Bro. and Sister Rosenkras, very precious children of God, are there with their whole business staff, having closed their place of business every afternoon of the week, to help in this work of love. A delegate from the magistrate is present, also three policemen, trying to keep order in the immense crowd, which is almost uncontrollable, for they storm to the front again and again.

"Near the front sits an old man about seventy. One look at his body discloses the terrible story of suffering and deprivation. Deep lines mar his face—a face which shows distinct traces of better and happier days. In his arm he holds a pail upon which he keeps a watchful eye—it contains a few frozen and half rotten potatoes which he has gathered somewhere. This will be his supper. He has something wound around his body which was once a coat but now can only be held in place by a rope. We dressed him up, hat, shoes, trousers, coat, overcoat,—he looks like a different man. His face has changed a little now; a weary smile brightens it, but I have to check a few tears. What will this poor old man eat for supper to-night?—a few rotten potatoes.

"A little girl comes to me after she has been pleading with others for a gift, without success. She is not on our list and thinks probably the American will understand her better in her grief. Big tears are rolling down her cheeks as she tells me of the death of her dear mother who had cared for her but cannot do so anymore; of her father who is sick four months already, and of her two little sisters and one brother. I could sit down with her and weep for I too lost my mother when only four years old, yet I never suffered want. This child has a double grief. It touched our innermost heart as she tried to tell us of her sorrows. She is not only pleading for herself but also for her brother and sisters, and for her sick father who is lying on straw, for bedding is used up long ago. Hundreds are in the chapel this afternoon who are not recorded on our lists, and we cannot consider them; there are too many. I can hear Jesus say, "Don't send them away. . . Give ye them to eat." Yet somehow we must cut it short for in the East of Poland many other thousands are stretching forth their hands towards heaven in despair; they also need our assistance.

"My wife is sighing, for she would like to give to all of them something. All she can do now is to go to some one in the crowd, here and there, throw her arms around them, and kissing them, speak a few words of encouragement. What is it she is telling them? "Yes, the Americans will send some more; they love you. They

think of you here and when the gifts arrive we will be able to give you something too."

"A little recess: We take our guitar and harp and sing one of our songs 'Heaven is my Home' in the German language. We are sorry we cannot sing and speak Polish yet, but we are learning; the most of the populace understand the German language. While we are singing many of these poor ones are weeping. One of the policemen, a Catholic, is wiping tears from his eyes. He has never heard such a song, but he too is hoping for heaven. Heaven! yes, the vision, marred by indifference and religious obscurity, carries their thoughts beyond this life. Some of those weeping ones probably think of the words in Revelation 7:16, "They hunger no more. . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes". I can see how Jesus draws near to them and whispers into their hearts, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"The supply becomes scarcer and scarcer, but the hall is still packed with ragged people. I look into their faces which show sorrow, expectation and disappointment. My heart is very heavy. Why did I not bring more boxes of clothing to the hall? No, it is not possible, for in the East there are people even more needy than these. My conscience is at rest. I have done all I could; yea twice as much as we intended to do in this city. We have to leave them to God who knows their need.

"Now the supply is exhausted. In the next moment a rushing forward of hundreds of human beings who had expected to get something but are now disappointed. The police commands them to step back but it is of no avail. A score or more of voices at the same time: 'Please, just a little. Just one piece of clothing for my children. Others are reaching forward showing a certificate from the authorities describing their needs and recommending them to be considered by us. A hasty decision by the police force to clear the hall before there is grave danger. Commands, pushing, talking, pleading, weeping! In half an hour the hall is empty. Just a few of the clothes left over of the last supply will gladden a few hearts. We ask the police to let in those families whose fathers are out of work, and have over five children. They rush in and pick out a few pieces which are lying around. A few more orphans can be considered. They have no mother nor father who loves them and cares for them. They come in. My wife and I cannot look at the scene any longer. It is too heart-breaking, and we withdraw into a corner for there is scarcely anything left for them to take.

"It is seven-thirty and we want to go home, yet we cannot get thru the throng. They surround us and plead for a piece of clothing. Slowly the police force the people upon the street, and we are able to get thru.

"Our friends in America have really sacrificed in giving us these clothes, but hardly do they realize what it means to these poor benighted people out here. The greater part are refugees from

the Eastern parts of Poland and Russia who have lost everything. Some have been wealthy before; now they have nothing but what they have on. This people *you* enabled us to help. The Lord will reward you. In this city and vicinity so far we have given clothes to nearly 8,000 people. There are still eighteen of the largest boxes left which we want to take to the Eastern sections of Poland and there distribute them to the poor.

"Our first series of meetings we held in a village named Dembowalanka, where we had been scheduled for meeting before we went to America. People came from far and near. How refreshing to hold these meetings where hungry hearts were taking in every word that was spoken. It was really a convention, for the children of God came from the whole section to get more of God, and they *took* more of God. Such a humbling and weeping before the Lord I have never before experienced in any meeting. A number of backsliders were reclaimed, forty souls saved and washed in the blood of the Lamb. Oh how the testimonies rang out! And while they testified unsaved ones would begin to weep over their sins.

"Desperate calls come from every corner of the province. If we were to consider the most of the calls, they would keep five preachers busy in this section of the country. May the Lord call out and send more workers into this desperately needy field. I ask our friends to pray for us that we may not break under this heavy burden. My dear wife is very weary and needs special prayer. She always takes an active part in the meetings, and when at home the poor come and beg for help, clothing and food; to listen continually to their stories of suffering is very hard. I tell you this only that you may pray. There is a cry in our hearts that we may not fall short but do the work successfully which the Lord has placed in our hands.

### A Visit to Chapra

I have just returned from Chapra where Miss Coxe and Miss Builder are rebuilding the Mission Station that was ruined by the flood. The sisters there are living in tents on the Mission compound, while all around them are great piles of bricks, rafters, door-frames, lime and other things that should go in a Mission bungalow. Miss Sara Coxe is overseeing the building work, managing a crowd of masons, coolies and other work people, keeping a strict account of all the expenses, and last, but not least, preaching the Gospel daily to all the work-people and others who will come and listen.

From the early days when Miss Edith Baugh opened the Chapra work, all believed that God's hand was on it. Miss Baugh took small-pox and lay down her life in the old Chapra house

and the enemy tried to discourage and frighten the missionaries who are there now by sending a flood, something that had not happened before in



A Sunday Morning Service at Chapra

the history of the place, and which utterly ruined every mission building on the compound. There is this about the Pentecostal people we believe, that when they hear the voice of God to stay and hold on, all the powers of hell cannot drive them away. God has spoken for Chapra to stay and hold on.

The building work is coming on nicely. The foundations have been put down deep and very substantial, the walls are going up with good brick and mortar. It is being built now to last till Jesus comes, if it is God's will. I may say here that the Mission property is held by trustees who are Council missionaries. Many in Chapra are interested in the building of the Mission. Business men, government engineers, and others are visiting the place, examining the work being done, giving Miss Coxe advice, and all agree that the work is going on well.

Of course it is costing money, but it is money invested for God and will pay the highest possible interest for eternity. By the time this is published the building will probably be more than half completed, and more money will be needed to finish the work. With the hot weather coming on it will be urgently needed. Think of frail women living in tents in a tropical climate, surrounded by heathen, doing men's work; doing it that the message of the Redeemer's love will be shed abroad to those who sit and wait in darkness. They are taking your place on the extreme front of the firing line, and they need your prayers and your financial help.

W. K. Norton.

\* \* \*

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# The Latter Rain Evangel

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## Notes

"JUST a few days—and our tears will have ended,  
Just a few hours—and our task will be done,  
Yet still hear them calling,  
From darkness appalling,  
While we rest in the light of the fast-setting sun.

Just a few days—and the gifts we've withholden,  
Just a few hours—and the call we refuse  
Will rust on forever,  
Or return to us never,  
And Eternity's crown we no longer may choose.

Just a few days—and then nought will avail us,  
The thought of the crown that we might yet have  
won,  
And ah! What the sorrow  
If we miss on the morrow  
Our share in that joy, when He whispers, Well done!

Just a few days—Oh Lord, strengthen our courage!  
Just a few moments to publish Thy Name,  
In our weakness enfold us,  
Through darkness uphold us,  
'Till He come,' make us faithful Thy love to proclaim."

### Convention - May 14-28

THIS Twelfth Annual Convention will be crowded with many good feasts for mind, soul and body. Divine Healing will be expounded and the sick will be prayed for. The soul will be fed by strong messages on Holiness and the baptism of the Holy Spirit; the mind will be given many problems to solve as we face the questions of how to reach the young people of today, how to conduct a successful Sunday School, and how to open the minds of prejudice to the glory of the message of our Movement. Conferences will be held on missionary problems by missionaries who know the answer, and by able pastors who have worked out the church's end of the missionary work. The Jewish question will be discussed by converted Jews and by Gentiles who know how to win the Jew. Street evangelists and the home

missionary of the highway and byway will tell us how this work may most successfully be done.

The following brethren are expecting to be with us:

Pastor J. Narver Gortner, of Cleveland, Ohio, the missionary church; Pastor Charles Shreve of the McKendree M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., lately baptized in the Holy Spirit and building up a strong work of Spirit-filled people; Evangelist L. J. King of Toledo, Ohio, for years opposed to Pentecost but now preaching this truth; Elder Eugene Brooks of Zion City, Ill., a man of much prayer, will direct us to this important duty and privilege; Pastor Rex Andrews of Waukegan, Ill., will give to the Young People his experiences in preparation for the ministry. Pastors D. Wesley Myland and S. A. Jamieson of Chicago, and Ira David, Onarga, Ill., will speak out of their years of experience in this way; also other pastors of Chicago and neighboring towns will meet with us as their work permits. Two of our Stone Church young people leave for the Congo from this Convention. Come and help, and be helped.

\* \* \*

Missionaries stopping at the Chicago Rest Home, 1848 Berenice Ave., recently: Miss Bernice Lee, who is now on her way West, expecting to sail to India in the early Fall; Mrs. Mary Chapman, who will sail for India, D. V. May 18th, on the Empress of Russia; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Perkins, who expect to return to Liberia this summer; Mrs. Anna Bush, just returned from Peking, China.

A large crowd of Chicago friends met together at the Home April 5th, to greet Miss Bernice Lee for the last time before leaving the city. The meeting was turned into a farewell service for her and Sister Chapman. It was a precious season of fellowship, and will long be remembered by our outgoing missionaries as well as by us. Our prayers follow our beloved missionaries as they journey toward the land of their calling.

### Two Months' Missionary Report

(March and April)

Miss Carrie Anderson, South China.....	\$ 61.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, for Building Fund.....	245.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, South China (Native work) .....	10.00
Miss Almyra Aston, India .....	20.00
Robert Atchison, Japan .....	15.00
Miss Myrtle Bailey, South China .....	25.00
Miss Eva K. Bietsch, India .....	15.00
Joseph Blakeney, Africa .....	15.00
Miss A. Elizabeth Brown, Jerusalem.....	10.00
Miss Ada Buchwalter, China .....	15.00
Miss Mary Chapman, for India .....	20.00
Mrs. Herbert Cox, India .....	20.00
Miss Sara Cox, India (Chapra) .....	15.00
Lloyd Cramer, No. China .....	20.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, W. Africa (Fare home) ..	50.00
Miss Elsie Fearey, So. America (Girls' School)	20.00
J. Fullerton, for China .....	10.00
James Harvey, India (\$20.00 for native work) ..	101.00
Thomas Hindle, Mongolia .....	10.00
Mrs. Marion Keller, B. E. Africa .....	25.00
George M. Kelley, So. China (\$26 Native work)	96.00

Miss Ethel King, India .....	35.00
Miss K. M. Kirsch, for W. Africa.....	20.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China .....	50.00
Fred Leader, for the Congo (fare).....	146.30
Miss Bernice Lee, for India .....	5.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, So. China (\$50 for native work) .....	196.60
Miss Bertha Meyer, for Lo. Pau Chapel .....	714.50
Miss Bertha Milligan, So. China (\$20.00 for native work) .....	40.00
J. J. Mueller, India, for property .....	50.00
Mrs. Frank Nicodem, India .....	10.00
Wm. K. Norton, India .....	35.00
Pandita Ramabai Estate, India .....	5.00
Mrs. Anna Richards, Africa .....	24.00
Miss Minnie Schillgallis, So. America.....	10.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America .....	20.00
Mrs. Violette Schoonmaker, India (\$12 Chapel) .....	27.00
E. M. Scurrah, Africa .....	8.70
Ira G. Shakeley, W. Africa .....	15.00
N. Sorenson, for South America .....	25.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt .....	25.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan .....	20.00
Adolph Wieneke, for China .....	108.00
Miss Adah Winger, So. America .....	58.00
Miss Alice Wood, So. America .....	20.00
Chicago Missionary Rest Home (Mtg. \$10) .....	62.00
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$2558.60</b>

**Conventions**

A Convention will be held at Beulah Heights (North Bergen, N. J.) May 27, June 4. Well-known, Spirit-filled workers expected. Three services each day. May 30th, Missionary Day. 31st and June 1st. Prayer Conferences; to which ministers, missionaries and Christian workers are especially invited; June 2nd, Divine Healing. Beulah Heights Assembly and Bible Training School, 4741 Hudson Blvd., North Bergen, N. J.

\* \* \*

The Eastern District Council of the Assemblies of God will open their annual Summer Camp Meeting on Friday evening, August 4th., continuing to August 27, on the same grounds held last year, near Philada., Pa. The business sessions of the Council will be held in the mornings of the 15th, 16th, and 17th. For further information and tent reservation write Edwin C. Sikes, 5 Madison St., Paterson, N. J., Ass't. Sec'y.

\* \* \*

Beulah Heights Campmeeting, Atlanta, Ga., June 1-10 (or longer). Workers expected: Kelso R. Glover and S. A. Jamieson of Chicago; Thos. B. Buckalew, Portsmouth, Va.; R. A. Crane, New Rochelle, N. Y. Also returned missionaries. Write at once about rooms, tents and board to Mrs. Lizzie Barth, Sec'y., 200 Berne St., Atlanta, Ga.

**Recent Healings by the Lord**

Kelso R. Glover

**Little Babe Healed of Pneumonia**



HE two-year-old child of Peter Sleuter, 7306 S. Robey St., was taken down with pneumonia. The fever was high and every symptom indicated pneumonia. They had lost a little girl last fall with pneumonia and when this little babe became ill, the little children gathered around his bed and told the mother that little Henry looked just like little Rosie who died, showed the same symptoms, and said, "Mother, we had better all get down and pray." The mother wasn't saved and it broke her up to see the Spirit leading the little children to pray for her baby. They all knelt down and prayed for the child and he was instantly healed.

When the father came home and was told that Henry had been healed he refused to believe that he had been sick. He was backslidden, and yet he felt a conviction that really something had happened for the Spirit was working in the house. He scoffed at the mention of healing, and the next day while he was away, the child took sick again, and when he came home he was worse than he had ever been. This, the father felt was because of his backslidden condition and unbelief; so he went into his bed-room alone and repented before God, and the next morning the child was perfectly well. He now comes to church and is seeking the Lord to control his life fully. The wife has also promised to come.

Another healing of pneumonia calls forth gratitude to God. Mrs. Louise J. Hennion of Bloomingdale, N. J., writes concerning her husband, that she received the handkerchief sent by request, and that the Lord immediately answered prayer in causing his temperature to drop to normal. Being an elderly man and having had pneumonia twice before, there was some concern lest this third attack prove fatal, but God heard prayer. A letter two weeks later states that he is healed and gaining strength.

**Hip and Spine Disease**

On April 2nd request was made for a sister in Miami, Florida, Mrs. W. A. Flowers, who had been on crutches because of hip and spine disease. She was prayed for there by the brethren and was able to walk without her crutches, but the pain still remained. A Bro. Wallace, visiting Miami from the Stone Church, brought back word of the case, asking for prayer for complete healing. A handkerchief was anointed while the congregation prayed and was given to Bro. Wallace to mail to the sister. Her reply by letter is as follows:

"When I saw the handkerchief and read of the prayers of the Chicago Assembly, there was nothing left for me to do but to accept God's promises which are so sure and true, and live by faith in Him who gave His life for me, which I speedily did, and was healed immediately. I am now

rejoicing in the love of our dear Savior. I am unable to jump as high as urge the strong brothers to do; nevertheless all the pain has left my lame back and hip, and I know that God has healed me." Her husband writes: "We praise the Lord, for your prayers have been answered for the healing of Mrs. Flowers' body. She is getting stronger every day, praise the Lord. Oh we are so happy!

**Tuberculosis**

While in Sterling, Ill., holding a three days' healing meeting, among others we prayed for was a young man about twenty who had a most serious cough which had lasted a number of weeks. The doctors had pronounced it tuberculosis and advised his mother to take him to Arizona. He was weak and emaciated and failing rapidly. Now we receive a letter from one of the sisters who prayed with us. She says: "The young man, praise the Lord, we hardly know to be the same boy, he looks so well. He said he felt well and was eating everything in sight; felt like going to work." In a second letter, ten days later, the sister says the young man has gone up into Indiana. So he must be continuing to improve.

**Stomach Trouble**

Two other cases prayed for in Sterling, Illinois, were for stomach disorders. One, an elderly man, is now reported as healed and able to work. Another was a woman who has had stomach trouble for eight years. A sister writes that she had called and "found her much better. She said the day previous she had eaten a piece of toast and a sandwich, the first solids in eight years."

A member of the Stone Church who has long suffered from stomach trouble, now testifies that she feels well and can eat almost any kind of food. Previously she had been obliged to deny herself most all common kinds of food.

**Revival Campaign at Bethel Temple**



WE can only join in the old song of Worship and Adoration when we see what God has done and is doing as a result of our Special Spring Evangelistic and Revival Campaign.

"O worship the King, all glorious above,  
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise."

In fact, God was working long before the Campaign began. We shall not so soon forget the scenes of blessing the last Sunday night before

**Children's Revival**

Some of the Stone Church Young People are conducting a Sunday School and Young People's work in their neighborhood, some four miles from the church. The following is a report of a revival the Lord gave them in answer to prayer:

"When the Sunday School and Young People's work looks discouraging and futile, the best thing is not to give up but pray, and God will do the exceeding abundantly above that we can ask or think. We have put it to a test and have found it so.

"Our Sunday School was growing numerically but not spiritually. There was such a lack of interest on the part of the young people to attend their meetings that we came to the conclusion to give them up entirely, and did so for a week. But the Lord laid it upon our hearts to devote our young people's meetings entirely to prayer. We did this and at our second meeting God wonderfully baptized two of our Sunday School children in the Holy Spirit. This caused a great hunger and interest among the others and they began to come to the meetings. God has worked wonders, so that in the past six weeks most of the children have been saved and eleven have received the baptism.

"What a change in the children! Before the revival it was with great difficulty we got them to sing, but now we can not stop them. They had no interest in the meetings, and now they think there are not enough meetings to attend. They eagerly jump to their feet to give their testimony, when opportunity is given, and when altar service is called, they come without a second bidding and dislike to close the prayer service to go home. Some of them carry their Testaments to school and read them, and also shine for Jesus there. One of the neighbors said that her little boy came home from school one day and said, 'Mother, so many of the children at school are getting saved and they are telling everybody about it.' Three of the children stayed up all night to pray for their little sister who was very sick, nigh unto death, and the Lord heard their prayers and healed her completely. And so the Lord is working."

the campaign began, when seventeen followed the Lord in baptismal waters. The Power and Glory of God rested upon us.

We are glad that God permitted our beloved Brother and Sister H. E. Alford of Dallas, Texas, to be with us. The messages of Sister Alford were "Streams of Life" fresh from the "Fountain Head," and the central theme of all was, "Jesus, the Mighty to Save", and "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever."

We could not count by number those that were

saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost; suffice to say, that over two score were known to weep and bow themselves at Calvary, finding there, remission of their sins through the "Finished Work" and cleansing from all sin through the precious Blood of Christ. Then too, there were over a score that received the fulness of the Spirit to overflowing, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, with speaking in Tongues, praising and magnifying the Lord Jesus Christ.

And because many believe that the day of miracles is past we want to rehearse briefly what was done thro the broken body, and shed Blood of Jesus Christ, for His power is just the same today. The healings were not all noted, but we know of over thirty-five definite healings. Some that made us stand in awe and worship before God were as follows:

Mr. R. W. Jones' son, 3656 N. Irving Ave., healed of Adenoids. Growth in child's nose could be seen. Absolutely disappeared thru prayer.

Miss Edna Swain, 318 S. Ashland Ave., suffering from nervous breakdown; had to be assisted by two friends to the meeting. Instantly healed.

Mrs. Caroline Good, 1415 Astor St., suffered three years with a sore knee, had water in joint;

had to be bandaged and could hardly walk. Instantly healed, threw away bandages and walks without a limp.

Mrs. J. V. Riley, 431 S. Marshfield Ave., healed of stiff knee of one and a half years' standing. Best physicians said they could do nothing for her. Instantly healed. Walks without slightest limp.

Mrs. Avery, 540 Boxside, Ave., deaf 13 years, instantly healed.

Besides these were those who were healed of tumors, goiters, rheumatism, and minor difficulties and so on, proving to men and women that God is the same today, and they were convinced of what they saw.

Our Special Services closed with another precious Baptismal Service, and we shall never forget that last great crowd of nigh a thousand people, who stood in perfect silence as the last invitation, "Come, Come, to Jesus," was sung by our chorister. Thank God, many at that last hour came, and found that for which their souls longed. Eternity only can reveal how far and how deep the work went into hearts from whom we heard no response. Our lips shall always speak of the wonders of our God, and His Name shall be magnified in our midst continually. Amen.

SIMON E. FORSBERG.

## From a Child of the Forest to a Power that Sways India

### Incidents in the Life of Pandita Ramabai

**I** DO not want to be in this place or have anything to do in connection with it unless the Lord wants me to be here. He is giving me joy and grace and strength for the work, day by day. I want you to pray very much for me that I may be kept very humble and close to Christ."

So wrote Pandita Ramabai to a friend many years ago when by her persevering faith and obedience she had erected at Mukti a monumental work that has won the admiration not only of all India, but of the whole world. When the news that this great and good woman had ceased her earthly labors came flashing over the wires there was a deep sense of the great loss sustained by India's women, and the question arose on every lip, Who will take her place? It had been her fond hope that Monoramabai, her beloved daughter, would step into the path her weary feet had trod so many times, but such was not to be. She passed away last summer, and this loss no doubt hastened Ramabai's death.

Ramabai's early experience, passing through

the terrible famine that swept India in 1876-77 when she was but a child and robbing her of all that she held most dear, were telling factors in bringing her into her life's work. Born a high-caste Brahmin, her father discovered that women could be taught to read and recite Sanskrit, and he became a pioneer in their education. He made up his mind his wife should be taught to read, but to break away from old customs and prejudices, he withdrew from his relatives into the forest where Ramabai was born and spent her childhood. "At the age of twelve she had committed to memory 18,000 verses of the Puranas." She acquired through reading and traveling a knowledge of Kanarese, Hindustani and Bengali, besides Marathi. In fact she had a knowledge of all those dialects of India which are based on the Sanskrit, the sacred language of the East.

Her father, though at one time a man of wealth, died of starvation as did also her mother and sister. With her brother she wandered from place to place, often living on a handful of grain soaked in water and a little salt. They had to

walk barefoot without umbrellas, and rested at night under the trees by the roadside, or lie down on the ground in the open air without covering. It was during these wanderings that her faith in the Hindu religion was shaken. Seeing the home life of the high-caste Hindus in all its cruelty, she resolved to devote her life to the redemption of her unfortunate sisters, especially the child-widows. The work at Mukti which has sheltered as high as 1500 child-widows at one time, is well-known to our readers. When Pentecostal fires swept the world in 1907-08, Mukti was aflame, and Bible women filled with the Holy Ghost and fire went out in great numbers to witness to the power of God to save. Sister Mary Chapman, who spent some time in that remarkable place gives us the following personal incidents from the life of this gifted woman:

There is a tendency to withhold the Name of Jesus among some native Christians when preaching to high-caste Brahmins and opposers of Christianity on account of the intense hatred of that Name, but not so with Ramabai. She used to say, "There is power in the Name itself." and instructed her girls when out in the villages preaching, to be sure to give the people the Name of Jesus. She said when she was a little girl a man visited her father and held a long conversation with him. She did not remember anything that man said, only she caught the Name, *Yesu Christo*. That Name took hold of her little heart and she went about the house repeating it over and over until her mother's attention was called to it, and she told her to cease saying it, as it was the name of the low-caste people's God.

She had great faith in the power of God, and she believed in the guidance of the Holy Spirit and trusted it under the most trying circumstances. Mukti was never a hum-drum place. Besides the daily routine of work, prayers, meals, etc., there was hardly a day but what brought forth new developments of some kind which called for special prayer and guidance; At one time an outbreak of plague or some other infectious disease, at another, the place was infested with deadly serpents and many of the girls bitten before they could be exterminated, but by the prayer of faith they were delivered. Sometimes special opposition against the work was aroused by the enemy, wicked men as spies working against it, but whatever new conflict came up it was fought out by prayer. One incident is worthy of special mention.

About fifteen years ago, just after the outpouring of the Spirit, while the revival fires were still burning, there was an Indian lawyer and editor arrested in Poona for writing seditious articles against the government. This provoked a great uprising as he was an influential man among the native people. For about three weeks, while his trial was on in Bombay, the natives there and in adjacent cities as far as Mukti Mission and on

beyond, walked about in a rage, doing what damage they could to property and threatening the lives of Europeans. In fact all our lives were in danger. At the beginning of this the Lord gave a message in tongues by interpretation, saying, "Troublous times are ahead, but fear not. I will care for you." This was followed by fifty scripture verses assuring of protection and advising not to lean on the arm of flesh or go down to Egypt for help. The sister wrote off the message and handed it to Ramabai who thanked her for it saying, "I had asked the Lord to show me whether I should call for soldiers to guard us or not. This is His answer. We will trust Him alone." Immediately she had the verses set in type in the Marathi language and distributed all thru the institution as well as read from the pulpit, and every one was encouraged to stand by faith and prayer and see God's deliverance. The situation became more and more intense as the trial went on, and we all realized that if God's hand was not over us, exposed and unprotected as we were, there was a likelihood of a mob of these infuriated men breaking in upon us any hour of the day or night and mercilessly beating us to death. The crisis was reached when word came by wire that a missionary in another town not far off, had been surrounded by a mob of forty men and beaten nearly to death. For a day and a night we held on in prayer, not knowing what any hour would bring forth. Oh what intense times those were! But Ramabai stood firmly on the word of promise. The day after the incident she gathered us all in the church, the girls and about twelve European workers and some visitors, and we continued to pray. The 46th Psalm was read and the promises repeated, and God protected us so we were not molested. The storm passed over, and peace and quietness were again restored.

For the past twenty years Ramabai's time has been largely spent in her printing office where she has translated the entire Bible into the Marathi language, printed a concordance and a Commentary on the Psalms and a number of other books helpful to Bible study. While sitting there going on with her translation work, or walking about overseeing the work of her printing establishment, a constant flow of questions have come to her from her workers regarding matters pertaining to different departments, and it was marvelous how her quick understanding would grasp the situation and her ready wit give a decision, without seeming to trouble her mind in the least about it after judgment was given. At the time I have in mind, there was a constant stream of visitors passing thru the institution, both Indian and European. To many a European, Ramabai would have time for only a smile and a *salaam*, but if some of the Indian people who knew not her Savior, went the rounds and came by her, she would never fail to stop and give them the Gospel message; and she knew just how to meet the objections of the different classes of men who came along.



There were two classes of people for which Ramabai always had a tender heart; the famine-stricken and the child widows. She knew from her childhood the awful horrors of famine. When it broke out in North India a few years ago, tho she could not be induced to leave the institution for a rest, she and her daughter took a trip north in the hot weather to see what could be done to relieve the suffering, and sent workers who helped start the work at Bahraich where

many famine subjects were received. She often paid the expenses of a matron or a missionary to go to a far distant part of India to bring back a poor child widow who wanted to come to the Institution. This place has sheltered not only the near 2,000 who were saved from starvation by famine and first taken under her care, but since that time many poor widows and helpless babes have found a home and protection under her motherly wing.

## The Woman God Changed!

Overturning our Plans to Work out His Great Purposes

Mrs. G. H. Schmidt, Bydgoszcz, Poland

A missionary to Poland and Russia prayed that if God ever gave him a companion, it should be some one whom he had been instrumental in saving. This remarkable story of Mrs. Schmidt's conversion proves the adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Her great heart of love for the poor and needy, well fits her for the work in which she and her husband are now engaged, ministering to the refugees of the Near East.



**T**HAT we have a great and wonderful God who can change our lives, will be seen in the following instances from my life. Born in Norway and brought up in a good, Christian home, I had very rare privileges which were not without consequences in my later life.

The family I grew up in was very large, most of them boys, and I seemed to be the worst and liveliest of all. The trees which my brothers could not climb, I climbed; the boats which they could not row, I rowed. Whenever my brothers were guilty of any mischief that would have brought punishment to them, they were afraid, but I was always ready to take their blame and punishment upon myself, for I said I could stand more than they could. All this forwardness which lay in my character caused my parents great concern about my future, and I lay heavily upon the hearts of my beloved father and mother—more than all their other children.

Born with a naturally good heart and a great pity for the poor, I went into many extremes of doing charity work. Often I stole the keys to our cellar in which we had stored salted fish, meat and other supplies for the winter, went in and carried secretly to the poor families all kinds of food-stuffs. This made me very happy in spite of knowing that such secret action would bring severe punishment upon discovery. But I took the chastisement bravely, thinking that I was a little martyr.

When still a very young girl, I went to America, tho it was with a very heavy heart that my mother permitted me to go. The last request she made

of me was that I should never do anything which I would be ashamed of before my mother or before God. She said, "Of all my children you seem to be nearest to my heart, and as long as there is breath in me and my tongue can move, my prayers will ascend to heaven for you." I promised to heed my mother's request, on my knees, but did not know then that I needed the power of God to keep that promise.

The first years in America were very hard and trying to me, as to most of the immigrants. I learned to work very hard with my ten fingers, and by the help of God, tho I did not serve Him then, and with good health and mother's prayers, I fought my way thru. In all these days and years I had not forgotten, nor could I forget the poor families, helping them in every way I could.

I was also led into temperance circles, and as I had ability for public speaking I was soon actively engaged in temperance lecturing, in which I was very successful. Often I went to visit the prisoners in the different prisons, sang to them and talked to them. Of course these were only human efforts, for I did not bring Jesus to them. I became imbued with socialistic principles and my heart was a fruitful field for their doctrines. I did not see the terrible danger I was facing, but just at this moment God began actively to interfere in my life. Had I been left to follow my own trend I would have been led away from Him altogether into the throes of Satan, for while outwardly I had kept the promise made to my mother, yet I had no peace from God in my heart.

In the fall of 1919 I received a cable from home saying: "Come immediately. Mother is very ill." All those who have a loving mother who has been

a companion to them, and whom they love with every fibre of their being, will understand my agony and the fear which possessed me. I fell on my knees and cried to God not to take my mother before I could reach home. After three days I boarded the liner, Oscar II., having received my passport two hours before sailing. I was on my way to Norway but little did I dream of how God was planning to bring me into the light of the Gospel. How often must God use severe means for our salvation!

When we were out on the ocean three days, a girl came to me and said: "Do you know that we have a crazy man on board the ship?" "Oh," said I, that is dreadful. I am afraid! But how do you know he is crazy? What is he doing? Is he dangerous?" "Well," she said, "everybody agrees to that, for he does not speak to anybody, has always a Bible in his hand, falls on his knees behind a life-boat, looks up to the stars and cries 'Hallelujah!'" "If that is the case," I said, "then he surely must be 'crazy'. But who is he? I want to see him." "Oh," she said, "he eats with us at the same table. You may see him tonight at supper."

I was very anxious to see that "crazy" man, and when we went to supper that girl pointed him out to me saying, "That is the man." I looked at him and said: "It is too bad that he is 'crazy' for he is a good-looking fellow." As the days went on we all agreed that there must be something wrong with that man; some ventured to say that he must be a spy; others, he might be a detective, but we never guessed the truth. I wish now that I had had some of his craziness at that time. I always remained quiet. I remember one evening while I was entertaining passengers with worldly songs, he came into the room with his mysterious Book under his arm, but stopping abruptly, went out quicker than he came in. We all laughed and amused ourselves at his expense, but that night we had rough weather and I cried to God that He should not let the ship go down for I was not ready to meet Him. On board the ship I was not introduced to the 'crazy' man, neither did I exchange a word with him.

We arrived in Christiania and every passenger went his own way. The first news that awaited me there was that my mother had passed away and was already buried. Her last prayer was for me, and her last word and wish concerning me was that I should stop lecturing for temperance and preach Christ crucified and His love for sinners. She then reached her hands toward heaven and exclaiming, "Jesus, I am ready!" passed to

her reward. I became bitter against God for not permitting me to see my mother once before she died, and decided not to go and see her grave, fearing that I would break down altogether. It seemed to me that I had lost the whole world and did not care what would become of me in the future.

It was very hard for me to find a lodging place, but I finally found a room in a hotel, tho I could not sleep that night. In the morning when I came down to breakfast, imagine my surprise to find that "crazy" man at the table having his breakfast. In the evening after landing, he had gone as all passengers to hunt up lodging, but only after he had been to the fifth hotel did he succeed in getting a room. I sat down and said grace as I always was used to doing. After awhile he asked me abruptly, "Are you saved?" I answered hesitatingly, "Of course, I am saved. What makes you ask that question?" He looked at my diamonds and at my very fashionable dress for a moment, and said, "I am afraid that you will land in hell with your religion." I did not answer him but thought I had to excuse him, he being not quite accountable.

At one of the following evenings I went to a Pentecostal meeting in Christiania. Coming into the hall quite late I noticed to my horror that the "crazy" man was preaching the sermon that evening. After he was thru preaching I said to myself that he spoke quite sensibly, but the life he demanded of a Christian I considered beyond any possibility.

A few days later I took my way to Stockholm to give some temperance lectures, but God had begun His work convicting me of sin and of righteousness, consequently I found my way to religious meetings again, seeking after the truth. One evening I entered the Pentecostal meeting and who was there on the platform but that "crazy" man whom I had met in Christiania, and whose actions and words seemed to unbalance my nerves altogether. After the meeting I greeted him and said, "Are you here?" He said, "Are you here?" We exchanged a few words and he told me that he was on his way to Russia to carry the message of the cross there. I told him I was in Stockholm in the cause of temperance and humanity. He began to talk to me earnestly about my soul's salvation. My experiences of the past few days had prepared quite well the ground for such a message of Jesus as he gave me, and yet I said that I could not pay the price. He said in parting: "The price you are to pay to receive salva-

tion is not as high as the price Jesus paid to redeem you."

After this conversation I tried again to lecture on temperance, but was in such an agony of soul that I had to give it up; I thought only for a few weeks but later developments proved that it was to be final. Again and again I went to the meetings, but never could I get rid of those words: "The price you are to pay is not as great as the price Jesus paid to redeem you." It rang in my ears continually and tortured me, and I began to think myself a great coward and a terrible sinner whom Jesus had condemned.

One night coming into my room after the meeting I was so condemned and unhappy that I thought hell should open and swallow me; yet I fought against God. It was the last fight. I fought all night, as Jacob did at Peniel, for I was bargaining with God, not being willing to lay everything upon His altar. I had worked so hard to attain success in life, how could I let everything go. All my happiness seemed to be broken into fragments.

But Jesus won the victory! Never, in all eternity shall I forget that hour! It was seven o'clock in the morning. The battle was fought when I looked into the face of my Jesus whom I saw in a vision—Jesus, bleeding on the cross for me—the price He paid to redeem me. I was conquered. How thankful I was that He permitted me to come to Him with all my misery and despair. It was no price for me to pay at all, I said, and cried: "Take me. Take all I ever was. Take me as I am." Oh what a holy moment! that moment at 7 A. M. when Jesus spoke peace to my soul! A quietness and rest which I had never before experienced in all my life, enveloped my whole being, and the price I paid was nothing to be compared with the glory He shed abroad into my heart. How often since have I wished to give something in return for all the marvelous blessings He poured into my life! Jesus had become my Savior. How could I describe the glory in my heart! All I ever can give Him is my own life, and this I have gladly done. My life shall be in His service until He comes.

There was still more my Savior had in store for me. A few weeks later He was pleased to baptize me with His Holy Spirit, which is promised to all who believe and surrender to His will. My cup of joy was full and running over, but my old friends said that when my fine clothes were gone and I had nothing to eat, then I would gladly return again into the "sensible" life. Yet the devil and all his consorts forget that we who are

in His work have very distinct promises; water and bread is guaranteed to every believer, also a robe of righteousness and dessert He has given and prepared in the 30,000 promises which we find in His Word. Why should I fear? He gave me eternal life gratis.

My father frequently spoke of Russia and her awful darkness, the bondage and suffering of her multitudes, when I was yet a child. This had made a deep impression upon me. Once he asked me what I intended to do when I became grown, and unhesitatingly I answered that I would go to Russia to help the poor and unfortunate people.

aise God, **the childish wish** has become a reality since God has called me to work for Him and the Russians. I am now on my way to that needy country.

Not many weeks after I had surrendered to the Lord, received my baptism in the Holy Spirit and also was immersed in water according to the Scripture, the "crazy" man of yesterday, whom God had used as an instrument in my salvation, surprised me by asking me to become betrothed and then his companion for life. I was not afraid of him anymore, for I had thoroughly changed my opinion about him sometime before. After weighing the proposal before the Lord, I gave my "Yes" to him. This joy came into my life only because I had said an eternal "Yes" to my Heavenly Bridegroom first. I put my hand into his and after a few months we were united in marriage.

Ever since then our aim has been to glorify Jesus and to acquaint sinners with this wonderful Jesus. Our only happiness is in Jesus and to win souls for Him who are still out in the night of sin as I was not long ago. Our eyes are fixed upon Russia. Even now we are working for Jesus upon territory that was formerly Russian, until He will take us farther into that needy country.

When I see sinners weep their way thru to Calvary's cross in our meetings my heart leaps with joy and I say:—"It pays to follow Jesus all the way." The Price He paid—His life blood—is indeed higher than the price I paid—my old unhappy life—He has taken it away and given me eternal joy and peace and satisfaction, and soon I shall see Him face to face. Oh what glory awaits us then! Hallelujah! This is the woman whom God changed!

\* \* \*

"Would you have been content to live and die without knowing Christ? For yourself it would have been an immense loss, and by delaying to give to heathen nations the Gospel, you are inflicting this great loss upon them."

## With His Stripes We Are Healed

Isaiah 53:5

Leila M. Conway, Hurlock, Md.



LOOKING into the sacred page I see a dread scene being enacted at the judgment hall in Judea's country. Amidst taunting soldiers the back of Jesus is bared to be scourged at the will of Pilate. A whip of knotted ropes or leather thongs barbed at the ends, is the cruel means of chastisement. Thud, thud, as it mercilessly falls on that sacred, bowed Form, every stroke bringing the blood,—but heart sickens at the sight, eyes can bear no longer to look upon it. Why, oh why, these stinging lashes? Spirit of God reveal! Is it not "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," His voluntary DEATH upon the cross that is to be the propitiation for the sins of the world? Take Thou O Holy Spirit, the things of God and show.

Bruised and suffering the dear Son of God is led away to be crucified. He hangs upon the tree, undergoing inexpressible bodily agony, though infinitely greater the anguish in spirit, for upon Him are laid the sins of all mankind. The centurion stands over against the cross watching that fast expiring life, his gaze fixed upon the lacerated hands and feet, the blood trickling from under the crown of thorns adown the pallid face. "If this be the Son of God, has He not the power to heal His own wounded body and to come down from the cross?" reasons he. But try as mind will to solve it, the mystery only deepens.

Joseph of Arimathea tenderly performs the last sad rites and the body of Jesus is lain into the sepulchre. Bitter, burning tears fall to earth from those who loved Him, but twilight is fading and the disciples repair to their homes, though not to sleep. Wide eyed and reflective they gaze out into the night, their grief too deep for words. Christ's oft spoken message foreshowing His death and resurrection is forgotten; even the last Supper of the evening before is gone from memory. All is blank save that scene at Calvary.

Early the morning of the third day, the holy hush of night still upon Nature, come some women bringing a token of affection to the sepulchre of their Lord. To their amazement they find the stone rolled away. Mary runs quickly to break the news unto the other disciples, and together they hasten again to the tomb. Entering, they in-

vestigate,—of a truth, the body of the Lord Jesus is gone. Sore perplexed and sorrowing the disciples return to their home. But Mary stands outside the sepulchre weeping, a flood of tender, sacred memories rushing o'er her soul; with the tears fast falling, she stoops down to see once more the spot where the Lord did lay. Lo, two white robed angels greet her startled gaze. But kindly sympathy is in their voice, "Woman, why weepest thou?" The tears start afresh. "Because they have taken away my Lord," and turning to leave the garden she perceives through blurred vision, a Man standing back of her, who too, makes tender inquiry, "Whom seekest thou?" The deep spring of her being is touched, and supposing him to be the gardener, she sobs in pleading tones, "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." The last remains should have a sacred, peaceful resting-place, that within itself would be of some comfort. The Man utters one word of reply, "Mary!" Quickly she turns, saying "Master!" 'Tis the same familiar voice, and what transformation in body! "His visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men" when taken down from the cross, but now it is the picture of health. Impulsively, she reaches forth her hands in glad greeting. "Touch me not," speaks the Lord, "for I am not yet ascended to my Father, but go to My brethren." Mary speeds away on wings of the wind as it were and bursting in unceremoniously upon the little group as they mourned and wept, I seem to hear her cry, "Oh, Peter, James, John, all of you, I have seen our dear Christ! He is truly alive from the grave, well as can be, not a mark of that terrible beating, and He bade me bring you this message, 'I ascend unto my Father, and your father; and to my God, and your God.'" Is there a shade of incredulity in some heart? for the sickening "thud, thud" of merciless blows is yet sounding in their ears; that lifeless Form being borne away to the tomb is still before their sight. O ye stupid minds, and "slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" Hast thou forgotten the times that Jesus called the disciples aside and revealed how these things must be fulfilled? Why do ye doubt?

The same day at evening, while assembled to-

gether and the doors securely fastened, there came Jesus and stood in the midst of the little gathering. They gasp with amazement, alternate emotions of fear, joy, and perplexity fast chasing the other. Is it an apparition? Rubbing their eyes they take a second look. It appears to be real flesh and blood, those eyes are familiar, the same smile of love, and that kind voice speaking softly, "Peace be unto you." The tears flow now for sheer hope. But where are those deep, red gashes inflicted by the cruel thongs? Not a trace is to be seen. The flesh is firm and fresh as a little child's. He shows unto them His hands and His side, sound and whole; only the prints indicating where the nails and spear's thrust had been, mute tokens that it is their crucified Redeemer risen from the dead. Doubts dispel as fogs before the rising of the morning sun. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord," joy beyond words to express as He stands revealed and clear to their sight. Great unspeakable joy like that of Mary and Martha on receiving their brother Lazarus raised to life! Here are two miracles, His resurrection and His body full of glowing, abounding vigor, which, but a few hours before was so wounded and broken.

What is the meaning, for there seems to be a close connection? I seem to see the light breaking upon one of the disciples, "Oh! oh! it just comes to mind. Isaiah wrote 'Thy health shall spring forth speedily.' Deliverance for us, too, for the holy prophet further wrote, 'with His stripes we are healed.'" Nor is the wondrous provision alone for our ills, for David sung in the long ago, "that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy *saving health* among all nations," Yes, 'tis true, beloved disciple. The Holy Spirit has brought it to your remembrance. Sin and disease, twin evils, entered into the world through Adam's and Eve's fall in the garden of Eden; therefore, healing is also included in Christ's atonement. Thanks be unto God, the Father!

O sick one of today, you who read these lines, come humbly bowing at the feet of Jesus and

first get your sins forgiven; have the precious blood to cleanse your heart, make a complete consecration, and fix your tired, weary eyes on the comforting promise, "by whose stripes ye were healed." Why, this reads as if already accomplished? Yes, it was done when the dear Lord Christ rose triumphant from the tomb, His own body the "first-fruit" of divine healing power, and Satan forever a conquered foe for both soul and body. Your physical pain and suffering of every description was in those stripes which fell on Jesus. All manner of disease to which poor, fallen flesh is heir, yes, the death knell of every sickness sounded in those ringing blows. The believer can be delivered in each bodily attack of the enemy and kept by Christ's mighty power 'till God's time has come to call the soul to its home in the skies. And when going from earth, it need not be by way of some dreadful malady, but gathering up our feet, life's labors all ended, just gently and painlessly to fall asleep as did our fathers in the ages past. Dear incurable one, again I repeat, look unto Him "with whose stripes ye were healed," the purchase price already paid. Jesus suffered for your afflicted body that day in Pilate's hall and a full emancipation was made. From that time the divine remedy, through faith in His precious Name, has been in force. Heaven's love gift wrapped in the "exceeding great" promises, sealed with Christ's own blood, and given "without money and without price" to any truly sincere seeker. Oh, isn't it most encouraging news, brightest light and cheer streaming down from the Throne unto you? Come, "nothing doubting in your heart" and while kneeling, if remembering you have aught against your brother, "leave there thy gift—your obedience, implicit trust, joyful praises—before the altar" and go make the matter right with him. Then returning, lift your lighted taper of faith up to Jesus, and His resurrection life will be given at once; or else from that hour you will begin to amend, for "with His stripes we are healed." And "blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." I Pet. 1:3.

### After Twenty-Five Years

#### A Record of God's Faithful Leadings.



FEBRUARY 20, 1922 marked the Twenty-fifth anniversary of Brother and Sister Gerard A. Bailly in Venezuela, South America, and it is with deep joy and gratitude to God that we record His faithfulness in these years of fruitful ministry for His beloved servants.

On February 20, 1897 these two pioneer workers landed on the shores of Venezuela to begin their missionary labors in the Capital city, Caracas, having been sent out under the auspices of the Christian and Missionary Alliance to establish a work in Venezuela, but no less sent of God to fulfill the Great Commission.

"Behold what God hath wrought" are the fitting and expressive words of Brother and Sister Bailly as they reached that eventful day and realized that through all these years, God had been with them, taking them through many adverse trials and circumstances, but through all showing forth His mighty power and the seal of an Apostolic church in Venezuela. Thanksgiving and praise filled the hearts of the missionaries and native church as this crowning day was reached and saw how God had kept these beloved workers of His.

The most marked evidence of His blessing upon their first years of ministry was the conversion of an ex-priest, Juan Villamil Oritz, who had come from Porto Rico and in the providence of God came to the Gospel chapel; but he and his wife were marvellously converted. With the call of God upon his heart to return to his own people he and Brother Bailly went to Porto Rico and a prosperous work was established there which today has a number of stations and chapels with the blessing of God upon the work.

Then came the building of the first Protestant chapel in all Venezuela, and even before the chapel was built a baptistry was installed and the first living stones of the church were baptized, forming the foundation for the native church in Venezuela. Some of these early converts still remain as witnesses to the power of saving grace. One woman over 100 years of age still attends the meetings and bears testimony to His saving power; another, a man who helped to build this first chapel in Venezuela, is a deacon in the church, and a man of God and full of faith and good works, and our master builder in the Mission, having recently finished the new chapel in LaGuira. To know of his early life, a debauched drunkard, and deep in sin and see the marvelous change in him and in his consecrated wife, one can only exclaim: "What God hath wrought!"

To Brother Bailly also was given the privilege of ordaining the first native worker in Venezuela. He was a man filled with the Holy Ghost and counted not his life dear unto himself, giving witness far and wide to the transforming power of the Gospel. He has since gone to His eternal reward, but His works do follow him.

A number of native workers and missionaries have been called to higher service who were associated with the work in these earlier years, but like the grain of wheat fallen into the ground, it has been Life out of Death; Brother Demings,

Brother Fred Bullen, a co-worker and comrade in the work for seven years, and later Brother Randall, who passed on to glory in 1916.

In the early years in opening up a work in Guarenas, one of our present stations, a mob of people surrounded the house where Bro. Bailly and Bro. Bullen were holding meetings. They escaped about two o'clock in the morning and were protected from further disaster, but all along the marks of the cross have been seen and a bringing forth according to His mighty power. As our leader so often quotes:

"And all through life I see a cross,  
Where sons of God yield up their breath.  
There is no gain except by loss,  
There is no Life except through Death."

With a view of evangelizing Venezuela the vision of the training of native workers came to these honored servants and Hebron Institute and Home was founded in 1910; today the field is being manned mostly by our Hebron students. At the present time we are in need of a teaching staff to open the school again.

A work of Faith and labor of Love spurred them onward and in order that they might be free to advance more strictly upon Apostolic lines Bro. and Sister Bailly with the other missionaries, Miss Schilgallis a valiant and true worker in our ranks today and Bro. Bullen, since gone to be with the Lord, withdrew from the C. & M. A., and launched out in living faith and humble dependence upon God, to see brought forth a Native church, Apostolic in type and principle. The vision was God-given and the task not easy. Trials, afflictions and crosses awaited them, but not without the manifestation of His power and presence. The God of Elijah has been their God, the Mission has been wonderfully sustained and the property in Caracas bought and paid for as they trusted God and is now in possession of the Mission. Marvelous answers to prayer along many lines.

Two years ago while the church spent several days of waiting upon God as Brother Bailly was in prayer the words, "Apostolic Church" were breathed into his heart and life and he knew that God had set the standard for this Mission. From that time it has been steadily onward in heart and purpose, facing much opposition from missionaries of other societies as a Mission, but true to the vision as a Missionary Company we have gone forth, *earnestly contending for the Faith once for all delivered unto the Saints.*" In practice and principle standing for an Apostolic church with signs following, we see not all things

put under but we do see Jesus, and our beloved directors in these advanced years are being spent for God and literally hazarding their lives for the Gospel's sake.

The last year has witnessed some crowning events to these twenty-five years of ministry. One of the most remarkable of these being the uniting of the Native Churches with the Mission so that they have a voice in the governing of the churches by means of their native representatives. This has unified the churches and given them a new vision and calling to evangelize their own country.

On March 15, 1921, the hope of many years was reached in the opening of the Girls' School "Bethel Institute" in Caracas, a work for which dear Sister Bailly had pleaded for many years; now the vision has been realized and the fruit of their labors and prayers seen.

At the present time there is a native ministry of at least seven native workers, and two workers from Porto Rico, besides the Missionary staff of eight including the oldest son, Horace Bailly who has in the last two years cheered the heart of his parents in his loyal help as a missionary on the field. Their youngest son, Florent although not on the missionary staff has supplied a great need at this time. So there is much cause for praise. The call is Onward!

Much land ahead to be possessed! In the last years of ministry the Mission has pressed forward occupying the Island of Margarita and despite the awful outrage in the destruction of the new Chapel there, the work goes on and the last report was of new openings on all sides. Then there are three stations on the mainland and a number of outstations besides the Headquarters in Caracas, and a "Macedonian call" from different parts. Beloved, "A great door and effectual is open unto us but there are many adversaries." Shall we hold our peace? No! It is the year of good tidings and we do not well to hold our peace. God has blessed the work in the past twenty-five years. Shall He not do better than at its beginnings? Pray for the ministry of the Native Church. Pray for more laborers. Pray for a mighty Holy Ghost Revival for Venezuela. Pray for the missionaries and for our Brother and Sister Bailly who have labored so faithfully, preparing the way for an Advance Movement! Pray! Pray! Pray! Adah M. Winger.

### Pentecostal Convention in India

WRITING of the Pentecostal Convention recently held at Bahraich, North India, Mrs. Jacob Mueller said:

"We praise the Lord we can report one of the best Conventions we have ever had the privilege of attending. It was our first convention in India and will always live in our memories as a time when God did marvels for His people. From the opening evening there was a precious sense of God's presence, and thru the business days which followed, four meetings every day, we were conscious that the Lord was leading in every problem which came up for discussion. Brother Norton seemed to be anointed with special wisdom and grace, and there was a loving spirit of unity among all the missionaries, each one unselfishly trying to help the other. From start to finish there was not a single hitch but such good, wholesome discussions and settling of many new problems and a coming together on the business of properties being handed over to the Assemblies of God, confidence expressed in the officers and in the Council as a whole, that it was of God.

"Two main subjects brought forth during the spiritual meetings were a cry for a revival in every station, and also the suffering necessary for God to work in our lives for His glory if we were to have revivals in India. Brother Harvey has had a revival in his station for four months, and gave us some very helpful and encouraging messages about the revival, and also the suffering side.

"During one of the business meetings when one problem was brought up which seemed hard to settle, and we feared it would be a time of conflict and difference, God overruled and brought blessing and glory. How we did praise Him! The Spirit fell in our midst and we were all melted before His presence in the deeper unity and better understanding which was wrought out.

"In the first evening meeting after the opening, the glory of the Lord was so real, and filled the house until the ministers could not minister. Miss Riggs said she never was in such a wonderful Convention, which was quite a statement from her as she said she had been raised in Conventions. Miss Francis Harris, said to me, "Did you ever see me so overwhelmed at Elim? I was simply overflowing with joy."

"The next evening Brother Thompson gave a message on winning souls. Again the Spirit fell, but this time it was a real burden for India and the lost souls who need the Savior. This was even deeper than the outward joy of the previous evening. On Sunday, the last day of the feast we were blessed thru a message from Bro. Cox along the line of suffering and yielding to God. In the evening we attempted to close several times, and as we gathered in a circle and with joined hands sang, "Blest be the tie that binds," our hearts were deeply melted, and we sang chorus after chorus. It seemed as tho we could not separate. Some felt a presentiment of much suffering ahead of us as missionaries, but if God be for us, who can be against us. We are all in His keeping, and He is faithful."

Brother and Sister Mueller are now stationed

permanently at Laheria Sarai, Darbhanga Dist., Bihar Province. In a previous issue of *The Evangel*, we stated that Bro. Mahaffey had paid down \$600 on this property, but we are informed that this is a mistake. At the recent Convention Bro. Mahaffey offered the station to the Muellers, and the brethren in the Convention approved of the Muellers undertaking the purchase of the

property, which is to be deeded to the Assemblies of God. There are no other missionaries in that district for many miles, and it is a center where Gospel work is greatly needed. The Muellers are buying this property on instalments, putting in their personal gifts. Will our readers not pray and help in securing this property for Pentecost in India?

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