

# The Latter Rain Evangel

*The days of heaven on the earth*

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**An International Monthly Magazine**

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

## A Phenomenal Growth of a Work of God

Great Results From Little Beginnings.

By Rose Meyer.



COULD bricks and mortar talk, what a story some walls could relate to us! And we venture to say that next to the walls of home, the church could most rivet out attention, for within its confines, courses of lives have been completely turned about, tragedies have been averted by Divine intervention, the bitter made sweet when men and women dethroned him who rules in hate to enthrone Him whose only rule is that of Love. How sacred those walls! What hallowed ground! Its memories are precious in the lives of many who have discovered there the Captain of their salvation for their storm-tossed bark on the raging sea of Life.

Our country is studded with Church Buildings which are but beautiful edifices looming to the sky, whose bricks and mortar could tell us only of forms and ceremonies, but scattered here and there are humble houses of worship which tell for God and for eternity.

One such church, composed of living stones, is located in Alton, Illinois, whose walls have so expanded that it is not confined alone to Alton, for in the country round about one may find today branches that speak of the overflow of God's blessing. Living temples consecrated for service within that temple built by man, were the means of other structures being raised wherein the transforming power of the Gospel might chisel and mould many human lives.

During the past ten years God has singularly blessed this work under the leadership of Pastor A. W. Kortkamp, and for the encouragement of those who today may be struggling against great odds and for the purpose of glorifying Him, there is related here a little of what God has done, a bit of the story which bricks and mortar would tell could they but speak.

It was most remote from the thought of that student of Aurora College, then a member of the Presbyterian Church, that he would take the pastorate of a church which would scarce provide a livelihood, not to speak of shepherding a flock of despised Pentecostal people in his own home city. True, he was then working his way through college but he was fitting himself for better things, willing to struggle now that in the future he might be capable of filling an honorable and re-

munerative pastorate. But God still

"moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

He uses ways and means foreign to the mind of man. It was during one of his summer vacations, Mr. Kortkamp was working to earn money for his next term at Aurora, that he was brought in touch with a woman who had been marvelously healed of consumption, and this was the beginning of a pattern other than his own, being woven into the warp of his life. He had known this woman, Mrs. George L. Walker, in her days of severe illness, when the best physicians in Alton after examination, offered no hope whatever, declaring that one lung was entirely gone and the other badly affected. But God foresaw what glory her healing would accomplish, and so through the anointing of oil and the prayer of faith in Jesus, she was made every whit whole. Although our Twentieth Century Thomases said that the healing was only temporary, the result of a moment's excitement, it has stood the test of twenty long years. Since the third or fourth day of her healing she has done her housework and continually borne witness to God's double cure for a double curse: Salvation for sin; Healing for sickness.

It was very evident to Mr. Kortkamp that God was still working in a supernatural way, and he could not but accept the truth of Divine Healing in view of all that he had seen and heard. He had climbed one more round in the ladder of his religious belief, but there was still a higher rung in store for him. While he was at College, Pentecost had come to Alton, and although our Presbyterian student at first flung this aside as a thing to be shunned, it was not long until he too was caught in its meshes. God worked in spite of his opposition. He discovered himself searching the Scriptures, looking up carefully every passage referring to the Holy Spirit, until the Word brought conviction, and he with his wife joined the despised sect of peculiar people. As the course of a stream is sometimes changed by a fallen boulder, so have been changed the courses of these two lives because God had thrown boulders of truth across their pathway. Now instead of Mr. Kortkamp returning to his former college and his wife adhering to the teachings which she had received at the M. E. Seminary of which she was a graduate, they both

abandoned prospective careers and took up studies at the Elim Bible Training School, Rochester, N. Y. After graduation and a short-termed pastorate in the East, the little Pentecostal Assembly of Alton gave him a call which he accepted.

And so in 1915 Mr. Kortkamp took charge of the Alton Assembly which had dwindled down to a membership of about eighteen, just six of which were men, the rest being women and children. The struggle to provide for his family, a wife and two children, in those early days will never be forgotten by that man and woman whom God was so strangely leading. "We almost starved to death when we first took the work," said Pastor Kortkamp, "but we found God always faithful." There were times when they knew not where the next five cents, so necessary, was coming from, but His promises were made so real that they dared to stand and believe Him in spite of circumstances. One instance of God's faithfulness in those early days of testing is told by him. They had received only a mere pittance on a Sunday which was to last them through the coming week, but after paying the milk bill on Monday morning they had but fourteen cents to keep the family of four the following six days. There was no reserve stock in their pantry and in the natural the days ahead seemed dark indeed. What could they do but pray?

And it was by the path of prayer that God sent relief, for in a nearby city a sister felt impressed of their needs, and having sold a piece of property, she, for the first time in her life, gave God His portion by sending to Pastor Kortkamp a check for \$50. How abundantly God had supplied!

And not only were they tested financially, but there were times of seeming defeat, when sickness entered the home and death lurked near. One son developed a severe case of bronchial pneumonia until it seemed his life would slip from them any moment. This condition lasted for several weeks during which time a trained nurse belonging to the Assembly came to the grief-stricken home and seeing the lad, said to his father, "Why, brother, he is dying now!" But when the enemy was about to claim the victory, God undertook, and suddenly while they were praying the boy opened his eyes and said, "Mother, I want something to eat." In a few days he was out playing, perfectly delivered.

Financial struggles! Physical testings! And yet there was a more bitter battle on in connec-

tion with that little Pentecostal church. The teachings of Pentecost had been held in reproach, and with the exception of a very few, Alton's residents looked on with scorn. Those were the days when no newspaper in the city would stoop to insert a notice of the services, and while other church notices were published weekly free of charge, the papers refused to announce the Pentecostal services altho a remuneration was offered.

How different it all was from the bright future the ambitious student had planned for himself in his college days! Instead of a large congregation he was shepherding a mere handful. Instead of an honored pastorate, he was despised and ignored. In place of a comfortable salary which the denominational churches offered, he was struggling along for the bare necessities. What wonder that he was tempted! The thought of giving up often came to him, but every time that he took it to the Lord he was assured that "He would bring them out into a bright day." "And God has literally fulfilled that promise," said this pastor, in reviewing His dealings. Surely He was only waiting to be gracious, and now the "brighter day" has dawned for both pastor and people. Faithfulness will never go unrewarded, and when God saw that the lessons had been learned and His purposes worked out in the lives of His servants, then He opened wide heaven's windows of blessing, and poured down far more than they had ever anticipated.

During the first four or five years the church had grown on a small scale until they had about 150 in attendance, but it was up-hill work until the change came. The constant teaching of Gospel truths together with a Christianity lived out daily among his fellowmen, helped to break down walls of opposition. Then during war days some of his people helped those of other churches in relief work, and this mingling of the people removed prejudice and created a feeling of fellowship. After that the churches of Alton launched a Union Meeting in which the Pentecostal Church was invited to participate. The opposers of other days found that their fears were groundless, for here were people as well-behaved as they themselves, and as they worked together for souls, sectarian barriers were forgotten.

But underneath and over all, God's hand could be seen moving, and He was preparing Alton for a veritable downpour of the Latter Rain.

After the campaign of the churches in which the pastors took turns in preaching, the time seemed ripe for the Pentecostal people to put forth a special effort, and so Evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson was called for a special campaign, which the Lord signally blessed until the entire district was stirred. The First Methodist Church and the College Avenue Baptist Church in Upper Alton both offered their buildings for meetings. Pentecost in Alton had gained a new footing.

Soon after, the little church on Edwards Street began to expand its walls; its seating capacity was enlarged to 450, but the ever-increasing congregations outgrew these expanded walls, and they moved to one of the main streets of Lower Alton where a large stone Tabernacle was erected having a seating capacity of 1,000. The church membership has grown from 18 to 872 in ten years, an increase of more than 400 per cent. The walls of the new Tabernacle are now resounding with the driving of hammer and nails for a balcony which will accommodate three or four hundred more.

During the past ten years over 2,500 have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the walls of that building have resounded hundreds of times with the cries of the penitent followed by shouts of praises as sin's dark-road prodigals wearily come from the "far country" home to Father's house.

The work among the Young People has been one of the most encouraging features. A band of 200 Christian young people can stir an entire city, and in Alton they systematically visit the homes and bring the Gospel to many who will not come to a church. This house-visitation has brought blessed results, and hundreds have been brought into the kingdom thru their efforts. Just recently a few of these personal workers entered a home where the mother was suffering with a long-standing illness. She was saved and healed, and three members of her family came to the services and accepted salvation. They are now tarrying for the Baptism of the Spirit.

A special class on personal work is conducted for the Young People every winter for a series of six weeks, and this training is one of the best assets in building up the work. From the ranks of the Young People eleven are now attending Bible School in various cities, and in addition five are out on the field as pastors and evangelists. But for those who are unable to leave home and yet desire Bible study, a Bible School

has been opened at the home base and is in charge of Mrs. Kortkamp.

And then this church, which outgrew several buildings, could also tell you of times when miracles were performed within her walls, miracles of healing such as that of Mrs. Webb of that city, who suffered from a mad-dog bite at the age of four or five, which resulted in spasms so severe that her head would be thrown back to her heels. Every available remedy had been sought, and specialists had been engaged until the family's fortune had become exhausted; yet she was not one whit better. But one day she decided to turn to the Great Physician for help, came down to the Pentecostal Church for prayer, with the result that from that hour she was entirely delivered. Not once did she have a recurrence of those dreadful spells, and for two years she has been perfectly normal, absolutely delivered.

Another notable healing was that of a sister who for a number of years had suffered from cancer of the stomach. Unable to leave her bed, Pastor Kortkamp was called. Within a week she attended service at the Church when she testified that for the first time in many months she was able to do her own work. This took place some time ago and no trace of the disease remains in her body. Many others have been healed, among them seven or eight of incurable diseases.

From this central power-house currents have been created which in turn have carried the Light to outlying cities. Today there is also a Pentecostal Assembly in Upper Alton, which has sprung from the main work, and which is in charge of Pastor J. E. Kistler. So that within a radius of thirty miles there are a number of missions and souls are continually being saved, healed, and baptized in the Holy Spirit.

A pastor in Canton, Ill., who had been dismissed by his Board from the Baptist Church because of his stand for a Full Gospel, invited Mr. Kortkamp to hold a campaign in the new church he had built. The third night the building proved inadequate for the people who came for thirty and forty miles; from Decatur, Jacksonville, and other cities they came. During another special effort put forth in Robinson, Ill., the average attendance was five and six thousand; hundreds were saved and healed, with the result that the entire country round about was deeply stirred. Today it is no task to get an announcement into the daily papers. "In fact,"

said this pastor, "they cannot give us enough advertising, and sometimes do too much of it."

Can anyone doubt that God has literally fulfilled His promise "to bring them out into a bright day"? Not when he sees the handiwork

of the Master at every turn! Not when he has heard the stately steppings of the Man of Galilee, and has seen His footmarks in homes thruout the city, in villages and towns wherever the Pentecostal Gospel has penetrated!

## The Cup that Jesus Drank

"Not My Will But Thine Be Done."

Pastor Philip Wittich in the Stone Church, Sept. 27, 1924



WANT to lead you into Matt. twenty-sixth chapter, beginning with the thirty-sixth verse. We see here how the Lord Jesus crossed the Brook Kedron which carried away the blood of the sacrifices, and went to the Garden which is called Gethsemane, or "the oil press." There the Lord Jesus Christ went into the great press of suffering and judgment for our sakes.

In Leviticus 2, we have a description of our Lord Jesus as the meal offering. The King James version calls it the "meat" offering, which is wrong. There was no meat about it. The chief ingredients were *oil*, a type of the Holy Spirit, *fine flour*, a type of the humanity of Christ, and *frankincense*, which speaks of a broken will. In that chapter we have exactly what we have here brought out in Matt. 26. Here we see this meal offering to be Jesus, the Lamb of God. When He went as an offering to the cross, He went in the fullness of the Spirit.

He also went there with the fine flour of a sinless humanity; but what delighted the Father most was the offering of the frankincense of His yielded prayer, "Not My will but Thine be done." Let me emphasize this for our mutual benefit. What Christ did in Himself He wants to do for us. He wants us to be indwelt as He was indwelt. He wants our human personality to be no more under the power of sin but to be indwelt by the fine flour of His human nature, so that we can always say as He did, "Not my will but Thine be done."

There can be only one will in heaven; in fact only one will in the whole universe, if the universe is what God intended it to be; and whenever the will of another arises contrary to the will of God there is sin and disobedience. *God alone* can govern this universe.

Our Lord Jesus Christ is brought out here as one who is full of the oil of the Holy Ghost and also full of the fine flour of His sinless

humanity which He received from God. In the Garden came the crucial test in which He had to pray three times, "Not My will but Thine be done." Why do I call it a crucial test? Because our Lord Jesus was a perfect human Being. You and I when we were saved from sin were imperfect human beings, made so by sin, but Jesus was a perfect human Being, and therefore He also had a perfect human will. He had a will all His own, which He always had submitted to the Father; but now came the crucial test that Jesus should lay down this sinless life as a sacrifice to God, for if Jesus had not laid down His human life, we would have never been saved.

We read in Heb. 5:7, that the Lord "in the days of His flesh, having offered prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared; tho He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered." Tho incarnate, our Lord Jesus stepped out of the sphere of His unlimited Deity and entered into an entirely different sphere, the sphere of our limited humanity. He became a man, God preparing for Him a sinless body described in the Old Testament as "*fine flour*." In this sinless human nature Christ was to carry out sin which had lodged in the body of Adam and his children. We all brought this sin with us into this world; Christ, however, carried it out on Calvary, thru death. To do this, He had to lay down His holy, human will at the feet of His Father.

Now anyone who is sinless, according to the justice of God, is free from death, for we read, "Death is the wages of sin." Christ had a sinless human personality, and God could not justly condemn Him and put Him to death for our sakes unless Jesus consented to it. The righteousness of God stopped at the holy will of Jesus, and it is only as Jesus was willing to learn obedience in the things which He suffered, that God could deliver us from sin, its power and its shame. To express this truth, frankincense was used. Frankincense, part of the most

holy incense (Ex. 30:34), is a powder which when it is burned, sends forth a sweet odor. God considered the obedience of Jesus Christ on the cross a sweet perfume. Christ was not obliged as a sinless Man to take upon Himself sin, disease and death. It was a free-will offering of His, and when He, the sinless One, surrendered Himself to be made sin, and a curse, it was a sweet savor ascending to the nostrils of His Father. Therefore, "God hath highly exalted Him and given Him a Name above every name." Phil. 2:9-11.

We see here in our text how the Lord was drinking the cup of His Father. He said in the garden. "If it is possible let this cup pass from Me." What cup did the Lord drink? First of all, He drank *the cup of sin*. In Lev. 16:21, 22, we read, "And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness: and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat into the wilderness." Here we have in the live goat a type of the Lord Jesus Christ. On Calvary God laid all the sins and iniquities of the entire human race upon His blessed Son. That was part of the cup that Jesus had to drink, and therefore we read that at the beginning of His agonies in the Garden, He said, "My *soul* is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." Why did the Lord say, "my *soul*"? Why did He not say "My Spirit"? If you read this scripture carefully you will find that His spirit, soul and body are all mentioned in Matt. 26 and 27. In the 38th verse He mentions His "soul"; then in the 41st verse He says, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh (that is His body) is weak." There you have the Lord telling you exactly what happened to His spirit, soul and body on Calvary. There He was a complete sacrifice for you and me, according to His body. At Calvary, our Father in heaven, if you will permit the expression, applied divine chemistry to our Lord Jesus Christ. Chemistry teaches how to separate anything into its component parts. As our Sinbearer, spirit, soul and body of our Lord were searched and analyzed on Calvary by the Holy Ghost, yet no trace of sin could be found in Him. In I Peter 2:23, we read of Him, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." However, when

the sacrifice was accomplished, there was no sin found in His spirit, His soul or His body. That is the wonderful mystery of Calvary. The spirit of Jesus is His immortal self; therefore He says, "My spirit is willing," and on the cross He said, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." The spirit of Christ was always willing to be in the will of God, whether it was in life or death. In the 38th verse He says, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful." The soul of Christ was suspended in His blood, for He poured out His soul, His personality, unto death. Jesus had to decide in His own personality, "Will I die? Will I surrender My life blood to save this race or will I not?" Therefore He had to pray three times, "Father, not My will, but Thine be done."

On the cross God did something that I fear we have not considered and appreciated as we should. He laid upon His Son's body all the sin and vileness of the human race, and yet when Christ died, He was analyzed by God and every part of His human being was separated, spirit, soul and body, and no sin was found in the victim. His spirit was willing, His soul was willing to be poured out, and He was willing to offer His body as a means of carrying out our sins in death. He was made a curse as Paul tells us (Gal. 3:13), and yet no sin was found in Him. We are standing here before a wonderful, divine mystery. Are you not rejoicing that the Lord has carried away not only our sins but also our *sinful nature*? Therefore Paul, who had a complete understanding of the atonement, says: "Even so reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto *sin* (our nature) but alive unto God in Christ Jesus." Rom. 6:10.

Christ poured out *His soul, His personal self*, and if you and I want to be like Him, we have to learn the secret of turning over *our personal self* unto God. This means more, I fear, than most Pentecostal people are willing to receive. How often do we pray that God will lift some cloud or change our circumstances and conditions when He does not want these clouds to be lifted, or our circumstances to be changed, but rather that we learn obedience thru the things which we suffer thereby. Often we hear the expression, "I want to be like Jesus!" However, when we are called upon to go thru suffering according to God's will to make us perfect, we begin to pray that we may be delivered. If we want to be a sweet savor unto God, let us learn from the Holy Ghost to say in all things, "*Not my will but Thine be done.*"

Why is it that God's people are not as united as they should be? There are differences and schisms among us. I believe the reason is that we have not learned to say in all things, "Not my will but Thine be done." There was no friction between the Father and the Son. There was no friction between Jesus and His enemies when they came to arrest Him. Judas kissed Him and He never objected to it. He allowed the soldiers to bind Him and drag Him to Pilate's Hall, and there was no friction whatever, because He had no will of His own. Let me ask this question of you: When will there be friction between you and me? When there is self in each of us. When is there friction between us and God? *When our will is not fully broken.* Whenever there is friction between us and God, He cannot fully bless us.

Isaiah 53:3 brings this out very beautifully, speaking of Christ: "He was despised and shunned by men, a Man of pains and acquainted with disease; and as one who hid His face from us was He despised, and we esteemed Him not." But only our diseases did He bear Himself, and our pains He carried; while we indeed esteemed Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. Yet He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and from His bruises was healing granted unto us." (Trans. by Rabbi Isaac Leeser.) Think of it, beloved! Our dear Lord bore *all our sins*; all that were committed and all that will be committed until man shall be judged at the Great White Throne. Do you wonder that He had to pray three times, "Not My will but Thine be done"?

Not only our sins and our sinful nature, but sickness and pain did He bear away, for sickness and pain do not belong to the sinless Man. Jesus had no sickness or pain until He went to the cross, but when He came to Calvary as our Substitute all our sins and our evil nature were laid upon Him, and He then had to bear also our sicknesses and pains which are part of the curse. He must have been a loathsome sight on the cross, being smitten from head to foot with our disease, for Isaiah said, "We hid as it were, our faces from Him!"

Then the last cup which our Lord drank was the cup of death. As a sinless Man He was entitled to escape death. He had a right to claim that death should not touch Him. What is death? We speak of death as a dissolution of soul and body, but the worst form of death is

*separation from God.* God will not look upon sin, and if a sinner is not willing to be separated from sin, God will turn His face from him. That is just what happened at the cross when Jesus let the Father put all of our sins upon Him. He knew God would turn His face from Him! That was the greatest suffering He had to bear, for He was one in nature and love with the Father, but for six hours the Father's back was turned on Him. In other words, *God had to curse Him for our sakes.*

Do not take this as a theory or a theological statement. Let the Holy Spirit make it real! Death is a separation of the spirit from God, and Christ tasted death for six hours. Therefore He cried out, "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?" In other words, "Father, there is no sin in Me. Why do You turn Your face from me?" How can we look with favor on sin, or be tempted by it, when we think of what our Lord suffered for us? Our Lord Jesus drank the cup of suffering, the cup of sin, the cup of death, the cup of complete separation from God, and yet when He died He said, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit."

But what became of His personal self, His soul? *He lost it.* He lost His sinless self. His soul was poured out of His five wounds; there was no more blood in the body of Jesus when He said, "It is finished." If we desire to be like Him, we too will have to give up our personal self, our soul, to be completely filled with His Holy Spirit. While dissolution was going on on Calvary, Christ's body lost its life, its soul, and consequently His spirit could not stay within His body, but went to the Father. God could not find any sin in His spirit, His soul, or in His body. This is brought out in type in the third chapter of Exodus, when the Lord appeared unto Moses in the burning bush. Moses saw the bush burning yet not consumed. Christ is the burning bush. We have life only in Him; all that was burned up on the cross was our sin. As Christ in the burning bush, burning yet not consumed, so God wants us to yield to the fire. The Christ in us will never be burned; all that will be consumed is the self-life.

"Lord, I desire to live as one  
Who bears a blood-bought name;  
As one who feels but grieving Thee,  
And knows no other shame.

As one by whom Thy walk below  
Should never be forgot;  
As one who fain would keep apart  
From all Thou lovest not."

## The March of Pentecost in India

In the Mount of God at the Holiday Season

Miss Bernice Lee, Uska Bazar, India.

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;  
O be swift my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!

OUR GOD IS MARCHING ON!"



EVER have the above lines, from the BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC, meant so much to some of us as during the past year. They have somehow become the "slogan" or "army-cry" of a band of people, from various denominations in India, who have heard the trumpet sound and to whom that call means *no retreat!*

With feeling almost too deep for words, we desire to record once more, a few of the blessings He is pouring out upon us in this land. Verily, He is "sifting out the hearts of men," and decisions are being made which carry with them tremendous import. We cannot refrain from asking the dear Pentecostal people everywhere (and the question pierces our own heart) are our souls still *swift* to answer every call of the Spirit? Are our feet *jubilantly* following "whithersoever the Lamb goeth"? Whether or not we are keeping step with Him, the fact stands out with startling clearness,

"OUR GOD IS MARCHING ON!"

Along the banks of a beautiful canal, in a village of the Punjab District, in North India, stands a government bungalow, unused except as occasion demands, which has become a sacred spot to not a few of God's chosen ones. Here, during the Christmas holidays, gathered about thirty of these; thirty who had caught the vision of the Early Church, and whose one cry was, "God, at any cost!" American Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, Zenana, Bible and Medical missionaries, Church of England missionaries and some from the Pentecostal missions, gathered again, as last April, to wait for "the promise of the Father."

One young man was asked by the dear sister whom God has used to call these gatherings together, if he intended to be present. His reply was, "Coming! What do you think my soul has been hungering and thirsting for all these months? Of course I'm coming!" This cry

from one who has not as yet received the Spirit's fulness, represents the yearning of many a longing heart, and how our whole being goes out in a great, deep desire that they shall be speedily filled with the Spirit.

God knew the deep earnestness of these dear people, and from the very first hour we gathered, His Spirit was mightily manifest. Each had come with a holy determination to "wait until" and oh the holy joy that permeated the atmosphere of each meeting and all the time between sessions! The conversation was JESUS, the hymns were JESUS, the smiles radiated His glory; yes, here was a company who had come together to meet God!

The first to come through to the baptism was a young missionary who has only been out about three or four months. Before she left the States she was warned to keep clear of Pentecost, but her heart was so hungry for God that she wept much. She thought at the time she was homesick, but knows now that it was real hunger for God which caused the aching heart. She was on her way to a certain place in North India, missed her train and decided to come to Nandipur, where the meetings were being held, for a few days, instead. Though all was strange and new to her, she felt God in the place and her heart sought Him. We had watched the old year out and on New Year's Day she earnestly waited before Him. The power of God came upon her and for eleven and a half hours she lay under His anointing and came through to a glorious Baptism. Oh the mighty transformation in that young life! How her face shone with that calm, holy peace which God alone can give! She at once began to help the other seekers.

Again and again others seemed nearly at the place of victory, and entering into the promised land, and then the enemy would do all in his power to hinder. It was a time of learning to fight the battles of the Lord in a very real sense, and we who were there can never praise Him enough for the invaluable lessons of those days. Some who had come felt they could not go away without the promised blessing, and as in the meetings last spring, we tarried a day longer than we had intended. Verily, He is a God that hideth Himself, but Oh! it is that we may be diligent in our search after Him and that search is



so blessedly rewarded that we forget the time of waiting has been long.

Saturday morning had come and the last day for some of the dear ones who felt it imperative that they leave then. And that day proved to be the best of the feast, indeed. One young man whose wife received such a wonderful Baptism last spring, was just so hungry for God that he spent hours and hours before Him and the wonderful experiences he had can never be told by pen!

A year ago, the mother-in-law of this young man came from America to visit them. At that time she was very much opposed to Pentecost, and for some little time thereafter. However, the Lord also got her to the place of real heart hunger after Him and she came to these meetings with the young people. On this day of which we speak, the Lord came mightily upon her and she received a wonderful Baptism about two hours before her son-in-law! At once her burden was for him and in a short time he, too, was praising God in other tongues. The joy that filled that little room cannot well be described. It is not quite possible for the dear ones at home, who get to meetings more frequently than do we, to understand just what joy does flood our hearts as we see those who have been so hungry, coming through to blessing. Actually, we were like children, and we were not afraid to let our joy be known, either!

And just at this time another who had been seeking for a year or more came into her inheritance and I shall never forget the exceeding joy upon the face of this one as she spoke freely in tongues and exulted in her precious Jesus!

The day ended with a perfect burst of ecstasy, and as we dispersed we felt again that we had been treading the very courts of heaven. Good-byes were a bit hard to say; *He* had been so precious and we longed to tarry awhile. One other dear one who was so much under His anointing started on her journey and en route stopped for a meeting with the saints in Lahore City, between trains. There, just five minutes before time for her to run for her train, the Lord met and Baptized her and when we saw her the next day she was like another person. She constantly testifies to the utter peace and rest into which she had entered, and to those of us who had the privilege of ministering with her for two weeks afterward, there was no doubt as to the wonderful, deep work God had wrought. The way in which these newly baptized ones become at once inter-

cessors on behalf of the other seekers is most marked and so the work of God goes on.

From these meetings we went at once to one of the Presbyterian Mission stations where there is a large school for Indian girls. Here the Lord had already been working in revival power. Others of His chosen vessels had been mightily used of God in this place, and already two of the missionaries themselves had received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. As some of our dear Pentecostal saints ministered, the spirit of conviction came mightily upon many and a deep, deep work went on, and one day the lady surgeon, very eminent, received a glorious Baptism. For hours this dear one was under His power, tasting of the agonies of the Cross, even to the bitterness of the gall in her mouth. Oh it was a very real experience and in the end He graciously baptized her in the Holy Spirit!

The Indian teachers in the school became so hungry for the Baptism and the Lord had already baptized six of them. Others of the missionaries were also seeking, and conviction and hunger, too, were greatly upon the girls of the school. For hours they prayed and sought God, and we shall never forget the hunger written upon their faces. The Bible became a new Book, prayer something for which they hungered and thirsted, and even in the night the Lord would wake them up to speak to them about Himself. But time would fail us to tell of the confessions made, the letters written, putting things in the past straight, the tears shed, the true heart repentance and the real turning to God! Meetings were held with both the older and younger girls and, although carrying their regular school work, they were willing to stay as long as they were permitted in order to wait upon God. Thus the days went by and after two weeks more had passed there were fifteen of the younger girls who had experienced real change of heart, besides many who had been truly saved a few weeks previously.

On our last night together, another of the missionaries and also another of the teachers who had been seeking some time, came through to a blessed Baptism. Just after we left, a wire followed us to say that still another teacher had received! Now only one of the staff remains unbaptized and you may be sure the others will pray and tarry with her until she has received, as was the case with the dear teachers at Bettiah, for all the staff there are now baptized.

Yesterday we received a beautiful letter from

the last missionary to receive in the former place. Oh, that all might see and read the tender way in which she speaks of this glorious Baptism and of the reality of Jesus to her heart and life!

And so the circles are ever widening and fire is touching fire; yea, verily, "OUR GOD IS MARCHING ON!" Already sixty hungry ones have written, saying they want to attend the next tarrying meeting to be held again at Easter time in the Punjab. These dear denominational missionaries are very busy in service among the heathen, and are hard working souls for the Master, but are delighted to take holiday seasons for meeting and waiting upon God for the fire that will make their work more effective.

Since a year ago last July, when the Lord first began pouring out His Spirit in the Missionary Rest Home in the hills, there have been forty-five in all who have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit; this includes the dear Indian people as well as missionaries. We want to thank the dear home friends who have stood with us in prayer, and we trust you will continue to do so, for we are sure God means to do much more for us all and we desire to march on with Him.

In the spring we have been asked to come and hold some meetings in a girls' high school in La-

hore. This is a Zenana Mission school and we are trusting for precious things among the teachers and students. Calls continue also to come from various quarters and everywhere the spirit of hunger is manifest. May the dear Lord have His full way in each of us so that *He* alone shall be glorified.

Please do not fail to pray for the newly baptized ones, for the fires of persecution are already ablaze and you must remember that the dear ones are separated one from another out here and need special upholding. Those who received last spring were at the recent meetings and going on blessedly with God, and our hearts were delighted as we saw their growth. What a privilege to be in India at this time and see God working in power just as He did eighteen years ago! May we all keep so low at His blessed feet that His work shall in no wise be hindered. In closing we want to quote the chorus of a most precious little hymn that was so used to us all in those days of waiting at His feet, and may it indeed become the prayer of each heart:

"O, Jesus, blest Redeemer,  
Sent from the heart of God,  
Hold us who wait before Thee,  
Near to the heart of God!"

### Fruit for the Master in Bleak Alaska



WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Personeus of Juneau, Alaska, were in the States and attended the different conventions they often heard prayer offered for the different fields, but no one mentioned Alaska, and their hearts often ached as they thought of the dearth of prayer for that barren land to which God had called them. One man even ventured to remark in their presence that he doubted if it was God's time for the Gospel to be given to Alaska. But God is not unmindful of the needs of that bleak land; besides our missionaries from the States, He has called several Pentecostal missionaries from Norway to give their lives for Alaska. The efforts of our missionaries are not in vain; faith and prayer are the instruments used to dig precious souls out of the mire of sin. From the pages of memory Mrs. Personeus rehearsed the story of redeemed souls in Alaska, when in our city:

"I'd like to tell you how this Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. A woman came into our mission who had sunk into the depths of sin. We talked to her about the Lord. 'Yes,'

she said, 'I know about God.' She knew nothing about salvation; she had been raised a Roman Catholic and had never read the Bible. I gave her a Bible and she said she wanted to come back the next Sunday evening. She didn't come and the next week I found the Bible lying in the mission and a letter with it in which she said that she wanted to come to the mission but her husband was an infidel and if she came he had threatened to come and drag her out and she didn't want to make any disturbance. But she asked for prayer, saying that she was very miserable. I wrote to her but never received an answer. Two years later I found that letter lying among some old letters of mine. I read it over again, and again God laid a burden of prayer on my heart for this woman. I took the letter to Mrs. Costigan and we had prayer for her again.

"That afternoon a Finnish brother came to our home who could scarcely speak English. We knew the Lord sent him and by his face that he knew the Lord. After he had gone we felt led to invite him to Bethel Home and went to the hotel where he was staying to get him. As we

looked over the hotel registry, we noticed the name of this woman for whom we had been praying. I was surprised and asked, 'Is this woman in this hotel?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'she just came in from the boat this morning.' It seemed strange that the very morning we found her letter she came into town, after two years. The next morning we hunted her up at her room. She had been smoking cigarettes and her face was hardened. I told her it was God who brought her here, and she said in desperation, 'If something doesn't happen soon I will end it all.' We invited her to Bethel Home and promised to do what we could for her. We found she was a dope fiend but never before knew what a terrible thing the dope habit was; she suffered torture and agony and at times would become almost insane for it. She would go out and come back drunk. She left us and went to other towns, and they sent her back on the next boat. People thought we were crazy to attempt to do anything with her, but God knew and we knew that nothing was too hard for Him. He is able to save to the uttermost. He did a wonderful work in that life. He saved her and delivered her from that terrible habit. She was saved and set free and the Lord baptized her in the Holy Spirit. She is truly a marvel of grace, and our hearts rejoice every time we hear her speak. Her husband who had threatened to drag her out of the mission, came to the meeting and said, 'This is the first time I have been in a religious service for many years, and I believe you have real Christianity here.' I do not know that he has yielded to the Lord, but we are praying for God to save him. I believe God has a work for those two souls. She was a notorious character all along the coast.

"After we had been in Juneau about two years the Lord led us into the interior among the Indians. There is an Indian village twenty-two miles in the interior, and they had a church building but no missionary, and we went and held meetings every night. When we left they said, 'Oh, won't you stay! We do not have any one to preach the Gospel.' These people are unable to read, their language is unwritten, and they say to us, 'You white people ought to pray for us natives. You can read your Bible. All we get is what you tell us. We cannot read the Bible and we forget so soon.' It is very hard, for we all know how the enemy snatches away the seed that is sown.

"I'd like to tell you of a young man who was

saved that winter. One day I was walking down the street and I heard him singing a hymn. I knew then that God was working in his heart. A few days after he gave his heart to the Lord. He was very frail and scarcely able to walk. That summer he became worse and hemorrhages came on. The Indians said he was marked for death and could not recover. They tried to tell him that he was bewitched, but he was looking to Jesus. We prayed for him and anointed him for healing, but he seemed to get worse and worse until he could no longer feed himself. After it seemed there was no hope for him, and all the Indians expected him to die, one night he saw the Lord standing by his bed, dressed in white. He knew that Jesus had come to heal him, and from that time on he began to get stronger. God gave him a gradual recovery so he could have time to grow spiritually as well as physically. During those months he was lying on his bed unable to sit up, he would ask us to come down and have Bible study, and my husband used to go down every Thursday evening. They took the Book of Acts and as they studied, his faith was strengthened. First he walked on crutches and then his little brothers took him on a sled to church, and when we had prayer he broke out and began praying of his own accord, which was unusual among the Indians. They have a custom that no young person should speak before the old have spoken, but that night James Johnson's heart was so full of praise, the praises bubbled out. Then as he recovered he said, 'Now that I am able to walk I think you had better have the Bible study up in your home; perhaps more of the young people will come.' So we did, and he began seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost. After we left and came back to Juneau, this young man took up the services and all this summer he has been preaching the Gospel to his people. The different natives said, 'James has been preaching to us and God is blessing.' He is hungry for the baptism of the Spirit and wants prayer that God will give him an understanding of His word."

\* \* \*

The summer session of the Immanuel Bible School, Rumney, N. H., will commence June 22. Length of term, eight weeks. Total cost of board and tuition for the term, \$50. This school is run on the summer camp plan, for Pentecostal young people who wish a short, intensive course or desire tutoring in special subjects. High school subjects for those who desire. For further information, send for catalogue to Immanuel Bible School, Miss E. M. Evans, Registrar, Rumney Depot, N. H.

## The Latter Rain Evangel

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## Notes

### Stone Church Convention

THE Spring Convention of the Stone Church will be held (D. V.) May 24-June 7, and we extend a hearty invitation to God's children to be with us. The spiritual tide of the church is running high; in one week recently 5 were saved. Besides this, there are continual healings. So if you are hungry for God and seeking to be filled with the Holy Ghost, come while the clouds are big with blessing. Visiting ministers and missionaries will be with us, and best of all we are assured of the presence of God.

\* \* \*

Are you doing what you can for missions? Our disbursements for March were lower than they have been for years, and faithful toiling missionaries whom we stand by regularly are not hearing from us this month because we have nothing to send them. Reader, put yourself in the place of the missionary with bills for rent, and food, and native workers to meet, and no mail from the homeland. Would you want us to be indifferent if it were you in a heathen land? The Lord doesn't rain money from heaven. He uses you and me as His stewards. God grant that we may be faithful, no matter how small the amount.

### Blessing of the Printed Page

Our hearts are encouraged by the loving letters of appreciation from our readers regarding the paper. The testimony of a missionary, Miss Gager, is a sample of what we receive weekly: "We were at our little tumble-down building at

our out-station on tour—I was feeling pressed in spirit (we missionaries are sometimes tempted that way) but as I read, I became distinctly conscious of a new inspiration and of new life and power by the Holy Ghost taking possession of me, and I arose praising the Lord—to again press on for lost souls in this dark, dark land."

We rejoice that God is blessing *The Evangel* and are deeply grateful for the prayers that are offered up in its behalf. We feel that whatever blessing radiates through the paper is because of prayer. One woman writes: "I have tried to do without the paper but cannot." This is encouraging to us and is an answer to the prayer that we have often voiced that God would make it invaluable to our readers. Another woman said she received a sample copy and longed to get it but had no money. That day her husband found sixty-five cents and she took it from the Lord that that was for a six months' subscription which she promptly sent us.

If you would like a part in this ministry, send for a roll of papers and give them out to your friends, asking them to subscribe. The "bread cast upon the waters" will mean a two-fold blessing—it will lead those Godward who read, interest them in eternal verities, and help us to spread the Gospel. Your silent ministry will help for time and eternity.

### The Things Worth While

HAVE you been tempted, faithful steward, as you sacrifice for the cause of missions, to question if you were using your money to the best advantage when you send it to the great heathen lands? "Just a mite," you say. "What can my few dollars do to cause the Gospel light to penetrate that vast darkness?"

Let me take you to a scene in Uganda in 1878, where Alex. Mackay, that talented man of God, buried himself from the outside world that this spot in Africa might have the Gospel. Years before as a student he heard David Livingstone depict the horrors of the slave-trade, and he vowed that he, too, would go out and fight slavery in Africa. Missionary annals tell of his wonderful victories along this line which he himself faced death to achieve.

When the wicked King M'wanga and his more wicked associates saw the advance of Christianity, they became jealous of Mackay and of his influence over the boys who had become Christians, and cruelly tortured them. Three of the most promising were led to death. These boys, Seruwanga, Kakumba, and Lugalama,

from fifteen to twelve years of age, were burned alive, first having their arms cut off by hideous curved knives, so that they should not struggle. Mark the fortitude of those three boys as they faced death because they had given their hearts to Jesus. Hark! The mob standing by held their breath with awe and amazement as they heard a boy's voice out of the flames and smoke singing:

"Daily, daily sing to Jesus,  
Sing my soul, His praises due."

Another Christian stood by named Musali. The Captain of the King's Body Guard, with eyes inflamed with cruelty, came to him and said, "Ah, you here! I will burn you, too, and your household. You are a follower of Isa (Jesus)." "Yes, I am, and I am not ashamed of it," replied the brave boy. Who of us would have stood such a test?

For a time the persecution abated, then broke out with renewed force. When a flash of lightning burned the king's house he became mad with rage and cried, "*Burn the Christians!*" At that time forty-six men and boys were captured, their arms slashed from their bodies and their bodies laid on the ghastly flames where they were slowly burned to death. But the number of the Christians increased in spite of the persecution.

Does not this little sketch of heroism of converted heathen make one to feel that money invested in missions is indeed well spent? But this is not the end of this story of Christian fortitude in pagan Africa. The investments for God enabled Alex. Mackay not only to win a large company of immortal souls from that heathen tribe, but laid the foundation for a Christian colony which shines in missionary annals with unfading lustre.

"Today, the Prime Minister of Uganda is Apolo Kagwa, who as a boy was kicked and beaten and stamped upon by King M'wanga for being a Christian; and the King of Uganda, Daudi (the son of the king who murdered Bishop Hannington) is a Christian. At the capital there stands a fine cathedral in which brown Baganda clergy lead the prayers of the Christian people. In the place where the boys were burned to death there stands a cross, put there by 70,000 Baganda Christians in memory of the young martyrs. Was this martyrdom worth while?"

The faithful stewards who stood by with their means will feel repaid many times over when they see the martyred Christians of Uganda studying the crown of the King of kings.

Tired, disheartened missionary on the field today, your battles, your problems, your heartaches are similar to those who have blazed the trail before you. If God has called you to be a pioneer, to follow in the footsteps of heroic souls of other centuries, rejoice in the honor thrust upon you. You are in the company with Mackay and Duff, with Chalmers and Paton, with Mary Slessor and Fidelia Fiske, and a great host who belong to the argonauts of faith. The prayers and pains of the missionary have their recompense of reward. A great company of converts from God's harvest field which has been watered by your tears and made prolific by your prayers, will be your reward in that great day. Perhaps you do not see much fruit now. Neither did Livingstone, but millions in Africa followed the blood-stained cross because he blazed the trail. Robert Morrison was not permitted to see much fruit of his labors, but multitudes today in China rise up and call him blessed because of his arduous labors in the early part of the nineteenth century. It was seven years after Carey arrived in India that he baptized his first convert, yet the influence of this intrepid pioneer will increase and widen as the years roll into decades and decades into centuries.

"In the story of primitive missions the whole stress is upon obedience, not consequence; not on succeeding but on serving. The work is God's, the instrumentality only is man's; the whole responsibility is, therefore, with the Master Workman, and whether success or failure, defeat or triumph be the apparent outcome, all is well."

When tempted to doubt if it is worth while for you to bury your life in a heathen land, encourage your heart by dwelling on the sacrifices that others have made. Adoniram Judson preferred to be in the will of God in Burmah even though it meant stripes and imprisonment, to a pastorate of an intellectual church in Boston and a munificent salary. Alex. Mackay was offered a high position in the army in Egypt, but he refused it, preferring to make roads and build boats in Africa in order to get the Gospel into the interior.

\* \* \*

The Fifth Annual Pentecostal Convention at The Chapel, Kennebunk Landing, Maine, will be held June 4-8, 1925. Spirit filled workers and teachers are expected. Free board and room. For further information, write the pastor, Eld. Grover Carson, Kennebunk Landing, Maine.

## "Tho a Thousand Fall, Let not Africa Be Given up"

"**H**ERE I must ever be fighting, working, watching, waiting, praying; rest and peace are the enjoyment, the heritage, of the land beyond," said Dr. Laws of Livingstonia, and these words are the expression of every missionary who plants the banner of the cross in pagan lands.

Our beloved missionaries in Liberia are fighting, as it were, with their backs to the wall, determined to hold the territory that God has given them at a tremendous cost. More lives have been laid down in Liberia than are now on the field, and the precious pioneers that were willing to die that Liberia might have the Gospel, have not laid down their lives in vain. Entire tribes are calling for missionaries, and they will not be denied. A recent letter from Brother Perkins tells of the real hunger for God that is upon these African tribes:

"Among the tribes who came begging for missionaries was an old king and his big chief, from five days back in the interior. He came here to Newaka a week before the meetings began, and would come and beg two and three times a day until we were really tired of seeing him come. Then he followed us to the meetings, one good day from here, and continued to beg. As there was no one in sight to give him, we hoped he would go home from there, but he followed us back to the mission and continued to beg. Finally I promised to send Timothy, one of our workers, back to visit his people and to look the place over. When Timothy got back there the people begged him so hard to come and sit down amongst them and teach them 'God way' that he really wanted to go and be their missionary. Timothy went back about a week ago, and the Lord willing, his wife Mabel will follow soon. He has a real compassion for the people and wants to help them."

Other tribes are also calling. Now that the harvest is ripe for which they have long prayed, they lack the gleaners. Miss Gollan and Miss Kirsch have been obliged to come home and are now on the water. Miss Kirsch had a very severe fall and her condition has been indeed very critical, but so far God has undertaken for her. When the handful that is on the field see their fellow-workers leaving, and hear the tribes calling for help, they feel they are facing a desperate situation, but just when the hour seems darkest there is a rift in the clouds. Brother Collier,

pastor of the Full Gospel Assembly in Washington, D. C., writes that they are sending out Miss Mary E. Martin. The Lord wonderfully undertook, and in less than two weeks all the money needed, passport, and steamer passage had been secured. "God put His seal upon the step and when she gave her final message on March 8th, the Spirit of the Lord fell in a gracious and wonderful way. Amidst a time of very great quietness and yet manifest presence of the Lord, eleven young men and women knelt and consecrated themselves for the mission field. (God grant there may be some for Liberia!) "On March 16th, together with Miss Eustace and Miss Van Scoit, she embarked on the Hazeltine from New York for her field of work."

Miss Erickson, who had been praying unceasingly for a co-worker, will be filled with joy at the coming of these new recruits. Her recent letter containing a most desperate appeal, also brought blessed news of precious fruit already gathered from the Hooyah tribe. In a special meeting the town people built them a booth for the meetings, and they were well attended by the heathen round about. On Christmas eve every man in Doyea town surrendered his jujus to the native worker, and all agreed that the big town jujus should be carried away.

"One heathen woman," she writes, "of the larger Hooyah town, had a wonderful experience when she was saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. Hers certainly was a clear-cut experience. She spoke in tongues a long time, and oh! how she did rejoice, saying over and over again, 'Glory to Jesus! Hallelujah!' The Holy Spirit glorifies Jesus! That same night the Lord gave her a dream in which she saw many people kneeling by the water, and the following day as I spoke about water baptism, she quickly said, 'Yes, I want to be baptized for God has told me to and I fear to disobey Him.' Together with fifteen others she was one of the happy candidates that day. The spirit fell upon her at the water side and she was prostrated on the ground, praising the Lord with a loud voice. She told me afterwards that the greatness and goodness of God in giving her such a wonderful salvation had just overwhelmed her.

"When the woman returned to her husband, who is strong for the devil, he treated her cruelly, demanding to know why she had been baptized without his permission. Did she not fear him?"

to which she replied, 'I fear you but I fear to disobey God more.' Does not this put some of our Christians at home to shame? Her husband told her that he was a devil man and could not live with a God woman and, although for three days she entreated him, saying, 'I can do better for you now since my wicked heart has been changed,' he drove her away. He demands the payment of a bullock from her people and then she will be free to remain in the mission. Pray for his salvation.

"The chief man, Doybla, has certainly been saved, for he is a changed man. His whole interest is in opening the mission and he is offering me much assistance. He as well as another chief who took his stand for God on my previous visit to Hooyah, desire very much to be baptized in water, but because they have not yet disposed of their several wives they had to be refused. What a problem in this land! These men really want to be followers of Christ."

Are there no young men who will lay aside all ambition for an earthly career that they may gather in these precious souls? Surely this harvest is overripe. Lay your life at Jesus' feet for immortal souls in Africa, and have your name among the imperishable records that God is writing on His scroll of honor! One young man has consecrated for Liberia and asks our readers to pray that he will be able to sell his farm so that he will be free to go.

Mrs. Neeley writes of a blessed ministry at the coast: "How sweetly the Lord is proving Himself. This is truly His clearing-house. Not only the missionaries but boys whom we formerly knew in the different stations and have gone back into the world, have found this a real Bethel to their souls. This place being a port of entry, hundreds of native boys are continually passing through. Boys whom we have known before come to see us and we always invite them back to prayer, and nine out of ten come. Then they come again and are soon melted down and broken before the Lord. 'Tis so sweet to see them humbled and confessing their sins. They often bring with them some one unsaved, and it means their salvation also. If they are returning from their labor among sin and degradation of all kinds, they find Jesus here. We have three boys here now waiting for a steamer. Two have been beautifully saved and the other restored. The latter is a real fire-brand. Pray for these who pass through God's clearing-house that they may be true to God."

## Called Higher

DEAR Hattie Salyer, who returned to Egypt last fall, went to be with the Lord on Feb 17, 1925. She died from spinal meningitis. Her last term of service was very short, but God had ordered it that she should be laid to rest in that land which had so often been watered by her tears. Right from the burden and heat of the day, her hands filled with precious sheaves for her King, she stepped into His presence. Oh, what a home-going!

Tho she answered the call to the mission field late in life, going at forty-nine, she did double duty, and her poured-out prayer life for the people of Egypt for twelve years, is still counting for God. When she came home on her last furlough, her friends said, "Well, you have done faithful service, now stay at home and rest your worn body." And she thought she would. A sister in poor health who needed her was an added reason for her to remain at home, but scarcely had she recuperated ere she again felt God pushing her out.

When she came to our May Convention last spring, God said to her sister in Ft. Wayne, "She will decide to go back to Egypt at this convention." And it was even so. Before the convention was over, Sister Salyer had her face set as a flint to return. God gave her as a companion, Miss Mable Dean of the Stone Church. It was a conviction with many that God was taking out Miss Dean to take Miss Salyer's place, and even Sister Salyer herself felt that her stay in Egypt would be short.

The Lord definitely put His seal on her going out again, giving her about \$500, and in the last five months of service a number of precious souls were brought in thru her ministry.

Hattie Salyer was a child of faith. When she first went to Egypt in 1912, people shook their heads. "She is too old," they reasoned. But God has some people who can hear His voice above a flood of thoughts. He used a poor widow who came into her own, and she gave it all gladly that Miss Salyer might go to Egypt. God needed her in Egypt. He needed a woman of her age and spiritual experience to minister to the women, to enter their homes with the Gospel and conduct special meetings for their needs. A younger woman would not have had the influence that she had.

God taught her a very precious lesson in the beginning of her faith life. She had \$90 when

she first landed in Egypt, and received nothing from America for about six or eight months. About this time there arose a great need of money to open a new mission. She wanted to give \$10 but told the Lord she didn't see how she could under the circumstances. The Lord showed her a water faucet and said to her, "You open the faucet and then you get water. I want you to give to this cause and thus open the faucet

so I can give you more." She obeyed Him and never lacked for money after that.

Much of Miss Salyer's ministry was a hidden one, nursing the sick, helping the destitute, spending nights in prayer seen only by the eye of Him who has given her an "abundant entrance." Brother and Sister Doney feel her loss very keenly, and also the natives who loved her dearly. It is loss for them, but gain for her.

## The Liberation of Twice-Bound Slaves

Transplanting From Fields of Sin to God's Garden.



OF stupendous import was the Emancipation Proclamation signed by Abraham Lincoln on that momentous New Year's Day of 1863. The freedom of more than three million slaves was wrapped up in that document, and with the tolling in of the New Year, a new Herald of Peace stepped forth to proclaim liberty to those bound in slavery's chains.

Behind the scenes the Chief Executive of our Country knew that the hour had come for this step to be taken if the nation was to be saved, and under the guidance of Almighty God He prepared this memorable document. When it was later submitted to his Cabinet, fear was expressed that it would mean the loss of votes for the President, but with a determination born from above he replied, "I have made a solemn vow to God that I will do it." Thereupon it was given to the world, and since has been defined as "an act which will live forever in history as one of those great events which measures the advance of the world."

But this was not the only proclamation of freedom sent out under the guiding hand of God, and in the Administration Chambers of God's Government there are without doubt numerous records of such documents proclaiming liberty and peace to men and women twice bound by slavery's chains. One such record was entered in the annals of that Kingdom when five of His handmaidens united their consecration and vowed with God's help to liberate some of their oppressed sisters in sin-steeped China. Again, the Old Year was dying and the chimes rang out the New, as a quarter of a century ago, their ears heard above the din and uproar common in Chinese life, the striking of God's clock pealing forth the hour of crisis for the setting free of captives of their city. The scene of activity this

time was not the Capitol of our nation but the stone steps of a church in Shanghai, China. Just five women they were, disunited as far as denominational beliefs were concerned, for these five women represented five distinct denominations, but God Himself was to unite them in bonds of inseparable fellowship.

In His sovereignty these five servants had each felt the same burden; each had been closeted alone with Him offering herself as a channel for one purpose, to deliver twice-bound slaves. Again in His sovereignty those five channels were brought together in that church courtyard, and under the receding cloud of the Boxer uprising which had wrought such havoc, these five united channels connected with the Great Fountain Head. There as the shades of evening were falling, they too made a solemn vow to God, and the Chief Executive of the Heavenly Kingdom witnessed by His hand and seal to this another Proclamation of Emancipation. Surely He must have rejoiced that channels had been willing, that lives had consecrated for this great task. How unutterably sad had they failed in this crucial hour, had they been deaf to the striking of God's clock!

But what sort of slaves were to be liberated now? Ah, they were indeed twice-bound slaves! Bound once by the shackles of cruel, earthly owners, who bought and sold these girls for evil purposes; bound again by the grim shackles of Satan, whose hold could be loosed only by supernatural power. The pictures of vice so prevalent then cannot well be described, but they were such as to make angels weep, and God Himself stepped in, working through these five channels to put a halt to an iniquitous custom.

It was due to these women that a law was made forbidding coolies to carry through the streets on their shoulders, these slave-girls who were sold to any who would pay the price. Thwarted in their evil designs, the slave-traders



then exhibited the girls in public entrances to be sold to the highest bidder, and again these noble women put in force another law penalizing such exhibitions. These victories alone were well worth all their effort, yet they were but small compared to the vast opportunities of service which God opened up for them in behalf of their enslaved sisters. For as they prayed, avenues of work were presented to them of which they little dreamed. God was providing on every hand.

They felt led to open up a Home for brothel girls, and while money and furniture were being provided, yet the supreme need—a God-called woman to mother the girls, was lacking. But when God sets His machinery in motion He sees to it that "as cog fits cog in every wheel, even so events meet events in a pre-arranged harmony." While the one knew not of the other, God had picked out His worker, and willingly she was responding. Miss Cornelia Bonnell while riding through the streets of Shanghai in a rickshaw, heard in unmistakable tones the words, "Ye shall not see my face except your 'sister' be with you." She had been appalled by the sights that met her gaze at every turn, for the presence of Boxer soldiers had greatly increased the traffic in human lives, and she was well aware that this was His call to her to work amongst the brothel girls of that city. Sometime later a friend who was equally impressed of the hand of God on that talented life for this work, said, "Miss Bonnell, has the Lord ever spoken to you about going into rescue work?" This was just the fleece that she had thrown out for she said: "Yes, God has been speaking to me for months but I told Him He must speak to you if it was of Him." Although under contract to teach in a school for five years, she felt that God would release her at the proper time, and it was even so, for when the Committee had found the place, God provided another teacher, and she became the keeper of the Door of Hope. What a Door that was! Crude—just a few plain boards, not much to look at, and yet few are the "doors" which have greater importance. Outside that Door was slavery; inside was freedom. Outside, were bitter hatred and cruel treatment; inside, were love and peace. Outside that Door was despair; inside was hope, and inside was God! A Door of Hope indeed! Who would not covet the privilege of being "keeper" of such a "door!"

But, however great the privilege, it was not without its bitter crosses. The task of dealing with such a class of humanity demanded one's

very life-blood, and she whom God had chosen for this place did sacrifice just that. A talented, educated, young life was sacrificed on the altar of China's brothel girls. Wasted! You say? Perhaps so, as far as earthly attainments are concerned, but she who counted not her life dear unto herself on earth, shall surely find above manifold returns. And in that oriental city the fragrance of her prayer life is still as sweet incense throughout the entire institution and in the lives and homes of those she touched.

From the very first night of the opening of this Rescue Work, girls found there a hiding place—a refuge from living deaths. Fortunate indeed was the girl who was told the good news of this place of refuge to which she might flee. Sad indeed that many remained in slavery's chains because messengers failed to pass along the word of freedom and liberty that awaited them in this Door of Hope. It is said that many of the negroes of the South remained slaves long after the Emancipation Proclamation went into effect because its message of freedom was never brought to them; being unable to read they remained in ignorance of the glorious news. And it has been equally true of the brothel girls at Shanghai. Above the Door of Hope the electric sign flashes out the sweet message that Jesus saves the sinful but there has been a scarcity of human lights to pass the word along. Often the girls come of their own volition and sometimes are brought by a passing stranger. The girl wearied of her life of shame, the little slave cruelly beaten and dragged into the depths, others sick in body and thrice sin-sick souls, all flee to this their home of refuge. Before the courts of Shanghai are these cases tried and the girls are invariably given into the custody of the Door of Hope. They are then taken to the First Year Home where the Gospel seed is planted for the first time. And here the Master Gardener transforms these little garden patches of their hearts, so overgrown with thistles and briars, into plots of fragrant beauty for God. The touching story of Ang Kwei ("The Spirit of the Poppy") as told by Miss Bonnell is typical of many lives that have been transformed by the hand of Love:

When God planted Earth's Garden and gave to every flower its own form and tint, for one He wrought a chalice of flame, upon whose curving stem was lifted a fringed and fluttering cup to catch the dews of night and the sunshine of the day. The flower's service was brief but perfect—the Ministry of Praise. When its fragile grace had perished and its soft petals were scat-

tered to the wind, it still hid deep in its urn-like heart the treasure of life which God had given, patiently waiting its resurrection.

"And God saw that it was good."

Sin entered Earth's Garden, and Man's Knowledge, searching deep, found evil in God's good; found a hidden poison in the life-blood of the poppy. Now when the summer sun looks down upon Earth's Garden, here and there he sees great spots of crimson, like fields of blood, where millions of poppies lift their flaming cups to catch his rays. But the poppy no longer spends her life in the simple service of Praise—she is sold to Sin and from her blood men drink death.

"And when God saw . . . it grieved Him at His heart."

\* \* \*

Eighteen years ago in the province of Anhwei, a little girl was born at the season when the poppy-fields were at the height of their scarlet glory. Her father and mother were day laborers in the fields and almost the first sight that attracted her baby eyes was the gay red flowers which made her bed, while the mother worked nearby. From some fancy, born of the season, the mother named her Ang Kwei, the "Spirit of the Poppy." Year by year, in those far-away fields, two wonders grew—the wonder of the poppy's delicate beauty, springing from the coarse earth, and the wonder of the child's grace of form and spirit, reared from so poor a soil. Her beauty for the most part, was as little heeded as that of the flowers which grew around her. Sometimes the mother, looking from her husband's dull face to the dainty features of the child, would murmur, "Strange!" And as the child grew older the father would now and then say to the mother, "We should be able to marry her well, for she is good to look at"; as the workers of the poppy fields, when the flowers began to open would say, "The flowers grow well this year. The gain should be good."

God saw the child's pure heart and He loved her.

When Ang Kwei was fifteen she was suddenly transplanted. The poison from the wounded poppy stems had stained first her father's fingers, then his lips, and last his heart. He sold his beautiful little Ang Kwei for sixty dollars to a stranger from the distant city of Shanghai. In the month when thousands of hands were busy gathering gain from the broken poppies in the field, this life was gathered in by greedy hands, also to be broken in the service of sin.

It was a great change from the humble hut in Anhwei to the finely furnished house on Foochow Road, from the coarse country garments to the fine silks of the city, from days of work to nights of sin. Days went by, and Ang Kwei's beauty blossomed with that of thousands of other girls, like poppies, in these fields of sin, valued only for the gain it brought; and underneath the dazzling exterior of these strange surroundings went on the cruel bruising and breaking of a pure life, men finding evil in what God has made holy.

"God saw it . . . and was grieved at His heart."

\* \* \*

In the months that followed Ang Kwei's leaving home, her mother's heart had been filled with strange and fearful foreboding, and at last from her own little earnings she had saved money enough to take the long journey to Shanghai. She had gone to a distant relative who had some knowledge of the whereabouts of the man who had bought Ang Kwei, and the end of her sad search brought her to the house on Foochow Road. It was a strange sight to the curious, jeering crowd which gathered round—the mother with her plain, sunburned face and the coarse loose garments of the interior, clasping to her heart the beautiful young girl in her satins and jewels. They were only allowed a few words, and the mother was sent away with the child's bitter cry, "Mother, take me home," burning in her heart. But those to whom she spoke said, "It is useless; you have no money. Her owners would not sell her for a thousand dollars. She is so beautiful she could be sold for that today." Some to soothe her said, "Why do you make your heart sad over this? She is far better off than in your poor home. Some day some rich man will marry her for his concubine." But there was no ointment in these words to soothe the deep wound the child's cry had made in her mother's heart.

At last some one said, "Why do you not go to the Tsi Liang Soo (The Door of Hope)? They rescue girls like Ang Kwei." "Then where is the Tsi Liang Soo, and why have you not told me before?" "Oh, we did not think you would want to trust the foreigners, for the Tsi Liang Soo is controlled by foreigners."

Again the mother's heart sank. Ah, the foreigners! Had she not heard her husband say it was they who had first brought the poison of the poppy to Anhwei? And was it not in this foreigners' city of Shanghai that her child was imprisoned? No, surely the foreigners would only double her sorrow if she went to them for help. But the child's cry—"Mother, take me home"—filled her ears and burned like fire in her heart. Ah, well, she might try for the child's sake, and she could pray to the idol to protect them from the foreigners' evil power.

The next day she asked her friends to take her to the Tsi Liang Soo. Thus was answered the child's cry, which had not only pierced her mother's heart, but reached the heart of God, who said, "I have heard, and am come down to deliver."

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Again Ang Kwei was transplanted; this time to the Door of Hope and to a soil which God had prepared. The mother, after a few visits to the Home, was happy and contented to leave the child with those who had saved her, and went back to her home with a new seed sown in her own heart. Ang Kwei's sweet face grew lovelier and her gentle ways more gracious, as silently

and deeply God worked within, until into the bruised and broken life came the transforming power of a New Life from above, making again, after the desire of God's heart, that which sin had marred. Two years passed and her life had fastened deep roots in all our hearts when still a broader "Door of Hope" opened for her into the heart and home of an earnest Christian young man, with whom she is sharing a happy life of service in God's Word.

Thus has God fulfilled His purpose of redeeming that which was lost, and even now is offered that praise from redeemed lives which shall be the joy of the New Creation.

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As these blossoms mature, they often carry their fragrance back to their own homes, to their own parents. Just recently, one who had learned to know Jesus in this home of Love, sought permission to return to her own village to tell her mother of the Savior she had found. When very young this girl had found refuge in this Home, and showing special aptitude in her studies she was later sent to another school to be more fully equipped for teaching. After a year's teaching in the First Year Home, she one day expressed her deep desire to return to her native village, for she longed to tell her mother the Gospel story. Ways and means were found for her return, and one day while preaching, in company with a Bible woman, she saw a relative in the crowd who told her where her mother lived. For a week she faithfully sowed the Gospel seed in her mother's home and then returned to her work, but her heart longed to get her mother under the Christian influence she herself so loved. Learning that a cook was needed, she applied in

behalf of her mother so that she might be under the influence of the Gospel. Instead of manifesting a spirit of revenge toward the mother who had so cruelly sold her to a life of shame, her only desire was to see that mother saved.

And so the seed is scattered to the uttermost parts of China by these rescued girls. Today one could discover in many sections of the land, homes, perhaps alike in outward appearance, but oh, so different within! for Gospel light shines forth from these humble homes. And yet the wives and mothers in these scattered homes were once sunk in the deepest mire of sin. But because five women one day did their part in sending out a proclamation of freedom, there are now seven hundred living witnesses to the power of Christ to save, scattered even to the remotest corners of China. Up in Honan one is now the wife of an evangelist. Far up in Kansu Province is another who is bearing the Gospel light to other darkened hearts.

Little did these humble channels dream that as a result of that informal prayer meeting on those church steps, the Light would be kindled in seven hundred hearts! Little did they realize that it was the birth place of an Institution consisting of four large Departments where the monthly expenses would run into thousands of dollars! Little did they think that it would be the cradle of hundreds of love-slaves who once were slaves of Satan! But when God's hand moves, a prayer service can develop into all this and more. They were found faithful in the little, and God made them rulers over much.

R. M.

## The Caste Boulders of India Beginning to Crumble

Niel Thomsen, Cawnpore, India, in the Stone Church, Feb. 22, 1925.



THE Scripture in John 4:31-35 has always been very precious to me because the passion of Jesus is here revealed in a marked way. It shows us His passion for one lost soul, the woman at the well of Samaria, and revealing His passion for that soul, He reveals His passion for my soul and yours for He is just the same today. As I read His command to look on the whitened harvest fields, I invariably think of the white fields of India. Jesus said, "Look on the fields!" and I believe it is a good thing to take a survey of the field, and see whether or not it is "ripe unto harvest"; whether it is not time to thrust in the sickle.

India is a dark land. I know of none darker in some respects. There is work to be done there that is not required of any other field. There are obstructions and hindrances that are not found in the other heathen lands. Out of 321,000,000 souls only two per cent live in the large cities; the other 98 per cent of the people live in villages. There are about three-fourths of a million of villages, and Christian workers have touched only about 49,000 of these villages. In 1914 an Indian compiled a few figures, and saw that at the rate the Gospel was being given to India, there were yet at that time, one hundred million souls living that would not hear it during his generation. So you see India is far from being reached. But the ripened grain is waving; it is bowing down, and sad to say, much is being

trodden underfoot and being lost for time and eternity.

As I look on that great field I see a need that should arouse every single heart to do his utmost for India, and I know as you stand by the faithful ones who are lifting up the Gospel in her midst, the Lord will bless you. If there is anything that I am thankful for today it is the fact that I am a Pentecostal missionary. I feel I am in God's will. Since we first went to India, six and a half years ago, the Pentecostal work in India has doubled and more. During the war and since the war, the English societies had to sell valuable property because of the dropping off of funds. The property at Laheria Sarai, where Brother and Sister Mueller now are, was bought from the C. M. S., and other Societies have had to retrench. Up in the United Provinces we have some forty missionaries, including those on furlough, and nearly twenty mission stations.

It hasn't been easy during the time of the riots in India to do Christian work. We were glad for the prayers of the folks at home during those troublous times, for it took courage and faith to work in the face of danger. We realized more than once God's protecting hand upon us.

For many, many years, perhaps a century or more, people have been praying for India, and the one outstanding hindrance to Gospel work about which they are praying, is the caste system, that God will break it down. The caste laws are the only laws the people of India fear to break. They do not fear to murder; the law against that is a British law. They do not fear the penalty for wife-beating or stealing, but they do fear the breaking of the caste law. To be counted an outcaste is to them the greatest curse that could befall them. Of this caste, the outcasts, there are about 50,000,000 in India. There are four large castes, and the one at the very top is the Brahmin. They are supposed to have sprung from the head of the god Brahm consequently they are the priestly caste. The second large division is the Kshatriya, which is supposed to have sprung from his shoulders; from this come the warriors, the ruling caste. The third large division is the Vaishya, which have sprung from his loins. To this caste belong the merchant-men, the bankers, and those who handle the business interests. The fourth is the Shudra; those who belong to this caste are supposed to have sprung from his feet. There is no mistake about that. They are the servile caste, and never rise. If there had remained only four divisions of caste

it would not have been so hard to do Christian work. Some of us might have worked in one caste and some in another, but we have been unable to get people into mission halls, for the reason that if a Brahmin saw a low caste man in a hall he would not dare to enter, and the same with the other castes. But instead of there being four caste divisions, we have 4,200 of them. Think of 4,200 castes in India that will not intermarry or associate in any way. The caste system has been deeply rooted and deeply embedded, and God could not break it in a moment of time with a class of people like that, but He has been working at it.

The prayers have not been in vain, and let me tell you, there are stones in that old wall that are breaking. Stones began to crumble during that revolution of which we were so afraid four years ago. I see it today as one of the greatest blessings to India. Two years ago in Cawnpore they were much more willing to hear the Gospel than formerly, and last winter when I went out, to my surprise I found the people more receptive than ever before. When we went to the villages, a whole village would turn out to hear. The people would stop their work to listen, which they did not do three years ago. People were open and receptive, and this seems to be the time when the Gospel must be given to India. She is reaching out for something, and we must give her the Gospel. They have become tired of the old ways, the ways of their fathers. They have begun to read books that have been sent over from this country; they are reading about **Western civilization**, and we must send them the Gospel ahead of false teachings that are flooding every mission field.

We are sending out the Gospel as fast as we know how. Every time there is a religious festival in Cawnpore we go out with the Gospel. They come from the out-lying villages and we catch them on the roadside. Our method is to walk a mile or so to meet the pilgrims; we get into conversation with them and walk with them, and by the time we have gotten through talking one of them is ready to buy a Gospel. Then we fish for another, and in this way the Word of God is carried to the outlying districts, so that when a missionary reaches there the seed is already sown and only needs to be watered. Time and again when a missionary has reached a village he finds people that have had a Gospel portion. Only one man in ten is able to read, and one woman in every hundred, but a pandit is

willing to read to them, and like all oriental people they like to sit around a fire in a village. In the villages they have a little place that we might liken to the Gate where the judges sat in Bible times—there is usually a tree in the center of the village, and there is a place built around the tree, and down in the center they usually have a fire, around this fire they sit and love to have some one read to them. Possibly a man has come from the mela, and says to the pandit, "Here is a new book." They are all interested and they hear the Gospel story. There is something very potent about this Word of God. We pray about it every time we send it out, that the printed Word may be accompanied by the Spirit and that it may become life to those who hear. The Holy Ghost I am sure, is sinking that Word into hearts. They are hearing it and reading it, and I believe the women are getting ready to accept Christ on a larger scale. I am not speaking now about the Mass Movement. I do not believe in asking a lot of non-Christian people to throw away their idols and teach them religion, as they put it. I believe in getting men to accept Jesus Christ, the power of God unto salvation, seeing that they get thoroughly saved. Jesus Christ didn't take in whole cities. He worked with individuals. It was the individual He was after, and we are after the individual in India.

There are people in India, young men and older, who have been well educated, they have gone through colleges in England and in this country too, have graduated from some of our universities. Here men of different castes chum together, sit at the same table, and when they get back to India they have a certain rite to perform by which they again enter caste; they sever all association with those with whom they chummed when over here. But they are chafing under the restraints of caste. Before we left India there were two large dinners where over two hundred of these educated men were willing to forget caste for one night and eat together. Well we know that if they let it slip for one night they will let it slip for longer. I see the finger of God back of all this. I see God marching on. I believe there are thousands and thousands in India today who are believing the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and believing Him to be the Savior of the world, but have not the courage to take an open stand. And yet if I were to tell you of one of these same believers and what she had passed through, though she has not been baptized, you would understand what I mean. There

was a woman in our out-station who had been attending the meetings of our evangelist. In their homes they have pictures all over their walls, crudely painted for the most part, but these pictures are deities in their eyes and they worship them. One day this woman went home and scraped all these painted pictures from the walls; those that were on paper she took down. When her husband came home he looked around on the walls and saw them bare. He said nothing at first but painted another picture and stuck up another that was on paper and said to his wife, "Now you worship that." She said, "No I do not believe they are gods. I will not worship them." He threatened her, but she still refused, and said that she believed in Jesus. That woman was beaten with a heavy piece of wood. She came to our station, and her shoulders were black and blue, covered with large welts. The poor woman suffered agony, all because she said she believed in Jesus, although she has not yet been baptized. They do not want to get out of caste, for they are ostracized when they do. They cannot go to their homes, see their children or their relatives.

They tell me that today in India there are over 7,000 sadues that Sadu Sundar Singh has found, secret believers. They carry a New Testament as they go about, and they are waiting for the day when caste shall be wiped out, and they can enter the Christian Church.

God is working in India. And what is He doing for us. In our mission in the last two or three years He has been marching on and working in a way we have never seen Him do before. We had been in Cawnpore only about two years when we left India and it is up-hill work to open a new work, but Miss Parker who is in charge of the station during our absence writes most encouraging letters of the progress of the work. She says the congregations have doubled in number, and that people are being interested in a marked way. Even the pandit who is teaching them is attending the services on Sunday and bringing in others, and they feel he is a Christian at heart.

Oh that I might be able to get you to pray for the missionaries and the great harvest fields of India! I feel now that I am on furlough I must represent the whole body out there. They need your prayers; they need all the backing you can give them. You must help them to push the work in India. I wish I might take you to one of the melas and show you the multitudes seeking rest

for their souls! I wish you could see them covered with ashes and with filth, their hair all matted. Not that I want you to be occupied with their physical condition, but this is a sort of a thermometer of their spiritual condition. It is not because these fakirs do not want their hair combed, and want to live in filth, but their religion tells them they must do so. It is because they hope to work out their salvation that they sit on spikes, and hang over fires, and torture their bodies in this way. I wish I could take you into their homes and show you their moral condition, if it could be described. I would that I could show you how the children are reared, the

awful lack of home life, simply existing. The sights and scenes of India are beyond description, but the missionary's joy is in seeing the Gospel transform lives, and transform homes. Sometimes it seems as though nothing is accomplished, but as we look back we can thank God for what He has done and are encouraged to press forward. Pray for us and for the native Christians. Some of them go through the fires of persecution for the Gospel's sake, but the impress of the Master is being placed upon them, and their countenances show that they have become acquainted with Him.

### Good News from Mission Fields

Bro. G. F. Bender, Barquisimeto, Venezuela, writes of a blessed revival being poured out on the eve of their fifth anniversary:

"Oh such deep conviction for sin!" he writes. "And such real old-fashioned conversions, and then followed Pentecost! You will never know how we felt after five hard years of labor in this fanatical, Catholic center, but God knows! The best of all the fires are continuing to burn and we are filled with joy and glory. Just the night before last one of our school boys received a wonderful baptism. These mighty baptisms bring such conviction on sinners who come together in crowds. Last night in the public service at our school building, the glory fell on the congregation, and such praises welled up from hearts melted together! One of the elders of the church rose to tell the amazed on-lookers, "This is that, etc.," and gave a powerful talk on Pentecost. He himself with two others was filled with the Spirit on last New Year's Day, so he joyfully explained the whole plan of Pentecost to the wondering crowd. A young boy then gave his testimony of how he was saved and later (March 4th) baptized in the Spirit. We dismissed the meeting twice before we got the people to disband, for they were loath to leave because of the glory of the Lord upon the meeting. Pray for us that God will continue to work and that our absence from the field will make no difference to the spiritual condition of the work."

Brother and Sister Bender are expecting to arrive in the States about the beginning of May on furlough.

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"As never before," writes Miss Bessie Gager, Basti, India, "do we realize that we need the mighty power of God to bring a revival to this

needy district of nearly two million perishing souls. Will all who read this enter into a covenant with us to pray for a revival for Basti District, and to pray until it comes?"

She also asks prayer for a high-caste Brahmin who has been very near the kingdom for years, but draws back from paying the price; and for a low-caste man whose heart is very tender toward God, but his mother strongly opposes his becoming a Christian. Miss Flint writes that they never pray for any one as they do for their Brahmin pandits, that as they read with them the Word of God, it will cause them to surrender to Jesus. But the awful price they have to pay; being ostracized from all their friends and their family is what holds them back. But this is not all. Their lives are in constant jeopardy. Many a high caste man has been poisoned or murdered because he has dared to become a Christian. If we expect our missionaries to win souls in India we must pray for the destruction of the caste system. In many ways this great hindrance to the Gospel is beginning to crumble, and the missionaries rejoice as they see signs of it breaking down.

"The purdah women listen eagerly, oft with tears in their eyes, as the missionary stands at the door telling of Calvary. They are not allowed to enter, in many cases, but the women have grown bolder and open the door to hear. Prayer will open wide these doors into the purdah homes; there are priceless souls inside who are waiting to believe on Jesus.

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Mrs. Beckdahl, Nanpara, writes that they have been working on the border of Nepal amongst the laborers on the railroad which is being built eighteen miles into Nepal. They sell Gospel por-

tions to the workmen and have a wonderful opportunity of working among 1200 Nepali and Indians who are employed on the railroad.

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When the "Aston girls" returned to India from furlough five years ago, the Lord set them down in a district of nearly 2,000,000 people without a resident missionary. To Olga Aston He gave five little orphan babies to nurture and told her to take in the homeless and friendless babies. Within two weeks they had fourteen, and since that time they have cared for nearly sixty, of which twenty-four have reached school age and have been sent to school to be trained for service for the Master. What a blessed work to gather in the homeless and "nobody's baby" and train them for God! Among them are our future evangelists and Bible women.

Miss Almyra Aston has been busy with her Indian preachers and Bible women sowing the seed in that vast district, besides having charge of the little Christian church which has grown up in their midst and helping with the babies. One week an entire family of five accepted Christ. They are expecting to come home shortly when the fare for their return comes in; both of them being much worn in body. The burden of taking care of children and babies, day and night, through sickness and grievous trials, providing clothing and food for them, is not a light one, and we trust the way will open for their speedy return for a much needed rest.

### Revival Fires in Canton

Missionaries writing from South China tell of the blessed revival in Canton. Miss Appleby writes, "It is the most wonderful revival I have ever witnessed in China. Pentecostal showers are truly falling among the Baptists. The dean of a school of four hundred girls was there and testified to having been healed of a disease of six years' standing and to having received the baptism of the Spirit. The Chinese teacher of English and Bible was earnestly seeking and was prostrated under the power. Another lady, dressed in her satins and furs told me personally of being healed of tumor of eight years' standing. Her husband had spent thousands of dollars for her healing but like the woman in the Bible, she "rather grew worse." In answer to the prayer of faith by the Bible woman, Tseung Sz Sham, she was perfectly healed. It is wonderful to see the conviction for sin. A girl in her teens lately returned from the United States, her family being Christians, lay on the floor wringing

her hands and crying, "Forgive my sins," while penitential tears rolled down her cheeks. I knelt by her side and told her to confess her sins and Jesus was faithful to forgive. She did, and oh the joy and praise that filled her soul!

Mr. Spence writes of this same meeting that twenty-five received the baptism of the Spirit in eight days, and that the mission was too full all the time to be comfortable. "A man was healed who had tuberculosis for fifteen years; another healed who was not able to speak for ten years. God filled the little mission twice daily as full as could be. I wept to see the hungry souls coming daily and our inability to accommodate the crowds because of lack of funds to get a larger building, and lack of missionaries to look after the work."

\* \* \*

The Juergensens write of much blessing at their outstation, Akabane. They say the street meetings are wonderful, larger crowds than they are able to get in Tokyo; though it has often been bitter cold, hundreds have stood to listen. Last Sunday (Feb. 15th) four young men came to the altar for salvation in that station. They write:

"In their little match-box house of straw mats, paper windows and paper doors, a family heard the singing and the story of the cross, as the sound wafted in from the street. The husband was lying on his "futons" or quilts on the floor, suffering from a disease the doctors could not diagnose. He had been there one year when the singing and preaching came within sound of their home, and the little wife came to see what it all meant. In her sorrow and trouble she gave her heart to Jesus and has been rejoicing in the change it has wrought in her life. Telling her husband of her new-found joy he became hungry and listened from his bed, and when the missionaries and workers visited the home, he gave his heart to the Lord. Earnestly we prayed that the Lord would heal him for His glory and his happy wife told us recently that he went out for a walk which he has not been able to do since he first took sick. He is able to be out of bed and this is a blessed victory He has given us in the dark city of Akabane."

### At Rest

Friends of Mrs. George Hanson will be pained to learn of her death by accident. She and her husband were taking their last trip prior to sailing to their mission station in Shanghai, travel-

ing by stage to Oakland, Calif. The steering wheel broke and they were plunged over an embankment. All the occupants of the stage were injured, among them Brother Hanson. His

wife was instantly killed. He is slowly recovering, and asks for prayer for himself and his family to whom this will be a great loss. May God comfort and sustain the bereaved ones.

## Some Good Books

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