



# The Latter Rain Evangel

*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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

## The Appointed "Hour"--Life Out of Death

The Applause of the World vs. the Approval of God.

Evan. Smith Wigglesworth at a Communion Service in the Stone Church, Nov. 5, 1922



**T**HIS is a very blessed time for us to gather together in remembrance of the Lord. I want to remind you of this fact, that this is the only service we render to the Lord. All other services we attend are for us to get blessing from the Lord, but Jesus said, "This do in remembrance of Me." We have gathered together to commemorate that wonderful death, victory, and triumph, and the looking forward to the "glorious hope," and I want you, if it is possible at all, to get rid of your religion. It has been "religion" at all times that has slain and destroyed that which was good. When Satan entered into Judas, the only people that the devil could speak to thru Judas were the priests, sad as it is to say it. They conspired to get him to betray Jesus, and the devil took money from these priests to put Jesus to death. Now it is a very serious thing, for we must clearly understand whether we are of the right spirit or not, for no man can be of the Spirit of Christ and persecute another; no man can have the true spirit of Jesus and slay his brother, and no man can follow the Lord Jesus and have enmity in his heart. You cannot have Jesus and have bitterness and hatred, and persecute the believer.

It is possible for us, if we are not careful, to have within us an evil spirit of unbelief, and even in our best state it is possible for us to have enmity unless we are perfectly dead and let the life of the Lord lead us. You remember Jesus wanted to pass thru a certain place as He was going to Jerusalem, because He would not stop and preach to them concerning the kingdom, they refused to allow Him to go thru their section of the country. And the disciples which were with Jesus said to Him, "Shall we call down fire from heaven upon them as Elijah did?" But Jesus turned and said, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of." There they were, following Jesus and with Him all the time, but Jesus rebuked that spirit. I pray God that we may get this out of this service, that our knowledge of Jesus is pure love, and pure love to Jesus is death to self on all lines, body, soul and spirit. I believe if we are in the will of God, we will be perfectly directed at all times, and if we would know anything

about the mighty works of Christ, we shall have to follow what Jesus said. Whatever He said came to pass.

Many things happened in the lives of the apostles to show His power over all flesh. In regard to paying tribute, Jesus said to Peter, "We are free, we can enter into the city without paying tribute; nevertheless, we will pay." I like that thought, that Jesus was so righteous on all lines. It helps me a great deal. Then Jesus told Peter to do a very hard thing. He said, "Take that hook and cast it into the sea. Draw out a fish and take from its gills a piece of silver for thee and Me." This was one of the hardest things Peter had to do. He had been fishing all his life, but never had he taken silver out of a fish's mouth. There were thousands and millions of fish in the sea, but one fish had to have a piece of silver in it. He went down to the sea as any natural man would, speculating and thinking, "How can it be?" But how could it not be, if Jesus said it would be? Then the perplexity would arise, "But how many fish there are, and which fish has the money?" Brother, if God speaks, it will be as He says.

What you need is to know the mind of God and the Word of God, and you will be so free you will never find a frown on your face, nor a tear in your eye. The more you know of the mightiness of revelation, the more does everything in the way of fearfulness pass away. To know God, is to be in the place of triumph. To know God is to be in the place of rest. To know God is to be in the place of victory. No doubt many things were in Peter's mind that day, but thank God there was one fish, and he obeyed. Sometimes to obey in blindness brings the victory. Sometimes when perplexities arise in your mind, obedience means God working out the problem. Peter cast the hook into the sea, and it would have been amazing if you could have seen the disturbance the other fish made to move out of the way, all excepting the right one. Just one among the millions of fish God wanted. God may put his hand upon you in the midst of millions of people, but if He speaks to you, that thing that He says will be appointed.

On this occasion, Jesus said to Peter and the rest, that when they went out into the city they would see a man bearing a pitcher of water, and

they should follow him. It was not customary in the East for men to carry anything on their heads. The women always did the carrying, but this had to be a man, and he had to have a pitcher. One day there was a man preaching and he said it was quite all right for Jesus to go and arrange for a colt to be tied there, and another preacher said it was quite easy to feed all those thousands of people, because the loaves in those days were so tremendously big, but he didn't tell them it was a little boy that had the five loaves. Unbelief can be very blind, but faith can see thru a stone-wall. Faith when it is moved by the power of God can laugh when trouble is on.

They said to the man with the pitcher, "Where is the guest chamber?" "How strange it is that you should ask," he replied, "I have been preparing that, wondering who wanted it." It is marvelous when God is leading how perfectly everything works into the plan. He was arranging everything. You think He cannot do that today for you? People who have been in perplexities for days and days, He knows how to deliver out of trouble; He knows how to be with you in the dark hour. He can make all things work together for good to them that love God. He has a way of arranging His plan, and when God comes in, you always know it was a day you lived in God. Oh to live in God! There is a vast difference between living in God and living in speculation and hope. There is something better than hope; something better than speculation. "They that know their God shall be strong and do exploits," and God would have us to know Him.

"And when the hour was come, He sat down and the twelve apostles with Him." "When the hour was come"—that was the most wonderful hour. There never was an hour, never will be an hour like that hour. What *hour* was it? It was an hour of the passing of creation under the blood. It was an hour of destruction of demon power. It was an hour appointed of life coming out of death. It was an hour when all that ever lived came under a glorious covering of the blood. It was an hour when all the world was coming into emancipation by the blood. It was an hour in the world's history when it emerged from dark chaos, a wonderful hour! Praise God for that hour! Was it a dark hour? It was a dark hour for Him, but a wonderful light dawned for us. It was tremendously dark for the Son of Man, but praise God He came thru it.

There are some things in the Scriptures which

move me greatly. I am glad that Paul was a man. I am glad that Jesus was a Man. I am glad that Daniel was a man, and I am also glad that John was a man. You ask Why? Because I see that whatever God has done for other men, He can do for me. And I find God has done such wonderful things for other men that I am always on the expectation that these things are possible for me. Think about this. It is a wonderful thought to me. Jesus said in that trying hour—hear it a moment: "I have a desire to eat this Passover with you before I suffer." Desire? What could be His desire? His desire because of the salvation of the world. His desire because of dethronement of the powers of Satan. His desire because He knew he was going to conquer everything and make every man free that ever lived. It was a great desire, but what lay between it? Just between that and the cross lay *Gethsemane!* Some people say that Jesus died on the cross. It is perfectly true, but is that the only place? Jesus died in Gethsemane. That was the tragic moment! That was the place where He paid the debt. It was in Gethsemane, and Gethsemane was between Him and the cross. He had a desire to eat this Passover and knew Gethsemane was between Him and the cross.

I want you to think about Gethsemane. There alone, and with the tremendous weight, the awful effect of all sin and disease upon that body, He cries out, "If it be possible, let it pass." Oh could it be! He could only save when He was man, but here like a giant refreshed and coming out of a great chaos of darkness He comes forth: "To this end I came." It was His purpose to die for the world. Oh brother, will it ever be said to pass thru your lips or your mind for a moment that you will not have a desire to serve Christ like that? Can you deign, under any circumstances to take your cross fully, to be in the place of any ridicule, any surrender, anything for the Man who said He desired to eat the Passover with His disciples, knowing what it meant? It can only come out of the depths of love we have for Him that we can say this morning, "Lord Jesus, I will follow." Oh brother there is something very wonderful in the decision in your heart! God knows the heart. You do not always have to be on the house-top to shout to indicate the condition of your heart. He knows your inward heart. You say, "I would be ashamed not to be willing to suffer for a Man who desired to suffer to save me." "*With desire,*" He says.

I know what it is to have the kingdom of heaven within you. He said that even the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John the Baptist, meaning those who are under the blood, those who have seen the Lord by faith, those who know by redemption they are made sons of God. I say to you, He will never taste again until we are there with Him. The kingdom will never be complete—it could not be—until we are all there at that great Supper of the Lamb where there will be millions and trillions of redeemed, which no man can number. We shall be there when that Supper is taking place. I like to think of that.

I hope you will take one step into definite lines with God and believe it. It is an act of faith God wants to bring you into; a perfecting of that love that cannot fail to avail. It is a fact that He has opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, and that He gives eternal life to them that believe. The Lord, the Omnipotent God, it is He that knoweth the end from the beginning, and has arranged by the blood of the Lamb to cover the guilty and make intercession for all believers. Oh it is a wonderful inheritance of faith to find shelter under the blood of Jesus!

I want you to see that He says, "Do this in remembrance of Me. He took the cup. He took the bread, and He gave thanks. The very attitude of giving thanks for His shed blood, giving thanks for His broken body, overwhelms the heart. To think that my Lord could give thanks for His shed blood! To think that my Lord could give thanks for His broken body! Only Divinity can reveal this sublime act unto the heart! The natural man cannot receive it, but the spiritual man, the man who has been created anew by faith in Christ, he is open to it. The man who believes God comes in is inborn with the eternal seed of truth and righteousness and faith, and from the moment he sees the truth on the lines of faith he is made a new creation. The flesh ceases, the spiritual man begins. One passes off, the other passes on, until a man is in the existence of God. I say the Lord brings a child of faith into a place of rest, causes him to sit with Him in heavenly places, gives him a language in the Spirit and makes him know he belongs no longer to the law of creation.

You see this bread which represents His broken body? The Lord knew He could not bring us any nearer to His broken body. Our bodies are made of bread. The body of Jesus was made of that bread, and He knew He could bring us

no nearer. He took the natural elements and said, "This bread represents my broken body." Now will it ever become that body of Christ? No, never. You cannot make it so. It is foolishness to believe it, but I take it as an emblem and when I eat it, the natural leads me into the supernatural, and instantly I begin to feed on the supernatural by faith. One leads me into the other.

Jesus said, "Take eat, this is my body." I have a real knowledge of Christ thru this emblem. May we take from the table of the riches of His promises. The riches of heaven are before us. Fear not, only believe, for God has opened the treasures of His Holy Word.

*(Communion Service)*

As they were all gathered together, He looked on them and said right into their ears, "There is one of you which will betray Me." Jesus knew who would betray Him. He had known it for many, many months. They whispered to one another, "Who is it?" None of them had real confidence that it would not be he. That is the serious part about it; they had so little confidence in their ability to face the opposition that was before them, and they had no confidence it would not be one of them. Jesus knew. He had been talking to Judas many times, rebuking him, and telling him that his course would surely bring him to a bad end. He never had told any of His disciples, not even John who leaned on His breast. Now if that same spirit was in any church, it would purify the church. But I fear sometimes Satan gets the advantage and things are told before they are true. I believe God wants to so sanctify us, so separate us, that we will have that perfection of love that will not speak ill of a brother, that will not slander a brother whether it is true or not.

There was strife among them who should be the greatest, but He said, "He that is chief let him be as he that doth serve," and then he, the Master said, "I am among you as one that serveth." He, the noblest, the purest, He was the servant of all! Exercising lordship over another is not of God. We must learn in our hearts that fellowship, true righteousness, loving one another and preferring one another must come into the church. Pentecost must outreach everything that ever has been, and we know it will if we are willing. But it cannot be if we will not. We can never be filled with the Holy Ghost so long as there is any human, craving desire for our own will. Selfishness must be destroyed. Jesus was perfect, the end of everything,

and God will bring us all there. It is *giving* that pays; it is *helping* that pays; it is *loving that* pays; it is *putting yourself out of the way for another* that pays. "I am among you as one that serveth. Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto Me." I believe there is a day coming greater than anything any of us have any conception of. This is the testing road. This is the place where your whole body has to be covered with the wings of God that your nakedness shall not be seen. This is the thing that God is getting you ready for, the most wonderful thing your heart can conceive. How can you get into it? First of all, "Ye have continued with me in my temptations." He had been in trials, He had been in temptation. There is not one of us that is tempted beyond what He was. If a young man can be so pure that he cannot be tempted, he will never be fit to be made a judge, but God intends us to be so purified during these evil days that He can make us judges in the world to come. If we can be tried, if we can be tempted on any line, Jesus said, "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptation." Have faith and God will keep you pure in the temptation. How shall we reach it? In Matt. 19:28, Jesus said, "Ye which have followed me in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel "Follow in regeneration"—every day is a regeneration; every day is a day of advancement; every day is a place of choice. Every day you find yourself in need of fresh consecration. If you are in a place to yield God moves you in the place of regeneration.

For years and years God has been making me appear to hundreds and thousands of people as a fool. I remember the day when He saved me and when He called me out. If there is a thing God wants to do today He wants to be as real to you and me as He was to Abraham. After I was saved I joined myself up to a very lively lot of people who were full of a revival spirit, and it was marvelous how God blest. And then there came a lukewarmness and indifference, and God said to me as clearly as anything, "Come out." I obeyed and came out. The people said, "We cannot understand you. We need you now and you are leaving us." The Plymouth Brethren at that time were in a Conference. The Word of God was with them in power, the love of God was with them unveiled. Baptism by immersion

was revealed to me, and when my friends saw me go into the water they said I was altogether wrong. But God had called me and I obeyed. The day came when I saw that the Brethren had dropped down to the letter, all letter, dry and barren.

At that time the Salvation Army was filled with love, filled with power, filled with zeal; every place a revival, and I joined up with them. For about six years the glory of God was there, and then the Lord said again, "Come out," and I am glad I came. It dropped right into a social movement and God has no place for a social movement. We are saved by regeneration and the man who is going on with God has no time for social reforms.

God moved on, and at that time there were many people who were receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost without signs. Those days were "days of heaven on earth." God unfolded the truth, showed the way of sanctification by the power of the blood of Christ, and I saw in that the great inflow of the life of God. I thank God for that, but God came along again and said, "Come out." I obeyed God and went with what they called the "tongues" folks; they got the credit for having further light. I saw God advancing every movement I made, and I can see even in this Pentecostal work, except we see there is a real death, God will say to us, "Come out." Unless Pentecost wakes up to shake herself free from all worldly things and comes into a place of the divine-likeness with God, we will hear the voice of God, "Come out" and He will have something far better than this. I ask every one of you, will you hear the voice of God and come out? You ask, "What do you mean?" Everyone of you knows without exception, there is no word for Pentecost only being on fire. If you are not on fire you are not in the place of regeneration. It is only the fire of God that burns up the entanglements of the world.

When we came into this new work God spoke to us by the Spirit and we knew we had to reach the place of absolute yieldedness and cleansing, so that there would be nothing left. We were swept and garnished. Brother, that was only the beginning, and if you have not made tremendous progress in that holy zeal and power and compassion of God, we can truly say you have backslidden in heart. The backslider in heart is dead. He is not having the open vision. The backslider in heart is not seeing the Word of God more fresh every day. You can put it down that a man is a backslider in heart if he

is not hated by the world. *If you have the applause of the world you are not having the approval of God.* I do not know whether you will receive it or not but my heart burns with this message, "changing in the regeneration" for in this changing you will get a place in the kingdom to come where you shall be in authority; that place which God has prepared for us, that place which is beyond all human conception. We can catch a glimpse of that glory, when we see how John worshipped the angel, and the angel said to him, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, of thy brethren the prophets." This angel is showing John the wonders of the glorious kingdom and in his glorified state, John

thought he was the Lord. I wonder if we dare believe for it.

Let me close with these words: As sure as we have born the image of the earthly, we shall have the image of the heavenly. It means to us that everything of an earthly type has to cease, for the heavenly type is so wonderful in all its purity. God, full of love, full of purity, full of power! No power only on the lines of purity! No open door into heaven only on the lines of the conscience void of sin between man and God, the heavens open only where the Spirit of the Lord is so leading, so that flesh has no power, but we will live in the Spirit. God bless you and prepare you for greater days.

## God Our Helper in the Crisis Hour

Nearness to Jesus Lightens the Chastening Rod.

Morse H. Markley, St. Louis, Mo., in the Stone Church Convention, May 20, 1923



Y text this evening is found in I. Samuel 30:6. "But David strengthened himself in the Lord his God." David is one of the big characters in the Bible and is a great inspiration to us when he is in touch with God, but a great warning when he falls into temptation and

the Bible gives us the picture of the man as he is. David had what we call personal magnetism; he was a leader of men but when he heard of the rage of Saul he fled from his own country and took refuge in Gath, and six hundred of the choicest fighting men of the Kingdom of Israel went with him. While there the Israelitish army mobilized against the Philistines and the Philistine army got ready to go into battle. David offered his services and was engaged for the battle and David's own countrymen and the army passed in review and praised the Lord. The Philistines were alarmed as they saw David with six hundred of these splendid fighting men of Israel marching with their shoulders thrown back, valiant men of war; they were troubled because David was in the rear of the Philistine army and said, "What are these Hebrews doing here?" "Is not this David, the servant of Saul the king of Israel?" That was a very good question to ask. Are you on the Lord's side tonight? If so you haven't any business being over amongst the Philistines. I don't know what David would have done if he had come face to face with his own countrymen. He wouldn't take the life of Saul when he had opportunity and I have often wondered what the outcome would have been if this thing

had come to a final issue. These people said, "You cannot trust that man. Don't you know that over in Israel they are singing about David, saying that while 'Saul slew his thousands David has slain his ten thousands?'" You cannot trust him. Send him back." So they called David to one side and Achish said, "Now I have all the confidence in the world in you but my men are suspicious and we are going to win this fight without you. You go back home."

In the meantime the Amalekites swept down into the strongholds of David, carried the women and children away captive and burned everything with fire. After a three days' march David and his men reached home and found these distressing conditions and then David lost his popularity. One of the best things a leader can do is to lose his popularity. The men said, "You are to blame for this," and they were about to take his life, but "David strengthened himself in the Lord, his God."

There is a great lesson in that for us. You know David could have been like many of the Jews in his own day. The Jews were very proud of the religious instructors and it was common for them to say, "We are the children of Abraham, our God is the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob," but that didn't always mean much. We put on our silver dollars, "In God we trust," but that doesn't mean that every man in America is a Christian. One man said to another, "Are you a Christian?" and he replied, "What do you think I am? A Turk?" It doesn't always mean much for a man to say he believes in God.

One day, not long after the Armistice had been

signed, I was praying in my room when a knock came at the door. My first impression was to get up and pretend that I had not been talking to anyone and then I said, "No it is more important for me to be in conversation with the Lord." I had been praying for the sailors and officers in the navy and when the door opened there stood a great big officer of the navy. I said, "The Lord bless you. I have just been praying for you and I wish you would come and get on your knees while I finish." One of the last things I did with this young man before he left our village to go across, was to take him to the altar and get him to express a desire to be a Christian. I wrote him several letters and I received one in return, and I had often prayed for him, so when I finished praying this morning I called him to my side and said, "I want to talk with you. You have been having a terrible time over there and we appreciate what you have done. I want you to tell me something. All of you fellows come back and you say you believe in God. How have you been raised that you first had to get a look into hell before you could believe in God? You cuss as much as you ever did and gamble as much as ever. Now don't you think you need something more?" He smiled and said, "Of course we do." There is much foolishness abroad in the world today about a general conviction of God being all that is necessary for a man to have. "But David strengthened himself in the Lord his God." There comes a time in your life and mine when we must know for a certainty that we can claim the Lord as our Helper.

I have a great deal of sympathy for Thomas. He said, "Except I see the print in His hand I will not believe." Jesus gave Thomas that privilege and said to him, "Be not faithless but believing." and then Thomas cried, "My Lord and my God!" Keep on seeking the Lord and He will surely give you the blessing you desire. There came a time in my life when I said, "I cannot stand on my father's experience or on my grandfather's; I have to have it for myself," and I began to pray and seek the Lord and found Him precious to my own heart.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is a wonderful force; it brings life into your life. Paul was not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ for he said, "It is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." Jesus Christ has risen with healing in His wings and it is our privilege who know Him as our Lord, to say, "He is my Savior, He loves me and has set me free." There is a wonderful sufficiency in this old-time religion.

In the words of my text I bring you this thought, "But David strengthened himself in the Lord his God." Every trial, every disappointment, every testing time no matter what your circumstance in life may be, all of these things ought to bring us closer to God. There is a passage which is very precious to me, "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." I was brought up in the country, had an only sister and no brother and I can tell you, I used to make life miserable for her. My mother was a little old-fashioned woman who believed that if you spared the rod you spoiled the child and so sometimes when she would see me tormenting my sister, especially in the Spring of the year, she would say to her, "Now you have put up with this boy long enough. You go out there and get me a lilac reed." My sister would go on the run, very joyously, taking her knife along and she was very careful to cut from the inside of the lilac bush where the reeds were very springy and tough. She would bring this rod to mother and it seemed to me it looked six feet long. Then my mother would start in on me and I was certainly greatly "exercised thereby." But say listen, I always noticed that the closer I got to her the less it hurt. And the closer we get to Jesus, the less we suffer thro the trials and chastisements that come.

"No chastening for the moment seemeth joyous," but "let us strengthen ourselves in the Lord our God." Just keep on praying. "How do you know about it, preacher?" I experienced it. When a precious little messenger of God was born into our home and the mother slipped out of this life, it seemed unendurable but God touched my heart in that hour of darkness and I have been going His way ever since. You know God is always nearest in the hour of our deepest need. We notice in the story of David that it was not long after this time that Saul lost his head. If you just hold on in your testing time light will break in on your soul. Somehow I got all broken up today as I came into this place. I have had to steel myself to take the way I have been travelling; at first I was having real good times and then there came the testing time. I want to be tender in my soul, I want to be able to cry, so this afternoon I had the best crying spell I have had for a long time.

The Lord is always ready to help in time of crisis. My father was a railroad man and station agent and I practically grew up in the sta-

tion with him. He would allow me to come down there and when I was eight years of age I could handle the key board, and could receive a message off the wire when I was twelve. I never did allow myself to answer a train dispatch, however, because that was something very responsible, but one day the train dispatcher called and gave the signal. Previous to this time I would go out and whistle for my father to come to answer the dispatch but this time I whistled and whistled and my father didn't appear on the scene. I finally went and tremblingly answered the signal. Pretty soon I got the train order and then the train came down the line and the engineer whistled for the breaks. The train came to a stop and the engineer got off and said to me, "You are getting along pretty well. Soon you will have a station of your own." I was much frightened because my father hadn't come, but just as I had gotten the train order confirmed I felt a strong hand on my shoulder and saw my father looking at me. Your Father knows your extremity and your troubles and He is near you. He will not permit you to slip away and get in troubles. Just trust Him. We get so discouraged but in the hour of trial we can strengthen ourselves in the Lord. You cannot live a Christian life in a careless sort of way. Some of you say, "Oh I would like to be a real happy Christian." All right, you work for it; it will break out on you like measles. Sam Jones met a man one day sitting by the side of the road with a sharp ax in his hand and he asked the man what he was going to do. "I am going to chop some timber today." "Then why don't you get at it?" and the man replied, "I am waiting to sweat." Sam Jones said, "Why don't you use your ax and then you will sweat alright." If we will use our ax, if we will cultivate faith, no one will have a better experience than we.

David had a wonderful character and he was never ashamed of his Lord. We can only reach this standard by continual communion with God. Pray in the morning when you arise, don't wait till the evening. Then during the day keep your heart lifted to God. It is worth while and we can say with him, "I have set the Lord always before me. Because He is at my right hand therefore shall I not be moved." Did you ever see a good man die? I have. I and another man were in a room one Sunday morning watching a brother slip out into the shadows. The man who was dying would quote a passage of Scripture and then gave a word of praise. As he quoted the precious promises the man sitting by me said

with the tears coursing down his cheeks, "It is easy to tell how he lived, isn't it?" John Wesley said, "Our people die well." The best thing that can be said about our people is, "they live well." They live in the presence of the Lord and have a faith that takes hold of the promises.

There must be a resolute purpose in our lives to direct us to Jesus. They could put Paul in jail but there would be a shout in the camp anyway. Paul didn't rest on his own efforts. Quit looking at yourselves and look up to Jesus. "Lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset you." It is so easy to tie ourselves up with our circumstances but we must always look away from them. Paul said, "I press toward the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Joseph had a hard time in Egypt but he didn't whine and he was wonderfully delivered because he had lifted his eyes above his circumstances. The Lord can do something for you if you will hold steady in the hour of trial. Not long ago I read in a magazine that a good thing to do the first thing in the morning was to raise your hands and say, "Praise the Lord!" I guess the writer must have been to a Pentecostal meeting sometime in his life.

One time a man went into the office of a business man soliciting a gift for a church fund and he was handed a check for \$50.00. While he was still there, talking about other things, a messenger boy came in with a special delivery letter. After reading the letter and looking somewhat disheartened the business man asked to have the check returned to him and the man said in his heart, "I tarried just a little while too long." He thought the gift had been recalled, but after some moments of hesitation the business man said, "I just now learn that I have sustained a great loss through a fire," and he tore up the check for \$50.00. The preacher said, "I surely missed it this time," but the man, after burning the first check began to write another and handed it to the minister who saw that this time it was for \$500.00. That man was taking victory in spite of his circumstances, and the Lord's claim upon his heritage came first.

While I was in the mining district I was heavily engaged in reform work and I figured that the best way to bring about reformation was by having revival meetings. While the revival meetings were in progress a political campaign was also going on and one night one of their great big men came down to our meeting and came to the altar for prayer. His wife said to him the next morning, "Now see here, you are making



a fool of yourself. You will surely be defeated on election day." He said, "Look here Pal, I don't care anything about that. I am out for the office but if going to an altar of prayer and trying to get an experience is going to defeat me I am ready to be defeated right now." Several weeks after that he was converted. Election day came around and when I went around to headquarters I learned that this man was the only one on the ticket who had been elected. When a little later on a great convention was held there, the man of whom I speak was presiding officer and after the session was opened he turned to the judge, a good Christian man, saying, "Judge, will you lead us in a word of prayer? We are entering into a big proposition and we need His help." It pays to go through.

Now it is one thing to have an experience and to say, "The Lord is mine," but what can the Lord say about you? Can He say, "She is my daughter? He is my son?" God could say that of Elijah and He could say it about Paul. Can the Lord claim you tonight? When you can absolutely abandon yourself through all the

doubts and give yourself as a sacrifice to the Lord, He can call you His daughter or His son. When we come to the place it will be easy to have faith, to have a heart touch with God and receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. It will bring the fire down to the altar. Someone said to General Booth, "General, I want to ask you something. What is the secret of your successful life?" He answered by saying, "If there has been any success in my life as a Christian leader it is this, God has all that there is of Booth." "David strengthened himself in the Lord his God," and if we would strengthen ourselves in God, He must reach down and claim all that we are and be able to say, "She is my daughter" or, "He is my son." It is right at that point where we get the joy. Do you feel as if you had no liberty, no freedom? Let the Lord reach down and claim you tonight. The gift of the Holy Spirit is for you and when you are willing for the Spirit to possess you and get the thought out that you will possess the Spirit, there will be a mighty victory in your life and the blessing will come into your soul.

### When God Came to Fat Shan

Miss Myrtle Bailey in the May Convention



WHEN I first went to China I used to pass by Fat Shan, it was such a large city, and I wondered that there was no Pentecostal work established there. My language teacher was from Fat Shan, and I always had a desire to go there, but didn't know that I would, but when the Lord finally led me there I was very happy.

Picture, if you can, a crowd of Chinese men naked to the waist, women with their babies strapped to their backs, little slave girls with babies strapped to them, boys, and old men and women crowded in the streets—this is what we had to work on. We took our little hymn-book and began to sing to them and the crowd would gather. Here and there a few high-class, educated Chinese would stop and listen. We would preach the Gospel awhile, and when we were breathless, the Bible woman would take it up; then we would sell the Gospels at a penny a piece—sell them so they will read them, and invite them to the mission; these are the duties of a pioneer missionary, but we came home with such joy upon our souls we praised God for the privilege.

We took the mission by faith, one morning. We had hunted and hunted and could not find

a place, so we took this by faith. It is almost in the middle of the great city, but out of the flood district. The city is a mixture of the old and the new. We can have electricity and many things that are modern, and yet you will see old women hobbling along with bound feet, and a high-class lady carried on the back of a servant.

It was an awful test at first. We could hear the people gambling and playing cards long into the night, and when a man would die they would begin to sound the gongs and start the deafening music (?). You could hear the women whipping their children, firing off fire-crackers to chase away the demons; living in those surroundings, is it any wonder a missionary's nerves are gone? We had our mission there for four years, but the Lord is now giving us a new place. Our Bible woman was saved at that time. Before she was saved she was a member of a church on the other side of the city, and was a servant to a high-class old lady. They heard us singing and preaching on the streets and interrupted the singing by asking us to come to their house for tea and inquired if we were going to open up a mission in that city. These women heard the full Gospel for the first time, and found it was wrong to drink wine and smoke cigarettes. They

didn't know it was wrong to lie and yet were members of a church. These church people said, "We never heard the Gospel on this plan before. You are very hot-hearted. We want to come to your church." They came and brought their relatives and they both got saved. The old lady was convicted of her wine and put it aside, and gave us her servant for our Bible woman. We talked about sending her to a Bible school; she prayed about it and she saw Jesus. He came to her and handed her a Book and told her to go to work. Her voice was so weak we thought she would not be able to preach but God equipped her for her work.

The Lord has given us about seventy members; every six months there are six or eight candidates for water baptism. We have the mission work, the Sunday school work, the street and visitation work, the village work and the school work. Miss Lettie Ward has moved her Women's School over from Canton, and Miss Carrie Anderson is now in charge of the work.

When we first came to Fat Shan we had a tiny hall, but God sent us showers of blessings. Miss Ledbetter and I had been working along with the Bible woman, but we felt the need of a man on the job, so we sent for a native evangelist. The Lord blessed us much and used him, but God took him home and we were without anybody. Then our teacher took charge and he started to work on a program. It was simply program, program, program, going thru the form of meetings, but the Spirit of God was gone. Sin crept in, and there were no more healings, no more manifestations of the Spirit. We had a convention and got a lot of names, but no power and the converts had no experience. We had secured a hall for the meetings, but God wasn't working, so Miss Ledbetter called the workers together and said, "We are going to shut up this big hall, but keep the prayer-room and have meetings there. We will not have public meetings until God does something in our midst. We are called Pentecostal people. Where are our signs? It is just as if we had a sign out there, 'Boots and shoes' and no boots and shoes inside. People might say, 'You had better take down your sign.'"

It seemed rather stringent measures to stop the program. When the Chinese get to doing anything in a rut it is pretty hard to get them out of it, but we called a meeting in the prayer-room, and said we would stay there until God came forth in signs and wonders, no matter how long it took. We knew the enemy had crept in amongst

the flock; we knew there were some things had to be confessed, and that the Sword of the Spirit must be used. We took turns in giving out the truth and the old Bible woman interpreted, and then the Spirit began to work. Miss Ledbetter had given a striking message about Achan and the confessions began to come. We felt so ashamed of our flock, but praised God that He was working. The old Bible woman came along with three dollars, Chinese silver, and placed it in our hands. Somebody had turned it in and she hadn't given it to us. The preacher had gone to the picture show; one had done this, and another that. We felt very badly, but we praised the Lord that sin was being uncovered. For three days and three nights that confession meeting went on. At last the preacher's wife, who was considered the saint of the crowd, so holy, that we never thought she had anything to confess, but lo and behold she said she had taken something, and we had blamed it on the school girls.

By this time Sunday had come and Miss Ledbetter had a sermon. She preached an hour, and at one o'clock we got down on our knees, fifty or sixty in that little prayer-room. There were no windows on the side only at the front, and the front opened on to a court where nobody could see, and we had everything to ourselves. The power of God swept down on that little company as we were there on our knees before the Lord. I was in the throne-room of God, with one hand hanging on to the throne and with the other driving back the powers of darkness. God swept from one end of the room to the other and the power was falling. I cannot describe that meeting. It was like the sound of many waters. A number were praising the Lord, others were singing in tongues. The school-teacher, so prim and proper went down under the power and was there for three hours. The preacher who had gone to the picture show was knocked down like a lump of lead. He came to us afterwards and said, "I didn't believe God would speak to a man like that." The Lord had said to him, "Do not depend on your own brightness for your messages, but depend on the Holy Spirit." He was rather bright, and heard the voice of God for the first time in his life. The man teacher was under the table, so quiet and self-effacing, but after awhile I turned around and saw those two men jumping up and down like two children praising the Lord at the top of their voices. Our Chinese are rather proud and conservative; they do not like manifestations,

they are not emotional, but when the power of God gets hold of them, they are expressive. There was a little slave-girl dancing in the Spirit, so lightly she seemed suspended between heaven and earth, her face transformed, and another slave-girl jumped up and down, and another praising the Lord, and then there was a little fellow named Leung, crying to God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. For five hours the power of God fell in wave after wave. Here was the widow of the preacher who had died. Her heart was sad and sore, and she had become backslidden. The power of God came down on her and she was intoxicated with joy. She saw and heard the angels singing. Two girls who had been refractory were crying to God for mercy like they were hanging over the flames. So all over the room the power of God was falling, dealing with some, and revealing Himself to others. It was indescribable.

Miss Ledbetter was caught away in the Spirit and the Lord said to her, "Don't you hear the bells of heaven ring?" "No, Lord, I do not." And the Lord whispered the second time, but she didn't hear, and when He spoke to her the third time it seemed as if all heaven resounded with the peals of the bells. She saw the angels rejoicing and praising the Lord because He had heard and answered our prayer, and for the thousands of souls that were yet to be saved in China. A revival is coming to China, but we don't want to have to irrigate, we want the floods to come from heaven on the dry ground. God showed us what He would do if we would be faithful in ministering the Word and in prayer.

That building that is now being put up was begun in that prayer-room. We wrestled in prayer, we travailed in soul, and God has made it possible. The Lord gave us the Word, "Arise and build." We had looked everywhere for a building but could not find anything, and thru prayers and tears and fastings God gave us the building that is now going up. It will cost nine thousand dollars and we still need two thousand. It is a business-house for God. You cannot do business for God without a house. The natives themselves have given eight hundred dollars towards this building. If Jesus comes and finds us with large bank accounts, the heathen will rise up in the judgment and say, "You held on to your money but my soul was lost because I never knew the Gospel." Invest your money in souls and they will shine like stars in your crown. He has given us the privilege of going out, and He has given you the privilege of stand-

ing back of us and holding the ropes.

I praise God He gave me the privilege of pioneering; the rain would beat in, and the heat would almost stifle you, and we were foot-sore again and again as we stood and preached the Gospel, but the Lord would give us a vision of China torn with war and revolution, of the degradation of their women, the misery of the masses, the unspeakable conditions socially, and Jesus would say, "I poured out My blood for them. Will you not stand with Me for their salvation?" Then we would be encouraged to go on.

I want to give you my last impression of China. She is scattered as sheep without a shepherd. God is permitting these wars to bring her to His feet. China is proud. She was wearing silks and reading the classics before America was a nation. Where is she today? Rich in her mines, but they cannot get the riches out of the ground. Why? Because of superstition. They dare not open those hills for fear they would disturb the dragon in his slumbers. God is using these wars to bring China to the cross, to subdue hard hearts. The soldiers have turned into bandits and robbers. The villages are pillaged and burned, and there is great suffering, but these things that are happening will work out for the furtherance of the Gospel. Not in vain have missionaries laid down their lives on China's soil. God will answer prayer and bring China to the foot of the cross.

\* \* \*

"Jesus has had His ad in the paper for 2,000 years, but so few are answering that Ad. You see advertisements in the newspapers day after day and people are answering them, but how few are answering the call for laborers in God's harvest field." *Lavada Leonard.*

\* \* \*

The Second Anniversary of the Missionary Rest Home, 1848 Berenice Ave., on May 2nd was a time of special blessing, as a large crowd gathered to praise God for His goodness in keeping open the Home during the past two years. During the past two or three months it has been crowded to its utmost capacity, and the missionaries on furlough are rejoicing because it is to them a real "Home." It is a source of continual praise to the Managing Committee to see God supplying the need, but it is only thro prayer. Put this Home on your prayer list, and the dear missionaries who come and go, that they may be built up bodily and spiritually while availing themselves of its hospitality.

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## Notes

### Stone Church Convention

"I HAVE always wanted to be with a praying, shouting crowd, and I have found them. I have always wanted to be with folks who didn't put a question mark after the Bible, and I have found them," said Brother Markley, in the midst of a burst of glory upon the children of God assembled at the Stone Church. He seemed to be supremely happy in his new environment, and while he had been working in Methodist circles for many years, he felt perfectly at home with the Pentecostal folks of Chicago.

Many of our readers will remember that account in *The Evangel* last summer when Dr. Shreve of Washington, D. C., told how Pentecost fell in Scruggs Memorial M. E. Church South, in St. Louis, Mo., a year ago. The Pastor, Mr. Markley, was the first to receive the baptism of the Spirit, and the cloud-burst of divine power which fell upon the church at the time was indescribable. Twenty-three of his members also received, but there were those in the church who did not approve of the Second Chapter of Acts being repeated today, and while he and a consecrated band were feasting on the new wine of the kingdom, the rebellious were "holding a caucus on the outside, sharpening the ecclesiastical ax" to behead him. The result was that he and sixty of his members withdrew and entered the ranks of the despised Pentecostal folks. He and Brother Lohman are associate pastors of this work in St. Louis, and the work has grown and

flourished under their united ministry. Bro. Markley ministered the Word in the Convention, and each day the tide of blessing rose higher and higher.

Dr. Shreve, who had expected to be with us, was unable to come at the last moment, owing to unforeseen circumstances arising, but Pentecostal people are strong believers in Romans 8:28, and we threw ourselves on God with a great yearning, and He met us in a very gracious way. Had the meeting been any other than a Pentecostal meeting, the disappointment would have been most keen to those who came from a distance, but the presence and power of God wiped out the disappointment and we could only say it was "His appointment." Ministering brethren who came for a feast, found themselves breaking the Bread of Life to eager hungry souls, and received an uplift themselves. Bro. Markley said several times that he was getting more blessing out of the meetings than he was giving.

The ministers and leaders of Assemblies present were:

M. H. Markley, St. Louis, Mo.; H. A. Ulrich, Milwaukee, Wis.; Bro. Pollard, F. A. Graves, E. E. Brooks, Zion, Ill.; G. W. Finnern, Kenosha, Wis.; L. G. Moore, Charlotte, Mich.; S. W. Shepherd, Elkhart, Ind.; John Bostrom, Brookfield, Mo.; B. E. Hurlbut, Colgate, Sask.; Rex Andrews and J. E. Robinson, Waukegan, Ill.; Watt Walker, N. G. Neilsen, Hartford, Conn.; S. A. Jamieson, A. Petersen, Bro. Tucker, John Sinclair, W. Pelton, S. Forsberg, and R. E. Smith, from Chicago. Also other brethren whose names we do not recall.

The missionaries took a very active part in the meetings, representatives being present from the three great heathen fields, India, Africa and China, and from Mexico. They were:

Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Shakley, Africa; Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Timrud, India; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Williamson, Miss Myrtle Bailey, Miss Nettie Moomau, Mrs. A. Bush, and Miss Lavada Leonard, China; Miss Minnie Varner, Mexico.

The Sunday meetings were held in Normal Hall, the crowds being too large for the church. The afternoon meetings were times of special power and blessing. The ministers of the city participated heartily, the attendance was unusual and every afternoon service was a time of deep, spiritual refreshing; Ministers' Day, Missionary Days, Divine Healing Days, all were times when the Spirit of God brooded over the meetings. Once, as they were praying for the sick, it seemed as if the powers of darkness gathered about to hinder, the ministers were unable to touch God for the sick ones, and called the con-

gregation to prayer. As we went to our knees the powers of evil were dissipated, and the Spirit again worked. A sister told us afterwards that she saw a black evil presence come upon the platform and hang there until united prayer was offered when it moved off.

There were precious messages in tongues and interpretation which came with conviction and power. When Brother Pollard of Zion, Ill., told of the Pentecostal outpouring in England in by-gone days, there came this encouraging message from the Lord:

"My glory is not diminished, My power is not limited. I am just the same, just as willing to pour out My Spirit upon you and others that are hungry and seeking the Lord. I am willing, My people, but I must have yielded vessels. I must have obedient servants. I must have those who will carry forth the Word of Life, that others indeed shall be brought in and know the glory that I have for them. Indeed I am coming soon, but I would by My Spirit make manifest and increase among you My power and glory."

Several had remarkable visions of the Lord. A woman who received the baptism of the Holy Spirit said, "I had such a wonderful vision. I saw the Lord on His throne and many of the saints of the church were sitting around Him. He had a Book in His hand and was writing down names. I know He wrote mine down last night."

A man testified, "For seven long years I have been a backslider, and last Sunday night I yielded my life to God." Another, "It was during a Convention at this place that God swept me off my feet and showed me what was in the Bible." Another: "I never cared for religion at all until I came into Pentecost. I smoked cigarettes for three years and tried to quit, but it was impossible. But as soon as I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit I was delivered. It is wonderful how God has blessed my home since then. My oldest sister was sick with tuberculosis and the doctors said she could not live. God healed her and now she weighs 175 pounds."

\* \* \*

During the Divine Healing meeting a sister gave a remarkable testimony of a healing that had occurred at the last Convention, thru praying for someone at a distance:

"A year ago, at the time of the last Convention, we received a letter from a relative of my husband's living in the state of Maine. She had been an invalid for four and a half years with curvature of the spine, had not been able to walk in that time. They wrote and asked my husband if he knew of any doctor who could give relief.

He said he knew of no physician who could help her, but he led her to the fountain of life. When we received her letter, I got the Bible and he got the pen and ink; we prayed and asked God to help us write about the Lord's healing. She immediately wrote back and said she would be glad to have somebody pray. My husband hastened over here on Thursday night just as tho he was sure that girl would be healed. They prayed and Brother Glover anointed a handkerchief and we sent it to her. She wrote back and said, 'Oh uncle, God is doing so much for me.' We kept praying and holding on in faith, and I want to tell you for the glory of God, He has raised up that girl and given her a most miraculous healing. She has been able to leave her home and go to Bangor, Maine, where she went to church, but things were very dead to her. She had gotten a touch in her spirit and had a hunger for a place where they knew Jesus in a personal way. It is God who created that hunger in her heart. She is now taking care of her sick father and rejoicing in God's blessing to her. If God can raise up a girl away off in Maine thru prayer and a handkerchief, what can He not do here today with this company of believing saints?"

\* \* \*

There were a number of instances rehearsed to encourage our faith, especially along the line of healing. Several spoke on the Lord's surprises, how when there was an apparent lack of faith, God came and healed in spite of the lack. The Pastor told of the following incident from his own experience:

"While in Mexico on the West Coast, about Christmastime an American miner was stricken with paralysis in his left hip. He had no use of it; it was not a deadening attack, but one which caused severe pain as well as helplessness. He suffered so acutely he was not able to use his limbs and his pals made him a pair of rude crutches, on which he hobbled around.

I was definitely impressed to pray for him, but the more definitely the devil pushed me away, saying, 'You know you never did get anybody healed of paralysis, and if you pray for him you know he will not get healed. You had better stay away.' I listened to the devil and stayed away for three days, and got so miserable I could hardly stand it. One day my wife said, 'I have made some orange marmalade, we might take some to that sick man.' I didn't tell her how the Lord had been talking to me about visiting him, but I was willing to take the marmalade. People are willing to take jellies and jams and flowers to the sick, but may God give us courage and faith to have them delivered. I felt so helpless, but went. Another old, white-haired man was

there a reprobate for years, but God had saved him. He looked up and said, 'I am glad you have come, I have just been telling him how God could heal.' My heart sank within me. I said, 'Brother, I guess the job is yours. You pray.' The old man prayed, a faltering prayer; I gave the sick man the orange marmalade, and went home. The next morning, Christmas morning, there was our old man at the door, healed, and bringing the empty cup, and thanking us for the marmalade. The most astonishing part of it is, he said, 'The moment you opened the door I was healed.' I had nothing to do with it. Jesus was there ahead of me and did the work."

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### The Regions Beyond

The Spirit of God seemed to lead out along the line of calling out workers to the foreign field. There was a strong pull for young men and God dealt definitely with a number. The pastor in calling for volunteers was fond of quoting Bro. Wilbur Taylor, now laboring in the Sudan, who said he thought the Lord would forgive a young man when he got to heaven if he went to the foreign field and got souls saved even tho he didn't have a call.

One young lady who was saved and baptized last fall, and was the means of bringing in her family and neighbors, was greatly burdened during the meetings. The Lord was calling her to the foreign field but she was resisting, holding back and shrinking from the hardships. One night in the prayer room while under this burden, she saw the angels walking up and down between the people who were kneeling. Jesus came to her and put His Name in her hand.

\* \* \*

While the Convention was largely missionary throughout, the last Sunday, June 3rd, was the acme of missionary interest. The cash offering taken at the close of the Sunday afternoon service was \$557.00, and the pledges for the coming year, \$1,980.00, making a total of \$2,537.00.

In rehearsing the blessings on the Church during the past year, the pastor said that contributions sent out by the Church and Sunday School during the past year to foreign lands were nearly \$8,000, and within \$250 of what was expended on the entire home work. In other words, there was expended on the home work only \$250 more than was sent to the foreign field.

We have proved again and again as a Church that when the spiritual tide rises, the missionary

spirit rises with it. Opened heavens, to Pentecostal people mean opened purse-strings, and the glory of God on the soul spells consecration and sacrifice.

The Church again pledged her support to missionaries on the field as well as to new ones going out. After we had discharged our obligations to our own who were going out from us, we made a voluntary gift to Brother and Sister Williamson who labored so faithfully with us some months ago. Brother Glover asked for \$500 to purchase a piece of land at their station in China, Waitsap (pronounced Wyjop) but the offering went "over the top" to \$750. They need at least \$3,000 to put up a building, and we trust God will give this to them by the time they return in the winter. Their present quarters are unspeakable, as far as sanitation is concerned, living next door to a pig-sty. Little wonder that Brother Williamson nearly lost his life three times while in China!

It is marvelous in our eyes what God has done for South China in the way of buildings. About six years ago in the old Stone Church, offerings were taken for the South China Missionary Home at Sai Nam. God set His seal of approval on the project, heard the prayers and saw the tears of dear Brother Kelley and others, and gave them a comfortable and commodious Home. One missionary from the field, put aside her own desires for comfortable living quarters, and pleaded for this great need. May God bless her for her unselfishness and reward her by supplying this need for her now!

Other missionaries took courage when they saw God answer prayer and launched out on Him for the need of their stations. The chapel and workers' quarters are now being erected at Fat Shan at a cost of \$9,000, all of which has come in but \$2,000. Missionaries and home folks stood aghast when two women dared to believe God for this, but He proved that He was in it. Prayer brought it about.

Miss Appleby writes that she is now purchasing the ground for the much-needed building at LoPau. Their present place of worship has an opium den at the back where they gamble long into the night. They are so crowded they have to stand guard to keep the children out while the older ones have a meeting. In the face of what God has done in the past we ask our readers to pray for these great needs, for we know He will answer believing prayer. We shall be glad to forward offerings for these needs. In this day

of America's prosperity, is it not a good time for us to get under the burden of giving our missionaries sanitary places in which to live? Make your prayer, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

It was not our purpose to write of these matters in this Convention Report, but the burdens of the foreign field are ever before us, and as we look into the faces of the returned missionaries and see the marks of privation and hardship, we cannot help but make a loud call for better housing. When we hear how the heathen are reaching out after God, and crowding in at the windows and doors to hear, should we not try to answer the missionaries' prayers and help them build? When God says to them, "Arise and build," He means that the people in the homeland must rally to the need and help them fulfill that command.

\* \* \*

On the last great day, besides giving our gifts, we gave two of our consecrated young people who have had the call of God upon them for some years, Miss Mable Anderson and Miss Gertrude Johnson, who are going to South Africa in the early summer, D. V. They have both had a two years' training in Bible at Newark, N. J., and have proven to the Church that their calls are genuine.

It was a very precious moment when they were set apart for the work to which God had called them, and when the church officials and the congregation with raised hands promised to stand by them with their prayers and support; a sacred and solemn moment to them for they were going forth to face a heathen world. It was a scene that would encourage them in the dark hours in that dark land of Africa. They will surely need to look back on that scene and encourage themselves that prayers are going up in their behalf, for in the life of every missionary there are times when the enemy comes in like a flood, and God's people must raise up a standard of prayer. With His help we will be faithful and pray, not only for these, but for the battle-scarred warriors that are working in every land.

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### **Houred Out Lives**

We got a new vision of the missionaries' labors and consecration in the dark lands as we saw them pictured by our speakers: walking from ten to twenty miles to the villages and outstations, preaching on the streets until ready to drop from exhaustion, every nerve in their body crying out

for rest, going into the market places and compelling them to hear the Gospel, entering villages and camping there in the face of every obstacle, standing in faith and battering down the walls of opposition by prayer until God opened the heavens and gave them souls—this is the experience of every God-called missionary, not only once, but over and over again as he goes into the untouched fields and claims new territory for Him; no comfortable building to speak in, but the filthy streets, closing his eyes to hideous sights and asking God to make him deaf to distracting sounds and insensible to vile and sickening odors.

Praise God for a consecration that not only takes them to the field, but enables them to get results, tho oft pressed out of measure, helps them to be true to God in the midst of flying bullets and flourishing knives, helps them to endure the hardness of being rebuffed and stoned, and makes them willing to become a gazing stock for the sake of the Gospel.

No wonder our missionaries come home broken in body, nerves gone, after five years of strenuous life such as we have but faintly pictured. They literally pour out their lives that the heathen may have the Gospel. The denominational missionaries who go out to comfortable quarters and do educational work know nothing of the hardships that fall to the lot of a Pentecostal missionary; but neither do they know the joy of bringing souls to Jesus as our missionaries experience. In spite of the hardness, you couldn't get one of our missionaries to change places. Five years spent in active evangelistic effort with sixty Christians as a result, some of whom have themselves become preachers of the Gospel, is better than a lifetime spent in educating the heathen and getting no heart experience. If they never go back again after five years of pioneering and blazing a path for the Gospel light to shine upon, they will have accomplished more than hundreds of Christians have done in a lifetime.

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### **To the Reader**

It is impossible to tell of all the good things from the Convention in this issue of *The Evangel*; we have splendid material for months to come, and we trust our readers will help us to send out that which will build up, strengthen and inspire the children of the King to press on up the rugged hill of God. Provide your friends

with good reading material; it will become the woof and fibre of their spiritual lives. The reason people love to read story books is because they tell about life, about men and women. They care not that they are the fictitious weaving of a fertile imagination. The more fantastic the story the better, but why read that which you know is untrue? Why not read about real men and real women? To read a spiritual biography, or a story of the miraculous in a life will put the touch of God into your own heart and lead you to reach out after the riches of His grace. *The Latter Rain Evangel* is filled with blessed experiences of godly men and women who have walked the highway of holiness. There are also reports

from the great mission fields of the world telling of battles fought and souls pulled out of heathenism, and of supernatural working in many lands.

We are making a special offer to introduce *The Evangel* into new homes, of seven months (June to Dec.) for 50 cents.. *This offer is for new subscribers only.* Avail yourself of this special offer to get the paper into the hands of friends who need to be turned Godward. If they are cold-hearted or lukewarm, God will use it to stir their souls to seek Him; if they are not saved, the Spirit of God will convict thru it and draw them to their Savior. Orders will be promptly filled.

## How God Honored the Prayer of Faith

### Incidents of Healing in a Pastor's Life.

L. G. Moore, Charlotte, Michigan, in the May Convention



LOVE to speak on Divine Healing. If I have any hobbies, that is one of them. It was on that crucial test that they decided that I was not a fair citizen to live in our town, but I am so glad that when we really need God, He is right there. "By whose stripes," says that godly apostle, Peter, "ye are healed." I remember when I was at the Moody Institute, I had a very serious trouble with my eyes. I was supplying at a little Methodist Church out here in Indiana, going back and forth on the Lake Shore, studying on the train, when my eyes gave out. Dr. Smith of LaPorte, Ind., told me my eyes were very bad; that my left eye was very severely affected, and I would no doubt go blind. Not very encouraging, was it? He fitted me up with a pair of glasses which I wore. In Room 100 of the Men's Dormitory of the Institute I was praying one night, and God spoke to me about my eyes. I had never heard about Divine Healing; it was not taught there, but I had read of it in the Scriptures. God told me plainly that He would heal me if I would believe Him. I looked up to Him and He instantly healed my eyes. In a few hours after that I put on my glasses and I wondered what was the matter with them. I could hardly see with them, but with the glasses off I could see very plainly. I wondered what the trouble was, and God told me He had healed me.

About four years ago I commenced studying the Word of God along the line of Divine Healing, and had a real test soon after that, in which I went through deep waters. I was in a business which while legitimate, was rather inconsistent

with Divine Healing. I thought I needed something and took one of my own remedies. While it had always worked before, now it made me so sick I was obliged to go to bed and had to send for one of the elders, a brother who was helping me to hold evangelistic meetings. I confessed what I had done, and he said, "Well, brother, I would advise you to lay that stuff aside." I praised God for the lesson. It has been a great help to me. Since that time I have found Divine Healing one of the most blessed incentives to holy, Christian life I know of, because if you are going to take Jesus Christ as your Physician you must live close to the Lord. Otherwise, you can not pray the prayer of faith.

When God led me to teach and preach this blessed experience of Divine Healing, many of our congregation had been trusting in an earthly physician, and it was a strange doctrine to them as well as to me. The Lord helped us to adjust ourselves to the situation and trust the Lord, for many in our congregation were afflicted.

One lady had been afflicted with serious eye trouble for fourteen years. She was born a very weak child and suffered with a complication of diseases all her life, until God for Christ's sake reached down His blessed hand and touched her. The pain was so excruciating in her eyes that she thought she would lose her mind, but when her faith mounted heavenward she came to the altar and we anointed her. God instantly healed her; she took her glasses off and from that time to this she has never had the least trouble with her eyes.

One time I received a telephone message to



come to one of the members of the congregation; Sister Parson was taken very ill with heart trouble. I got in my car very hurriedly and rode fourteen miles to her home. She was in the kitchen unconscious, her hands purple. I said, "This is nothing but an imposition of the devil. Let us take a stand against it." Immediately I cried to God to deliver that soul, anointed her, and she jumped out of that chair, walked in the other room and got down on her knees, thanking God for healing her. We praised God together. Strong men wept like babies to see the marvelous power of our God. Again the devil attacked that dear soul as we went out in the chapel, but the Lord delivered her.

Another, a dear mother in Israel, suffered for some time with rheumatism. We anointed and prayed for her at the altar, several brothers and sisters standing with us, and while we were praying, God came down in power. I felt the shock go through my body, and before we were through praying, our sister began walking around, "I am healed! I am healed! I am healed!" She never had a touch of it since.

Last winter while at prayer God spoke to me very plainly and I went down to a neighboring village and prayed with some people there. Forty precious souls among the farmers were brought into the kingdom. At one of our prayer meetings a mother was mightily smitten with conviction, and as I gave the call for those who needed prayer, she raised her hand. We went to our knees and she was saved. She had rheumatism of the heart and was a cripple from her knees down. Her grandmother, her mother, sisters and aunts were all afflicted with the same disease. A week from the night she was saved she asked prayer for her body and God instantly healed her of every ailment she had, from the top of her head to the soles of her feet. She had been preparing for an operation at Battle Creek, and the doctors, after a thorough examination, said, "Mrs. C., you are not able to go through the operation." God's hand was in it. As she retired that night, instantly her feet gave a jerk, her knees straightened out and she was healed.

Another, a very precious girl of our congregation, suffering from the curse of a drunken father, a sad and pitiful case, was born a cripple. Her hip was twisted out of shape and when she walked she always had to drag her limb behind her. It was very hard for her to walk upstairs, taking a step at a time and dragging this limb.

She was partly blind and deaf and had stomach trouble, and when she heard that God was able to heal, that dear girl commenced to believe. She was prayed for for her deafness and blindness and God instantly opened her eyes and ears. Her faith had not yet reached the point where she believed for her crippled condition, but one Saturday I was calling on one of the families and she was there. I said to her, "Iva, why don't you take the Lord for your Physician for the complete healing of your limb?" She said, "Brother Moore, God has been talking to me about that." I told her He would help her if she believed. We prayed and God took that limb and straightened it right out. She commenced to cry and said, "There is such a pain in my limb I don't know whether it is the Lord or the devil." A sister standing by said, "It is the Lord's healing. Give Him all the glory." Her father came down where I was and said, "Brother Moore, I never saw anything like it. I could actually see the cord coming down into the heel of my daughter's foot and straightening it." This was on a Saturday afternoon. She went to visit a friend, and as she stepped down the stairs, she dragged her foot behind her, as was her custom. God said to her, "Why do you not walk?" When she found she could walk, she went up and down those stairs of the porch, praising God. She went to her own home and as she went up the steps she began to drag her foot again out of habit, and God said to her again, "Why don't you walk?" She realized that she was healed and praised God as she walked up and down the steps. It is marvelous what a mighty God we have! If you will dare to trust Him He will do things for you that you never expected.

Some people take faith like this: In Michigan we have some large cherry trees, and some people like to climb away to the top of the tree and try to get the cherries out of their reach where the robbers enjoyed them. That is the way some people reach out after faith, but if we go into the vineyard and reach down low where the luscious grapes grow in abundance, our faith takes hold and becomes a reality.

Healing is in the atonement, beloved, and I just praise God I saw it there. When I saw it I said, Praise God when He died on Calvary He made provision in the precious blood of the Lamb of God; not only for the healing of my soul and the cleansing of the carnal man, but the healing of my body as well. Sin with its blasting, blighting, damning effect upon the body has

brought disease. But praise our God for His provision made on Calvary's cross to defeat the powers of the devil. Let us accept it and believe it.

### Gathering Black Diamonds in Africa

Ira D. Shakely, Sierra Leone, in the Stone Church Convention



AM glad to bring you a bit of good news from Africa. Sierra Leone, is a beautiful place, but the climate is deadly. It is a British Protectorate, two hundred and fifty miles long and three hundred miles wide. We have a wonderful opportunity there of getting the Gospel into the Kru tribe, such as we have never had before. Probably some of you have read of Sammy Morris the little Kru slave boy. They pawn their children out there just like the people here pawn their clothes, if they need money to pay their tax or to buy rice to plant their farm. And when the father and the mother come again to redeem them, the man who has them, raises the price again as much for them to buy them back, and sometimes they are not able to redeem them.

Sammy Morris happened to be in this class. Several times he ran away from his master but he was captured. God's hand was on him, and one day Sammy came down near the coast where there was a missionary who told him about Jesus. Sammy had a hunger in his heart for God; he was determined he would find Jesus and wanted to learn more. The missionary said, "If you want to learn more of God you will have to go to New York to Stephen Merritt." That put something in Sammy's mind. He found a boat that was going to New York, and he went there in his overalls and little jacket, no shoes, but a hunger in his heart for God. As the Captain came on shore, Sammy said, "I want you to take me to New York." "What do you want to go to New York for?" "I want to find Stephen Merritt." With a kick and a cuff he chased him off, but he was not to be put off. The boat was not going until the next day. Sammy slept on the shore, and the next morning he said to the Captain again, "I want to go to New York on your boat." The Captain cursed him, but said, "What can you do if I take you on the boat?" Sammy said he would do anything, and finally the Captain agreed to take him. He had to take a good many curses and cuffs, but the boat wasn't out very long until things changed. Sammy was in the Captain's cabin, cleaned up, and in a short time the Captain and half the crew on that boat were saved. It was only the hand of God. Sammy couldn't talk, could say only a few words, but God's Spirit was on him. Some of you

know the rest of the story of how he was used in this country.

When we first went out there to the Kru tribe, some said, "Master if you talk to them about God, they will pull your hair and scratch your eyes." They were a tribe we could hardly touch. They didn't want God but wanted to go on in their "country fashion," but prayer changes things. Just about two weeks before we came home the first time, there were two Kru men seeking the Lord. They prayed thru and found Jesus. Little did we think when the first two men got saved, what an open door it meant to the tribe for whom we were praying. When we went back this time, as we got off the boat and walked up to the little place we had left, now filled with Kru people, a shout went up from our souls as we saw how God answered prayer. This man who was saved, our native preacher is big, and awkward and slow, can hardly get out of his own way, but he has a deep hunger for God. If you saw those black diamonds dug out of the mire, polished and shining for Jesus, you could not help but shout.

In the tribe which they said couldn't be reached, you will see baptized saints shouting the praises of God. It takes away the aches and the pains when we see those dear hearts that were living in superstition and idol worship for centuries, now worshipping the true and living God. When the mission won't hold them, you will see them going off to the bush. They do not take a lunch with them, eat awhile and sleep awhile, and pray awhile. No sir. They go for business, start out early in the morning. I have been with them several times, and it lifts you out of yourself and into God to hear them pray. Along about six o'clock, there is a shout in the camp. We see them coming in the distance, hear the songs of praise and the shouts of victory. That night something happens in the mission. Why? Because they spent the day in the presence of God and heard from heaven. It is no myth or dream how God is working in the regions beyond.

If you will visit that little humble mission some Sunday afternoon you will see how marvelously God has worked among the Kru tribe. If you ask for the Pentecostal Mission they will say you want the "Hallelujah!" mission. We baptized ninety-four in water after we were back about a year, but we didn't do it all at once.

In our first baptismal service we baptized thirty-eight, and I had to take a good rest when I got thru. It was no easy task to baptize those big fellows with the power of God coming on them. Sometimes I had to have help.

They buy their wives just like we buy cattle here. They do not have divorces, but when they get tired of them they just throw them out. Just before I left I had the privilege of marrying five couples in the Christian faith. That meant much to have them come out of their "country fashion" of buying their wives. They are reproached for it in the tribe; you are considered poor, cheap, if you cannot afford two or three wives, but when God takes hold of the black man and Jesus Christ touches his soul, and the blood washes away the "country fashion," they are willing to bear the reproach for Jesus' sake.

The saddest part of all is that we have not sufficient room for all who come. Packed in that little room in that hot climate, they begin to perspire, and with those on the outside looking in at the windows and standing in the doors, you can well imagine how stifling the place would be. I ask you to pray that God will give us a larger building that these hungry people can have the Gospel. I do not know of a tribe on the West Coast that is more hungry for the Gospel. Now is your opportunity and if we do not win this tribe for Christ, the Mohammedans or the Catholics will step in and we will be defeated.

Our people have a chance to prove God in hard places sometimes. One of our boys went down to the Kru country and they stole all the clothes he had. They believe Jesus will supply all our needs, and he proved it. The next day a white officer came along and gave this boy a beautiful, white shirt, another gave him a pair of trousers. Another boy went up to the captain of the boat, lying at the dock and said, "Can we have a meeting here tonight?" The Captain said, "What do you know about God? You can't have a meeting on this boat." They prayed and believed that God would change things, and the day after that the boat took fire. It takes fire sometimes to bring things around. They put the fire out, and the Captain came around and said, "You boys can have a meeting." You say salvation is not real in Africa? It is very real with us. We do not get homesick or lonesome over there; we have about nineteen meetings a week, ten of which we conduct ourselves. The biggest sacrifice we have made, was not when we left home to go to Africa, but when, on Dec. 18th, we left those dear, black souls. They gathered around and sang to us as we left them and said, "Hasten back to tell us more." The last one who left us as we got on the boat I am praying will be a second Sammy Morris. I know what it means to go back, but we have to look beyond that. When you see souls being saved you feel recompensed for the deadly climate. To be in God's will in Africa is to me the sweetest place on earth.

### The Holy Spirit Poured Out in the Kru Tribe



LETTER from Sister Jennie Carlson, Freetown, Sierra Leone, written in January tells of the wonderful way in which God poured out His Spirit at Christmastime. The Mission was crowded, and God so mightily poured out His Spirit that words failed to describe the scene. A precious Kru girl who lives in the home with Sister Carlson and whom God so wonderfully healed before we came home, received the baptism of the Spirit, speaking fluently for a half hour in another tongue, her face shining with the glory of God. Six young girls were prostrated under the power of God, begging Him for mercy, one who had been preparing to dance on the street at Christmastide, was there, and God was dealing with her.

God continued to work in mighty power for several days while the people came and went. Some of the men were on their faces for hours,

crying to God. One day many came for healing, and there was a mighty crying out to God. I never saw such people to pray as our precious band in West Africa. They care nothing about eating, reminding us of the people in Bible days when they followed Jesus and sometimes had nothing to eat.

The story of the healing of this dear girl who received her baptism at Christmas time is a very striking one. She was brought to the mission for prayer and as she wanted to stay with us, we allowed her to do so. She was a beautiful girl and we felt she needed our protection, as she was much sought after in marriage and was about to sell herself to one who was not saved according to their custom. God had saved her and we were determined to shield her from this fate, so we felt God had allowed this illness to come upon her for a purpose.

She was taken with violent convulsions which

lasted for three hours continuously. Then after a short rest they came on again so violently that four of us could scarcely hold her. At times her head would turn back under her body and her heart became so weak we felt she could not live much longer. We told her people they had better call a doctor, as we felt they would make trouble for us if she died. They called one who came in and looked at her and then called another in and they consulted together. They could give her no relief whatever. As soon as she was able to speak she told us she did not want any doctor. She kept saying in a whisper before she was so very ill that she wanted us only and our interpreter. She continued in this state for days with only partial relief, till one day the Lord told her to get up, that the enemy had no more power over her. She obeyed and arose healed. She is still in this home and is well today.

Jesus is just the same Healer in Africa as He is here. One of our Sunday School boys had a very wonderful healing. We have as many as two hundred children in our Sunday School, and when the preaching service begins we have to send the children home as there is no room for them. We hate to do this as they are our coming Pentecostal preachers.

This little boy came one day and said his mother sent him to me. He had a very high fever, and looking in his mouth I found the trouble. His teeth were in a very bad condition, his gums, both upper and lower, were diseased, and his teeth so decayed, I said, "Tell his mother to take him to the doctor and have every one of those teeth out." You see what little faith I had. His mouth was an awful-looking sight; he couldn't even close it. I got a cord and pulled out some loose teeth that were hanging, then cleansed his mouth and prayed for him. The next Sunday he came to Sunday School and I threw up my hands in astonishment as I looked at his mouth. I said, "Oh Miss Carlson, come here and look!" It was almost unbelievable. You never saw a prettier set of teeth than that boy had in his mouth. His gums were just as pink as a baby's, and where I had pulled them out in front, you could see the pretty, white teeth coming thru. There wasn't a decayed spot or a bit of disease on his gums. Sometimes it seems to me when our faith is all gone and we feel we haven't any, God comes along and surprises us. He does work miracles these days.

This Kru tribe is hungry for God, and yet our work is so hindered because we have no suitable place for worship. As I look around Freetown

I see the splendid buildings of the government, I long for a place that would accommodate the souls who need God. Even the colored people have their churches, and they look on us with scorn written on their faces because we Pentecostal missionaries have to worship in a crowded basement. We care little for that, but oh that we might reach the many who would come if we had room!

I believe if everyone who reads these lines would send one dollar for this purpose we would soon have a building. Will you help us to give these hungry ones a chance for the Bread of Life? Or will you say, "Send the multitude away?" Methinks Jesus would say, "Give ye them to eat." We have started a building fund, and they have given their pennies, when they themselves have had nothing to eat all day.

Miss Carlson writes in her last letter that the Sunday School is a hard problem on account of the limited space and lack of teachers. Think of getting a class of seventy-nine girls on a stairway to teach them! Do you wonder we are asking for a building? Pray that God will give it to us.

*Mrs. Ira D. Shakley.*

(Who could not give \$1 towards a building in West Africa? Each dollar might mean a soul, and what a crown of rejoicing our readers will have in the day of rewards. There may be many Sammy Morris' hidden away in that Kru tribe, but how can they be taught unless there is a place to accommodate them? Bro. and Sister Shakley are now at the Missionary Rest Home, Chicago. You can send your offerings to them or to us and we will forward.—Ed.)

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"I believe Jesus is putting thru a bill of appropriation for the work in Africa, in China, in India, and all the heathen fields to combat the powers of darkness in these lands. We are all ambassadors in foreign fields; heaven is the homeland. All that the Lord asks us to do is to represent the home country; He will see that our salaries are paid and that we have the proper clothing to wear. We must conduct ourselves as princes before magistrates and kings for we represent a kingdom which cannot be shaken, and we must conform ourselves to the Court of heaven as ambassadors of the King of kings." *Kelso R. Glover.*

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"There is a Divine hand back of the clock of time which affected the life of Jesus, and affects your life and mine." *M. H. Markley.*

## A Heathen Boy's Prayer Answered

Mrs. K. A. Timrud, in the May Convention



WELL remember the day when I first learned the song, "His Divine will is sweet to me." Ever since the Lord saved me, His will has been sweet to me, but we need to keep looking at the cross. There are dangers ahead, but when we are discouraged we can look away to the cross and behold the wondrous dying love of Jesus. My heart's desire is to be so rooted and grounded and settled in God that when praise comes along, I will not move up a step, and when blame comes along I will not take a step back, but stand firmly in God.

Jesus in His High-priestly prayer said, "Father, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may glorify Thee." He wanted to be glorified to the intent and purpose that He might glorify the Father, and He tells His disciples that His Father is glorified that they bear much fruit. Do you know the way to fruit-bearing? "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." If you and I refuse to be corns of wheat, falling into the ground and dying and when the call of God comes into our hearts we say, "Oh Lord, we would love to go, but we cannot give up home, position and comforts"—if we refuse to go when God is calling, we will abide alone. There will not be the glory nor the fruit for God.

I was thinking of Paul who got the Macedonian call and he came over to Philippi and found women gathered at the riverside where prayer was wont to be made, and he took time to speak to them. Lydia's heart was open. It was worth while speaking to that audience. You would be surprised at some of the audiences we have in India; sometimes it is an audience of only one, and sometimes it consists of poor, little hungry children, sometimes amongst the very lowly and then again of the high caste.

It was a Sabbath Day when Paul came to the riverside and spoke to Lydia. It was a Sabbath Day when a Hindu girl named Elsie came to our home. A marriage contract had been made in her childhood, but before she had gone to live with her husband, he died, and she was a widow. They are made responsible for their husband's death; some sin in their previous existence or present life is said to be the cause. Her lot would have been sad enough but the curse upon it is still worse. Her head is shaved, the jewels are taken from her, she is given a coarse widow's

garb, and she becomes a household drudge. It is hard indeed, but if she is young and beautiful a worse fate awaits her.

Elsie was a beautiful girl. She was picked up by a Mohammedan who lived with her for years, then got tired of her and threw her out. God had his eye on her. She came to Banda where we lived. Our evangelist had been down in the village and there found this poor woman with her son and a new daughter which had just been born, by the big well. He sent for his wife, and they came and got this poor woman and gave her a place on their verandah. On a Sunday afternoon they brought her to us, with her tiny daughter a week old, and little boy. Two other children had died. I was questioning and wondering whether she would stay; sometimes they run off, they are under rules more or less, and lack a willingness to submit, but I felt she was real, and that we should keep her. The Bible woman had been telling her about the Lord, she had never heard the Gospel before, and I went down and in my simple way told her about Jesus, and as I spoke to her there was a light shone in her eyes and I felt deep down in my soul that she had accepted Jesus in her simple way of believing. She had felt the warm glow, the love of Jesus for a poor, lost woman who had known nothing about Him. She said, "I do now believe in Jesus." We sent her to a Home for women and after she had been there about a week, she became very ill with pneumonia, and later we received a telegram that she had passed away. The missionary told us she died in the hope of seeing Jesus. Her boy is in the Christian school at Bahraich.

One of our native boys, a heathen boy about ten, had been brought in to the mission school. His heart wasn't changed, but he came and learned the Scriptures. He memorized one scripture after another. His mother took very sick with fever, and this young heathen boy went over to his mother and said, "Will you let me pray for you?" She was no Christian and did not want him to be a Christian, but he said, "I will do what the missionary does," and he repeated the Scripture, "God so loved the world," and "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and that little heathen boy put his hands on his mother's head and prayed, "Lord, God, heal her." The mother came to us afterwards and said, "Do you

know when he came and put his hands on my head, something went thru me from head to foot, and I got well." God honors His Word.

A friend of mine witnessed this scene: It is another story of an Indian widow. She was a young Brahmin wife and a beloved daughter-in-law, but the husband died, and she had to suffer for his death. They put her on a pedestal, a little platform, brought her wedding robe, her jewelry and her silver trinkets, put rings in her nose and on her toes, and her anklets, and they combed her hair nicely, bathed it with cocoanut oil and put on silver bands. Then along came the mother-in-law and said, "This is the one that killed my son. Everybody look at her." Then they got some of the most horrible women of the town to mock that little girl and swear at her. The tears streamed down the face of that little girl-wife and she knew what was awaiting her.

They taunted her, tore her jewelry from her nose and ears, regardless of how the blood flowed, took off the beautiful wedding gown and gave her the old, coarse cloth of the widow, sent for the village barber and that beautiful hair was cut; she was shaved and they assigned her to a room where the cow is kept. That was her corner. She is now the curse of the home. She is just one among many, many thousands who share the same fate. Pray for the poor widows of India.

We are looking forward to returning to India, and we are expecting to go to Chupra where Miss Coxe and Mrs. Schoonmaker are stationed. They tell us there are three thousand villages in the district. There are forty thousand souls right in their own town for whom they feel responsible, nine hundred thousand people in the district. I trust you will pray that God will use us in bringing the Gospel to this needy district.

### How the Step of Faith Brought Healing

Mrs. A. Pollard, Zion, Ill., in the May Convention



DO rejoice to be amongst you. My heart is filled with joy. It is certainly a feast of fat things and God surely has a purpose in keeping our Brother Shreve away. We believe that, do we not? We believe that all things work together for good to them that love God, and that He is having His way.

I remember in the early days of the latter rain outpouring, we used to take *The Latter Rain Evangel* and how I used to hunger for that paper because you know what food you get in it. When the postman would come with that paper I would start to read it and the power of God would flow through me, and I'd sit down and let the Lord have His way. I tell you the baptism of the Holy Ghost is a real experience. It is no myth. You dear ones who are halting, God has promised He won't give a stone when you are wanting bread, and you need not be afraid of any demon power taking hold of you when you are under the precious blood and seeking Him with all your heart. He will not deceive you but give you the genuine experience.

I thank Him that I can testify to His healing power and the baptism in the Holy Ghost. I always wanted all that God had for me, and I was the first one in our town to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. A sister, speaking of my hunger for God, said, "If there is anything more to have, Sister Pollard will have it." God has spread the table for our disposal, why should

we not partake of it.

I remember in the years 1906 and 1907, we had been laboring strenuously, entertaining people, walking miles to give out the Gospel. We walked fourteen miles to cottage meetings to take the Water of Life to the people, and I became overworked. My nerves collapsed completely, and the influenza germs poisoned my blood. I was a nervous wreck, just like a ship without a rudder. The disease fastened itself on me just like when malaria gets hold of one. I could not shake it off. A rash broke out all over my body and I was confined to my bed for seven months. During that time the perspiration just rained off my body. It came out in beads and kept a person busy wiping my face. In seven months I ruined six beds with the perspiration from my body. I wore woolen nightgowns and they put me in woolen blankets, but in twenty minutes after I had changed you could take my gown and find it dripping with perspiration. It was very distressing, but Jesus was very precious to my soul. You could never go through the valley except Jesus is with you. While it was a long, trying experience, yet to know Jesus as He revealed Himself to me one would be willing to go through it again.

I always praise God for the grace He gave my husband during that time. Never once did he look or act unkind; never once did he say he was tired, and he used to sit up with me until two o'clock in the morning. Then he would get

up at five and go to work. In those days he was on his feet ten hours a day and would come home and do all he could for me. Many times as he came into the room I would say, "Oh I am so wet," and he would change me and make me comfortable before he sat down and had any supper. I thank God for the grace He gives in times like that.

Time went on. We used to wonder why the delay. We knew we had a circle of friends praying, and we would say, "It seems such a long time before there is any deliverance," and I remember one night I thought I had gone home. I do not know whether it was a dream or a vision, but oh it was blessed as in spirit I walked along the beautiful fields, fields of glory. I remember waking up that morning after I had this experience, and was so disappointed when I found I was still in the body.

The Lord began to speak to me about getting up. The doctor gave me up three times. He said, "I have done all I can and brought your case before the medical board in Manchester, and you know we are not supernatural." "I know you are not, but the Lord is able," I said. A little while after that the Lord told me to get up in His Name. Wet as I was and knowing that the least chill would be fatal, I was timid and nervous and shrank from taking the stand. Often we miss blessing by not launching out on the Lord, but weakness of body affects your spirit. However, the Lord kept urging me, "Now get up in My Name." I felt it was the Lord, but wanted to be sure. One of my neighbors spoke to a young girl who lived with me, "Susie, you tell Mrs. Pollard to show that she has faith in God." She came back and told me. I said, "Lord, that is just what You wanted to tell me all the time." I called for a blanket. I hadn't been out of bed, my feet hadn't touched the floor for twenty-seven weeks, I felt I had to learn to walk like a little child. In a week's time I was able to walk around the room and into the next. I had dropsy and an affection of the heart and got to be three times my natural size. Gradually the Lord began to manifest His divine power in my body in health and strength. As I put my feet on the floor I just walked in Jesus' Name. There was a godly man in the town and when he came and prayed for me my heart was fluttering, but as he ministered to me it was like oil to my soul. He helped me to launch out in faith and God restored me.

### A Day at a Hindu Mela

IT was early morning when we made our way to the distant Mango grove. One wondered *how* in this age of such intelligence as ours, thousands could be groping in gross darkness concerning the things that matter *most*—things essential to salvation. Astounding conditions exist; you could not fathom the depth of the very silent, intense pathos of the land! *Long* centuries it has been their lot—it is *still* their portion and will continue to be until they know the Christ who can liberate them.

But on we went, roads, paths and by-paths streaming with pilgrims, their objective, a sacred (?) Pipal tree in the midst of a Mango grove? Nay—peace of soul. Men and low caste women thronged the grove while round about it a fringe of covered ox-carts concealed high caste women who under cover had brought their offerings for the goddess of murder. To appease the wrath of the gods the low caste sacrificed goats and poured the blood before the idols; all about the grove could be seen the bodies of the goats which were to be taken home and especially relished for having been offered to idols. The high caste who are superstitious about taking life, had one ear of the goat cut and after offering it to the gods let it loose to wander about as a holy animal, with which India abounds.

Loud and constant was the din of drums and would-be music. Dancers drew numbers to witness their sin. Suddenly a new crowd gathered, a sacrificial goat had been stolen and the thief caught in the act. Above all, the weird sound of the worshipful as they crushed and crowded their way to the Pipal tree, their idol and priest. Their offering accepted they turned and went away as they came, hopeless and still starving. But as they turned we smiled and told them of One who could satisfy, and we trusted that they might understand. We thought of the geologist clipping off precious specimens of the rock, and somehow felt *these* were priceless specimens from the gigantic rock of heathenism; they passed on and on and were lost in the masses while we prayed that *He* might watch over the process of garnishing.

All through the day with our faithful helpers we scattered the written Word, and preached to the multitudes. There was opposition, numbers of Bible-portions were burned before us or torn and showered about us, but again we prayed as

we noted the bits being picked up and carried away by others. Night drew on, the people scattered and wound their way toward their villages, many having heard the Living Word for

the first time, and despite the heat and the opposition that night we found ourselves saying, "The end of a perfect day."—*Jennie E. Kirkland, Bettiah, Champaran, Bihar, India.*

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