



The Tatter'd Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

The Baptism of the Spirit a Present-Day Experience

What It Does for the Child of God.

Morse H. Markley, St. Louis, Mo., in The Stone Church Convention, May 25, 1923.



THE doctrine of the Holy Spirit is perhaps the plainest teaching we have in the Word of God. It is accepted by some, and yet not clearly taught by many who accept it. It ought to be shining forth in full orb in this day, as the brightness of the sun at mid-day, but it is a sad thing to note that such is not the case. I believe the Lord is restoring this glorious doctrine of the privilege of His children to be filled with the Spirit of God, just as men and women were baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire in the early Pentecostal days.

In considering this glorious teaching I have to go to the Word of God, and that is a good place to go. I read everything that I could find on the subject, talked with everybody about their experience, claimed to be filled with the Holy Spirit myself, and then in the light of God's Word started all over again. In the nineteenth chapter of Acts, which I have just read, we have Paul finding some men, twelve of them, disciples of John the Baptist. They had heard John's message more than twenty years before and had been walking in the light that message brought to their hearts. Paul asked them if they had received the Holy Ghost since they believed, and they very frankly confessed that they had no teaching about the Holy Spirit. Upon being questioned, they said they had been baptized into John's baptism, and Paul pointed them to Jesus Christ and baptized them in His Name. Then he laid hands on them and they received the Holy Spirit and spake in tongues and prophesied. I suppose if some of the ecclesiastical leaders of our day could see something like that, they would say it was suggestion of mind; they would account for it in some rational way, but the Word of God calls it the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I believe that God does some things, that *that* was a supernatural work, and that the Lord still baptizes people with the Holy Spirit, and a sign of that baptism is that they speak with tongues as the Spirit gives utterance.

Now there are two very plain gifts spoken of in the Scriptures. The first is the gift of salvation. We accept that. "It is not by works

of righteousness that we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which He shed on us through Jesus Christ our Lord." God's Son is God's gift of salvation to those who believe, who will receive Him by faith.

Jesus speaks of another gift in the eleventh chapter of Luke. We find Jesus praying in a certain place, and when He ceased they said, "Lord, teach us to pray as John also taught his disciples," and then Jesus gave them that wonderful prayer, "Our Father," but He taught them immediately after, that it was necessary for those who prayed to have the Spirit of God in their hearts and encouraged them to pray for the gift of the Holy Spirit. After saying to them, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened," He brings to them the picture of a man who is hungry. He goes to a friend and this friend, not having anything to give him, takes him to another man's house. It is at midnight, a dark hour. The man whom he visits with his hungry friend has retired. This man knocks at the door, and he keeps hammering and battering at the door until he awakens his friend who is asleep. He looks out and says, "What do you want?" "I want bread for this hungry man who is with me." Here Jesus teaches us that if we will be importunate, persevering in our praying, that as a father would give bread to his children, much more, will our Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. And in my mind it seems to me that Jesus must have been looking down to our own day and time when He said these words, "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?"

One of God's great servants who wrought so wonderfully here in Chicago said that if a young preacher beginning his ministry would honor the Holy Ghost in his message, God would bless that man's message, and yet, strange to say, the Pentecostal message and Pentecostal people are cast out by men and women who ought to know better. We are told that the devil is doing the things that we say come thru the blood of Jesus Christ and the rich provision of His grace. So

I believe that Jesus knew the time would come when people would be afraid to seek the Lord and the baptism of the Holy Ghost and be accused of being fanatics. Today there are hungry and thirsty people throughout the great denominations who are earnestly and sincerely afraid of us and afraid of this beautiful doctrine. But will God give an evil gift to those who are born again, washed in the blood, and cry day and night to be baptized in the Holy Ghost? I say, No. I say it experimentally, and Methodists are always great on experience. I have found it is a good gift, a glorious gift, a gift to be cherished, cultivated and sought after as an experience in our lives.

Jesus tells us in the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." If you are seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit, have faith in what Jesus promises. Have an obedient heart, love Him, walk in obedience. He says, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you *another Comforter*, that He may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth." After His resurrection He led them out as far as Bethany, and He said, "Behold I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high," and over in Acts we find they followed His instructions. "When the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

Some people say, "Well, that was for the disciples, but it is not for us." I do not believe the Lord would spread a fine table like that and let the folks of that day enjoy all the good things and not have anything left for us, do you? I read here in the 39th verse, "For the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." I heard His call, I heard His voice, and He baptized me with the Holy Ghost.

In the eighth chapter of Acts, when the revival was on in Samaria, and the disciples prayed and laid hands on them, they received the Holy Ghost. And we know that something happened, for we read that when Simon Magus saw the

Holy Ghost come upon them he offered to purchase the gift with money.

As Peter was preaching to the household of Cornelius the Holy Ghost fell on them which heard, and we read that Peter and those who were with them were astonished, "*for they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God.*" Peter was narrow. He was a Jew, but by the time he was thru with this sermon he found out that God was no respecter of persons.

I find in consulting authority that Martin Luther spoke in tongues.

Frederick W. Robinson, the great English preacher, who died when he was twenty-seven years of age, a prince of preachers, has a sermon on this subject and he recognized that even in this day the soul will pour out itself in rapture and praise in a language that is not a natural language.

Finney, after his conversion, said the glory of God came upon him so overwhelmingly that he bellowed forth the gushing of his soul. Well, so did I. I do not think it was very edifying. It seemed there was an artesian well broke loose in me. It was a tremendous volume of language I could not understand or keep up with. I was converted a long while before that, but that was when I received the gift of the Holy Spirit and the supernatural witnessing to it.

In the Life and Epistle of St. Paul by Coney-beare & Howson the statement is made by that splendid authority that in the early Christian Church when the believer received the baptism of the Holy Spirit he spoke in tongues. Not only on the Day of Pentecost, but in the Early Church and on down after that. If there ever was a day when the Church needed some supernatural presence and power, some sign, that day is here now, with teachers trying to explain God out of the minds of the young men who are being trained in our great theological seminaries. God have mercy upon some of these churches with their glorious history, such as the Methodist Church. To read the journals of John Wesley is to recognize the fact that there was a man whom God had laid His hand upon. He went forth preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ with power, and people fell under that power. Wesley recognized the supernatural power of God, and he didn't put his hand on it except as God gave him discernment. And surely there ought to be some saints today with wisdom and discernment.

I cannot conceive how men will crown Paul as a great man, read what he has to say, accept

him as being a man with a great intellect, and not believe in the supernatural presence which Paul believed in. I believe as he said, that "we war not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And if we will be true as God's people and live an overcoming life, tho we have a mighty adversary, we have a great Christ, and by His blood and the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, we can cut our way thru and win souls in this day of unbelief and sin and worldliness. Many times I have looked around and said, "Where is the reproach? Jesus, You said Your disciples would be cast out as evil. Where is the reproach?" I found out when I accepted this truth.

Now I believe the gift of the Holy Spirit is not a finished experience, but an initial experience, a beginning. I believe this is a much misunderstood doctrine, and that some splendid men who have written on the experience of the baptism have failed to see this. It gave me some little difficulty for awhile, but I finally saw it was an initial experience, and I believe the men and women who have had a good regeneration are splendid candidates for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. It opens your life to the realm of the Spirit. In my own congregation when the Shreve revival was on, a dear young boy seventeen or eighteen came forward. I saw him in the back part of the church, and noticed that the Lord was dealing with him. He was a member of the church, and as he knelt at the altar I said, "D—, how about you? Are you converted?" "No, I have never been converted." "Do you want to be?" "Yes." I prayed with him, gave him instructions on the Word and left him. When I came back he said it was getting brighter. I sent him over into the prayer-room to pray thru. Thirty or forty minutes after I went back and his hair was wet with perspiration. "How are you getting along?" I asked. "All right. I am saved." I urged him to continue praying and ask the Lord to fill him with the Holy Spirit. He was so happy he felt if there was anything more he would go after it. A few nights after, that boy was gloriously filled with the Holy Spirit, sang in tongues and rejoiced; one of the happiest experiences I ever saw. His mother called up my wife one morning. "Praise the Lord, Sister Markley, I have him asleep at last. He came home at four o'clock praising and shouting." I encourage

folks to go right thru to the baptism of the Holy Spirit after conversion.

What does the Holy Spirit do for men and women? That is a question that was asked me by a preacher whom I met at Conference. He asked what it had done for me. It was rather a delicate question; one doesn't like to boast, but if I met him now I might tell him some things. It wasn't long after that, that I was out of a fine, ten-roomed parsonage and good pastorate and jammed up in a five-roomed flat. It seemed like living in a telescope trunk. Didn't have much place to pray but the cellar, but the Lord's hand has been on me for good, and His blessing has been upon me. One night during service while we were singing the invitation song, my little boy ten years old, was crying. My wife said, "What is the matter, John? Do you want to go home?" "No," he said, "I am thinking about Jesus." We took him to the prayer-room and I told him to pray and the Lord wonderfully touched his life. I have a dear little girl, and I am just as sure as two and two make four that some day she will be in the mission field. Oh, what a joy that brings to my heart! I have always loved and prayed for the mission field. There is a girl in Japan now who went out under my ministry. There were two went out since I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

A little girl in our congregation went to church just because her father and mother had so trained her; she was frivolous and light-hearted, but she saw her mother receive the baptism and a few nights after she sought and received it also. It made a wonderful transformation in her life. She was in the Pentecostal school in Springfield this year, and it is her delight to be in a prayer-meeting. That is what the baptism of the Holy Spirit does for a young woman. We also have had a young man in the Springfield school who feels called to preach the Gospel, and has had a glorious experience with the Lord. The baptism of the Spirit sends recruits out into the work of the Lord; it makes Jesus more real to your heart; it gives you a hunger and thirst for righteousness and a passion for souls; it gives you power to witness. You may not be able to preach or go to the mission field, but there is something real and something in your life that speaks louder than some persons can shout. Oh, it is a glorious experience!

My wife was always a very quiet woman. She had a good, Christian experience, but received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in the

meeting last Spring, and there was a marvelous transformation came to her life. The Bible became a book she delighted to read and she said she understood it so much better than she did before. That is a part of the work of the Holy Spirit, to guide us into all truth. She had so much prayer and such burdens in the Spirit. She went out to her little country home, and attended a special meeting which was going on in the Methodist Church. No one recognized her as she walked in; the evangelist preached, the singer sang, the preacher prayed a prayer and some of the folks went to sleep. She said the evangelist seemed a little bit disheartened, and said he would like to have some of the folks stay and have a season of prayer. She went to the altar, the steward of the church led in prayer, and after waiting awhile she prayed. Her heart was stirred for the need and she touched the throne. They recognized her. Some whispered,

"Who is that?" "Leona Markley." "She didn't used to pray like that." "No, but they have had a revival down there." Oh, it does make a difference what kind of a religion you have! They heard we had "holy roller" religion.

Pray for me as I go back to St. Louis, that God will bless my testimony and my influence. They had the largest attendance on the last day of prayer that they have had for some weeks, and four of the best women of one of the Methodist churches attended that meeting. A man who rejoices in the atmosphere he finds with us told me repeatedly, "I am going to join forces with you. You have the real thing up there." That is why I want you to pray, that God will make me a blessing to the great company of people who are hungering and thirsting for this glorious experience; that His true children may have the privilege of coming to the fountain and drinking until they are filled.

Elijah our Example of Prayer

A Lesson on Importunity.

Pastor K. R. Glover, in The Stone Church, June 17, 1923.



AND He spake a parable unto them *to this end* (for this purpose), that men ought always to pray and not to faint." Luke 18:1. In the old dispensation men did not pray as they do now; they did not have the power to pray. The prophets of old prayed mightily because they were filled with the Holy Ghost, but generally the common people came to them and said, "Pray for us." Samuel, realizing his responsibility, said on one occasion, "As for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." But praise God, now all of us have access to Him thru Jesus Christ, and we are able by the same Holy Spirit that filled the prophets of old to pray as they prayed. It now becomes our duty to pray as they prayed. Let us not sin against the Lord by our failure to use this power now bestowed upon us.

Elijah was a man of like passions, human passions, like as we; he prayed and the heavens were closed for six months. He prayed again and the heavens were opened. We are given Elijah as an example of how you and I ought to pray. We stand back aghast when we consider his marvelous powers. He stood there on that mountain and slew four hundred Baalite priests after his short, prevailing prayer. "That

is too far beyond us; he is an unusual man," we cry; "that man who went out into the wilderness and was fed by the ravens; that man who closed the heavens against rain," but James exhorts us to be unusual men, just as unusual as Elijah was unusual. He was a man of like passions with us, but we are told "the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much," and you can be just as righteous as Elijah. This is really the only mystery to prayer—righteousness. I say it again, the only mystery there is in effectual, prevailing prayer is righteousness. Righteousness is the factory where faith is made.

James said the "effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much," and he bids us to take Elijah as our example of prevailing prayer. First of all, then, you will have to be righteous even as Elijah was righteous. Do you say, in answer to that, "That is easy"? Or do you say, "It is hard"? What flitted thru your mind when I said that all you need to do is what Elijah did? Did your hands go up and did you say, "It is too hard for me"? Or did you say, "Amen thru Jesus Christ"? Ah, friends, our manner of becoming righteous is not thru penance, not thru good deeds. It is prostrating ourselves at the feet of Jesus, acknowledging Him as Victor, and asking Him to make us realize that He, on the cross of Calvary, produced for you and me His own

very holiness. Paul in the third chapter of Romans said that apart from the law now was the righteousness of God being made manifest. Previously, thru the deeds and works and operations of the law in obedience to its precepts and ordinances man was credited with certain good qualities for his obedience to the deeds of the law, but now man is no longer credited for obedience to the law. He is credited for Christ's obedience, and receives thru Jesus the holiness of God Himself, which comes down unto all them that believe.

Do not misunderstand. I do not mean that a man who is disobedient can receive the holiness of God, but I mean we receive holiness from God first, and obedience second. Previously they received obedience first and holiness second, and it was therefore a matter of reward, for he that obeyed the law should live by that. But today, we are not living thru obedience to the law; we are living because Christ died and rose again. There is no man who can produce righteousness thru any precepts. It is impossible for us thru the flesh to do the will of God Almighty, but since Jesus died on the cross to produce holiness, then we have only to apply to Him for that holiness and receive it. There is then no glorifying in the flesh. No man can say, "I this" or "I that," but all must say, "Jesus paid it all." Where is the boasting then? Where is the glorying? It is glorying in the cross, rejoicing in the fact that Jesus suffered the death of a criminal because you and I were criminals. The stroke fell on Him. Because of that you and I have been able to partake of the holiness of Jesus Christ Himself. This being the case, you are righteous as Elijah was righteous, if you have received from Jesus.

Now if you lack faith, if you have not believed that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth you from all sin, then you are not clean, because it is only as we believe that fact that we are clean. I was taught in my denomination that no man under heaven can be clean. Where then is faith? There is no faith there. But since then I have discovered that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Does now cleanse—not will by and by, but now cleanseth us from all sin. I hear the words of Peter, enjoining me to "be holy even as I am holy." I hear Paul in his denunciation of the uncleanness that he found at Corinth, shouting, "Awake to righteousness and sin not, for some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame."

So today we may have the holiness and righteousness of God.

We go back to Elijah as our type. James says he was a man like you and me. And a common man he was, for he had no sooner killed the four hundred Baalite priests, had no more than won his mighty victories and had run in the power of the Spirit ahead of Ahab's chariot, when Jezebel took all the triumph out of him by saying, "So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by tomorrow about this time." He failed because he looked to tomorrow and believed Jezebel's threat. His skirts dropped, his hands hung by his side, his knees became weakened; he sighed and cried, and he fled like we would have done. Ah, I can imagine those days he spent yonder under the juniper tree, trying to die, for I have had my juniper tree, and so have you. Men of like passions! "Oh, God, I am the only one left!" Have you said that? God finally answered him, "Elijah, I have seven thousand who have not bowed their knee to Baal." Friends, God wants us to strengthen ourselves in one another. When you think there is no use, run to see your neighbor, go to church and find somebody to help you. Did you ever know this to be true, that there may be a half dozen in every meeting down and discouraged, but there are always the rest who are not? There may be one who flees, but there are seven thousand who say, "God is with us." Strengthen yourself in your brethren. Poor old Paul, destitute and shipwrecked, storm-tossed and bitten by a serpent; finally landing, and on his way up to Rome was cheered by Christian brethren who came down and met him. Paul thanked God and took courage. He knew that bonds and imprisonment awaited him; he knew what was behind him, but he took courage and strengthened himself in his brethren.

Poor old Elijah, a man of like passions with us, fled to the desert and tried to hide himself in a cave, but there came an awful earthquake, there came a roaring wind that fairly tore the rocks in pieces in its vehemence, and then God came and Elijah covered his head with his mantle. Again we see that Elijah is no different from you and me. He prayed and God shut the heavens. He prayed again and the heavens were opened. James bids us pray just like Elijah prayed, for we are talking to the same God. Do not forget that you have the same Lord. Do not forget that this same Lord has

the same heart, and that His ear is ever open to the cry of the righteous. Are you righteous? Then His ear is open to you. "His eye runneth to and fro throughout the whole earth to show himself strong in behalf of him that walketh uprightly." You are walking uprightly, you can be, so remember that the eye of the Lord is hunting for you. The Baalites cried all day long, but when Elijah prayed it was a simple little prayer, but a prayer backed up by a consciousness that he was right. Are you right? If you are not, get right. If you are right, tell God to open the heavens. Audacity? No. Faith! People say the Pentecostal people are audacious in their prayers, that they even command God and they say that is blasphemous. No it is not. It is confidence. It is the result of believing that God will do what He says. He says, "Try Me and prove Me." Oh I love to think of God as swearing an oath to stand by you and me! God has not gone off and left you and me to whimper and cry like some child left at home alone. Not at all. The difficulty is our divergence from God's way. You and I take side paths. Then we have to call on God for Him to come and get us.

To me it is a continual marvel that God pays any attention to us. I am not the first one who marvels. Away back yonder when David looked up into the heavens and saw the stars in their innumerable multitude, he said, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained: what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" Some one painted a picture of David, the shepherd-boy, standing on the hills. It is night. Down in the semi-darkness lay his sheep in the valley. As he stands there leaning on his staff and looking up into the heavens he gives expression to the above words. Just a wee, little spot on the hillside in the darkness, and God's eye hunting for him! Just think of it! That Jesus should ever come and talk to me I marvel, but He does. I marvel He listens to us, but He does. When the devil says, "No use for you to pray," I say, "God does hear prayer. I may not feel it, but He says He is hearing me and I will keep shouting."

This parable is given to the end that men ought always to pray and not to give up. The disciples found Jesus on the hillside, in the night-time praying; they found Him in the early morning hours; they found Him in the garden of

Gethsemane night after night; they found Him yonder by the rocks and in the woods. They also found Him with the multitudes, lifting up His hands to His Heavenly Father. They said, "Master, teach us to pray." Children, you will get a longing to pray as you get closer to Jesus, as you see Him pray, for He yet liveth to make intercession. Helpless man is ever stirred to pray when he is frightened by danger. Man quickly learns to pray when he is in dire need. But God wants us who know Him to pray even when we are not in need; before terror comes, so that we may be quiet in time of danger and trustful in time of want.

Jesus taught them to pray through a parable. There was a widow who suffered grievances from certain oppressors. She went to a judge but he didn't want to be bothered, knowing there would be no fee or bribe. He pushed her away and she came again, and he pushed her away again. But he who feared not God nor regarded man, said, "Lest this woman weary me, I will give her what she desires." He inquired into her case and found what she needed, and commanded those things to be done in order to get rid of her. Jesus taught this parable to teach us to pray. Now do you want something from God bad enough to keep bothering Him about it? What is it you want this morning? There are many things we would like to have, but are you asking in faith? "Without faith it is impossible to please Him," and He expects you when you come into His presence, before you ask for a single thing to say, "Lord, I expect to receive this thing." Have you ever gone to a dear friend and asked him to promise to do you a favor before you tell him what it is? You know he loves you and will even promise before he knows what you want. So God, who loves us, agrees to give us whatever we ask even before we tell him, and yet we do not believe. We beg Him and beg Him when He has already given us His promise before we ask. Shame on us that we do not believe it! I believe we could live closer to Jesus if we would. If we did, I believe we would not have to ask Him for so much but He would be going ahead of us with some things. You know He is able to give, abundantly able above all we ask or think.

Listen to Jesus when He goes to the man at the pool of Bethesda, "Son, wilt thou be made whole?" That man never prayed for divine healing. It was offered to him. Beloved, that is Jesus. We whimper and say, "Oh God, whilst

Thou art calling on others do not pass me by," as if He were passing us by. He is not passing anyone today. In the Spirit He is right by your side. I pray that we might be inspired to seek God, and not so much the things of God. Obedience would prove our love to God and He, seeing our need before we ask would surprise us by His free gifts.

Last week I was working in the house, and the Lord so blest my soul, and came and told me He was going to give me something that I had been wanting. The glory of God flooded my soul, the Spirit speaking through my lips in a flood of languages as He comforted me. I was not praying nor thinking of my desire, but God knew and answered. Oh that we might just get a little closer! The apostle said, "Hereby shall we assure our hearts before Him. If our heart condemn us God is greater than our hearts, but if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." And the next verse says, "And whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." Are you obeying God? Then look up. Believe that you may have these things that you desire for He loves you.

Now the word in conclusion is that we are, by our importunity, by our continual coming to God, to receive the things which may be for a time deferred. There sometimes comes the answer before we ask, the voice of God offering things before we pray. But should it not come promptly to us even after we pray the first time, He says through this parable, "Come again." As an illustration of this kind of a prayer we give you Daniel who prayed three long weeks that God would restore His people to their own land, and then he said that the Angel Gabriel whom he saw in a vision, spoke to him and said, "Daniel, thou dearly beloved. From the first day you prayed I started to come to you but the prince of Persia withstood me." We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against spiritual wickedness in heavenly places, and if we are to interpret this correctly they are even hindering the angels that would come and minister to us in answer to our prayer. If that be the case then shall we not wait until the answer comes? That is the instruction of Jesus and the example of Daniel. Let us not faint but lift up the hands that hang down and strengthen our weakened knees of prayer and cry out again. God will answer.

God Prepares and Equips His Workers

On to Africa.

As noted in the June Evangel, two of our Stone Church young people are leaving us to take up missionary work in South Africa. They are going out with the sanction of the Church, having proved themselves to be worthy of our confidence and support. They sail, D. V. July 24th on the Acqui-

tania. A few words from each of them as spoken on the Missionary Sunday of the Convention will introduce them to our readers. Pray for them as they face the darkness of a heathen world and exchange their comfortable Chicago homes for a mud hut in the wilds of Africa.

YOU have been listening to real warriors who have been on the battle field and returned to tell of the spoils. The Lord willing, perhaps Miss Anderson and I will be able to come back in a few years to tell of battles fought and victories won.

I am glad to be counted worthy to go to Africa as an ambassador of the King. When I was nine years old the Lord spoke to my heart and saved my soul in a mission at Sixtieth and Halsted streets. My father dying when I was quite young, I worked in my early years among some wicked people, but Jesus kept me in the midst of it all.

When the Lord began to deal with me about going to Bible School I was supporting my mother, and I used to ask myself how could it be possible, but we prayed and the Lord opened up the way. It was in those profitable years spent in Bible School that the Lord dealt very definitely with me. I had plans of my own, but

the Lord came and shattered them to pieces. I am glad that He did, for He has a better plan for me than any I could make. During this time the Lord asked me if I was willing to go to the foreign field. Immediately I thought of my mother, and said, "No, Lord, I could never leave my mother." At another time I was working in an office, and right in the midst of checking up accounts I found myself over in Africa, and the Lord was speaking definitely to me. I said, "Yes, Lord, I am willing." I went over my work, but there wasn't a single mistake. The Lord took care of it while He was speaking to my heart. Still I did not feel that I could count on that being a real call and resisted it, but the last year in Bible School He dealt with me to consecrate myself anew to Him. When they sang, "His divine will is sweet to me," I could not sing. I was rebelling, and it was very bitter. During these times of unyieldedness I'd pray, "Search me, oh God, and know my heart," yet I didn't realize how He was going to do it.

One day in January I became afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism while at school. For six weeks I was confined to my bed, my hands lying on pillows, but the Lord had to get me down there to speak to me. Sometimes when we are disobedient He has to punish us. I am glad He chastized me. The first few weeks of my affliction I thought I had consecrated my all, but when I recovered I forgot all about the Lord's dealing and went on as usual.

But on May 4, 1921, He spoke to me definitely. It seemed a photograph of an African girl was set before me, and the Lord asked me if I would go, and I said, "Yes, Lord, I will go where You want me to go." When I said that the joy and peace that flooded my soul were beyond all understanding. For two or three days I seemed to be in heaven; my joy was so great because He had given me grace to say "Yes." It was wholly the work of the Lord. In myself I would never have assented. Since that time He has been leading me on and on, and supplying my need in a wonderful way. When I am almost overwhelmed at the thought of leaving my mother, the admonition Paul gave to Timothy comes to me, "Endure hardness as a good soldier." I am encouraged that God chooses the weak things to confound the mighty. I feel I am one of the weak ones, but with God all things are possible. The week God gave me my call was the week of prayer throughout the United States. Every day of the week there was a certain thing about which people were to pray, and Wednesday, the day I received my call, was set apart to pray for laborers in the foreign field. So the Lord answered someone's prayer by calling me.

Gertrude Johnson.

Choosing to be a Ruth

I AM glad that God is interested in the whole world and that there is no foreign field with Him. The Lord gave me Ezek. 30:9 in connection with my call to Africa, "In that day shall messengers go forth from Me in ships to make the careless Ethiopians afraid." I pray that God will anoint us with power from on high and that we shall be able to make the careless Ethiopians afraid, and that they will fall down at the Master's feet and cry for mercy.

It is by the grace of God that I am standing here this afternoon. I was brought up in a Christian Home. My mother has been a Christian since she was a child, and brought us up in the fear of the Lord; she read the Word and prayed with us and took us to church whether we wanted to go or not, for which I praise Him. But while I was attending High School I got a glimpse of the bright lights of the world. I associated with worldly girls, and we formed our clubs and had dancing and went to the movies. I liked that life and said that when I got old enough I would have my fill of it.

Later, when I was attending Business College, Pentecost came to Cheltenham, and the whole course of my life was changed. Meetings were held in cottages and when mother went persecution started in the home, so I went with her. Not that I wanted to go, but I went for her sake. The minute I stepped into the room where the meetings were held I knew God was there. Praise God for Pentecost with its power to convict sinners and cause them to repent! The third meeting I attended I was deeply convicted, but I didn't want to surrender. I thought of the bright lights which I wanted to enjoy, but the Spirit was so overpowering I fell to my knees and the utter blackness of my sins swept over me. I lifted my heart to the Lord, but could not utter a word. All of a sudden a great illumination came into my heart, and I knew then and there that I had passed from death unto life; when I reached home others knew it, too. I tried to reach out for that desire I had for parties and the dance, but it was gone. My friends went, too, but the Lord has given me so many more. In the Fall the Lord baptized me in the Holy Spirit. I did not seek for it; didn't know how, but I knew it was something wonderful. A friend requested me to go to the altar and the power of God came upon me. I said, "Lord, if this is of You I want it, and I will not go home until I get it." The Lord baptized me that night. I praise the Lord for the Holy Ghost in my soul. He has been a power in my life, not only to be blest in church but also to stand when temptations and trials have assailed me.

Shortly after I was saved I heard Bro. Hooper from South Africa speak on the needs of the field. I felt that that was the darkest field and said to myself, "If I go to any field I want to go to the darkest." That is the place to which the Lord has called me, so be careful what you say, for the Lord will take you at your word. I always felt He had a work for me ever since I was saved, but it wasn't when He said "Africa" to me that I had to give up all; it was when He called me to consecrate my life to Him. I remember one time distinctly something came up to offer me everything that would be pleasing in the natural. I took it to God and He gave me the first chapter of Ruth. He showed me that I could either be a Ruth or an Orpha; that I could either go with Naomi or back to my people. I had a struggle, and cried and prayed for God to change it just a little bit. I struggled for a whole year, trying to decide whether I would choose God or my own desire. I went to my dear mother and she said, "Ask God." I knew what God had said, and at last I said, "I will choose to be a Ruth." Sometimes when the way becomes hard and the mountains steep the Lord comes and sits beside us and tells us of the "home over there," and then it doesn't make a particle of difference what we go thru.

After I had consecrated my all, the Lord led me to Bible School. I had a good position and

didn't want to give it up. The day school opened. I lost my position thru a strike, but I secured another and planned to go in January. January came and the week before I had planned to leave, my employer called me to him and asked me to take full charge of the office. I said to him, "I was just about to tell you that I was intending to leave." I knew I didn't dare to disobey again. After returning from school I started in business again, and after having been in a Christian environment, I was very conscious of the wickedness of the world, I felt demon power all around, and looked to the Lord about it. He woke me up one night and began to talk to me about it, "You say this Christian land is wicked? This is a taste of the foreign field." I never forgot it.

The second year of school the Lord dealt with me very definitely regarding going to Africa. Once I questioned, "What is the use of going?" and the Lord gave me this verse from the Word, "And the Word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, . . . and preach the preaching that I bid thee." I hung my head in shame that the Lord had to call me twice. I never questioned His call again.

The other day I came in touch with an old lady and when she learned I was going to Africa she said, "What is the use of your going? God is so mighty and powerful, if He wants the Africans to hear, He can do something wonderful so they can hear the Gospel." I said to her, "Who told you the Gospel?" "Oh, I have my Bible," she said. "Where did you get it?" "My mother knew the Gospel." "Who told your mother?" I asked. "Oh we have known the Gospel for centuries." That went home to my heart. We in America have known the Gospel for centuries, and yet there are millions who have never heard. Those of us who realize the need count it a privilege to go and carry the Gospel message to those who sit in darkness. *Mable Anderson.*

God's Sovereignty

F. A. Fielden

GOD is the greatest reality in the universe; He is all and in all—everywhere present and everywhere active. He is the source and the sustainer of all and every form of life in the universe, both good and bad. Even the very devils who oppose His beneficent government derive their life and sustenance from Him. A wicked life is simply a foul perversion of that which emanates from the source of all good. Inasmuch as "only that which comes from God is acceptable to God," He is "the inspiring impulse and soul of all that is not sin"; and even that which He does not inspire He controls so perfectly as to render His universal government absolutely secure in its supremacy. He works "all things after the counsel of His own will."

Do not miss the fullness of the fact that He "is above all, and through all, and in all—" in

every thought, purpose and expression of life, whether of angels, men or devils, always working out His own infinitely wise, good and glorious purposes. He alone is God, and "there is none else beside Him."

"O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself (he vainly thinks it is; that he does as he chooses to do); it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

Statesmen and politicians plan and plot and scheme; but God puts down one and sets up another, regardful only of His own plans, which always have in view the highest good of all.

The merchant thinks himself master of his own business when he plans to go to this city or that to buy and sell and get gain, but God alone has the decision as to what he shall do.

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

The gambler thinks his gain or loss is wholly a matter of skill, or luck, or chance. He forgets, or does not know, that "the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

The young lions do roar and instinctively seek their prey from God, who "opens His hand and supplies the need of every living thing." He notes the fall to the ground of even the tiny sparrow, arrays the lily with its delicate and wondrous beauty, and clothes the grass of the field which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven.

The most remote and the minutest incident in His great universe He controls as perfectly and incessantly as the angels who minister before His throne in heaven.

From everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God!

Tulsa Stirred by Revival

I WANT to tell you a little of the meeting in Tulsa, Oklahoma, from which I have just come. It is in a tabernacle seating 5,000, and of all the *large* meetings I have attended I have never felt the freedom of the Spirit, the blessing of the Lord, and the power of the Holy Ghost as I did in that meeting. There was such a freedom of the Spirit in the atmosphere. If you felt like saying, "Hallelujah!" you would not be out of place. The people rejoiced in the Lord. Up to that time they had been going for three weeks, and in those three weeks 2,300 were at the altar, and Brother Bowley said that about 50 per cent really prayed thru and got saved. Many people are swept thru under emotionalism, but about

50 per cent of them prayed thru. If anyone came to the altar and was not satisfied they had personal workers to take them into the prayer-room and help them to get to God. There were about a hundred that came forward that night.

Sometimes Brother Ritchie, who has a great love for souls, doesn't even preach, but reads a text and starts to give the altar call. There is that love that reaches out and draws the people to Christ. There were several remarkable healings that night, one man who had lost the sense of smell since 1907. After prayer he was healed. Another came up with a hole in one of his ears, and after prayer he heard distinctly. There is a very wealthy man living in Tulsa, who spent quite a good bit of his wealth in taking care of poor children. These children from his Deaf Home came there and were prayed for. The Lord opened their ears and the city was stirred, seeing the mighty power of the Lord.

On Friday morning three women were brought in on cots, and after prayer they jumped off healed. The night I was there, after the people had come to the altar and been saved, and prayed for that they might be healed, Brother Ritchie asked everybody who had been healed during the meetings to stand. They stood up all over the building. Then he told them to make their way to the aisles and they marched around the building. I counted over two hundred as they marched around. During the march he said, "Wait a minute. Dr. Murray here says he sees one of his patients in the march who was brought here on a cot this morning. Who could help but believe when they see!"

There are hundreds who see folks healed right before their eyes and yet go away doubting. No wonder the Lord said, "When the Son of Man cometh will He find faith on the earth?" That one meeting was as good to me as an entire series of several weeks because of the power and presence of the Lord. I went home and began to pray that the Lord would get everything out of me that needs to be gotten out, and put in a love and compassion for souls that I might go out after the lost.—*John Bostrom, in the May Convention.*

* * *

Another eye witness to the Ritchie meetings in Tulsa told us of great blessing and healing: "One little girl who was blind since she was two weeks old, now eleven, and never had seen her twin sister's face, received her sight. She went up to Mr. Ritchie and looking in his face in sur-

prise said, "Why, Mr. Ritchie, you are a young man!" There was a bouquet of flowers standing near, and she remarked about the different colors. An old woman was healed of blindness who hadn't seen her husband's face for twenty-five years. A little girl who wore a brace up above her knee was prayed for and took off the brace. In a night's time her limb grew an inch, and she doesn't wear the brace at all. Another little girl took off her brace and her limb grew an inch in width so that she couldn't get her shoe together; it had lapped over before. People were healed of tuberculosis, cancer, tumors and lameness. A woman was brought on a stretcher dying of tuberculosis. She was healed and is perfectly well, taking on flesh."

"And Today"—a Review

Several years ago we printed in THE EVANGEL the most remarkable testimony of the miraculous healing of Mrs. Mable Johnston Camp, the author of "He Is Coming Again," and other noted songs. We were unable to supply the demand for the issue containing the account of this healing, and we received many requests that it be printed in tract form. It was impossible at the time, but now the author has just gotten it out in a very attractive booklet entitled "And Today," and we can supply this to our readers in any quantity.

We cannot speak too highly of this booklet. Confined to a wheel chair, literally dying from uremic poisoning and other complications, the Lord appeared to her in a vision and told her He would heal her that His Name might be glorified. As He came to her in the ineffable glory, He said to her, "I am coming soon, and I must have another evidence that I am just the same, yesterday, today and forever. But they will not all believe. If they believed not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe even though one should be raised from the dead. But many will believe and it will be a testimony of My power unto the uttermost ends of the earth."

When church leaders today are denying the supernatural and scoffing at the thought of the miraculous, it is striking indeed that God is coming in His sovereignty and revealing Himself in a manner that even the most skeptical will be made to wonder. If you have friends whom you would interest in Divine Healing, this intensely interesting rehearsal will hold them spell-bound and convince them more than all the arguments you could advance.

Mrs. Camp has received words of commendation and expressions of approval from a large number of ministers, stating it is the most marvelous they have ever read. One writes, "Have read and re-read to family and friends the wonderfully well-written and graphic description." Another, "I wept and praised God as I read it." Another, "I sat in awe as I read the marvelous account, saying, 'All hail and praise to His name!'"

The booklet also contains the words and music of her songs, "That Beautiful Name," "He Is Coming Again," and "Christ in Me," and a picture of the author. Price 10c each, 75c per doz. Orders promptly filled.

* * *

Full Gospel Barn Meetings, at Mount Olivet, Lebanon, N. J., for two months, beginning July 15, 1923. Indoor sleeping accommodations provided. For further information write, Mrs. S. Moore, R. F. D. No. 2, Lebanon, N. J.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

"If That I May Apprehend"

(Lines written to volunteers for the Mission field)

HAS the vision that He gave you
Been fading from your view?
Have you lost the holy fire
Which once your spirit knew?

Is the pathway less alluring
That your eager feet once trod?
Have you lost that sweet communion
Which of yore you held with God?

Do you find your heart returning
To the things once left behind?
Is there "strange fire" on your altar
Where once God's glory shined?

Or are you still pursuing
The upward calling, grand?
Are the holy fires still burning?
By the Spirit are they fanned?

Are you running, running swiftly,
Letting naught your course impede?
Not in fleshly zeal and knowledge—
But with Holy Spirit speed?

O soul, beloved of Jesus,
Do not the Spirit wound,
Remove thy shoes from off thy feet,
Walk still on "holy ground!"
Bernice C. Lee.

"Come Up Higher"

The majority of our readers have already heard the sad news of the home-going of Bro. E. N. Bell, Chairman of the General Council of the Assemblies of God, Springfield, Mo., who passed away on the evening of June 15th, from neuralgia of the heart. The sad news of this great loss to the work comes as a great shock to all. His long association with the work and his devout activity in Pentecostal circles endeared

him to a world-wide people. *The Pentecostal Evangel* comments lovingly and sympathetically of his untiring and unselfish devotion to the work of the Lord and his humility and simplicity—marks of true greatness. His laid-down life speaks to us very loudly. Though only fifty-six years of age, he lived a long life of service for God and his fellowman, and crowded into those years work that should have been scattered over ten or twenty additional years. Nevertheless, he had an abundant entrance, and could he speak, he would say with that great warrior of old, "To die is gain."

Two Months' Report

We give below our Two Months' Report (May and June) of Missionary Disbursements, sent in by those who love the Lord Jesus and desire to see His Name exalted among the heathen:

Miss Carrie Anderson, China (Fat Shan \$1, Women's work \$20)	\$ 80.50
Miss Blanche Appleby, China, native work....	38.00
Horace Bailly, Venezuela	40.00
Miss Myrtle Bailly, on furlough	10.00
Mrs. A. F. Berg, Congo	15.00
S. Biorness, Palestine	30.00
Miss Gussie Booth, Japan	5.00
Miss Sara Coxé, India	30.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt (\$15 School).....	40.00
Miss Elsie Fearey, Venezuela	40.00
Miss Bessie Gager, India	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Glauser, China (\$25, native work)	220.00
Mrs. Walter Glauser, China (special)	100.00
Miss Anna Helmbrecht, India (work)	10.00
E. F. Juergensen, on furlough	25.00
John W. Juergensen, Japan	10.00
E. B. Kennedy, China	20.00
George M. Kelley (native work)	46.00
Miss Ethel King, India	20.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India (\$10, orphans)...	25.00
Mrs. Emma Lawler, China	15.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China (\$100 fare)	130.00
F. G. Leader, Congo	50.00
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India	85.00
Alfred G. Lewer, China	15.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, China	30.00
Mrs. Nettie D. Nichols, China	10.00
Albert Norton, India	5.00
Miss L. H. Parker, India	70.00
V. G. Plymire, Tibet	43.00
Mrs. Anna Richards, South Africa	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, India	100.00
E. M. Scurrah, South Africa	36.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America	45.00
Mrs. V. Schoonmaker, India	20.00
W. E. Simpson, Tibet	25.00
N. Sorenson, South America	20.00
Joseph Sugar, India	38.00
Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Shakley, Africa (for building)	98.00
† Wilbur Taylor, Soudan	20.00
K. A. Timrud, on furlough	28.00
H. T. Waggoner, India	10.00
W. R. Williamson, on furlough (for building, \$127)	134.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan	78.00
Miss Alice Wood, Argentine	20.00
Mrs. C. Wynes, Mongolia	10.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago	42.00
Total	\$2,018.50

Argue Evangelistic Meetings

THE Argue Evangelistic Campaign is now going on at the Full Gospel Assembly Tabernacle, 1665 N. Mozart St., cor. Wabansia Ave. This Assembly which for many years has worshipped on North Avenue, and been the scene of many precious meetings with God, has now erected a new building a block north of the old meeting place, under the leadership of their present pastor, Bro. Adolph Petersen.

The present evangelistic campaign will continue until July 15th. Meeting all day Sunday and every evening except Monday at 7:45.

Miss Zelma Argue, speaking on Sunday, July 1st, told of their recent meetings in Binghamton, N. Y. Binghamton is a conservative city where everybody goes to church, and she said as they had about twenty-five revivals there during the past year, they were a little doubtful of their being able to accomplish anything, but God blessed. One circumstance will be of interest to our readers:

The papers sent two reporters, a young man and a young woman, to write up the meetings. The evangelist told the reporters they didn't want them to take their word for what the Lord was doing, but that they should see and hear for themselves, and that they should take the word of those who were blest. The reporters were quite impressed because they were not trying to conceal anything, but wanted everything to be open and square and gave them quite a write-up in the first of the meeting.

One day a woman was brought by her husband to the meeting who for about twelve years had been insensitive to touch in her limbs. From her waist down she could not even feel a pin-prick, and could not tell when her feet would touch the floor, or when her limbs were covered, unless she could see. Her face was as pallid as a dead person's and she had to be supported by her husband. She was prayed for, but apparently there was no change. At the same meeting there was a young woman, eighteen or twenty, who had been afflicted with infantile paralysis. She wore a shoe with a cork heel four inches long. When they laid their hands on her and prayed for her she began to dance and praise the Lord. Her face was radiant with the light of God, but the reporter looking on could see nothing but hysteria. It was the first healing service they had. The next day when the paper came out, the report was very unfavorable. They said the first

woman had been prayed for and nothing was accomplished, and the younger woman had a hysterical spell. So from that time on the reporters were not much impressed, but they continued to come.

After a few days the woman who had been paralyzed from her waist down came back. They were surprised to notice the color coming into her lips and cheeks. She said her neighbors were all asking what had happened. She was prayed for again, and as the days went by she began to feel a sensitiveness in her feet, was able to walk around in her room, then up and downstairs. She came back to the meeting and gave a live testimony of how the Lord was restoring her. She was getting the entire use of her limbs and was being built up in every way.

The young woman had come from a neighboring town, and she came back and testified to what God had done for her. Miss Argue went to the reporter and called attention to her. She said, "Do you see that woman over there? She is the one who you said was hysterical." She had given a wonderful testimony of how the Lord had healed her. Her limb had straightened out so that there was very little noticeable difference in the shoes she had on her feet. The reporter who had seen her walk the first time marveled at the change, and also at the other case, and the next day gave a glowing account of the two notable miracles that had taken place in the meeting.

Campmeetings

Newcastle Campmeeting; Newcastle, Pa., July 6-22. Will be held in Walton Grove. Those coming from a distance take any street car from either railroad depot and transfer to Highland Ave. car. Get off at Fairmount Ave. and walk two squares to the camp in "Walton Grove." Special workers: Evan. Bert Williams, Joseph Tunmore, R. A. Brown, Ernest Williams, D. H. McDowell. For further information, write the pastor, John Warton, 410 Florence Ave., New Castle, Pa.

* * *

Lancaster Campmeeting, for the eastern end of the district, will be held in the beautiful "Williamson City Park," Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 10-26. Take street car at the city square and transfer to the Rocky Springs street car, getting off at "Williamson City Park." Special workers: R. A. Brown, Bert Williams, Jos. Tunmore, Ernest S. Williams. For information regarding meals, tents, etc., write L. A. Hill, 809 East Orange St., Lancaster, Pa.

* * *

Port Huron, Mich., Old-fashioned Revival at the Big Tabernacle. Services every night from July 8-29. Evangelist Louise K. Nankiwell of Chicago will speak and A. A. Nankiwell will conduct the music. For further information, write F. W. Jewell, 1724 Lyons St., Port Huron, Mich.

* * *

How the Doors Swung Open

Hazarding Lives That China Might Know.

Miss Lavada Leonard, in The Stone Church Convention, June 3, 1923.



AND the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?" Gen. 4:9.

Just a short time before leaving China I was down on my face before God at Sai Nam, and I realized the great responsibility of trying to represent to the people of America the great need in the dark land of China. As I prayed I saw village after village without the Gospel message, saw them going on to destruction without anyone to point them to the true and living God; I saw them bowing down before their idols because there was no minister to take the blessed news. On the other hand God showed me the people of America feasting upon the Word of God at the table of Jesus Christ. It seemed as though many of them were over-fed, and I said in my prayer, "Oh God, will You not help me that I may present in some way the great need of those whitened fields to the people in the homeland..." I had an awful dread of coming home, I felt so helpless, the need was so great, but the Lord spoke to me down in my heart, "I have shown you the need in the foreign field; and also the need in the homeland that they should be stirred up. Speak unto the children of Israel that they move forward." Very few are willing to sacrifice the comforts and go to a dark heathen land where they are persecuted for Jesus' sake. Dear ones, we have sat around the camp-fires too long; we have been feasting at home too long. The Chinese are praying that I bring back with me ten missionaries. We cannot just sit still and say, "When God's time comes I am ready to go." It was only when the priests put their feet into the waters that the waters rolled aside. I did not rest after I knew God wanted me to be a missionary. I called a company of young people together and we got down and prayed that the doors would open, and they opened wide.

I had not been in China very long until I saw the sin and misery on every hand, heathen festivals going up and down the street, saw them worshipping idols and burning incense to their gods, and one day as I was sitting at a table studying I heard the most mournful sound. I rushed to the front of the house and saw a man in chains;

chains around his neck and on both his arms. He had been caught thieving, perhaps because he was hungry, and they were taking him down to shoot him. As I looked into the face of this poor man I will never forget his expression, passing into eternity without Christ. He looked to the right and to the left, soldiers were behind and before, and there was no way of escape. There were two others with him. As I rushed back to my room I heard the firing off of three guns down on the sand. Had I gone a few steps I would have seen three dead thieves, perishing without the Gospel light. Our responsibility is great. I believe every Pentecostal person with the fire of God burning in his soul has a ministry. How we need to catch the vision of a lost and dying world!

I had been working among the women and God blest me. I saw many of our young women saved, but as I stood on the hillside and looked at village after village, my heart cried out, "I cannot settle down here. I must take the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the regions beyond. I must go to these untouched places." God laid them on my heart. Many Gospels were sold but I was not satisfied. I wanted to be right out in the villages. One of our dear missionaries bought a horse, took her Bible woman and lived in Chinese huts all smoked up from the open stoves, in all kinds of filth and dirt, germs of every kind; sometimes the only place she had to live in was a stable, but she was willing to endure hardships as a true soldier of the cross. God spoke to me and said, "I want you to join Sister Ledbetter and gather in the sheep." I said, "Lord, You know I have not the means to buy a horse and saddle. If You want me to go out in village work You will have to send in the means." At Sainam they didn't want me to go, thought I was too weak physically, but God has kept me for five years in China with very little sickness. I said to the Lord, "If this is Your will for me, You will supply." Shortly after that I received \$5 from a place in Ohio. I took that for the earnest. It was hardly two weeks after, that I received \$75 from a woman in Cincinnati. She said, "This is for your village work to buy a horse and saddle, and things you need." She went thru her house and said, "Lord, I want a part in winning souls from those villages in

China. What shall I sacrifice for You?" As she went thru one room and glanced at the carpet the Lord said, "I want you to sacrifice that carpet." She sold it and it brought her \$75. I thank God people are standing back of us. We live as you pray. We in a heathen land cannot live without someone holding us up.

I started out in village work, and have had many experiences but praise God He has seen me thru every trial and test. The first place we lived in was an old pawn shop where we had to climb up a steep ladder. We stayed there a month or six weeks then we went on to another village, having from eight to ten coolies to take us and our things from one village to another. We went to a place called Tuk She Kong. I was there for a whole month without a single white person within miles, but I had one of the best times of my life, for God was with me. I met some Presbyterians and preached to them about the baptism of the Holy Ghost. They hadn't known about the Holy Ghost. One of them said to another, "Aren't you glad you came tonight? We would not have known there was a Holy Ghost. We would not have known about the Second Coming of Jesus." I went to another village and they threw wide open the doors of the temple and told me to come in and preach Jesus to them. The crowd immediately gathered around us as we went in. I asked the native workers to talk but they insisted on hearing me, so I stood before a temple full of people and preached to them. I left them and went back to my little Chinese hut, but two days afterwards a delegation came to me saying, "We have come to take you back to our village. Most of our people are old men and women and they cannot walk any distance to hear the Gospel. Most of our women have bound feet. We have been appointed to ask you to come and open up a mission station." I said, "I cannot settle down; there are many villages and I must go on with my village work." It was a sad time when I refused. Pray for them. God will answer prayer.

I suppose you have all heard the story of the man who prayed seventeen years for the Gospel, and how God sent Bro. and Sister Kelley in answer to that one man's prayers. Since then the work has been going on by leaps and bounds. But they do not always receive us with open arms. We have gone to places where they slammed the village gates in our faces. At other places they stoned us, but God says that when persecutions come that is the time to leap for joy because we

are counted worthy to suffer for Jesus' sake.

At one place, She Kong, my co-worker went ahead and took the workers excepting one or two, and sent back word for me to pack my things, that she had rented a place. I called several coolies and rode on the river all day long; at night we put up at a mission station. The next day we sailed on, sitting on the bottom of the boat. On the way down a storm blew up and that old boat rocked every minute; it was a regular hurricane, and they made us pay double the price because of the storm. When we got to the house where we were to stay we found it was filled with Chinese and they were all talking vehemently. Finally the landlady stepped up to me and said, "We want you to move on. I had no business to rent to you." I said, "How can I? I have been two days traveling. It is dark. You cannot make us go after dark." She said, "Oh I heard you Americans were such loving people and so merciful. Just have mercy on a poor, old woman like me. Won't you go out for my sake?" She was afraid to have me there on account of the village elders. I said that I could not go that night. I was so weary and tired I did not know what to do, and we had paid money to hold the building for two months. She kept crying that we must move, and I finally said I would walk six miles to LoPau and ask the missionaries there.

The storm was blowing worse than ever. Bare-headed and without a coat I started out in the storm. We hadn't gone any distance until the rain came down in sheets. But right in the midst of it when it seemed the wrath of the storm was upon us God put such joy and peace in my heart that I began to shout. My Bible woman caught the spirit and we went on rejoicing. God said, "I want you to stay in She Kong until I tell you to move." I thought I would go the rest of the way to LoPau and we would have prayer with the missionaries. I came to the river but they would not take us across, and we had to stand under one of the trees until the wind subsided. When we reached LoPau the missionaries said, "You cannot go back tonight." I said, "I must. I have left the Chinese back there and they will be frightened to death." My Bible woman was there and the three horses and the native preacher, and they said they would send them back and the hostler to hold the place. They went back. In China they seldom travel after dark, many times they are fired upon, but we trusted God. The poor woman was thrown from her horse and cried for help. They had a

time finding her, it was so dark. When they got to She Kong the Chinese stoned the building, but they got down on their knees and prayed and God protected.

When I went back they were very kind to us and gave us some food, but the village elders had told them that no one should come in our house. We went into the village and started to hold a meeting. While we were singing they were all right, but when we started to preach they boycotted us. We thought we would take them by surprise and went into the market-place. They expected us to begin as usual, sing a while before preaching, but while one made as tho she would go to the organ and play, another started in to preach. When that one got thru another jumped up, and we got the message in that time. We turned to the surrounding villages and had quite a crowd for a few nights. Then the village elder sent word that anyone who came to our house and listened to the Gospel, would be fined ten dollars. That worked for a while but the Chinese got hungry for the Gospel and began to come back. Again the village elder said if they didn't obey they would fine them \$100 and the children \$50, and if they were not able to pay the fine they would have to work in the rice fields. Our neighbor would bring us sweet potatoes and rice and say, "I am so sorry for you people. We want to hear the Gospel but the village elder will not let us. We will do what we can for you." They spoke in whispers and behind locked doors. At first we had good crowds in the surrounding villages, and we sold many Gospels, but She Kong being the biggest village sent word to the surrounding villages to boycott us. I remember in one village the gates were wide open, and a young man ran out and closed them when he saw us. Along came a woman and they had to open the gates for her, and as she walked in we went in too. They said, "You are not permitted to preach in here." "Why not?" we asked. I pulled out my passport and said the American Government gave us permission to preach anywhere in China; not only that but that the Chinese government did too. "But," they said, "the people will not listen to you." We said that was up to them. My co-worker and I went under a big tree, a crowd gathered and they listened. We gave them enough Gospel to save many souls, but just in the midst of it they said, "These are the people we have been told to boycott," and we had no more opportunity there. We went to another village and they tried the same

thing; a little boy whispered and gave the warning and they scattered. As we went down the street women came out of their homes and sat on the doorstep, asking us to preach Jesus to them. We began and a man came down the street, saying, "You must scatter." A woman shook her fist in the man's face and told him to go away. Another man came, but they paid no attention to him. Finally a rough-looking man, his face marred by sin, came flourishing a knife. He turned to us, but we were not afraid. He turned to the women, "Look here. If you do not scatter I will cut you to pieces," and with that he flourished his knife and they had to scatter. We went down the road until we came to the temple, and these women stood there. I said, "The blood of all these people will be on your heads. God will judge you for it." I talked, but when I got thru a man slammed the door in my face, but I praised God that I got my message in.

We returned back to She Kong and we felt our ministry was finished, but we wanted to give them a final opportunity. We invited all the mission children from LoPau with their banners and told them we were going to march around Jericho. We marched up and down, singing hymns and at every doorstep we left a Gospel. As the people passed along we handed out tracts and Gospels. We told them we would leave on the morrow. As we finished the people gathered at our house. I turned to a man and said, "Aren't you afraid you will be shot down?" He said, "You have told us you will leave tomorrow. Won't you preach just once more?" I told them that if they wanted me to, of course I would. The crowds came, and when we were all seated someone went and locked the door. They didn't want to be caught unawares. While we were explaining the Scriptures a loud knock was heard. The men were white and trembling, but no one offered to go to the door. I sent a Chinese woman to the door, and when she asked who it was, a wee voice on the outside said, "It is only me." A dear old grandmother said, as we opened the door, "I heard you were going to have a meeting here tonight, and I brought my little lantern along. I heard the singing down the street." We preached there until the small hours of the night, and after we were thru we knelt down and prayed. When it was over the Chinese gathered around and said, "You won't pray your God to send judgment on us, will you?" I said, "No, we will pray the blessing of God upon you." They said, "It is not our fault. It is the fault

of the village elders. We would listen to you, but they will not permit us." God has a hungry people in that place and that is why He helped us to give the message.

As we were going down the river something got the matter with the engine of our boat. All along the river they were fighting and we expected every moment the boat would be sunk, but when this happened to the engine, instead of putting up in a regular place, we had to put up at a little side village, but God had someone there He wanted to reach with the message. As we sat in the boat the people gathered around us, and we said, "Don't you want to hear the good news?" They assented and the power of God came down and anointed us there. At the close I turned to them and said, "You have heard the Gospel, isn't it good? Don't you want to know more about Jesus?" A high-class man dressed in long, silken garments said, "This is the first time I have ever heard the story of Jesus. Such a joy came to my heart as you spoke. From this time on I am going to serve your Jesus." Such a hunger was written over the faces of the people as they stood there. Not one laughed or scoffed. God knew there was a people there who needed the Gospel.

I am reminded of a story I heard of a man in Central China who had gone thru the Boxer uprising. He started out for his destination many miles away. As he was going along an awful snowstorm came up. The snow blew every direction and they lost their way. He said to his driver, "We will put up at the nearest village." They went for several miles into the country and could not see any village. Finally away off in the distance they saw a light, and Mr. Lax said, "We will make for that village." A man came to the door and Mr. Lax asked for shelter for the night. At first the man didn't let him in, but he could not let him out there to freeze to death, so he opened the door and said, "Here is a pile of straw." He was glad for it, tho it was a pig pen.

Soon he began preaching Jesus. The man became interested and said, "You are preaching our language." He told him he had been in China a number of years. Then he said, "Have you had any supper?" "No." He went out in the kitchen to tell his wife to prepare something and came back saying, "Tell me some more about Jesus." He proceeded. The Chinaman said, "Oh, my wife and my children must hear about this." As they were gathering around the table, the man

of the house said, "This is too good to keep. I must let my village people know." The people began to gather until the whole house was full. He preached until after midnight, until his tongue was thick and dry. On the other side of the house was a pile of straw in the corner. The man of the house said, "I am sorry I have not a good bed, but you can have my bed." He gave him the very best he had. After he was asleep he was awakened by warm breath on his face, and he felt his straw pillow slipping from him. He thought, "The Boxers are upon us." It was during the Boxer uprising, but they told him there were no Boxers around. He found out one of the water buffaloes had gotten loose and was eating his pillow. Some time after that at the close of a meeting a well-dressed young man stepped up to him, and said, "Mr. Lax, do you remember me?" He told him he did not. "Do you remember," he said, "the time you were lost in a snow storm, and you came to our house and preached Jesus?" "Oh," he replied, "that was the time the buffalo ate my pillow." "That is the time," said the young man, "that my people were all converted." God sends all kinds of circumstances so that the needy may hear the Gospel story.

It pays to carry the Gospel of Jesus to the uttermost parts of the earth. For nearly two thousand years there has been a call for help. Jesus has had His ad in the paper for two thousand years. But so few are answering that ad. You will see ad after ad in the newspapers, and people are answering them every day, but how few are answering His ad to go to the dark corners of the earth. Many times we sit by the bedside of dying souls trying to point them to the living God, and they say, "Ah, you have brought us the Gospel story too late!" They are passing into eternity lost because the message reached them too late. Jesus wants to speed the light. What a joy it is as we see them going out into eternity with a shout of victory! I have stood by the bedside of some of our Christians and wept with joy as I saw the glory of God in their faces.

This is China's day. She is reaching out her hands saying, "Come over and help us." If the Church of God does not arise and take her inheritance who will tell them about Jesus? You ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The blood of these millions in China will cry out from the ground if we do not tell them of salvation. Their blood will be upon us. Thank God, we can all be at the battle front; if not in going, then in giving and in prayer.

News from our Harvest Hands

MISS JESSIE WENGLER, writing from her new station, Hachioji, Japan, is rejoicing to see the hand of the Lord undertaking for her. She writes: "It is very wonderful to me that in the short time I have been here, the Lord has undertaken along every line and proved faithful to His Word. When I first came I did not know anyone, and spent some very lonesome days, but as I waited and prayed, He raised up some friends among the Japanese, and about six young people who are willing to help in the meetings. Two of these young ladies are a result of the Nakano S. S. work, are very much in earnest and want to be baptized in water soon. Then a young man, a school teacher in this vicinity, has offered to help me in the meetings. He says he has been a Christian for five years, having been saved in the Hachioji Holiness church. He seems to be humble and earnest and I praise the Lord for some who are willing to stand for Jesus before their friends and neighbors. Then some younger school girls come regularly to help in the singing. Before each meeting we march around the neighborhood, beating the drum, I with my guitar, singing and inviting the people to the meetings. As you know, Japanese women are so reserved, and to parade the streets as we do must take grace for them, for everybody knows them well. Pray for them as the truth has found an entrance that they may be enabled to grow and become stalwart men and women in Christ."

Snatched from the Burning

Miss Adah Winger, writing from Caracas, Venezuela, tells in a recent letter of new faces, in their assembly, monuments of the power of God to transform lives. She writes:

"A young man who was against the Protestants and found means to contend against them, found himself face to face with the Word of God wielded by one of the saints. The young man was so convicted that he asked to borrow the Bible, with the result that within a few days he was attending the meetings. He gave up his tobacco and novels and is rejoicing with his new-found Savior.

A dear woman who heard the Gospel thru her aunt, but with her husband had lived a life of pleasure, now sees the light and is blessedly saved. It is precious to see her faith in Christ. Her family is listening to the Gospel and her husband is convinced of the truth altho he has

not yet yielded. Her sister-in-law heard the Gospel gladly, burning her idols. She is happy in reading the Bible, but there is great resistance from the Roman catechists, and persecution from the neighbors. There is a conflict on as soon as a family becomes interested.

"Last Sunday night a young man listened very attentively at the door while the message was given in power, then came to the front and at the close stood to his feet and confessed that up to this time he had been a Catholic, but that what he heard he believed was the truth. Oh beloved, hearts are responding and we are filled with praise. Pray on. The Gospel is triumphing in this land.

"But is this all? Nay! This is just our Jerusalem. What about the regions beyond? For weeks the cry, To Arms! has been heard in our midst. At the Annual Assembly the resonant note was To the Regions Beyond! A Missionary Church! Every tribe and village reached with the Gospel.

"A few weeks ago our hearts were stirred to the depths by the going forth of a Christian brother to the untouched tribes of Indians. It is an actual fact. In one place where he stopped and waited for a boat he met a man who had heard Bro. Bailly years ago in Caracas, and he has been giving testimony in this distant town. A number expressed their desire to follow the Lord. One, a school teacher, opened his schoolhouse for meetings.

"The last word received was that this brother and his guide were actually among the Indians. The Governor who has charge of a large district was most favorable to him, putting at his disposal boats and horses to reach the distant tribes, and even offering his home as a base of supplies. Many of these Indians wear no clothing at all, and some wear only loin cloths. None knew that Christ died for them. It is a challenge to the Church of Christ."

Miss Winger also writes that Bethel Institute for Girls in the city of Caracas is overcrowded and will have to be enlarged. God's blessing has been upon the school from the beginning, and her cry is that the saints at home will share this burden and ask God to enlarge their borders.

Pentecost Again Falling in Lo Pau

Miss Blanche Appleby writes that they are purchasing a piece of land in one of the best residence streets of Lo Pau. They made the

first payment, and expected to make the final payment on the land on June 9th.

They have long prayed that they might have a chapel in Lo Pau, and we praise God with them for this beginning. The missionaries have been eye-witnesses of the great need for this building—an opium den at the back of their present meeting place, she writes it is next to impossible to stay one's mind on the Lord in a morning prayer meeting, with the people at the back going in and out continually.

During their recent revival meetings the rain poured into the present chapel so that they could hardly find a dry place to kneel in the prayer-room upstairs, and when those seeking the baptism were under the power of the Spirit and got happy, someone would have to lead them to another place for fear the rafters and boards would give way, the place is so rickety.

This is the next great need in South China. Some years ago it almost seemed impossible that funds would be forthcoming for anything in the way of buildings, but in due time God has met the need. Faith and prayer have been honored and there are several chapels built to the honor and glory of God, where those whom God is searching out can come and hear the Gospel, and Christians can be built up in the faith. America is Gospel hardened. If we cannot win souls here, let us win them in heathen lands by our prayers and our gifts, so that we will not meet Jesus empty-handed. Every dollar we give toward building up the work in foreign lands goes toward winning souls.

A recent revival in Lo Pau shows that it pays to support this worthy work. Miss Appleby writes:

"I wish to praise the Lord for a real breaking thru for Pentecost in Lo Pau. I never saw it on this wise before in this citadel of Satan. Eight have been baptized in the Holy Spirit—blessedly baptized from my viewpoint, and several saved. Two of these baptized in the Spirit are Bible women, a Mrs. Hon, who was only immersed last October, has also been preciousy filled; the rest are school girls from twelve to sixteen years of age. The two Sham girls came thru to wonderful baptisms. Lai Meng, the younger, prophesied in tongues, played on instruments in the Spirit, and danced in the Spirit. Several of them had visions of Jesus, angels, the glory of God, and one a wonderful vision of heaven. One Bible woman fasted for three meals and prayed all night until 4 a. m. At the following night service she was blessedly filled, speaking in tongues for more than half an hour. A paralytic woman, yet unsaved, was prayed for, and

is now able to use her hand some. She had lost the use of one limb for over a year. Trust with us that she may be wholly restored to health, and that her whole family may be brought to Jesus. One of the brightest students said that she was not anxious or desirous to see a light or an angel, but when God baptized her in the Spirit she wished to sing. Oh, it was precious to see this girl of fifteen truly filled with the Spirit, and how she sang! Celestial music to the human ear, reaching high notes, then dropping into the low, sweet mellow tones—sweet cadences which the Master Musician sang thru lips of clay. The Chinese said to Miss Kunkle: 'Lai Man's singing is more beautiful than yours.' I prayed that God would do the 'exceeding, abundant, above all that we could ask or think,' and He has done it in filling these temples with His Holy Spirit.

"There have been three or four refugee soldiers from Kwong Sai at Precious Grace, hiding from the advancing army. We have conducted several services for them, one has been saved and was baptized today (April 24th). Another, who is a member of the Baptist Mission in Waitsap, has been seeking the Holy Spirit and has been near to receiving. He is a fine lad. Pray for these men."

* * *

Bro. Ivan S. Kauffman and family are now back in China. They are in Shanghai at present (J436 Taku Road), helping in various places and refreshing themselves with the language. They are expecting to go into the interior in the Fall. Pray for them that God will guide and direct. These are serious days for our missionaries in China. The daily papers are predicting that missionaries may be ordered out of North China on account of Civil War, and we need to be much in prayer not only for our missionaries but for the dear native Christians that their lives may be spared in these perilous days.

* * *

Bro. Adolph Wieneke, Tsiningchow, is now back in China, after several years of absence. He writes that during his absence the question often arose in his heart regarding the converts God had given him in China, "Will they, by the grace of God, be grounded deeper in Christ, or will the enemy have weakened them in their life of faith?" His heart was greatly comforted when he found them all happy and joyful in the Lord, and not one missing. It was a cause of much rejoicing, when he realized that he had no missionary to leave in charge.

Bro. Wieneke writes of good crowds attending their meetings and the Lord working in their midst. He solicits prayer for both their spiritual and temporal needs.

The Locust Plague

A MISSIONARY in South Africa, Bro. E. M. Scurrah, Capetown, C. C., sends us the following graphic description of the Locust Plague now raging there:

"As I write (from inland) untold millions of destructive locusts are passing over our heads in endless procession. They are filling the land. Over a million square miles of country are covered by this pestilence and it is fearfully on the increase. Truly thousands will go hungry in this country before winter is over. In many places the locusts cover everything like a coating of snow, and when they move on, it is because there is not a blade of grass, nor leaf, nor even bark left. They denude the country absolutely. I found them out on our shade trees this morning, but one might as well try to keep the sun from shining, as to stop the locusts. They come and come, and keep on coming, and the air becomes full of the shining visitors with their four wings. In some cases the light is dimmed and the sun shines as through a thick veil; and they still come in multiplied millions till every foot of ground, every blade of grass, every green shrub, tree, limb, and twig covered with them. They are crushed by the foot and wheel, and devoured by the locust birds, yet they increase and pursue their ministry of destruction until not a blade or twig or leaf is left. They eat without stopping, which shows the satanic origin of the insect. Their work is destruction.

"When the frost settles upon them and they become chilled, they are gathered by wagon-loads and destroyed. An industry has sprung up in the Transvaal which procures locusts and grinds them for poultry food. The Kaffir tribes also eat them, with but little preparation. They are deliciously flavored, I am told. They contain no blood and are but little affected by climatic changes, but severe cold makes them slower in their movements and easily caught.

"Truly the world is written down for destruction and our daily cry is, 'Come, Lord Jesus!' He abides. His peace is mine."

Mission Notes

Mrs. Emma Lawler, Shanghai, China, writes of practical results in their meetings: A Buddhist with his wife was blessedly saved. He was one of the leading members in a committee of sixteen in a Buddhist club, but when the Gospel light fell on his path he gave up all and followed Jesus. His wife, who had been sick for more than a year was healed. In the natural she could

have lived only a short time, as she could eat nothing, but after prayer she was able to take food and gives a most blessed testimony in the meetings.

"Another, a heathen woman, came to Shanghai to see her father. She had consumption and the doctors said she could not live long, but she was blessedly saved and healed and is perfectly well.

"On Sunday a young man was saved in the meeting. After rising from the altar he said, 'Oh, I have such joy inside.' This young man was in my Sunday School class four years ago. He had moved away from Shanghai, but on returning came to the mission and was saved in the first meeting. A young man from the Department store came to Bible study at 9 A. M. and when the lesson was finished he knelt and gave his heart to Jesus."

Sister Lawler gives as her new address Box 622, Shanghai, China. Write to her and her daughter, Beatrice, or send us an offering for them. They have a flourishing work, but have gone thru great financial tests.

* * *

"It is wonderful what God can and will do, when His trusting children give themselves to prayer," writes Mrs. L. M. Jacobs, Gorakhpur, India. "Our hearts rejoiced when we saw in a late *Evangel* your editorial on this very thing, that one of the missionaries' greatest needs is prevailing prayer. And it is so true! Other things are necessary, to be sure, but they will all come in answer to prayer. And we need your prayers *more*, oh so much more, than you can ever know.

"I think I wrote you that just before Christmas we baptized two young men and now we want to tell you for the glory of God, that four more will follow the Lord in baptism this Sunday (March 14). One is an elderly man, who was once a Christian, but had drifted away; two, a mother and daughter, came out of heathenism and will take their stand together for Christ in baptism. The other is a bright young man, twenty-two years old, an earnest Christian, who we believe will make a real witness among his own people. Sometime ago he went to his village to see his people and when within hailing distance he called out to some of his friends, 'I am a Christian now, a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.' One of our Indian preachers who went with him said it was precious how he told everyone he met of his new-found Saviour. And his shining face is a witness in itself of a changed heart. After they accept the Lord, we wait a little time before baptizing them to see if they are true. A few nights ago, *Jagaru* came and sat down at our feet and begged us please not to put it off any longer, as someone told him he was not a real Christian (*pukka*) until he had become baptized, and said, 'I know I am a real Christian, so please baptize me.' Now doesn't it pay to pray? *Oh if I could call out with a voice*

that could be heard throughout the earth, my one cry would be, 'PRAY.'"

* * *

Bro. Thos. Stoddart is now back in Poona, India, the city to which the Lord called him. Some years ago he was sitting in a meeting in South Africa, and the Lord spoke to him very distinctly, "Go to Poona." A brother sitting in front of him turned around and looked at him saying, "You have a call to India, have you not?" The brother knew nothing about the Lord's dealings with Bro. Stoddart, but to him it was a blessed confirmation. While in Poona the Lord gave him souls among the English soldiers, among whom were two who have been engaged in mission work in India, Vernon Elliott and Ernest Smith. Brother Smith and his wife are now associated with Brother Stoddart in the work at Poona.

A Miracle of Healing



HAVE been asked to give this testimony of an accident and healing of a little girl named Thora Jeffreys, 14 Bezuidenhout Street, Troyeville, Johannesburg.

One day as I was proceeding from Jeppes to Johannesburg, my young niece accompanied me nearly as far as the tram. Having said good-bye to her and having told her to go home, I went on. When I looked around to see if she was safe, I found that she had followed me into the street and had been run over by a motor travelling at full speed, dragging her some yards. I ran and picked her up but she recovered consciousness only to collapse in my arms. I knelt down in the street with her in my arms and cried out to God. I told Him that I could not go to the mother with the seemingly dead child, as it was her only little girl. I prayed that the Lord would give her back to me. By this time about fifty people had gathered round me. Some ran for brandy, others water, etc., but I just waved them away, telling them to wait and see what God could do. Then the power of God came upon me and I spoke in tongues. The interpretation, "All power is given unto me," was given to me too. I placed my hands on the child and rebuked death, commanding it to depart. Life came into her body and I thanked God. I then got into a motor car with her and told the driver to take me to Jeppes, but the crowd wanted me to take her to the hospital. After some trouble the driver took me to my sister's home in Jeppes. As soon as I arrived, I ran upstairs with the little girl. We immediately sent for Bro. Heatley and others to pray for her. She was in a dead faint, but as we prayed she regained consciousness and started to scream,

making a terrible noise. We continued in prayer until she fell asleep. The woman who drove the car, which ran over the child, begged me to allow her to call in a doctor. I told her that she could do so but we did not intend using any medicine as we trusted the Lord to heal the child.

She sent for the doctor and in the meantime Sis. Heatley and I washed the child and found that she was badly torn between the legs and was bleeding considerably. Her one leg was broken and the one eye was hanging outside the head. The car's wheel had passed over her stomach and had hurt her internally. Her chin was cut open from the one side to the other, and was bleeding freely. When the doctor arrived he immediately saw there was no hope for her recovery and stated that her heart had ceased working. He did not think that she could live more than a few hours. He nevertheless wanted to stitch the cut in her face. I told him that it was unnecessary as we looked to Jesus to do the work. He got very angry and said that if we did not allow him to do it at once he would lay a charge against us for refusing medical aid. Later on a policeman came around to take a statement from me. He warned me that everything I might say would be used as evidence against us in court. I told him that I was not afraid, as Jesus is my Lawyer and He would defend me. I then made a statement.

Going back to the child, I found that the cut across the face had closed up, leaving only a stripe to show where the cut had been. The bleeding had ceased also. Jesus had stitched it Himself. On the fourth day the eye was back in its place.

The sergeant of the police wanted me to make another statement some days later to the effect that I got another doctor and used medicine. (He thought that the child was dead.) I thanked him, but told him that the original statement was quite in order. I invited him upstairs, to come and see what my *Doctor* had done for the little girl. He did not want to believe that this was the child.

I could not understand why the little bits of stone which had gotten into the flesh of her legs when she was dragged along by the motor car, would not come out, for I was confident that Jesus always did a complete and good work. When the sergeant refused to believe that it was the same child that had the accident, I knew that the bits of stone were left there to convince him of the truth. I showed him the child's leg and he believed. From that moment the little stones

began to loosen and fall out. On the twelfth day she was perfectly healed and stood in the Mission Hall and in the open air, testifying what Jesus had done for her.

This was a miracle, for we know that in the natural way a broken leg usually takes about six weeks to heal.

To God be all the honor and glory.

G. Preller, in *The Comforter*.

Spelling Jesus with four Letters

THE practical attitude toward the whole question of the Coming of the Lord Jesus is, not to be talking about it all the time; some folks need to know about *His first coming*. It is only *one* truth, a blessed truth, but should be kept in its right relation to other truths. The truth of the Coming of our Lord is a fascinating, important non-essential; it is non-essential to your salvation, non-essential to saintliness and to service, *but* it plainly is *the master key to the Book, the master key to the present difficult world situation*. But the practical attitude for you and me is to live day by day such a simple, unselfish, uncompromising Jesus' life that those around us will see that we are in touch with the Spirit of the Man who died and lived again and lives. They will no doubt want to get in touch with Him, too. That is the practical attitude of the whole question.

Two women were sitting side by side in steamer chairs on an Atlantic liner, coming this way, and they got to talking as two women will—or two men. The one woman was a little body with lines in her face and piercing eyes. Her home was in a West Virginia village and she had had an intense desire to get into a certain literary society, but she was barred out because her society credentials were not suitable. Try as she would she could not get in and, of course, she got more and more determined. She said to herself, "If I go to Europe—nobody in town has ever been to Europe—I can come back and write a paper and they will all want me. Then I will get in." She saved and saved, for twenty long years, and then went. But she got only as far as Belgium when the war broke out. They were pulling along the well paved roads out of Brussels. "Then," she said in conversation with this woman on the steamer, "we were in it. The motor stopped." Her friend said, "In what?" "In the war-zone. Strange, brown faces on both sides and a man's voice said, 'Water, for God's sake, water.'" She had a cup and started to get some water from the near-by brook, but her companions stopped her,

saying, "It is dangerous. You might lose your life." But the woman in her rose up and she said, "He is saying, 'For God's sake, water.' I have a cup and there is the brook. I will go." She was left behind, the motor car went on without her and all that day and all night she was bringing water, taking messages and singing a bit. Then a great bitterness rose up in her heart. "Where was God? Why did He allow all this suffering by the innocent as well as others?" And then she said she was conscious of Someone unknown by her side and He was helping her and she was helping Him and He was heart-broken over conditions as well as she. She said, "A new woman broke out inside of me." So the night passed and the morning came; the ambulance came to take her to her lodging place. That was her story. Her companion hastily and thoughtlessly said, "Well, now you will surely get into the literary society, won't you?" The little woman with burning eyes and the narrow lines in her face, sat bolt upright, "Oh, but you don't understand. None of those little things count now." It was a little thing now, but she had worked for it for twenty long years. And her companion, hushed and awed, said, "What does count?" The little woman with the narrow lines said softly, "Only Jesus, and love and helpin' folks." What does matter in the thick of all these tangles—only this. She had it right—Jesus, the Man who died; love, which is spelling Jesus with four letters; and helping folks, that is putting Him into human shoes today. May we each one give Him afresh the first place and let Him use our shoes in helping folks.—*S. D. Gordon, in the Olympic Theatre, Chicago.*

* * *

"Rodger Babson, the great statistician, said, 'One dollar spent for a lunch lasts five hours; one dollar spent for a necktie lasts five weeks; one dollar invested in a cap lasts five months; one dollar invested in an automobile lasts five years; one dollar invested in a railroad lasts five generations, but one dollar spent in the service of God lasts for eternity.'" *Ira D. Shakley.*

* * *

Do not forget our special offer of seven months for 50 cts. to new subscribers, beginning with June. Send the paper to your friends. It has a way of preaching the Gospel to them which you cannot do. Its silent witnessing will tell for eternity.

Helpless Without Prayer

Miss L. H. Parker, writing from Bara Banki, where she is assisting Miss Olgo Aston in the Orphanage while her sister is in the hills, tells of heart and hands full of loving service for the Master. She asks for prayer that the duties and cares of life will not crowd out the ministry of prayer; is burdened about a district containing nine thousand people, and not one missionary to tell them of Jesus. "We never hear," she writes, "the wailing of pipe and the drumming of the tom tom announcing the approach of a funeral procession, but what we wonder if the departed one ever heard of Jesus, or if we came too late. They say that with every tick of the clock one soul in India goes into eternity. Where will they spend it?"

"India sounds very easy to understand when one listens to people talking from the platform at home, but it is entirely different when one lives in her midst. The more I learn about India, the less I find I really know. India's life is unalterable save thru the transforming power of Jesus. Nothing else can ever break the bondage of her caste and her time-established rules and customs. We who live where we can see the sin and suffering, only the Lord knows how terrible, we who hear the cry for help, are absolutely helpless without your prayers and your help. Were it not for the sustaining grace of God it would be maddening, our hearts and our faith would utterly fail. But we look up to the Lord and draw from Him, and He lifts the burden. It is hard to stand by and see the poor, helpless women driven to their fate. Do pray, for prayer changes things.

"Mr. Roberts, Hon. Treas. of the Bible League of India, Burma and Ceylon, says, that out of 4,000 missionaries now working in India, Burma and Ceylon, not more than 2,000 believe in the Bible as the inerrant and infallible Word of God; that higher criticism is creeping like a deadly plague over India, and the result of their unbelieving propaganda has been disastrous beyond any words to express."

When God Led

"God is beginning to work again," said a sister joyously, as she rehearsed His leading. She had know what it was to be definitely led by Him in the early days of Pentecost, and her heart often cried out to hear His voice and be directed by Him. There is no experience so precious as to be led by the Lord, to hear His voice and to feel that He is directing our steps, but sometimes we become careless and He lets a dearth come to draw us to Him.

On our national holiday the Stone Church folks went for an outing to one of the parks, but as the day wore on, there was a restlessness came upon some and they felt they wanted to do something for the Lord. They boarded a car and as they rode along they were lifted up in the Spirit and began to sing. One said, "Let's have a street meeting." But where should they go. They decided to pray and ask the Lord to show them; left that car and boarded another, and as they looked out of the window they saw a large crowd of men. "Oh, let us get off here," said one, and they did. Standing on the corner they asked the Lord to direct them, and walked a block. Then stepping out into the street, they began to sing. A large crowd gathered and they had a blessed meeting.

A man who had gone to the North Side to attend a Union Meeting, became very restless and nervous, and left, taking a car into the city. As he got off the car, he met another man walking aimlessly about. They heard the singing and walking in the direction of the voices, came upon this company of women who had come from the South Side. "I know these people," he said, and joined them. The power of God fell on the meeting afresh, and as the brother preached to that large crowd of unsaved men, conviction seized them. A number held up their hands for prayer. Four came to the front, and knelt down in the middle of the street, crying out for mercy. The little God-sent company gathered around and knelt with them, the recording angel wrote four names down in the Book of Life. It was one of the toughest places in the city, they found out afterwards. God knew He had some diamonds in that mire of sin, and led a few of His saints from the two extreme ends of the city, just to the spot where they were. The crowd stood unmoved, while they were praying those souls thru to God, no doubt many others amongst them were near to the kingdom. "We never were in a better meeting in our lives," said one who participated, "because of the power and presence of the Lord in our midst."

* * *

During 1921, 1,000 Baptists in Sweden received the Pentecostal baptism. The Baptist Church is largely Pentecostal there.

* * *

It is reported that Dr. Matthews, a prominent Presbyterian minister in Portland, Oregon, who has a church of 7,000 members, received the Pentecostal baptism recently.

Good Books

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